

G R I P.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The grabeſt Beuſt is the Aſs; the grabeſt Bird is the Owl;
The grabeſt Fiſh is the Oyuſter; the grabeſt Minn is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1875.

"Grip's" Valentine to the Ritualistic Controversialists.

Ho! Churchmen Sacerdotal, who do adjacent preach,
And in defence of Ritual have ſtepped into the breach,
And in moſt ſtinging letters do unto your brethren ſpeak,
And prove you have the gift of tongue, and likewiſe that of choek.

GRIP thanks you for your teachings plain; as plainly does reply;
Right fair you're on the road to Rome; you'll be there by-and-bye—
To prieſtcraft's—not religion's—aid, you would the "ſenſes" bring—
Not common ſenſe, indeed, but quite another ſort of thing.

True prieſts, good ſirs, true gentlemen ſhould never ceſe to be,
In coarſe abuſe, to ſay the leaſt, no trait of ſuch find we;
But what we clearly find is this, that you are of the mind,
To change our ſervice Proteſtant to ſomething of this kind:

OLD VERSION.

At once they ſing, at once they pray,
They hear of Heaven, and learn the way.

NEW VERSION.

At once they bow, at once they turn,
At once two dozen candles burn.

GRIP would remark, if thus you would the ſenſes try to thrill
Mahomet's form of worſhip, friends, could do it better ſtill.
Or old King Koffee's; but to you GRIP ſtates his meaning clear,
The Proteſtants of Canada wiſh no ſuch changes here.

But why not join the Church of Rome, if you are ſo inclined,
There be good fellows there, though we were never of their mind;
If you like their way better, go, and leave us in the lurch,
But you've no right, outspoken friends, within the English Church.

The Speech from the Throne.

Moſt honourable gentlemen and gentlemen, (you know,
Excuse me, but I'm bound by law to-day to call you ſo.)
Moſt happy moment of my life, (that is, I mean to ſay,
That I got here alive: I thought I'd freeze upon the way.
Yes—Horse Police—the laſt deſpatch, if I don't quite forget,
They'd loſt two hundred horſes, and they'd found no whiſkey yet,
Poor fellows; and we have treaties fair made with all Injuns near;
We get a million acres for a blanket every year.
I've had a pleaſant tour—magnificent progress—
I'd like to have ſome one next time to answer each addreſs;
I know I'm paid, but there are bounds—*sunt certa fines*—yes.)
You've got to have a Supreme Court—MACKENZIE told me, too,
He'd like a ſmall Star Chamber, but I thought it would'nt do.
(He meant to buy a chopping block and put MACDONALD through.)
Insolvency you'll fix—folks can't their obligations pay.
(Pray, could you give my Government the ſlighteſt chance that way?)
You'll change the Manitoba laws, and make this point quite clear:
If they do ſhoot one another, we're to have no bother here.
Moſt gratifying progress in Pacific Line Survey,
(In ten years 'twas to be complete—next century it may.)
About the year 2000 we ſhall paſs the Georgian Bay.
The Estimates you ſoon ſhall have, they're not quite ready yet,
(They're framed to catch as many votes as Mac know how to get.)
Then, as regards the ſtate of trade, you all agree with me,
Bad as it is, it's not ſo bad as it would ſhortly be
If BROWN gave us that thing which he calls "Reciprocity."
British Columbia—juſt remark, if they don't want to ſtay,
They'd better go—if they give chat we'll help them on the way.
Ah, Immigration—we've found out, if we the agents name,
We get more votes than if we let the Locals do that ſame.
Good bye, my friends, and this remark you muſtn't from you ſpurn,
If you want the Lord to bleſs you you muſt quite a new leaf turn.

Coto's Talks with Politicians.

NO. I.

