

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 29TH DECEMBER, 1877.

The Appealing Ministers.

Opening Chorus by Applicants.

We here appear, all Ministers of some denomination,
Empowered to proclaim that sin will meet with condemnation,
And beg to state it certain is your condemnation deep will
Become if you most foolishly still taxing of us keep will.
Spare our Gold!

We know that certain clergymen have thought it wicked quite is,
To take advantage of the Act, but we think that it right is,
We should be free, for we promote the interests of the nation,
Good works, morality, and such, which helps civilization.
Spare our Gold!

Civilization we approve, though one thing that it lacks is,
Which isn't right,—it tends to make all people pay their taxes,
And when we think that priests paid none in Dark Age barbarism,
We're apt to think the Reformation was too bold a schism.
Spare our Gold!

We're all of us, as you're aware, quite in the well off classes,
Untortured by grim poverty, our time right smoothly passes.
And though the poor 'twould help if he to taxes waived objection,
The charity we preach don't seem to lie in that direction.
Spare our Gold!

CHORUS OF CITY LAWYERS.

The commentators show,
As all should clearly know,
The statute was designed to cover just these cases.
These worthy clergymen,
Should plainly see that, then,
To fork their taxes out it most certainly their place is.

JUDGMENT BY HIS HONOUR.

Don't care for commentators,
Not a straw,
Preachers are elevators,
Of the law,
Do good near and far,
Which is cause,
I think that they are
In the clause,

In their respect I say then, the statute is exemptory,
And if you bother them again, I shall be quite preemptory.

How "We" Beat the Bonus Hunters.

(From the Telegram.)

"In the pursuance of our mission WE have defeated the bonus. In vain the three Morning Miscreants subsidized by the organized brigands who sought the Bonus, yelled, screamed, shouted, swore, pleaded, entreated, and raised heaven and earth quite a height in its favour. WE were against it. It sufficed. No more was required. The Torontonians buy the other papers. But they do as WE bid them. Let the paid minions of combined plunderism—let the city clique of conspiring aldermen—let the rascally band of would-be contractors—let the jobbing Boards—the calculating caucuses—let them shriek in dismay, and retreat in palsied terror to their deepest retreats. WE are going for them. The Telegram is roused. Our blood is on fire; our vitals are scorched; our brain seethes; but not with trouble. It is with joy. WE have defeated the bonus! WE are happy. Hooray! There shall be no more bonuses—no more—never—never—never—never—unless WE are—subsidized did we say; no, unless WE are satisfied. In the meantime let it be remarked that WE have defeated the Bonus. No Bonus shall be passed, we opposing it. If it be asked how the others shoved through in spite of us, we will say we answer no questions, and that the abnormal state of society, and so on."

GRIP is truly sorry to see this effusion from his respected contemporary. He fears it is inflated. Let GRIP soothe the excited spirit, and exorcise the vile fiend who is puffing up our respected friend out of his wits. The people of Toronto rejected the advice of the morning papers because they feared they were bought by the bonusites. But as to following that of the evening one, how were they to know the Grand Trunk hadn't bought it? Nonsense. Delusion. Humbug. The only reliable paper in Toronto opposed the bonus, the people read it, and uncontinently kicked the bonus out of doors. That paper's name is—no, modesty forbids. But it may be seen over the door of our office.

The Municipal Sen.

From RADELAIS.

And now of a verity we sailed apace through a dreadful strait, and the sea rose with a vengeance, and threatened to dash us on great sharp rocks which a sailor said were Bonuses. "And moreover whithersoever anyway," said he, "you had best mind the Exemption Shoals, which would swallow a dozen of you, and the Contract Reefs on which you will smash in a twinkling; and if you escape, why brother, it is but so that the Bankruptcy Squall will blow you to the very deuce, and so d've see, there is no going forward, and as for going back, it is impossible, so it behoves us to be moving. Here's luck!" Wherewith he swallowed about seven gallons of punch the good PANTAGRUEL had prepared for his own inward comfortation.

