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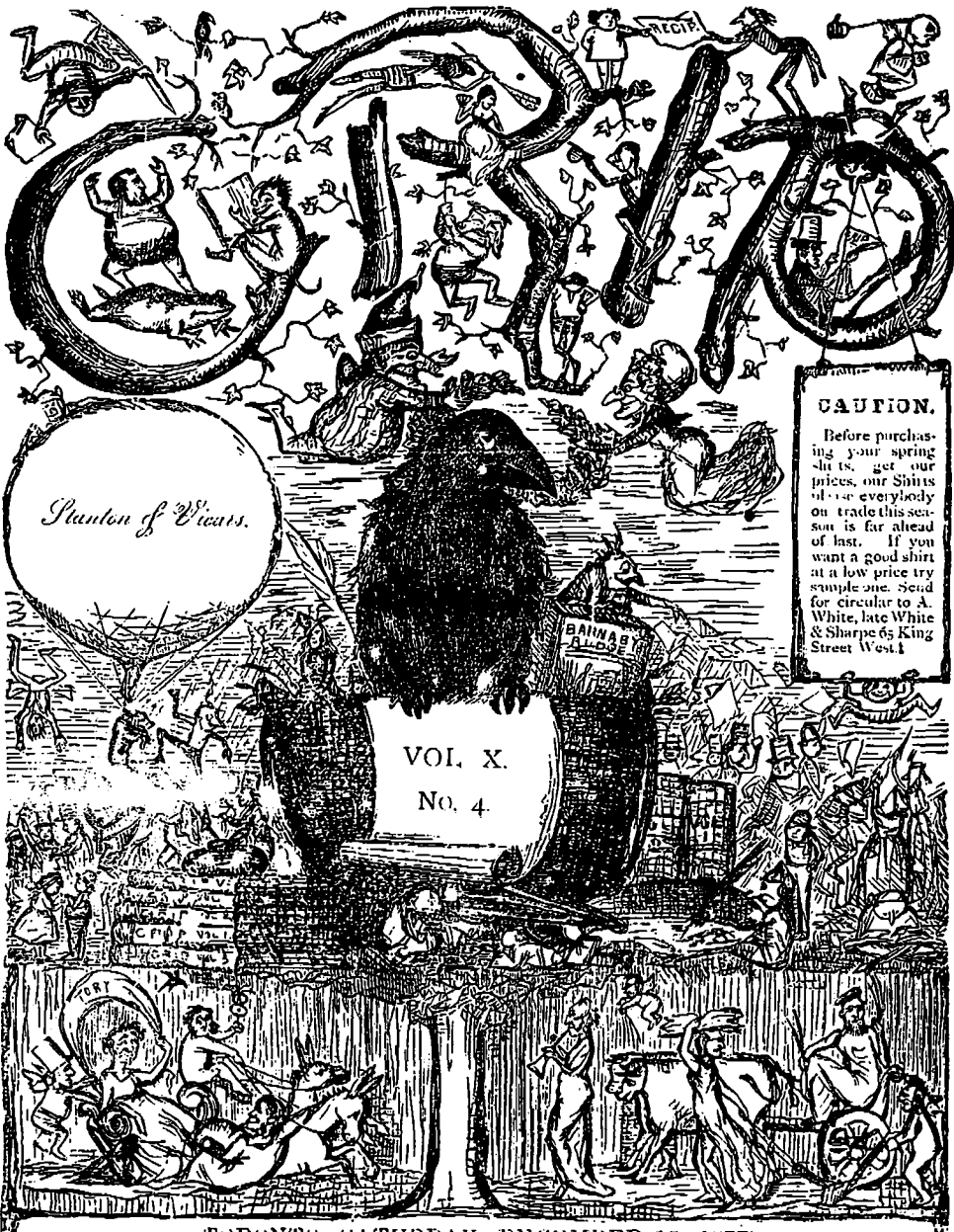
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GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 15TH DECEMBER, 1877.

The Civic Elections.

Now is the time the Alderman,
Sends round the underling,
That he may try if that he can
A requisition bring.

The Alderman has written there:
"Such confidence have we,
In your good Aldermanic care,
And public honesty,

"That we could wish you in once more,
And aid unto that end
Will give as freely as before,
We signatures append."

"Now take it," says the Alderman,
"And any friend of mine,
Or friend of any other man,
No matter, let him sign.

"If sigh he will, pile on a row
Of names as thick as burs,
Invent 'em, nothing makes a show,
Like heaps of signatures."

The agent button-holing goes,
Then 'mong the voting men,
And says he fears—he almost knows,
Their man *won't* stand again,

But still he *might*, and certainly
He hopes he will, you know,
For if he don't, Lord knows how high
The taxes soon will go.

