

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

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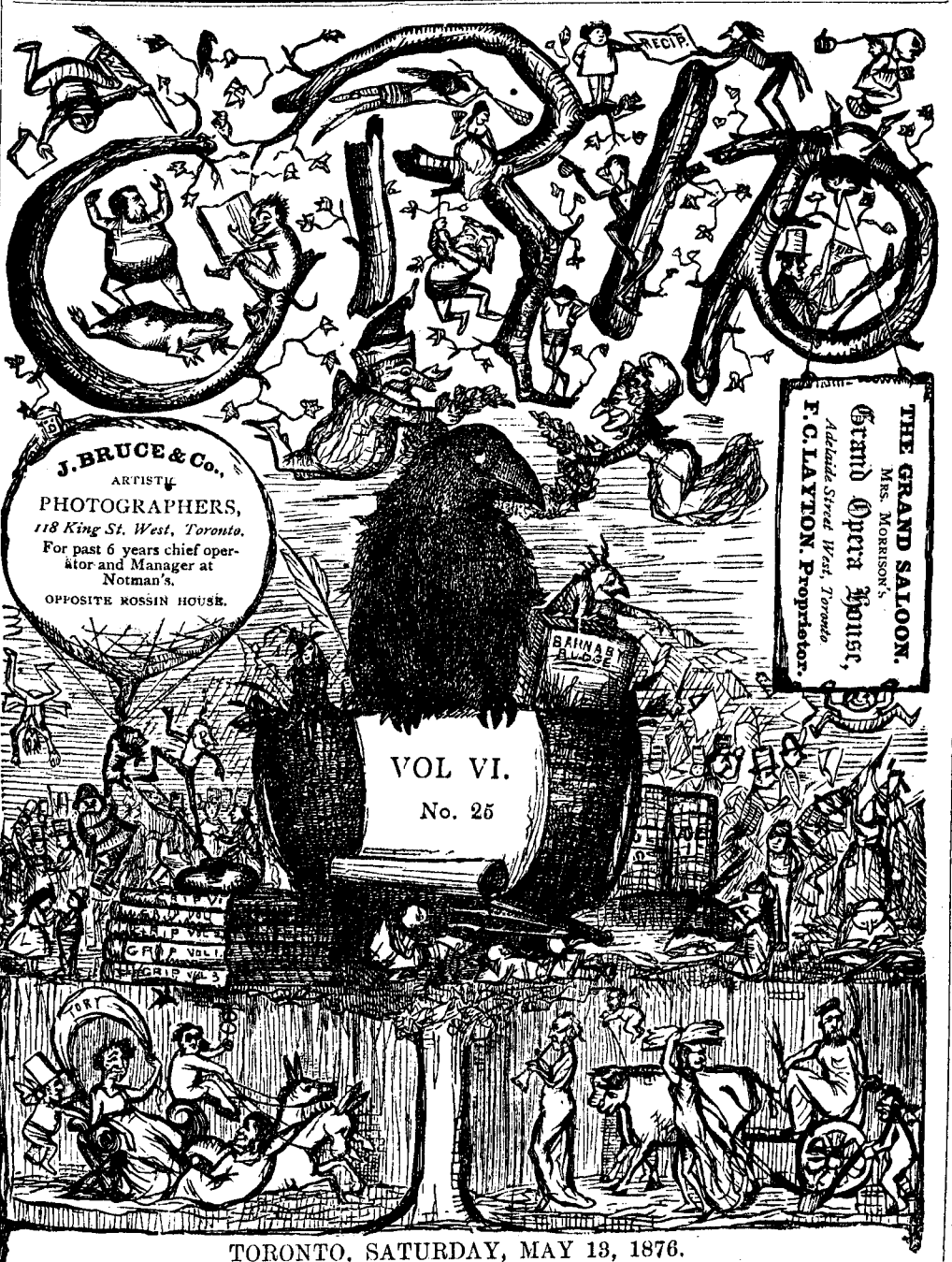
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EDITOR'S NOTE.

