

**The Coming Storm.**

It's most odd that those thorough old Clear Grits  
Who are sure that the country is sound,  
On Free Trade, are scared out of their dear wits,  
When the word "dissolution" goes round.

Ah, they chose in an unlucky hour,  
Free Trade, and GRIP truly must say,  
It will jerk them from place and from power,  
Just as surely as night follows day.

**Curriat Ebints.**

No. 8.

**Me Darlint Grip.**

I feel meself flattered extramely by the shtyle av the response yez gev to the little hint I tuck the liberty av givin yez in the lasht communycation, fubinst the matter av increasin me salary. Long life to yez! Sure me pin goes aisier intirely. I showed the lether to NORAH, an she felt as proud as BIVERLY ROBINSON to think that meself waz such a distinguished lithrey caracker as ye gev me the credit for.

But, me darlint, fwthin I resaved the lashu copy av GRIP, I was both ashonaimed an graveld to see that bit about the *Nation*. Sure, I niver expicted the likes av that from you. It's only fit for such skallywags as the *Globe* an thim to be afther kickin a man fwthin he's dead. Av course the *Nation* had its little fault—avin the *Mail* and Sur JOHN hussell has their wakenisses—but it was a noble paper for all that. Its more min av the GOLDWIN SMITH keind we do be wantin in this country, an more papers like the *Nation*. I'm fair disgusted wid the *Globe*, that couldn't contint itself wid writin a falshud for an epitaf on the defunct crather, but must go on wid diministrations av joy aven at the funeral. Luck at that shmalssould article they had on Wednesday lasht, takin a partin sling at Mистер SMITH, an sayin the articles av the *Nation* wor heavy an dull. Whell! Av thim's fwat they call dull, I wud like some man av larin to shupply me wid a word that wud fit the *Globe*'s own work!

I have nothin av importance to communycate this wake consarnin the Consarvatif Reaction—in regard to which, av I may borry the illigant expression av me frind MICKENZIE BOWELL, I wud say, Is it a Fiction, or a Fact? I got me *Mail* on Monday mornin, an read the supplymint from stim to starn—it was another av thim grand peckneck spaches av the Chafetin, wid rirfince, to MACKENZIE'S corruptions, an his sellin av charters, an CARTWRIGHT'S lether, an the confederation an city.

Shpakin af grand spaches an confederation, did yez see that wan av me Lord DUFFRIN'S that his Lordchip made in Vancouver's Hand be-yan? Begorra, I fale the pride av Erin in me veins, fwthinver I rade wan His Excellency's orations. Sure, he's ould RICHARD BRINSLEY over again, so he is. An the way he putt mathers in shape that time was imminse, more power to him. He towld thim he didn't go there to defend MICKENZIE av the Government, but the *Mail* says he did, and sorra a bit wud I conthrylick me own Party's paper, or me Lord DUFFRIN aither, bein loyal as all the numbers av the United Empire Club is—So I dont harly know fwat to say unther the prisint sarcumstances. Anyhow, I slud think thim Vancoovers wud now have their eyes open forinst that Nannygoat an Eskemaw Railroad, they do be makin such a fuss about. Af it is in ordrer, I wud beg lave to move a motion that me Lord DUFFRIN'S spache be pursented in a gold frame, to JOHN BULL across the say, and let the ould man rade it to some av thim blockhead-ed iditors av his.

Me frind SWEENEY kem to me the day befor yesterday in consithrable av a flurry and towld me they had a live Barnet at the theyner.

"F'wha's that?" sez I.

"I dunno," sez he, "but I'm infurruind they have him in a Case," sez he.

"We'll go, NORAH, me darlint, an see him," sez I.

So in the avenin we wint to the Opry House, an there I saw me parsonal acquaintance, the iver actif an guttimpered manager, Mистер NICKINSON, shandin be the dure.

"I hard yez has a livin Barnet on exhibition," sez I.

"Thure for yez, so we have," sez he, wid a twinkle av mirrimint in his left-han eye.

"I untherstan yez hav kep him in a Case since Monday night?" sez I.

"We have," sez Mистер NICKINSON "A *Great Case*."

"Does the Case be on the platform, so we cud see him aisy?" sez I.

"It does," sez Mистер N., "won't yez walk in an take a privet box forinst it?"

He thim showed meself an NORAH to a foine sate fwere we wor the observed av all obsarvers, as the poet DAVIN has said, an afther the min in the little pen had fiddled a chune or two, the picture av a blue moonlight night, shruuggin behind a round mahogany photygraph av some ships, was hauled up to the roof, an we lucked to see the Barnet in the Case bnt nar a case was there at all to be seen.