"Ahoy! Steady! What cheer! Rightly now! And take a turn in the mizen," cried PANTAGRUEL as he came blustering up the hatchway. "Keep her full! Rap full! Where now be my punch?" Then he knew the drinker by his face and stomach, and lifting him threw him a great distance, which we could not measure, yet knew it more than a hundred leagues. And falling into a well on an island he was saved, and married a savage of the Stretchites, and had a son called TUPPER. No more of him.

But now came swarming off from the shore a vast and hideous multitude, which surrounded and stuck to the boards of the ship, they being filthy and sticky. And there were Gullygobblers, and stinking Mags-washerbillies, and dirty Squinkingites, foul Swabsquashers, and abominable Pevimmishobhikins, besides being all intermixed, covered, and beswamped with creatures which never had any name. And they yelled, and screamed, and shouted, and spoke, and talked, and beat drums, and blew trumpets, and fired squibs, and crackers, and cannon, and big patateroes. And ever and anon they cried City Election! City Election! Vote for the great PANDRINKORRIBLE for another year! Vote for the courious PLACARDANDGRATHEFUND for another year! Vote for SQUINKER, SMASHER, GRABBER, BLOWER, for another year! And the noise rose ever and ever, and became more hideous and horrid, inasmuch that Friar JOHN's left ear cracked, and his silver jewelite of three pounds fell overboard.

"Wo is unto me!" cried the good friar, "for the devilles be come out of hell. I hear PLUTOFERNES howling, and DEMORGORGONIANIBUS roaring. Bon! bee! bo! bi! h-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o!"

"Be patient," cried the worthy GRIPPANUS, who had taken passage at Portofunnibos, "I will kill them to you like so many black beetles!"

And with that he unsheathed his great cutting sword NOIRETBLANCHE and made towards them, and did so cut, hew, chop, slash, slice, chip, divide, hash, smash, burst, split, and generally imposter those hends, that they floated to windward in small pieces and maggots, and were no more seen. Then we spliced the main bower, scraped the keelson, boxed the caboose, kept her on three spikes and a half, spread the shrouds to the winds, and ship-shaped the rudder for Obeliskcolichisny, whither we arrived in great joy and pleasuredation.

A Flee for the Physicians.

Where are those vile pessimistics—where have they all been and got to? Where are they hiding their heads—why are they all of them dumb now? Those who abusing pitch into of physic the Most Noble Order? Those who denounce all the Doctors—calling them poisoning engines? Saying that all of us would be very much better without them? Saying they spoil constitutions—saying they weaken the nation? Saying their drugs and their herbs are all of them vilest concoctions? Saying they none of them know any time what is the illness? Saying it pure suicide is even their door bells to pull at? Saying they would not call one in—no they'd see all of them hanged first? GRIP will point out the position now of these calumniators.

Deep in the quiet apartment—stretched on their easiest sofa, Pressing their hands with strong force on their abdominal regions, Much in a safety-valve fashion, as if some fearful explosion Were to be dreaded extremely; rolling in sockets their eyeballs, Also the rest of their features working in woful convulsions, Saying to THOMAS the flunky, whom they have just rung the bell for, "Can't you see that I am ill, you?—why do you stare like a dummy? Go for the doctor at once, sir; if he's away fetch another, I shall be dead in a moment, or in a period shorter, Say that I yesterday dined out, he will then know all about it. Let him bring all that is needed; why are you not gone by this time? Stupid, slow, lazy, unmoving; you might have been there and back now!

Thus in the whirlwind of years does Time bring about his revenges. This the solace of the Doctor; also his story vindication Presently cometh he, calm, knowing his foe at his mercy, Then from the Pharmacopeia compounds a horrible torture, Maketh him take it, and then, maketh his pay for it likewise, So may it ever be done still unto those wicked maligners.