

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDOR.

The greatest Beast in the Zoo: the greatest Bird is the Owl:
The greatest Fish in the Oyster: the greatest Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 14TH APRIL, 1877.

Pots and Kettles!

THE boys at Ottawa are on the rampage, and a great jangling of pots and kettles fills the air. The Grit lads have fastened two most disreputable utensils on the caudal appendage of the Tory dog, and from present appearances there is no hope of his ever shaking them off. The Tory boys, to be revenged, after careful searching unearthed two formidable pots which they have fastened to the Grit anemile. Thus the sport has been kept even, and GRIP hopes, for his own sake, that both parties will keep it up as long as the canines hold out.

The Canine By-law.

The moon did glow, the sun was low,
The dogs were all around,
There each did go whose name you know
Bull, spaniel, whelp, and hound.

And sharp and fell did the mongrels yell,
For the most of all were they,
And each did tell the woe that befell
In the Council Hall that day.

"Now every ill close follow him still,"
They barked, "that WITHROW man,
For he has a will us all to kill,
And will do it if he can.

For the poisoning law which last year saw,
Its agent we could evade,
And our bones could gnaw without any awe,
For he by the day was paid.

Now, where urchins abound, and a canine is found,
By the city unticketed, they
Can just carry him round to the City Hall pound,
And receive fifty cents as their pay.

And there shall he die, which the reason is why
We our curse to the law-maker gave,
For the day is gone by when evasion so sly,
Can unticketed caninists save."

Mr. Blake on the Anglin Job.

To advocate the Independence of Parliament, Mr. SPEAKER, has been the proudest occupation of my parliamentary career. What member but can recall my repeated attacks on the so-called administration of CARTIER and SIR JOHN, that nest of corruption and hotbed of jobbery? How fervently then did I denounce the idea—the thought—the possibility of purity combined with parliamentary contract accepting. And still do I denounce it—most decidedly and most unsparingly—in the abstract. In the abstract, Sir, the acceptance of a contract by a member is a corrupt and shameful piece of infamy which howls to the skies for punishment, and demands the vehement and trebly earnest opposition and reprobation of all patriotic Canadians, and the undying and eternal malediction of every lover of his country—in the abstract. But Mr. SPEAKER, when we descend to particularities, and find that a slight transaction of this sort has taken place among the members of our own party, and that party emphatically the party of purity, there is strong *prima facie* evidence that there is really nothing incorrect. For a member of a pure party must be pure, or the party of purity would have been an impure party, which is absurd. Therefore, when this pure party, a member of a pure party, commits an act, the supposition is that that act is pure. I am sure the House is with me so far (Loud Ministerial cheers.) Besides, gentlemen, the act of accepting contracts, pay, and so forth, on the part of a Speaker, is not to be hastily pronounced upon. He is the Speaker. Who is to tell us what is right, if not he? The supposition is that the Speaker can do no wrong. Therefore the transaction had probably nothing incorrect in it after all. I am certain honorable gentlemen are of my mind (Tremendous Ministerial cheers.) And besides, it is not wrong that a member shall take a contract, so that he resign his seat. What proof is there that the Speaker did not intend to resign his seat? He probably—I may say certainly, intended to do so. Would you have had him come running here with the wild rush of a

schoolboy to resign it, first thing, next morning, before breakfast? Certainly not. No, Sir, the Speaker knew what was due to his own dignity and that of the House, and he moved, in the matter of resigning his seat, with a calm, unhurried, contemplative deliberation, which entitles him to the thanks of every true patriot in this country. (Immense Ministerial cheers, and the Hon. EDWARD exeunts, his unwearied tongue reposing tranquil in his vast cheek).

The Turkish Imbrogllo.

The zeal of the Turk had risen to par,
(It's more than his securities are)
And he was as sour as vinegar,
And he sharpened up his scimitar,
And loaded his rifle that kills afar,
(Snider it is, as ours are.)
Stuck up the moon and the morning star,
Twirled his moustachios so angular,
Swore by the Saints of his calendar,
And by MAHOMET particular,
Spite of danger of wound and scar,
Nothing from slaughter should him debar,
Off he went by the morning car.

As he met the Servian on his way,
Straightway was the deuce to pay,
Cross and crescent in array,
Each of each made bloody clay.
Men they were at the break of day,
Food for crows at night they lay,
But the Turk's the fellow for fight and fray,
And remarkably neat is his scimitar play,
Which slashed the Servian uniformus gay,
Arms and legs flew off like spray.
Demoralized and in great dismay,
Legions of Servians homeward stray.
Allah for Osman!—seize the prey.

Wo to the fair of eye and of cheek,
Up to the sky goes the woman's shriek.
And a thousand villages burning reek,
Nothing is left but the hill-side bleak,
Or the thicket dense where the swamp-trees creak,
Bed of brambles and food of leak.
Far and wide does the Mussulman wreak
Vengeance and hate on the yielded and weak.
What be the Christian men who streak
The ranks of the Turks and in English speak?
Sharp and poignant had been their pique,
Once to be told they should honour seek,
Aiding MAHOMET 'gainst JESUS meek.

Savage and shrill on the forest air,
Sounds the roar of the Northern Bear,
He must come to raven and tear,
See you his ferie millions marshalled fair,
Notice the great Count Popemoff there,
Who doth in Russian the choicest swear,
He shall the Turk for the eagle prepare,
And their British backers may all beware,
For he shall make it a small affair,
Of Briton and Turk to thrash the pair,
And chase the lion into his lair,
Drive him home like a frightened hare,
And his tawny skin as a trophy wear.

Then the clever DISRAELI
Spoke to the Marquis of Salisbury:
Go to the country of far Turkey,
Speak you this to the Turk from me:
Fight the Russian on land and sea,
We for expense will responsible be,
But do it extremely quietly,
Under the rose; but openly,
You will with us quite disagree,
And pitch into us most violently,
Yet find the men, and fear not we,
Powder and shot shall send you free,
And the Russ shall find him up a tree.

And as DIZZY said, so it was done,
The curtain has risen, the play is begun.

MACKENZIE AND THE OTTAWA WORKINGMEN.—They asked for bread and he gave them a—speech.

OUR coloured BARBER states that DALLAS defalcation in bank circles was not quite up to de STANDARD of former developements, being too SMALL.