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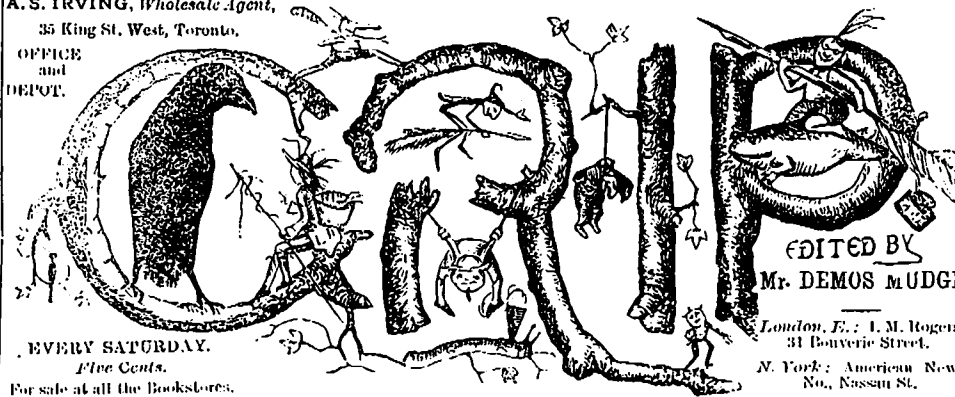
TORONTO, AUGUST 8, 1874.

No. 11.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

Original contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current Nos. 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.



EDITED BY
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The Publishers of “GRIP” have great pleasure in announcing the first number of the third (half-yearly) volume. “GRIP” was started on the 24th May, 1873, and has, during the twelve months of its existence, attained a popularity and success quite unexampled in the annals of Canadian Comic Journalism. That it has become a power in the land is attested by the universal voice of the press, and the not unfrequent tributes to its influence uttered upon the floor of the House of Commons, or in other public places, by the most prominent men of all political parties. Its Cartoons have been distinguished for originality, power, and humour, and have made the name of “GRIP” a household word throughout the length and breadth of the land. The willingness of the people of Canada to support a publication of this class, if conducted honourably and ably, is beyond question. The large circulation which “GRIP” has had from its initial number up to the present, notwithstanding that but little effort has been made to obtain subscribers, is an evidence of this. The publishers purposely refrained from sending out canvassers up to the present time, as they desired to prove that “GRIP”—unlike its many predecessors—would be a permanent institution. The uniform interest manifested by the public in each succeeding number, and the undiminished applause with which the caricatures continue to be received, argue that, so far as the people are concerned, this permanency is assured; while the publishers have confidence that with the improvement they purpose making in the paper, and their increased facilities for its prompt and regular delivery to subscribers, there need be no abatement in “GRIP’s” popularity. The leading Cartoon will be carefully engraved by one of the best artists in the Dominion; and will be supplemented by several smaller caricatures in each number. The editorial management has been entrusted to a gentleman whose past performances in connection with a clever satirical journal of Canada are a guarantee of his fitness for the position. Contributors will be paid liberally for articles of merit, and writers of first-rate ability will hereafter be secured to furnish the literary department. “GRIP” will continue to occupy a position of complete independence in politics and all other matters; he will strive to sustain the reputation he has achieved as “the fearless corrector of public morals, and a wise director of public opinion, regardless of party.”

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EDITED BY MR. DEMOS MUDGE.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1874.

Grip's Reviewer.

THE writer of *Current Events* usually reminds us of an elephant on a tight rope. He steps very cautiously straight before him on the line of impartiality, taking the utmost care not to go off into Toryland on the one side, or Gritland on the other. When he reaches the end of his rope, and his monthly posturing is over, we can fancy him coming down from his height, with the aid of a tub, and complacently waiting for applause. It must be confessed that, as a rule, his performance is strictly impartial—he decides the questions of the day with the calm gravity of "Chief Baron EAR," when "between Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose," and his decisions are generally as profound. Writers of his calibre practice the sneer of the *Saturday Review* with about the success achieved by those dyspeptic youths who imitate—over rolling collar and loosely flowing necktie—the "Lara" scowl of BYRON. The daily press, puzzled by the phenomenon of a Canadian Farmer, and too busy for the critical judgment which cannot be misled by pomposity, has been deluded into accepting him at his own valuation.

