

# THE GRIT MACHINE AND THE MANITOU PUP

(With Slight Apologies to Oliver Wendell Holmes.)

Respectfully Dedicated to the HON. G. W. ROSS, Premier of Ontario.

By an Ardent Admirer

April 15th, 1903.

P. M. McE.

Have you heard of that wonderful Grit Machine  
That has earned for itself such malice and spleen,  
And is charged with the rankest and grossest rapine?  
Have you heard of that famous Machine, I say,  
That was built in such a phenomenal way  
By Sir Oliver Mowat on Humber Bay,  
That it ran eight and thirty years to a day,  
When all of a sudden it - ah! but stay—  
I'll tell you what happened without delay—  
Shocking all decent, respectable Grits,  
And scaring weak-minded ones out of their wits,  
As though chased by Napoleon at Austerlitz,  
When he gave the allied enemies fits?  
If not, just listen a moment, I pray,  
And I shall endeavor to fully portray  
The strange allegations of that old slay.

'Twas eighteen hundred and sixty-five,  
Old Sanfield McDonald was then alive,  
Petresseed had grown the Tory hive;  
That was the year that Ontario  
Had made of the soundwells an open show,  
When Inferno opened its mouth, and lo!  
With nausea shrun and deadly throes,  
Demurring obstreperously as they go,  
Yet weak as a chub in a polar floe,  
The brawling hoodlums vanished below,  
Down buried in obloquy so deep,  
It might be termed an eternal sleep,  
But that they howl and squin, and weep;  
A year that was of illustrious sheen,  
That Sir Oliver built the Grit Machine.

Sir Oliver took of the country folk—  
Yoomen as stout as the sturdy oak,  
That couldn't be bought, nor bent, nor broke:  
Men were they of marrow and iron wills;  
Men, firm as their own Laurentian hills—  
To make him his frame-work, posts and sills;  
While for tire and axle and linch-pin, too—  
Steel of the finest, bright and blue—  
He chose of the city's cultured few.  
Thus to factory, farm and mill went he,  
Casting about him a practised eye,  
Selecting the choicest that he could spy—  
Inflexible, durable, straight and clean,  
And putting it into the Grit Machine;  
That was the way he put her through.  
"There," said Sir Oliver, "now she'll do."

She'll do! I tell you, I rather gness  
She was a marvel and nothing less.  
'Her merits no mortal can ever express;  
Beautiful, biddable, smooth-running, strong,  
She is nurtured in story and cradled in song,  
Faces grew wrinkled, and beards turned gray,  
Kindgoms that bore unrivalled sway  
Crumbled to dust and passed away.  
Marter and Meredith, where are they?  
A down both sild the netter way,  
Their memory gone, as cold their clay;  
But there stands the stout old Grit Machine,  
As fresh as a daisy blushing unseen,  
Or decking the turf of the village green.

Then eighteen seventy-five came round,  
And eighteen eighty likewise found  
The Mowat masterpiece safe and sound,  
Creating a most sensational laugh.  
When Dick, the Guelph Consumptive Calf,  
One forenoon down the track did stray,  
As down grade rushed the Mowat shay,  
The Calf contesting the right of way.  
The College Calf was ill-advised,  
And you needn't be at all surprised,  
His atoms disjunctly advertised  
The virtues of Koch's new anti-toxine;  
Such was the fate of the mad bovine  
That thoughtlessly charged the Grit Machine.

In eighteen eighty, increased by ten,  
The "Hardy Carriage," they called it then,  
Was slowly mounting an up-hill grade  
When out from the thicket's nether shade  
There leaped a ram with thoughts malign,  
Intent on mischief most condign.  
The silly ram, whose name was Dan,  
Whose forte was butt as butt you can,  
Had scarcely reached the engine's track  
When with a "Whitner we will whack,"  
Right hoisted into the Zodiac  
Was the young moorland reckless fool,  
Hence *Aries*, the Ram, and *Taurus*, the Bull.

