

# GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The greatest Beast is the *Jas*; the greatest Bird is the *Owl*;  
The greatest Fish is the *Opster*; the greatest Man is the *Fool*.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1875.

## Answers to Correspondents.

ANNOUS ENQUIRER.—The piece of music you saw hanging in the window of SUCKLING & SON'S store, entitled "Can we grow old together, JOHN?" was not written by the Hon. GEO. BROWN and dedicated to Sir J. A. MACDONALD. We believe, however, the composition is just as good as though it were.

### Volume Five.

GRIP for himself and his Sovereign Lady the Queen gratefully acknowledges the firecrackers set off last Monday in honour of their joint birthday. That day closed the fifty-sixth year of the life of the best of British Queens, and the second year's Existence of the most successful of Canadian humorous papers. In anticipation of the future, GRIP makes no vain-glorious boasts. He takes this opportunity of expressing his thanks to the members of the various branches of the Legislature, to those of the Toronto City Council, and other distinguished persons, for the amusement which they have from time to time afforded himself and his readers. He welcomes MR. MACDOUGALL'S return to public life, in which sphere he trusts he shall shortly see MR. RYKERT again moving. To his brethren of the press he returns his liveliest thanks, especially to the editor of the *Nation* for the flattering notice lately bestowed on him. The members of the Canada First party are recommended to continue in their present course and they shall be assisted in immortalizing themselves. As in former years GRIP'S pen and pencil will be gratefully placed at the service of all the gentlemen referred to—when they do anything worthy of his notice. With these short and touching expressions of gratitude GRIP hereby presents an enraptured public with VOLUME IV. and commences his fifth volume.

### Mr. Davenport Blake.

(See Cartoon)

This talented performer  
Is with us once again,  
And goes into the "Cabinet"  
'Neath padlock, bolt and chain.

His arms and legs are pinioned  
With many a *Globe*-made thong—  
But the boys of the committee  
Find they cannot tie his tongue.

His tambourine, and bell, and horn,  
Are with him in the box,  
And the mystery is he'll play 'em  
Notwithstanding bands and locks.

He's done the "Cabinet act" before;  
That time they put him in,  
And thought they had him fixed for sure,—  
But he got out ag'in!

So walk up, gents, to *Grip*'s free show!  
Now, GEORDIE, bar the door,  
You'll bet he can't play on those things?  
But don't you be too sure;

Let Can'da First take up front seats  
And BROWN Grits, you sit there,  
Now lock the box and draw the veil,  
And hear what you shall hear!

### From Our Box.

GRIP is glad to see MR. TOOLE here again. Whether bewildering the jury as *Sergeant Buzfuz*, hopelessly muddling himself "Off the Line," conjuring up sad pictures as *Uncle Dick*, or displaying the low cunning of the *Artful Dodger* he is always welcome. Who does not wish for so true a friend as *Simmons* the Spitalfield weaver, and who does not sympathize with the ridiculous distresses of poor *Billy Lackaday*.

But a few days more and we lose him. Let us trust we may yet have another visit to this side of the Atlantic from this most pleasant of modern comedians.

Did you go and see the SOLDENE troupe? Yes, Madam, I did, and they were not one atom more improper than many other exhibitions you have been pleased to honour with your presence. But Miss SOLDENE seemed scarcely in voice and was but poorly supported. You lost a treat if you did not go to *Chilperic* and *Genevieve de Brabant*, particularly the latter. Yet I had rather you did not cultivate a taste for opera bouffe. It was curious that you did not mind half so much when AIMEE played *La fille de Madame Angot* in French with all the improprieties left in, than you did when they played it in English and cut them all out. Since those days you have had two new renderings of it. The HOLLMAN'S cut out most of *Mlle. Lange* and the SOLDENE most of *Clairette*. So now you see how a play with two heroines can afford to preserve the unities and do without either of them.

On Monday next, we shall have the melancholy satisfaction of attending the farewell benefit of Mr. and Mrs. HARRY RICH. We are indeed sorry to lose so excellent an actor, whom it will be difficult to replace, although for his sake we are glad to hear that he goes to fulfil a good engagement in the old country. We wish him every success.

We were glad to see MR. COULDOCK came out from his retirement on the occasion of Mr. TANNERHILL'S benefit at the Royal. We trust this veteran actor is not altogether lost to the stage but that we shall have many more chances of seeing him. But we are more than ever convinced that some prominent politicians ought to take lessons in elocution, having had the misfortune to attend several public meetings lately.

### The Lay of the Merchant, not of Venice.

The drain, the drain, oh, the horrible drain!  
How truly we wish it were over in Spain,  
A remedy would some kind Christian devise,  
In sympathy list to our sorrows and sighs.  
Behind a mud-rampart we all are confined,  
To the freaks of misfortune must fain be resigned.

The drain, the drain, oh, the savoury drain!  
Anathemas direr than Eden on Cain  
Most freely are poured out on every side,  
Of commerce and traffic that stops the tide.  
This beautiful Spring, that's decked not with flowers,  
But is copiously deluged with drenching showers.

The drain, the drain, oh, the foul-smelling drain!  
An antidote would there but prove to our bane,  
That poisons the air, that as crystal is clear,  
In this season so balmy, the Spring of the year.  
The profits from out of our pockets that sweeps,  
That touches our feelings till ev'ry one weeps.

The drain, the drain, oh, the wide-yawning drain!  
Its volumes of filth would well-nurture the grain,  
Provided it only be carried away,  
Nor left there to crumble beneath the hot ray.  
In a white blinding cloud in the hot summer noon,  
When the bats in the archway somould'ring croon.

The drain, the drain, oh, that troublesome drain!  
A volume along thy dark cavernous lane  
Is rushing away with a torrents speed,  
Like a wild moustang or a frantic steed.  
To lose itself then in the calm, still Bay,  
And return through the water-works pipes next day.

### The Globe to Mr. Blake.

(Freely Translated.)

DEAR SIR,—You see how it is. You had got to go into office and you have done so. You were getting very troublesome outside and we had to take you on board. Now mind, that is to say, please, don't go on with your original speeches and independent ideas. We can't have any national nonsense talked, at least we had rather you did not. Your Aurora speech didn't amount to a row of pins and we told you so at the time, but as you made it, people thought a great deal of it, and it was rather clever. Of course you will now have to give your opinion on every subject, but you must not expect it to be attended to. This is what we call sacrificing your individuality. You will have to do what we tell you, whether you like it or not, at least if you won't do so it will be very inconvenient. It was quite right of you to upset the Vancouver Island railway scheme, but you must not do so again unless you particularly want to. Those are very ingenious ideas of your's for improving the Constitution but you must keep them in the back ground, at all events just at present. We don't like violent changes unless we introduce them ourselves. Some day or other we mean to take up some of your plans and then you will of course support them. You must be a little more