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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 308. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

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EDITED BY  
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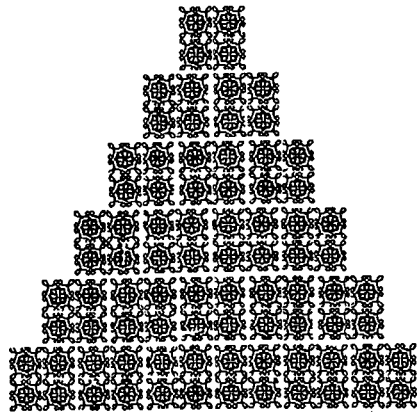
TORONTO, APRIL 4, 1874.

No. 19.

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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, APRIL 4, 1874.

## NIGHTS ROUND THE TABLE.

The lists were prepared—of the Orders I mean  
And the notices made of the motions I ween,  
And the galleries filled with the youthful and fair—  
The aged, and ugly, the fat, thin, and spare.  
And the marshal has entered with tip tilted nose  
And boiled oyster eyes, set in bilious repose,  
Mace bearer in front—truly thankful he feels  
That the sword at his side don't trip up his heels.  
While the Clerk of the Lists—by raw recruits feared—  
Is brushing the dinner crumbs out of his beard.  
The doors are swung wide—in the champions come  
And troop to their seats without trumpet or drum.  
Sir Oliver Meek, who leads the advance  
Like a trim little spectacled porpoise doth prance,  
As bold as a lamb, and as fierce as a dove  
Like a raging cock sparrow, he throws down his glove.  
Most feebly he thunders, most mildly he crows,  
Then pockets his glove, for too truly he knows  
That were he to strike with the edge of his sword  
The whole constitution would go by the board.  
Next Sir Laucelot Crooked, so called from his ways  
Which are devious and doubtful, exciting amaze,  
For all know when the Donnybrook conflict is done  
And he comes to the west, how weel he will run.  
(So well that thereafter, his wig on the green  
Will be all that in public will ever be seen.)  
Incoherent he splutters and wildly he flings  
To the winds all his thoughts and statements and things,  
(By the latter we mean what he does and disowns  
In spite of his luckless subordinates' groans.)  
With new fangled notions he leads the advance,  
And in figures he certainly is a free lance.  
In them there's no paradox he will not dare  
(Provided he is not expected to swear.)  
Sir Galahad next—justly famed for a bold one,  
(As a gal-he-had still in his eye—though an old one.)  
He is known by his works, and his forerun so gay  
Who work up the voters on Government pay.  
He is armored in damasks, in chromos arrayed  
And wears as a helmet, a canoe couch instead.  
With the sins of omission and commission piled,  
And the works that this Government architect spiled,  
What wonder that he should feel weak in the knees,  
And the "pairy" should just let him down by degrees.  
Next, Sir, Ozier, by Jingo, a faiveant knight,  
Who, scorning to fly, is too lazy to fight,  
And keeps on his own easy tenor of way,  
When the deuce is broke loose and the devil's to pay.  
Sir Tristram comes next, with armor quite new,  
Glancing back all the darts, though with dints not a few;  
But his sword is too handy, and wasted on foes  
Who are not worth the steel, and are used to his blows.  
These five are the council, with forty to back 'em  
One would think they'd go in for the others and whack 'em.  
(But with forty majority—such policy theirs  
They are ruled on a system, as if they were "Hares.")  
To cope with these heroes are champions four  
With a band of the faithful now less than a score.  
Sir Matthew the Bungler, their leader of choice  
To cheer up their hearts with his cracked trumpet voice,  
And though his pure soul is with virtue oppressed  
He says and does meanly, like all of the rest.  
But a star in the East will no more for him burn  
Nor Jim B—ty pay for the hero's return.  
Sir Lauder the brazen, whose tongue rather loose  
Deals little in argument, much in abuse  
(Whose speeches reporters ne'er now take a note on  
For they know 'em by heart—from McK—ll—r to Proton)  
That knight of fair fame who helps to build churches  
On pickings from widows and orphans' lean purses.  
Sir Charley the Bantam—to whom nature alas