But yeſterday, while out walking, Coto encountered the irrepreſſible Major BLUSTER. The Major did not derive his title from any ſervice rendered his country as a ſoldier, nor even by virtue of having ſported the Queen's uniform in times of peace; but becauſe he has a military air, wears a military whiſker, and has an eaſy, daſhing manner. His admirers have by mutual conſent conferred the title, and he the honor accepts at their hands with the ſame ſuaſive eaſy grace with which he accepts a plate of oyuſters (at the expenſe of ſome conſiding friend) in the parlor of ſome fashionable reſtaurant. [Coto being glad to ſee the Major, and anxious to enjoy once more his lively, rattling chat, turned on his heel and arm-in-arm with his *quasi* military friend retraced his ſteps, and with his uſual adroitness quickly turned the converſation to the political queſtion of the commutation of the ſentence of LEFINE—and the remarks of the Tory organs thereon. The gallant Major, never loath to give free expreſſion to his opinions, with a graceful movement of the hand, a gentle relaxation of every muſcle of his portly body, and a ſomewhat patronizing look at his diminutive companion, broke out with:—

"Really, my dear fellow, you muſt be well aware that the remarks of the Oppoſition preſs on this ſubject are hollow hypocriſy—abſolute rot, you know. The amount of attention that has been given to this ſubject, is, to uſe a very common-place expreſſion, far more than commensurate with its importance—infiniteſy more, I aſſure you. The caſe is one of thoſe that are made a great ado about merely for party purpoſes; each faction uſing it as a ſnare to entrap the other, ſo to ſpeak. And whichever party chanced to be in power when the queſtion came to be dealt with, the other party was quite ſure to complain of the diſpoſition made of it, quite irreſpective of what that diſpoſition would be. One might ſay the whole affair was ſomething like a yercker in a game of euchre, always trumps;—and ſtill further reſembling that abominable addition to a good game by invariably deſtroying all a fellow's calculations, however ſhrewdly made; or like a bolting horſe at a hurdle race, never ſafe to bet on, and always dangerous to bet againſt." Here Coto ventured to ſuggeſt ſomething about the cruel murder of one of Her Maſteſty's ſubjects, the neceſſity for ſpeedy vengeance on red-handed rebels, &c., whereupon he of the military whiſker replied: "My good friend, I'm ſurprized that you ſhould allow high-flown language to run away with your common ſenſe. No doubt the death of SCOTT is to be deplored. So it would have been had he been killed by a falling tree or a ſtroke of lightning. I grant the action of thoſe who took his life was not juſtifiable, but there are extenuating circumſtances, and if we reſuſe to look at theſe we are dealing out vengeance, and not juſtice. All this, however, is quite apart from what we ſtarted with. It's not becauſe they wiſh the death of SCOTT to be avenged that the Oppoſition have been trying to hit the government over the ſhoulders of the Governor-General. Nor is it becauſe they wiſh LEFINE pardoned, that they would have blamed the Government had he been allowed to be hanged. In ſhort, it's not becauſe of any opinion of theirs as to the merits of the caſe, that they were bound to make this affair a pretext for an attack on the party in power, no matter what courſe that party chanced or choſe to take relative to it. It was a card in their hand that they had to play, a ſtone in their wallet that muſt be hurled. Yes, my dear fellow, there is one ſhort torſe expreſſion that explains why each party by turns, agitated this queſtion. It is embraced in the ſignificant words *political capital*. With this view the leaders of the Reform party offered rewards, and talked blatant, ſanguinary nonſenſe about the vindication of juſtice, and the ſpeedy dealing out of condign puniſhment to red-handed murderers. It is with the ſame view that the Tory party are now exorcising their ingenuity to make LEFINE's commutation tell as much as poſſible againſt their opponents. It's ſuch conduct as this that gives color to the ſneers of our neighbors, that our political parties are the *ins* and *outs*, and I tell you, Coto, the ſooner public ſentiment, that you Canadians are always talking ſo grandiloquently about, tones down ſuch a courſe of conduct, the better for the Country, that's all. I can conceive of nothing more completely, more thoroughly contemptible than this way of dealing with public queſtions."

At this juncture, Coto had occaſion to leave the Major, and wended his way homeward, wondering as he went, whether, after all, there was not ſomething to juſtify the language of his military friend.

Important Deſpatch from Ottawa.

OTTAWA, Feb. 8.—Mr. BROWN caſually remarked of Canada Firſt, that, "Frac the vara firſt, nae third party was poſſible. When the Creator formit the warl, he pit therein but twa parties." "Yes," ſaid Sir JOHN, "and if they had been Conſervatively inclined they would have been there ſtill." "Pair ignorant creature," ſaid G. B., "div yo no ken that they actit at the inſtigatoin o' the deevil?" "Certainly," ſaid JOHN A., "he was the firſt Reformer."

LATER.—Mr. BROWN may ſurvive.