ORIGINAL Contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach GRIP office not later than Wednesday. Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, GRIP office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

RE-ISSUE OF GRIP CARTOONS

BOUND VOLUMES Are Now Ready. Coloured Cloth with Gilt Title, specially designed by J. W. Bengough. Price, Cloth Gilt centre, \$3.50. Full Gilt, 3.75. GEO. BENGOUGH, Manager "Grip." 20 Adelaide Street East.

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GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 13TH, 1876.

From Our Box.

THE GRAND.—The old, old story of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* has occupied the boards at this house during the present week. Like many other excellent stories, *Uncle Tom* does not dramatize with much effect. It is too diffuse, and has no well defined leading character, although certainly there are a few very touching scenes in it. The part of the faithful old darkey was played by Mr. SAMBROOK, who was not at all at home in the burnt cork, and only redeemed the rôle with his excellent singing. Mr. BEN G. ROGERS made a lively *Assumption Cate*, and Mr. GRISMER a good *George Harris*. The other characters were fairly rendered by the members of the company. We are all anxiously awaiting the appearance of EDWIN BOOTH.

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE.—*Black Crook* would be none the worse of a little judicious pruning, especially in the part of the fat man. This remark will apply both to the make up and lines of that character. The olio performance with which the play is interspersed is capital throughout, particularly the lightning drill and gymnastic exercises. Remember the matinee on Saturday afternoon. Mr. SOUTHERN the celebrated comedian appears in *Lord Dundreary* at this theatre shortly.

Mr. Mellen's Sermon.

The conflict between modern religious development and ancient religious prejudices is placing clergymen in a position of greater public interest than personal comfort. They are, in a certain sense, the buffers between the cars of progress and those of obstruction; and are now preaching excellent sermons on the manner in which their fellows bear their squeezings.

Here, for instance, are the best things Mr. MELLEN said concerning Mr. MACDONNELL, with some better things he forgot to say:—

"Religion, when most true, is then most free.
Religion, freest, will most truthful be.
Religious freedoms always cultivate.
(Beg pardon; not like BRECHER'S, let me state.)
Well, of MACDONNELL, delicacy bars
That we should meddle with their fam'ly jars.
Or of their culinary fancies treat.
But for some plans of who's to furnish meat,
Which give us a joint interest, and demands
Closest investigation at our hands.
Friends, Romans, Unitarians, give to me
Your ears, while I hold forth in charity:—
In organized religious strength to day,
The Presbyterian Church holds mighty sway.
Full many a saintly name its records hold,
Keen minds, good souls, it has within its fold.
Still, friends, commercially we must it call
No little of a swindle after all.
For I shall straightway demonstrate to you,
They can't believe in what they say they do,
They stick to their Confession, which ain't right,
Written as 'twas in Europe's dim twilight,
Before coal oil or SHAKSPEARE shed around
Their bright effulgence; yes, before the ground
Was mapped out by geologists; before
We'd any chemists' shops at all; nay, more,
Ere HARVEY did our circulation find,
Or LINCOLN that of greenbacks had designed.
Ere NEWTON wondered why the apples fell,
Or GALILEO could earth's twistings tell.
Ere dynamite or pull-back monsters grew.
Blighted age! Thus, then, did they construe:—
(I haven't read it all; but there's enough
To turn their brains who'd swallow down such stuff.)
Hear, now, what these Confession folks believe;
Of which they cry, "Believe it, sir, or leave!"
From all eternity God did ordain
Some certain things which must unchanged remain
Chose souls who should eternal torture bear—
Chose souls unending happiness to share.
Not that He foresaw cause which they should give,

