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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 355. 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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VOL. 2.

TORONTO, MAY 9, 1874.

No. 24.

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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 9, 1874.

## APOLOGETIC.

GRIP, owing to unforeseen circumstances, is issued this week with only a single page of illustrations. The publishers apologise to the public for this unavoidable shortcoming, and will endeavour to make provision against its repetition, as their intention and desire is to give two pages of illustrations each week.

## Grip's Sense of the Session.

Monday, April 27.—The Senate received the usual number of petitions, worked as hard as usual, and were weary as usual at 5 p.m. In the Commons, Government deigned to afford the following information:

Parliament to be convoked hereafter on the 1st February (in future, valentines for members to be addressed to Ottawa.)

Bill to be brought in for the better winding up of incorporated frands.

Then the Manitoba Unpleasantness, *alias* North West Troubles, came on the boards, Dr. Schultz moving for a Royal Commission thereupon.

The Premier, however, don't "hold with" Royal Commissions, and said so.

Mr. TREMBLAY smelt a mice in respect to Mr. LANGEVIN's interest in the St. Lawrence Tow Boat Co., and thought he had unearthed the mystery attaching to that "\$25,000 to Mr. LANGEVIN," but was speedily set right by an affidavit, and was promptly "sat upon" by the present and the ex Premiers.

## TEN MINUTES FOR REFRESHMENTS,

and, fortified by the strong Bohem, the gentle WILKES waxed warlike, and wanted our fortifications repaired at short notice, but Hon. Mr. MACKENZIE had no intention of asking any one to tread on their official coat-tails, while Mr. M. CAMERON came out strong as an Amicable Arbitrator.

With regard to the establishment of a "Canadian Hansard," which every one unites in thinking desirable, GRIP has to say, that, if each member will take him in, and read, mark, learn, &c., the Sense of the Session, that question will be answered.

A general row anent the Tariff followed. Mr. MACKENZIE told Dr. TUPPER that he was either emphatic or nothing, hinting that he certainly wasn't emphatic; which was naughty.

And at 11.55 the gas was shut off.

Tuesday, 28th.—The Senate discussed the Liquor Law, Hon. Mr. VIDAL thinking that the clergyman who had accused Senators of enticing members of the Lower House from the paths of virtue by means of an underground passage to the Senate Bar, should be brought before the Bar of the House. (Query by Mr. De St. Just, which Bar?)

The Commons discussed the Election Bill and arranged to borrow EIGHT MILLION POUNDS sterling, (doubtless to subsidize GRIP with.)

School "let out" at 12.30 a.m.

April 29th.—The Senate adjourned at 5 p.m. The Commons had a grand pow-wow concerning Prohibition, the only two honest opinions being expressed by Mr. BUNGER and Mr. CHISHOLM, the former holding that if he wanted to "smile," no man had a right to call him villain, the latter thinking that members had better commence by practising what they preach.

The House then went into Supply and didn't go home till morning.

April 30th.—In the Senate Hon. Mr. BUREAU introduced a bill to compel Railways to have telegraph lines along their roads. While this gentleman's hand is in GRIP would suggest an Act to compel water to run down hill (both equally necessary.)

And by the sweat of their senatorial brows they earned their bread by toiling until five.

The Commons sat with closed doors. The newest member being initiated on a Government grit-iron—GRIP at the key-hole.

On the doors being opened, Mr. CARWRIGHT, our Fickle Financier, modified his tariff and the result is that—

GRIP's jewellery costs five per cent more.

GRIP's morning cup of tea, three cents more per pound.

GRIP's fine-out, five cent's more than of yore.

And as for GRIP's morning lump of sugar, Government don't see their (Red) path clear yet.

Dr. TUPPER entered into minute calculations as to the effect of the tax on tobacco on the poor man's family and was actually affecting, and Mr. HOLTON twitted him with the Pacific—confound it, GRIP is sick of the word—(manners, Mr. HOLTON.)

Several lesser lights aired their eloquence after this, but the Premier, mindful of the fate of CAUDLE, moved an adjournment at 2.20.

May 1.—In the Senate, Hon. Mr. DICKEN made a bad joke, and the rest of the "angust body" made the fastest time on record, putting up their shutters in seventy minutes by the clock.

Hon. Mr. MACKENZIE and Dr. TUPPER were very uncivil to each other in the Commons, which spent most of their time discussing that tariff.

Mr. PLUMB suggested that Government should appeal to the patriotism of the ladies and expressed an opinion about petticoats. For particulars of which GRIP in his modesty refers his readers to *The Globe* of May 4th.

