

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 20TH, 1876.

Grip's Birthday!

This number concludes the Sixth Volume and the third year of our glorious career. Glorious, because free! We flourish more and more each week, because the enlightened public appreciate the utterances of those who are free from the mental trammels of party, and keep their minds open to reason and light. The *Globe* never mentions GRIP, because GRIP will not have his wings clipped and live in the old rickety cage of Criticism. The *Mail* never mentions GRIP—(orders have been given to all the subordinates to that effect)—because he relukes the nastiness of Tory journalism, as represented in its leading organs, and shows up its sham in a manner more pointed than pleasant. The *Telegram* refuses to exchange with GRIP because we said the first number of the new paper was not as good as it might have been. All right. That don't keep us from admiring the ability and freedom of the Evening *Telegram*, and endorsing many of its fresh and intelligent opinions, because we are aware that the intellect that pens the Bystander letters and the liberal minded editorials, is not the same intellect that ordered GRIP's name to be struck off the list. GRIP has tried to be charitable and just in his expressions of opinion, pictorially and otherwise, throughout his career, and hopes to continue so to the end. He scorns to set down aught in malice, but while he is a free bird he will extenuate nothing in the shape of wrong-doing. He feels rather proud, therefore, that by his reproofs party bigotry and unscrupulousness have secured him the lasting hatred of the leading organs of both. He looks upon that as evidence that his influence is felt where it is most needed. It gives him courage to work on, shoulder to shoulder with that ever increasing phalanx of men who believe that freedom of thought and action is not an empty sound. This is the whole programme for the future, and without further preamble he goes forward to the task.

News for Canada First.

FERVID Canadians who have long sighed for a good patriotic song, should at once secure "Canada, the Gem in the Crown," published by SUCKLING & SON. The music, which is composed by Mr. TORRINGTON, is stirring and impressive, and the words, by one of our poetic Councilmen, are very appropriate.

The March of the Manufacturers.

There's half a million of us gone already to the States,
There seemed but little prospect here for any one who waits.
The only thing for us to do is what they've done before,
We're coming, brother Jonathan, five hundred thousand more.

"It does'nt pay," (so DYMOND cried; the importing trade he meant),
"It does'nt pay," (cried MILLS, to help his Yankee friends intent)
"T'won't pay to manufacture while our neighbor keeps a store.
We're coming, brother Jonathan, five hundred thousand more.

"Import your goods," the *Globe* cries out, "it don't pay to make here,"
"It can't pay," cried the committee, of *Globe* big type in fear.
"Right, right!" the importers cried, "so show your workers all the door."
We're coming, brother Jonathan, five hundred thousand more.

We must not make an engine here; the Yankees must make that,
Must make our cars for street or road, both passenger and flat.
We must not make an axe to chop; or make a bit to bore.
We're coming, brother Jonathan, five hundred thousand more.

Our sugar works have all shut up, to help the Yankee trade.
Our cotton mills must close, they say, unless they're better paid,
Our brass and iron workers can't resist the foreign pour,
We're coming, brother Jonathan, five hundred thousand more,

"Go work the soil," Free Traders say, "you shall not suffer harm."
Now we can thrive by our own trades, but don't know how to farm.
And as they want no cities here, and we've no farming lore,
We're coming, brother Jonathan, five hundred thousand more.

There's still employment in the States; their legislators there
Work for the workman; ours, it seems, have interests elsewhere.
Canadians don't return; the States don't send men to our shore.
We're coming, brother Jonathan, five hundred thousand more.

The Three Fat Milkmen.

Oh, there were three milkmen—milkmen three,
Who milked a quiet cow.
And the three grew fat and fair to see,
But the cow did not, I vow.

And the three: lo milk in jollity,
And sing with pleasure now;
How happy be we the milkmen three,
Who milk the city cow.

Now thus did he sing, that first milk-man,
An Alderman was he.
"Oh, I fill up my can, and I fill up my pan,
And there's never one hinders me."

And then did he sing, that second milkman,
Was called a School Trustee:
"As much as I choose this cow must not refuse,
For the law doth give it to me."

But then sang he who was number three,
And a Water Commissioner known,
What is taken by ye there are others must see,
But I do all my milking alone.

But ever the cow she poorer grew;
Yet the milkers kept jolly and well;
And what they could do with all that they drew,
There was never a soul could tell.

The "Globe" on Immaturity.

GRIP has read with the most poignant delight the article of the *Globe* on the MACDONNELL case, wherein the probably centenarian editor censures criticism on the Synod as proceeding from "immature lads." This reference to that wild young scapegrace GOLDWIN SMITH, and that very forward juvenile, Mr. MELLEN, is pregnant with the usual justice, wisdom, and clerical knowledge of the infallible and quite sufficiently elderly Head of the Grit Persuasion. GRIP is perfectly aware that, according to that oracle, no Grit is allowed to call his soul his own during life, but what GRIP wishes to know is, at what period of that life does he become able to comprehend whether that soul be liable to eternal punishment or not. May we not in some part ascribe the awful career of the *Globe* to the fact that its editors had not then reached the age necessary to comprehend where they might expect to go to? This, no doubt, fully explains its recent change to thorough Conservatism, and why it refuses Blake "anything to reform." What a thorough disdain that editor must feel for that very "Immature Young Man" who taught theology in the Temple to the Synod of His day, and the premature and unconsidered nature of His declaration that "these things were hidden from the wise and prudent, and revealed unto babes."

A Financial Collapse.

We see by our Western exchanges that there has been a crash in the financial and legal world of St. Thomas. Some half-dozen young gentlemen of the banking fraternity in that town, with a couple of legal gentlemen, were taking a stroll, arrayed in costly raiment, a couple of Sundays ago, and happening upon a Suspension Bridge which spans the Crystal waters of the classic Kettle Creek, they attempted to cross the same *en masse*. The result was a temporary suspension followed by a sudden collapse and a rush on the banks! They would'nt bear and stocks (of dry goods) went down until they touched bottom. The proprietor of the bridge viewing the catastrophe from his residence, some little distance off, came rushing down, vowing vengeance on the delinquents, who had foresight enough left to make for the bank of the stream opposite to that occupied by the enraged proprietor of the fallen structure. Our limb of the Law being only a trifle over six feet in height, while the water at the scene of the disaster is fully four feet deep, thought it wisest to strike out for land, without waiting to send for a Boynton dress; and, being a good swimmer, he managed to reach shore in safety. But for his unwonted presence of mind and skill as a swimmer, he might have sank (horizontally) to rise no more. And now the local press intimates that the legal gentlemen aforesaid are likely to have a *suit* on their hands (whether for liquidated damages or not, is not stated) while several *suits* of a once fashionable appearance are in the hands of St. Thomas artists of the "renovating" profession. As the party came so near "passing their checks" in so tragic a manner, GRIP would advise them to fork out their cheques (marked good for the amount of damage done) and be thankful.