

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 2ND JUNE, 1877.

The Conservative Party to Anglin.

(See cartoon.)

WHICH I think it's werry ill-bred and outrageous of you, ANLING, to keep your seat while a poor old body like me is kept a-standink hup, almost a-weary to death. Wot I says is you havn't got no right to hang on to it, seeing as how it was took away from you by Parlyment, and you should be ashamed of yourself to sit on to it. 'Ow much longer 'ave I got to stand here, in the gaze of a hunfeelin public heye, before you will begin for to show the first signs of common decency and respect for old age? O, ANGLING, you are a vulgar little warlet! But, don't himagine I'm going to go away; no! I've planted my umbreller here, and here I means for to stand if it takes all summer!

Letter-writing Extraordinary.

GRIP can see through most mill-stones, but he is stuck by this remarkable letter in last week's *Globe* :—

"CORRECTION.—*Sir*: Allow me through your columns to give a correct statement of facts with regard to James Armstrong, who attempted to take his own life by shooting himself through the head with a revolver. We, the undersigned doctors of Florence, are acquainted with the said person, and know him to be laboring under a most aggravating form of dyspepsia. His nervous system is also so seriously affected as to be entirely uncontrollable, and in consequence driving him to extreme desperation and misery. There are no fears entertained of his recovery from this misfortune, but he is in the same desperate condition as formerly. This we certify to be a correct statement of his case. Signed, *M. Davison, M. D., J. A. Stewart, M. D.*"

Who is "me," who afterwards signs himself two doctors? Is he a double-barrelled or Siamese twin doctor? In cases of consultations of physicians, does he—or they—or perhaps, better say "it"—have two votes or one? "Doctors of Florence!" Yes, we've read of 'em in Shakespeare. Pray, do these learned Florentines fear that people will recover when they are sick? They must fear such, for they tell us plainly that in this case "there are no fears entertained of his recovery from this misfortune." Will some Florentine doctor explain, and relieve GRIP, who, so far as understanding this letter is concerned, remains in "the same desperate condition as formerly?"

The Colonel Mounts the Bench.

The gallant Colonel DENISON having been appointed Police Magistrate, will at once take military possession of the office.

He will muster himself in full uniform every morning at 10 a. m.

He will take his seat by laying his hand on the pommel of the desk, and vaulting into it without putting his jack-boot on the clerk's head.

He will insist that the prisoners enter at a trot, wheeling by squadrons, pivoting on the left flank constable, and moving in double column to the front.

He requires that the police in attendance should be deprived of their batons, lest they might "club" the regiment. He wishes them armed with the COLT'S navy-size revolver, SHARP'S breech-loading carbine, and the French sabre.

When the court adjourns, he desires that the prisoners shall be formed in a hollow square in the centre. The left wing of the police will then support and pass through the right wing and immediately form one line to the left, and supporting wings will form up on the right and left of the leading wings. They will then return from both flanks by column (to allow guns to cover) and the whole force will gallop down stairs, wheel on reverse flank formation, and retire to the gaol.

The court will be practically a court martial.

Triangles will be erected in the yard, and any advocate or attending barrister using language subversive of discipline to the Police Colonel will receive forty lashes or more, at the indiscretion of the gallant magistrate.

Barristers will salute the Magistrate on entering (which they are required to do in single file, in light marching order.) They will give the usual cavalry regulation salute with their book-bag. The Colonel will respond by delivering Cut 7 on the desk with the ruler.

Strict military discipline will be observed. Prisoners will be invariably sentenced first thing. If time permit, they may then be tried. If short of time, or anything is going on in the volunteer force that day, the court will adjourn.

A second military order will be published immediately.

The Modern Pulpit.

(Toronto "Globe" May 25th.)

"'Tis love, 'tis love," the Poet says,
"Round makes the world to go."
And *cash* in pulpit-dom, dear friend,
Doth like rotation show.
Yea, modern priestly pirouettes—
'Tis truth I tell to thee—
Do live and move and have their end
Alone in *L. s. d.*

The general tendency of each
Most noble cleric mind,
To tempting offers ever is
Unwaveringly inclined.
'Poor' districts in the lurch they leave,
Impelled by invitations.
Which offer them a field enlarged,
Of pay and operations.

By process of *per saltum* clear,
And easy to take in,
When rural preacher to display
Some talent does begin,
Hop, step and jump, he forward goes,
And gravitates, you see,
Unto attraction's centre, which
Is known as *L. s. d.*

So much is this the case, that I
Can challenge you to state
A spot where one good man will stay
Without inducements great.
We all do recognize the fact,
He will not stop a minute,
Unless he's in congenial field—
A field with "money in it."

And if this *primum mobile*
Can't there by him be found,—
Those diggings speedily he quits,
And delves in other ground;—
The pulpit now as I opine,
Is but a sort of trade,
Which preachers enter on alone
For profits to be made.

Each Church is sure to have the food
Exact which suits its mind,—
Preachers ornate and audience rich
Are fitly thus combined.
Your BOANERGES rude and rough,
Won't keep rough truths from sight;
But the "best minds" will never talk
Of ——— to ears polite.

Curious Coincidence.

GRIP calls the attention of those who delight in the Curiosities of Literature to a recent incident. Two weeks ago he wrote a little poem about the *City of Brussels*, and some days afterwards, the *Halifax Citizen* and *London Free Press* published a little poem on the same subject. These effusions, incredible as it may appear, were identical in all respects, and we are forced to the conclusion that this was a purely accidental coincidence, because otherwise we would have to believe that our esteemed contemporaries copied the verses without giving us credit. We reject such an idea, and submit the case as a striking illustration of the adage that "great minds run in the same channel."

What it Means.

To one of his contemporaries GRIP is indebted for the information that the name "Canada" is derived from two Spanish words *aca nada*, which, being interpreted, mean "there is nothing here." It appears the aboriginal Indians of the Dominion picked these words up from early navigators and, having learned their meaning, pronounced them with great vehemence to the French *voyageurs* who next visited their shores, hoping to discourage them from making any further investigations into the new land. Our present government have worthily copied the example thus set by the red men; and by making it manifest to outsiders that Canada is synonymous with "there is nothing here"—in the way of enterprise and manufactures—they have succeeded in turning away the tide of emigration, much to the detriment of our own best interests.

"A young lady, at Princeton station, G.W.R., who had strayed on the railway on Saturday, had one of her legs taken off by a passing train. She had a miraculous *escape*," at least, so the *London Free Press* calls it.