"F'what does this mane?" sez I, turnin round wid an unplsint expres-

sion av countenance to Mистер NICKINSON. "F'where is the case wid the Barnet in it—or is this wan av thim jokes av yours?"

"No, Mистер TIERNEY," sez he, "theres no joke in it, fwhativer, be me sowl on the conthrairy, it's a London comedy."

"A comedy!" sez I, "I didn't come here to see anny comedy, I kem to see that livin Barnet."

"Yer loike all the rist av thim in that partackler" sez he.

"Whell!" sez I, wid me blud beginnin to bile at bein sowld, "have yez raily anny curoosity on exhibition in a case—have yez anny Barnet at all?"

Jist thim a man walked out wid his arrums hangin down loose an his hair parted in the cintre.

"That's him," sez Mистер NICKINSON.

"That's who?" sez I.

"The Barnet," sez he.

"Go long out o' that," sez I, "sure that's only a man,—an fwere's the Case yez talked about?"

"There on the program" sez he.

Thim I lucked at me hanbill, an I seen somethin consarnin "*Great Divorce Case*," an I felt meself badly tuck in.

Mистер NICKINSON burst out wid a laugh an sez he, "F'what did ye expect the Barnet was at all?"

"Some keind av a fish I was thinkin, av course," sez I.

"Not at all," sez he, "foreby somethin av a *flounder* in a sort av way. Sure the Barnet's a man—he's an Actor—"

"Beggin yer pardon, sur," sez I, "but I must take lave to conthrydict that lasht word;—he's a man, av course but fwly do they call him a Barnet, I dunno? "F'why, ye blockhead," sez Mистер N., "sure that's he's title, I was only foolin wid yez—playin on his title, for a joke," sez he.

"Playin on his title, wor ye?" sez I "Well, good night. Sure I think that's fwat the gentleman's doin hussell." Wid that I left.

TERRY TIERNEY.

ON DIT.—Our respected fellow-citizen, the worthy Oxford Professor, G. S., is about to take refuge, for a while, from the *Globe* and *Mail*, in classic and sunny Italy. By the by, those two rascals, always ready to garrote harmless passengers, were a deal too savage with G. S., who gave 'em some knocks they will remember, too. GRIP wishes the learned Professor every enjoyment derivable from his trip, and takes occasion to deny the truth of the statement that Mr. POWERS, now in Italy, has engaged the learned G. S. as a model for his contemplated statue of Despondency.

**Exemption of Churches.**

REV. MR. CLEVER. REV. MR. HONEST.

REV. MR. CLEVER.—As you were remarking, Brother HONEST, our new church is an edifice excellent in its way. Indeed it should be, considering the cost, full \$50,000. And the advantages of site and so forth. On a splendid street, excellent pavements radiating for miles in all directions, perfectly drained, ample water and assistance in case of fire, policemen night and day to guard it from damage—ah, we have many privileges here—pleasant places, pleasant places, brother.

REV. MR. HONEST.—Hum! Well, brother, it sounds well. But—REV. MR. CLEVER.—Pray speak your mind, my respected brother. The situation is not so healthy as a country site, perhaps, you think.

REV. MR. HONEST.—The congregation are not so honest, brother.

REV. MR. CLEVER.—Honest! Good Heavens! My dear sir! If there is anything I especially inculcate—Surely you are under some strange delusion. Why, my last sermon, "The Duty of Honesty!" I do not wish to boast; but all the newspapers describes it as remarkable—you are surely wrong, brother. On that point of all others we are most rigid! Why our last sexton took a dollar off the vestry table. We dismissed him and prosecuted, of course—could not pass over an immorality.—

REV. MR. HONEST.—Which by example you have taught him. Brother, your congregation every day put their hands into other men's pockets!

REV. MR. CLEVER.—Such language, brother HONEST, requires immediate explanation!

REV. MR. HONEST.—Does not your church property occupy many hundred feet of street frontage? Are not the opposite people, or the city at large, most of both being non-communicants with you, compelled to pay your share of street improvements? Have not you just now boasted of the drains, the water, the protection you enjoy? Are not others who do not believe in your religion, compelled to pay most of this for you? Do you not thus put your hands daily into their pockets?

REV. MR. CLEVER.—That is the law, brother.

REV. MR. HONEST.—Brother CLEVER, be sure that he who without remembrance profits by an unjust law endorses that injustice, and to the full is liable to God for it! He who so acts is perilously unfit to partake at the Communion table. Brother, my little country congregation have calculated their and my proportion unfairly exempted, and have sent it in as conscience-money; nor were they honest men till they did!

REV. MR. CLEVER.—Mercy on us!

[Scene closes]