Has been over profuse in gab, gas, and brass,  
His shield in reverse, bearing "Welland Canal,"  
(*Lucus a non*—to show he ain't got it at all.)  
Sir Bladderskin Windbag, the last on the list,  
Whose virtues unnumbered would hardly be missed,  
If during the fight, some with desperate pin  
Were to prick him, and let out the wind in his skin.  
But the umpires come next, who straddle the fence  
And will take all they can, no matter from whence.  
Grim Welland sits still, with his lance in its nook,  
And will "go" for the one that it suits him the best,  
For his anger is great, and his gorge it has risen,  
To think that a seat in the council aint his'n.  
Next Thomas the speakerless (if speechless, who cares?)  
For his speeches are long and prosy as prayers.)  
Next the curly haired boy, the Addington sinner,  
Who swallows next day, what he lets out at dinner.  
Next Victoria's stick, a limb tough and dry,  
And Waterloo's heroes who division lists shy.  
And Bibulous Essex; and nobody's child  
Who hails from East Durlham; and Stormont so mild,  
When heated in action, his tongue rather loose  
Deals little in argument, much in abuse.  
And all of the rest, for we really can't name 'em,  
Be they lawyer or editor, doctor or layman.  
All the combatants carry with soldierlike ease  
A stick with a bladder well filled with dry pease  
Tied on to its end, and with ominous rattle  
They shake all these weapons and wait for the battle.  
Sir Oliver rises, the marshal says "go it"  
(Soo Dante's Inferno for the rest, saith the poet.)

Creeping slowly round the corners,  
Bands of civil servants come  
Armed with wax and tape and wafers  
And the soft and sticky gun.

Marshaled by their cruel leaders  
At each door a clerk doth stand  
As the bell tolls for division  
Gathering all that wretched band.

With a cry of salary  
Echoing wildly on the floor,  
Closed is every avenue  
Barred securely is each door.

Now with gum and wax and tapers,  
Now with wafers and red tape,  
Fastened all the doors and knot-holes,  
Closed each avenue of escape.

Then with fiendish laugh and chuckle  
To their offices they go,  
And the land is governed wisely—  
Politics may no man know.

And about those wretched sinners  
Closed within those red baized doors,  
No one asked for—no one missed them  
And they'll issue never more.

## HOPELESS ASPIRATIONS.

ACCORDING to a special telegram in our contemporary the London Herald:

"It is understood that the organ of the Canada First party will be issued next Thursday. It is to be called the *Nation*, and aspires to be the Saturday review of Canada."