Lots of talk and very little work, and late hours again. Gentlemen—Really this won't do.

## THE VIRTUE OF INCONSISTENCY.

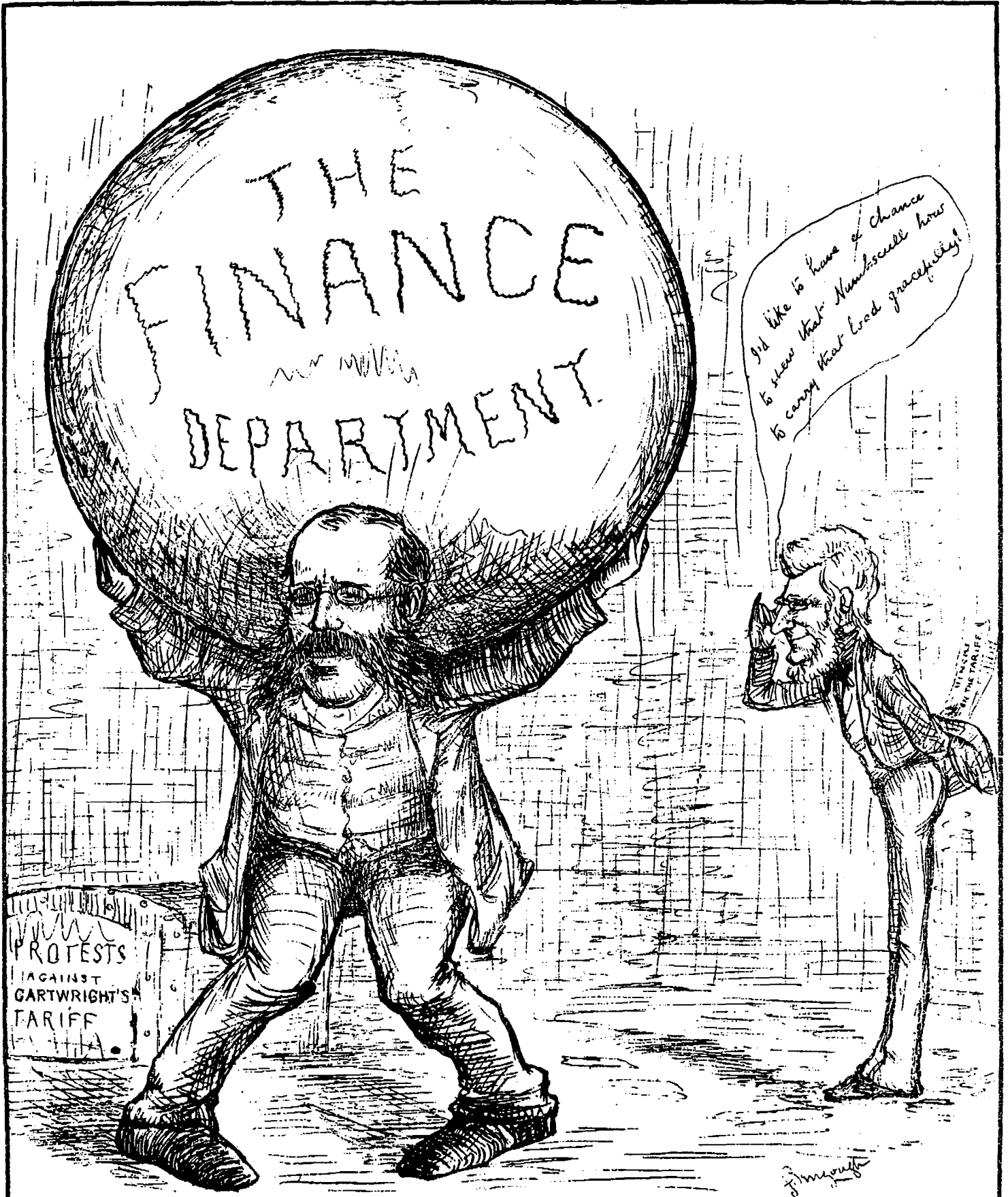
It is not necessary to inform the public how the following letter came into GRIP's possession. Their business is simply to read:

To the Editor of the "Rotator."

