

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. DEMOS MUDGE.

The grabest Brast is the Ass; the grabest Bird is the Owl;
The grabest Fish is the Opster; the grabest Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1874.

To Correspondents and Contributors.

MUDGE.—The matters mentioned in your communication will be attended to at once.

CHAS. AUGUSTUS.—It is certainly due to you to say that your contribution, declined last week, as was stated in this column, on account of its "slang" and "black-bottledness" contained nothing improper beyond the use of a few inelegant phrases and a verse having Whiskey for its subject. Our objections were written without much thought, and we frankly apologise for having thus unwittingly offended you.

The Canadian Club.

No. 11.

SCENE.—Club reading-room in evening. Members assembled in force. McKellar and Editor of SUN cheerfully conversing over a bundle of photographs. BLAKE, MOSS, EDGAR, EMINENT IRISH BARRISTER, WILKES, and a dozen others, each with the last number of GRIP. Editor of NATION and MUDGE in a corner, conversing.

EMINENT IRISH BARRISTER (wrathfully).—Mudge, how in the name of the owl, ancient sin did me private conversation become recorded in this way? It's not decent.

MUDGE.—What! your conversation? I never thought it was. The waiter who was in the room, it appears, was a shorthand reporter for the *Mait*. He sent me the thing, and as I was too used up with heat last week to write, I just gave it to the printer. The waiter got \$4.50 for it—just the amount of that little account, which you are now justified in considering settled.

(EMINENT IRISH BARRISTER subsides.)

MUDGE.—There are several ridiculous mistakes and a general lowering of tone in some of your late numbers, Mr. Nation. The story you tell of O'CONNELL's encounter with the fisherwoman is true of Doctor JOHNSON. There is a slanginess about the latter part of your notice of the Tory charge of Mathusianism against GOLDWIN SMITH, an attempted smartness like that of a shopman who sets up for a wag, an air of being witty which has come from a perusal of *Sun-skits*.

ED. NATION.—So I told Moss when he urged it on my acceptance. But you are wrong about the Billingsgate story. It is told of O'CONNELL.

MUDGE.—Possibly; I trust to memory. But my objections are not ended. The article on "Amateur Music" is transferred from the *Saturday Review* without acknowledgement.

ED. NATION.—The printer's fault.

MUDGE.—Nonsense. You are responsible—and a thief of that sort is so peculiarly mean. *The Nation* has kicked off purty harness, is received with respect by the best portion of the public, and to preserve the good character it has acquired must be free from the least taint of blackguardism or plagiarism. The party dailies, with a large circulation, may safely reckon on nine-tenths of their readers letting literary theft pass undetected, and being delighted with a congenial vulgarity. But your readers are found only in the well-informed ranks, and are quickly disgusted with unfairness. Young Canada hopes not to see another number disfigured like the last, which yet was far better than any of your contemporaries.

ED. NATION.—You shouldn't talk of plagiarism. Why the whole of one page of your last number was cribbed bodily from *Punch*.

MUDGE.—With acknowledgement. You would never else have discovered the fact. The amount of stealing the dailies do is perfectly astounding. There is a distinct flavour of AYER's Almanac, JOHN BILLINGS, Mrs. PARTINGTON and JOE MILLER about all these funny men. Did you read EDGAR's effusion in the *Canadian Monthly* on a "Potlatch" in British Columbia?

ED. NATION.—Not I, faith. I tried to, but succumbed to its soporific influence at the third page.

MUDGE.—Stolen—at least the bones of it—from a clever book, "*Canoe and Saddle*," by WINTHROP, a young American writer, who was killed at Pittsburg Landing. Even the names of the Indians are the same.

MUDGE.—I should like to see the text of HOWLAND's St. John's address.

ED. NATION.—He sent it to me a week before its delivery. The *Canada First* platform is well received.

BROWN.—You want a leader.

ED. NATION.—Is not HOWLAND a leader?

MUDGE.—HOWLAND leader! As PITT said of Sir THOMAS ROBINSON, "he lead us!—he might as well send his jack-boot to lead us."