We have hitherto accorded to the writer of *Current Events* the meed of respect which is due to a dull fellow who has judgment enough to resist his natural tendency to become a silly fellow. But even this qualified approval is impossible for his lucubrations in the August number of the *Monthly*.

In his opening paragraph concerning Dominion Day, after some cloquence about "united nation," "maple leaves," and "the wreath on the national flag," we are informed that

"If our own efforts do not relax, if our character as a community remains sound, if our institutions can be preserved from faction, demagogism, and corruption, if we are true to each other and to our country, we may look forward with cheerful confidence to the future."

As "prave 'ords," we say, "as you shall see on a summer's day," but after the premises have been stated, the conclusion is rather obvious—as much so as if one should say, "if a small literary man is given full swing, and thinks himself safe from ridicule, his lucubrations will resemble those of second childhood."

His remarks on foreign affairs have been adapted, in nearly equal proportions, from the *Pall Mall Gazette*, *Watchman*, *Saturday Review*, and *Punch*, and are about as fresh and lively as champagne which has been uncorked for a week.

Many people might, however, have been deceived by the gravity with which the lion's skin is worn by the writer, had not his voice betrayed him in his remarks upon MACAULAY. We are told with an air of infinite wisdom "that minds who are so cock sure (as MACAULAY'S) are seldom very deep." TRACKERAY, a man not to be deceived by pretention, said, when he observed MACAULAY in an audience to which he was about to lecture on *Society in Queen Anne's reign*,—"I will give ten pounds to any one who will get MACAULAY out of the house," and afterward remarked, "I felt like a fellow with sixpence in his pocket in the banking house of the BARING'S."

TRACKERAY was probably as well acquainted with the gossip of ANNE'S reign as any man in England, but he knew and feared the universal knowledge of MACAULAY.

What would the author of the paper on "Literary Snobs" have said to contemptuous criticism of MACAULAY, by a writer whose claim to celebrity is founded on a series of rambling articles in a Toronto magazine. This is hardly the place to discuss questions of fact, but we will venture to say that no man who has brought to the perusal of MACAULAY—his essays or history—a competent understanding, ever did or could suppose that he represents the Government of CROMWELL as a "Government of Musketeers and Pikemen," or speaks of "modern standing armies" as the writer of *Current Events* asserts.

Twenty years ago it was the fashion with literary hacks to speak of MACAULAY as "shallow and brilliant," a cry joined in by no man of greater eminence than CROCKER of the *Quarterly*. Till our eyes rested upon the words in the August *Monthly*, we have not seen the old cry for some years. This shallow and brilliant fiction is perpetuated only by reviewers who are deceived by their own dullness into a belief in their own depth. It is a good thing such persons should exist, and write, and find publishers. Any one whose taste has been cloyed with literary delicacies, can take a meal of the hash they prepare, and after some nausea and refreshing sloop, rise with a renewed appetite for good things.

The other original articles as well as the selections in the *Monthly* are this time unusually interesting, and the number is a very good one.

We cannot refrain from expressing our delight with the airy, delicate lines "My Old Pet Name," which have the peculiar music and something of the tender longing which distinguish the sweet verses scattered through the Norwegian stories of BJORNSTJERNE BJORNSSON.

Agricultural College Lecture Course.

PROF. ARCHIBALD'S DISCOURSES ON FARMING.

YOUNG GENTLEMEN,—Since I last spoke to you, I find that the Tory press are as usual endeavouring to make capital out of it. The *Mail* has a lot of absurd directions evidently extracted from American papers, and quite inapplicable to Canada, and in many cases grossly inaccurate. They, however, somewhat neutralised their effect by inserting some of my own remarks on one occasion.

