

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 29TH SEPTEMBER, 1877.

The Neebing Rookery.

(See Cartoon.)

Of all the scandals alleged against the Government up to date, the "Neebing Hotel" is the best—or worst, and it is the only one that at the present moment hangs together; notwithstanding the slipshod manner in which it is built. The Opposition crows realize this, and they are making it their grand rendezvous, just as represented in GRIP'S cartoon. GRIP, who is a Raven himself, understands the nature of the Rook tribe, and he knows how terrified these office-seekers are at the formidable array of scarecrows in the Government meadow. They seek by dint of tremendous clamour about the "hotel" to make themselves and the public forget these sentinels. Meantime they take possession of the rookery, and it is providential that they have this counter-scandal, poor as it is, in which to take refuge during the chilly season.

Theatrical.

Mrs. MORRISON'S new stock company have the boards all to themselves this week, and are appearing in a series of very pretty plays. Taken altogether, the present company is an improvement on that of last season. Miss MCALISTER, the leading lady, possesses a good deal of talent, as she evinced in the character of *Fanchon*, in the play of that name. Mr. ALF. HUDSON is to be entrusted with the low comedy business, which will insure success in that department at least.

Answers to Correspondence.

Lawson the Saint, Charlottetown, P. E. I.—In response to your anxious enquiry "Has the *Patriot* editor been reporting untruthfully from Ottawa?" we would respectfully state that we do not know, but if the *Patriot* paper is anything like the *Presbyterian*, we shouldn't wonder if he has.

Citizen.—You send us a handbill with a number of enquiries, of a very important character, printed on it. We haven't space to answer more than one: Do we consider Water Commissioner BELL a square man or a crooked one? We promptly reply that we do, and so do all who know him.

New Song.

(Music to be had at Bullard's.)

He sailed away in a little boat
Upon Ashbridge's Bay,
But the craft she didn't stay long afloat,
After he'd sailed away;
She turned upside down and he rolled out,
And drowned he thought he'd be.
But his life was saved by some sailors stout,
And he gave them the whole of a V.

The Political Picnics.

"And is it," quoth the mild EUGENIUS, "for the purpose of explaining their views to the electors, for the purpose of obtaining the electoral opinion, or for the purpose of discovering how they can govern better, that the outs and ins get together at these strange picnicking celebrations?"

"It is for all," explained the erudite SMELLFUNGUS, "and yet for neither. Each party wish to display their capabilities to earn the stipend paid to legislators."

"And no more?" demanded EUGENIUS. "Is it no wish to help their country, no feeling of patriotism nerves their effort? Are they swayed alone by hope of salary?"

"Judge by this," replied the learned SMELLFUNGUS, "Consider the number of Administrations you remember formed. How many members remained members of such, if they could accept, frame, or secure an office, judgeship, governorship, or anything which promised permanent lucrative shelving?"

"Very few," answered the candid EUGENIUS. "Are we to see it so for-ever?"

"Not so," replied SMELLFUNGUS. "The proverb says, 'JESHURUM waxed fat and kicked.' Colonies, acquiring the sense of strength, acquire the wish for ultimate independence, and as this comes, then, and no sooner, comes patriotism, and the virtues it produces."

The Cause of Woe.

The mansion was magnificent; his friends were all around,
But there was gloom upon his brow; his eye bent on the ground,
In vain they throng with merry glance, and voice of friendly tones,
The richest of the city's men, the fairest maids she owns.
Embarrassed all his answers still, his look still clouds with care,
As one whom great calamities had plunged in deep despair.

But why should care and grievous gloom his countenance oppress?
For he was rich, and young, and well his fortunes did progress,
He had a corner got in wheat which bagged a goodly thing,
And drove a span of horses since which might have graced a king.
Had had a friend—a Minister, or some such thing as that,
Who gave a friendly note which brought a contract very fat.

And had a friend in Government who word to him had got
When duties were to be increased, which netted him a lot.
Had lately gracefully retired when for the House he ran,
And got a good Commissionership by help of t'other man.
And yet when Fortune prosperous thus calmly smiled serene,
His face was looking very black, and almost turning green.

It wasn't that the partner of his joys had grieved his heart,
He'd no such partner, and appeared to have no joys to part.
It wasn't that the Government seem getting rather weak,
His principles would suit each side—they were but cash and cheek,
It wasn't that the ocean storms might sink his ships and crews,
He'd only one at sea, and that he had insured to lose.

Yet spasms now did fierce distort his visage broad and hold,
He turned himself uneasily; his eye with anguish rolled.
What dreadful cause of agony was working on his brain?
Alas, humanity still bears that common cause of pain,
He suffered what you suffer—yes, sir, you would suffer, if
You had a cold, and had forgot to bring your handkerchief.

Another Chapter.

To be added to a certain book, entitled

"THE IRISHMAN IN CANADA."

No history av the Irishman in Canada wud be compleat widout a word or two consarnin the adventures av the brilliant Milesian, NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN, Esq., av the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law, who med that favoured land his adopted home only a few years ago. Af the birth an airy life av our subject we know very little; from what documents, ana, &c., we have in our possession, we can only larn that he was born wid the peculiar baldness av head that now distinguishes him.

Fwihn furst he landed in the Dominion, he went straight to the Government at the *Globe* office, an axed for a situation as iditor. The Government lucked at him, an thin sint him up to intherview his brother, Mistor Gordon BROWN. Mistor GORDON had been on the luckout for a bald-headed Irish iditor to complete the representation av the United Kingdom, himself bein Scotch an Mistor DYMOND English. So he gev NICHOLAS a sate widout delay, wid a room an table all to himself. In that room the subject av our sketch wrote the most brilliant and larned articles that iver went into the *Globe*. His best howlt was SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD. He could flay that shpallpane av a politician the natest av anyone that iver thryed it, an the Tory party in general never suffered so much well deserved punishment as they did at the pint av Mistor DAVIN'S pen in the *Globe*. He turned out to be a Grit afther the heart av Mistor GORDON BROWN an' his brother the Government, an thim two gintlemin trated him as such.

At this pint av his history there intervanes a sort av cloud or fog, an' fwihn it rises, spakin' figuratively, we find Mistor DAVIN at Philadelphia, writin' letters for the *Mail*, about himself an' his blackthorn, wid occasional mention av the Centennial Show. Afther the fair was over, he went back to Canada, an' tuck his sate wid all the appearance av comfort at a table in the *Mail* office, fwhere he spint his talents freely in atein' all his *Globe* articles, an' wallopin' the Grits an' the BROWN byes.

'Thin another mist hides him from the eye av an admirin' public, an' it is generally imagined that the subject av our sketch is engaged in lithery work, or thravlin' as a Timprance-lecturer in the back country. But from subsequent developemints it wud appare he was practisin' his muscle in the gymnasium, for in the fall of 1877 he suddently appeared at Lindsay as a member av a certain well known thravellin' circus company, creatin a *furor* av excitement by apparin' in the character of the *Farmer's Son*. At lasht accounts he was still wid that troupe, doin' a cheek by jowl performance wid wan MACDOUGALL, whose career in life we believe, was in a measure like Mr. DAVIN'S own. Perhaps in the next edition av this book we may be able to record that Mistor D. is back to his owld sate in the *Globe* office.

WOULD HAVE HAD 'EM.—The Peruvians are demanding damages for their iron-clad which was attacked by the wooden vessel of H. B. M. This comes of the wrong ship in the wrong place. If t'other party had been ironclad, the guano-men would not have had occasion to ask for any.