Not that they should deserve to die or live;
Not that their faith or doubt he did foresee.
But simply that He glorified might be.
And fixed their numbers (for this motive strange)
So firm, no single one can ever change.
Beloved friends, could any mind conceive
Or anything more terrible believe?
For see, this don't condemn the bad alone,
But all who unregenerate are known,
Whether by Adam's sin, or by their own—
Infants and adults—nay, it will embrace
Ninety-nine hundredths of the human race
Who shall beneath God's wrath forever lie,
And without end in agony shall cry.
In sharpest grief of body and of soul,
Continually in hell's hot torment roll.
I have not set down aught in malice here.
This the Confession means, or naught, it's clear.
'Tis written there, and while of us 'tis writ,
We've every right to think and speak of it.
That this is of the past no one can say.
No, this Presbyterianism to day.
Read you MACDONNELL'S case, and see if there
They yield to him the ninth part of a hair.
No, not the Inquisition in its height,
Not the great Papal Council in its might,
Not rampant *Mail* coercing Tory sheet;
Not BROWN to Pastry prostrate at his feet,
Not stern LOYOLA making Jesuits mind,
MACKENZIE, forcing Grits to go it blind,
E'er held more stiffly their peculiar views,
Than those now hold who bid MACDONNELL choose:—
"Say you believe that the Confession's true,
Or go; there is no other course for you!"
I blame not them; they must their rules enforce
Their dreadful dogmas leave no other course,
Nay, ask a stronger, and would justify
The thorough methods of an age gone by,
When folks were purged of doubt by greenwood fires,
Or thumbscrewed out of heretic desires,
Or had their views extended on a rack.
But now, they merely give such folks the sack.
No use, my friend MACDONNELL, there to strive.
That's not the shop for freedom. Look alive;
Step down and out; your shanty leave, and roam
With me beneath that wondrous temple dome,
Whose vault's immensity, and all around
Its corridors eternal voices sound.
Lit up by constellations vast, which throw
A modern, patent, scientific glow.
I'm there, a humble light myself, it's true;
Come you, and be a constellation too."

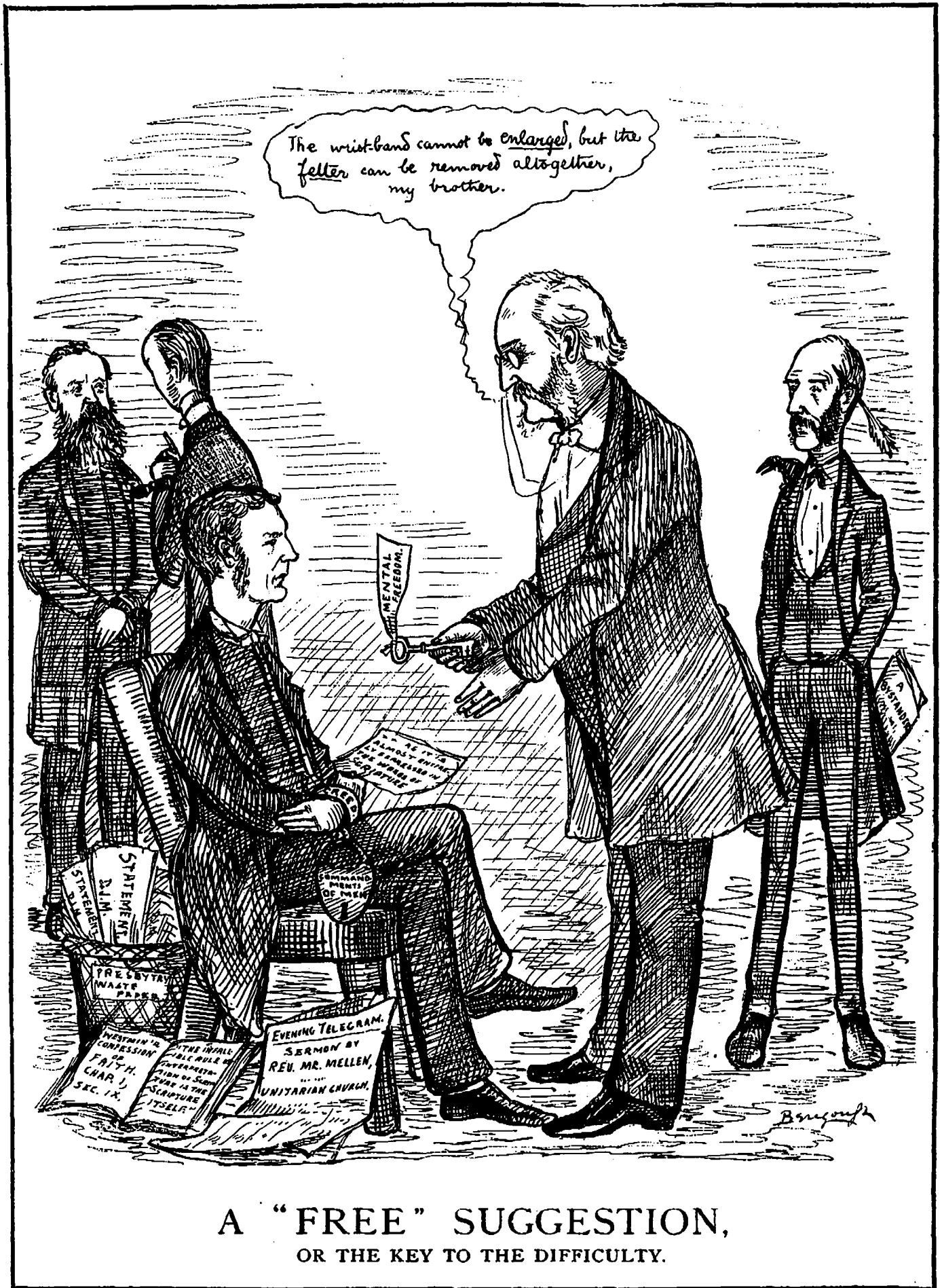
GRIP would remark to all his friends who read this sermon here, If they observe good things in it, GRIP put 'em in, that's clear; But all that they dislike in it, GRIP would remark in confidence, Is MR. MELLEN'S, who must take the mellen-choly consequence.

