

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 11TH AUGUST, 1877.

The Dunkin Act.

SUPPORTING CITIZEN.—I cannot sleep, eat, or drink, till this tremendous question is settled. The demon ALCOHOL has to be fought and destroyed to the last inch of his fiery and all-consuming tail. To think that millions of my fellow beings are beneath his iron sway; that the screams of myriads of starving wives and children rise ever on the whiskey polluted air, that the bloated tavern keeper and the awful manufacturer roil in uncounted wealth and gloat over the miseries they create, that the fiend Intemperance riots unchecked, smiling at the ruin he has made; that Horror, and Crime, and Ruin, and Despair, and Wretchedness, and Agony, and Blasted Hopes, and Crushed Careers, and Pain, and Misfortune, and Woe, and Wickedness, and Contempt of Law, and Hate of Order, roam unrestrained through our persecuted land, howl in our high places, and intrude into our secret chambers, that our country is destroyed, our city crushed, our aspirations checked—our—our—*(loses his breath, sits down, and gasps convulsively)*.

OPPOSING CITIZEN.—Cannot sleep! indeed! No wonder, considering your atrocious attempt. To introduce a law curtailing my personal liberty, to emasculate the citizens, to destroy confidence, and in the Name of Temperance to Introduce a Foul and Blasting Cancer in the Land, to Destroy Self-Government, to crush Reason in its Bud, and Slay Discrimination on its Throne, to Erect a Tyranny which shall compel its Slaves to eat and Drink, to sleep and rise at the bidding of a Ferocious Majority lusting for Power over the Mind and Bodies of Men, to compel thousands yet unborn to bend beneath the iron yoke of a fierce and fanatical despotism, to dictate to me in my most private affairs, and interfere with my particular affections, to attempt to Bring into a Free and Happy Country a Grinding and Desolating—to—to—to—*(sits down and pants)*.

SUPPORTING CITIZEN.—I had once a high opinion of you. Oh, how sadly that opinion is changed.

OPPOSING CITIZEN.—No man than yourself once stood higher in my thoughts—now, no man stands lower.

OPPOSER.—What? This passes all bounds! Sir, you are a—you are a hypocrite—you drink, sir, secretly and feloniously, sir; you get your beer in by the flour-bag full, sir, from the baker; yes sir—

SUPPORTER.—Sir, you are a liar, and you know it. You have an interest, sir. Yes sir, you are a bloated tavern-keeper in disguise, sir!

OPPOSER.—Sir, be calm. These disputes should be conducted with mildness. But my high personal regard for yourself cannot blind me to the conviction that you are an Unmitigated Fiend *(strikes an attitude)*.

SUPPORTER.—*(strikes another)*—Shut up your snap, you snipe! Once I thought much of you. But now I hold no terms, and denounce you as a Vile Sweller and Reveller in the Fatening Gore of the Victims of an accursed Traffic! Avaunt!

OPPOSER.—In spite of ancient friendship, you are a Reptile!

SUPPORTER.—Beast!

OPPOSER.—Pig! Hog! Ass!

SUPPORTER.—Miscreant! *(tumbles OPPOSER into gutter, and runs off to vote for Dunkin Act)*.

OPPOSER.—Tyrant! *(gets up and runs after to vote against it)*.

Blake to the Rescue.

Now instruction and edification may mix,
In the tale of a Government all in a fix.
And the he or the she who the moral despises,
Shows that neither that he nor that she very wise is.

Oh who is you Minister, sitting in state,
Where clerks are all busy, and pages do wait,
With contractors so fat, and with editors muzzled?
Oh, that is MACKENZIE, the Wofully Puzzled.

And who is it approaches the presence but now,
With much dust on his garments, much cloud on his brow.
With concealed trepidation who meets his employer?
Oh, 'tis CARTWRIGHT, the Mystified Tariff Destroyer.

"Oh, hoo gangs the warfare throughout the country?
And hoo gang the picnics noo tell unto me?
Oh, weel do I ken I'll hae reason to wunner,
If ye're runnin' the business without any blunner."

"Oh, ill go the pic-nics, it grieves me to say,
To Sir JOHN the whole country may soon turn away,
And the Grits and the Tories demand our rejection
For the want of some nonsense—they call it Protection."

"Now get ye right oot," did the Minister say.
"I kenned weel ye wad spoil it, an' spoil'd it ye hae,
Fit for naething but errans; gang oot o' the toon.
And bring hither Big Push, which is otherwise Broom."

Oh, see you Big Push marching in in his pride,
And see you the crowd hopping clear of his stride?
"Can ye no keep the charge I hae given ye'er hand in?
Ca'in me, when my coos are attention demandin'!"

"In or Oot," answers MAC, "we are joost on the jump.
A' the fat's in the fire if ye takna the stump."
Then BIG PUSH of his anger gives fierce demonstration,
And his face is a thing quite to make a sensation.

"Frae my fairm and my newspapers wad ye me take?
Pray, for what am I keepin' the creature ca'ed BLAKE?
Seven thoosan' a year!—and talks o' the condecion
O' his health!—let him stoomp, or resign the posection."

The door he has banged—from the room he has gone,
And the Minister, with woful countenance on,
Says, "Gang for him, then, if he be in oor borders,
And remark that "Speak noo!" is the Dictator's orders."

But what form now appears in the Minister's room?
Whose that brow full of power—that eye fixed in gloom?
"You would have me address the Canadian nation?
Have me read my own record of stultification?"

"All the visions I painted before them recall—
Show my promises great and performances small—
Unreforming Reform how I went round abusing—
Unreforming Reformers for allies then choosing?"

"Well, the bargain I've made I must now carry out
State the circuit, and I shall go round it and spout.
And explain that my leader, his principles jumping
Not with mine, shook mine out, and then sent me a-stumping."

The Store

WORKINGMAN'S WIFE.—*(to clerk in grocery)*—I want a pound of your best coffee, two pounds dollar green tea, two dozen eggs, two papers cornstarch for blancmange, two pounds best currants, two do. table raisins, ½ pound orange peel, two bottles of pickles, and ten pounds of sugar. And would you give me three bottles of beer, and charge them all, for my man's been out of work for three weeks.

PROPRIETOR OF STORE.—How can you afford to live so well? I cannot allow my family many of those things.

W. W.—Well, sir, you see if we don't enjoy ourselves now we never will. Besides, we get help from charitable people in the winter.

PROPRIETOR.—*(to clerk)*—I don't think we can charge those things, James, as I am not acquainted with any charitable person who will assist me in the winter.—*(exit customer.)*

Snobbery.

There's not a kinder soul
Than my uncle Bobbery
Yet nothing raises his bile
So much as talk about Snobbery.
About the ignorant rich
With whom vulgarity lingers
That however well they dress
Blow their nose with their fingers.
Or, about a splendid hoase
So grand, so mansard-attical,
Yet where the inmates' speech
Is awfully ungrammatical.
Or where the chief relief
To the very silliest chat
Is singing that cmlates,
A most irate tom cat.
And lest such taste should be hid,
The windows are open and flaring,
So that all the people who pass,
May admire by stopping and staring.
And so as my uncle fumes
The more and more I laugh,
For Snobbery seems to me,
To be only fit for chaff.

TOMMY.