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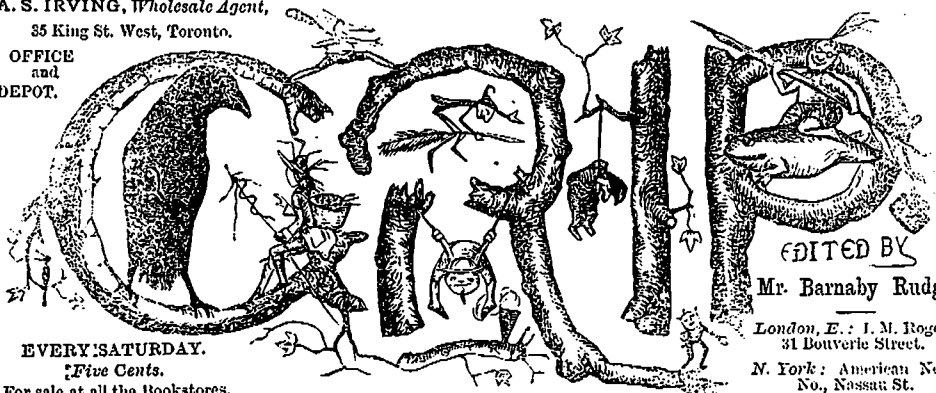
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No. 19.

**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.

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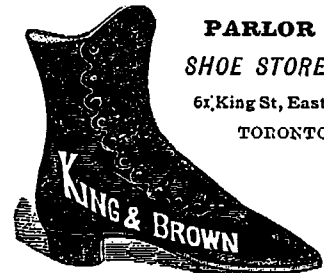
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The grabest Beast is the Ass; the grabest Bird is the Owl;  
The grabest Fish is the Oyster; the grabest Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1874.

## Machine Poetry.

RECENTLY we had the felicity of bringing prominently before the world the merits of a Collingwood bard. When we called his verse flowery we didn't know his name was MILLER, though when we did discover his patronymic, we thought we had found the reason of his *perchant* for grinding "poetry." It seems our good offices have not been well received by the modest poetaster, for we find the following in the last issue of the *Collingwood Bulletin*:

"It is reported that Mr. MILLER is at work on a new poem in which GRIP is to be properly snubbed for his impertinence."

We hope the report is true. We shall take delight in publishing anything in which we are honoured by even disparaging reference at hand of this rising light, who, like a shaft of the Aurora Borealis, brightens the north with the electric light of his transcendent genius. If in so doing we are again considered impertinent, we can only hope this MILLER has had little experience in that "mill" which runs only in "the ring." All we ask is that he shall not grind us; in his verse we can well hope to become immortalized.

So much by way of introduction. We had often heard of machine poetry, but till within the last few days we never lit upon any of the threshing-machine variety. We have been granted this boon, and, being unselfish, we desire to share our delights with our readers. When they read it they will, we are certain, be ready to die. The *Alliston Star* was the happy medium through which the musical lines first gained publicity; and so proud was that journal of the distinction that the verses were given the first position under the editorial heading. The lines are dedicated to "CURREN & HAMMELL'S New Threshing Machine," and were "written for the *Star* (brightened *Star*!) by FAGAN." In order to bring out their full beauty they should be read with a bit of a brogue.

The first verse gives us a vivid description of the machine and its beauties:

Did you ever see Johnny Curren's machine?  
The painting is beautiful orange and green,  
With new patent rigging complete;  
The grandest invention in under the Queen  
To thresh either barley or wheat.

"Orange and green" is a good union of party colours, while the loyalty of the writer is undoubted who prefers "in under the Queen" to "in under the sun." "Queen," too, rhymes with "green;" had he said "sun," the tint must have been "dun," which would have utterly destroyed the colouring and its significance.

And Johnny's the boy who can run her in style,  
While Tommy attends her with tallow and oil,  
And keeps all the gearing in trim;  
The other young man is the pride of the soil—  
The ladies keep winking at him.

JOHNNY evidently knows how to "run the machine;" TOMMY has made a study of the use of lubricators; but "the other young man," undescribed beyond his being the ladies' favorite, whatever his duties, is no doubt useful in insuring good victuals.

Her pinions were tested on Fagan's black oats,  
And some healthy thistles that grow on the flats,  
The sheaves were a terror to see;  
While Fagan himself took a few tuneful notes,  
And christened her *Cushla Macree*.

