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PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

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EDITOR'S NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach the Editor not later than Wednesday. Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to P. O. Box 958, Toronto, Ontario. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

CONTRIBUTIONS, when accepted, will, for the present, be paid for at the rate of Two Dollars per column. All articles for which payment is expected must be accompanied by the name and address of the author.

Vol. 3.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 31, 1874.

No. 23.



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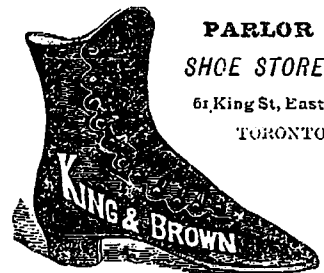
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**G R I P.**

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1874.

**Tompkins (with a P.)**

"ANOTHER RICHMOND IN THE FIELD."

To the Free and Independent Electors of some Vacant Constituency:

FELLOW CITIZENS.—Having been solicited at the dead hour of night by several dozen able-bodied voters, most of whom were relatives, to allow myself to be put in nomination as a candidate to represent your suffrages in the Dominion Parliament, I have after many heart-burnings, succumbed to the pressure of public opinion and am willing to be led like a lamb to the slaughter-house for a thousand dollars a session, free passes on the railroad, and the usual perquisites. I retain the privilege of having my washing done at home. Object—no money. At this momentous epoch in the country's history, when the grim phantom of corruption stalks broadcast o'er the earth in all its awful hideousness; when party vies with party in plunging our fair land from its pinnacle of fame to the abyss of infamy; when the sleuth-hounds of faction track with bloodthirsty intent the footsteps of the great and the good; when butter is thirty-eight cents a pound, and one vote before twelve o'clock is worth two after; when the voice of the mud turtle is stilled and even the Thomas cat refuses to chant his lullabies, then my patriotic soul is stirred to its centre, and girding on the armour of several generations of forefathers who have fought and bled at the polling booth, I stand forth as the people's better angel, and flap my wings and crow.

"But what is your platform?" the skeptic may ask.

**MY PLATFORM.**

I, TOMPKINS (with a P) am in favour of purity of elections. If we cannot have them pure let us have them mixed. It shall be my first duty to introduce upon the statute book an Act for the hanging and quartering of every man who takes a bribe—under twenty dollars—and the man who offers one shall be condemned to perpetual banishment as an emigration agent.

I am strongly in favour of the ballot, but unless the ballot is equally generous towards me I shall have it repealed.

Woman suffrage shall command the closest attention of my gigantic intellect. Every man shall be compelled to sew on his own buttons, iron his own shirts and sleep on the front side of the bed. Woman has played the scrf long enough. Married men must hereafter do their own wet-nursing and single men shall lay their hearts open to the bombardment of bald-headed spinsters, and their mouths to the "paroxysmal kisses" of sentimental school misses. If we must have Petticoat Government let it not be administered by old women.

The Senate must be abolished. Don't let me have to speak of this again? D'ye hear?

Reciprocity must be reciprocal. Commerce begets wealth. Wealth begets commerce. They both beget each other, and their offspring means \$2 on a hog and 25 cents on a turkey. I have this on high authority. Fisheries shall be weighed in the balance of sliding scales. The principles of the country shall be my interest. Principle is interest. Interest is principal. Canals are both principal and interest. *Vive la cannals.* All tolls and restrictions in alimentary canals shall be lightened. AJAX defied the lightning. The lightning shall defy AJAX. Bully for AJAX. Also the lightning.

I, TOMPKINS (with a P.) acknowledge no leader. EDWARD BROWN is a despot and a humbug, and I have lost all confidence in GEORGE BLAER. Sir JOHN MACKENZIE sold the Pacific Railway charter for filthy lucre and ALEXANDER MACDONALD hid RIEL in the Parliament Buildings and said his hands were clean. This may seem a little mixed, but is it not written in ineffaceable characters in the history of the country? Aye, in blood. Schedules B. and C. are emblazoned on the banners of the Canada First party and the milk of human kindness is half chalk, at seven cents a quart, paid on delivery.

The noble red man who sits content upon his hams in his weary wigwam, keeping the vigils of the night and chewing fine cut tobacco, must be raised from his Lo estate. The Press of Canada is clamouring for help. Let his scalping-knife and tomahawk leap from their what-you-may-call-'ems and strike for the rights of the thing-um bobs. Let us take the untutored squaw by the hand and teach her that a brass chain and a pair of moccasins do not constitute a becoming outfit for refined society or even a French Opera. The franchise must be extended. Equal rights to all men. Universal liberty.

Let home manufactures flourish. Give encouragement to domestic economy. I shall set aside a bonus for every boy baby. The honored name of TOMPKINS (with a P.) shall be handed down to posterity.

