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PUBLISHER'S NOTE

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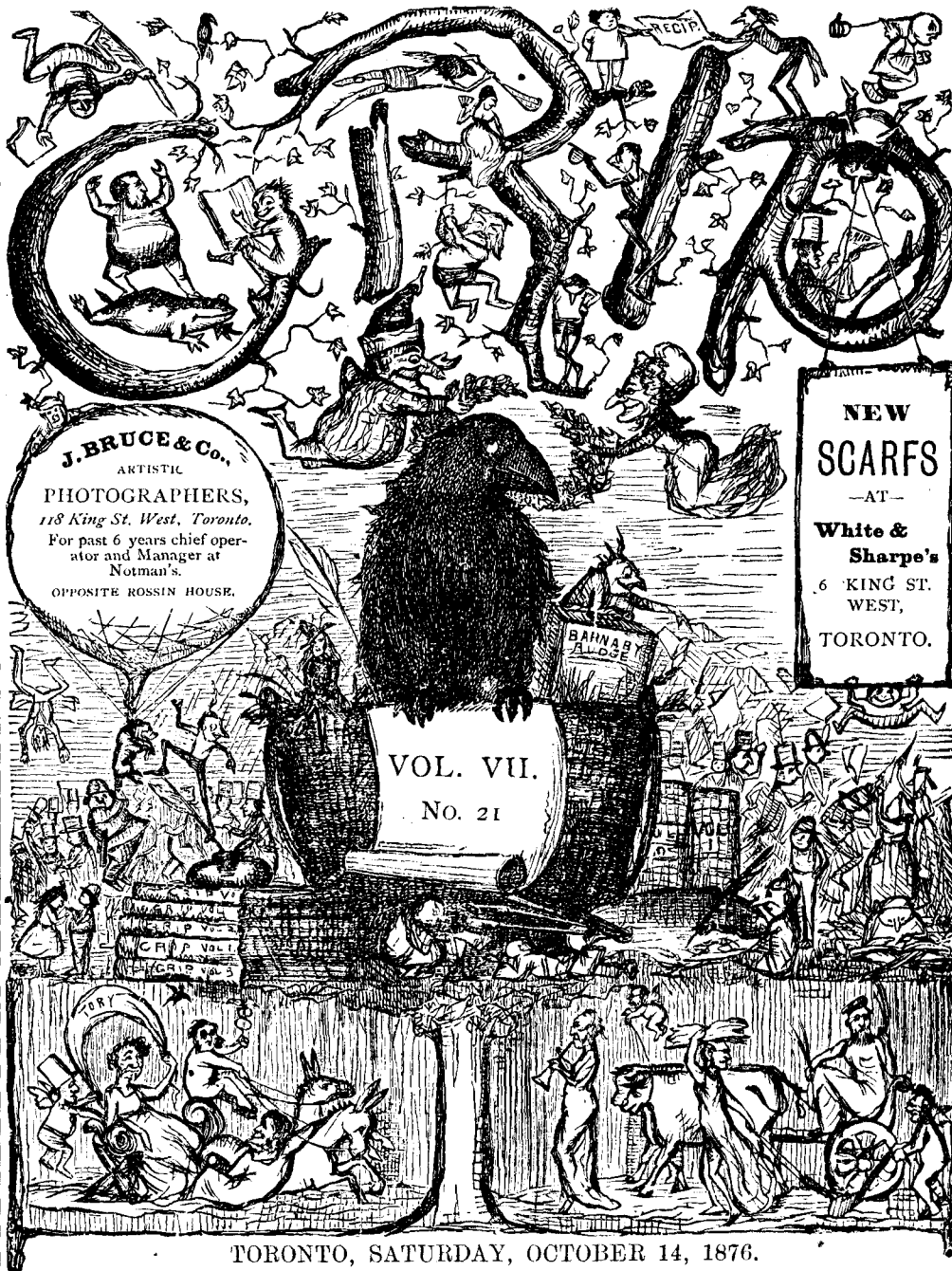
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The world renowned Singer carries off the highest honor which the Centennial Commission could give to any competitor at this fair. Two Medals of Merit, two Diplomas of Honor, and the special commendation of the judges have been awarded to The Singer Manufacturing Company, for Superior Sewing Machines.
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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.