Here the poet has courageously sacrificed his rhyme for the sake of truth; but it's a pity FAGAN didn't have a number of black oats to put through. The endearing title given proves FAGAN a man of deep affections. The reader will notice that "FAGAN himself" is the poet, and if a law officer he will doubtless remark that he took a few notes.

Her coupling is safe and the arms are long,  
The horse-power is betry and wonderful strong,  
No fear of her jumping a cog;  
The three civil fellows are hearty and young,  
Let no man begrudge them the grog.

Here are other proofs of the excellencies of the machine, also of the trio who manipulate her, who are deserving no doubt of the grog, of which more in the next stanza.

The smut and the rust is enough to destroy  
The eyes of a giant—unless he gets rye,  
To fasten the hair on his lids.  
You'll get a good sample at famed Ballycrov,  
At Scanlon's, or Hughes', or Kidd's.

See the use of experience—"to fasten the hair on his lids"—and also the kindness in directing one where a good article to prevent baldness and preserve the eyes may be had.

Got two clever fellows to jump on the straw,  
Like young Johnny Williams or Master Bublou,  
And then you'll be ready for work.  
I've seen them at Carroll's a few days ago,  
And Lord, how they handle a fork.

Two to jump on the straw, Johnny to run her in style, Tommy to attend her with tallow and oil, another young man for the ladies to wink at, then the work goes bravely on. It seems that certain parties did justice to the meat and potatoes at CARROLL'S, but what that has to do with it is not plain.

All you who want threshing in winter or fall,  
You'll find to your interest to give them a call,  
And patiently wait for your turn.  
They never break promise for Peter or Paul,  
Success to you! Hammell & Curren.

Most people don't want threshing at any time, unless, indeed, they become, like the Irishman, "blue moulding for want of a bating;" and for the most part people in that predicament are not very patient. Peter or Paul are not likely to call on the "jolly young fellows" for a threshing, still we have no doubt with the "start" given them by FAGAN, success will not be apt to turn from TOMMY HAMMELL and JOHNNY CURREN.

## Croaks and Pecks.

A LEGAL MOTTO.—"A good action brings its own reward."

ALREADY we are beginning to hear the rumbling of the coming dispute between the rival cities of Ontario as to the location of the Provincial Exhibition next year. GRIP thinks there is no question about it; Toronto must be the place, if it is so that "None but the Brave deserve the Fair."

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The *Belleville Ontario* is too enterprising. On the day of hearing of the Cumberland, N. S., election case it said, "There is little doubt that Dr. TUPPER will be unseated for bribery." Before the day was over there was no doubt about the matter, as the petition was withdrawn and TUPPER retains the seat. Twenty-four hours makes a vast difference sometimes, and in this case the *Ontario* had done better to have waited the day. By trying to get ahead of others it succeeded in getting the start of itself.

A MANITOBA journal lately made some reference to youths "from the county of Lummox," and a Perth newspaper takes it to mean the county of Lanark, seriously asking an explanation. If each Lanark man is as great a "lummox" as this Perth innocent, the name is likely to stick.

The Penny-a-liner's saint—Colonskill.

The *Mail* calls it "The Late Convention." So soon defunct? "When so soon it was done for, what was it over begun for?"

The only reason we know why JENKINS should be called "Agent-General" is that he is nothing in particular.

The South Wentworth Conservatives have nominated Mr. R. R. (not rail-road) WADDELL as candidate for the Legislature, but he feels inclined to waddle out of it.

The editor of the *St. Catharines Times* says: "If J. J. HAWKINS don't get some favor for his somersault, we will give our head for a foot-ball." The challenger knows there's no danger, as the head is too soft to be of any use for the purpose.

The *Kingston Whig* having said the Conservative nomination for that city was offered to no less than nine gentlemen, the *News* indignantly denies that the nomination was offered to so much as one gentleman.

When the cost of the Governor-General's reception at St. Catharines was discussed by the town Council, Mr. NEELOV explained that he had paid for one coil of rope for himself. It is thought he had fears of becoming too demonstrative and got the rope to prevent it. Others who look for his seat hope that it is for a higher purpose.

Mr. CLIFFE, of the *Kincardine Review*, has been convicted of libelling Hon. GEO. BROWN, and fined \$100. The *National* thinks it incumbent upon Newspaperdom to get up a subscription for the unlucky defendant. Any person who says this proposal is not made from the most disinterested motives, possesses the spirit of a libeller himself.

GRIP hopes the Well Known Missionary of the Western Diocese, and all the other professors of political righteousness will give his accompanying Cartoon fair consideration. The poor heathen can never be converted from their name-calling and dirt-throwing if their moral instructors practice the same bad habits.

