

## G R I P.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1874.

## TO CONTRIBUTORS.

A. B., Brockville—Will write you privately.  
We are overſtocked with rhymetrical diuſions; will our contributors oblige by writing proſe occaſionally.

## HIGH, LOW, JACK AND THE GAME.

There be many—unregenerate and innocent, perhaps—to whom the bickerings and quarrellings of the high tweedledums and the low tweedledees of the Church Militant furniſh food for inextinguishable laughter, and GRIP does not feel at all certain for himſelf whether he ought to laugh or to weep over the unedifying ſpectacle. On the whole, ſeeing there is no real religion in the matter and that to tears he is all unuſed, he inclines to the mirthful view of the queſtion. Imagine grave and reverend ſeigneurs, with much heat and exhibition of spleen, bad temper, and all uncharitableneſs, arguing the important queſtion of the colour of the dreſs which ſhall be worn in the pulpit and out of it; of the veſtments; of the modulations of the voice in reading the ſervices; of whether this ſhall be ſung, chanted or ſpoken, or whether it ſhall be intoned after a faſhion that certainly would meet no favour in any ſchool in which elocution is a leading ſubject of education; and of many other ſimilarly important and corner-ſtone topics. Faith, Hope and Charity are of little conſequence and rightly meet with no attention from the reverend debaters and their lay aſſociates. And the fun of it is, that there are ſome who ſcarceſy know whether they are High or whether they may count themſelves among the Low; and, in fact, if they were to be catechized, they would be unable to define their poſition. GRIP is not ſurpriſed at their uncertainty, and he would ſuggeſt to all intereſted that before they waſh ſo much dirty linen in public, there ſhould be a perfect underſtanding come to as to where Low Church ends and High Church begins, and further, where High Church ends and ſomething elſe begins. Darling ſchemes of propogandiſm, to be fought out to the bitter end, GRIP thinks, had better be poſtpoſed for all time, and the war waged ament forms and ceremonies be put an end to; unleſs, indeed, thoſe who aſſure to themſelves the title of "Church Militant" wiſh people to underſtand the word "militant" to indicate a ſtate of perpetual pugiliſm among themſelves and not a condition of warfare as againſt the world, the fleſh, and his Satanic Majeſty.

## Grip in Council.

PRESENT.—GRIP, in the Chair; BARNABY RUDGE, PATRICK SMALLWIT, Q. C., WILLIAM SPAKEQUEER, MACGREGOR SLOWCUM, and TIMOTHY TONGUEGRASS.

GRIP.—Taxes! Taxes!! Taxes!!!

SLOWCUM.—It would ſeem that three million dollars of our hard earned money has to go to make up this blamed deficit that comes in with our new Miniſtry.

TONGUEGRASS.—Yes, my boy; your tea and your coffee and your ſugar will be dearer to you than ever; and whiskey, thank CARRWRIGHT, will be almoſt out of your reach. Sobriety will hereafter be one of your leading characteristics.

SLOWCUM.—Now, you know very well, TIMOTHY, that I never drink.

SMALLWIT.—Well, he could go on the *oh I owe* plan in any event.

SPAKEQUEER.—Would to heaven it had croſſed the Finance Miniſter's mind to impoſe an exciſe tax on puns by way of increaſing the revenue!

TONGUEGRASS.—If the duty were an *ad valorem* one, I am thinking Maſter PAT here would not be called upon to contribute very much.

SLOWCUM.—Ha, ha, ha!

RUDGE.—What ails the man?

SLOWCUM.—Why, I am laughing at what SMALLWIT ſaid juſt now. Did none of you ſee the joke?

GRIP.—No more of that. Time is too precious for ſuch foolery.

TONGUEGRASS.—Have you heard of the ſevere leſſon which has been taught the great "Globe" ament its freedom of ſpeech, *re BICKFORD*?

RUDGE.—A ſhilling damages, is it not?

TONGUEGRASS.—Yes. It muſt have been hard for the Senatorial Managing Director to remain quietly in Washington when he received the news.

