

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, JANUARY 15TH, 1876.

Answers to Correspondents.

R. G.—HAMILTON.—Thanks for your "Tragedy." Let us hear from you often.

H. D. L.—Much obliged.

Michaelmas.

By the Early Duffer.

'Tis Michaelmas:—
Warm smells are blending
Goose sage and onions
Recommending,
Though rents are due
And funds are low
And friends are few
And markets slow.
If this be so,
Then let us borrow
A goose or two
And dine to-morrow,—
Let poulterers lend
Their fattest geese,
Let stuffing blend
With odorous grease—
Let apple sauce
Withal be taken,
For goose is lost
By sauce forsaken

Grip's Organ Recital.

The formal opening of the magnificent organ of the Metropolitan Church has been a notable and happy event of the week. Our good friends of that congregation have two distinct reasons to be proud—first, that the Recital was an unqualified success; and second that their instrument is bigger than the one on Jarvis street. Its bigness is, just now, the fashionable topic of conversation, and comparisons of its dimensions with those of famous European instruments are among the innocent amusements of home. On this point it makes GRIP's patriotic heart bound with joy, to be assured that our new "kest o' whistles" is larger than that in Strasbourg Cathedral, or Exeter Hall, or Westminster. It must not be concluded however that, on account of its size, it is the greatest organ in the Dominion. For real compass and effect (we say it with all modesty) it will not bear comparison with GRIP, the recognized organ of justice and universal liberty. Indeed in some important respects, the Metropolitan must yield the palm to the organs owned by the Grit party, (or perhaps we should put this ownership the other way on,) and the Conservative party, respectively. A brief description of these organs may be acceptable. In the first place, in delicacy and refinement of voicing, they are of rare excellence. Very rare indeed. They are without speaking stops, so they never stop speaking, and the blowing apparatus in each is simply prodigious. The Tory instrument excels as a *swell* organ while in that of the Grit party the *pedal* appendages are equally renowned. The *reed tone* in each is noted for its depth, in fact the *tone* is so low sometimes that you could hardly *reed* it at all. *Stops of free reeds* are frequent in both organs. Recitals are given regularly twice a day, but in most of these recitals the *base* notes predominate.

THE feeling of members is that there is too much HAY in the House, and that the Premier should MOWAT (mow it.)

THE Water Commissioners are evidently not Sons of Temperance. They don't take much interest in pure-water.

At Parting.

We met—heigh ho!
A week ago;
To see was to adore you,
At least I know
I told you so—
And many more-before you.

I cannot fret;
I'm not as yet
Completely broken-hearted.
I do regret
That we have met,
But not that we have parted.

At the Speaker's Elbow.

The Legislature re-assembled after the holidays, but it was a *Senatus infrequens*, many of the members failing to come up to time. Rounds of Christmas and New Year's festivities have evidently proved too much for some of the gladiators in the political P. R.

Time being called, both sides of the House came up smiling, but nothing resulted except a little unscientific sparring. The noble art of political self-defence, which consists in blackguarding your opponents in strictly parliamentary language, is in its decadence, alas!—gone out with Rykert's scrap-book, the Proton Outrage and Archie, the honest yoman. How I sigh for the "brave days of old"!

A Tragedy of the Last Ball.

'Twas at the last Ball—and the forms of the dancers
Moved lightly (and heavily) over the floor,
They were dancing (I think 'twas a set of the Lancers)
When I met *her* again whom I'd I-liked long before.

Her face was perfection, her figure excelling
In grace all the forms in that vast crowded hall.
And she smiled upon me in a manner most telling
As we met once again at the very last Ball.

One dance she had yet, further on, and enraptured
I wrote down my name at full length on her card:
All my heart was enthralled—all my senses were captured,
So I found conversation remarkably hard.

We talked of the past—of her old fascinations,
Which had not departed, I felt more and more.
Of her goings on since—of her many flirtations,
Till her vile partner came, and my raptures were o'er.

I gazed on that partner, as from me they parted,
With feelings not quite what a christian's should be
For a wish like a lightning flash through my mind darted
That he were in prison—and I the turnkey.

Then I turned me away, and took one glass of sherry,
Perchance five or six, for I will not be sure:
And my feelings suppressing, I seemed gay and merry,
None dreamed of the pangs that this heart did endure.

I passed by the couples so quietly spooning,
I danced with the grace of the wild Kangaroo,
I passed by the ranks of the dowagers crooning,
And wond'ring "how girls could go on as they do."

The dance comes, and wildly about I am tearing,
But vainly to find her I ceaselessly roam,
Till at last a wild thought flashed upon me despairing,
And I said—"I'll be d-(hanged) if she hasn't gone home!"

No more! ah, no more! every trampled affection
Has been of my young life the blight and the curse:
All her charms still—still dwell in my sad recollection,
I felt wretched then—and now I feel worse!

WE are proud to be able to state that our appeal for THE DEFENCE FUND has been responded to. A correspondent has already sent us some stamps—postage stamps. In the emotion occasioned by doing a virtuous act he has overlooked the fact that they have been used. This, however it may affect their mere intrinsic value, does not detract from the essential merit of the deed. We thank him all the same. He regrets that he could not send *skin plasters* as they would be appropriate in a leg-*al* difficulty.