A correspondent, whose education has apparently been neglected, wrote to me lately from Lower Canada to ask whether, in my opinion, the Wheeler & Wilson, the Howe, or the Raymond sowing machine was best for mangel wurzel. I recommended the latter, but was afterwards told that a turnip-cutter would do better, which upon experiment I found to be the case.

I hope most of you are by this time nearly through with your harvests. The next thing is to sell your produce for what it will fetch, and anything more you can get. This is probably the most important portion of the farmer's yearly labors. When you have done this it is as well to rejoice and go squirrel and partridge hunting. Some toilsome idiots begin ploughing again as soon as the crops are off the ground, but this doesn't give the natural productions of the soil a fair chance, beside being an excessive labor at a hot season of the year. Rather sit under your vines and fig-trees (if you have not the latter, apples or pears would do as well) and await in confidence the dropping of the ripened fruit into your extended jaws.

We lately offered a prize for the best means of disposing of skunks. Numberless plans were suggested, but a man came along who showed us the gold medal of an agricultural association, given for the same thing. He refused to disclose his plan till the committee had experimented on the various methods suggested. The consequence of this was that half the pupils on the Model Farm were reduced to the condition of *sans-culottes*, and the town of Guelph became nearly uninhabitable. Then we sought that man in despair, and gave him a large sum for a sealed envelope containing the secret. This is it, and I cordially recommend it:

"The best thing to do with a skunk is to leave him alone."

Some persons devote far too much time to the cultivation of perishable and unprofitable fruits. What a melancholy state of things it is to see huge patches of water-melons overspreading the garden.

I am sick of hearing the nonsense people talk about dairies. To hear some you would think they were intended as cool summer retreats. Think how many poor women catch their deaths from cold in scrubbing out these places, and in the absurd and incessant washing of milk-pans and pails which some advocate. If the milk is a little sour, it doesn't spoil your tea, and the butter is none the worse. And if you haven't got to live in the dairy it doesn't matter what it smells like. Some idiots object even to giving cows turnips and the like. If they can't eat butter that tastes of turnips and things, they don't deserve any at all.

This brings me to the way of living on a farm. If you can't subsist on pork, panekakes, and maple syrup, with unsweetened tea at three meals a day, you had better not turn farmers. There may be plenty of other things at hand to eat, good enough in their way, but what is the good of cooking them. I have known Englishmen and Frenchmen to eat calves' heads, pig's livers, and all kinds of similar nastiness, but no true Canadian farmer will ever disgrace himself in this manner, even if he does not keep a dog.

Some day or other I will write a large book on my favorite subject, but I await with confidence the result of the hints I have here thrown out as a preliminary course of instruction.

The Canadian Club.

NO. I.

SCENE.—The Reading-room of the Club. GEORGE BROWN in the bay-window overlooking King street, reading the last issue of the "Mail" and scowling horribly, his feet on window-sill. MUDGE at table in interior.

BROWN (log.)—What do you think of the *Mail's* article on SMITH, Mr. MUDGE?

MUDGE—I think it a blackguard article—as bad as any of your own on SANGSTER.

BROWN—What, sir? This to my face?

MUDGE—Sit down and keep cool. You really should try to curb your temper—one of these days you will burst a blood-vessel. I say again, the *Globe's* articles on SANGSTER were blackguard articles. You were no more justified in dragging SANGSTER's private life before the public than the noodle of the *Mail* is in his attempt to blacken SMITH's character for teaching the doctrine of MALTHUS.

BROWN—You don't mean to justify SANGSTER?

MUDGE—I express no opinion as to his guilt. It is simply no concern of mine. Every man's domestic affairs should be sacred from the pen of the journalist.

BROWN—As a rule, I agree with you. But this case was a peculiarly flagrant violation of law and morality. SANGSTER's example might have produced incalculable evil.

