

Grip's Clips.

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ABUSES OF CARICATURE.

Caricature is a powerful weapon in the hand of Truth. Mr. Delano wielded in England an influence unrivalled in his day in shaping public thought and directing Ministerial policy; but even the strongest leader in his great journal was weak in comparison with the political cartoons in *Punch*. For a whole generation the masters of English caricature have been at work, and their power has steadily increased. Mr. Tenniel's pencil is a great force, of which sagacious statesmen have to take account in their forecasts of the movements of public opinion. A few months ago the grand figure of General Gordon standing behind an earth-work at Khartoum and looking across the desert for a glimpse of red-coats touched the hearts of Englishmen and swayed their judgment. That cartoon was more effective than the best-reasoned arguments of party journals or the fiercest denunciations of the orators in Opposition. The secret of its power was its inherent truthfulness. This is the element which has imparted to nearly all the cartoons in *Punch* their characteristic vigor, and has steadily enlarged their influence. They do not misrepresent political situations. They are neither unjust nor unfair. They are grounded upon the truth; and for that reason they can be subjected to the unerring test of time. A few years ago a long series of these cartoons was reprinted, and in no instance was injustice apparent. It was a complete satirical history of the recent politics of that country, and withal honest and truthful.

Herein lies the explanation of the singular fact that caricature has not exerted so powerful an influence in America as in England. It has not been grounded upon the truth. It has been not only violently partisan in party politics, but it has been often grossly unfair and cruelly unjust. Take for example, such a picture as the one reproduced in to-day's *Tribune* from the old files of *Harper's Weekly*. It represented Abraham Lincoln on the eve of his inauguration in 1861 tipping with drunken loafers and cracking jokes for their amusement, while outside was the hearse, bearing the Union and the Constitution to the grave. The revolting picture, seen after the lapse of twenty-three years, stirs in every honest heart a thrill of indignation. The life of Abraham Lincoln is now a sacred household story. Whoever reads it knows that he accepted the nomination for the Presidency, and, after his election, made the journey to Washington, oppressed with a terrible weight of responsibility. Every letter that he wrote, every speech that he made at that time, revealed this sense of responsibility, and also his humble dependence upon higher than earthly powers. All the world knows that he was neither a clown nor a sot, and that in the great crisis which followed his inauguration it was his solemn duty to defend the Constitution and to save the Union. That cartoon to-day is recognized as a glaring libel, a ruthless and abominable pictorial lie. And what it seems to-day, it was when it first appeared—utterly false in spirit and in detail. It was then an outrage upon public morals, a cruel and cowardly stab at the patriotism of the North; and time has only deepened the impression which it first produced.

Now this has been the glaring weakness of the American school of caricature. It has not adhered scrupulously to the truth. It has too often waged warfare upon established character. It has always been careless, sometimes even reckless in its facts. It has too often misrepresented political situations and been

cruelly unjust to public men. It has made a base and ignoble use of its opportunities for political satire. It has again and again served the ends of partisanship and personal malice. It has been converted into a mud-spattering vehicle of malignant defamation. At no period in our political history have the abuses of caricature been more conspicuous than in the present campaign; and on the other hand never have political cartoons possessed so little influence in affecting men's judgments. The attempt made to defeat Mr. Blaine's nomination by the circulation of foul pictures was a signal failure; yet the cartoon-makers have not been discouraged and are still employed in the same despicable trade, of misrepresenting facts and assaulting established character. The effort to defeat the Republican leader by means of highly-coloured and indecent pictorial lies has only tended to increase his popularity and to bring reproach upon the degraded art of caricature. Satire is useful in politics only when it is grounded upon truth. When its edge is broken by contact with hard facts it becomes the dull tool of defamation and is useless as a weapon of offence—harming only the coarse hand that holds it.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

LOVE'S LABOR LOST.

"Madam, may I kiss these beautiful children?" inquired Uncle Dick Oglesby, as he leaned over the front gate.

"Certainly, sir; there is no possible objection."

"They are lovely darlings," said Uncle Dick, after he had finished the eleventh. I have seldom seen more beautiful babies. Are they yours, marm?"

The lady blushed deeply.

"Of course they are, the sweet little treasures! From whom else, marm, could they have inherited those limpid eyes, those rosy cheeks, those profuse curls, those comely figures and those musical voices?"

The lady continued blushing.

"By the way, marm," said Uncle Dick, "may I bother you to tell your estimable husband that Richard J. Oglesby, Republican candidate for Governor, called upon him this evening?"

"Alas, good sir," quoted the lady, "I have no husband!"

"But these children, madam—you surely are not a widow!"