SIR: Your draft (\$2,500), quarter's *honorarium* for services as your special Toronto Correspondent and Commissioner, received, and placed to your credit. I like the name selected for your enterprising venture. The proverb, "Virtue is its own reward," is now exploded, save among a few antediluvians. It may be classed with "Honesty is the best policy," "A man's a man for a' that," and similar fossil perverters of ingenious youth. Consistency is in the same category. In journalism it is sure to lead to grief. Therefore, in adopting the rotary, or sun-flower, principle for your esteemed paper, you have shown your usual political and ethical discrimination. Your foot is on the ladder of fame and fortune. Such successful politicians, or officials, as I talk with here always assure me that the rotatory plan in public life not only contributes to individual benefit, but gives a pleasing variety to the whole domain of politics. Does nature abhor a vacuum? She abominates, also, a dull uniformity. What is more monotonous than your "honest and consistent" Liberal or Conservative. He is like the dull level of a Western prairie, or a Dutch flower-garden. When I meet with one of these fixities, I at once feel, with JAKOVIC, in Bleak House, that the wind is in the East. But commend me to your lively rotatory politician! Here I behold the agreeable variety which is the salt of mundane experience! On Tuesday he chants to me the praises of JOHN A.; on Thursday—the Ministerial sky looking cloudy—he hints that we "have had enough of the Tories." JOHN goes out. MAC succeeds. *Rotator* protested to me yesterday that the country would be ruined in six months. To-day, I find he is off to Ottawa to express to the Premier his deep regret that circumstances over which he had no control have so long blinded him to the ability, patriotism, and disinterestedness of that eminent statesman. I am charmed. I am enlivened. I experience the brisk sensation of having taken a moral cock-tail. No doubt our "consistent" friend is respectable, and so on; but the rotatory man is more splay and agreeable. Looking on the rotatory man in a serenely philosophical light, I find in *Rotator* a vast magazine of pleasant elucidatory material.

In the discharge of my duties to your high-principled rotatory sheet, you solicit suggestions from me respecting its management. My first counsel is—never admit yourself to be wrong. (This plan has made the *Rotundus* here eminently successful.) If for example, you have once averred—editorially—that the moon is made of green cheese, you must for ever maintain the assertion against all impugnors. It is possible you may, in course of time, so far yield to argument as to admit that it is a little brown, or even yellowish in colour. But for its absolutely cheesey essence and quality, you will evermore do battle to your last fount of long primer. My second counsel is corollary to the first.—Never permit yourself to apologise for any fault or misstatement. No man, says BENTLEY, was ever written out of reputation but by himself. So long as you never admit yourself to be wrong, so long as you refuse to apologise, you can stand immovable to the end of time on the pedestal of obstinate perfection.

"Must the *Rotator* always be original?" By no means. Your sub-editor snips paragraphs from other papers to which he has no claim, save the right of discovery. Should severer rules bind the Editor? SOLOMON says there is nothing new under the sun. Why then should you attempt to produce originalities, and thus set yourself against Scripture. You, who are in the THORSON backwoods, feeding your flocks, under the able ARCHIE's paternal administration, can appreciate the sentiment that it is superfluous for a man to go through the hard work of clearing and seeding down, when, hard by, is a green meadow of his neighbour's into which he can introduce his cow or sheep, by the easy process of dislocating a rail or two.



# THE POLITICAL ATLAS.

WHO WOULDN'T BE FINANCE MINISTER?

Originality is a mere *ignis fatuus*. The proverb, "Every man his own BOSWELL," ought to be altered into "every man his own plagiarist." When all the realms of fancy and fact lie before you in libraries or newspaper files, niggardly must be the looser who grudges you a few browsings. For myself, I believe with SOLOMON, there is no such thing as plagiarism, because there is nothing which is new. Do you suppose, when DANIEL WEBSTER avowed that HAMILTON "touched the dead corpse of public credit which at once sprang into life," he meant to steal Lord AVONMORE's eulogium on BLACKSTONE? Who invented the "heart to resolve, head to contrive, and hand to execute?" GIBBON or JUNIUS. Or did they both steal from MACHIAVEL? For me, your correspondent, having a soul above vulgar prejudices, I purpose, assisted by a good conscience, to steal anything I have a mind to. This unlimited power of conveyance is the only term—save the cash arrangement—on which I can consent to lighten your darkness and that of your readers. It is a noble thing to be a debtor to his neighbour. The soul expands under the consciousness of mutual help.

Tues,

RICHARD DE DICKE.

## Evenings with the Poets.

No. V.

GRIP has the extreme pleasure of announcing that, with an unparalleled disregard of expense, he has secured, per cable, the following contribution from England's Poet Laureate.