MUDGE—As to the legal question, I fancy SANGSTER is safe. As to the cry of immorality, we both know that is mere clap-trap, designed to influence the Sabbatarian section of the community. The evil wrought by his example would have been infinitely less had you not published that example.

BROWN—You are totally wrong and grossly immoral in your assertions. At any rate, my line of attack was a strong one. You will not pretend that he is as fitted for the position as GOLDWIN SMITH?

MUDGE—Of course SANGSTER's experience qualifies him in a certain way. But SMITH is a man of a different intellectual grade. His candidature honors the country. It is much to be regretted that you have damaged his chances for election. Had you argued for him solely on the grounds of fitness he would have been elected—as it is we lose him.

BROWN—I hope and believe not. At all events I have fixed an indelible stigma on his opponent, which will deprive him of all influence.

MUDGE—In the opinion of Grits, old women, and puritans. But there is much sympathy for him—not with his actions, but on account of the *Globe's* abuse. He has been treated as a mastiff treats a rat. One may not, ordinarily, have feelings of particular regard for the rat,

[Enter a celebrated Irish Barrister.]

But when one hears his bones crunching, one pities him.

THE CELEBRATED IRISH BARRISTER—Is it of rats yez are spakin? There'll be a demand for them now, faith. The members of the Junior Gun Club are intendin to erect a rat pit on their premises.

MUDGE—Gammon;—some one has been crumming you. Those humane young gentlemen confine themselves to bird shooting. They discountenance cruelty.

CELEBRATED IRISH BARRISTER—Cruelty? The devil a cruelty in rattin! It's the houghth of good diversion for the terrier, illigant occupation for the sportsman, and, for all I know, plazin to the rats. Be the powers, its hot! The devil a pore in me, but's cryin out for liquid. Have yez o're an Irish shillin about yez, brown?

BROWN (rising)—I must go. How, in the name of all that's great, can you, MUDGE—editor of the most influential paper in the country—listen to talk about rats? Good afternoon.

MUDGE—Bye-bye, old fellow. Waiter, two cobblers.

BROWN—I think I'll stay, after all.

MUDGE—Waiter! three cobblers—one with an extra dash of brandy.

BROWN (after a long pull at his straw)—If the Americans do decidedly excel other people in anything, it is in making drinks.

CELEBRATED IRISH BARRISTER—And bargains!

MUDGE—Come, come! don't hit JOHN A. when he's down. You should have more magnanimity.

[Exit BROWN, winking.]

CELEBRATED IRISH BARRISTER—I never thought till the word was out of me. The devil may seize me but I agree with MISTHUR BROWN that this is a nate composition of chemicals. Av old McNABB had the late experience of the seductive delights of this illigant compound the devil a many leethirs he'd be readin' me unfortunate clients on the evils of drunkenness. Yer sowl! but me temperathur is fallin' like a thermometer, and the inside of me is as cool as an ice-house—and yet there's an insinuation of strength about it that's mighty composin' to the inthralls. Waiter, will yez give me the resate.

WAITER—Receipt, sir—yes, sir—pleasure, sir. The amount is four-fifty, sir—had the receipt ready in my pocket the last two months.

CELEBRATED IRISH BARRISTER—What is that yer blatherin' about? Is it a thriffin' account, contracted in a moment of forgetfulness, that y'd be presentin' me wid, in the prinsence of company, at a gentleman's club? Avouch, ye rascal.

[Exit WAITER.]

MUDGE—You should keep things of that sort strait, old boy. Your authorship of the *Current Events* is more than suspected—it will be believed that the *Monthly* does not pay with the liberality your articles merit, and thus you will bring the magazine into contempt.

CELEBRATED IRISH BARRISTER—Bless you—if the other writers in it haven't done that yet—it's little fear there is of my conduct burtin'

it. The devil a hair I care, anyway. I'm thinkin' of going over to the *Nation* on account of "Home Rule" proclivities. If it wasn't for personal friendship to ADAM I'd do it—but it 'ud be the death of the magazine.

