

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, 22ND DECEMBER, 1877.

Answers to Correspondents.

QUILP—Good: ſhall be glad to hear from you again.

J. S. F.—Thanks; call when convenient.

Our Book Review.

VENNOR'S WINTER ALMANAC, '77-'78. Montreal, JOHN DOUGALL & SON, 136 pp. 8 vo, paper.

At a time when ſo much intereſt is taken in the Eaſtern War and the ſettlement of the Fisheries Diſpute, this work is exceedingly *apropos*. This almanac is ſuperior to that of Mr. J. BILLINGS in orthography, which is accounted for by the fact that Mr. VENNOR makes it a buſineſs to look out for ſpells. It will alſo compare moſt favourably with the ſtandard work of Dr. AYER, although it doesn't expreſs itſelf ſo unreſervedly as to the merits of certain pills. The ſubject matter of the book is well ſet up and diſplays much learning and type. The book is filled with valuable information, contributed by the adverſiſing community, and excellent weather predictions, from the pen of the famous Prophet &c., are thrown in *gratis*.

Christmas Stanza.

Round and rounder ſtill expanding,
See the Christmas pudding ſtanding,
Crammed with richeſt fruit and ſpice,
Wooing to a ſecond ſlice—
Eggs and ſuet, can they bring
Indigeſtion? No ſuch thing.

Beef; if inches four of fat is,
Mutton quite as good as that is—
Pie of pork from country ſent—
Fiſh might grace a Biſhop's Lent—
Beſt of ſauces—can they call
Slight dyspeſia? Not at all.

Wine—to-day we muſt be merry—
Brandy, whiskey, port and ſherry,—
Christmas punch-bowl we muſt fill,
Sweet, and ſtrong, and hot, but ſtill,
Feverſ, apoplexies—ſuch
Could they cauſe? Oh, no—not much.

No. But ſtill it needs explaining,
Can it be defects of draining?
Is it ſomething in the air?
Is that ſeaſon ſickly? Where
Is the cauſe that all next week
People will for doctors ſeek?

A Capital Thing.

"Capital puniſhment has been aboliſhed in Italy."—*Exchange*. The puniſhment of Capital, unfortunately, ſtill continues. Men who otherwiſe might be happy are weighed down with gold and the care of wealth. How they linger in the weary dungeon of life, reading penances in monſtrous day-books and ledgers! How their brains are racked by bank accounts and loſs and gain columns! How the glittering piles in the vaults, and phantoms of jimmies and crow-bars haunt their viſions! How they bow beneath the load and become ſilver white in the ſervice of mammon! And, finally, how they ſigh and groan when the ſands of life are run, and they find that they cannot take even a ſhining ſilver dollar with them to pay their railway fare in the dread beyond! Nay, with its great advantages over all this, poverty is a capital thing, a moſt deſirable thing, and GRIP nearly feels tempted to exclaim "give me poverty or give me death." But a lot of anxious heavy creditors in the background will not allow it.

Ye Den of Ye Bachelero.

Far above ye citey noiſes, ſtorieſ fyve above ye ſtreete,
Does ye bachelere repoſyng ſmoke while paſſe ye moments fleete;
There ye mightye hookah bubbles; there perfumes ye mille cigarre,
Never femayle mandayte fearinge, drivinge them to diſtance farre.

Never there ye ſharpe faced ladye, who ye boarding manſionne keepes,
Layeth oute ye butter rancydle, or ye weak infuſionne ſteepeſ
In ye tea-potte in ye morninge; nor wyth deepe deceptive prayſe,
Carveth up ye rooſterre anciente nor ye beefſteake toughe diſplayeſ.

There ye coffee hotlye ſteamethe, redolente of rich perfume;
There ye ſmelle of kidneyes fryinge odorouſlye filleſ ye roome;
There ye rolleſ ye bakerre bringeth froſhe or woe betydeleth hym;
There ye milke-manne filleſ ye pitcherre wyth ye milke he dare not
ſkymme.

There ye bulledogge in ye cornerre cropped of eare and round of eye,
There ye fatte Malteſianne felyne cloſe beſyde on rugge dothe lye.
There ye gunneſ and roddes ſuſpendedde in their glorye on ye walle,
Telle of deedes of meritte wondrous which in huntynge dyd befall.

There ye innayte on ye ſofa, heedyng notte how tyme doth goe,
Readeſ ye yellow covered pamphlette, tellinge tayleſ of diſmalle woe—
How ye hero from ye Rockye Mountayne Injunſ fiercelye tooke
For hys bryde a lovelye ladye, which ye ſayme dyd meane to cooke.

Howe he off in triumphe bore herre, ſtrewyng boylieſ alle arounde,
Wyth extremelye ſavayge perſonnes coveringe their natyve grounde.
Thencewarde down the Miſſiſſippye how their path they dyd purſue,
Scoopyng halfe an alligatorre oute to forme a large cauoce.

Till hys onlye brother ſpyng hym in paſſage from ye ſhore,
Formeſ affectionne for ye ladye, halfe a myle offe then or more.
Them decoying, hee dothe cooke there for the twaine a poiſonned dyſhe;
They partaking, hee hys brother ſtraighte dothe throwe untoe the fiſh.

Then untoe ye mayden ſayeth, "Madamme, knowe you cannot live,
But, if you with mee will marrye, I an antidote wyll give."
Awfulle truly the conditionne of that payre of lovers deare,
Muche enjoyed on ye ſofa by ye readinge bachelere.

But ye poiſonne badlye workyng, being contracte arſenyc,
He who murdered had been comethe madly wyth uplyfted ſtycke,
Fiercelye ſavyng—but ye deeplie intereſtyng ſtorie maye
Nowe be purchaſed at ye booke ſtores, if you ſteppe in anye daye.

There at nighte ye merry ſtorie paſſeth gleefullye arounde,
There acroſſe ye rooſe-toppeſ poureth from the windowſ high the
ſounde
Of the ſonges uproariouſ lyfted by ye partyeſ there withinne,
Other partyeſ with them adding noiſe of laughter to the dinne.

There no wyfe ye innayte ſcoddeth if hee tarrye oute too layte.
Nor at dinnerre childrenne worrye hym to fylle ſucceſſive playte,
Free from billes and dunneſ hee may bee, if he prudentlye dothe live.
Nor need Christmas anye feare of creditorreſ untoe hym give.

Sad to thinke, although ye ſquirrelle to ye toppe of tree may runne,
It maye happe to grounde he droppeth, ſlaine by fowlerre's ringyng
gunne.

Woe is mee, to higheſt atticke though ye bachelereſ may go,
Everye daye they downwardſ tumble, ſtruck by Cupidde's fatalle bowe.

An Innocent.

"Unsophiſticated" writes: Pick up the *Mail* when I will, I find the firſt thing in its "City Matters" column readſ as followſ: "The Houndſ will meet at the kennelſ at 3 o'clock ſharpe." I have long been trying to find out what this could mean, but have at laſt concluded that it iſ a call to a Tory meeting of ſome ſort, for doeſ not the great G. Brown tell uſ that Tories are "baſe houndſ"? But why the *Mail* ſhould concur with him and adopt the name for iſ party I cannot fathom. Will thou enlighten me, moſt honoured GRIP?

The Difference.

The Mayor, the Mayor and the Aldermen,
They yearly demand to be put in again.
The people at that time make regular ſhout
To put the old Mayor and the Aldermen out,
And whether they're put out or whether they're not,
Not a bit better pleaſed have the populace got.