



EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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

Toronto, Saturday, September 27th, 1873.

A JOURNALISTIC PHILOSOPHER.

OUR Neighbours of the quiet village of Thornhill, have a true philosopher, in the person of one Mr. Horne, who has recently pitched his tent amongst them, and established a newspaper to be known as THE REVIEW. This is the way in which he makes his bow in Vol I., No. I.

"This is the third time that we have embarked in the publication of a local Newspaper, within the short period of nine years, but unfortunately as yet, with anything out success. It, however, the old usage, that there is "luck in odd numbers" be true, success must attend our present undertaking. So, emerging from the wreck of misfortune, we launch our little bark on the billows of treacherous time, and trust that with increased energy, a steady helm, our friends' assistance, and the favour of kind Providence, to be enabled to sail clear of the rocks and quicksands of adversity."

We commend the lofty eloquence, and faith of that passage, to all who are in the habit of starting papers with bombastic boldness, and sincerely hope that this time, the captain of the "little bark," will find himself a very Horne of plenty in the waters of success.

Between us, however, his past failures are not to be wondered at if the following paragraph, in another part of THE REVIEW, has not been misprinted, and may be taken to indicate his notion of editing:

"Our Readers, will please excuse the inaccuracies in this issue. In our haste to get out our first paper, we have no doubt omitted a number of errors."

An apology on that account is surely the height of politeness; but the Editor should rather be thankful that he has omitted the errors; he has narrowly escaped some "rocks, and quicksands," right in the harbour's mouth.

"EDUCATIONAL" CLAPNET.

THE PICTON GAZETTE happens to be published in a county which is blessed with two or three Common School Inspectors, who are just now at loggerheads, and the unhappy Editor is in consequence suffering from a weekly surfeit of letters between the combatants. These epistles, as specimens of execrable composition are certainly unique. One of the writers, D. P. CLAPP, in a three-column tilt, intended to establish his own fitness for the "inspection," and the unfitness of his adversary, puns a masterly deduction in these words:

"He G. D. Platt, is therefore, a jackdaw with borrowed feathers: a handful of mosquitoes might as well attempt to swallow a large camel, as for you, G. D. Platt, to prove that,"—(and so on).

Mark the beauty of the metaphor! Observe the matchless rounding of the period—but don't attempt to parse it. That was written by an Inspector of Schools, and this is Canada, and the nineteenth Century! Where is Dr. Ryerson?

AN EXCUSE.—A barber who assaulted a neighbour with a razor sharpener, justified his conduct by saying that he had a right to do what he pleased with his honc.

WHEN is a clergyman not a clergyman.—When he is a lame man, (layman.)

SIR JOHN says that the Commissioners are keeping him out of his scrape so nicely, that whenever he thinks of one of them, the words *Du(y) dextrum misero* occur to him.

LETTERS FROM LOW LATITUDES.

NO. I.

TO THE EDITOR OF GRIP.

Colenzo's Terrace, Sept. 22.

SIR.—In this day av partyzan baldtherdash, I expect it'll be refreshin till yes, to hear from wan what is no party man what-somdever. I am dthat man, tsur; an bi yer keind admission, i'd be afther tavin yes a bit av my opinion, wanst in a fwyte, consarnin the queshtuns av the day. I do be radin the papers these times wid deep inthrest, (and, bedad, dishcount too; d'ye moind)—so, in the mather av bein "poshted," nar a Blake, or Batey amongst yez, can wink an eye av them at me in contimpt. Av coorse me chafe subjeck consists av skandle radin; but be way av a relish, I take a fill av the Claymint wanst a week, and saysin the divershun wid fraquent licks at the City News, and the New Yark murtherin intilligence. But tis at prisint chafely consarnin the Ryle Commishun, dthat I would make me prisint remarks. Contrary to expectashun tsur, I foind Tsur John A. is goin to get aff; phareas, I have obsarved it in the Globe, dthat he sould the Chartur to Tsur U. Allin, an thim. Av he explains it all out av sight, on his own shtandpint, I'm afear'd Misther Day an the rest 'ill discharge the case, notwithstanding the statemint av Mishther Mick Mullin, who I see by his likeniss in Notmen an Frazur's windy, is a thruthful appearance av a man. I hav spint menny an hour studyin this subjeck, and I come to the detarmination, dthat the trouble is all intirely in the misfortunate fact, that there is more nor wan story about iverything. I observe Tsur John has shuvell'd away, (so to spake,) a grate many things, dthat the Grits—which I call thim Reformers meself, bein indyppindint—riz up furninst him; but I dunno. Lid he do away wid the "sind me annuther tin thousand" telegraft! Af he hasn't he will, take me word. Tsur John is'nt the man to choak on the likes av that. Bedad, what wud yez say af he med out dthat he must send hin another tin thousand copies av GRIP—sure dont he be buyin thim ivery wake.

George Brown says in the *Globe*, dthat he wudd'nt be astonished at nothin'—and there's no knowing phat a timid gintleman liko Tsur John moight be caused to say af they troubled him too much wid there unmarciful cross-examinashun. But no more at prisint, and belave me, tsur, your humble sarvent,

TEDDY TIBBNEY.

ESSAY ON MAN.

NOT BY POPE.

Hope springs eternal in the human breast,
Girls never are, but always to be dress'd,
When fully rigged to man's unknowing eyes,
There still remain some ribbons, bows and ties.
Lo! the poor Indian whose untutor'd mind
Knows naught of modes by milliners design'd;
How happy she by fashion uncontrol'd,
She courts the hardy brave, but not fer gold;
But we, deceitful ways continually must tread,
Add artifice to artifice, before we wed.
From childhood's days, to old maid's latest span,
Our lives one ceaseless *Essay upon Man*.

DEFINITIONS.

(NOT ACCORDING TO WEBSTER)

POLITICIAN,—(if of the other party,) a rogue, a swindler, a perjurer, a corrupt person; (if our own party,) an honest man, a patriot, a statesman.

PARLIAMENT—a safety vent for the follies of a nation.

DEPUTATION—a noun of multitude, which signifies many; but does not signify much.

PARTY—a political clique, always doing right, in opposition to the other side of the House.

EDITOR—an unmitigated liar, well paid for dirty work. (*Popular idea*.)

MISTAKEN.—Smith created some excitement the other night, by telling Policeman 32X that he saw a dead body in a certain tavern. On investigation it appears he saw a gal-on-a-bier, (*gallon of beer*.)

MORAL reflection by the editor of the *Collingwood Times* probably or opening his morning post,—“In the midst of life we are in debt!”