

## 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, 15TH DECEMBER, 1877.

## The Civic Elections.

Now is the time the Alderman,  
Sends round the underling,  
That he may try if that he can  
A requisition bring.

The Alderman has written there:  
"Such confidence have we,  
In your good Aldermanic care,  
And public honesty,

"That we could wish you in once more,  
And aid unto that end  
Will give as freely as before,  
We signatures append."

"Now take it," says the Alderman,  
"And any friend of mine,  
Or friend of any other man,  
No matter, let him sign.

"If sigh he will, pile on a row  
Of names as thick as burs,  
Invent 'em, nothing makes a show,  
Like heaps of signatures."

The agent button-holing goes,  
Then 'mong the voting men,  
And says he fears—he almost knows,  
Their man *won't* stand again,

But still he *might*, and certainly  
He hopes he will, you know,  
For if he don't, Lord knows how high  
The taxes soon will go.

Of many plans this is but one,  
Whereby these worthy men,  
Whose aldermanic course is run  
Try to get in again.

"Now these," says GRIP, perplexedly,  
"Give nought for nought elsewhere,  
What makes them all so anxious he  
To work for nothing there?"

There is some humbug hid in it,  
But GRIP would just remark,  
That he has his new lantern lit,  
And doesn't care how dark

They keep these things. He does intend  
To know 'em, and relate  
The whole affair from end to end,  
Next year—that's Seventy-Eight.

## A Lunatic Legend.

IN TWO FITS AND A MISFIT.

By our Special Maniac.

FIT I.

FOR B. he was a banker brave, and heedless of alarms; when one-named paper caught his eye it chained him with its charms. He did not know the "rule of three," endorsers he would scout; two names were nothing much to he; for one name he would shout. That noble dream of Banker's lives—a hefty dividend, absorbed his soul; this sole desire he prayed the gods to send. His scent was keen for profits, nor cared one cent for risk; like SAUL, among the profits 'twas his delight to frisk. His eye would glisten as it caught some nicely printed note, with one large name upon it so beautifully wrote; till quickly he'd initial it with a sardonic grin; his victim murmurs "six per cent,"—the Banker says, "too thin;" and while a darksome, gruesome smile o'er his gentle features played, he'd look the victim in the face, rejoicing "twelve, I said." Thus joyfully from morn till eve, brave B. enjoyed himself, and never thought he'd e'er be sacked or laid upon the shelf;

for what a *useful* man was he who sold the bank's gold well! Yet while he told himself the lie, the bell's tongue tolled his knell.

FIT II.

Young T. he was a merchant bold who never knew alarm; for though he lived in endless scrapes he never took no harm. His guiding star in all his plans was *not* utility; Respectability kept him and he lived sumptuously. For why; when a little boy he snored one night, which gentle sounds so potent were, a Fairy came—clad light. She gently asked him was he ill, and why he made that noise, which thundered so in fairy land the babies dropped their toys? With guttural growlings dull and deep the cherub boy replied, "I wanted something, so I scared you down to my bedside. I wanted something—don't know what, but something nice, you know; so tell me quickly what you've got, I'll choose—then you can go." This Fairy she was orthodox, so only three she'd name. The boy was cute,—kept off the rocks,—and chose one, "a good name." And so he grew, and grew, and grew, till a merchant he became, and found full soon the value of that fairy-given good name. At first it was a name deserved, for he worked hard at school, that when to business life transferred he might not play the fool. But soon this name took tone and shape from what he found "went down;" lost its true gold, and merely was a neatly got up crown, no longer meaning righteous acts, for these might success damn; it merely meant to look like these—good names fetch most when sham. And so he got on extra fast, *did* tough things but *talked* well; bought cheap through his good name, but when he sold he'd also *sell*. The zenith of his power was reached; his name became so good, it went alone—a precious thing—a solid thing—of wood; yet taken at the price of gold, good gold and pure it bought. If all had known as much as we it didn't hadn't ought.

MISFIT.

So B. who was the Banker brave, and always wished to be, got introduced to this merchant prince, and suited to a T. For this one name of precious worth could soon absorb his gold, and blinded by the high Bank rate he little thought 'twas sold. So B. and T. grew like two buds upon a hideous flower, rooted in slimiest kind of earth inhaling fetid air; "Two souls with but one single thought, two hearts that beat as one," both panted, struggled, yearned and longed, only for "number one." Such buds, full blossomed, bore their fruit, which ripened, though first "green;" till their real life of selfishness at length was plainly seen. Their bubble burst, and they "burst" too, and "went up" pretty high; the cold world said "It served them right for they had *lived* a lie."

## The Bonus Birds.

I heard the scream of eagles great resounding through the air.  
With rapid wing they sailed along toward a quarry fair,  
Which bound and helpless on the shore of broad Ontario lay,  
Where isthmus held and island holds the deep Toronto bay.

Full deeply still their mangling claws the helpless creatures tore,  
Still bore they gobbets great away, and still returned for more,  
And paler still and fainter yet the weakening victim grew,  
While in increasing numbers still its foes assault renew.

"And what be these?" I asked of him, the Genius by my side,  
Who me an allegory taught o'er plain and desert wide,  
"The carcass is a city large," he said, "which standeth where  
Thine eye can see but empty bay and grassy hillock fair.

"The eagles those who strive to tax, for railways needed not,  
The humble people of the town, and seize what they have got.  
Wherefore continually their cry is borne upon the air.  
That what remaineth yet to them the cormorants will spare.

"But never yet did pity win of Avarice the ear,  
Which never can but ledger see, but clink of money hear.  
And note the change, my son, man once attacked his fellow man  
With robber's pistol; civilized, he takes a bonus plan.

"Oh, would that from some cave like that near old Astorga's wall  
Where GIL with robbers lived, escaped and told what did befall,  
Some honest chap who had among some bonus-grabbers fell,  
Should break him loose, and to the world their machinations tell.

"Or if the rogues would but fall out, though to the present day  
They have by far too cunning been to act in such a way,  
What stories would come out in court before our jurymen,  
When grabbers would their *modus* make all open there and then.

"When one might tell in evidence, while judge and counsel stared,  
"We had no cash, and wished to have, from those who better fared,  
So advocated straight a line of railway which we planned,  
Each bonus to manipulate—an operation grand."

"The knavish bonus blade besides a double way doth cut,  
Till railway enterprise is in one category put.  
And honest lines and bogus ones are treated just the same,  
And all distrusted just as one great bonus-grabbing game."