I am in favour of cremation. I never was cremated myself to any large extent, but I shall introduce a bill having for its object the instant cremation of all surviving members of Parliament. The political atmosphere must be purified. Tenders for coal for that purpose will be advertised for upon my entrance into Parliament. This is not a bid for support to a subsidized Press.

The honored name of TOMPKINS (with a P.) is the power behind the throne. When it pleases the subscriber to twist the tail of the mule, it kicks. When he desires it to wag its ears and smile, it wags 'em. The Government is not a mule. This is merely a metaphor. Dynasties rise and fall. TOMPKINS (with a P.) is the people's candidate—the poor man's friend.

The disgrace of the country must be blotted from the slate of existence with the sponge of oblivion. Canada is the slate. TOMPKINS is the sponge. Give him a hoist. Vote early and vote often.

These are my sentiments, gentlemen; the sentiments of an honest man. But, fellow electors, if they don't suit you they can be altered. I am open to conviction, especially if it comes in the shape of fat contracts. Anything to get into Parliament.

BALAM'S ass spake. TOMPKINS has spoken. Great minds run in the same channel. TOMPKINS is your's. Are you TOMPKINSES? Let one wild huzza—one joyous hosanna—proclaim from the ballot box "TOMPKINS is our's. Hurrah for TOMPKINS!"

I have the honour, to be, gentlemen and fellow electors, your most humble and expectant servant.

TOMPKINS (WITH A P.)

Toronto, 30th Oct., 1874.

