

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 11TH NOVEMBER 1876.

The Self-Made Men of To-Day.

CONFIDENTIAL PRIVATE CONVERSATION BETWEEN THE HON.
BLAKE, THE HON. MACKENZIE, AND THE HON. GRIP.

MR. BLAKE—I am determined. Too long we hesitated, trembling to strike. What, shall we forever remain Reformers with nothing to reform. Retrenchers who increase expenses. Economizers who waste. Purists who inadvertently embezzle? Perish the thought! My attention has been directed to a most monstrous piece of infamy. City Councils, instigated by the devil, and not having the fear of God before their eyes, actually appoint one another to lucrative places in their several corporations, thus not only doing a most gross injustice to those old city employees who properly expect the vacant places, but being actually in the position of men who, appointed as aldermen, of their own will and motion appoint themselves to another office not contemplated by their constituents, and compel those constituents not only to choose other aldermen, but to pay those leaving whatever salary they choose to fix. It is most abominable. It is terrible. It is gross. It opens the door to the most infamous corruption. It shall no longer be permitted. A Bill shall at once be passed preventing such rascality at once and forever. Had it been in England! Had it been in Ireland! But in Canada! Oh, my country, though blind and apparently becoming blinder to my merits, from this shall I purge thee.

MR. MACKENZIE—A maist excellent measure, and ane maist cempairitively demandit. Ye hae this about ye, Maister BLAKE, ye can aye think o' what ither folks forget. People o' lairge minds, like myself for instance, canna be fashed wi' remembering everthing. When I built hooses, noo, whether it was that I left out the sand, or the lime, or some sma' affair, onyhoo, they a' tumblit doon. But I agree wi' ye thoroughly, that to alloo councilmen, aldermen, and siclike people, to appoint themselves pairmanently tae lucrative office, and thereby shelve themselves comfortably for life, is maist horrible and awfu'. Mon, they might get elected wi' the vary intention. Ye will draw up the Bill at ance, and mak' it sufficiently stringent, I hope. Maister GRIP, ye nae doot approve?

MR. GRIP—Most certainly, a most righteous intention. You will, no doubt, make it sufficiently comprehensive to include other elected bodies—to prevent, for instance, members of Government abandoning their portfolios for judgeships and shrievalties, and members of Parliament accepting lucrative berths. For they distinctly appoint themselves to all these, and, as you remark, probably get themselves elected with that very intention—a most gross piece of political impurity. You will include these, eh? No more rats swimming off with plunder before the Ship of State goes down, eh?

MR. BLAKE—(a new light breaking on him)—Good heavens!

MR. MACKENZIE—(also seeing it)—Mon, mon, here's a thing ye hae no recollectit!

MR. BLAKE—(recovering his self-possession)—If my learned friend—I mean my worthy colleague—will allow me to finish the details of the projected Bill, I was about to remark that there was quite another side to the question, which also imperatively demands consideration. Canada is not yet—nay, she is far from being—that great and noble country which it is my proudest hope to create her, and to make her which will be the Crowning Triumph of my Professional Career—no, I mean the Culminating Glory of my Political Course. She has not yet, I grieve, I deeply grieve to remark, a superabundance of Able, of Learned, of Patriotic Men. Absorbed in the Hard Struggle for Existence Colonial Life Demands, her Population cannot generally Inform Themselves well in Political Affairs—

MR. MACKENZIE—(sotto voce)—Na. Vara lucky they canna.

MR. BLAKE—If I can be allowed to conclude, I would remark shortly that the scarcity of—in fact the difficulty of finding—men fit for office outside—

MR. MACKENZIE—Na! Gude bless me, na! I am fairly owerwhelmit wi' applications—applications frae unimpeachable pairsons—

MR. BLAKE—Sir, you will be kind enough to take my way out of the difficulty, or find one for yourself.