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EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGER.

The greatest Genial is the Jass; the greatest Bird is the Owl;
The greatest Fish is the Oyster: the greatest Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 14TH OCTOBER 1876.

J. R. R. to the Mummy.

I do not ask thee if that hand, when arm'd,
Has any Roman soldier maul'd and knuckled,
I merely ask thee if thy tongue is charm'd,
Or why the deuce the thing won't get unbuckled,
Wilt thou say nothing till the judgment morning?
When Chancery shall thrill thee with its warning?

Speak, for thou long enough has acted dummy,
Thou hast a tongue; come, let us hear its tune.
Thou'st had our cash; how is it used? say mummy?
Let's have particulars, and that full soon,
Not bulked in mass to puzzle honest creatures,
But with their full explanatory features.

What hast thou done which may not be confessed?
Why not speak out in conclave free and bold?
A heart has throbb'd beneath that leathern breast,
And tears adown that dusky cheek have rolled.
Thou must have human feelings, and if so,
Why not, if right thou dost, let people know?

The Predictions of Goldwin and Flood.

Then rose to speak that still uneasy sage,
A wanderer doomed by DIZZY's deathless rage.
Greater his nose, his eyebrows, and his pen,
Leanness and height, than those of common men;
(Whence ancient strife, for only BROWN and he
Above the crowd each other's face could see.
And, being each of Donnybrookian wit,
Each saw a head, and straightway hit at it.)
But BROWN he'd speechless knocked the day before;
And GOLDWIN glared about to conquer more.
So metaphorically round the ring his coat
He dragged, while thus the air his war-song smote:

I have thrashed the tyrannical *Globe*,
Which would grind you to powder so small:
I have torn from the wolf its sheep's robe.
I now leave them for once and for all.
Though the calumnies, everywhere hurled,
By each half-taught, ungenerous pen,
Rouse reply from each soul in the world,
They shall never from GOLDWIN again.

But, my friends, if afraid you are not
That the darned thing will send you sky-high,
Here's a bombshell all ready I've got,
And I'll shy it at them while you're by.
Don't be scared—though *Globe* vitals it rends,
Yet to you 'twill quite harmless be found.
Old Crown-servants sat with me as friends,
Though they knew that I'd got it around.

Now you know, spite of potions *Globe*-mixed;
(And it lies when it says it aint true,)
Our Creator a great gulf has fixed,
Cutting off the Old World from the New:
Who denies it must mad be or drunk.
You can see it at Portland quite clear,
If you like to go there by Grand Trunk.
(For half-price you'll get back again here.)

Now that's your geographical state,
And the *Globe* tells another big lie,
If it says that the Yankees don't wait
Till they gobble you up by-and-bye.
I declare it's the thing I expect,
And I'd not be so sorry, you see;
I tell you you'd those Yankees respect
If you'd seen how sick they went through me.

Union Legislative I know
Would have made each great obstacle small.
Right adrift when we chose we could go,
And Great Britain say nothing at all.
Yes, you might have set up your own shop.
Opposition's the life of all trade.
No; the Yankees won't down on you drop.
That's a falsehood those *Globe* fellows made.

But defunct is your nationality;
And your chance is all over and done.
A States Junior Partner you'll be
Just as sure as up pops the next sun.
It's the *Globe* which has done it, you see:
And in Italy, where next I roam,
I shall sigh o'er your simplicity,
Up on top of St. Peter's big doime.

He ceased. GRIP don't presume the cause the same,
Or dare to slight that ould Milaysian name,
But when you knock the wall—the hollow rings,
When GOLDWIN speaks—still FLOOD to answer springs.
Forget him not—indeed you never will,
If once you see—and lo, in cadence swell
Waves that vast blackthorn, cut in Blarney's shade,
Which has so many wives to widows made:—

Bedad I'm glad, for now he wants an independnt nation
His milancholy frinds may lave the slough Aquivocation.
His fig-lafe dhropped, he wandhers round in nature's state complacent.
What's that?—who is it dared to call the reference undaycent?

The crayture's cracked; our lith'rature he thinks in gloom profound
now.
How can it be but flourishin' wid me meself around now?
And says the country's goin' wrong—he does, in cultured phrase, he.
I say it's not; so now your minds will all of course be aisy.

