

In Memoriam.

HON. GEORGE BROWN.

Born Feb. 20, 1818; Died May 9, 1880.

The varying noises cease,
And plying men, jaded or jubilant before,
Fall henth the common grief.
The cortege passes now in princely circumstance,
'Mid quiet thousands in the city's streets,
While the aspiring throb of anxious hearts,
Busy and buffeted in life's rough way,
Is mute in conscious widowhood.
Ah! he was noble who lay confined there—
A peer in Nature's aristocracy;
Bearing the unction of that generous grace, which in the
life

Wins love from toiling men,
And, dying, summons them like children round the tomb.
So pass away, great spirit,
But thy work, so well and truly done,
Shall stand a witness to thy goodness and thy gifts.
On that enduring pile a superscription
Written in letters that shall ever glow
May tell the rugged grandeur of his life
In simple narrative:

How homespun worth and royal honesty
Braved the distempers of ambition's path,
From youth of filial love and lofty thought,
To sterling manhood and vice-regal place;
How on that height he bore a manly front,
Lending his pen to Freedom's sacred cause—
Counselling wisely for the Nation's weal,
And smiting down the ills that menaced her;
Then how at eventide his light was quenched
By base assassination, and his star
Went down mid clouds of pain and weariness,
While in its fading rays, ere yet 'twas gone,
Sad-visaged friends, drawn by the bonds of love,
And generous foes who knew and prized his worth,
Paid, side by side, the tribute of their tears.
His faithful fight is o'er; his work is done;
He lived sublimely, and his footsteps mark
A noble course upon the sands of time.

"He was a man, take him for all in all."
But only man, and therefore had his faults,—
Not weaknesses that rise from recreant heart,
But such as mark and mar the best of lives:
He hated falsehood with a burning scorn,
But may have erred, mistaking true for false;
His nature was a rushing mountain stream,
His faults but eddies which its swiftness bred.
Yes, carve his name on marble monument—
'Twill mark his resting place to reverent eyes
Perchance of generations, until Time,
The tireless sculptor, with relentless hand
Has written an inscription over it.
In weird, grim characters of mouldered moss,—
A grander line upon life's fabled dream.
Yet is his name deep graven in our hearts,
A more abiding record, that will pass
From sire to son as proudly-guarded pearl,
So long as Canada shall have true men,
Who love the memory of the great and good.
And may that ever cease? Shall ages come
When man's frail memory is clouded o'er,
And history's page is shrivelled into dust?
Comes there a day when all the lives of earth,
The thoughts and actions, yea, and earth itself
Shall vanish in eternal nothingness?
So be it—yet our Statesman's name shall live!
There's an eternal tablet in the skies
Where names are written that shall never fade:
Perish, then, record on ephemeral stone,—
Faint, trivial ink on human history's page,—
For with the blood of God's anointed Son,
'Mid all the names of humble, faithful, ones,
His name is written in the Book of Life.

GRIP lays aside his cap and bells this week, and mingles in the universal expressions of regret at the untimely death of GEORGE BROWN. The late political leader and journalist was one of GRIP's favourite subjects, and by pen and pencil his peculiar physical and mental anguilarities, as seen from the artist's and satirist's standpoint, have been developed, that the world might be amused and educated. That Mr. BROWN had weaknesses, the representation from time to time of his particular failings and foibles is evidence; but, as a compensating element, GRIP's pages contain many a cartoon in which the deceased gentleman is presented in the character of a stern rebuker of folly in others.

Now that Mr. BROWN has left the stage upon which he always played a leading part, whether

before or behind the scenes, GRIP has no personal reflections which add poignancy to the grief which he shares with his every reader.

A contemporary—one of the bitterest opponents of the deceased gentleman in the past—sensibly remarks that neither friends nor foes form a proper estimate of the character of our public men while they are with us. GRIP has an advantage over party journals, and over partizans, in this respect. Peering down from his comfortable basket, with feathers unruffled by the breezes which fan into fury the flames of political strife, GRIP looks for motives and for principles, and, having seen these, presents them in the most telling form for the comprehension of people of all creeds and classes, of all sections and shibboleths.

In the busy crowd of active Canadian people GRIP saw GEORGE BROWN, and as it saw him so it pictured him. The impetuosity and energy which characterized the late Senator, constantly provided new subjects for the artist's pencil, and made the eye and hand so familiar with the characteristic form and features, that a few rapid strokes brought them into prominence, and a few touches finished the portraiture. So numerous have been GRIP's representations of this many-sided man, that the draughtsman's ingenuity was taxed to devise modes of dealing with him which, while effective, would be at all times original.