In eighteen hundred and ninety eight  
Took place what I shall next relate:  
St. John of piggery fame did thrive  
A greater than Gladstone, Peel or Clive;  
He had a piggie he called *Porcine*,  
He taught her to hate the Grit Machine,  
He treated her often to nice sweet whey,  
When fever consumed her night and day,  
Beside her wasting form he lay,  
But she covered him over with *Humber* clay,  
When over the hills she went away,  
And rushing right down a deep ravine  
She was met by the Mowat Grit Machine -  
Six miles of sausage strung the green,  
St. John, a sad, sad man was he,  
Between the sausage and the deep sea.

In nineteen hundred it was and three,  
Sir Plinius Whitney gave out that he,  
In virtue of his plurality,  
Was Cock o' the Walk; *Fox Populi*.  
This knight of portly, pompous mien  
Looked on the famous Grit Machine  
As having already outlived its day,  
A parasite rooted in foul decay,  
As weather-beaten, checked and rusted,  
A thing no longer to be trusted,  
On the highway of the nation -  
An object of sheer detestation.  
In such warm academic diction  
Sir Plinius stated his conviction,  
At times with tragic malediction.

Sir Plinius said to Gaume: "Depart,  
And conjure, slave, thy Manitou art,  
Go build me a jaunty shay or cart  
In style imposing; play well thy part:  
But smash that rickety Grit Machine,  
Or make it into the ditch caeven,  
And I shall slocken thy drouthy canteen.  
Since now the game is play for place,  
The toughest hide must win the race;  
All scriptures we must clean efface,  
Serene, then, with no compunctions grace  
Thy courage to the sticking place,  
Nor let the powers of heaven or hell  
Thy hand shake from its purpose fell,  
Remembering the Calf, and the Pig and Dan,  
Do all that may become a man.

Said Gaume: "Sir Plinius, I shall away  
And do thy bidding without delay  
I shall turn out a Tory shay,  
The marvellous exposure of the day  
Adumbring Dan and the College Calf,  
In marvel-excelling the phonograph;  
Exploiting Grit ways that the unseem,  
And bringing to light deeds most unclean,  
The like of which you may safely ween  
In fact or fiction has never been,  
'Twill make the universe stand aghest  
When I unfold the dark Grit past,  
I'll teach the blase, most odorous Grits  
Not to despise my Manitou wits."

So Gamey departed in excellent mood,  
Determined to taste not a morsel of food  
Till his Plinius promise he had made good,  
He summoned his minion underlings,  
And mounted on Sullivan buffers-springs -  
A cart contrived by aid of one Jones,  
An apriarist who makes no bones  
Of biting Grits and plundering droves -  
Finished it stood and fair to view,  
All silver-mounted in bolt and screw.  
"There now," said Gamey, "I guess she'll do,  
These Grant-McGregor patent tips  
Are the praise of all good Tory lips."

Said Gamey: "Sir Plinius, this new gear  
Will wake on the morn of its hundredth year,  
Speeding along this mundane sphere  
As fresh as the day it did first appear.  
In fact there is nothing that keeps its youth  
But the Tory Cabal and the Tree of Truth,  
Hills may be removed and mountains depart,  
Not so this Plinius-Gamey-Jones Cart;  
Ten decades hence will find it strong as before,  
With spring and axle and hub encore;  
And when time is up and ages are done  
This Cart may in fact outlast the sun."

In nineteen hundred it was and three,  
'Mid salvo<sup>s</sup> of loudest Tory glee,  
March twelfth, p. m., at half past five,  
Sir Plinius Whitney takes a drive  
In his new Cart styled the Quivive,  
By far the happiest man alive,  
The gallery floor to which he plays  
With splendor barbaric is all ablaze,  
The gods their throats shout hoarse and say,  
"Piano Boxes, get out of the way,  
Stenographers hiding come into the day,  
Come see the wonderful Tory shay,  
Drawn by a rat tailed Manitou pup."  
Sir Plinius, cock sure as a steel Krupp,  
Shouting, "Gambibus, Caribus, Gee long! Geddup!"

"Ye cowering Grits the benches flee;  
"Stern Nemesis is come, and she  
"Her hand lends in this strange melee.  
"Her temple ye too long defaming,  
"Her shies 's dishonoring and shamming  
"With infamy past even naming,  
"She now with indignation flouting  
"Pours out her pent-up retribution  
"On your shameless prostitution.  
"She, daughter of the night and proud,  
"Pursues the mercenary crowd,  
"Grown arrogant and insolent,  
"On pillage and corruption bent,  
"In her right hand a snapping scourge  
"Your Grit eugean stalls to purge."

