

# GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 4TH NOVEMBER 1876.

## The New Minister.

Mr. BROWN—(solus)—He's maybe no that bad. MACKENZIE's gane for him the noo. (*Enter Mackenzie leading in Mills.*) A vara gude morning, gentlemen. I haena, as ye are dootless aware, Maister MILLS, lang expectit ye're entrance tae this sphere, but ye will ken—

Mr. MILLS—(*takes up position in centre, and pompously breaks in*)—No doubt, Sir, you did not expect. But the philosophic mind, Sir, expects all things in their due course. In logical sequence, Sir, I take a leading position here, as necessarily, as logically, as I ruled the London Board of Trade. Your power Sir, is of the press; mine is logic alone. "*Magna est Logicus, et prevalebit.*"—Quint.

Mr. BROWN—(*rather staggered by the quotation*)—Maister MILLS, I doot ye hairdly recognize the presence wherein ye noo stand. But I mak allowance for the effeck o' sudden elevation—

Mr. MILLS—(*striking a Demosthenic attitude with startling rapidity*)—Sir! Elevation! What elevation rivals the vast height from which the PHILOSOPHER surveys cringing Politicians, crawling Cabinets, writhing Grit editors, and hissing Protectionists? Logic, Sir—

Mr. BROWN—(*screechingly sharp*)—Maister MACKENZIE, gin Maister MILLS suld be sae eccentric as tae intraduce logic intae a Cawbinet whaur nae sic nonsense is sufferit, I tak it for granted ye will correct sic conduct in a severely practical manner.

Mr. MACKENZIE—(*aside*)—For Heeven's sake, no a word! He's a' I could get. Sax others refusit, and declarit we could na survive a session, and it wad be madness tae join. I ken he's pairtially crackit, but it's joost MILLS or naething.

Mr. BROWN—Weel, weel, if we maun—(*to the Philosopher, who, absorbed, disregards the by-play*)—Ye were observin', Sir?

Mr. MILLS—I come to the rescue of Canada. *Ab interitu vindicare*—Plaut. To you, to him—(*points to Premier*)—I now explain. When in the course of human affairs she is plunged in commercial depression, where do we look for example? Greece and Rome, Venice, Tyre and Sidon, Sodom and Gomorrah, what course would they foretell? Read the mysterious Sanscrit of the Brahmin, the records of Confucian lore, what do they predict? And there is no doubt that wages, profits, capital and outlay make up the sum. This proves beyond dispute—

Mr. BROWN—(*mournfully*)—Awlexander!

Mr. MACKENZIE—(*holding his hand to his ear*)—What diz he mean?

Mr. MILLS—As my illustrious friend, Professor SMITH, observes in letters the *Telegram* should put in letters of gold, "To this the whole course of historical precedent unanimously points." To what? An American Senate; and even to more. "*Popularis imperii amator.*" Met. Yes, we must burst the Customs line—sweep away the line! When did Britain do us anything but injury? Cut loose from her!

Mr. BROWN—(*piercingly*)—AwLEXANDER!!

Mr. MACKENZIE—(*horrified*)—The Deevil!

Mr. MILLS—Talk about trade! I appear on the scene. *In luce versari; e tenebris erumpere!*—Hor. Smith's Wealth of Nations—Cobden—Sir Robert Peel—Wells—balance of imports and exports! there is no doubt the difference is the profit; you said so (*knocks hat off the shocked Premier*). Yes, I ask any reasonable man if this does not show our course clear? What a career opens before us! First annexation; then to convert the States to Free Trade! I will accept the Presidency! Hooray! (*Rushes out.*)

Mr. BROWN—HE'S GANE DAF! Mon, what wull ye dae?

Mr. MACKENZIE—It's him or naething, I tell't ye. He'll sober a bit yet; he's light-headed the noo. We maun gang oot, I see; but we hae a year's salary yet onyho. We are a' pitting oor hooses in order. I see ye are building ane. Cast care to the deil. We hae no dune sae bad.