SPAKEQUEER.—Yes, he with difficulty refrained from throwing Reciprocity to the four winds, and ruſhing back to make financial arrangements to meet this ſo heavy draft upon the reſources of his Company!

SMALLWIT.—Perhaps he drew on the banks of the Potomac for the amount.

SLOWCUM.—In what way would that be of any ſervice to him?

TONGUEGRASS.—The verdict in the "Witness" libel ſuit was an intelligent one, was it not? How devoutly we muſt all believe in trial by jury when we find jurors ſo ignorant of their duties as not to know whether to find the defendants guilty or the plaintiffs not guilty, and actually to render a verdict in this latter ſenſe!

SPAKEQUEER.—'Tis every Briton's right to be tried by a jury of his peers. Take that away, and what becomes of the Conſtitution? Inevitably would its main prop be knocked from under it.

SLOWCUM.—I cannot ſee for my part why twelve men, picked at random from houſe to houſe, or alphabetically, as the caſe may be, ſhould be ſuppoſed to be endowed with much intelligence, and be competent to give a deciſion frequently in very intricate caſes.

RUDGE.—How would a permanent jury answer?

TONGUEGRASS.—There might be an arrangement made for keeping a dozen or more men out of reach of all news, the daily papers to be carefully prevented from reaching them; and theſe men might be compelled to ſtudy, when not in court, all ſorts of legal and brain-befogging queſtions, including the queſtions of free-will and predeſtination, and thus qualify themſelves for their professional work.

SPAKEQUEER.—It would be well that they ſhould always feed on the fatneſs of the land, ſo that in caſe of poſſible diſagreement judicious deprivation of food would ſoon bring them—all unuſed to faſting—to combine on a verdict one way or the other.

GRIP.—I will have it ſo. The idea pleaſes me well. A professional jury muſt take the place of the historic twelve. And now I would be alone, ſo get out.

## THE ACADIAN FISHERMAN.

Sublime ſeems the fiſherman's calling to me,  
The child of the cottage that looks on the ſea;  
By the hillſide that ſlopes to the beach was he bred,  
Where breezes from ocean rooked cradle and bed.  
Where father and mother had breaſted the ſtorm,  
Still coſy the home that has ſheltered his form;  
Brave fathers, brave ſons, as they ever muſt be,  
Who live, love and labour beſide the great ſea!

The reſort of the bright finny tribes he explores  
Tho' Atlantic be ſtormy and deep waters ſeeth;  
No labour too great for his arms and his oars,  
For the breeze born of freedom, alone does he breathe.  
The ſtorm it may gather, the breakers may roar,  
But the eyes of a loved one ſhine bright on the ſhore;  
Brave fathers, brave brothers, they ever muſt be  
Who live, love and labour, afloat by the ſea!

The wind rocks his cottage ſo coſy and warm,  
The deep has its perils—ſtill dreams he of bliſs;  
More ſoundly he ſleeps, louder whiſtles the ſtorm,  
His cares are but bliſſings, what cares he for this?  
Up! up! with the morning—he ſtems the ſwift tide  
Where ſea-birds can hover, his boatie can ride;  
The bright finny treaſures his guerdon will be  
Who lives as a toiler afloat on the ſea!

As brave as the warrior ſkilled to command,  
With arms ſhowing muſcle inured to the race;  
More ſwift than the trooper who ſpeeds over land  
He moves on the wave, full of vigor and grace.  
Such qualities rare in the fiſherman meet,  
The nation may truſt him for manning the fleet;  
The pride of his country ſo fearless and free,  
Who lives as he labours true ſon of the ſea!

He pilots the "derlict" over the main,  
To harbour, where foes are forbidden to ride;  
His ſong is of peace with warlike refrain,  
As he welcomes the "walf" of the in-ruſhing tide.  
Perchance 'tis ſome ſtorm-shattered prize he may get,  
Come by luck—'tis all fiſh to the fiſherman's net;  
Whatever the ſalvage—deſerved it will be,  
By his ſkiff and his daring redeem'd from the ſea.