

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 29TH JUNE, 1878.

Letter from John Bull.

Dear Mr. GRIP:

After all my trampin round like *DIOGENES*, as per your cartoon of last week, I av failed to find a man as is worthy to be the successor of Lord *DUFFERIN*, and shall request a hextension of time to resume my search. I want to rest my weary soles and get a fresh candle in the old lantern. In the meantime my dutiful *DUFFERIN* has kindly consented to remain with you some months longer, which I'm sure will delight your 'eart and that of hevery hother loyal subject in the Dominion.

Yours paternally,

JOHN BULL.

HO-in-Lambton.

At Lambton when the pay was low,
And politics were dreadful slow,
Of offices there was no show
For Tor—I mean, Conservatives.

But Lambton saw another sight,
At Sarnia's town they gathered right
And left, resolved at last to fight
ALEX. MACKENZIE, Premier.

"Now how can this be done" quoth they;
"Our champion leaders he can slay,
Indeed he could defeat JOHN A.
If he should come to Sarnia."

MACKENZIE'S here a powerful name,
In Kingston stout JOHN A.'s the same,
Let's join the two and their joint famc
Will carry Lambton splendidly.

Then shook the halls with thunder riven
For thunders of applause were given,
Blessing the thoughts and thanking heaven
Away went the Conservatives.

And thus it is that now we see,
Conservatives in utmost glee,
JOHN A. MACKENZIE head of Re-
Form and of Conservatism.

The American Youth.

(Continued from last week.)

The story left the elopers hanging on the bank of uncertainty and a precipice, uncalculable depths below, the grim American youth smoking like *GRANT* himself above. The illustrious Duke is dashed into illustrious fragments far beneath. The Youth then extends his stick to *ADELINA*, she gains the level ground, and they fall into one another's arms, and vow undying love. They proceed homewards and on arriving at the castle find the duchess has died suddenly, and that the will of the fragmented Duke leaves all to *ADELINA*. She and *BENNY* rejoice at their good fortune, and prepare to spend their lives happily together, vowing again mutual fidelity, to extend far into the eternal cycles. That evening *BENNY*, with the usual fine feeling of the American youth in such histories, considers he might as well "rake in the pile alone," and drops *ADELINA* into the castle oubliette, first carefully cutting off her head with his bowie knife. He then shuts the trap door, and calculates he will marry and go to Congress. He executes the first with great dispatch by forming an alliance with the daughter of a distinguished Senator and whiskey ring operator, and gets himself elected without the slightest difficulty by bribing the unpurchasable American citizens who rule the ballot box. His speech to the mob before the elections is truly pathetic and intensely moving. He says "Fellow citizens, the inwards of my buzzum air thrilled with thrills too thrilling for utterance, and from the bottom of my heart I give yew the thanks which air your dew. It air not, I calculate, often such a scene as I see before me by the slaves of distant *Europe*, or the motley and howling mass of Britons, Irish, Chartists and Jews, shrieking in abject and grinding slavery under the crushing skeptré of Queen *VICTORIA*, on her great throne surrounded by lions, bars, and beef-eaters of various and domestick kinds. It air

not witnessed in her adjoining dependency of Canada, whar the miserable Kanucks has to go on their knees kerwallop in the mud along the streets whenever the Lord Lieutenant chooses to come out of his vast fortifications at Ottawa, and surrounded by his sanguinary dragoons makes the cirkit of his trembling people. Fellow citizens, a great and gellorious day of liberation for all mankind from their chains bound round them in centerries past approaching (Voice from crowd.—Down with the cepitalists!) Yes, gentlemen, we shall hev no more capitalists hyar. (Second voice.—Universal division). Yes, gentlemen, we will make arrangements for all that. (Third voice.—Only four hour's labour to be a day's work). Yes, gentlemen, we will hev it arranged. (Fourth voice.—We must hev Canady). Yes, gentlemen, plans for her kapture air made out, and will be proceeded with when I git in. (Fifth voice.—We want revinge on the bloody Saxin for the wrongs ov bleedin and injured Arin!) Yes, Sir, the wrongs of our Irish fellow citizens are what hev kept me awake at nights for years past. There is no peace for America till Britain, Kenedy, and the other dependents be prostrate at our feet, (great cheering) and I may say that "No pent up Utiker contracts our powwers, for the hull boundless universe hez a right ter be ours!" (Immense cheering). Universal prosperity, cheap food, high wages, short hours, air what I mean to go for. (Cheers). We shall make this hyar a great country, we shell. (Voice.—We want non-liability ter the law extended ter every free citizen). Yew shell hev it, gentlemen; the pressure ov the heavy waight ov legal fictions squeezes the glorios American eagle inter a flat-tailed buzzard; but let her rise superior tew the galling fetters of legality, and she shell take her persition on the topmost pinnacle ov the Rocky Mountains, wave her wings of pearl and alabaster in the light ov coming reason, and scream her defiance over European laws, and their base implanter hyar. (Tremendous cheering). *BENNY* shortly afterwards takes his seat in Congress, and makes a furious speech against paying the fishery claims. He is engaged presently in tremendous speculations relative to securing the right to cheat the Indians out of the appropriations promised by the U. S., is mixed up with all the gambling halls of the capital, busy in acquiring a secretaryship with a view to a large-defalcation, obtains the opportunity of selling his vote on railway matters several times to great advantage is the admired of all classes in Washington, has the finest house, horses, carriages, and dinners of the capital, has three private chaplains, and goes regularly to church three times on Sunday. He is spoken of for President, but it is not yet apparent that he will attain that honour. No one can foretell what pinnacle of greatness may yet sustain the towering figure of the American Youth. He is the hope and will be the destruction of his country.

(Concluded).

The Policeman's Ghost.

A story related by Constable *SHEEHAN* to his comrades in the station house on Wednesday morning.

Luckin pale, d'ye say? Well, gud reason I have,
An a moighty quare story I'm goin to relate,
For mesilf and *GREGORY* here—yez may laugh!—
Have jist seen a live ghost a walkin the shstreet!

It was down on the corner av Church shstreet an Queen
I was standin alone whin it shtruck twilve o'clock,
An I thought I hard somethin widin me say "SHEEHAN,
The witchin hour 12, whin spirits do walk!"

Jist thin I lucked up an I got such a fright!
For by all the saints there kem a rale ghost!
It was shaped like a girl, an dressed all in fwhite.
An stud up as straight an as dead as a post.

The eyes they wor shut, an the hair shtramin down,
An wan arm shtruck out loike *HAMLET*'s av old;
An it moved on so shlow in its shrowd av a gown.
That mc hair stud on ind an me blood it ran cowl!

I clutched for me pistol an baton so shtout,
Intendin to orther the goblin to shtop,
But fwhin it kem up, me wits they gev out,
An as it wint bye I thought I wud drop!

Jist thin I seen *GREGORY* (a man that's no child)
Follyin the spirit along on the shstreet,
Wid limbs on a trimble an eyes starin wild,
An face, ye'll belave me, as fwhite as a sheet.

Purty soon there kem others an jined wid us two,
An afther the ghost round the block we did shin,
Till we kem to a door that the figure passed through,
Fwhin *GREGORY* an me marched up and walkel in.

The ghost turned around and shtud in the hall,
An to judge av me falins I lave yez to troy,
Fwhin we axed fwhat she mint by such conduct at all?
And she opened her eyes an sez "Fwhat do ye soy?"