

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The grabeſt Beaſt is the Aſs; the grabeſt Bird is the Owl;
The grabeſt Fiſh is the Gnat; the grabeſt Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 16TH DECEMBER, 1876.

Harry Piper on the Stump.

"ELECTORS OF THE NOBLE WARD: I ſcarcely need to ſtate That for your valued ſuffrages I am a candidate, Your ſufferages—yes, that's the word—for where's the Ward but ſuffers From the blunders of the preſent lot of Aldermanic duſfers! (Cheers).

"I tell you, boys, there's no miſtake, it is a ſcan'l'lous pity That a ſort of little Tammany ſhould rule this blooming city; A-jiggering with our contracts and a-tapping of our till— I ſay, boys, clean 'em out—(Loud cries—You better bet we will!)

"I know you will—this Noble Ward is made of ſolid men, Who ain't agoing to ſend thoſe Council jobbers back again! You don't want any played out hack—you want a young and ſtout 'un, Then, hearties, vote for PIPER! (Loud cries of "Now your ſhout-in!")

"Thanks, Noble Ward—you'll vote for me, Ah! HARRY knew you would, Elect me—I'm juſt what the City Council need—*young blood!* They've had *old Harry* long enough in our finances civil— *Young Harry* goes to bounce him out. (A voice—"Your head is level!")

"Now, Gentlemen Electors of St. John's moſt Noble Ward, I thank you for the favour with which my ſpeech you've heard; Time's up—but I'm your choſen man, what ſay you, boys, that's ſquare!

(The audience—"Rah for Piper! that's the ſort of a crowd we are!")

(Addendum chorus of newsboys, bootblacks, &c., on the window ſills.)

"Hurrah for HARRY PIPER, the cove wot runs the Kitchen; When he gits in the Council, you bet he's bound to pitch in! He'll be elected certain, don't you forget it—Whoop!! We vote for HARRY PIPER—that's the ticket for Soup!

What Can be Done.

WHAT complications will occur if the Hon. "Big Push" is condemned to durance vile! What a number of applicants to ſee the priſoner! Here will be the Hon. ALEX. MACKENZIE imperatively demanding an audience of Z. 396, or whatever the number of his cell may be. There, at another grim iron-studded door will be, pounding frantically, the Hon. Miniſter of Juſtice, with the Hon. Mr. MILLS ſobbing plaintively in the rear. Here the English Cattle Breeding Company, intereſted in Bow Park, will be battering an archway; there an Irish Association for the Propagation of Bulls will thunder at the gates. Now we may ſee the Credit Railway Co. offering caſh for admittance; now whole waggon loads of the captive's correſpondence arrive at the entrance road. Myrmilions of the Party will attempt every window; active politicians will ſcale every wall; all the devils of the *Globe* office will try to creep down the chimneys. Then what an uproar will, perchance, follow the gruff announcement from wicket port-hole, that Z. 396, having obſtreperouſly committed a contempt of turnkey has received thirty laſhes that morning, and will not be permitted to ſee any one for a week. Fancy the uproar! This will be the reſult of our One Man Power, if the One Man has committed himſelf and is committed! Obviously the Government muſt immediately ſummon Parliament, and paſs an *ex poſt facto* Act comprehending the caſe. Much as we object to retrospective legislation, it is here imperatively required. Not for worlds, ſhould the Court think fit to impriſon the Honourable Push, would GRIP have the country loſe the example. Yet the inconvenience—the ſtoppage of legislation—of buſineſs—nay, it is doubtful, ſo much of our affairs has he kindly taken charge of, whether we could breathe without the ſuperviſion of the Honourable Push. How, if neceſſary, ſhould he be confined, and yet allowed that free communication with all and ſundry which is ſo vital to our good? GRIP humbly ſubmits to the Parliament convened to conſider the caſe that, unleſs the priſoner paſs the term of his ſentence ſuſpended in an iron cage in the market place, there is no way in which he, confined, can ſtill carry on the buſineſs of the country. If this mode be conſidered conſtitutional, it would answer every purpoſe, and GRIP has not the ſlighteſt objection to ſeeing it carried out.

Opening of the Mechanic' Inſtitute Billiard Room.

VICE CHANCELLOR' BLAKE:

I open now this room, and eke my mind,
To think of billiards ill I was inclined;
Thought the game bad. I find it is not so,
Why should it then unto the devil go?
It shall not; though he has one end, yet I
Will tug away at this, till, by-and-bye,
I jerk it loose; and meantime all of you
Who watch the fight, give the old chap his due.
I, your Vice Chancellor, by heaven sent,
Will win his game for this establishment.
Suppose their godly fancies run that way,
Why should not clergymen come here and play?
They shall, and learn, while round the balls they roll,
The state of the opposing player's soul.
View his unorthodoxies great and small,
And plan a sermon which shall fetch them all.

PROF. BUCKLAND:

Of being here the pleasure's great,
Of seeing you 'tis greater,
Your triumph I prognosticate
Of which I am a stater.
So let the public billiards learn,
And chequer tables play at,
And from the taverns they will turn,
And our amusements stay at.

REV. D. J. MACDONELL:

I this have advocated; and I say
That you have rightly done, in that you so
Have followed out my lead. Oh, brothers, I
Spy jolly times, and happy days ahead.
Ah, golden hours! The ministers shall come,
And lawyers too, and doctors with them fetch,
And play away dyspepsia; merchants here
Ill health shall feel no more, and headache be—
A long forgotten vision of the past.
What do I see around me?—tables here,
And there—and everywhere—for bagatelle,
For chess, for billiards, and for other joys
Which drive dull care away. Ah, recreate,
Be happy, take your ease, surroundings here
Are good and pure—and in the coming time,
What games we all shall have! The theatres
We'll purge the evil from, and all shall go.
And I must go; for an appointment calls.

DR. CANNIFF:

I don't see why I'm brought along,
Except to say that croakers
Do sometimes come it over strong
Against my class—that's snokers.
But drinking's quite another thing,
Which I take no delight in.
And proof, I am prepared to bring,
It does't help in fighting,
All Arctic voyagers deny
It helped their undertaking;
Success attend continually
The efforts you are making.

REV. DR. ROBB:

Man who is born of woman, it appears
Must be amused; and then the question leaps
Suddenly up before us, what shall we
Allow him to amuse himself withal?
Why not with these around? and echo wide
Does answer, why?—and no one answers why.
But not with dramas should he himself amuse,
No; nor with dramas either, which are most
Abhorrent to the soul; proscribed and vile,
Surrounded with temptations, hedged with snares,
Traps they and spring-guns—if Macdonell had
Not dodged out of this crowd, I should have rung
A lesson in his ear. Said he, he hoped
That all might yet go unto theatres?
Alas, my friends, he is too prone to hope.

MR. T. W. HANDFORD:

I am in favour of amusements; I,
But not of those from the distillery.
There are who think that no amusement's sound,
There are who think the world cannot be round.