

# GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDER.

The greatest Beast is the Ass; the greatest Bird is the Owl;  
The greatest Fish is the Oyster; the greatest Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 9TH MARCH, 1878.

## And is Old Double (not) Dead.

Did ye think I'd nae come doon?  
That the hustings wadna see me?  
Clear the way for GEORDIE BROON!  
Watch till my opponents flee me.

See the whup I used to lay  
On the mutineers o' party.  
Min' that ye maun gang my way,  
Or again I'll use it hairy.

Ance again throughout the lan',  
Shall in teep ma speech gang ringin',  
A' the faithfu' o' ma clan,  
Far an' weed its praises singin'.

Though in spootin' I nae mair  
Can gang in as ance I went in,  
Gif applause frae croods be spare,  
I'll pit plenty in the prentin'.

Hae! I lang tae bleeze awa'  
At the figures fause o' TUPPER—  
Speelfu' names SIR JONE tae ca'—  
Goble PLUME up aifter supper.

Ance again that maist abhorrent  
Opposition I shall sune,  
Wi' my speeches in a torrent  
O' the strangest language droon.

Ower lang has GORDON keepit,  
Ower me restraining han'.  
Aff tae Europe he has slippit,  
Noo for some amusement gran'.

Noo for stoomps an' noo for speeches.  
People sune shall understan',  
What MACKENZIE'S failure teaches,  
GEORGE alane can guide the lan'.

## Confession from the Toronto Asylum.

GRIP has been reading the annual report of Dr. DANIEL CLARK, Medical Superintendent of the Toronto Lunatic Asylum, and it is not too much to say that GRIP has been shocked—nay, he has been electrified by the astounding confessions made by that gentleman. Without a blush—without even the apparent consciousness of wrong-doing, he accuses himself of enormities at which NERO would have stood amazed, and CALIGULA turned horrified away. GRIP appeals to his countrymen to visit this official with the proper punishment of his misdeeds. How he could have dared to do such things—or, as he states, with tremendous effrontery, have been in the habit of doing them, without the knowledge of his fellow-citizens—without arousing even a suspicion of his horrid deeds, GRIP cannot understand. But here is his own statement. Could mortal have imagined such total and innate depravity in a public official—one whose time should be devoted to winning back the erring to the path of reason—to calming, by the soothing influences of his example, the excited brains of his distraught charge? He says:—

“Our mental machine is continually on the strain, and our physical system is like a steam-engine, with more steam on than is safe. Then, too often is the balance lost, and comes to ruin. We bolt our food like a boa-constrictor, while an Englishman is thinking what his breakfast will be over the morning newspapers; and as a result we have the blues of dyspepsia, which are often the afflictions of many on the borderland of insanity. We enter into speculations whose name is legion, at which our transatlantic brethren would blush. In short we trot through life, are old men and women at middle age, with our physical energy expended, and gallop into the grave. This high pressure life may give to our maniacal patients a violence and even savagery not seen in British asylums.”

GRIP has no doubt of it. How else, indeed, could the poor patients be expected to be affected by such conduct on the part of their superintendent? What a state they must be in, even if he only committed the first series, when, as he says, he thinks too rapidly, and with too little caution, his mental machine continually on the strain, and his physical system a steam-engine, with more steam on than is safe, which too

