

GRIP.

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, NOVEMBER 20TH, 1875.

NOTICE.—To young ladies, bank-clerks, stump-orators, and other persons of wit and genius.—In order that no place in Canada shall lose the opportunity of becoming immortalized, through apparent difficulties in its name, GRIP offers a prize of \$50.00 for the best "Nonsense Verse" on CORACONK, the last word of the second and last line to rhyme with the whole name. A second prize of \$49.99 is offered for a similar verse in celebration of that popular watering-place COUNCITING. The verses must reach a certain standard of merit, fixed by GRIP, before any prize will be given.

Answers to Correspondents.

G. H., of Montreal honours us with the following communication:—
Editor Grip:—

DEAR SIR:—I send enclosed in this letter a few verses that I hope will meet with your approval, as a specimen of composing upon any subject. I could compose verses from any subject you might name, and which I might know about sufficiently, to make up a column. I could also do any amount of those snatches such as you publish in this week's GRIP, i. e., "There was a young lady of Barrie, &c." Here's one:—

There was a young lady of Quebec
Who's mama refused her a pull-back;
Said she, "I'll tarry
"And never get married
"Till you let me show off a 'pull-back.'"

[We publish your letter and specimen verse in full, because we are determined to encourage unassuming merit wherever we find it. We regret that we cannot give the public the benefit of your twelve verses on the GUIBORD question. They display power and originality, but are somewhat too tragic for our columns. One or two of the most striking we must however find room for.

The poem begins:—

Oh ye "Witness" and modest "Star"
Before I wish ye from me far,
I will tell thee wrong or right,
What it was I saw last night.

We admire the self-restraint manifested in the second line. An inferior poet would certainly have said:—

How I wonder what you are!

Then again the modest determination to tell the story, however unpalatable to certain persons, to the bitter end, indicated in the words, "Wrong or right" is worthy of notice. The poem goes on to describe with terrible vividness the apparition of the late lamented GUIBORD to his persecutor M^{rs}. BOURGET. The ghost, after an animated invective upon the reverend gentleman, winds up with telling irony:—

"Curse me now till break of day,
Curse me, curse me, as you will;
But with all you can't say nay,
To the order of the Privy Council!"

The poem then proceeds:

Then with a look which made me start,
He slowly said, "Bye, bye!" and departing
Put his finger to his nasal part;
Saying, "I guess it's time that I was starting!"

There is here a powerful commingling of the harrowing and the grotesque which reminds us of nothing so much as DORE's picture in the *Wandering Jew*, of the day of judgment. And when you tell us you can do any amount of this sort of thing we are filled with astonishment. We think of that gifted man of whom HORACE tells who claimed to be a poet because he could compose 200 verses while standing on one leg.]

CHIMNEY SWEEP.—Your style does not *soot* us.

FEATHER WEIGHT.—Knox College is not a "Boxing School."

ANSWER.—One is *black tea* and the other's *T. White*. What's the conundrum?

RABBIT BURNS.—This correspondent sends us a long prosy article, to which is appended a private note, which reads as follows: "If you think it worthy of an insertion put it in." We willingly comply with his request and "put it in"—the stove. If your feelings are wounded, try "Russia Salve," which is good for *burns*.

LAURA.—You're correctly informed. The beautiful blue trappings of the A. D. C. in waiting, which looked so lovely in the Box at the Opera, are the uniform of the Ottawa Fire Brigade. There seems to be ground for the report that the gentleman in question is often annoyed by the inquiry, "where's the fire?" It is believed that Rip Van Winkle had his eye on the Royal Box when he exclaimed, "Such a pair of clothes!"

Our Society for Reconstructing Things.

My name is SAM, and as my views of life is rather sad,
The term of 'Sorrowful' my friends is often pleased to add;
And you may listen if you will, while I my lyric sings
About our new Society for Reconstructing Things.

To call a man a rowdy just because he is a Grit
Is not, to me at least, a proof of very brilliant wit;
Nor if a chap's a Tory need you tell him to his face
His mother "lifted" calico—if such is not the case.

And yet such is the style of politicians in this land:
But there are some as will not stoop to play so low a hand;
And we've agreed to elevate the things that we deplore,
And there's me, and JONES, and THOMPSON, and a half a dozen more.

And we have had a meeting where we did all disclose
A taste for reconstructing things I never could suppose;
And when I tell you what transpired, I think you will agree
That nothing could be finer, or more beautiful to see.

First THOMPSON moved that Britain was a lot of fossil bones,
When he was ably seconded by ALBERT EDWARD JONES;
And those same bones they rattled down and reconstructed there,
The British Empire on a plan which was extremely rare.

Then SMITH arose and proved, with his accustomed eloquence,
That parties was improper, and to him a great offence;
And also that the Parliament should pass an act to say
That parties should for ever cease, upon a given day.

Then we discussed the Senate, all its failings to denote,
And also whether women could be trusted with a vote;
And WILLIAM BROWN unfolded there in less than half-an-hour,
A scheme whereby minorities should always have the power.

Then little BINKS disclosed to us a project quite sublime
To make this land a mighty state, without regard to time;
But how it was, or when he'd start, or where, I can't recall,
But this I know that BINKS's views is singularly tall.

So now you know the planks of our association new,
We only want a candidate and we shall put him through;
And he'll have such a backing as was never known before,
For there's me and JONES and THOMPSON, and a half-a-dozen more.

Synonyms.

The following instances of different names for the same object have been carefully compiled for future use by those ingenious gentlemen who furnish papers of opposite political tendencies with intelligence flavored to suit their respective views. In reporting speeches &c., they will be found especially valuable.

Original Ideas..... Crude Notions.
An emphatic denial..... An equivocal reply.
An enthusiastic meeting..... A complete fizzle.
A brilliant speech..... A few vague remarks.
A crushing defeat..... A moral victory.
A forcible exposuie..... A tissue of calumnies.
Satirical..... Would-be-witty.
Success..... Failure.
Gentleman..... Ruffian.
Black..... White.

It will be at once seen that the easy convertibility of these terms renders them with a large number of others of like tendency invaluable to the writers on both sides. If the reader will apply them to the *Globe* and *Mail* reports of the recent elections he will be surprised how easily they can be assimilated, or if required, made to change places.