In algebra the letter X stands for an unknown quantity; in the newspaper business it stands for PETER of the *St. Catharines Times*.

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[SEE HON. A. McK—LL—R'S SPEECH AT PRESCOTT.]

**Fair Memories.**

(Extract from a private letter.)

—VILLE, Sept. 27, 1874.

My Dear —,

Well, we've been to the exhibition, had our fill of pleasure on half railroad fare and double hotel bills, dust, mud, crowd, crush and dirt. We've seen the fatted calf and pig,—the big squashes, turnips, and generalities. Oh! it's all very nice, very pleasurable, exciting and exhilarating—and, well yes—agonizing —. The first thing was we, that's wife, babies, and I (the other half), went pell-mell, hury-scury, down to the R. R. station, half an hour before the time, in hopes that we'd be before the crowd. 'Twas a phantom and a vain imagination of our simple minds, for hundreds were there before us, and we wept with disappointment, or perhaps with the punches in the ribs, or knocks in the stomach, or the gentle promenades made 'round and upon our petted corns. As for the twins, we suppose they cried out of sympathy for us both, at all events they wept—audibly. On the train we got. Such a rush and crush; such a jolly exciting race for seats at half-price never was seen before. The gentlemanly young men were excessively anxious that the railway officials should not be put to any trouble in finding them seats, and very particular in not delaying the train by their tardiness to get settled, and when settled, with what heroic manliness, they intimated their intention to "stick" to their seats or die—is only known unto such unsophisticated mortals as dared to ask for a seat "for a lady," or for a "little weakly child." We tried with tears in our eyes—'twas no use; crush or no crush, two in a seat was the rule. "Women could stand as well as men." They called themselves "men!" Ye gods, defend us! But women couldn't sit as well as men—of course not.

If you ever travel exhibition time when fares are half-price, and trains are crowded, and there is a tremendous crush, our advice is: Go down to the station two hours before train time, take a camp-stool with you, having previously made a contract with the express company or a "cabby" to bring you and your luggage down—two weeks previously, to your train. Having got a seat as you're a man, be true to it, and look with a scorn upon all weak and helpless females. Heed not the tired look nor the appealing countenance, wan and pale, of the poor frail woman, or of the tottering old man, but sit complacently in your place, and spit tobacco juice on people's dresses and boots. Don't by any means offer to lend your seat for a little while, that would be weak, and show you're not up to the ways of the world. Unheeded by you the manly occupant of a velvet cushioned seat, let women be crushed, children faint, the conductors talk of men being ungentlemanly who sit while a woman stands; no matter, as long as you're able to be comfortable keep your seat. On every occasion possible spit and swear, people will then think you know something; and if there are females near be sure and talk "fast" and wink knowingly, as then you'll be sure to be taken for a gentleman, a man of the world, and "up to snuff." Tramp on everybody's feet, jostle everybody—rush, crush and push; respect no one, young or old, consider none but yourself. That's the way all the lords of creation do.

We are just recovering from the effects of our pleasure trip. We saw little, felt much, and had our patience and endurance tried to the utmost. Thank Heaven, it's over, and we have made a vow never to be caught going to an exhibition again on an excursion train with our precious infants.

**The Literary Milkman.**

THE *Orillia Packet*, which the *Mail* a few days ago classed as a Grit paper, is really a Conservative sheet dyed-in-the-bristles—it's too obstinate to have wool. It advocates temperance; we dare not say the temperance reform—it's too Conservative for that,—let's then say "temperance conservatism"—conservatism as understood in its veneration for the good old customs, the ancient toddies and punches, the constitutional acts of our ancestors in the matter of mint-juleps and tanzy-whiskey. True to its principles, political and otherwise, it publishes a weakly letter from a Toronto penny-a-liner who affects sherry and bitters, and whose prolific pen, proves the philosophy of the milkman, that a little of his commodity will go a great way by liberal dilution. Last week this literary huckster somehow discovered that the Reverend Chief Superintendent of Education had been elected President of the Methodist General Conference, and alluded to the fact by writing for the refreshment of his benighted readers on the shores of Couchiching the words "our old friend, Dr. BYERSON." While EGERTON remained simple Superintendent of Education for Ontario, this brilliant correspondent of the great *Orillia Packet* did not deign to notice him; but when the old veteran becomes President of all the Methodists he is then claimed as an "old friend." EGERTON will no doubt thank the powers that have restored him such a friend.