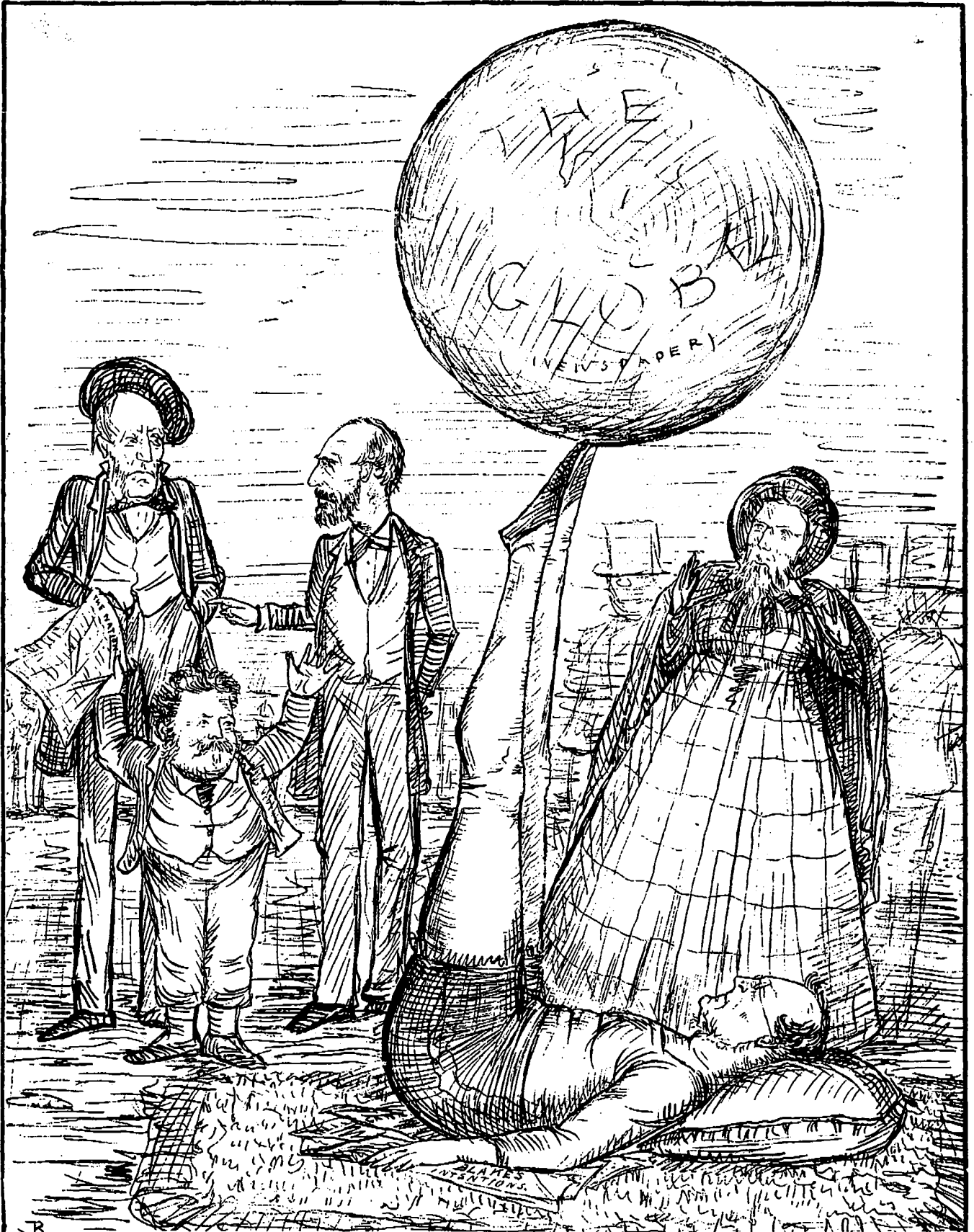
**Death Dealing Doggrel.**

In the Township of Smith there lives one of those evils of the sublimary state, a person who at sublimary intervals inflicts obituary verses upon a suffering public. He thinks he has a mission to jerk jingle upon all possible, and impossible, occasions; but nothing works him like an orthodox corpse. His muse is a ghoul, and his Pegasus a skeleton. He sometimes writes Addresses for St. Andrew's dinners in tortuous rhyme; but even then the reek of haggis and hot Scotch is mixed with the damp dews of sombre sepulchres—more constant than the coroner, unremitting as an undertaker, he worships the grim monster, and makes funerals his festival. Some delight in funerals because of their consonance with their gloomy natures, some like the music of the Dead March, some are fond of the black pall and plumes, others will always be seen where people congregate, whether it be at a grave, a church, a dance or a dog-fight, which there are not a few who take a peculiar pleasure in cultivating their solemn sympathies by indulging in all the accessories of a burial, till their lengthened faces and straining eyes proclaim them friends of every fatality. Even this singer of Smith is not alone in his peculiarities, for many communities are afflicted with one of those pests who will persist in fancying they were made to write "of worms and graves and epitaphs," and who try, unintentionally perhaps, yet not the less surely, to kill the living by their excruciating verses upon the dead, a sort of mortuary multiplication in which their subjects are continually doubling. Though the tribe is only too plentiful, it is not often we see the horror aided and abetted by the local press, as in Peterboro', where two of the papers last week published a lot of death doggrel sent them by this Smith slaughterer. He prefaces his effort by a note to the editor, in which he says:

Sir,—In your last issue you published a few verses composed upon the death of a neighbor's wife. It was at the earnest request of her husband that I wrote the few verses upon her death. I read them over to him the night before he died. I stated in those verses that her husband was in a feeble state of body at the time of her death. Now, Sir, as you and many of your readers, are aware, before those verses went to press her husband had closed his eyes in death.

What wonder that the unfortunate man died. He was in feeble health, had suffered a shock from the recent death of his wife, and then this last and greatest calamity fell upon him; he was forced to listen to what would endanger the health of the most robust. The consequence is seen, he was dead next day. Another person who hastened his end apparently glories in it, and publishes it to the world as a meritorious action, though even he acknowledges that his victim led an inoffensive life.

Can nothing be done, we ask, to put a stop to this kind of thing. Are peaceful and unoffending citizens to be thus ruthlessly cut off, and no questions asked? This evil has reached such proportions that we deem it right to call upon the Legislature to interfere in the interests of humanity and human life. Let this grinding of obituary doggrel be prohibited under a heavy penalty, the fines to be devoted to the maintenance of a hospital for the victims who are not killed outright, as in the sad case which we have mentioned. Or, if the plague can't be thus stopped, our legislators might devise some plan by which it can be put to the use of the state, for instance, by substituting it for hanging in the case of criminals. It would have more terrors than the gallows. Or better still make it a criminal offence, and sentence the offenders to hear each others verses read. Then all would die, and the country, delivered from their torturings, would be at peace, peace, peace. Oh! for such deliverance!



SIGNOR BLAKE IN HIS POPULAR ACT OF KEEPING THE "GLOBE" IN SUSPENSE.

## Croaks and Becks.

"THERE'S life in the old dog yet." The Chatham *Banner* proves its claim to rank as a "live paper" by the remark, "The fools are not all dead yet."

THE President of the Council, the big head among the Savoyards, has repudiated the idea of separation from France. The German Diet has an eye to Savoy; but it is only natural that it should desire to quietly vegetate, instead of being put into a ferment in the manufacture of *saur kraut*.

QUEBEC should build a few churches at once. At present it has Notre Dame cathedral.

IT IS not surprising that the foot-ball match between Ontario and Quebec should have resulted in a draw. The two Provinces have been kicking against each other for years, and we can't say that either of them can boast of any advantage yet. Let the game go on!