Dwelling so unreservedly as it does on the domestic life of the great poet himself, it will, no doubt, prove doubly interesting to subscribers:—

### AN IDYLL.

#### THE WHOLE A WAIL.

As through the land at eve we went—  
We'd been wed but two short years—  
We fell out, my wife and I,  
We fell out; I'll tell you why,  
And why she boxed my ears.

Wide ope'd her ancient gums, and thus she shaped  
The reason for so doing, like to this:  
"It chanced last night, and ere 'twas early morn,  
I, wakened by the am'rous Thomas Cat,  
Love-prating to his tortoise-shelled mate  
Upon the tiles that roof our dwelling in,  
And thinking that if ever yet was wife  
True to her love, so then was I to you,  
Espied you moving with unsteady tread,  
As of a man who wears a brick in hat,  
Cross-legged with the juice of ancient rye  
(Oh! never yet had woman such a fate),  
And more, that when you winked with beery eye  
At Sarah Ann, the parlour girl, that I  
Was not so blind as then I seemed to be."

Thus on she chattered, like a brook or bird,  
Till, weary of her prating, short I paused—  
"Oh! babbling wife," said I, "whence so much tongue,  
Whence comes it?" and my wife, to me, replies:

From out two rows of pearly teeth  
I make a sudden sally,  
Like soldier's sword from out my sheath,  
I dart perpetually.  
I fib, I fawn, I scold, I scorn,  
Save when I pause to swallow;  
I keep my husband on the hop,  
For men are very shallow.  
Then out again I skip, I jaw,  
With many a shake and shiver;  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on forever.

"Blame not thy spouse too much," I said, "nor blame  
Too much th' effect, oblivious of the cause."  
"I own," I said, "I was a trifle beery."  
"He owneth up," she said,  
"He owneth up that he was beery,  
"I would that I were dead!"

\* She doesn't wish it more than I do.

A. T.

## THE PSALM OF LIFE.

No. VI.

Ask us not in tones of wonder,  
"Is this tariff but a dream?"  
Or "has CARTWRIGHT made a blunder?"  
For things are not as they seem.

It is real! it is pressing!  
A deficit's what we shun;  
All thro' Surgeon Mac's transgressing  
Must we bear this extra "dun."

For our country's debt is bigger  
Than is to our statesman's taste;  
That she may have a better figure  
They think they must reduce the waste.

The *Globe* is pro the *Mail* is versus,  
At each other still they rave;  
Columns fraught with inky curses,  
All because the Grits will save.

In the House of Commons wrangle,  
In the bivouac at night;  
Don't get matters in a tangle  
Shew the Left a little fight.

Raise no scandal, tho' Pacific,  
Let the dead past bury its dead;  
Leave't to BROWN to be tariffic,  
BROWN, by whom the Pairty's led!

Lives of public men remind us  
We can serve a weary time;  
And, resigning, leave behind us  
Many a friend and many a "dime."

Such an office that some Tory,  
Now in unofficial shade;  
Going where he's called by glory,  
May be fatten'd up and paid.

Let us, then, be up—no shamming,  
With a heart for any fate;  
Pay the tariff without d——g,  
And keep afloat the ship of State.

## Croaks from Grip's Basket.

PLEASE EXPLAIN.—"THIS man BOWNE"—says the *Globe*, speaking of the late New York suicide—"seems to have been the cigar-end of a rake." Will the editor kindly explain the import of this certificate of character? GRIP cannot find a market gardener or implement dealer in the city who can tell which end of a rake "the cigar-end" is.

CONTRADICTION.—There is no foundation for the rumor that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is about to institute proceedings against Mr. GRAND for knocking down horses, as it is alleged he does at anybody's bidding.

COMPLETE IT.—The newspapers are now styling the late member for Provencher, LOUIS RIEL, ex-M.P. Why not enigmatically describe the position of that gentleman by adding a T?

A SPECIFIC FOR THE CREDIT SYSTEM—Miller's Tick Destroyer.

GOOD FIELD FOR EMIGRANTS DURING THE COMMERCIAL PANIC—The Great Lone Land.

DOBSON (bachelor) seeing in the papers, that a society for promoting the burning of corpses has been formed in Switzerland, hopes cremation won't be introduced here, for he is sure if he were to die, his landlady would sell his ashes for soap; already, she sells his bear's grease to the ashman, and his handkerchiefs to the rag man.

THE prohibitionists say, they want to strike at the root of the evil. Let them wait till next summer, and then unearth the rye, barley, and grape vines.

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