

**The Coming Reciprocity.**

SCENE.—A river. Enter on one side BRITANNIA. To her, on opposite side, COLUMBIA.

BRITANNIA.—My daughter dear,  
Who once did spurn from out thy open door,  
With action most unfilial and unkind,  
Thy great progenitress, say, hast thou learned  
That conduct to regret?

COLUMBIA.—Not I, I guess,  
It did yew good; and that there chap of yourn,  
That GLADSTONE, jest the smartest coon yew hev,  
He reckons how it did.

BRITANNIA.—I do not wish  
That any but an enemy of mine  
Such benefits receive. But I would ask,  
What can we do with my good stripling son,  
Young CANADA, who borders on your line,  
And now too wise does grow?

COLUMBIA.—Wa'al, wa'al, I say,  
The critter isn't anything ter me.  
Or I'd jest like ter see him perkin' up,  
The way he's doin' now. I tell yew what,  
The little coon's begun ter calculate  
That this here runnin' in of goods from yew  
And me, hez kept him jest the dwarf he is.  
Now, by Jerusalem, and also Snakes,  
The little feller's right.

BRITANNIA.—I do not contradict; but if you please,  
How will it suit our book? The fellow buys  
Of you, of me, a many millions worth  
Of dollars every year. Pray, shall he get  
The profit or shall we? If once he make  
The stuff he buys from us, he rich may grow,  
But we the business lucrative shall lose.  
How does your pocket feel?

COLUMBIA.—Old lady, now  
I tell yew as I told yew once afore,  
The youngster's none o' mine. Chalk out yer plan,  
Show how to make him let the notions in,  
And I shall freeze to yew

BRITANNIA.—The way is this,  
He reciprocity with you docs ask,  
And we shall give it him.

COLUMBIA.—Not if I know  
Myself. And I have yet ter understand  
That I the knowledge lack.

BRITANNIA.—Girl, listen to  
Your mother while she talks. A treaty shall  
Be executed, but by you and me,  
As others were before. As we before  
Did have the ruling principal, we shall  
Now have it yet again. The upshot see  
Beneath the name of Reciprocity,  
He shall receive Free Trade with you and me.

COLUMBIA.—Marm,  
Those fellers that remarked that yew had got  
Your eyeteeth yet to cut, deserve to get  
No end of takin' down. Yew idee, now,  
Is real superfine. I swan it is.  
And since the little sneakin' crossgrained cuss  
Won't come annex with me, jest let him catch  
His clam soup pretty hot. We'll make the cash;  
Who keers for CANADY? He go ter smash.

**The Tax Exemptions.**

GRIP was angry, and he commanded that they should bring before him a ruler, a priest, and a landed proprietor. In other words, he addressed a civil note to the Hon. Mr. BLANK, the comfortable denizen of a Government mansion, the Rev. Mr. BLANKER, the happy resident in a pleasant manse; and the respectable Mr. BLANKEST, who has the happiness to possess several charming city residences. These gentlemen, it need not be said, came severally, collectively, and immediately. GRIP's tallest footman (known publicly by his gorgeous livery of Naples velvet, got up at immense expense in exact imitation of a seedy and ink-smear'd suit)—brought up all their cards at once on the same salver—solid old, by the way, and weighing twenty pounds. "Kin they come in?" enquired the menial, in an attitude of reverence, mixed with awe, tempered with confidence, and containing a large proportion of wonder.

"Yes," said GRIP. "And," he added, with that keen perspicuity given but to one, and that unique originality of remark not bestowed on two—(glancing at his splendid carpet—a field of silken grass, heavily diamonded for dew)—"make them wipe their shoes."

The slave took the message. The Honourable, The Reverend, and The Respectable all wore rubbers. These they deposited in the hall solemnly, as pilgrims leave their slippers at the entrance of a mosque, and followed their guide into the drawing-room, which, it may be casually and succinctly remarked, presents a mass of amethyst, amber, cornelian, carved oak, elaborately worked cedar, Valenciennes lace, seed pearls, cloth of silver, ebony, ivory, marble, stucco, inlaid, overlaid, and arabesqued work, hangings of richest fabric, and most gorgeous hues, fountains, ottoes of roses, and other personal property and chattels.

