

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDOR.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 22ND, 1876.

This Week's Cartoon.

Reader, the "point" of our present cartoon,
If you'd have it in full, must be sought in
A humorous Satire just out which is called
"The Decline and Fall of Keewatin."

It's a palpable *hit* and it bristles with cuts
On the question—"Free Trade and Protection,"
The Redskins you see on the opposite page
Form a part of its motley collection.

Every bookseller has it, or if he has not,
He certainly shortly will want to,
But meantime for copies just fifteen cents each
Address to GRIP office, Toronto.

Letter from an Invisible Personage.

(To the Editor of Grip.)

Sir.—The beings who now occupy Toronto forget, in the clamour and confusion of the city they have erected, that they are mere interlopers, and things of the present. I, sir, am the Genius of Toronto Bay, and have from time immemorial had in my peculiar care that sheet of water, beautiful till now. Broad, smooth, and calm it lay, everywhere bordered by a sparkling beach of whitest sand, beyond which rose on one hand the trees and herbage of my long peninsula; on the other the foliage of the mainland forest, from whence light and pleasant breezes, odorous of pine and cedar, gently passed across the unruffled surface. On every hand, gliding forth bright from beneath the pendant branches, murmuring brooks and busy rivulets added to my watery store. From the distant north, a silver line among the waving pines, rolled to me the sluggish currents of the Don. Water and air were thronged with happy life. Through my waters the bright whitefish moved in vast shoals; there leaped the salmon on his way to the rivers; from the translucent depths the great sturgeon looked up with tranquil eyes. Myriads of birds floated on the rippling wave, or sang from the surrounding shrubbery. Many thousands of years passed by, yet still successive generations found and left my dominions ever beautiful—ever the same. But lately, sleeping for a little space—scarce a century—I woke, and all is changed.

The forest is gone; clustering habitations peopled by mortals occupy its place. These seem busy and happy; their movements are interesting and often amusing. Yet they appear, in certain respects, destitute of just perception to an extent even disgusting. Instead of carefully preserving my once-lovely dominions—my bay and peninsula—to be a never-failing source of recreation, happiness and delight, they seem to have earnestly striven to deprive themselves of the very benefits reasonable creatures would earnestly desired to retain. They have ruthlessly destroyed every surrounding tree; they have filled the pure waters with filth; they have poisoned the fishes; they have slain the birds. Nay, determined to follow pollution by destruction, they have allowed the lake surges to carry off half my peninsula, and are allowing them to break up the rest.

I am told, sir, that among these beings you are a presiding and a benevolent personage. Why then, sir, do you not use your influence and authority to teach them that all their pursuits—all their avocations—could be carried on more healthfully, more pleasantly, and even more profitably, were they to preserve, as they easily might preserve, my dominions as beautiful as they found them?

I am, sir, yours,
AN ASTONISHED GENIUS.

Lo, the poor Indian, must have a hard time of it in New Brunswick. Yet we are glad to see that some slight protection is about to be accorded him by the humane legislature of that province as, in a recent debate in the Assembly at Fredericton, Dr. Dow is reported to have said he would agree to an act for the protection of moose "if amended to provide that cariboo, as well as deer, should not be killed for nine months in the year, and that the same provision should apply to Indians."

Let the red man, when he goes off to hide during the three months in which he is lawful game, bless the name of Dow, who so humanely insisted on his freedom from slaughter during the other nine.

The Committee on Rev. Macdonell.

Privately reported for Grip.

1st Member—Ye maun alloo he is recht by the Bible!
2nd Member—But he is wrang accordin' to oor Confession.
3rd Member—He is vara correct Scripturally.
4th Member—But he is maist utterly mistaken by the view taken by the Catechism.
5th Member—Then which is wrang, the Confession and the Catechism or the Bible.
1st, 2nd, and 3rd Members—Of course the——
4th Member—What?
1st, 2nd, 3rd—Oh, naething.
5th Member—It is vara clear that the discussion is no likely to do ony guid.
1st Member—Wha introduct it?
2nd Member—MR MACDONELL.
3rd Member—If what he has introduct canna lead to guid, it maun lead to evil. He wha introduces evil into the Church should be ejeckit therefrom.
4th Member—Alloo me. Shall we judge our brither by the Scripture or by the Kirk's historical interpretation thereof?
5th Member—In ma humble opinion, we are no callet upon to doot the pooers o' the able Presbyterians wha interpretit the text in question—men o' whom it has been weel said the world was not worthy. It will joost smooth a' difficulties if we be guided by them, and no gang huntin' for coonselves. We micht end by dootin' JOHN KNOX himsel!
6th Member—Or WISHART.
7th Member—Or BALFOUR.
All the Members—AWFU!
1st Member—Therefore, I am thinkin' we had better bide fast by the maist comfortable doctrine o' eternal damnation, whilk the great founders o' the kirk do straitly ca' on us to believe. We canna pit oor judgment against theirs.

All—Decidedly not.

5th Member—Rather than doot them, we maun abandon MACDONELL?

All—Certainly.

5th Member—He shall be informit.

Silent Member—But is this no believin in the Fathers, like the blind Papist creatures?

All—Na, Na, Na. They believed in the Fathers, We believe in the Founders.

Scene closes.

Parody on the Recent Session of Parliament.

For months our rulers held the field
And nobly fought and did not yield
Though their opponents did advance
With fiercest look and pointed lance
To crush beneath ambition's heel
The men who guide our country's weal.
In vain they've sought with constancy,
To cross the rough and boisterous sea,
"Protection" was the craft they tried
And on it all their hopes relied
To bear them o'er the troubled wave
Or plunge them in a wat'ry grave.
Some faltering hopes their hearts betray'd
And on them still their thoughts were stayed
To buoy them up in danger's hour
And land them 'neath the cherish'd bow'r
But thick'ning mists were low'ring fast
And blackest clouds did shroud the mast
And driving winds disturbed the sea
Which wafed them so angrily.
The sea with rage did writh and foam,
And oft' they wish'd they'd ne'er left home,
To meet this fierce, appalling scene
And ev'ry spark of life bemean.
With aching hearts and fevered frames
They soon recount their worthless aims
Which shrouded them as by a pall
And anguish fill'd them one and all.
Struggling and striving for that shore
Where captain, first-mate, were of yore,
Their hopes were blasted in the bud
And they were swamped as by a flood.
Amid the tempest's fiercest moan
Their hearts give forth a plaintive groan.
The raging billows hear their wail
And bear them back from whence they sail,
Their tatter'd banner flaunted high
With blotches great against the sky
It told all of the fate it knew'd
Which met the captain, mate, and crew.