Mr. BROWN—Weel, when I think o' the auld shop in Glasgie, whaur we sauld needles and tape, and see hoo I am lookit up tae here, there is some balm in Gilend.

Mr. MACKENZIE—Mon, I was a mason no lang syne. Think ye nae \$8,000 a year's a fortune tae me. Tak heart. Come what may, we hae been blest! (*Scene closes.*)

MICHAEL READING NATURAL HISTORY.—"The hawk flies a hundred an' fifty moiles an hou.

PATRICK.—Bedad barrin' the "f" devil the politician but 'llaiquil him.

## Thanksgiving Day.

'Twas sometimes found, in half-forgotten days—  
Days through old chronicles but dimly known—  
When courts were suuk in false and evil ways,  
The jester told the truth, and he alone.

GRIP for no *ignoranti* writes; he knows  
This reminiscence touched on by his pen,  
Brings to your minds the record long of those  
Who wearing motley, yet instructed men.

It is the only wear. CERVANTES rung  
In comic page the knell of chivalry.  
Before VOLTAIRE's keen wit and gibling tongue  
Sunk tinsel courts and pride of pedigree.

Though THACKERAY, or biting SWIFT and STERN,  
Or SMITH (keen Sydney) by sheer force of sun,  
Empires of prejudice can overturn,  
All BISMARCK's legions cannot master one.

In Canada the people are the king,  
The Press their courtier circle, and though now  
That circle often does with falsehood ring,  
Its jester, GRIP, tells truth with laughing brow.

To-day they preach no false economy,  
But show the path of truth, yet still, good lack;  
It is a road which they so seldom see,  
GRIP (on this topic grave) must point the track.

Thanksgiving Day, they shout thank God on high,  
That you are not as other nations are—  
That food and clothes you have wherewith to buy,  
That far from you are pestilence and war.

Do so, says GRIP; but never stop you there,  
Think likewise of those things of greater worth  
To thought more grateful, and to eye more fair;  
Things far from these as heaven stands from earth.

If God has given to you to reckon men  
By merit, not by riches nor by place,  
Thank Him for it, and thank Him yet again.  
Those had it who stood highest in His grace.

If He has given you spirit steadfast still  
To follow what He said and what He taught,  
Careless though creeds and preachers vary still,  
Thank Him—a universe had not it bought.

If from that plague most common, yet more rank  
Than Egypt's foulest, God hath spared your mind,—  
(The thirst of money-getting) truly thank,  
For you have eyes among a herd of blind.

If you have sons whom passion nor desire,  
Nor clamoring mobs, nor ruler's ordering  
Can turn from honor's way, Canadian sire,  
Give thanks, the world can nothing greater bring.

And give you thanks, that though we hold to-day,  
No bloody blazonment of battles won,  
Upon our yet blank page inscribe we may,  
A fairer record, and a kinder one.

Give thanks that here, far from the busier world,  
We yet can view its course on sea and land,  
And learn, ere yet our flag be well unfurled,  
How nations fell; how we secure may stand.

And now GRIP cannot spare you further time,  
Nor longer here the moralist will play,  
But you'll have more, if well you use this rhyme,  
To thank for upon next Thanksgiving Day.

## A Period put to Polygamy.

The legal fraternity have found the weak point of Mormonism, and have administered a crushing blow thereat. They have sold off BRIGHAM'S ox and his ass, his mules and his wagons, to pay up the alimony claim of ANN ELIZA. This is the beginning of the end. It was all very well in theory; but in practice not only ANN ELIZA, but JANE REBECCA, and MARIA BRIDGET, and CLEOPATRA CLYTEMNESTRA will be round with their little bills. They will make raids on the dry goods stores; they will make the fortunes of shoemakers. No unhappy duplicated, triplicated, or perhaps quintuplicated Benedict can stand it. No hope of assignment; where could they put it unseen by the Argosy of wives? Unigamy is too expensive a game for many folks already; as soon as Polygamy is proportionately so it is done for.