"Be seated," said GRIP. "I have sent for you—"  
"On important public business, doubtless," interjected the Honourable, in a timidly pompous manner. "If it were possible—if I might hope—that your powerful periodical is, at this trying moment—no, not trying; of course we shall retain our majority—but at this moment, is about to offer its assistance to the Government,—I need not say—any terms—no difficulty—arrange at once—"

"It is not that," said GRIP.  
"Or it," said the Reverend, in tones most agreeably soft, mellow, persuasive, confiding, considerate, yet dignified, humble, yet with a touch of magnificence, "if ghostly assistance—if religious advice—if my poor help be sought—if compunction for satirical sallies wantonly directed against sacred objects—if such have been—I notice not—but anything I can with utmost zeal—"

"It is not that," said GRIP.  
"Ah," said the Respectable, "if it's any slight pecuniary fix, say the word. Merely on personal security—any amount—advance it at once—too happy—"

"It is not that," said GRIP.  
The three visitors looked blank. GRIP looked point-blank. "It is this," said he. "Are you aware that many very excellent but poor people are reduced to very great straits to pay their taxes this year?"

"It has been brought to my notice," said the Honourable.  
"It has pleased the Omnipotent," said the Reverend.  
"Oh, yes, they ask me," said the Respectable, "but—"  
"What would you call a fellow who would steal the little sum they were saving up to pay 'em with?" asked GRIP.

"Contemptible fellow," said the Honourable.  
"Give over to Satan," said the Reverend.  
"Should be sent to gaol," said the Respectable.  
"If he were rich?" said GRIP.  
"Worse still," said the Honourable.  
"An aggravation of the original sin," said the Reverend.  
"No excuse for him," said the Respectable.  
"And educated?" asked GRIP.  
"A monster of iniquity," said the Honourable.  
"A brand devoted to burning," said the Reverend.  
"Penitentiary for ten years," said the Respectable.  
"If he were YOU!" said GRIP, his brow only refraining from flashing indignant lightnings on account of the steel grates, and himself now pointing at the three visitors in a peculiarly terrifying manner. The visitors felt that they were culprits. The culprits knew they were condemned. The condemned waited for their sentence. They got it.

"When you," said GRIP, (in a manner which may be shortly described as that of BLAKE Pacific Scandalizing Sir JOHN, multiplied in power by sixteen millions)—when you—or you—or you—take refuge under exemption laws from paying your quota of taxation according to your means, you rob all those poor people who are compelled to pay their quota according to theirs. Your salary, honourable sir; your benefice, reverend friend; your revenue, sir—have been swelled by this—the robbery of the poor—not the less robbery that it was legal robbery—for though you knew it legal, you well knew it unjust. At the compelled expense of these poor people, for many years, you have had lights, water, drains, police, pavements, railways. You have lived in security and ease by the enforced earnings of others, taken violently from them for your benefit. What have you to say for yourselves?"

The Honourable, the Reverend, the Respectable had nothing to say. They shrunk into their chairs, and but that the Turkey leather was stout, might have hidden themselves in the stuffed backs. They felt like calling the big looking glasses to fall on them. But GRIP said:

"Door!"  
The menial opened it. The Honourable, the Reverend, and the Respectable rushed out, their knees knocking together in their fear and themselves knocking together in the passage. They went home. They have been for three days calculating of how much their past exemptions have robbed the poor citizens, and they are determined to bestow the amount on the city hospital, and to accept of no such dishonest pieces of silver from this time henceforth, following the glorious example of that Magnificent Sovereign whose flag has braved, &c., and who has long refused all exemptions—no doubt incited thereto by some suggestion of GRIP. But for him, where should we be—where? And Echo, volleying in thunder through the Interminable Caverns of the Immutabile Past, sounding in music along the Silver Groove of the Irrepressible Future, answers, WHERE?