

## GRIP.

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, APRIL 25, 1874.

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE publishers of *Grip* have much pleasure in announcing that with the present number they commence issuing a double page of illustrations; the regular political cartoon being supplemented by miscellaneous pictorial facotins. They are also able to promise literary contributions from writers of ability in each issue henceforth. By this means it is hoped to make the paper more acceptable than ever to the public who have from the first accorded it so generous a reception. *Grip* being now established as a permanent Canadian institution, we desire to secure intelligent and energetic ladies and gentlemen as canvassers for subscribers in every city, town, village and township in Canada. Our terms to agents are liberal and the work will be found light and profitable. Full particulars sent on application to *Grip*, P.O. Box 958, Toronto.

## TO CONTRIBUTORS.

A.B., Brockville—A capital idea—the essence.  
DOUBLE-EDGE—Hope to hear from you again.

## BY WAY OF ELUCIDATION.

GRIP purposes sometimes to follow the plan of his illustrated contemporaries, and supplement his batch of sketches with a few words of explanation. To those who always see the point without assistance, wherever there is one to be seen, this will appear to be impudent, and perhaps ought to be apologised for; but there are others whose faculty of apprehension is not so large, by whom it will be taken kindly. Sometimes both may be benefitted by such "applications" of the truth. To-day, then, we have first,

*The Rake's Progress*, a homily sufficiently plain, on the most popular topic of the times—Intemperance. It is a playful, but very profound, simplification of THOMAS HOGARTH'S celebrated cartoons, and a liberty which GRIP has no doubt that good man would himself be most ready to excuse. Next comes a sort of corollary on the *Progress*, in the

*New Text for the Pulpit and Rostrum*. The popular teetotal orator has a habit of saddling the rum-seller with all the responsibility of the evils resulting from the liquor traffic—forgetting, as THOS. K. BRECHER has recently been pointing out, that "every tub must stand on its own bottom;"—the drunkard is just as culpable for debasing his appetite as his neighbour is for giving way to his avarice by taking to saloon-keeping.

*The New Post Office* sketch is too literal to need comment. It is a fair portrait of the clerk in charge of the box-key department, as seen distributing the new keys one day last week. Lastly, we have a couple of specimens, from GRIP'S museum, of

*The Common Ninnyp*.—No description of the habits of these creatures is at all necessary. The good people of Toronto are "posted" on that department of natural history. Certain individuals belonging to the "Yonge Street variety," may find it interesting to read what GRIP has to say in another column on the subject of street-corner rowdiness.

## IMPORTANT TO ROWDIES.

GRIP, always loth to take evil-doers unawares, hereby notifies that large and despicable class of raggamuffins who infest the street corners and insult young women, that one week from this date he will initiate a scheme for their utter extirpation. He believes, with the respectable public of Toronto, that these persons are an unmitigated nuisance, and should not be tolerated any more than stagnant water or putrid offal. He sees with alarm and indignation their growth in number and in moral rankness; and he is conscious that at the present moment there is no organized power in the city capable of crushing them. The police, always efficient within the section over which they have jurisdiction, cannot reach the evil, for the reason that in most cases the spot selected by the vermin for their depredations is conveniently distant from any given point of the patrolman's prescribed beat; nor can the City Commissioner compass it, for he, poor functionary, has already as many cess-pools to cleanse as he can manage, with all his industry.

"A Sufferer"—presumably one who has been obliged to run the gauntlet herself at some of the street corners of this Christian city—

writes to the *Globe*, and suggests a Vigilance Committee. GRIP endorses the idea, and will be happy to place his sanction at the disposal of sturdy brothers and outraged fathers who may wish to meet and devise "ways and means." Moreover, he shall be proud to lend his fertile imagination to the work of suggesting exquisite punishments for the ruffians whom it may be the good fortune of the Committee to capture. Gentlemen who are favourable to the formation of such an organization are invited to send their names to GRIP, P. O. Box 958. In the meantime, as already intimated, GRIP has marked out a Crusade Against Rowdies for himself; and again he begs to call the attention of the members of that ilk to the fact. In his next number he will commence a series of pictorial homilies, which he hopes the proper parties will buy, mark, learn, and inwardly digest.

## Evenings with the Poets.

III.

## THE RAVEN.

A POEM.

Dedicated to GRIP by the spirit of EDGAR ALLAN POE.

Long ago a people dreary, who had pondered sadly weary  
Over many a weak and vapid comic journal now no more  
Heard with terrible despairing, far beyond mere mortal bearing  
That another was preparing to dispirit them once more.  
"All the former ones" they muttered "have been trash and nothing  
more,  
"Simple trash and nothing more."

Hardly had they ceased to mutter, when with many a flirt and flutter  
Out there stepped a stately Raven; in his beak a book he bore,  
And with many a curious caper, in his talons long and taper  
Took up ink and pen and paper, and the Public quickly swore  
Such an educated Raven surely ne'er was seen before  
Flowing o'er with comic lore.

Then I saw this bird beguiling their sad fancy into smiling  
By such hits and happy sayings as had ne'er been heard before  
"Stop" said I "awhile your croaking, cease one minute from your  
joking

Stop the fun which you are poking for a minute and no more  
Tell me what the name you are known by tell me, tell me I implore."  
Quoth he "GRIP," and nothing more.

"GRIP" said I "by that same token, now the silence you have broken  
Tell me also, don't it strike you so much poetry's a bore"?  
Croaked he then "my worthy master, let me catch a poetaster  
He would need a porous plaster where one ne'er was placed before.  
I've at least a cord of verses piled upon my chamber floor,  
Fit to burn and nothing more."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,  
But its answer was so pointed that I sidled towards the door;  
For the Muse in me awaking some short verses I'd been making  
And the same their way were making, making to GRIP'S office door.  
Then I woke to find 't was dreaming, as I uttered "Au Revoir"  
Just a dream and nothing more.

But that Raven never stopping still is words of wisdom dropping  
On the Great Canadian Nation from the East to Western shore  
Every page with humor teeming, every line with wisdom beaming,  
Every week to outward seeming, growing wittier than of yore  
Till his GRIP on their affections holds he now for evermore  
Shall be loosened, nevermore.

## VERY CANDID.

The Hamilton *Spectator* makes a confession:

"We are waiting in eager expectancy for the moment when we can  
"sound the loud timbral" over Mr. Brown's grand diplomatic feat at  
Washington. Will the "subsidized" give us timely warning of the proper  
moment?"

A journalist who made any pretensions to fitness for his position—  
who claimed to possess the rudimentary qualifications of good sense  
and decorum—would be ashamed to announce that he was "waiting  
in eager expectancy" for an opportunity to show his propensities for  
carping—because it is absolutely certain that is precisely what the  
*Spectator* will do "over Mr. Brown's grand diplomatic feat at Wash-  
ington." When will certain great newspapers learn that it is essen-  
tially a low thing to be forever "sounding the loud timbral" over a  
political opponent's feet?

LATEST FROM POMPEII.—Our enterprising contemporary, *The Sun*,  
fixes the date of the overwhelming of Pompeii at A.D., '79.