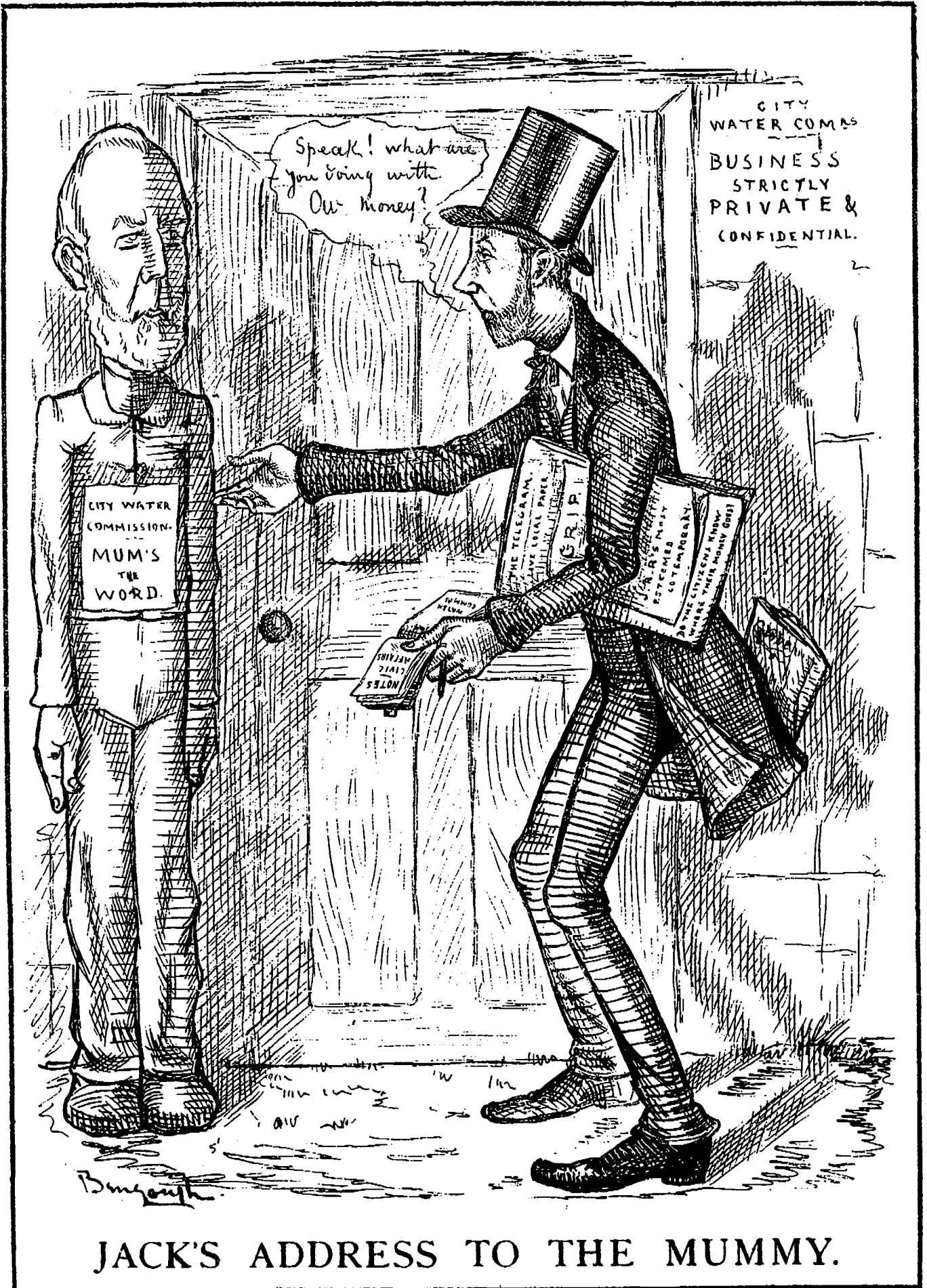
We're aigul to our destiny, the devil care what form in.
(Our ancient family remark whin creditors kem stormin'.)
We'll be the greatest nation yit; I tell yiz widout funning,
Wid vartue far beyant the resht, besides a dale more cunning.