Unmentioned Disappearance.

GRIP would like to know, you know, of the authorities of the Central Prison, whether they happen to be aware that an estimable gentleman of the name of BARBER, imprisoned for eleven months in their useful institution, and yet having a month to serve, was allowed a limited degree of liberty lately; and that, a true bill being found against him for embezzlement of books in the Educational Depository to a far greater extent than the limited operation of that nature he had been imprisoned for, he, hearing thereof, took measure to exchange his partial liberty (of the yard) for perfect freedom. GRIP would like to know whether this be the case, and if it be, whether all the other papers have been "approached" to hush it up, and if so why they submitted to such approachment.

To His Critics.

GRIP has received objections from certain parties. The clergy object to his benevolent homilies, as displacing theirs. The doctors declare he practices too sharply on their feelings. The lawyers deny that he has any case against them. The carpenters say he speaks too plainly, the blacksmiths that he hits too hard, the tailors that he rips up everything, the farmers that he harrows up their souls, the politicians that he can't see both sides, the editors that he won't take either side. GRIP, never embarrassed, knows his course precisely. His enormously increasing circulation will shortly enable him to issue a special edition for each class, which shall only treat of other classes. All classes will then be good enough not to read the editions of other classes, and content will pervade every class.



A "FREE" SUGGESTION,
OR THE KEY TO THE DIFFICULTY.

Mistaken Mercy.

Perhaps he wished his neighbor's gold,
Perhaps his neighbor's wife,
Perhaps his neighbor's field or fold,
But he took his neighbor's life.

Perhaps for spiteful deed he did,
Perhaps for word he said,
Perhaps that wrong he had forbid,
But he struck his neighbor dead.

Perhaps he struck in the dead of night,
Perhaps at the dawn of day,
Perhaps at the height of noon-day light,
But there the murdered lay.

Perhaps in distant road it laid,
Perhaps beside the door,
Perhaps the moveless eyes for justice prayed,
And the blood cried evermore.

Yet whether the deed be far or nigh,
The motive concealed or plain,
Ever there rises the quavering cry,
That the slayer shall not be slain.

Give him the life of the prison wall,
The life of the dungeon fast.
Give him a life that for death shall call
While ever that life shall last.

Never you care what murders yet
Your mercy unmerciful cause,
Still in the way of true justice get,
Stand in the way of the laws.

Never you mind if Lynch grows strong
As he is elsewhere, you wot,
Where mobs deal death out right or wrong
Because the law will not.

Brother Jonathan to Canada.

