

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The greatest Genet is the Zoo; the greatest Bird is the Owl;
The greatest Fish is the Oyster; the greatest Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 13TH APRIL, 1878.

Mr. Mitchell on the Cow.

MISTHER SPAKER, it is myself wud be sayin' that there is gross evil in these parts connected wid the railway. It has been brought to me notice Mr. Spaker, that the buzzums av me constituents have been lacerated in their tinderest pints. Their very livin' is destroyed and their manes of comfortable and plazin existence denied thim. Government, Sir, Governint has done this dade. Yis, the minions av power have been let loose on me humble constituents and have desolated their noblest affections. Yis. Their cows—their cows! I repate it, sur, in a voice av thunder, their COWS! Calm, confidint, and peaceful, the four-legged friends av me humble constituents wandher through the plisint glade. What is it shalutes their ears? What causes their unsuspectin' harruts to trumble? Is it the universal shudderin' of the earth knowin' the deed av darkness about to be perpetrated? The ground shakes, the atmosphere is filled wid the fire and stame concocted by our apology for a government, the horrid many wheeled monster of their wickedness rowls by on the thrack! What a shrake was there! Terrible to witness whin those unsuspectin' forrums were dashed to paces and imbrued wid gore. Mr. SPAKER, it call for vingeance. Vingeance, black and dreadful, should be poured on the heads of the perpetrators. The loud reprobatons of an indignant counthry shall foriver ring in their polluted ears. They put up a notish—the gentleman says they put up a notish! Is it—I ask it in the face of all this respectable asshembly, is it expicted that the lasht dhrop av tyranny shall be expinded on my unfortunate constituents, and that they shall be compelled to give their cows a boardin' school edication? I cannot believe it. No such measure—aquil to the murderin' aydicts av Caligula and the Mejjians, can be contimplated. No, Sir, I take pleasure in holdin' up the creators and concoctors av the superhuman outrage to the general reprobation av the worruld; humanity shall cry shame upon thim, and the universal vardict of indignant posterity shall everlastingly reshound to the hoights av the eternal rocks agin thim, now and foriver more—in *secula seculorum*—av they don't pay the value av the baste!

Sensational Journalism.

Enter Editor of sensational paper (to *Sub-editor*). Anything stirring?
SUB-E.—Oh, don't know; nothing to make a fuss about. WILD IRISH, Esq., is to lecture here on the 17th.
EDITOR.—Splendid. Great sensation (*writes editorial*):—

"MOST INJUDICIOUS.

"We hear it is contemplated to allow the celebrated WILD IRISH—well known for his dynamite propensities—to lecture here on the 17th. It is to be much regretted that this step"—*et cetera et cetera* for days together.

(*Next day*) EDITOR (to *Sub-E*).—How do they like that?

SUB-E.—Oh, that has roused them. Here's a batch of letters.

EDITOR.—All right. Print 'em. (*Letters appear as follows*):—

To the Editor Sensational.

SIR.—I hope the intimation in your columns that that person called WILD IRISH is to lecture on the 17th, is not correct. The city authorities should interfere. No hall should be rented to him in this city. As a Briton I protest against this city being made—&c., &c., &c.

To the Editor Sensational.

SIR.—I think the best way will be to take no notice of the fellow. His vile and infamous career—&c., &c., &c.

To Editor Sensational.

SIR.—The right of free speech must be vindicated. As long as he says nothing treasonable, WILD IRISH is as deserving of—&c., &c., &c., (*Next day*) EDITOR.—How is it going?

SUB-E.—Oh, I tell you, the *Sensational* is waking them up. Takes it to make things fly. Selling like hot cakes!

EDITOR.—All right. (*writes article*):—

"IGNORE HIM.

"Would it not be much the best way to let him say what he has to say, and take no notice? His empty clack cannot hurt us. Perhaps a mild intimation might well be forwarded to him, but really the matter is"—&c., &c., &c., (*Next day*).

"TROUBLE ANTICIPATED.

"If those ill advised persons who engaged the hall for this fanatic individual are possessed of such determination as to carry out their plan, we fear there will be—"&c., &c., &c.,

EDITOR.—How do they take to-day?

SUB-E.—First rate. People believe there is to be a riot, and all want to hear about it. Lots mean to go and see it.

More letters on each side appear. Great talk is indulged in editorially and correspondentially; everybody thinks there will be a fuss, as thousands who but for the newspapers would never have heard a word of it, mean to go and see the fun. The speaker comes. His coming is described in big type and all the incidents noticed as if he were a Emperor or something. Everybody is told where he is going to speak, and if the reporter could find out, would have told what he had for breakfast. The night arrives. Thousands are on the streets, and their presence emboldens all roughs into the idea that something awful is to happen. They make something happen. The police are stoned, many men injured, property destroyed; a precedent is created for plenty of future rows which will some day have to be quelled with ball-cartridge; a tremendously sensational account of the affair appears in the papers, and the papers, which have made a very considerable amount of money by their increased sales resulting from the publicity given and comments made on an occurrence which but for them would scarce have excited any comment at all, moralize on the whole business in the most innocent manner, and publish long articles wondering where, after all, the blame really rests, and who ought to be punished for the fuss. GRIP could tell them

The Russian Difficulty.

ALEXANDER.—I'll stay in Turkey, where I mean to smash The British—

PRIME MINISTER.—If you could but get the cash.

ALEX.—Slave; but I say I will. My hurricane Of troops shall sweep them like the peeled rind Before the tempest—

P. M.—Who's to raise the wind?

ALEX.—Sir, when I say I'll do a thing I will.

P. M.—I wish you'd say then that you'll foot the bill.

ALEX.—You talk of money—something strikes me—say, To Paris telegraph, and say we'll pay

A thumping interest.

P. M.—I've done it, Sir,

They say they should something more require, As for your "thumping" interest, they know

Your grandfather paid them exactly so.

When he to Paris came with the Allies,

But they did not quite like it. The replies

Are thus—If you intend to go to war, Sir,

With Britain, why, they want a good endorser.

ALEX.—Why not, ask Prussia, she will not object.

P. M.—Your Majesty, she sends her deep respect,

But old King WILLIAM pious is and good,

You know, and BISMARCK is afraid he would

Consider it unchristian and so on

To aid such strife—

ALEX.—The canting fool. Begone

Austria will do it.

P. M.—No, your Majesty

She rather wants from you security.

ALEX.—Well, Italy?

P. M.—She's on the other side.

ALEX.—The States?

P. M.—They say the distance is too wide

And WASHINGTON has told them still to be

Free from what's called entangling policy.

ALEX.—France won't.

P. M.—There isn't any country more

The fact is that, though it we may deplore,

In Britain lies the cash, which wrong or right,

Is borrowed by us nations when we fight,

She will not lend it now.

ALEX.—Not likely. Then

No matter what my force of fighting men,

I cannot use them. Can't we money get?

P. M.—I must confess I see no method yet.

ALEX.—The game is up. We've beaten, and we're beat.

Go tell them that in Congress we will treat,

An English rascal once, called SHAKESPEARE, said

By poverty, and not by will, we're led.

SARCASTIC.—Office devil (*running into composing room*):—Give me the paste for the boss, he wants to write some editorial."