

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDOR.

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, 25TH MAY, 1878.

Answers to Correspondents.

NASEBY.—GRIP welcomes you to the home of the Free, and shall be much pleased to hear from you again.

SIR JOHN.—No, sir—you are mistaken. There is a commandment against it, and it says "Swear not at all;" in fact, swear not at any, not even at DONALD A. SMITH. Candidly, since you ask us, we must admit that we do not think the fact that TUPPER did likewise palliates your case in the least. Your resolutions to improve are noted, with the hope that they will be kept.

"Grip's" Birthday.

GRIP had seated himself at his sanctum desk, with a view to preparing the four columns of wit and wisdom with which he weekly favours the world, and he had just dipped his pen in ink to write the first word, when there came a gentle tap at the door. "'Tis some visitor," he muttered; "some fellow who has come to bore me to death on the Eastern question, or to read my exchanges." But it wasn't. It was a venerable old gentleman with a curling lock of white hair on his high, smooth forehead, a long flowing beard, a scanty, tattered robe, bound about the loins with a girdle, from which depended an hour glass, and finally, a well-worn scythe. It was Father Time. "Don't be alarmed, my dear Mr. GRIP," said the old gentleman, benevolently, "I haven't come to mow you down; it is only the inferior comic papers I cut off in their youth—the cumberers of the ground that I destroy. I merely dropped in to remind you of something which I saw you were on the point of forgetting." "Many thanks, daddy," said GRIP, "he seated." "Thank you, no;" replied Father Time, "I haven't a minute to spare, and, besides, I have a very poor opinion of the individual who would hang around an editor's sanctum during business hours, even at the invitation of the editor. What were you about to write when I made my appearance?" "A little screed on MACKENZIE'S visit I thought of," said GRIP. "Which was to have come first in your columns this week, just under the date-line?" "Very probably," assented GRIP. "Ah! I thought so," said Father Time mournfully, "I knew you would forget to put anything in about it!" "About what?" queried GRIP anxiously. "Why, about the happy fact that this present issue of GRIP is number one of Volume XI, which makes you exactly five years old. Don't omit to mention this, and to call upon all who haven't yet subscribed to do so without delay; as well for their own credit as for your cash."

The Reason of Wars.

AUSTRIA (*sitting in easy chair.*)—But I wish to be a rather more important nation than I am.

RUSSIA (*on sofa.*)—And me, the Emperor of all the Russians! No one can expect that I should live my life out without, at least, adding Constantinople.

PRUSSIA (*smoking furiously.*)—I got a good deal by last war. I want some more.

FRIEND OF HUMANITY (*looking in.*)—Are your people better off?

AUSTRIA.—As for mine, the affair between my brother of Prussia and myself has left them with only bread and greens, whereas they had previously a bit of meat occasionally. But, what then? The national debt must be met. And my table has not suffered.

RUSSIA.—Same here. In fact, my fellows are very hard up. That French business, too, left such a lot of cripples on our hands. Hardly a cottage but has or helps to keep it—"incapable"—a fine strong fellow before the row. But, what then? We got two provinces and a lot of cash—have not blew through them; bones, flesh, blood, brains, all mixed together, and all the heap that could scream yelling at once. What were they for, the animals, but to fight? My people are starving no doubt, and living on next to nothing. But, what then? It is fate.

COLUMBIA (*looking in at door.*)—Well, ever since last war my was debt has made my people miserable trying to pay it. Before the debt everyone could live comfortably; now, half on the other half, and both halves are worse off than before. But, I feel like blood ever since. Here's Canada. I should like to—no, I don't know as I should—I have too much territory now. But, what a grand thing it would be! Why, it would cost the lives of a million who are now comfortable! Burn a thousand cities, starve lots of folks, torture others to death—employ all the new murderous things.

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.—Do you not see that the more you fight, the more you wish to fight? Why not take to arbitration, and (*looking at Columbia*) pay awards promptly?

(COLUMBIA hangs her head sleepishly. Scene closes.)

Naseby in Canada.

From PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
Formerly Post Master of the Confederate X Roads, State of Kentucky,

To HAYES TILDEN NASBY, ESQ.,
Private Secretary to Senator Flam, and also Deputy Sub-Assistant Clerk of the Special Com. in the Interior.

My dear Nephew and namsak:

I hev long been ashooored of the trooth of your prinpsile, thet a man shudn't nock a nigger down, or threten to do soe, unless he was surten that the individuiwal aforesaid wud not adopt a retaliatory pollisy. My last xperience of its trooth was wen I sudnly departed, without handen in the subscriptions to the great torch lite proeshun, in honer uv the undouted chice of the nation, fur TILDEN ez President.