Guess yew're *protected* over there, arn't yew? Get taken particular superfine care of under European *protection*, don't yew? Wa'al, I use yeur canals, and I shut yew out er mine. I use yeur fisheries, and won't give yew nothin' for 'em. I've got yeur St Lawrence navigatin' right; got yeur San Juan, got my *Alabamner* claims, and won't pay yew a damed cent for yeur losses by my Fenian citizens. Got a mother country takes care of yew, haint yew? Wa'al I guess I pull yeur ears just when I feel like it, and nobody says nothin' to me about it. Guess they knows just a little too much to venter on it. Calculate yeur *MACKENZIE* was just about right in sayin' "it was impossible to enforce treaties with the States." As to enforcin' the Amerikin eagle, that bird does just what it pleases, and means ter continny so. Fact is, I'm pokin' fun at yew all the time. Guess I've fractured yeur Washington treaty about fifty times, and don't calculate to mend it neither. Like the dooty off lobster cans, would'n't yew? Naow jist listen. I've got yeur Maine; got half yeur Oregon, and got yeur lakes and rivers navigatin', and when I want more I calculate to get it tu, and yeur European *protectin'* 'll help yew jist as it does now.

Would Like to be a School Trustee.

(To the Editor of Grip.)

Sir,—Observing that a party lately applied to you for your assistance in making him an Alderman, I wish you to have me made a School Trustee. Not that I am a man of education, but, in part, quite the contrary. I do not, however, wish the situation for the purpose of assisting the cause of learning; but simply for the purpose of assisting myself. I am aware of a certain city in which School Trustees are always building new schools. Some of them do this in good faith, believing the schools are wanted; but they are merely the tools of their colleagues, who have an interest in the jobs. One has a partner a painter; one a brother a carpenter, one knows where he can get a commission from a bricklayer. So the more building, the more cash certain members make. Now, they can compel City Councils to raise all the money they demand for these purposes. Of course, Mr. Grip, you see the road to wealth at once. I would not on any account state, that Toronto is the city referred to; but if the system be not fully developed here, I can soon get it in working order. Your influence, Sir, if exerted successfully in my favour, shall be rewarded by a thick slice out of the very next schoolhouse erected.

Yours,

Toronto, May 8, 1876.

A SPECULATIVE EDUCATOR.

The Sombra Tragedy.

IT is perfectly clear to the dullest comprehension that the murderer SMITH being proved innocent, grave suspicion would rest upon Mrs. FINLAY; and also that, Mrs. FINLAY being completely exonerated, there would be every reason to believe that SMITH might have been connected with the matter. But the case is better understood when it is remembered that, according to the solemn statement of Mr. SMITH, who was residing at the farm-house, the culprit SMITH had nothing to do with the murder, which was solely perpetrated by the wife of the murdered man. But the evidence of Mrs. FINLAY, who had excellent means of judging, tends strongly to exculpate the aforesaid wife. There is therefore, much to be said in defence of both the accused parties. GRIP therefore, having been applied to by the Hon. EDWARD for advice (MILLS having left) could not conscientiously recommend the execution of either, but if somebody *must* be hanged, thinks that it would be safe to execute a person named GLASS, who has been suspiciously connected with the case, and who is a lawyer, and a Grit, and probably, as Mr. BLAKE is no doubt aware, deserves death in either capacity.

Cross Readings.

We are happy to be enabled to state that in the course of the ensuing season the Honorable Mr.—SLACKJAW will undertake his celebrated performance on the tight rope, after which he will—Go to BADFIT'S for a cheap and nobby suit of clothes. He is the only Tailor who—met with a frightful accident by being thrown from his buggy, but fortunately Dr. BINDHIBONES who was—discharging Cargo at the wharf, including 40 Puncheons of Rum and 1500 bushels of Fall Wheat in fine condition—bit off his ear in the most brutal manner, and was proceeding to further atrocities when P. C. COPPIN—trotted the two miles in splendid style, and his spirited owner then offered to back him for \$1000 to—sell off the whole of his elegant and modern household furniture without reserve on Monday next at—BONES' Restaurant, where you can get Oysters in every style, Splendid Wines, Delicate—Baby Lincn to suit all customers—when a Resolution will be moved, that is expedient, under existing circumstances, in the interests of the State, that no Voter be allowed to—clear out his cesspools &c, before the 15th of the month, otherwise he will be liable to a penalty of \$5—Whoever will return the same to the owner will receive—the most murderous assault it has been our melancholy duty, for some years, to record.

