

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, APRIL 4, 1874.

NIGHTS ROUND THE TABLE.

The lists were prepared—of the Orders I mean
And the notices made of the motions I ween,
And the galleries filled with the youthful and fair—
The aged, and ugly, the fat, thin, and spare.
And the marshal has entered with tip tilted nose
And boiled oyster eyes, set in bilious repose,
Mace bearer in front—truly thankful he feels
That the sword at his side don't trip up his heels.
While the Clerk of the Lists—by raw recruits feared—
Is brushing the dinner crumbs out of his beard.
The doors are swung wide—in the champions come
And troop to their seats without trumpet or drum.
Sir Oliver Meek, who leads the advance
Like a trim little spectacled porpoise doth prance,
As bold as a lamb, and as fierce as a dove
Like a raging cock sparrow, he throws down his glove.
Most feebly he thunders, most mildly he crows,
Then pockets his glove, for too truly he knows
That were he to strike with the edge of his sword
The whole constitution would go by the board.
Next Sir Laucelot Crooked, so called from his ways
Which are devious and doubtful, exciting amaze,
For all know when the Donnybrook conflict is done
And he comes to the west, how weel he will run.
(So well that thereafter, his wig on the green
Will be all that in public will ever be seen.)
Incoherent he splutters and wildly he flings
To the winds all his thoughts and statements and things,
(By the latter we mean what he does and disowns
In spite of his luckless subordinates' groans.)
With new fangled notions he leads the advance,
And in figures he certainly is a free lance.
In them there's no paradox he will not dare
(Provided he is not expected to swear.)
Sir Galahad next—justly famed for a bold one,
(As a gal-he-had still in his eye—though an old one.)
He is known by his works, and his forerunners so gay
Who work up the voters on Government pay.
He is armored in damasks, in chromos arrayed
And wears as a helmet, a canoe couch instead.
With the sins of omission and commission piled,
And the works that this Government architect spiled,
What wonder that he should feel weak in the knees,
And the "purity" should just let him down by degrees.
Next, Sir, Ozier, by Jingo, a faiveant knight,
Who, scorning to fly, is too lazy to fight,
And keeps on his own easy tenor of way,
When the deuce is broke loose and the devil's to pay.
Sir Tristram comes next, with armor quite new,
Glancing back all the darts, though with dints not a few;
But his sword is too handy, and wasted on foes
Who are not worth the steel, and are used to his blows.
These five are the council, with forty to back 'em
One would think they'd go in for the others and whack 'em.
(But with forty majority—such policy theirs
They are ruled on a system, as if they were "Hares.")
To cope with these heroes are champions four
With a band of the faithful now less than a score.
Sir Matthew the Bungler, their leader of choice
To cheer up their hearts with his cracked trumpet voice,
And though his pure soul is with virtue oppressed
He says and does meanly, like all of the rest.
But a star in the East will no more for him burn
Nor Jim B—ty pay for the hero's return.
Sir Lauder the brazen, whose tongue rather loose
Deals little in argument, much in abuse
(Whose speeches reporters ne'er now take a note on
For they know 'em by heart—from McK—ll—r to Proton)
That knight of fair fame who helps to build churches
On pickings from widows and orphans' lean purses.
Sir Charley the Bantam—to whom nature alas

Has been over profuse in gab, gas, and brass,
His shield in reverse, bearing "Welland Canal,"
(*Lucus a non*—to show he ain't got it at all.)
Sir Bladderskin Windbag, the last on the list,
Whose virtues unnumbered would hardly be missed,
If during the fight, some with desperate pin
Were to prick him, and let out the wind in his skin.
But the umpires come next, who straddle the fence
And will take all they can, no matter from whence.
Grim Welland sits still, with his lance in its nook,
And will "go" for the one that it suits him the best,
For his anger is great, and his gorge it has risen,
To think that a seat in the council aint his'n.
Next Thomas the speakerless (if speechless, who cares?)
For his speeches are long and prosy as prayers.)
Next the curly haired boy, the Addington sinner,
Who swallows next day, what he lets out at dinner.
Next Victoria's stick, a limb tough and dry,
And Waterloo's heroes who division lists shy.
And Bibulous Essex; and nobody's child
Who hails from East Durlham; and Stormont so mild,
When heated in action, his tongue rather loose
Deals little in argument, much in abuse.
And all of the rest, for we really can't name 'em,
Be they lawyer or editor, doctor or layman.
All the combatants carry with soldierlike ease
A stick with a bladder well filled with dry pease
Tied on to its end, and with ominous rattle
They shake all these weapons and wait for the battle.
Sir Oliver rises, the marshal says "go it"
(Soo Dante's Inferno for the rest, saith the poet.)

Creeping slowly round the corners,
Bands of civil servants come
Armed with wax and tape and wafers
And the soft and sticky gun.

Marshaled by their cruel leaders
At each door a clerk doth stand
As the bell tolls for division
Gathering all that wretched band.

With a cry of salary
Echoing wildly on the floor,
Closed is every avenue
Barred securely is each door.

Now with gum and wax and tapers,
Now with wafers and red tape,
Fastened all the doors and knot-holes,
Closed each avenue of escape.

Then with fiendish laugh and chuckle
To their offices they go,
And the land is governed wisely—
Politics may no man know.

And about those wretched sinners
Closed within those red baized doors,
No one asked for—no one missed them
And they'll issue never more.

HOPELESS ASPIRATIONS.

ACCORDING to a special telegram in our contemporary the London Herald:

"It is understood that the organ of the Canada First party will be issued next Thursday. It is to be called the *Nation*, and aspires to be the Saturday review of Canada."

GRIP believes in giving this brilliant young party a fair field, and he will therefore not follow those who think it right to satirize their aspirations after supreme control of the country's affairs; but then for any party to publish a paper on Thursday and hope to make it a Saturday review is a little too unreasonable.

Grip in Council.

Present—GRIP, in the Chair; BARNABY RUDGE, PATRICK SMALLWIT, G.C., WILLIAM SPEAKEQUEER, MACGREGOR SLOWOUM, and TIMOTHY TONGUEGRASS.

GRIP.—Gentlemen, come to order! Mr. SLOWOUM, what were you going to observe?