

G R I P.

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, JANUARY 16, 1875.

To Correspondents and Contributors.

HON. REGINALD FITZ-DUFFER, Grosvenor Square, London.—The present Chief Justice of Manitoba is not a Chippawa Chief. His name "Big Thunder" arises from his appealing so many times to the people for Parliamentary honors, although he don't speak now as much as formerly.

ANGUS McSPLEENAN, Dundee.—Yes. You will require trousers during the winter here. Your knowledge of Gaelic will be of great service to you in reporting for the *Globe* newspaper.

Box 102, Montreal.—Thanks, but cannot insert at present.

Grip's Epistles to the Boys.

NO. 1.

My Dear EDWARD,—

I have watched your political career for some time with great interest. You have a mind of your own, which is what not many of your companions are possessed of, and, what is more, you have had the courage to use it on several occasions. I was very much pleased with your declining to go on the stump in support of some people whom you didn't like, and would rather not have with you. Only you shouldn't have let yourself be bullied into going and doing so after all. It was not quite right to say you couldn't go to East Toronto as you were not an elector, and then go down to South Norfolk, where I understand you had no vote. And after all you went to East Toronto, and the other boys said it was because you were afraid of G. B. But you made a very nice speech there whether you believed all you were saying or no. Do you know I am half afraid you were not speaking *ex cathedra* when you said the *Globe* laddie was such a friend of yours. I know you are both afraid of each other, but there is not much affection in that. I am glad though that when you go to these meetings you don't say everything just as you are told to. When you went to Mr. SMITH's school you learned a great many very useful things, and he must be very glad to see you haven't forgotten them all. But I am sure he would not like to know you were making a companion of such a boy as BROWN, who says that what your dominie taught you is all nonsense. If you get mixing up what he says with your lessons, I am afraid you will never be at the top of the class. You used to know all about Confederation, the Representation of Minorities, and the other things Mr. SMITH taught you, and were quite fit to go and teach a class in them. But you went and mixed up a lot of nonsense about Grits and Tories with it the other day, till nobody knew what to make of it. Now, my dear EDWARD, try and do what is right and say your lessons properly. Never mind what the other boys say, for they are jealous of you and want to keep you out of going head of the class. I will look after you if you will behave consistently.

Yours affectionately,

Grip.

The "Globe" on the Philharmonic Society's Performance.

That *Globe* has been at it again. Despite the friendly warning, given him by GRIP upon a former occasion, to get his life insured while there was yet time, the *Globe* critic has let the opportunity slip by, so that now no respectable Company will take a risk so dangerous. However, his troubles be upon his own head.

Hear what "a first-class reporter" upon one of the "leading dailies" has to say about the performance of the Philharmonic Society last Monday. "Never has a more thoroughly critical audience been assembled at any musical entertainment in this city than that which crowded Mrs. Morrison's Grand Opera House last (Monday) evening." This remark would have been perfectly true had the *Globe* representative been absent. In referring to the time observed by the members of the Society in the first chorus, he says: "If, however, the choir would pay more attention to the conductor's baton, and depend less upon taking up the time from the orchestra or the last notes from the other voices, they would do very much better." We can only account for this extraordinary statement (the correctness of which we emphatically deny without fear of being forced to tender a subsequent apology) from the fact that those who sing by ear are not particular as to time. Indeed the best railroad chronometer would fail to keep time with the headlong pace of this reckless statement. The chorus looked at the Conductor with a glance sufficiently strong to pierce a less

able-bodied man through and through. The concentrated gaze of nearly three hundred members was enough to scare any orchestra, and we can only reconcile the *Globe* man's observation by supposing that he thought they were looking at *him*, and felt nervous. Of Mr. SIMPSON's recitatives the same authority says: "They were not marked by any degree of merit." This assertion will prove a death-blow to the Reciprocity Treaty. Mr. SIMPSON comes from New York, and we feel sure Congress will avenge such a heartless wrong. Mr. SIMPSON, however, has the satisfaction of knowing that he has the sympathy and admiration of the remaining portion of the audience. The purity of his tenor is in no-wise diminished by the bass tone assumed by the *Globe* man. His voice may not be "strong;" but if he had sung in a smaller hall he could not have sung before a smaller "critic" (!) With regard to Mr. EGAN the *Globe* man says: "In the first part he fully sustained his reputation; but in the second part, 'Why do the Nations,' he was not so good." Will the "critic" explain? We suppose he has thrown this last sentence in by way of embellishment. It sounds scholarly. "In the succeeding quartette parts," he continues, "he came out most admirably, and quite justified the expectations which had been entertained of his success on this occasion." This is evidently intended as a severe satire upon Mr. EGAN's "reputation"—inasmuch as that gentleman *did not sing a single note*—as he ought to have done. Possibly the *Globe* man was executing a horn solo outside, and couldn't hear him. In speaking of Mrs. GRANGER DOW (whose execution was almost faultless), and who had "been brought from Boston"—quite an elegant expression—the same unhappy man says "her musical culture is beyond criticism." What a fortunate thing that must have been for him! The amount of responsibility he was thus relieved from must be something serious to contemplate. Had her "musical culture" been within the reach of his scathing pen, what a blasted life hers would be, to be sure! But the most astounding revelation is yet to come. "The phenomenal quality of Miss MADISON's voice, which could scarcely be placed among the contraltos, *it being almost a baritone voice*!!!" We are lost in wonder, and await with much anxiety the cause of such an astounding change in the human physiology. DARWIN may explain, but we can't. The foregoing statement has so completely bewildered us that we fail to penetrate the hidden meaning of that *Globe* man's utterance.

In future we hope the Committee of the Philharmonic Society will, in the interest of its members and humanity at large, pay a heavy fee to that *Globe* man to stay away from their performances; otherwise he will surely come to an untimely end.

Water on the Brain.

You may chatter of whiskey or talk about wine—
Their grand exultations and feelings divine;—
Now, by the bright nectar the gods used to sup,
There's nothing like water for puffing us up.

There's PLATT is a brewer who once brewed good beer,
And BELL, as a painter, laid colors quite clear;
But, oblivious by Water Commissioning made,
They're convinced heaven-born legislating's their trade.

Alas! they've been splashing by night and by day,
Till it seems they've quite washed all their senses away;
And the hydrocephalic delusion they've got
That they *must* go to Parliament, whether not.

Now, GRIP's heard some queer stories of this water-work,
And he means to come down on it all like a Turk,
And instead of *more* work for Toronto to do
He'll give some of them *less*, if he finds it all true.

Associated Press Reports.

(Fished out of the Mail Editor's Waste Basket.)

BRACEBRIDGE.—The weather has been quite cold lately.
WASAGO.—The Severn is frozen solid. Hopes are entertained of the ice remaining until spring.
KINGSTON.—Business is dull. Sir JOHN MACDONALD has been elected.
FATHER POINT.—Few ships are arriving. Wind S. S. W.
LONDON.—HON. JOHN CARLING, who has been ailing some time, attended a "hop" last evening. There is evidently something brewing.
ST. THOMAS.—A turkey belonging to Mr. A. Kerr, of Dunwich, was run down by the C. S. R. express coming east. The fences being imperfect, he has brought a suit against the Company for damages.
WHIRRY.—Two farmers' teams passed through this town to-day. Considerable excitement was occasioned, but no injury done.