Then followed a wild disorderly fray,  
No reel of Tulloch or Bonnie Strathspey  
The parliament pibroch played that day,  
Sir Plinius and the Manitou cur  
Made for the Grits - fast flew the fur  
The Honorable Stratton they chased him clean  
On top of the trembling Grit machine.  
The attorney general got such a scare  
That snow-white turned his auburn hair,  
On Latchford and Davis down they bore;  
Harcourt they chased right to the door;  
John Dryden fled to Labrador.  
A hunting park for snipe and grouse  
Would blush to own that local house,  
Sir Plinius Whitney mildly swore,  
As he had often done before,  
"D — d Grits, ye may as well give up  
To Plinius and his Manitou pup."

The premier stood with blanched face,  
Viewing the Plinius Gamey chase,  
Desemling it a shameful disgrace  
Within the walls of such a place.  
He lo sed bewildered and sore perplexed,  
And wondered what would happen next,  
When all of a sudden the pup stopped short,  
Just when at its height run wild the sport  
Then all of a sudden the pup stood still  
As if he had run against a mill.  
No warning giving nor low nor shrill,  
First there was a slaver and then a thrill,  
Then there was a topsy turry spill.

'Twas half past six by the old town clock  
When Plinius got that Dagon shock,  
When on that fatal stumbling block  
Sir Plinius fell flat on his face,  
With strictly orthodox grimace.  
Reward due both to time and place  
Forbids that I should here embrace  
Occasion to make out a case  
Of mortal falling clean from grace.  
Sir Plinius was bruised and maimed,  
His feelings hurt (he can't be blamed).  
All motionless he lay, and groggy,  
His seconds calling "Fetch a coggie!"  
His reputation clean defamed.  
His followers, both shocked and shamed,  
Now a' complicity disclaimed.  
Resuscitated, sad to view,  
Sir Plinius from the scene withdrew  
With hile sounds of doubtful debonaire  
Were wafted on the evening air

And what do you think Sir Plinius found  
When he got up and stared around  
Upon the wreck strown, blood-stained ground?  
The Gamey-Jones cart in kindling wood,  
Dobrie-like on some sullen flood,  
Now swirled in wild revengeful mood,  
Then scattered wide o'er many a rood;  
Like glacier bergs from Baffin's Bay,  
That southward to the Gulf Stream stray,  
And mingling with its waters warm,  
Soon disappearing do no harm.  
The reason soon appears to view,  
The Gamey-Jones cart in pieces flew:  
Who stays his pillared sky on stubble,  
Or adifice bases on a bubble,  
But courts unnecessary trouble,  
And bitter disappointments double.

Frankie with fear and distracted clean,  
The pup crawled under the Grit machine,  
Seeking his covering head to screen;  
And sorry the wretch who would deprive  
The pup of his McEvoy-Johnston hive,  
Where, sweated and scorched, he was alive,  
But nosing a trifle inenutiously far,  
He touched the storage battery jar,  
Not a mosan gave he as he crossed the bar.  
To tell that he left for the 'ome dog star  
The meter it marked ten thousand volts -  
His fate discussed all gossiping dolts  
The tragic denouement of his career  
Few Tories inspired with wholesome fear,  
And now when *Troilus* and *Aries* arise  
At the heels of the *caly* and the *ram* likewise  
*Kwan-owra*, the *dog*, may be seen in the skies  
This cynosure glad of all Tory eyes.

And what of the famous Grit Machine,  
Which eight and thirty years has seen  
In gubernatorial gabardine?  
'Tis strong and stately as of yore,  
With loss at the helm as heretofore  
A statesman, wise, pure-minded, grand,  
Whom tyrants, traitors, Tories hate,  
Who reared on catechism and cake  
(Such bannocks as Scotch mothers bake,  
Knows well the season when to take  
Occasion by both hands and make  
The fame of the fabled Grit Machine  
Shine with a rarer, richer sheen,  
Than any Javanese palanquin:  
Renovating within and without  
Whatever excites the slightest doubt,  
While dying for office Tories pour,  
As "Grit Corruption" still they tout:  
"She won't break down, and she won't wear out,"

P. M. McE.