Of many plans this is but one,
Whereby these worthy men,
Whose aldermanic course is run
Try to get in again.

"Now these," says GRIP, perplexedly,
"Give nought for nought elsewhere,
What makes them all so anxious he
To work for nothing there?"

There is some humbug hid in it,
But GRIP would just remark,
That he has his new lantern lit,
And doesn't care how dark

They keep these things. He does intend
To know 'em, and relate
The whole affair from end to end,
Next year—that's Seventy-Eight.

A Lunatic Legend.

IN TWO FITS AND A MISFIT.

By our Special Maniac.

FIT I.

FOR B. he was a banker brave, and heedless of alarms; when one-named paper caught his eye it chained him with its charms. He did not know the "rule of three," endorssers he would scout; two names were nothing much to he; for one name he would shout. That noble dream of Banker's lives—a hefty dividend, absorbed his soul; this sole desire he prayed the gods to send. His scent was keen for profits, nor cared one cent for risk; like SAUL, among the profits 'twas his delight to frisk. His eye would glisten as it caught some nicely printed note, with one large name upon it so beautifully wrote; till quickly he'd initial it with a sardonic grin; his victim murmurs "six per cent,"—the Banker says, "too thin;" and while a darksome, gruesome smile o'er his gentle features played, he'd look the victim in the face, rejoicing "twelve, I said." Thus joyfully from morn till eve, brave B. enjoyed himself, and never thought he'd e'er be sacked or laid upon the shelf;

for what a *useful* man was he who sold the bank's gold well! Yet while he told himself the lie, the bell's tongue tolled his knell.

FIT II.

Young T. he was a merchant bold who never knew alarm; for though he lived in endless scrapes he never took no harm. His guiding star in all his plans was *not* utility; Respectability kept him and he lived sumptuously. For why; when a little boy he snored one night, which gentle sounds so potent were, a Fairy came—clad light. She gently asked him was he ill, and why he made that noise, which thundered so in fairy land the babies dropped their toys? With guttural growlings dull and deep the cherub boy replied, "I wanted something, so I scared you down to my bedside. I wanted something—don't know what, but something nice, you know; so tell me quickly what you've got, I'll choose—then you can go." This Fairy she was orthodox, so only three she'd name. The boy was cute,—kept off the rocks,—and chose one, "a good name." And so he grew, and grew, and grew, till a merchant he became, and found full soon the value of that fairy-given good name. At first it was a name deserved, for he worked hard at school, that when to business life transferred he might not play the fool. But soon this name took tone and shape from what he found "went down;" lost its true gold, and merely was a neatly got up crown, no longer meaning righteous acts, for these might success damn; it merely meant to look like these—good names fetch most when sham. And so he got on extra fast, *did* tough things but *talked* well; bought cheap through his good name, but when he sold he'd also *sell*. The zenith of his power was reached; his name became so good, it went alone—a precious thing—a solid thing—of wood; yet taken at the price of gold, good gold and pure it bought. If all had known as much as we it didn't hadn't ought.

MISFIT.

So B. who was the Banker brave, and always wished to be, got introduced to this merchant prince, and suited to a T. For this one name of precious worth could soon absorb his gold, and blinded by the high Bank rate he little thought 'twas sold. So B. and T. grew like two buds upon a hideous flower, rooted in slimiest kind of earth inhaling fetid air; "Two souls with but one single thought, two hearts that beat as one," both panted, struggled, yearned and longed, only for "number one." Such buds, full blossomed, bore their fruit, which ripened, though first "green;" till their real life of selfishness at length was plainly seen. Their bubble burst, and they "burst" too, and "went up" pretty high; the cold world said "It served them right for they had *lived* a lie."

The Bonus Birds.

I heard the scream of eagles great resounding through the air.
With rapid wing they sailed along toward a quarry fair,
Which bound and helpless on the shore of broad Ontario lay,
Where isthmus held and island holds the deep Toronto bay.

Full deeply still their mangling claws the helpless creatures tore,
Still bore they gobbets great away, and still returned for more,
And paler still and fainter yet the weakening victim grew,
While in increasing numbers still its foes assault renew.

"And what be these?" I asked of him, the Genius by my side,
Who me an allegory taught o'er plain and desert wide,
"The carcass is a city large," he said, "which standeth where
Thine eye can see but empty bay and grassy hillock fair.

"The eagles those who strive to tax, for railways needed not,
The humble people of the town, and seize what they have got.
Wherefore continually their cry is borne upon the air.
That what remaineth yet to them the cormorants will spare.

