

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BABNABY RUDGE.

The greatest Beast is the Ass; the greatest Bird is the Owl;
The greatest Fish is the Hyster; the greatest Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 13TH OCTOBER, 1877.

Answers to Correspondence.

W. PATERSON.—Hardly suitable for our columns.

A Montreal Device.

A resident of Montreal, named R. C. CHURCH, a person of great piety and influence, and also of consummate ingenuity, has recently procured a patent for a very clever invention, the object of which is to protect the head from any violent blow. It is specially adapted to protect the head of a fanatical rioter who has committed murder in the name of religion, from a deserved blow from the sword of justice. The device was lately put to the test in three distinct cases, and was found to work admirably. A full description of the apparatus, illustrated with plates, will probably soon appear in the *Scientific American*, but in the meantime GRIP will attempt to explain it in a few words: It consists of a cap, made of stiff Roman cloth, and formed in the shape of a cross. From the crown of this cap to the height of a foot or so there rises a strong iron bar called a *grandjury*, surmounted by a heavy round plate of metal, three feet in diameter. This plate is called a *nobil*. The cap is placed upon the head of the criminal, and he is then ready to go before the court, utterly regardless of his fate. In each of the three experimental tests already referred to, the sword of justice was shivered to atoms. The inventor intends applying for patents in all civilized countries, excepting the North of Ireland.

Professor Goldwin Smith on the American Situation.

AS ENUNCIATED IN HIS LATE ARTICLES.

It is quite true an element extremely Communistic,
Disposed to demonstrations very bludgeonish and fistic,
Has Government authority of late thrust to the wall,
But need not be productive of uneasiness at all.

For it's a foreign element, and all has been imported,
And though by Yankee rulers it has now got to be courted,
And at elections sometimes knocks the other party flat,
It is not fair, you know, to blame America for that.

And though this evil in their system still must be increasing,
A force which works to overthrow, in movement never ceasing,
It would not do to see in this a symptom of decay,
'Twould be endorsing monarchy, which is not in my way.

So I must say that though they've been extravagant in rioting,
And means were lacking to secure their necessary quieting;
Though men in scores they slew, and houses made in smoke to go up,
Society, you must allow, they did by no means blow up.

But still I fear there is some chance of their to pieces going,
Which would my monarchy abuse make rather awkward rowing,
But list to me, and I'll unfold to you my patent plan,
To make republics last as long as any kingdom can.

Just give the government control of railroads, telegraphing,
And all canals, and then at mobs they might be safely laughing,
If they can hold them from the mob, and you shall understand,
I'll show you how they'll do so, and the whole affair command.

Increase their army till it is a sum that's worth the counting,
In ratio equal will command above the mob be mounting,
Then the Republic will be safe from internecine fight
And if the lower classes rise just knock 'em left and right.

And if you say that freedom then would get into a panic,
And that Republics would object to measures so tyrannic,
All I can say is that you now have got no other course,
For mobs will govern you, unless you govern them by force.

And also pity me my friends, a wandering philosopher,
My hobby gone, and now in grief left to lament its loss over,
My life I've used, or most of it, to give Republics praise,
And find them bad as all the rest in these my latter days.

Canadian Nights Entertainment.

ACCORDINGLY, at the usual hour of the night, the Sultan SANDIMAKENZI presented himself before the *cauchon*, enjoying a tranquil repose in his snug corner of the Cabinet.

Feeling conscious of the presence of the Sultan, the *cauchon* awoke with a start and exclaimed, "My lord Sultan, I will, with your pleasure, at once resume the story of Wandering Willie and the Cute Vizier, the conclusion of which you expressed yourself so anxious to hear, and I can assure you that the remainder of the story will be found much more marvellous than the portion I have already related. The end of my former discourse was where the—"

"Stay!" said SANDIMAKENZI, interrupting him, "I cannot hear any more of this story. I have been travelling through my Dominion this day attending picnics and transacting other important business, as I purposed in the morning, and in my journey I have been greatly vexed in soul by the outcry of all my people against the longer profanation of the Sacred Cabinet by thy presence. Thou must go instantly, or I fear the wrath of the people will descend upon my head."