Sausages.

GRIP has, in his way, sometimes urged on his governmental friends the importance of laws for the prevention of adulteration of food. He has even remarked that a good deal of energy used in procuring Maine laws and such things might have done more good if it had been directed against those who introduce actual poison into beer and strong liquors. What certain men will do where they have the chance is shown by the following extract:—

"No sausage consumer can read unmoved the account of what was seen by the inspector of nuisances and the medical officer of the district when they visited the premises of Mr. JAMES PEAK, a pork butcher and sausage maker "in an extensive way of business" at Brentford, England, who was charged at the petty sessions in that town on Saturday with having on his premises for the purpose of manufacture into human food upwards of a quarter of a ton of putrid flesh. Passing through the shop, the inspector and medical officer entered the chopping-room, where several men were at work, and a horse was harnessed to a machine. On a bench near was a quantity of meat cut up small, several pounds of broken German sausage, about thirty halves of saveloys, and several pieces of pork, all in a "shockingly putrid state." The lot weighed 42 lb. Near this was about two hundredweight of mouldy bread. In the slaughter-house were the shin and ribs of a mysterious beast, "apparently a cow." In the darkest corner of a loft was found a pickling tub, containing "a quantity of flesh of all colors," the stench of which was abominable. By the side of the tub was a basket filled with flesh recently salted. It was quite putrid and full of maggots. The meat in the tub weighed 2 cwt 60 lb., and that in the basket 2 cwt. 20 lb. So horrible was the smell which pervaded the place that the medical officer nearly fainted. The magistrate sentenced Mr. PEAK to three months' imprisonment with hard labor."—*St. John Watchman*.

Toronto sausages are better than this, as GRIP knows by experience. We are used here to having good meat and cheap meat, and could detect it at once. But how many articles are there in which we could not detect it? There are such articles, and they are adulterated. Now, there are three things wanted, 1—An officer to detect. 2—People to appoint this officer who will see that he does his duty. 3—A magistrate willing to support him by imposing proper punishments, instead of threatening what he will do next time. Query—What about better times at home than here? Is this part?



JACK'S ADDRESS TO THE MUMMY.

A Clergyman Who Speaks the Truth.

GRIP respects the cloth. The clergy are, *en masse*, a hard-working and ill-paid body. But they have faults; and GRIP, who has elected himself Pope of the New World, must explain them to his clergy. Their chief faults are two. They hesitate to tell their parishioners what they know, that church exemption is robbery. This recoils, for the parishioner taught to chisel his townsman will chisel his clergyman. The second is the tendency to preach the doctrine of faith alone—a doctrine GRIP tells them plainly they never found in the Bible, and which is the foundation of seven-eighths of the wickedness going. GRIP seldom copies; but he will give a short extract from a truthful sermon:—

In Harlem, U. S., the Rev. W. T. CLARKE took as a text yesterday a recent remark by Mr. Moody in Chicago: "Duty! Duty! Duty! I am tired and sick of the word."

"So are a great many of other people sick of the word," said Mr. CLARKE, "Every thief and bribe-taker in Washington, and every blatant demagogue out of it, is tired and sick of the word; every rascal and rogue is disgusted with it; Tweed in the cabin of the *Franklin*, entirely agrees with the Chicago evangelist in denouncing duty; and WOODWARD, caught while coming back to strike a corrupt bargain with some equally corrupt officer, likes duty as the murderer likes hemp. Duty is that which a man ought to do; what is best for him and everybody else. It is squaring conduct by conscience. The difficulty with much church religion is that the moral anatomy is left out of it. It is a pulpy, sloppy, gelatinous mass of useless sentimentality. It sometimes seems that popular Christianity is a religion for cowards and sneaks. It dogmatizes and dreams where it ought to do. True religion is truth applied to life. Better be an atheist with FEUERBACH, or a materialist with HUXLEY or an idealist with EMERSON, and live sweetly, generously, and honorably with all men, than a canting professor of any creed or a Christian statesman exacting tithes of poor clerks with one hand and demoralizing the nation with spoils with the other. All religion that doesn't blossom in a rich, useful, beautiful life is a lie. Duty is the only door of the one true fold, and whoever tries to climb up some other way will have his labor for his pains, and get impaled on the fence."

