



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, October 4th, 1873.

(Aria)  
THE BELLS.

(By a Bond Street Poet, whose sleep has been frequently disturbed at unseasonable hours.)



EAR St. Michael's two big bells—  
Iron bells!  
What a world of vicious thought their  
monody compels;  
In the early morning light,  
How we cuss with all our might  
At the sleep disturbing thunder of their  
tong!  
For every sound that floats from the rust  
within their throats,  
There is a groan!

And the people—ah, the people that hung them in the steeple  
All alone,  
And who tolling, tolling, tolling, in that rousing monotone,  
Seem to take delight in rolling on the sleepy man a stone.  
They are neither kind nor gracious,  
They don't think our time is precious,  
They are cruel!

And their sexton 'tis who tolls,  
And he, (the neighboring sleeper) rolls, rolls, rolls, rolls,  
And curses at the bells,  
And his angry bosom swells at each thunder of the bells,—  
And he dances and he yells,  
Keeping time, time, time, in profanest sort of rhyme  
To the banging of the bells keeping time, time, time,  
In a sort of wicked rhyme, to the throbbing of the bells,  
Of the bells, bells, bells, to the sobbing of the bells,  
Keeping time, time, time,  
With the knells, knells, knells, in an impious Runic rhyme,  
To the tolling of the bells, of the bells, bells, bells,  
To the tolling of the bells, of the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
To the most untimely moaning, and the groaning of the bells.

BRAVELY SPOKEN!

UNDOUBTEDLY the most sublimely fearless and heroic newspaper in the Dominion is the *Goderich Star*. It is absolutely defiant of fate—grand, gloomy, and peculiar! Last week its editor enquired, in black letters—"Is it Wrong to be Loyal?" a question which has possibly racked his mind for a long time. In a wild charge at 'rebels' in general, he has decided that it is *not*. Having spoken plainly, he becomes conscious that an apology is looked for, in the present degenerate state of Canadian journalism, and so rising to the true dignity of his manhood, he declares:

"A spade is a spade, and we ask no pardon for saying so. No Government pap is ours, and we conduct our Paper upon the principle of triumph, Britain, and right, or an honorable death in defence of these."

While we would hardly go the length of saying positively that a spade is a spade, we admire the *Star's* grandeur in speaking out; but we do not hesitate to say that there is not another Paper (with a capital P) in this or any other country that is "conducted" on a platform so truly noble, or so wonderfully *mized*.

Letters from Low Latitudes.

NO. II.

Colenzo's Terrace, Sept. 30.

DEAR GRIP.—Bedad, tSur, I'm glad to see the Pashific Skandal has intirely been knocked into the middle av next wake (as wan might say) be raysin of shuperior attractshuns. The misforshinate raders av the papers git aff wid a bit the lighth av me pipe now, forby the half-a-dozen smutherin columns herebefore piled onto thim. I'm tould the Ryle Commingshiuers all av thim wint aff to slape in the middle av the procadins the other day; and begorra, sur, (betwene you an' me), I dunna but that proves the overcomin' karakter av the evidence. . . . I obsarve wid pain that MAYOR MANNIN' stud up in the Council last maytin night, an' tould me frind, ALDERMAN HIME, that he cudd'nt putt his moshun to devide St. Patrick's Ward. F'what was the raysin? Nothin', tSur, but Saxin injustice in a milder forum! . . . The Finanshal Krisis is the chafe thing that has bate out the Skandal this wake. I b'have, tSur, we shud be thankful for its prisince, inslited av howlin as I obsarve some av our richest min doin. Lusht Mundy night they had a vilent attact av the complaint in the City Council, an' I see by the *Globe* it had a powerful effect on some av our mosht merrytorious offshal's salariys. More power to its elbow. May it com d'this way.

Yours wid respect,  
TEDDY TIERNEY.

SOCIAL MAXIMS.

WHEN you invite Mr. JONES to dinner in a quiet way, and there happens to be a good deal of cold meat at table, refrain from talking to your wife about how pleasantly the dinner party went off yesterday, otherwise JONES might be induced to think he does not stand at the very head of your list of friends.

And you, my lady, as carefully refrain from saying that the pie or the home-made bread is not what it ought to be, or Mr. JONES—who would'nt like to think you disingenuous—may be induced to believe you.

CANADA'S SHAME.

WE read that the ancient Jews were wont to express profound contrition and humiliation by putting ashes upon their heads, and the custom strikes us as being beautifully appropriate. We are not aware whether it was the intention of the namor or inventor of a new style of hat now offered for sale in the stores, that a similar mode of expressing what Canadians ought to feel just now should be adopted amongst us. This peice of raiment is called the "Pacific Scandal" Hat, and is advertised by the merchants of Lindsay, and probably elsewhere. It is not likely that this notion will at all assist the virtuous self-abasement of our people, however; on the contrary, we fear many will buy and wear the headpeice in a spirit of the voriest levity. Indeed, recent experience has so insured us to startling things, that we would not be very much surprised to hear that Sir JOHN, Sir HUGH, SIR FRANCIS, MR. LANGEVIN, MR. ABBOTT, and the rest had actually adopted the new hat. In such a case—if it didn't just happen to be a hat—that would be verily 'capping the climax' of Canada's shame!

A NASTY EPIGRAM.

"Mr. Thomas Nast, the artist, has already made one hundred and twenty engagements to lecture during the coming season."—*Daily Paper*.

A chance for thriftless Lyceums to 'phoenix' with *ec lat*;  
No slender houses need be feared for NAST is bound to *draw*.

FOUND.—A maltese soprano kat, about 12 months old, singing old hundred on a picket fence, late last thursda nite, whichever person owns sed kat will find him (or her according to circumstansis) in a vacant lot, just bak av our hous, still butiful in death.—*Josh Billings*.