BROWN.—There's HUNTINGDON.

MUDGE.—We had hopes of HUNTINGDON till he joined the ministry. I wonder if he would now keep his pledge "to cross the House in case those to whom he was opposed declare in favor of independence?"

BROWN.—Hardly. He has taken the shilling. Independence won't do, and he is wise enough to see it.

MUDGE.—Independence will do and he is foolish enough to desert it.

ED. NATION.—The public is not ripe for the change. It cannot be strongly urged.

MUDGE.—There's your mistake. The public should be made familiar with the notion.

ED. NATION.—We must be discreet, cautious, put in a word now and then quietly—no violence, you know.

MUDGE.—Don't go mumbling your political opinions and occasionally stuttering out sentiments of nationality, and whispering independence below your breath. If you are a Canadian and hope to be a subject of the third great, independent, Anglo Saxon power, say so or shut up. If the sentiment with which you regard the gallant, old red-cross flag is stronger than your feeling of patriotism, yell lustily for British connection—but take one side or other.

BROWN.—There is no need to take either side. The question has not presented itself.

MUDGE.—Whatever you may think, that is really the question of the day. You may hear it discussed in every store and tavern in the country, by every little gathering which has met on bridge or pier to loaf away the summer evening. The youngsters are at last fired with the national idea. The old fellows laugh at them, and argue them down, all to no purpose.

ED. NATION.—Then why the dickens don't they subscribe to the national paper.

MUDGE.—Because you are so timid. You play the role of "BILLY BORNHIDES."

BROWN.—They will all be good Reformers in five years.

MUDGE.—They have no sympathy with either of the parties at present struggling for power. They have convictions—good arguments don't produce convictions in young minds—the national spirit is worth all the arguments in the world. They have lukewarm feeling of affection for the old country—love her as HERNA says the Germans love liberty "like their old grandmother,"—they have not the temper which balances the disadvantages of disruption and decides for the side where most gain appears, but that blind, strong, passion of love for their native earth, that has made big states out of little ones since ever the world began.

BROWN.—Merely the glow of youth. Years will bring them better sense. We have nothing to gain and much to lose by independence.

MUDGE.—I'm not arguing the question—though quite ready to—but merely relating fact. The people who are always debating questions of gain may be considered neutral. They don't influence either party and will split their votes when the conflict arrives. But there is a strong party which loves the old land as we love our new one. They don't care a jot for argument—they reason with their hearts—all honour to them. Sentiment has accomplished everything for great nationality that has been done. But our numbers increase rapidly and their's dwindle slowly. If anyone will lend me ten thousand dollars (I'll willingly give my note for the amount), and bet the whole pile that, five years after the Pacific Railway is built, Canada will be independent.

ED. NATION.—Rather a long date for money. Come out if you dare over your own signature and argue independence. You shall then be so overwhelmed with ridicule if you are weak and with accusations of disloyalty if strong, that you will gladly squeak small and hide your diminished head.

MUDGE.—Do you remember LOWELL—

"They are slaves who will not choose
Hated, scolding and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truths they needs must think."

Where shall I find space. You won't give me a page, I know, Pamphlets are not read. What absurdity would be a charge of disloyalty against a man advocating the independence of his native country. How noble my retort to such an accusation. "Go," I would say, "to the armory of No. 14, Queen's Own Rifles, and there with envious eyes behold the record of my feats of arms. A faded coat of green there hangs, with missing shoulder strap and collar torn—'twas by me worn on Ridgeway's fatal day, and ploughed with Fenian lead. You won't find my name on the list of 'wounded in the clothing,' for I saw so many fellows of the Trin. Coll. Co. punching holes in their coats with bayonets, that I never said a word about my narrow escape till the excitement had subsided, and then nobody believed me. Col. GILMOR said—

(Brown and Ed. Nation rise hastily.)

BROWN.—I have an engagement.

ED. NATION (in same breath).—I have an engagement.

(Exeunt, arcades ambo.)

ED. NATION (on reaching street).—Great heaven! what a long-winded