

**G R I P.**

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The grabeſt Beuſt is the Aſs; the grabeſt Bird is the Owl;  
The grabeſt Fiſh is the Oyeſter; the grabeſt Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1874.

POLITICAL MESMERISM.



It has ſtruck GRIP that the viſit of Miſs DE MONTFORD to Canada might be turned to ſome great national advantage. The marvels of meſmeriſm and electro-biology, as illuſtrated in her well patroniſed entertainments, appear to be ſuſceptible of practical application in numberleſs ways, and the opportunity of effecting ſome important and laſting benefit by means of them ought not to be let ſlip. That this lady poſſeſſes a power beneath whoſe ſpell her ſubject is abſolutely unſelfed, and entirely ſubmiſſive to her will, is atteſted on all hands. Sometimes in ſuch bright epigrams as this:—

There is a charm about her eyes  
That no one can reſiſt—  
A curious power I can't make out;  
Not love, that Poets talk about—  
No! She's a meſmeriſt!

Why could not this rare gift be employed in reconciling and reorganizing the body politic of the Dominion? After the evidence GRIP has had of the reality of this ſcience, he ſees nothing unreaſonable or impracticable in the ſuggeſtion he is about to make, viz., that Authority ſhould be given under the Great Seal for the immediate performance of the appended experiments by Miſs DE MONTFORD. Beſides the immediate benefits which would reſult from the ſucceſſful execution of this contract, we would find our literature enriched with innumerable epiſ in celebration of deeds not leſs claſſic than the Labours of Hercules:—

*Experiment I.*—Put Mr. ARCHIBALD McKELLAR under the deluſion that it would be to his intereſts to divulge all he knew about certain letters, and let the phonographers of *The Mail* be accommodated with ſeats near by.

*Experiment II.*—Impreſs the manager of *The Mail* newspaper with the belief that he was badly ſtabbed under the fifth rib, and had no power even to place his hand upon the injured part.

*Experiment III.*—Throw Mr. MATTHEW CROOKS CAMERON into an extraordinary humour for picking flaws, and let him have the floor; then ſuddenly remove from Attorney-General MOWAT his awful ſenſe of Parliamentary decorum and touch his bump of combativeneſs.

*Experiment IV.*—Impart to Mr. CHARLES RYKERT and Mr. A. W. LAUDER the conviction that they had been deprived of the power of ſpeech, and at the ſame time ſuggeſt a few amendments to them.

*Experiment V.*—Persuade Mr. HARDY, M.P., that ſomebody had ſtolen from him the mantle of Mr. E. B. WOOD; or, having firmly tied his right hand behind his back, inſpire him to an oratorical effort.

*Experiment VI.*—Remove the ſtatesmanlike reſerve which conceals the inner feelings of Hon. PREMIER MACKENZIE and Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD from public gaze, and incline them to expreſs the overflowing love they bear to one another, as depicted above.

Essays by Eminent Persons.

No. 1. THE FIFTH RIB.

(By the Manager of "The Mail.")

THE anatomy of the human body is a beautiful and inſtructive ſtudy; in this reſpect mankind is, perhaps, ſuperior to horſe-kind. From the crown of the head to the ſole of the feet, it is a ſucceſſion of wonders that challenge our profoundeſt admiration. And of all the 'fearful and wonderful' parts of this marvellous piece of mechanism, there is not one more inſignificant, and at the ſame time more ſerviceable, than that upon which I propoſe to offer a few thoughts—*The Fifth Rib*. This rib is quite indiſpenſable. When broken or diſlocated, it cauſes its unfortunate poſſeſſor infinite pain. "Redhot," the winner of the Derby in 1202, had the miſfortune to break his fifth rib, and it is on record that the conſequent ſuffering extended even to his owner. In the caſe of a man, the pain is not leſs intense. The object of the fifth rib is evidently the protection of an unuſually vital ſpot in the body. Juſt beneath it is ſituated that myſterious and tender thing, called the Finer Feelings. In the equine race this ſpace is filled with a vital fluid which bears the general name of "mettle." Injure this and your horſe is ruined. It is pre- ciſely like knocking the bottom out of a tub or a pail. Mr. Brandinoſe's filly, "Flyaway"—an animal well known in Engliſh ſporting circles in the third century, was injured in this manner, and died in a few days. In the 'human form divine' the Finer Feelings are equally ſenſitive. And herein is contained a ſecret which only a man of genius would think of poſſeſſing himſelf of. Politicians are, of courſe, provided with five ribs, and under the fifth there is a moderate quantity of this ſubtle ſubſtance. I repeat, that it would only have occurred to a man of genius—or ſomething approaching to genius—to put this knowledge to practical uſe. In the management of an important daily newspaper, whoſe cauſe, for the moment, may be loſt, it is invaluable. I ſpeak with ſome authority on this ſubject, for I ſpeak from experience. My method has been grounded on this principle, and reſults juſtify me in thinking the method incomparable. I have laid it down as a principle of journaliſm—a fundamental principle—that if a newspaper is to rightly fulfil its miſſion it muſt ſtab ſomebody under the fifth rib every morning. This may appear at firſt ſight, ſomewhat bloody, but that, of courſe is merely an idea begotten of the phraſeology. The truth contained in it is that your political opponent may be viſited at your pleaſure with mortal ſuffering, and the probability is he will retire from his poſition, and cede you all he has heaped up. If, however, he does not do ſo, you have ſtill the ſatisfaction of knowing that he feels cut, and, as a concomitant advantage, your paper ſells well. But enough; here is my footman, and I promiſed to go to-day and ſee Paddleton's blood oolt.

DIZZY.

The annexed advertisement appeared in Tuesday's *Mail*:

Loſt.—On Sunday evening, in St. James's Cathedral, on Church or Queen Streets, a purſe containing \$7.20. The finder will be rewarded by leaving it at *The Mail* office.

GRIP has ſeen pictures in the comic papers, in which a very ridiculous looking perſon was repreſented as vainly endeavoring to inſert a latch key into his front door, while all the other houſes in the ſtreet and thouſands of dancing key-holes appeared to be circling around him in the moſt provoking manner; and on firſt reading this advertisement it ſtruck him that ſuch a wild diſplacement of St. James's Cathedral—which, as everybody knows, is firmly planted on King Street—could only be poſſible to a perſon ſuffering from the peculiar dizzineſs of the man referred to. The ſecond clause of the ad.—that the leaving of the money at the office of our contemporary would be in itſelf a reward—GRIP endorſes. The finder would go away with the conſciouſneſs that he had contributed \$7.20 to the ſuſtenance of a righteous cauſe.

Grip in Council.

Preſent—GRIP, in the Chair; BARNABY RUDGE, PATRICK SMALLWIT, Q.C., WILLIAM SPAKQUEER, MACGREGOR SLOWCUM, and TIMOTHY TONGUEGRASS.

GRIP.—*Croakingly*—Bad, worſe, worſt! What will become of me? SMALLWIT.—Hush, bird of good omen; hush, you muſt not ſo dwell on the gloomy ſide of the picture, you are becoming a hypo- chondriac, you will die a ravin' lunatic.

TONGUEGRASS.—Fine him; he is impaled on the horns of a dilemma, having either made a pun without knowing it, or, knowing what he was doing, has wilfully appropriated a ſo-called witiſm invented at the time Noah was cruſing over the mountain tops.