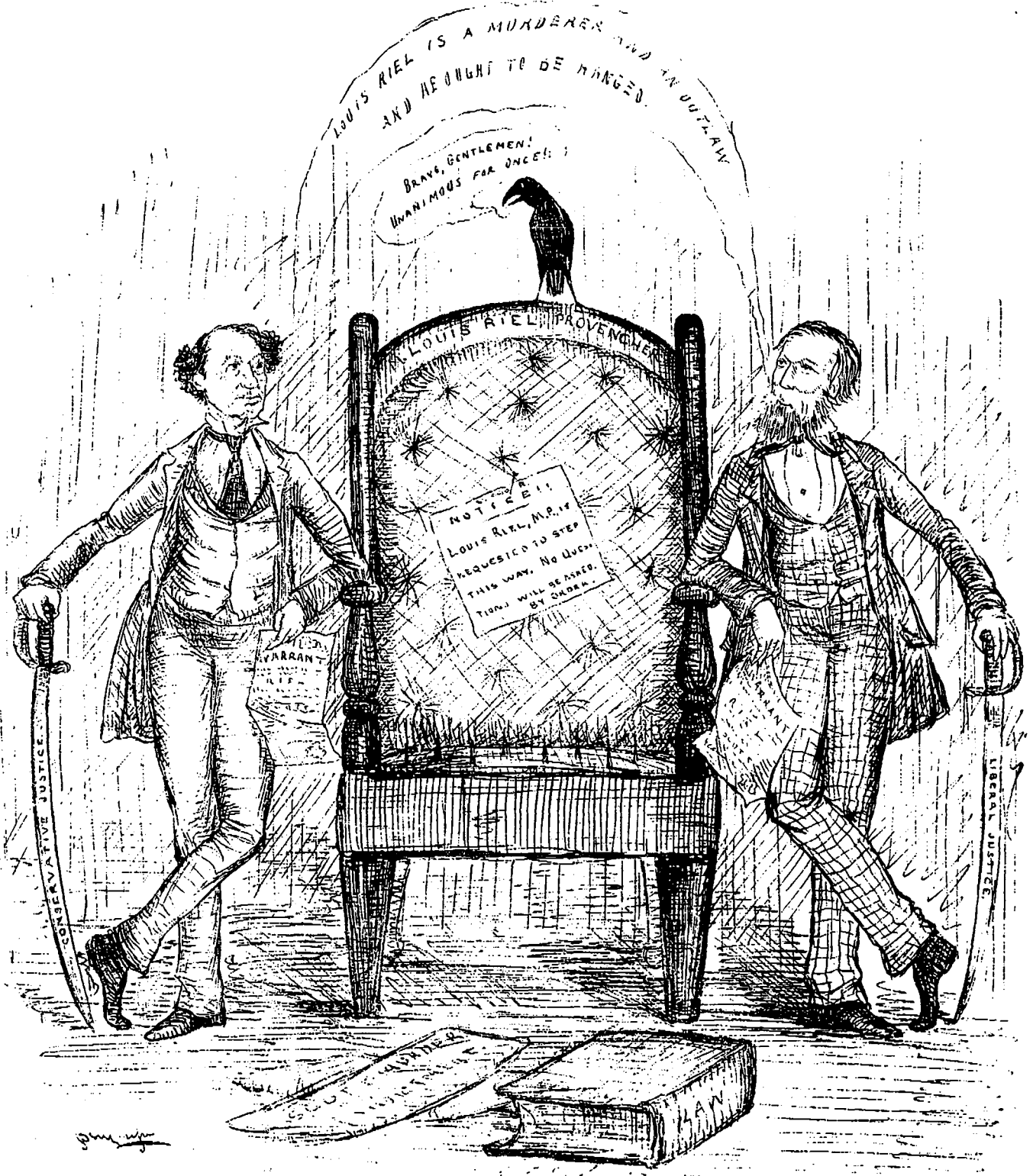
GRIP believes in giving this brilliant young party a fair field, and he will therefore not follow those who think it right to satirize their aspirations after supreme control of the country's affairs; but then for any party to publish a paper on Thursday and hope to make it a Saturday review is a little too unreasonable.

## Grip in Council.

Present—GRIP, in the Chair; BARNABY RUDGE, PATRICK SMALLWIT, G.C., WILLIAM SPEAKEQUEER, MACGREGOR SLOWOUM, and TIMOTHY TONGUEGRASS.

GRIP.—Gentlemen, come to order! Mr. SLOWOUM, what were you going to observe?

4



# THE VACANT CHAIR.

A RIEL BOND OF UNION.

**SLOWCUM.**—I was going to say I am afraid there is no hope of securing any protection for home manufactures. Even comic papers will have to stand or fall on their merits.

**TONGUEGRASS.**—So much the better. **GRIP** will have no rival at home at all events. My prophetic eye sees a not distant time when every man with any claim to intelligence will be a subscriber to **GRIP**.

**SPAKEQUEER.**—In that good time coming other people will laugh and we will grow fat.

**RUDGE.**—What think you of the *argumentum ad hominem* applied by **KIRBY** to the offending editor of a weekly contemporary, by way of answer to his "bit of a joke?"

**SPAKEQUEER.**—The learned gentleman who presides at the Police Court does not seem to think **KIRBY** deserving of very severe censure. In fact, he scolds the plaintiff and lets the defendant off with a nominal fine.