GRIP will close this homily by remarking that the founder of our religion left us some very plain words, among which are these, perhaps the most plain—the least doubtful—of all:—"Not every one who says, 'Lord! Lord!' but those who Do the Will of Our Father."

Curriind Evonds.

DOT 9 TIMES.

Mein Leiben Grip.

Dot TIERNEY mans vot you got dose ledders wrote alreaty fon, he vos gone oud by der Shtades a couple of veeks or two, and before he is gone he dolt me von't I dook his blaces and make some of dem Curriind Evonds like dot. Vaul, I don't blow much about id, dot I vos so bedder a writer like dot Mister TIERNEY, oder I dolt him yah, und so I dook under der jobs.

Dot Irisher he vos belong of der Conservative Pardy, dont it? Yah, vaul, I vos of der contrairie on der politics: kvestions I vos a Reform myzaulf. Bud, I o expose dot id don'd make some differenses about dot. Pollydics vos a humpugs in dis country anyhow. Ve dond got some Dictations like George BROWN in der Faderland—only just Von BISMARCK, dots all. I don'd like id, dot I put my heels under GEORGE BROWN'S back of der neck efen ven der *Globes* sots dots so. I don'd stand dot kind of piziness, adogeda. Und JOHN A., he vos der same like dot only worse, if dot is possibilities.

De Governmerdts vos pickin oudt a mans to dake der vacant pordfolio—vedder it vos Meister JOHN MACTONALD—oder Meister MILLS, I could not find me oudt, und dey dondt could dell any more as myself. Meister MAC. would be a bully mans of he knew so much about dot governmentdts as he does vom der dry goots piziness, But of he knew so mooch about der dry goots az he does about der governmentdts, he vood not pe so goot a dry goots veller dont it? but he cood lern, de same vot I lern me to spell de big vordts, vot I makes in mine labers. Meister MILLS, he vas know z mutch already; of he cood loose some-dings of his bolidical economys he vood be mosd so goot like MACTONALTS for dot blace.

It would be an onpossibilities for him to know dot he know nodings. The sailor mens of olt, threw oud JONAH (I forgot his oder name) to save themselves; but dis wood be taking him in, a completdt take in, for Meister MACKENZIE; a dake in dot wood let him oud. But by a merciful providence before dose free draderz vos destroyed oud dey may be loss der reason, az de olt advert says it vos so like dot, when MILLS vas dooken in, vot you say, hey? I vos a strong Reformer, Dot is, I want free drade reformd to production, Und de question voz. how can we keep MACKENZIE und got doze prodections. Dot voz a conundrums dont it?

It voz besser to been a drunken man at Hamilton von nights. az to been a night watchman, for der frisd shoots der second und den der bolliceman he comes und puts both in der leetle pedts und tucks dem up all nice und varm, und KATRINA do me so like ven I coomz mit der pet von mine poots on. Of dot *Times* and *Speckledtater* mens wood got shot, dot wood makes me nottings tiffence. But dey vos only shot in der nick mit svi glass lager.

Dot age of progress vos got so footy gwick in Hamilton dot soon peables will got to no age at all.

Peobles want der civic franchise alderd to give dem who bay for improvement der rights to haf chief woice in der matter, dos vos not aller-right. Der goot of der greatest number is to be first consuled, der greatest number haf got not so mutch munny, and it vos for dere greacst goot dot day should haf de power to dake vor demselves de goots of de number who haf now de greacst goots.

Dot *Globe* newspaper vos feel burdy glad von GOLTWIN SMID he goes away. Der *Globe* always vos sorry of a man got wisdom or vas honest. It dondt could put up mit such foolishness like dose.

Vy dond dem free drade noozbapers dell us how it vos dot times vos besser as goot in der Unided Sdates? I dinks dot we besser go dere ox peshially as der dimes vos so pad as never vos here already, und mein vrow she feel too so like, put as I only reat der *Globe* derefore I knows noddings.

I feel me so pad dot dere voz not 4 Governot Shinerals—I to do vot de ministry vant—I to do vot de *Globe* vants—I to do vot de *Mail* vants, und de oder I to do vot de peobles vant, but de last wood be very onpopular mit de direccors of de 3 oder vons.