MUDGE—It is sometime since you sent "GRIP" anything.

CELEBRATED IRISH BARRISTER—You spalpeen—you've nivir paid for my previous contributions; but I have a few verses in me pocket which only need a little polishin' to be fit for you. Here they are; I'll just hum them to you.

MUDGE—Draw it mild, then.

CELEBRATED IRISH BARRISTER—(Hums in a low tone.) Ah—"Ted Doolan's Daughter."

WORDS BY ONE OF MY CLIENTS AT THE P. C.

THEY may prache as they plaze, may the timprance min,
Of the unclean thing called whiskey,
But what's a man to resort to, thin,
If he wants to get slightly frisky?

Chorus.—Away to ould scratch with solemn cant
About the evils of liquor,
When I hear the Timplers' blather and rant,
Faix, I empty the noggin quicker.

Oh, Water they say's the most natural drink,
Besides bein' economic;
At the very idea me inthralls sink
In a way that's mighty comic.

Chorus.—Away to ould scratch, &c.

The first, last and only time in me days
That I ever was unwell, haly,
Was when I signed the pledge, av you plaze,
And kept it a week, gintaly.

Chorus.—Away to ould scratch, &c.

The stingy ould min, and the weak headed boys
That blather for prohibition,
Don't know the delight a man enjoys,
In the pretty well corned condition.

Chorus.—Away to ould scratch, &c.

CELEBRATED IRISH BARRISTER—What do you think of that?

MUDGE—It's a neat thing but rather too bacchanalian for us. That sort of thing is unsuited to the age. If it gets into print the Temperance Societies will parody the words and take possession of the air on the principle that "the devil should not have all the good tunes."

(CELEBRATED IRISH BARRISTER—I defy them and all the powers of darkness to set that air to teetotal sentiments.

MUDGE—Pooh! I could do it myself in five minutes. Our parody-ist could do it off hand. I saw a temperance adaptation of "*Scots wha hae*" the other day. It began:

"Sots' wha hae to whiskey fled;
Sots! whan gin has often led,
Welcome to an aching head;
Drink and misery!"

CELEBRATED IRISH BARRISTER—The man who perpetrated such an offence should be dosed to death with tepid wather and haunted for the remainder of his life by the ghost of BRUNS.

MUDGE—There was an indignation meeting in Glengarry about it, and some very strong resolutions even passed—this is the first one:

"Thudh air searlidehd usquebae ceuhachd orruighe," which means "he deserves never to know the taste of usquebaugh."

CELEBRATED IRISH BARRISTER—And an extremely sensible resolution too, unthor the circumstances. What's the time of day?—five o'clock! I have to consult with BLAKE, MOWAT, MOSS and DOYLE on the biggest case of the sayson. Good-day to ye.

MUDGE—Waiter bring me the *Leader*.—I want to get a snooze. Wake me for dinner when the soup is taken off. (Tries to read the *Leader* and falls gently asleep).

PERSONAL ITEM.—It has been ascertained that TOM COLLINS is no relation to the author of *The Woman in White*—notwithstanding his penchant for mystery.



“SAINT GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.”

Troubles of the Dog-Days.

Owing to the oppressively hot weather and the absence from town of the Editor, GUR is obliged to call in the aid of a friend to fill up this week's issue. That friend is *Mr. Pauch*, an old English gentleman almost as famous and clever as GUR himself. Anything like an apology, then, is quite unnecessary by way of preface to the following paragraphs:

MAXIMS AND OPINIONS OF LORD DUNDREARY.

(Collected from all his Works.)

It is very pleasant to get up at ten o'clock in the morning, and shave before noon. I suppose there are some people who are compelled to rise at eight, but I am sure I feel the most sovereign contempt for them.

There is one great disadvantage in keeping coal-mines. The constant bother of looking over accounts, and signing mortgages, exposes one to a thousand sources of *ennui*, for which no profits, however large, can be an adequate compensation.