### Alexander the Great.

I sing of ALEXANDER, he  
Who, "thirty days or dollars three,"  
Vociferates in thunder tones,  
In Court street, when the "drunk" bemoans  
The fate that led his wayward feet  
Across some burly "BOURNE'S" beat,  
Just at a moment dire to him,  
When right against the guardian grim  
He stumbled, and was collared fast,  
And into durance vile was cast.  
The thief may wander up and down,  
And ply his trade throughout the town,  
May boldly prig, nor "douse his glim,"  
Policemen have no eyes for him;  
The burglar may the safe invade,  
Or on a stock of laces raid,  
May use his "jimmy" left or right  
Nor fear the guardian of the night;  
A fight may rage beneath his nose  
The "peeler" never heads the blows;  
His valor in discretion lies,  
His ear is deaf to "murder" cries;  
But woe betide the luckless wight,  
Who, reeling homeward on the tight,  
His notice draws: How bravely then  
He wields his club, and to the pen  
He drags his victim, with a zest  
For glory, thro' that bold arrest.  
But 'tis of ALEC. I would speak,  
Whom scoffers designate "the Beak,"  
He who doth bummers daily fine,  
Or place in jail, for drinking wine  
Or spirits, bought, we know full well,  
From those who licensed are to sell  
The stuff pernicious, which to hell  
Consigns its victims sure and fast,  
And robs them of their souls at last.  
This ALEC. knows, and often will  
The wretch's sentence leaping fill  
With words of warning 'gainst the sin  
The libulist has fallen in,  
Till one would think that ALEC. no'er  
Would lend his ample Christian ear  
To any plea to multiply  
The shops for sale of ancient rye.  
Alas! the weakness of the flesh!  
While yet the recollection fresh  
Upon his dough-like mind did dwell,  
Of promise made, both plain and well,  
That not another license should  
Be granted, either bad or good,  
To any, for the further sale  
Of either spirits, wine or ale,  
Within Toronto's utmost bound,—  
May I be planted 'neath the ground  
If this same ALEC., undeterred,  
Did not go back upon his word,  
With his two colleagues, craven tools,  
A trio whom grim Mammon rules;  
Police Commissioners! good lack!  
That with this false and recreant pack  
Disgrace should on a city fair  
Come down, and laughter shake the air  
That such men high positions fill;  
This, *certainly*, is a bitter pill.  
One Mayor, one Judge, one Magistrate,  
Fit each to be the other's mate;

All three, alike, with broken pledge,  
May now sit "on the ragged edge"  
And study well the simple tale  
Of him who tried without avail  
To everybody please, alas!  
And lost his marketable ass.  
But their's a different case presents,  
For when they look, to all intents,  
Each finds the ass is just himself,  
Unsaleable for love or pelf;  
For who would love a servile slave,  
Or buy th' influence of a knave.  
Of ALEXANDER, called the Great,  
(Ironically, let me state,  
I would express a final hope,  
Then he may go to stretch a rope.  
'Tis this: that henceforth he will see,  
As long as he "the Beak" may be,  
The feeble folly, rot and rant,  
Not to say hypocritic cant,  
Of mixing that Police Court stench  
With temp'rance lectures from the Bench.



THE ONLY POWER BEHIND THE THRONE.

### Persistent Proof.

THE *Nation* is not satisfied with the present system of political representation, and continues to cry out against it in truly grandiloquent style; but studiously fails to offer any suggestions as to how a change for the better is practicable. This "leather and prunella" discussion is easily summed up in its own bombastic utterance, that "the attack will prove too much for the defence." That's just where the folly is apparent; "the attack will prove too much for the defence." If the *Nation* takes our advice, it will at once cease making a fool of itself; and if it chooses to denounce the present system of political misrepresentation, it may yet gain credit for some sense, and earn the thanks of the people.

### Infanticide.

OUR contemporary, the *Nation*, says it "seeks to control the aspirations of a rising generation." Now, that's something like what "ole PHARAOH" tried about the time MOSES was born; and HEROD also went in for that kind of thing at Bethlehem. This "controlling of aspirations" is a bad business; and we plead that the *Nation* shall confine its Thuggish propensities to its own "brat," which act would not be much of a crime, as the weakling is a *lusus nature*, and will die soon in any case.

MR. GUS THOMAS is doing a patriotic work. "It is the aspirations of a rising generation which he seeks to control, the future of a nation for which he wishes to prepare." He has emblazoned in beautiful saponaceous letters on a mirror in his Bar: "Canada First cock-tails." He believes "neither in Judaic exclusiveness, nor in attic antoektho-nism; the only stipulation imposed, the only entrance fee that is required"—is five cents.

N. B.—Gus assures us that his "Canada First cock-tails" are manufactured by native artists from pure Canadian rye.

QUERY.—Can a man with very small calves to his legs run with as much veal-ocity as he who has large ones?

### Form for a Dunning Note.

"Want, like an armed man shall rush,  
The hoary head of age to crush."—*Scripture Paraphrase.*

DEAR SIR,—Please arrest the course of this adversary by cheque payable to bearer.

Yours, &c.,

HOARY HEAD.

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