often loses its balance, and comes to ruin? Awful! What a state must he keep the asylum in? And who is this he speaks of as “an Englishman, thinking of what his breakfast will be over the morning papers?” This is evidently some sane person he has in confinement—who, poor fellow, far from thinking of his breakfast, is thinking what the doctor will do next. GRIP calls on the mob to arm itself, and rescue this Englishman. Yes. Then the Superintendent says he has the blues of dyspepsia, and enters into speculations at which his transatlantic brethren would look aghast. If he has brothers across the Atlantic, GRIP hopes they will stay there, and would hint to them that it would be a nice thing to reunite the whole family—where they are—and never leave one another. Yes. And now we see who, quietly, and unsuspected, has done all the Chicago corners in wheat, broken all the savings banks, caused all the failures, and is responsible for the depression! Yes. Speculations! So it is he who has done 'em! GRIP demands that the police be sent to seize the hoards of securities, greenbacks, and other relics and plunder of the speculators, now no doubt hidden in the asylum vaults. Yes. And worse than all, he builds cities and burns them! He can't build cities; he didn't, or we would know it. But he has burnt 'em! No doubt. Here, then, is the fiend of Chicago, Boston and St. John! GRIP hands him over to justice, and claims whatever reward a grateful world may bestow. From what has GRIP not saved humanity? No doubt the doctor would have burnt Toronto next! Horrible! Yes; and then he says he trots through life, is an old man and woman at middle age, with his physical energies expended, and gallops into the grave! He is evidently from the remembrance of his stupendous villainies, now mentally deranged. He can't be an old man and an old woman! No. And if his physical energies are expended, he is no longer fit to be a doctor. No. And he says he gallops into the grave. If he is in the habit of doing anything so ridiculous, he must have made the patient dig him one, and when he gallops into it it is astonishing they don't cover him up.

It is no use telling GRIP that the doctor is speaking of Canadians generally. It can't mean that. If we did such things, wouldn't we know it? And we don't do 'em. GRIP never burnt a city, nor galloped into a grave. He repudiates the imputation, and would have challenged the imputator to mortal combat, but that he knows a terrified and indignant people, with all their heart-strings lacerated, will attend to the affair. No. The doctor means himself. Of course he knows what he does. Besides, doesn't he say “we,” as everybody does when he is writing, and means “I.” Yes. No. GRIP demands a commission instantly “*de lunatico inquirendo*,” or a Royal Enquiry into the state of the Asylum. In the name of outraged humanity, standing on the sublime pinnacle of Eternal Justice, and amid the loud sounding chorus of the indignant spheres, he demands that the most vigorous measures be at once instituted. However, he will not be unnecessarily severe, if proper submission and penitence be shown. If the head of the Superintendent be thrown to him over the Asylum wall to-morrow, it will suffice. He will pass there at to a.m., precisely, with a basket.

## The Faith of the Foreigner.

SCENE.—Railway Convention. Present, Grand Trunk Commissioner, and any number of Commissioners from U. S. lines to seaboard.

G. T. COMMISSIONER.—Well, gentlemen, the strongest party should speak first. What do you wish us to do?

1ST U. S. COMMISSIONER.—Wa'al, jest the square thing. Block out a tariff and stick to it.

2ND U. S. COM.—That's so. No 'tarnal use cuttin' one another's throats.

3RD U. S. COM.—Yew see, yew Canucks ain't got no taxes ter speak of—no debt ter pay, and pr'aps yew might run goods through a slice lower. But if we kimbine, we kin knock the bottom out of yew, clean as a whistle. Yes, sir.

G. T. COM.—We do not wish to act unfairly; a decent share of the traffic is all we want. Will this figure do you? (*Names rates and distances*).

1ST U. S. COM.—That'll do every time. Stick to that, and we're in.

2ND U. S. COM.—Mind, though, General, no hunkerslidin'! If we keeps this, yew'll not cut lower?

G. T. COM.—Of course not, nor must you.

3RD U. S. COM.—General, the principles of this young risin' and glorious nation air yewre security. Columbia, sir, is a square bird, she air. She does not belong to the effete palaces of Europe, and takes nary stock in the defunct elderly world. She shall plant herself on the topmost pinnacle of the Rocky Mountains, wave her alabaster wings, and scream defiance to yewre doubts.

ALL U. S. COMS.—We're square on it, Colonel. Stick tew it. We'll keep our eend right.

SIX MONTHS AFTER.

GRAND TRUNK COM.—(*Reads telegrams*).—All the American lines have been cutting under tariff rates this three months. (*He telegraphs, and is promised an agent up to arrange it all at once*).

SIX MONTHS AFTER.

Agent hasn't come yet. Grand Trunk Com. begins to think it better to arrange tariff of his own.