**TONGUEGRASS.**—Public men are open to criticism in their public capacity only. Their characters, in so far as they affect their fitness for any public office of trust, may possibly be looked upon as public property. Until the arrival of the Millennium, it is by no means likely that the critics will cease to find in officials of all degrees, in M.P.'s and M.P.P.'s, abundant food for animadversion and ridicule, and with this they should be satisfied.

**SLOWCUM.**—But if I should say something very witty, even if a trifle personal, concerning some man, must I take the consequences of being not merely pounded in the street—I am not a **HERCULES**, you know—and perhaps of being compelled to recline in moist and unclean clay, but also of having to receive magisterial lectures?

**GRIP.**—Serve you right, serve you right, if you do.

**TONGUEGRASS.**—You are running a very heavy risk, **SLOWCUM**. Your biting speeches will cause you to come to grief undoubtedly, and I would advise you to take out an accident policy.

**SMALLWIT.**—Honesty is the best policy, though some people think—to judge by their actions—that it, like a policy of life assurance, yields no results till after death.

**SPAKEQUEER.**—Their code is to be honest as long only as it is the best policy; comforting themselves, perhaps, by saying—'tis their poverty, not their will, consents.

**TONGUEGRASS.**—If a poor man picks up a purse containing much money, and does not use it for himself, but finds the owner and makes prompt restoration, he is honest, and the world applauds. If, however, **DIVES** believes virtue to be its own reward, and neglects to hand the honest poor man, who has restored to him his money, a bonus for his honesty, he (**DIVES**) comes in for anything but applause. The general idea being that honesty must be made immediately lucrative, or otherwise it will cease to exist.

**SPAKEQUEER.**—Were I to pick up that purse you allude to, I think I should carry it to the careless **DIVES** to whom it belonged, but I might not put myself out of breath in the doing of it. But, did I know that a tithe, say, of the contents were to be mine, how mine honesty would give wings to my feet!

**SMALLWIT.**—You would, in fact, pursue him with perseverance.

**TONGUEGRASS.**—A judgment will pursue you and overtake you, too, if you go on like that.

**SLOWCUM.**—Ah, now, you should not check but rather encourage **PATRICK**, who, like most of his countrymen, is bashful. Let him practice being witty—

**TONGUEGRASS.**—Yes, certainly, but he should not be **Smallwitty**.

**RUDGE.**—What were those cannon firing for the other day?

**TONGUEGRASS.**—Cannon! They were only the small guns going off from the halls of local legislation.

**RUDGE.**—And the band?

**SPAKEQUEER.**—The "Opposition Quartette" playing "the Cameron Band."

**GRIP.**—Say, **TONGUEGRASS**, what is the question of the hour?

**TONGUEGRASS.**—What will he do with it?

**RUDGE.**—Who and what?

**TONGUEGRASS.**—**Riel** and his vacant chair.

**SPAKEQUEER.**—Amnestied or not amnestied, that is the question? There will be much expenditure of red-tapeism in arriving at this simple fact, and the House will persist in not being "seized" of what is patent to everybody. **RIEL** will take care that he is not seized either.

**SLOWCUM.**—What a farce his whole proceedings are! Why does he not either surrender and be hanged to him, or else keep out of the way altogether?

**SMALLWIT.**—How he can ever expect to get off scot free I really can't understand. The Ottawa policeman has a warrant out against him, so has Attorney **CLARKE**, and to judge from the accounts from **Red River**, there will be many to bar him from **Frovencher**.

**GRIP.**—Drop him, the scoundrel.

**TONGUEGRASS.**—What a nice legacy has been left to the Minister of Finance! Deficit is a nice word to be staring him in the face at the outset. A good chance, the manufacturers think, to increase the revenue by practically prohibiting the importation of goods from which revenue is now being derived.

**RUDGE.**—Their motto is—when manufactures flourish the country prospers.

**SPAKEQUEER.**—If they into much hard cash can turn the exigencies of the moment what care they? Methinks **CARTWRIGHT** will not be led by the nose.

