

GRIP.

EDITED BY MA. BARNABY BUDEN.

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, 27TH OCTOBER, 1877.

The Mercantile Drama.

SIR CHEATIBUS IMPORTUS. SIR GULLIBUS COLONUS.

SIR CHEATIBUS IMPORTUS.—And do you see
What things I bring for you. I here have brought
Pure West of England cloths, and Scottish tweeds,
As pure indeed as they; 'twere hard indeed to tell
Which purest shoddy are. The outside see,
Smooth, fine, and glossy to the touch it seems,
As ever fabric held. The inside though,
Why, marry, not exactly just the same,
But rather different, Sir. It is composed
Of a commodity of worn out coats,
Of beggars rags, and ploughmen's corduroys,
Refuse of hospitals—nay, anything
That has a garment been; my devil, Sir,
(An iron engine with right clever claws)
Shall grind them into shreds, which deftly worked
Within, concealed by better stuff without,
Make up the cloths I bring. The look is good.
The wearing tells the tale. But what of that?
I find that they will sell.

SIR GULLIBUS COLONUS.—Now bless my soul,
My liver, heart, and lungs! And this I buy!
And wear! And prithee tell me this,
May not diseases cling and lurk within
These dismal relics which, in fresher guise,
You do to me present?

SIR CHEATIBUS IMPORTUS.—They may and do.
But what is that to me? That is the way
I do my fortunes raise. Your cottons, why,
Those you do buy of me, tear them across.
And see the lime-cloud fly, or what appears
Like lime; but good barytes is, in fact,
Or some cheap whitish earth, which by the ton,
I you for cotton sell. But never mind,
One washing takes it out, and then, you know.
As jolly SHAKESPEARE said, you safely may
Lay then the flattering unction to your soul,
You've some good cotton left. It is but thin,
You'll want to buy the sooner, which is grist
Unto my merry mill.

SIR GULLIBUS COLONUS.—And do I live
To hear such statements made? Pray, do you sell
Me all such things as these?

SIR CHEATIBUS IMPORTUS.—Why should I not?
Quite good enough for any simple fool
Without the wit to make them for himself,
Are what I send to you. Why do you know
There's such a thing as iron, booby, Sir?
You have a few deposits of 't, a few
Square thousand miles or so, the richest ore
That this round world contains. By VULCAN'S sledge,
What I send is not so!

SIR GULLIBUS COLONUS.—Nay, is it not?
What may it be? I lack enlightenment
Most strangely in the thing.

SIR CHEATIBUS IMPORTUS.—Well, if I must
Tell that to thee, the commonest of sense
If of it thou hadst ought, had told before.
Your stove plates, Sir, at which you warm your nose,
When northern winters howl, would last you quite
A span of thirty years, if iron were
Used in them, but the chunks of cinders, slag,
And rotten metal mixed, which now you make
From what I send you; well, the stove looks smooth,
But burns out, Sir, in five.

SIR GULLIBUS COLONUS.—Now, it is true
That Mrs. GULLIBUS but yesterday
A new one did demand, whereat myself
Gave answer much reflecting on her lack
Of housewife care, and tears did follow straight,
And dinner vile ensue.

SIR CHEATIBUS IMPORTUS.—Didst never look

At what thou callest nails, or even note
The grain of wheel, of boiler, or of tool,
From out my iron made? Why, solid ore,
Well wrought and tempered, Sir, should do you twice
The work, last twice the time.

SIR GULLIBUS COLONUS.—I do begin,
As JONATHAN would say, to spy me through
The blanket, and to see some little light.
Some more unfold, good Sir.

SIR CHEATIBUS IMPORTUS.—I have made well
From your colonial trade. In gratitude,
Now that I need no more, for I retire
This coming spring, this counsel take from me:
Use the resources which your mighty land
Holds broad on every side. Make your own stuff,
Cease to import; 'tis all, but 'tis enough.

The Conservative Reaction.

GRIP mentioned lately his anxiety to know what this disputed article was, where it was, and when it was visible, if ever. Also what it was good for. All the principal men of the country, hearing GRIP was in difficulties, rushed to his assistance—partly with a view of helping him—partly hoping that something of theirs would for once appear in his columns. (N.B.—GRIP has to refuse several bushels of articles daily, heedless of the requests of the powerful, the blandishments of the wealthy, or the tears and supplications of the fair.) Here is how our leading lights flashed on to GRIP.

FROM JOHN A.

Toronto, October 16, 1877.

SIR.—You demand the meaning of the Conservative Reaction, and what the thing is. The Reaction is the irresistible feeling aroused in my mind that I did something very wicked in the Pacific Scandal. Ever since it commenced to work on me, I am compelled to run up and down the country like mad. Crowds come to look at me, and hear my sad tale of regret. You can read it anywhere in the papers. It is a NEMESIS which gives no rest—ever onwards—onwards,—now to Chatham—now to St. Mary's—now to London—all the summer I have been driven up and down, and found no rest for the sole of my foot. Fray for me.

JOHN A. MACDONALD.

FROM G. B.

Globe Office, October 16, 1877.

Consarvateeve Reaction! Mon! Ye are deleerit. Nae sic thing has been mentioinit, or sae muckle as hinted at, in ony paper in the Do-meenion. It hasna even been drappit; it wasna there tae drap. Nae pairson has spoken o't. In fac', there are nae sic words. Ye are not o' ye're senses—clear daft. Even supposing there were or had been ony indeveeduals callit Consairvateeves in the kintra, they couldna hae a Reaction. Mon, ye suld read the *Globe*. A' they things hae nae existence. I hac eegnorit them. They arena.

G. BROWN.

FROM HON. W. MACDOUGALL.

Simcoe St. October, 16, 1877.

SIR.—It is strange that you should ask such a question. It is well known, and I pledge my veracity as a politician to the fact, that for two years no person in Canada has thought of anything else but this great Reaction. All business has been suspended on this account—no one could think of business, which caused the depression in business you hear of. As to what it means, any one who has studied my speeches will find I am as clear on this as on anything else, or if I am not, why as you are aware from my previous statements, it is the business of a politician to deceive the public. But as to its occupying public thoughts, Sir, I pledge you my honour that six men fell dead in King street yesterday while thinking of it. Lord DUFFERIN told me himself that he had to go to the prairies to reflect on it in solitude; that was his sole object.

W. MACDOUGALL.

FROM MR. CARTWRIGHT.

Ottawa, October, 16, 1877.

SIR.—Conservative Reaction! I should think so! What is it? That which made me grab the Penitentiary Chaplainship for my dear B. for fear things might not last long enough to get anything better for him. Dash it! If my grandfather was alive now, some folks might look out.

Yours truly,

Hon. R. CARTWRIGHT, Esq.

FROM MR. BLAKE.

Ottawa, October 16, 1877.

SIR.—You demand the meaning of the Conservative Reaction! You shall know it, Sir. It is a maxim that we know the force of the blow by the rebound. The terrific blow I have dealt at Conservatism has caused a fearful vibration—a tremulous vacillation which they call Reaction. It is nothing.

E. BLAKE.