Vel! vel! de longer vot a veller lives, de more he finds py chimeny grashious! oud. Und in der language of der Ladin boet I wood exclaim "sick semper spirit us fument!"

Yours drooly,

YAUCUP SWACKELHAMMER.

The Future.

Four millions, with one patriotic thought,
One mighty aim—to make each dollar two,
For this our halls of learning all are sought,
This all we know, whate'er our fathers knew—
Heap up the glittering pile, and see its coinage true.

Oh, sprung from nations rich with noble men,
Who looked on life and all life brings as naught,
Compared with deeds which still should live again,
In memory's niche, by all true hearted sought.
Ill match the lives ye live with lessons these have taught.

It is but for a time—the rotting seed
Foretells the golden prime of many day
This state—perhaps a meaner state—we need,
Ere come the fires to purge the dross away,
And eyes of greed be closed, and patriot glances play.

Conversation—Globe and Mail.

GLOBE.—Ye ken, blackguard ane anther as we may, we baith up-hand the graund prenceple o' pairtyism?

MAIL.—Granted. What then? Do not let us be seen talking. Conclusion, though actual, need not be evident.

GLOBE.—Come ahint the wa'. Whatna shall be done wi' yon GRIP chiel? A 'body's subscreebin' for't. I canna manage ony sma bribery, or even broobreat a judge, but straightway a decabolic cartoon sets a' folk in convulsions.

MAIL.—I cannot myself indulge in a little innocent groundless abuse, or simply cut up a character, but some abominable satiric production sets my teeth on edge. But I pay him off. I never copy. I ignore him utterly—one lesson you have taught us, you know.

GLOBE.—Mon, I ken it. I hae, apparently, prosperit thereby. But Losh Mon! it's a maist awfu' mistak' in the upshot! Eegnorin writers is joost pairfect throwing o' boomerangs, which, when ye ne'er think o't, are still flein back at ye're unprotectet head. Wad ye ken the truth? The writers wha I hae, in my journalistic life, eegnorit an' tried to traimp out, are noo the vara swairms wha, frae a 'corners, hae near stang me tae death. I wad abandon poletics, but there is nae ither except the moral line, which is clean out o' mine. I maun gang. I canna tell hoo tae croosh yon deevil GRIP; but this I tell ye; he wha stairts tae croosh newspapers by eegnorin suld sit himsel' doon on a bec-hive, and eegnore the bees. Exit.

Remarkable Contribution.

The Philadelphia correspondent of the *Mount Forest Confederate* says:—

"Fifty odd delegates sent from France to the Exposition have arrived. Each delegate receives \$400 from his government, and is provided for by the corporation he represents."

GRIP will, when he goes to the Centennial, certainly visit the part of the exhibition wherein these odd persons are exhibited. He would have liked to have received details as to the particular oddities they were selected for, and whether they each give representations of their special oddness for the amusement of visitors.

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THE AMERICAN CENTENNIAL,
1876.

Wheeler & Wilson Victorious!

Again the WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINES triumph over the world. The Centennial Commission have officially announced the awards, and decreed for the New Wheeler & Wilson Machine two Diplomas of Honour and two Medals of Merit. This is a double victory and the highest award which it was in the power of the Centennial authorities to bestow. NO OTHER COMPANY RECEIVED SUCH A RECOGNITION IN THIS DEPARTMENT. More than thirty of the best producers of machines in this and other countries entered for competition, and at Philadelphia in 1876, as at Vienna in 1872, and at Paris in 1867, Wheeler & Wilson head the list. After a careful, rigorous, and exhaustive examination, the judges unanimously decided that the superior excellence of these machines deserved more than one medal and diploma, and, consequently, they recommended two of each. The Centennial Commission unanimously ratified the action of the judges, and the public will doubtless endorse the decision of the ablest of mechanical experts. A CLAIM FOR EQUALLY DISTINGUISHED HONOUR BY ANY OTHER SEWING MACHINE COMPANY IS ONLY AN ATTEMPT TO HOODWINK THE PEOPLE. Read the following, which stamps the "New Wheeler & Wilson" as the *Standard Sewing Machine of the World.*

[From the Official Report.]

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