Wen I started from BASCOM'S the last time, I met thet nigger, TIM CASS, end he had the impedince to want me to return five dollars he said I had got from him for a subscripsun to the grait lotry, or giv him his tickit. I tride to show him he was rong, by saying I wud take it off his hide, and he retaliated by layen me over the fence, and asalting me; in the struggle, I sor that a Kawkashin's only suxess was to reche the other side, I crost the corn patch ez quik ez my legs cood tak me, end I think the nigger wud hev cot me, but I left my hat with all the committee funds inside the linen (jinerly a safe plais), xcep a little I had reserved for a gainm of old sledge frum which I kam out even at BASCOM'S. It flashed on my mind to xcep the sitwashun, an I kum on strait here to Ottawa, ware I remaind awatin futur events. While here, I made the agwantence uv sevrul members ov parliment, wich is like our Congress, but altho menny takz thur whisky reglur, they do not sho the devoshun to the troo kause that so offen is evident in the achun ov our JOHNSON Dimokrisy; frekwently when I hev proposd a little gainm ov yuker, ther has not remaind enuf to make a squair; they genrly say the House is settin; but if you go intu the smokin-room yood find them waitin fur the votes to be called. Ov course it will tak me sum time to akquire the nolidge wanted in a politishin here, but already I hev suxceded in gettin a plais in the waits and meshurs department; the sillery is not bad, and yew ken by reel good whisky fur one dollar a gallon, Domyun meshur, and the only trubble jez now is the diffikilty ov understannin som ov the old Kumishner's orders in counsil; the old chap seems somtimes to be fairly stumped by the kweschun ov scales and waits, an evry day I hev to dictikt to my sekretery a reply to sum fool of a depity inspiktur who wants to no; my sekretery girly understans how to tell them, 'n my dooty is to sine the letter.

Ov coarse I had some diffikilty in gettin my plais, ez this is rooled by what is cald the reform party, but a long xperynce as JOHNSON democrat has tort me the valoo ov fasility and capassity under enny adminishtrashun, and wen I shode these kwalificashuns to sum members, and represented that I was reddy to sacrifice my prinpsils for public good, I was instolled.

Ev you find it necessary to shake off the yoke of a tirannikle majority, draw three months' sillery and kom on heer. I will get you a plais as depity inspiktor, the sillery is about \$1000.00 gold a yeer, and pickings kom up to an indefinit figgur. No civle serviss eggsamminashun is rekwiired; all the kwollificashun necessary is to be in favor of the government; you shood see som ov the fellers that suxcede in gettin into situashuns, they are genrly men hoos devoshun to the cause hev mell-itayed agin thuir suxess in bisness, and in fact PETE BASCOM wood find a famly likeness among em, suthin the same as fellers hoo yooosed to sit round his stove ov nights. Ez srr want of eddicashun or bein able to tell anything about skails and waits, it wood be wuss than yuseiess, ez the kumishners' orders in counsil wood bother a man even if he held eny of them in his hed. Yure best plan will be to get all you kin wile the thing runs, end when the bottom falls out we kin look after sum goverment plais. An adminishtrashun that hez at hart the welfair ov the people can't afford to negleck its stanch suportres.

If you kum on soon I will give you moar petiklers. I am sartin that with your nolidge girly ov old sledge and yuker, you and myself will be able to realize a sollid reward for the sakrifises we have maid fur our Kuntzy's good.

Most ov the members is hard up, but at the end uv this munth they will dror thair pay, end I hope in the course ov som kwiet gainsm of kards to obtane a suffisient sum to enable me to change my boardin house, the mistress at the one I stay at objex to jars of whisky bein brot in, an wants her munny; this interference with the rites ov a free sittisen hes ny desired condemnashun, but I kannot afford to eggspress my pheelens. Kum on soon then and we will be happy to receive yoo into our ranks as a furm supporter of the reform party and an effisient depity inspiktre ov waits and meshures. I am toald that the diskuvry ov the propre yoose ov this department wuz maid by the present goverment more then a year ago, and that it haz bin invaluable, iz a meins ov rewarding its urnest self sakrifisen of politikal suportres, hoo by reison ov thuir dvoshun to the cause, waire unable to support themselvs.

Your affectionate Uncle,

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,

Formerly Post Master of Confederate X Roads, which is in the State of Kentucky, and now in waits and meshures dept., in Ottawa, Canada.