How debased must be that man who would travel without his *batterie de cuisine*! But how much more depraved must be that creature who would eat his dinner without the crust on his plate!

The peasants in France kneel down in the churches on the stone-pavement. After this, who can wonder at the atrocities of the French revolution?

The man who would not make way for a Lord, or give up his bed to a Duke, deserves being transported; but the man who would present a bill to either is a fiend who would be capable of any atrocity, and for whom no punishment can be too severe.

I wonder how people can eat, or drink, or sleep in the German hotels. Everything is so bad, so filthy, and so high-priced, that it is a wonder to me how any one can exist a day under it. Will it be believed—they charged me at Vienna fourpence for a small cup of coffee? I told the landlord I should mention it in my book, and the impudent fellow actually laughed in my face!

If there is a man in existence equal to *Ronesierenne*, it is the English Ambassador at Constantinople. I left my card upon him, and he never invited me to dinner. No wonder the interests of England are so often sacrificed abroad!

The number of English who meet with on the Continent is positively annoying. They are to be met with everywhere—in the coaches, in the hotels, in the streets, in the churches and theatres—not a place, however common or beautiful, is sacred from their intrusion. I shall certainly make a motion next session in the House of Lords, that every Englishman be compelled to stop at home and mind his shop.

NICHOLAS is quite a superior man. He complimented me yesterday upon my polished boots.

I saw the sun rise once. Really it is not worth the trouble. I spoke at an election, too, once. I never intend to do either again.

THE WICKEDNESS OF WANT.

When we see ladies and gentlemen driving about in their vehicles, fine almost as the carriage of the sun—when we see them clothed in the richest and the best—when we know that they have their town palaces and their country palaces—when their sumptuous banquetings are trumpeted through the columns of the *Morning Post*—it is to us a matter of surprise and sorrow that none of the offenders are made to answer for their manifold transgressions against a multitude of their fellow-creatures. We cannot understand why they escape the police-court. And yet, we doubt not, so strong are the prejudices of the world, so deep its reverence for the majesty of wealth, that were any Christian champion to call upon them to answer for their misdoings, he, the aforesaid champion, would be speedily consigned to the inspection of a couple of doctors, preparatory to his committal to a mad-house. Imagine the Duke of *MANYSTARS* charged before Mr. *GREENWOOD* with superfluity. Imagine a summons issued against his Grace for that he has half-a-dozen carriages, whereas thousands of his fellow-men trudge bare-footed; that he has as many mansions, whereas thousands have not a roof to cover them; that he dines every day in the Apollo, while multitudes of his fellow-creatures never dine at all. Now, if Christianity be anything more than the *Tales of the Genii*,—such charges preferred against a rich man could not be considered so very preposterous. Surely they would not be so wide of its spirit as many most respectable church-goers might, at the first blush, believe. Their first astonishment a little subsided at the extravagance of the charge, and some time granted them to consult their Testaments, though they might still very strongly protest against the inconvenience of such charges to the rich and well-to-do, they could not, with any Christian face, condemn them as wholly subversive of the principles of the religion that, in comfortable pews, they once a week sacrifice to. "Charged and indicted for superfluity!" A man of monstrous wealth placed at the bar, to answer for his manifold possessions!

Well, we will allow that a man so indicted, would create much amazement—would attract to himself a world of sympathy. But we

contend that the spectacle of such an offender would, in the eyes of true Christianity, be less monstrous than that of a son of *ADAM* charged with destitution! It is not an indictable offence to possess two or three hundred feather beds, but it is a social wickedness—an affront put upon the possessors of even one pallet—for a man to make his couch of a door-step. A case in the *Cork Examiner*—commented upon by the *Times*, strongly illustrates this wickedness of want. One *JANE COFFEE* and *CORNELIUS CONNELL* were indicted, and tried before Mr. Justice *BURTON*, "as vagrants having no fixed residence or mode of living." Well, their very looks convicted them. The case presented no knotty points to the jury: the atrocity of their destitution—the infamy of their having nothing, spoke for itself—was too apparent in their haggard faces, in their "looped wretchedness." Whereupon the Judge directed them each to find sureties for their good behaviour within six months, to the amount of £5—that is, two sureties of 50s. each; telling them, moreover, that "if they did not, they would be transported for seven years!"