"But never yet did pity win of Avarice the ear,
Which never can but ledger see, but clink of money hear.
And note the change, my son, man once attacked his fellow man
With robber's pistol; civilized, he takes a bonus plan.

"Oh, would that from some cave like that near old Astorga's wall
Where GIL with robbers lived, escaped and told what did befall,
Some honest chap who had among some bonus-grabbers fell,
Should break him loose, and to the world their machinations tell.

"Or if the rogues would but fall out, though to the present day
They have by far too cunning been to act in such a way,
What stories would come out in court before our jurymen,
When grabbers would their *modus* make all open there and then.

"When one might tell in evidence, while judge and counsel stared,
"We had no cash, and wished to have, from those who better fared,
So advocated straight a line of railway which we planned,
Each bonus to manipulate—an operation grand."

"The knavish bonus blade besides a double way doth cut,
Till railway enterprise is in one category put.
And honest lines and bogus ones are treated just the same,
And all distrusted just as one great bonus-grabbing game."



“THE LONE FISHERMAN.”
JONATHAN—I’VE PAID YEW FOR THE PRIVILEGE OF FISHTHIN’ IN THESE WATERS, NOW GIVE US A BAIT!
JOHN BULL—WY, BLESS YOUR H’EYES, JONATHAN, BAIT IS A QUESTION BY H’ITSELF!!

The Coming Reciprocity.

SCENE.—A river. Enter on one side BRITANNIA. To her, on opposite side, COLUMBIA.

BRITANNIA.—My daughter dear,
Who once did spurn from out thy open door,
With action most unfilial and unkind,
Thy great progenitress, say, hast thou learned
That conduct to regret?

COLUMBIA.—Not I, I guess,
It did yew good; and that there chap of yourn,
That GLADSTONE, jest the smartest coon yew hev,
He reckons how it did.

BRITANNIA.—I do not wish
That any but an enemy of mine
Such benefits receive. But I would ask,
What can we do with my good stripling son,
Young CANADA, who borders on your line,
And now too wise does grow?

COLUMBIA.—Wa'al, wa'al, I say,
The critter isn't anything ter me.
Or I'd jest like ter see him perkin' up,
The way he's doin' now. I tell yew what,
The little coon's begun ter calculate
That this here runnin' in of goods from yew
And me, hez kept him jest the dwarf he is.
Now, by Jerusalem, and also Snakes,
The little feller's right.

BRITANNIA.—I do not contradict; but if you please,
How will it suit our book? The fellow buys
Of you, of me, a many millions worth
Of dollars every year. Pray, shall he get
The profit or shall we? If once he make
The stuff he buys from us, he rich may grow,
But we the business lucrative shall lose.
How does your pocket feel?

COLUMBIA.—Old lady, now
I tell yew as I told yew once afore,
The youngster's none o' mine. Chalk out yer plan,
Show how to make him let the notions in,
And I shall freeze to yew

BRITANNIA.—The way is this,
He reciprocity with you docs ask,
And we shall give it him.

COLUMBIA.—Not if I know
Myself. And I have yet ter understand
That I the knowledge lack.

BRITANNIA.—Girl, listen to
Your mother while she talks. A treaty shall
Be executed, but by you and me,
As others were before. As we before
Did have the ruling principal, we shall
Now have it yet again. The upshot see
Beneath the name of Reciprocity,
He shall receive Free Trade with you and me.

COLUMBIA.—Marm,
Those fellers that remarked that yew had got
Your eyeteeth yet to cut, deserve to get
No end of takin' down. Yeur idee, now,
Is real superfine. I swan it is.
And since the little sneakin' crossgrained cuss
Won't come annex with me, jest let him catch
His clam soup pretty hot. We'll make the cash;
Who keers for CANADY? He go ter smash.

The Tax Exemptions.

GRIP was angry, and he commanded that they should bring before him a ruler, a priest, and a landed proprietor. In other words, he addressed a civil note to the Hon. Mr. BLANK, the comfortable denizen of a Government mansion, the Rev. Mr. BLANKER, the happy resident in a pleasant manse; and the respectable Mr. BLANKEST, who has the happiness to possess several charming city residences. These gentlemen, it need not be said, came severally, collectively, and immediately. GRIP's tallest footman (known publicly by his gorgeous livery of Naples velvet, got up at immense expense in exact imitation of a seedy and ink-smear'd suit)—brought up all their cards at once on the same salver—solid old, by the way, and weighing twenty pounds. "Kin they come in?" enquired the menial, in an attitude of reverence, mixed with awe, tempered with confidence, and containing a large proportion of wonder.

