

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1874.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

A. B., (Brockville).—We shall be happy to accept your series.
HUGH MOUR.—All that is requisite is encouragement like your own.
F. S. S., (Toronto).—Can you conveniently call at this office, 35 King street west.
F. S. G., (Walker House).—Let us hear from you again.

Grip's Political Parodies.

ARCH. MCKELL; A jolly old Canadian farmer. Altered from JAMES TAYLOR's edition, and sung with unparalleled success by the Opposition of the Ontario Legislature.

I.

I AM a jolly old farming sell
And go by the name of ARCH. MCKELL,
Hale and crafty yet I am,
As you can plainly see;
I used with the Blgin niggers to prance,
And lead off in Proton the country dance,
And I'm just as sly as I used to be
Some twenty years ago!

CHORUS.

The men on the left of the Speaker say,
Whenever I happen to pass that way,—
"There's sly MCKELL the farming sell,
Hooray! Hooray! Hooray!

II.

It's about some twenty years ago,
To the Land of Cakes I took a trip,
And Scotia proved a boon to me,
Likewise JOHN BULL gave lots of tip.
"Go for old MILLEN!" was my say,—
Shame to let chances pass away!
And I'm just as sly as I used to be
Some twenty years ago!

CHORUS—The men on the left, &c.

III.

I remember well, in the olden time,
When we sat in the chilly shade,
And many a fight, sirs, then I fought,
And many a speech I made—
But now's the time to enjoy yourself;
On your damask couch with lots of pelf;
And I'm just as sly as I used to be
Some twenty years ago!

CHORUS—The men on the left, &c.

IV.

And when election time comes round,
Central Prison men are found,
Ready and willing I'll be bound,
To yell and hoot for pay.
All men, then, are equal there—
And I paid 'em well, for what do I care—
But remember that I am speaking of
A very short time ago!

CHORUS.

The men on the left of the Speaker say,
Whenever I happen to pass that way,
There goes MCKELL the prison sell,
Hooray! Hooray! Hooray!

A WEATHER PROBABILITY.

The violent snow storm and very low temperature of the early part of the week were quite unaccountable to many intelligent persons who have not the advantage of looking over the files of Provincial newspapers day by day. But to GRIP, whose privilege in that respect is great, the cause was not far to seek. Plainly, departing WINTER had just stepped back for the purpose of "cuffing"—or perhaps freezing—the ears of the editor of the Collingwood *Enterprise* and certain other public journalists whom a dearth of political tit-bits had driven to writing articles on "Spring." And surely six inches of snow and fifteen degrees below zero were not too much in retaliation for the editorials in question. Consider for a moment that of the *Enterprise*. The editor, of course, begins with—

"Come, gentle spring, ethereal mildness come."

THE SEASONS.

He then informs his numerous readers that the days when
" * * * Phoebus gives a short-lived glance
Far south the lift

Have come and gone, and
Old Hines has run his course."

Now, without doubt it was this which peculiarly offended the receding season—this thing of being called "Old HINES." Alas, what a very dangerous thing indeed is a "little learning" when it substitutes such a groggish name for the noble Latin word *Hiems*, which means Winter!

Having made fitting mention of the robin redbreast (with capital R's) the "vernal zephyrs" and other pretty things, the writer passes from poetry into philosophy and history, evincing a varied and profound scholarship:

"March has been set down as the first of the spring months, but its rudeness and blustering ill fit it for the harbinger of spring. The Saxons used to term it the rugged and stormy month. There is no precise rule or astronomical phenomena by which we can ascertain the arrival of spring, as the seasons gradually glide from one into the other. In the fall all vegetation ceases to grow; it enters upon a state of rest and remains dormant during the winter season. In the spring all nature seems to awaken and to enter upon a life of industry. The animal kingdom, too, in the fall makes provision for the winter; the wild beast shuts himself in his lair; the birds seek warmer climes, and when spring approaches the caves are opened and the occupants crawl forth again to roam through the forests; the birds return and their warblings come from every side. These things, perhaps, are the best evidences of spring."

From these abstract deductions, which will chiefly delight the limited world of scholars, being beyond the comprehension of the common herd, the editor again turns to the descriptive, as follows:—

"Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs, and the living herbs spring o'er the deep green earth beyond the power of botanists to number them; the buds burst forth; the forests that were dead draw up their life's blood from their roots, that settled there three months before, and, 'neath the weight of their mantled verdure, nod and bend; the little lambs skip over the hills;" &c., &c.

We bespeak for this writer the position of Professor of Rhetoric in the "Oratorio School of Agriculture and Experimental Farm."

Grip in Council.

PRESENT.—GRIP, in the Chair; BARNABY RUDGE, PATRICK SMALLWIT, Q. C., WILLIAM SPAKEQUEER, MACGREGOR SLOWCUM, and TIMOTHY TONGUEGRASS.

GRIP.—Here we are again! Who has got anything to say for himself?

TONGUEGRASS.—I hear the Water Commissioners, in advance even of the total abstainers, are so opposed to habits of drinking that they are in no hurry to furnish even pure water to the citizens of Toronto.

SPAKEQUEER.—Surely, report does these men great injustice. Do they not all profess the utmost desire to carry on the work as rapidly as may be to a happy ending.

SMALLWIT.—Their vision is not now contracted by contracts in which they have an interest. Perchance, however, they see no cause for haste.

SLOWCUM.—Don't they? Well, I do. Bay water, when allowed to settle, may do for ablutionary purposes; but the idea of quenching one's thirst with diluted severage—

SMALLWIT.—Would put any one of your age, even, into a rage. The scientific analysis of this beverage would be a delicious subject for meditation, would it not?

RUDGE.—They are piling the prohibitory petitions into Parliament, and the temperance men, in the polite language of the day, are "going for" the whiskey makers and dealers.

GRIP.—Serve them right, serve them right!

TONGUEGRASS.—What a jolly howling there will be to be sure, from Atlantic to Pacific, should the fiat go forth that making and selling liquor is to be put a stop to!

RUDGE.—The anti-prohibition people will raise the cry that there will be no way left of raising a revenue—rather a serious matter when the talk is of deficit.

SPAKEQUEER.—A sensible cry, truly! What, are we to believe that a country is more able to pay its taxes in proportion to the amount of