

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGER.

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, FEBRUARY 12TH, 1876.

From Our Box.

THE GRAND.—BOUCICAULT'S stirring drama, *The Octoroon*, has been on the boards during the week. The plot is extremely ingenious and full of exciting situations. Mr. GRISMER has evidently studied dime novels assiduously, and represents the noble savage of Indian romance in a way that would delight the soul of FENIMORE COOPER. Miss DELMAR, as an Ethiopian, has at last discovered her proper role. An African complexion does not suit Mr. SAMBROOK so well. The villain of the piece is played with great spirit by Mr. FARWELL, but the final combat between him and the Indian was lengthened out too much for our taste. The greatest praise is due to Miss MARLOWE, who displays wonderful precocity as an actress. With careful training in elocution, she will make a reputation on the stage. The music which accompanies the drama deserves a word of eulogy.

Next week *Around the World in eighty days*, a play founded on one of JULES BEVUE'S tales will be presented with scenery from New York.

The new DAWSON rout(e)
Is not hard to make out,
'Tis quite easy indeed
'Tis a gen'ral stampede.

The Rev. D. D. H.—y "Improves" a Recent Melancholy Bereavement, to a Select Congregation.

And has he really cut his stick
Our JENKINS? Regular old brick!
It cannot be—and yet, I wis,
Somehow afflicting truth it is!

Who could have dreamed great ALICK would
Have treated thus our JENKINS good?
Ah! flesh is frail, and Tories foul.
And MAC has wilted to their howl.

Well, not the first is GINX to know
The sudden turns of Fate below.
There's nothing here we fixed do see,
(Except, in truth, Grit Pu-ri-tee!)

Whether man sinner be, or saint,—
To-day he's here—to-morrow, ain't—
At morn like grass, we grow up green,
At evening, we're no longer seen.

E'en earth itself we know will burst
To smithreens small—on April first—
(Egad! t'were well to draw I vow
At once my Sessional allow!)

Then brethren, you, and GINX and I,
Seventh-heavenward shall like rockets fly,
To mingle with angelic kind
Leaving long trails of light behind!

And good contented immigrants
Who ask but little for their wants—
And more incline to work than pay—
Shall follow doubtless in our way.

But Tories, "grumblers," (JIMUEL BRIGGS,
Especially,) no heavenly rigs
Shall run, for they're in different case
Who mock at Grit-ism and grace!

With me, and GINX, and you, they can't
In life have any share—and shant—
In death my friends, they'll have their due,
A vile, unresurrected crew!

Reported by RICHARD DE DICKE.

Song.

I know that the world, the great big world
From the peasant up to the king,
Has a different tale from the tale I tell,
And a different song to sing.

But for me—and I care not a single fig
If they say that I'm wrong or right—
I shall always go for the under dog
For the under dog in the fight.

I know that the world, the great big world
Will never a moment stop.
To ask which dog may be in the fault
But will shout for the dog on top.

But for me I shall never pause to ask
Which dog may be in the right.
For my heart will beat, while it beats at all,
For the under dog in the fight.

Then fill up your glass, and round the toast pass,
In beer, or in wine, or in grog,
And with three times three, and one cheer more,
Here's a health to the bottom dog.

The Local Salary Grab.

One touch of their nature has made them kin
And our Grits and Tories have fallen in.
Fell into line unanimously
And voted themselves more salary.

We read in a book of authority high
That the lion and lamb together shall lie,
That volume our members had been looking in
And they did as predicted, through thick and thin.

MR. CAMERON'S SPEECH.

I had to suggest that this thing do pass,
For there wasn't another that had the brass.
Speak for yourselves individually,
Eight hundred's none too much for me.
But a cautious word I would express
Others might do it better for less,
Six hundred dollars may seem too small,
But how would we feel with none at all?

MR. BETHUNE'S SPEECH.

I'll add to what's been said before,
Ministers should have grabbed some more,
(*Aside.*) Mean to be one myself, d'ye see
The better for them the better for me.

MR. MOWAT'S SPEECH.

I get a big salary every year,
But it costs me double—it's very queer.
I'm not such a very extravagant man
But I'm still growing poorer, do all that I can.
Can't even imagine, far less can I know
Where the money I put in my pockets *does* go.
I don't think you'd pick 'em—it wouldn't be fair.
But just vote me some more, and consider it square.

MR. CROOKS' SPEECH.

It's very true, but mind we'd no intention to resign,
Don't fear for MOWAT'S salary, and never mind for mine.
The salary's quite nominal—there's ways and means, you know,
The way to England is one way—the way I late did go.
Oh no, no, no, don't ever think that we intend to give
Our places up; it's only now we're learning how to live.
Whatever salary you give, we'll serve you till the last,
(*Aside.*) And take good care to make as much as we've done in the past.

GENERAL CHORUS.

Talk not, talk not, talk not of depression
Talk not of your hard times—talk not thus to we,
Mark our rising salaries—that is true progression,
Shout, shout, shout for this year of jubilee!
Think, think, think of our glorious position,
Come to work at pleasure—leave it when we please,
Charge what price we choose to—ask no man's permission,
Say, say, say, were there ever times like these?