"Yes," said GRIP. "And," he added, with that keen perspicuity given but to one, and that unique originality of remark not bestowed on two—(glancing at his splendid carpet—a field of silken grass, heavily diamonded for dew)—"make them wipe their shoes."

The slave took the message. The Honourable, The Reverend, and The Respectable all wore rubbers. These they deposited in the hall solemnly, as pilgrims leave their slippers at the entrance of a mosque, and followed their guide into the drawing-room, which, it may be casually and succinctly remarked, presents a mass of amethyst, amber, cornelian, carved oak, elaborately worked cedar, Valenciennes lace, seed pearls, cloth of silver, ebony, ivory, marble, stucco, inlaid, overlaid, and arabesqued work, hangings of richest fabric, and most gorgeous hues, fountains, ottoes of roses, and other personal property and chattels.

"Be seated," said GRIP. "I have sent for you—"
"On important public business, doubtless," interjected the Honourable, in a timidly pompous manner. "If it were possible—if I might hope—that your powerful periodical is, at this trying moment—no, not trying; of course we shall retain our majority—but at this moment, is about to offer its assistance to the Government,—I need not say—any terms—no difficulty—arrange at once—"

"It is not that," said GRIP.
"Or it," said the Reverend, in tones most agreeably soft, mellow, persuasive, confiding, considerate, yet dignified, humble, yet with a touch of magnificence, "if ghostly assistance—if religious advice—if my poor help be sought—if compunction for satirical sallies wantonly directed against sacred objects—if such have been—I notice not—but anything I can with utmost zeal—"

"It is not that," said GRIP.
"Ah," said the Respectable, "if it's any slight pecuniary fix, say the word. Merely on personal security—any amount—advance it at once—too happy—"

"It is not that," said GRIP.
The three visitors looked blank. GRIP looked point-blank. "It is this," said he. "Are you aware that many very excellent but poor people are reduced to very great straits to pay their taxes this year?"

"It has been brought to my notice," said the Honourable.
"It has pleased the Omnipotent," said the Reverend.
"Oh, yes, they ask me," said the Respectable, "but—"
"What would you call a fellow who would steal the little sum they were saving up to pay 'em with?" asked GRIP.

"Contemptible fellow," said the Honourable.
"Give over to Satan," said the Reverend.
"Should be sent to gaol," said the Respectable.
"If he were rich?" said GRIP.
"Worse still," said the Honourable.
"An aggravation of the original sin," said the Reverend.
"No excuse for him," said the Respectable.
"And educated?" asked GRIP.
"A monster of iniquity," said the Honourable.
"A brand devoted to burning," said the Reverend.
"Penitentiary for ten years," said the Respectable.
"If he were YOU!" said GRIP, his brow only refraining from flashing indignant lightnings on account of the steel grates, and himself now pointing at the three visitors in a peculiarly terrifying manner. The visitors felt that they were culprits. The culprits knew they were condemned. The condemned waited for their sentence. They got it.

"When you," said GRIP, (in a manner which may be shortly described as that of BLAKE Pacific Scandalizing Sir JOHN, multiplied in power by sixteen millions)—when you—or you—or you—take refuge under exemption laws from paying your quota of taxation according to your means, you rob all those poor people who are compelled to pay their quota according to theirs. Your salary, honourable sir; your benefice, reverend friend; your revenue, sir—have been swelled by this—the robbery of the poor—not the less robbery that it was legal robbery—for though you knew it legal, you well knew it unjust. At the compelled expense of these poor people, for many years, you have had lights, water, drains, police, pavements, railways. You have lived in security and ease by the enforced earnings of others, taken violently from them for your benefit. What have you to say for yourselves?"

The Honourable, the Reverend, the Respectable had nothing to say. They shrunk into their chairs, and but that the Turkey leather was stout, might have hidden themselves in the stuffed backs. They felt like calling the big looking glasses to fall on them. But GRIP said:

"Door!"
The menial opened it. The Honourable, the Reverend, and the Respectable rushed out, their knees knocking together in their fear and themselves knocking together in the passage. They went home. They have been for three days calculating of how much their past exemptions have robbed the poor citizens, and they are determined to bestow the amount on the city hospital, and to accept of no such dishonest pieces of silver from this time henceforth, following the glorious example of that Magnificent Sovereign whose flag has braved, &c., and who has long refused all exemptions—no doubt incited thereto by some suggestion of GRIP. But for him, where should we be—where? And Echo, volleying in thunder through the Interminable Caverns of the Immutabile Past, sounding in music along the Silver Groove of the Irrepressible Future, answers, WHERE?