Thus, your half-naked, houseless *ADAM* is a felon, by the iniquity of his destitution. This is a beautiful world about us, teeming with plenty in its many forms, and the man who in this land of Promise has neither milk nor honey, is a varlet to be chastised for his nothingness. To be sure, if he visit the dairy of another—if he rob the bee-hives of his neighbor—he is equally indictable for the wickedness of his ways. A hard case this for the rugged *ADAM* of the fifteenth century. Chains and slavery if he have nothing, and if he steal from others who have too much—chains and slavery. It is a terrible truth, and strongly indicative of the inborn badness of want, that, let us search our statute-books centuries back, and we shall find poverty to have been always in the wrong. Man obtains virtue only with the goods of this world.

Nevertheless, when we read such cases as that of *JANE COFFEE* and *CORNELIUS CONNELL*—when we hear starving, hopeless indigence "charged" with destitution—we should like to find a companion for the felon: it would give us a curious pleasure to contrast at the bar a beggarly want with plethoric wealth; and having sworn in a jury—mind, a jury possessed with Christianity as prescribed by its Founder we should like, when the pauper culprit, the offender "charged with destitution," was disposed of—we should much like to hear the verdict on the criminal indicted for superfluity. It is, in faith, a startling picture to contemplate, a *Dives* on the treadmill; and yet, according to our faith, he is in a much worse predicament.

"Charged with destitution." Well, the Evil One—we are sure of it, from the horrid contradictions we sometimes see about us—has his Jest Book, and this is one of his bitterest pleasantries.

Societies for the Promotion of Social Harmony.

In colour blending it is a fact too well known to need more than stating that pigments, respectively blue and yellow, in combination produce the various shades of green required in the pictorial art. This also is an allegory, and we find that in combination the true blue and orange-tinted elements of humanity produce a lovely shade of green. But, on pursuing investigation further, it is perceived that this "compound" green is not the same as, though no more valuable than, a certain uncompound or "simple" emerald green, which is found in large quantities. In fact the two colours are antipathetic, and when brought in contact, unless great care be taken, they become highly explosive and dangerous to spectators, as well as partially destructive of themselves. The great pity is that when explosions do take place, the whole body of colour is not destroyed, but only the more inflammatory parts; and the chief ultimate result is only to increase the tendency to undesirable pyrotechnic displays.

There is to the unbelieving people of the present age a great joke in the spectacle of a compound green Society (which is supposed to be a religious society, and has its chaplain, and goes to church, and is sermonized to) in deadly enmity to a simple green Society (which is also supposed to be a religious Society, and has its ministers of religion, and likewise goes to church and is sermonized to). *Arcades ambo*, which, being interpreted, meaneth a brace of humbugs. Orange and blue melodies, emphasized by pistols and stone-throwing and profanity, harmless enough to all except its utterers, are supposed on one side to be excellent means of converting to the faith; and emerald green music, emphasized in very much the same way, is, on the other side, similarly thought to be an infallible corrective of heretic doctrine and practice. GUR could afford to laugh at the whole performance, so far as any practical effect is produced by this war of the Greens. His finely attuned ear is tortured alike by the execution of "Boyne Water" and of "St. Patrick's Day," and he cannot for the life of him see that the best mode of influencing a man's belief and reaching his heart is by insulting him in all that he is supposed to hold most dear. When party processions are finally put down, as they will, probably, some of these days, some less natural, but doubtless more effective mode may be discovered of securing the spread of true religion among the foreign factionists of Canada.

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