"I feared you were mistaken, sir, when you first came up. These are not my children. This is an orphan asylum!"

DISGUSTED HIM.

Mr. Hacklin went into an unhealthy neighborhood and started a newspaper. Several months afterwards he was seen in the vicinity of his former residence.

"Hello!" said a friend, "back so soon?"

"Yes; I got restless."

"Didn't like the neighborhood?"

"Not after the people became too familiar. I had not been there long until it became evident that I would not like the place. I did not mind them shooting at me every time I went out of the office, and I even tolerated their habit of blazing away at me whenever I'd stick my head out of the window, but when they fell into the habit of climbing on the house-top and shooting down the chimney, why I became disgusted at such familiarity."

Rev. J. G. Calder, Baptist minister, Petrolia, says:—"I know many persons who have worn Notman's Pads with the most gratifying results. I would say to all suffering from bilious complaints or dyspepsia: Buy a pad, put it on and wear it, and you will enjoy great benefits." Hundreds of others bear similar testimony. Send to 120 King St. East for a pad or treatise.

KEEP YER BACK AGIN THE WALL.

P'raps it isn't pooty sentiment I'm payin' out to you, But, what's a hang sight better, it is sentiment that's true;

It's right, if it ain't fanciful, I offer it to all— When yor in a little dilly keep yer back agin the wall.

Now an' then a chap gits shaky in his biz, an' seems to think

That the old craft's guin' to pieces, and the Cap. and crew must sink.

See, here, pardner! though yer weaknin' thar's a chance yer may 'nt fall,

If the solid sand is in yor an' yer back's agin the wall.

Ye've had bother with a neighbor, an' a law suit's bin the fruit,

He's a sharper, full of lyin'; an' he's won, with costs to boot;

Don't yer fret an' fluster 'cause on ye a bad man's got the call—

Some day he'll be left, but you jest keep yer back agin the wall.

Mebbe home is made unpleasant 'cause a tongue will wag and jag;

Some one's temper gets the uphold, an' thar ain't no end o' nag.

But remember, pard, not one of us 's bin perfect since the Fall,—

Grin an' bear it with all patience an' yer back agin the wall.

Some—most all of us—is aillin'. Fact is, airth's a hospital,

An' the angel Death would want fur work 'cept fur Disease, his pal.

Jest think that sickness more or less takes hold of one and all,

An' that the patient bears it best with back agin the wall.

Hez trouble,—that's the wust of all afflictions ye kin know,—

Come on ye?—may kind Providence keep offen ye sich woe—

A son of promise whirlin' to perdition in sin's thrall? Be prayerful, faithful, hope, and keep yer back agin the wall

Suppose a chap forgets himself when keepin' up some day,

An' strikes for hum meanderin' 's if he'd sorter loss his way;

The cop a prowlin' 'long the pave won't nutties him at all,

If once he will straighten with his back agin the wall.

In course I low it's easier fur to talk than act this way;

An', fur weath, thar's some a-sneerin' while I sing my little lay—

I know it ain't so soft a snap to climb ez 'tis to crawl,

But—yer never guin' to grovel with yer back agin the wall.

Oh, yes! I'm off my recknin', an' this lecturin' an't my forte,

Ye hint I'd better put about an' make some other port,—

Well, one salute: When diffs. rise up, hang whisk. or pistol ball,

Invest in moral stiffnin'—keep yer back agin the wall.

HUDDLECOME HUDDLECOME, ESQ., ON THE WEATHER.

FWEND GWIP,—I must confess I feel extremely ill from the effects of the absolutely torrid weathah of laust week. It was positively horwible. I actually fancied myself in the barwacks in Bawbadoes wheah my twotther Bob is aw—quartwed. Swetewing all day and westless at night. I fency laust week would dissipate the pweconceived notions of some of owah fellahs at home, which have been fawmed by portwraits of people clad in furs and snow shoes, and enveloped in snow flakes, the snow flakes being composed I undehtand of aw, wock salt. Even in what the *Globe* newspapah used to call the hypheborial wegiens of Quebec it is equally hot. Be Jove, a look at my ottah ovehcoat sets me in a pwofuse perspewation. I weally cawnt stand this much longah. I twied Muskoka, but the abominable flies and—aw—mosquitoes almost devowahed me alive, and upon my wo'd I weally believe it was the—aw—hottest place I evah witnessed. We heah a gwent deal in England about Canadian wintahs, but why the deuce don't somebody give an idea of the summahs heah. Be Jove I think I'll write a book about it myself—aw—

Yours perspiringly,

HUDDLECOME HUDDLECOME,

Lato of Huddlecome Hull,

Hants, Eng.