Protection.

Where Nova Scotia miners
Lie idle on the strand,
Where Montreal refiners
Roll off to Yankee land.

From many a useless river,
From many a wheat-spoiled plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from Free Trade's chain.

What though each water-power,
That now unused doth flow,
Might yield returns each hour,
Yet man don't seem to know.

Though round, with lavish kindness
The means to make are strown,
Yet CARTWRIGHT, in his blindness
Won't let us use our own.

Ficked up near the Globe Office.

To the Editor of the Glob:-

SIR:—If a fellow is down you are always ready to kick him, but if he is doing something particularly creditable to himself you never think of giving him his meed of praise. Now a while ago, I was afflicted with rheumatics and did my work rather slowly, which you at once noticed, and continued daily to notice in your paper, much to my mortification and damage. You knew I was doing the best I could, but you had no mercy. Look at me now! Are you aware that I am making faster time between Toronto and London than any of my competitors, and am transacting my business to the complete satisfaction of the travelling public! You have never a word of compliment for my success. But No Matter,—as the tragedian says—perhaps I may find you on the track in front of me some day in one of my lightning trips, and I can tell you in advance, I will not have time to stop.

Yours in haste,

THE GRAND TRUNK EXPRESS.



Canada Pacific Railway.

TENDERS FOR GRADING, TRACKLAYING, &c.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Secretary of Public Works and endorsed "Tender Pacific Railway," will be received at this Office up to Noon of Monday, 22nd May next, for the EXCAVATION and GRADING required to be executed on that section of the Pacific Railway extending from CROSS LAKE eastward to RAT PORTAGE, LAKE OF THE WOODS, about 37 miles in length; also for the GRADING required from the WESTERLY end of the 13th Contract to ENGLISH RIVER, a distance of about 80 miles; also for tracklaying and other works of CONSTRUCTION west of Fort William.

FOR PLANS, SPECIFICATIONS, APPROXIMATE QUANTITIES, FORMS OF TENDERS, and other information, apply to the office of the Engineer in Chief, Ottawa.

No tender will be entertained unless on the printed form, and unless the conditions are complied with.

By order,

F. BRAUN,

Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, 27th April, 1876.



CLEAN-HANDS.

"Decline and Fall of Keewatin."

From the London Advertiser.

Bengough's promised satire, the Decline and Fall of Keewatin, or the Free Trade Redskins, has been published at Grip office and is now in the hands of the booksellers, price 15 cents. The manuscript was found in the deserted country north of the great lakes, written on tanned buffalo skin, and it tells why the former inhabitants, the Kanucks, left their hospitable land and cast in their lot with the southern neighbors who maintained a high wall about their territories to protect their own basket makers. The argument is a first-class protectionist manifesto, and the illustrations are in the highest style of the art. We find, ornamented with feathers and armed with bows and arrows, Big-Push, the chief of the Purites; Clean-Hands, head of the Tories; Goldwing-Arrow, a skillful marksman; Citty-Sand, Chief of the Council; Rib-Stabber, a treacherous and remorseless brave who loved to get at the fifth rib of an enemy; Cartwheel-Dick who sat on the money-box; Shifting-Aurora, a speaker of sweet words; White-Quill, jr., a voluble young brave; the Early-Duffer, chief of all the Kanucks; Smooth-Scalp, a servant whom Big-Push gave to Citty-Sand; Wild-Wind, a Toffee Medicine Man; Bun-Stir, a Toffee Brave, and some others. Besides the ones who are presented with their feathers, reference is made to numerous other historical characters, such as Grinding-Mills, Working-Ox, and Steamboat-Hugh in Keewatin, and Slippery Fish who belonged to the Spread Eagles. An extract would not do justice to this witty *brochure*, which must be read and seen to be appreciated. When we say unhesitatingly that it is Bengough's best, there can be no doubt that it will attain a very wide circulation. A glance at Clean-Hands standing on a stump, or Big-Push with his legs doubled far up toward the knee is alone worth the price of the book.

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I. JOHNSON,
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Signed)

J. HICKSON,

GENERAL MANAGER

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