MR. MACKENZIE—Weel, weel, gang on. What ye say the necessities of Government compel me tae swear tae. (Aside—Cawbinct wark: is awfu' unchristian, but it maun be done.)

MR. BLAKE—It being, then, impossible, in Colonial affairs, to procure fitting officials outside the governmental and parliamentary ranks,

a Government such as Ours, a Pure, a High-souled, a Reform Administration, cannot think of Depriving the Country of the Opportunity of Securing Proper Men for Lucrative and Honorable Permanent Position, because those Men Already, in Parliament or in Government. Enjoy the Confidence of the Country!

MR. MACKENZIE—Mon, when ye pit it in thae weel-turnit and forcible periods ma oreiginal judgment joost gangs a' through-ither. Without doot, ye are a great orator. Dinna ye think sae, Mr. GRIP?

MR. GRIP—There can be no two opinions on that. But about the Bill for the Prevention of Aldermanic Corruption and Self-Appointment?

MR. MACKENZIE—Weel, perhaps, conseedering it micht interfere wi' ither things, Maister BLAKE will alloo it can be postponed?

MR. BLAKE—Of course, I had not exactly intended—I may say, indeed, we will not introduce it this session.

MR. GRIP—Nor in any other. Good night.

The Course of Cartwright—The New Loan.

MR. CARTWRIGHT—All goeth smoothly. I have cash enough

To do my turn and more. That added chunk

We placed upon the tariff—careful placed—

Not over much to help our artizans—

Which would not be Free Trade—three millions gave,

And I shall need no more. I've published this,

Most puffingly and wide. (enter Deputy Minister)

DEPUTY—Most gracious Sir, to answer all demands,

The mass of secret service cash we want—

The claims of great G. B. who says he must

Publish a double sheet each Saturday,

Or sink before the Mail and Telegram,—

The vast necessity for subsidies,

In all directions, for supporters swear,

They will not have their private business smashed,

By what they most profanely dare to call

Our d—d Free Trade, if Government makes not

Full private compensation—then the herl

Who helped us floor JOHN A., have gobbled up

What then we gave, and yell amain for more,

Or they will have him back; and then besides

The ordinary needments of the land

Have swelled beneath our hands—I wot not how.

We want TWELVE MILLIONS EXTRA!

(exit.)

MR. CARTWRIGHT—Now bless my soul!

My limbs, my bones, my brain (no, by the bye

If Doctor Scalpel rightly does advise,

It has evaporated.) What care I?

My salary has not. To England straight

I now must take my way.

(SCENE CHANGES TO LONDON HOTEL.)

MR. CARTWRIGHT—(to clerk)—Hast publicly.

Announced we need the loan?

CLERK—I have, great Sir.

MR. CARTWRIGHT—Stated security,

And interest we would give?

CLERK—Sir, it was done,

According to your wish.

MR. CARTWRIGHT—And what result?

Has any person bid?

CLERK—Most honored Sir, the rush of bidders there

Grabbed up the total loan in three hours space.

And would have three times grabbed it, had you chose

To offer three times more.

MR. CARTWRIGHT.—Ha! well! Right well!

Now let my ancient friends, the Tory chaps,

Who said I could not finance, now observe.

And by the way, what think they of me here

What do they say in England? (clerk shudders) Rascal, speak!

My head can praises stand!

CLERK.—Praises, good Sir!

MR. CARTWRIGHT.—Most wretched cur! the full account explain,

Or from that window fly! (throws it open.)

CLERK.—It is three stories high. Well, if I must—

They call you here the most confounded fool

That ever offered twice the interest

They would have dared to ask. Know now the cause.

That snapped the loan so soon! (clerk rushes off.)

MR. CARTWRIGHT.—Perdition seize my brain and bring it back!

I play odd tricks for want o't; but you see,

In Canada they're most as mad as me;

And if I sold 'em all as slaves to-night,

The Globe could make them swear the thing was right.

(scene closes.)