

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUSSEL.

The greatest Beast is the Ass: the greatest Bird is the Owl,
The greatest Fish is the Opster the greatest Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 6TH JANUARY, 1877.

From our Box.

GRAND.—Again the heart of Swellodom is in palpitation; again there is a run upon the boquet shops—the ever charming NEILSON is in town. It is needless to say that business is brisk at the Grand, whereupon we congratulate all concerned.

ROYAL.—That “oldest inhabitant” of the stage, *Uncle Tom*, and his *Cabin*, (which would undoubtedly have been sold long ago if the taxes had been anything like what Toronto people pay) are again to the fore. Every evening the spectators at the Royal may follow the incidents of that wonderful story with weeping and laughter, at the popular prices of admission.

The Lieutenant Governor's Speech.

Mr. Speaker, Gentlemen also of the Assembly:

Although the weather's cold enough almost for Nova Zembla, It doesn't chill the glow of joy with which I do you see, All coming back again to vote my year's salary. And there's a few small things you may do at the same time—then, I shall have equal pleasure in dismissing you again.

I'm glad to say the Statutes that we've been Consolidating, We've jammed 'em tight as possible, and they're your views awaiting You make as many every year, there'd be no room at all For folks to stand, if somebody don't sometimes squeeze 'em small.

Unto the sons of farmers we the franchise are conceding (In this progressive age we can't let old folks do the leading). Municipal Election law—quite new—it's time we passed one, (I hope the 'lection law won't hit our friends as did the last one). Instructional advancement craves consideration too.

(When I can stick three big words in how well they look—they do). And better teachers we're to get trained up, and knowledge taught 'em. The trouble is that we can't keep those fellows when we've caught 'em.

For selling grog we made a law, and as we then expected, The evils it diminished mach against which 'twas directed. We've scarce'y left a Tory with a license anywhere, And to diminish more of 'em we do a bill prepare.

An awful lot of lunatics we've got they're more each season Must now asylums build—dear me, what can be now the reason? The Tories say our leading men not being in their senses, It's fashionable got—and grows—but these are vile pretences;

There are some folks who're blind and deaf who your assistance claim, And, by the bye, there are a lot of railways want the same. The Credit Valley—('tishn't fair to ask o'ertaxed Toronto, You know) but you migat heap, and I won't say no, if you want to.

The country folks appear too mean new buildings you to get; A fire-proof place for papers, p'raps they won't object to let You have; and for a new house—well, you gentlemen around here Don't care, of course, for when it's built, it's *ick* you won't be found here.

By looking for new markets, and industry, you've abated Or hope you will, depressions which MACKENZIE has created. I've been to Philadelphia, I'm glad to say, and find Your exhibitions there have kept you quite in people's mind, Such things will prond position give—and maybe very quick. One Yankee said “Guess those Canucks, most big enoagn to lick.”

Confederation left us with Quebec in quite a hobble, And ever since its been a means of never ending-squabble; Fault of Confederation Act—but then you needn't wonder. G. B. had stuck his finger in proverbial for blunder.

Provincial Bond'ries—at this thing a learned judge we set, Who does not like the job, and wants relieved from it to get. He says inside the house those times he wants to keep his lege in. And not to go round in the cold with tape-lines driving pegs in. However, we'll bring you some facts on which you'l have to labor. And fix it that no Province shall hook land from its next neighbour.

The estimates I'll fetch along, and lay them you before, Four dollars each per day's enough, just as you had before. You'll fix it so, please; and my pay, I find it rather much. Just make it less, and you'll have more for charity and such. That's all; and if you it perform, especially the last, The Heavens may bless you rather more than they have in the past.

The Great Contempt Case.

GRIP does not suppose that many people read the seven solid columns which contain the judgment of the two worthy occupants of the Bench on Mr. BROWN's last rush into the china shop. By the way, butchers were formerly excluded from juries, their occupation imbuing them, it was thought, with animal ferocity. Should not graziers be prevented from editorial writing? Picture an infuriated bull, his red eye rolling, his tongue lolling, driven along the dusty road to his inevitable end. Neither cord, ring, nor weight of dragging hoklers, prevent his frequent rush to right or left, nor is any win-low safe, nor quietest pedestrian on the street. And have we not remarked something lately, in a distinguished breeder here, of similar symptoms, spite of all the urgings, the pattings and caresses with which Messrs. BLAKE and MILLS point and tug the onward way? But as GRIP remarked, people won't read the judgments, and as he don't want them forgotten, he has wedded their essence to immortal rhyme:—

CHIEF JUSTICE HARRISON:

Of the many publications which ere now attacked the Bench,
And with fierce vituperations did upon our rights intrench,
Never one

Worse than that which now appearing,
Comes before us here for hearing
I say, no denial learning,

There has come.

For the very merest fiction it assumed to be a fact,
And with care and studied diction, thus assuming has attacked

This here judge,
Who had “Big Push” dared trench on,
And had thought it right to mention
That that person's pure intention

Was all fudge.

Yes, into this judge it pitches, though an able man is he,
Who with sense the Bench enriches, and with sound integrity,

And implied

That he's ignorant and vicious,
Of corruption quite flagitious,
Using evidence fictitious,

And had tied.

Therefore I, on this Bench sitting, do declare this person BROWN
here,

Should be punished as is fitting, and his impudence put down here,

Which will show

People over freedom using
With the Bench, and it accusing
Falsely, and likewise abusing
It's no go.

MR. JUSTICE MORRISON'S JUDGMENT:

I differ with my brother here,
I think he isn't right;
I don't say the contempt's not clear,
No; there I'm with him quite.

The libel and contempt I see
Just as he has you told,
And all the evil tendency
He clearly did unfold.

And we some justice might have done
On him who did the thing,
But not in time did WILKINSON
The charge unto us bring.

Another point—if this we might
Have overlooked as small—
Is, private fellows have no right
To bring such charge at all.

The Bench it's honour's keeping claims,
It knows when hurt it is;
And, if it lets folks call it names,
It ain't nobody's biz.

So—some fallacies I've lopped—
To conclusions I come down,
The contention should be dropped,
Nothing done to Mr. BROWN.

CHIEF JUSTICE HARRISON:

All our work and all our trouble now is over and is done,
Ending all in smoke and bubble, like all else beneath the sun;

Fault's not mine,
That my learned brother's ending
Frees the party here denieling;
Let us now from bench descending
Go and dine.