

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MARCH 4TH, 1876.

Answers to Correspondents.

NIC.—We have made use of your contribution.

RUS.—Read the papers—especially the parliamentary debates. Try social subjects—Experiences of a country school-master or a rural attorney.

SERAPHINA.—We regret that we cannot insert your verses about a recent occurrence in this city. We do not touch upon matters which are not of public interest. Always glad to hear from you.

ANGELINA.—No. JAMES GORDON BENNET has not been at the Fancy Ball. He made a good start but his Grand Trunk didn't come up to time. He was invited to appear in his fancy costume at Government House on Monday last, and the *Mail* offered to publish an editorial on his dress as an inducement. The native modesty of an American however, compelled him to decline the honor.

SOPHONISTA.—This young lady writes us a letter of fifty folios, on the subject of Government House hospitalities. She wants to know why Mr. MOWAT, instead of devoting his time to *Washing Bills*, doesn't bring in a measure making it incumbent on every Lieutenant Governor to learn the *Boston* and give a Ball once a week. She says the *at Home* last Monday night was sweetly charming, and if it had not been for the spurs of the A. D. C., which spoilt her best dress, her happiness would have been complete. She goes into raptures over those dear Volunteers who looked so lovely in their neat jackets, and were as solemnly conscious of their formidable appearance as Col. G. T. DENISON on a field day.

From Our Box.

THE GRAND.—Last night the lamentable comedy called *Votes* was presented. A *Ward Politician* is the hero of the drama, and it therefore drew a large house. JERRY MERRICK occupied a conspicuous seat in the pit, and the boxes were filled with young Conservative bloods. Mr. RIGGS as the *Ward Politician*, was as pleasing as that interesting type of humanity usually is. His elocution was admirable, especially when with a strong Milesian accent, he delivered the lines beginning—"O that this too solid flesh would melt." The most meritorious part of the performance was supplied by Miss JULIA DAVIS, who acted her part with considerable skill and irresistible pathos. Mr. SPACKMAN was somewhat too frivolous as *Spider*. This evening Mr. RIGGS takes his benefit.

Lincoln Election.

AFTER much deep thought on the matter, GRIP has come to a conclusion about the merit of the candidate who got in, and the candidate who did not. According to the evidence as laid down in the published speeches, Mr. RYKERT, Capt. NEELON, and their principal supporters, are qualified for anything rather than Parliament. We have the printed and public statements to the effect, that, between them, they have committed most outrageous crimes. Some of them, it seems, have been in the habit of robbing all their female acquaintances of their spare cash; some have been expelled from Parliament for selling their influence; some for bribery; some never pay their tailor; some have cheated all the tradesmen near them; some cannot now be believed on oath; some never could have been; some had to be whitewashed (whatever that is) by Special Acts; some couldn't get any special act, and are unwhitewashed yet; some appear to have stolen all the savings of certain poor needlewomen, who are now, it is stated, going round crying; some have robbed their grandmothers; some would, if justice were done, be looking through prison bars. They are robbers, thieves, blackmailers, it appears. GRIP does not know, but they say so of each other. Now he would say to the people of Lincoln in all sincerity, for there are things about which even GRIP does not joke.—Of all parts of this country, yours should not be destitute of honourable men. When the States attacked Canada, your fathers suffered ruin, wounds, death itself, rather than accept dishonourable safety. No man would have dared to offer them a bribe. Can it be that now, in all your broad and fertile territory, you cannot select as your representative one man, whom you might without shame own as such!

I Choose to be a Rowdy.

As sung with the applause of admiring Tories
by *Thersites C. P-t-t-s-n, Esq.*

I choose to be a rowdy;
I find that on the whole
There's nothing I can do so well
As play the rowdy rôle.

In many ways I've sought for fame
Till now without success,
But who is there that doesn't know
The "Rowdy of the Press."

There's RYKERT, CURRIE, GORDON BROWN,
And all the rowdy gang;
Not one can hold a rush to me,
For Billingsgate and slang.

What's logic, truth, morality?
A dream, an idle phrase:
I'll none of them, I choose to be
A rowdy—for it pays.

I choose to be a rowdy
And rowdy views express,
Eton, behold your noblest son,
The ROWDY OF THE PRESS!

A Buzz from the Beehive.

"HOW DOTTH THE LITTLE BUSY BEE."

OUR gentle friend whose cell is in the *Beehive*, and who keeps up an amiable hum in the interest of the farmers of Toronto and public morality, has published the following terrific threat:—

"*Caution to Immigrants*.—The state of the law in Ontario is such that it allows starving men to be sent to prison as vagrants. This notice will be continued until an alternative is provided less inconsistent with justice."

Our Legislature is too much occupied with Fancy Balls and other amusements to look after vagrants. All extravagant and erring spirits must hie to their confines, if they are too proud to starve like christians.

Robinson Beware!

Ah me! what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron.
HUDIBRAS.

Useful Maxims for Fashionable Matrons.

1. Always invite twice as many people as your rooms will hold, you will thus save coal and furnish your guests with a topic of conversation.
2. Invariably give champagne for supper. It is very cheap consisting chiefly of vitriol and soda, and it looks well. Besides your guests will have a lively remembrance of your party, for days after. Never give your friend's beer, it is so vulgar. But if you do, see that it is the worst to be had in the city. You will thus create a distaste for that poor creature.
3. Keep an affable lackey in attendance who will bawl out directions to your guests in a tone of authority, and keep his limbs moving like the arms of a wind-mill.

The Fancy Ball.

We hasten to present our readers with a description of some of the costumes, which want of space compelled us to omit last week.

Mr. W. H. HOWLAND, ROBERT ELLIOTT, and W. A. FOSTER, were arranged as an allegorical group. They were dressed in the costume of the greek slave, Mr. Howland in the centre waving aloft a banner on which was inscribed "Canadian Culture." On his right hand stood Mr. FOSTER, holding a beaver by the tail, and on the left, Mr. ELLIOTT with a can of maple sugar gracefully poised on his head.

Drs. WILSON and RYERSON as the Siamese twins provoked frequent bursts of merriment, but during an unfortunate altercation about the book depository, they got separated, and were led out by the A. D. C.

Mr. KENNETH MACKENZIE, who was got up as LOUIS XIV, was a conspicuous object, clad in a blue coat, a queue, and green tights terminating in brilliant diamond shoe buckles. An indictment protruded from his coat-pocket.

Chief Justice HARRISON appeared as the Apothecary in *Romeo and Juliet*, and his lugubrious expression and pinched wan features added greatly to the effect.