**SMALLWIT.**—He knows too much for that. **CARTWRIGHT** won't drive the cart wrong.

**TONGUEGRASS.**—Have done! Your pledges are worth no more than a politician's.

**GRIP.**—I am weary. Disperse.

#### CONSTITUTION OF OUR PARLIAMENT.

[FROM "GRIP'S" SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

OTTAWA, April 1.

I once dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls, and my dream has now come about as nearly true as most dreams do. I believe in dreams, don't you? My wife does also. She on one occasion had a vision—she was not the Dream Woman, however—and she in her beauty sleep saw and behold three black sheep were in a field with three black crows sitting upon them, and periodically making inquisitive investigations into their dusty feces, apparently causing no small torment to the muttons. My tender-hearted spouse, endeavouring to drive off the crows, in the effort woke up. She was much impressed with her dream. That day her aunt's brother-in-law on the maternal side deceased, bequeathing our Joe One Hundred Dollars. She knew something was going to happen!

Some houses are built of bricks. This House has some bricks in it, undoubtedly, and some wood as well, but the architectural construction of it is various in its character, decidedly of the composite order. It is ecclesiastical in its **ABDOTT** and its **PORE**, who have one **CRUTON** between them, and a **KRAX**, in case there should be a secession and a consequent desire to run a clerical side show. There is also a public **HALL**, which, on a pinch, is by no means to be sneezed at.

Since **BAKER** stayed at home there is no one look after the loaves, but **ANGLIN** may still be depended upon to have an eye out for the fishes, and his lues are now cast in pleasant places. In order to keep him from talking so much they have made him *Speaker*, and he will now have much rest.

Did you know that **REVUE-ALL** has been elected *Poet Laureate*? It was not he, however, who invented "Marie Alexandrowna," which nobody can deny. His principal business now is to compose *Mother Goose's* melodies for the **BAUX** and the very **YOUNG** from **Waterloo**. The dangerous **KULLER** has not done any breaking of his special commandment as yet, but there is a **CORFIN** always ready for any of his victims.

Political epicures will rejoice to know that there is a **COOK** among them, but this is of less importance than it might otherwise be, inasmuch as the only delicacies he has handy to him are two **CUNNING-HAMS**.

The most diminutive man in the House is **LITTLE**. **BIGGER**—who has lately, in the Election Court, asked for an enlargement—rauks next in stature.

It cannot be denied that the Government has one **POWER**, and that by no means an unson **POWER**. The Opposition must view with alarm the formidable **POSEN** the Administration are always ready to put forward.

From **Moss** being already attached to the Cabinet, a superficial observer would at once conclude that it had grown ripe with age. This is only another substantial proof of the unreliable nature of circumstantial evidence.

That the Opposition are not altogether in the wrong may safely be assumed, inasmuch as they have **WARENT** on their side, but in this they are no better off than the Government. The leading man from **British Columbia** is not Minister of Militia; he is, as yet, only an **A.D.C.**

**BARREN** gives one a poor idea of the fertility of the district of **Algonia**. I **TRAW** is a firm believer in something or other, he does not exactly know what. The **BOWELL** from **North Hastings**, it is to be hoped, will not have many complaints. If **Orange w(h)ine**—usually a specific in intestinal disorders—can avert so undesirable a disaster, the electors of **N. H.**, need have no apprehensions on this point.

East **Toronto** and **Mrs. Quoi** are represented in some way, but *don't know who* comes from there. **Chicoutimi** sends an **EARNEST SIMON**. **RAY** is not from the setting sun, but has his source in the **East**. **BROOKS** is **Sherbrooke's** choice, and has nothing to do with **Three Rivers** nor does he rise in **Two Mountains**—one would be enough for him. **BOWMAN** will probably draw several long bows, but it is difficult to tell what he will keep in a quiver. We met (**QUIMET**) by chance is here, and a lot more, one or two regular bricks for such a workman as the Premier to work with, and many more decidedly wooden, but all are just now pining to be at home. Good bye!

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