A glance through the fourteen volumes which GRIP has published excites a decidedly pleasurable sensation; for in the various cartoons the treatment of the deceased gentleman, though at times severe, as it needed to be, was never characterized by bitterness or anger. In an interview with one of the artist's brothers a few weeks prior to the tragic event that terminated in death, Mr. BROWN alluded in a pleasant way to this feature of GRIP's cartoons, and remarked that as men grow older they enjoy with keener relish the good-natured liberties thus taken with them. It is well known among the intimate friends of the deceased journalist that he was not only willing to be impaled upon the pencil-point for the delectation and edification of the public, but that he positively enjoyed the martyrdom. In the interview alluded to—sitting in the room and in the chair where the assassin found him—he expressed a strong desire to meet and converse with the person whose cartoons excited his laughter. This desire, however, was unfulfilled, and so the artist and his distinguished subject never met, although the former was a member of the *Globe* staff in the early days of GRIP.

The sharp report of the murderer's weapon reverberates through the land, and is re-echoed from across the ocean. For GEORGE BROWN was an honest man and a true patriot, and his virtues will shine with greater lustre after the noise and dust of political animosity shall have vanished. Looking out upon the weeping multitude, GRIP reads in the faces of the Canadian people their sentiments regarding this man. There is not one, however rabid a partizan, to say aught of him but what witnesses to his nobleness of nature and purity of purpose.

The sad and surging crowd, remembering the cause of their affliction, cry out for swift and condign punishment upon the wretch who scarce dare claim fellowship as man with the object of his revengeful passion; but through all these

threats and expressions of revenge we can hear the echo of the words of the dying one, pleading for mercy upon his murderer. Few men spoke so strongly in the heat of political warfare as GEORGE BROWN, and few were so unsparing of an opponent; and this marvelous exhibition of tenderness in one who usually presented a rugged exterior is one of the bright spots in the dismal picture. Like SAMSON of old, this hero has subdued a greater number of persons in his death than he did in his life. Dying, he has left a lesson which all need to learn.

GRIP looks into the future and sees other veterans from the contending political armies leave the field. The gray heads are growing less numerous among the foremost men. The old issues have died with those whose names have ever been linked with them. A new spirit takes possession of our politicians. The new leader of the Liberal Party proves to be a statesman in the highest and best sense—pure in language—lofty in aim—high-minded in method—successful in carrying out every good project.

The Conservative leader, unwilling to be outstripped in patriotism and gentility, any more than in statecraft, inbreathes the same spirit, and Parliament becomes a pleasant assemblage of wise gentlemen whose energies are given to the expediting of public business, and that alone.

A country happy and prosperous, and rejoicing in the great achievements of the past. The new elements condescending and working together with the sentiments of patriots, not of partizans, and quitting present miserable party moves and methods—despising the vituperation and slander which have come to be inseparably linked with the names of the two opposing parties.—the eyes of the common people are directed away from personalities and quibbles to those great national questions on which hang the future of this Canada of ours.

With this number of GRIP the Fourteenth Volume closes, and it is a melancholy coincidence that with it closes the life of a public man who has occupied our pen and pencil perhaps more than any other in the past. We lay our sprig of kind remembrance upon the bier of the Honourable GEORGE BROWN, and say Farewell!

But GRIP's work is not yet done. He hopes to live on to serve his country, and he will endeavour to do so as faithfully in the future as he has in the volumes gone by. It gives him great satisfaction to have evidence that his work is really effective, and no doubt it will give all his friends equal pleasure to learn that for the past year the circulation of this little journal has been increasing at a rapid rate. This is certainly due in part, at least, to the N. P., which has furnished Mr. GRIP's pen and pencil with material for comment for several months, and will continue to do so, as he trusts, for many more to come. It is also due in part, he would fain believe, to the fact that he has permanently established himself in the affections of the Canadian public, and that he has proved himself worthy of their confidence and support.

Not only have many subscribers been added to our list since the enlargement of the paper, but many advertisers have enrolled themselves as our regular patrons. Shrewd business men have discovered that a paper of limited dimensions, enjoying a large circulation amongst the most intelligent classes, and the copies of which moreover are in most cases carefully preserved, furnishes the very best medium for advertisements. The consequence is that, of late, Mr. GRIP has found the space at his disposal too limited to accommodate all who would avail themselves of it. He has, therefore, determined to make room by removing the large frontispieces which now grace the first page, and to substitute for it the smaller cut with which he started in life. This change will be effected in the next number, with which GRIP hopes to start on a fresh career of success, under the inspiring influence of the mystical number "Fifteen."