The same gassy genius in another paragraph of his letter, (sold to the *Packet* by lineal measure), quotes approvingly from a Yankee paper a denunciation of the system of fostering emigration by agents. In this connection he then says: "Hamilton, Toronto and other cities are now swarming with thieves, rowdies and loafers." We hope the reader

will charitably place him at the end of his own sentence when we tell them it's not a very great while since the precious pen-profaner was an emigrant himself. We need scarcely add that the city, the country, and probably his patron the *Packet* would survive, and not grieve greatly did he again become an emigrant.

**Political Fleas.**

GRRR has some notion of compiling a book containing the opinions of great men on the subject of "Political Apostasy." Here is a sample of the available material. The editor of the *Guelph Herald* says:

"In the midst of the exposures and humiliations that have overtaken the Come Along John Party in connection with the recent elections, they have found little satisfaction in the "stepping down and out" from our ranks to theirs of Mr. J. J. HAWKINS, of Brantford. That this individual defection will in any way affect the ultimate issue of the struggle between the two parties we cannot for a moment believe; and were it not for our esteem for Mr. HAWKINS personally, and the sudden shock which he has given to his own character for sincerity, we could wish the come-along-Johns joy of their bargain. As it is, we cannot suppress a smile at the gushing manner in which the Grit organs expatiate upon the merit and abilities of a man whom a few short months ago they professed to regard with contempt. We know Mr. HAWKINS to be blessed with a goodly share of ability, together with many amiable qualities of heart and temper, but we feel that in so suddenly discovering that he had for years been only a factionist and a sinner, he has largely destroyed his influence and aroused the distrust of both parties. A habit of being always on the stronger side was brought into disrepute long ago by the Vicar of Bray, and Mr. HAWKINS will find it exceedingly difficult to make the public believe that his conversion is not due to very questionable "means of grace." Had his departure been in the opposite direction he would have been followed by torrents of Globular abuse, but as it is, he merely carries with him the pity of former and the distrust of present allies, the latter of whom will make all possible use of without respecting him. We can only say—Go along, JOHN JOSEPH, and put down bribery and corruption, a la WALKER."

The editor of the *Brockville Recorder* states his views as follows:

"The editor of the *Guelph Herald* has been airing his eloquence at the Conservative Convention at Toronto, and giving his views upon the political situation. His remarks in reference to the Hon. C. F. FRASER cannot be considered complimentary. We trust the Hon. member for South Grenville will not resign his position in the Cabinet in consequence of the strictures that have been fulminated by the young orator from Guelph. He must talk; it is chronic or constitutional, we are at a loss to decide which. He varies his views to suit the company in which he may be found. At one time a rampant Grit—the next month a duplex Tory of the first magnitude. At the Ancestor pic-nic, at which Mr. Somerville was presented with a valuable testimonial for his services to the Reform party, ye editor of the *Herald* was present, and in the course of his remarks declared that he would suffer the loss of his right arm before he would prove untrue to the cause. We beg to enquire mildly, very mildly, *Where have you buried that arm?* We would not for a moment mention the word "renegade" in connection with this subject, and we spare the *Herald* the trouble of convincing us that the change has been superinduced by broader views and better lights, shed by increased age, upon the political questions of the day. We are willing to acknowledge all this and even more, and we would scorn to entertain for a moment the idea that a nomination for the Local would for a moment influence in the slightest degree, or disturb the firm foundations upon which the political principles of the editor of the *Herald* are based.

**Notes from Grip's Private Box.**

THE ROYAL has entered upon the star season with a display of enterprise that does great credit to the management. The engagement for three nights of Mrs. F. W. LANDER and her combination was quite successful in all respects. JOHN BROUGHAM, a dramatist and actor whose name is a household word, now occupies the boards, appearing nightly in a series of his famous impersonations.

The beautiful drama of "Charity" has drawn large and fashionable audiences to the Grand Opera House this week. The role of *Ruth Tredgett*, a tramp, gives Mrs. MORRISON an opportunity of displaying her splendid powers of conception and delineation. Mr. COVLDOCK has firmly established himself a "first favourite" with the Toronto public, his impersonation of *Mr. Smalley*, in this play, being a peculiarly acceptable performance. The stock company is well balanced and each part is done with care and efficiency. "Charity" is the latest and one of the best efforts of W. S. GILBERT, being brimful of humor and pathos while utterly destitute of vulgarity. It is perhaps superfluous to say that this latter quality distinguishes the management of the House; in the words of the *Globe* the performances this far have been "at once innocent and intellectual."

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