"O, good Sultan," cried the *cauchon*, in a piteous voice, "Say not so. Do, I pray thee, hear the end of this most wonderful story. I know thou wouldst willingly hear it didst thou but know ought of the marvels yet to be related; and after it is come to an end I have another and another still more interesting to dovetail in. and—"

"Ha!" roared the Sultan, opening his eyes fiercely, and throwing up his hands as if an idea had suddenly occurred to him, "Ha! I see! I understand! this story of thine is but a trick to blind me to my duty and the will of my people, and to postpone the hour of thy exit from the Cabinet! I will hear no more! Thou shalt be cut off suddenly to-morrow morning without fail, and depart for the North West country. Let it console thy mind to know, however, that thou shalt find at the end of thy journey a trough of pap, which I and my Pashas have provided for thee. Farewell!"

Then the Sultan rose hastily, to take his departure, but the *cauchon* called him back eagerly and said, "O great Sultan, I pray thee hear the end of this story, and of the fate which befel WANDERING WILLIE when he was sent by the Cute Vizier to a far country, just as thou sendest me. I fear my fate will be as his, for they provided a trough of pap for him too, but he never was allowed to partake of it. O, spare me his fate: let me tell thee the end of the story!"

"No!" said the Sultan, "my people demand thy departure from the Cabinet, my Pashas also demand it, and to tell the truth, I myself shall feel greatly delighted at thy absence. Moreover I care not, now, what was the fate of WANDERING WILLIE, nor what shall be thine. Again I say, Go, and again Farewell!"

Then the Sultan quickly withdrew and gave orders that the *cauchon* should be expelled. As soon as daylight appeared, LAURIER Pasha was sent to carry out the will of the Sultan, and he, having ejected the *cauchon*, proceeded to fumigate the Cabinet and restore its purity in the eyes of the people.

(THE END.)

Pillars or Reeds.

SCENE.—A residence in Toronto; two well-known gentlemen contemplating a pyramid of gold-headed canes. TIME.—After the autumn S. S. pic-nics, bazaars, &c.

SIR JOHN (to Dr. T.).—A goodly pile of lumber, CHARLES, a goodly pile. I faith, all admiration for old SIR JOHN has not said adieu to the Canadian heart yet. He who says so, after viewing this collection of canes, is a liar and slave. Pass that word down the lines, CHARLES, and let our trained birds and all others to reiterate it from the housetops. Are there not dozens of fair gifts here, gold-headed and worth fabulous lucre, (sentiment and intended honor to the Chieftain thrown in)? Who says they are not sufficient to lash MACK from his ill-acquired seats. I have a fancy, and it shall be carried out. Our solid phalanxes shall be armed with these weapons, every man a cane, and the Grits shall quake beneath the charge. A panic, a rout, a scramble, and the sceptre of power is ours once more. These testimonies of popular affection shall be carried to Hamilton on Monday next, and the lyre and the harp and the cymbals shall play before the trophies and me!

DR. T.—Aye, most honorable Knight, it is indeed a great triumph for us to wrest something, however slight it may seem to others, from our base arch enemy. But, alas, MACK too has received honors like these. I saw him but the other day carting several loads of these gold-knobbed playthings home, and murmuring complacently, in barbaric tones which I will not imitate, "These, the popular expressions of the will of a people are full of meaning. They mean discomfiture for SIR JOHN. They mean continued grazing for me and my official socks. I will take them all, tie them together, place them before the gates of the Capital, and they shall defy the strongest SIR JOHN to break them down and regain what I have wrested from him."

SIR JOHN.—Say no more. I am sick of the brambles.

DR. T. (Aside).—Must restrain the lion or he would soon prance around about me. With full confidence in those sticks of wood he would feel no need of my speeches, and I and my choicest efforts would soon have to shift for ourselves and go a begging. No you don't!

(Scene closes.)