

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 2, 1875.

1875.

GRIP has the felicity of wishing his innumerable patrons a Happy New Year for the second time, and on this occasion is proud to be able to do so from his own elegant headquarters—No. 2, Toronto Street. It would be fitting here to say something about the year just past, but as his licensed poetaster has treated that theme in another column, it will not be necessary. But a few words about the incoming year will be *apropos*. Let it be of a business character, and let the humorous literati throughout the Dominion make a note of it. We are anxious to organize a staff of regular contributors, whom we are now in a position to remunerate adequately for their services. One editor may always be found at the above address, where he will be pleased to receive literary favours. Poets who have trash to dispose of had better take it round to the *Globe* office; prose writers who deal in a similar commodity needn't call at No. 2; but genius will receive every encouragement from GRIP. All correspondence of a business nature may be addressed as above. But our foreman says there isn't room in the form for any further remarks, so we desist.

The Question of the Hour.—Plain Words from the Candidates.

MEDCALF, HIS VIEWS.

My ideas on this question is, I want to be elected,—
Another twelve months' salary I've all along expected;—
I can't abear the notion of bein' left at home,
And be obliged from day to day around the streets to roam,
A doin' simply nothin', which, if I was only Mayor
I might be doin' jest the same—but then the civic chair
Would give me sort of dignity—which Nature has denied—
And wot is still more better—fifteen hundred dolls. beside.
There's lots of parties gettin' up in this Toronto city
Which says (the impudent galoots!) they think it is a pity
If 'mongst the 60,000 that makes up our population
There can't be found a citizen of worth and reputation
Who can act as our chief magistrate—a man with brains and heart,
Who, if he don't wear square-toed boots will net the square-toed part.
Now 'course by that they mean to hint I'm not a fit and proper
Person for to take the chair, but I don't care a copper,
In answer to them slanders I have to say this here:
Go and vote for MEDCALF to be Mayor another year.
Oh, about them tavern licenses—well, I won't make any pledges—
They're apt to put a candidate on wot's called the "ragged edges;"
I want to get the groggery votes, and so I simply mention
That if elected, I will give the subjeck some attention—
Don't get alarmed, dear Boniface, them words don't smell of treason,
You scratch my back and I'll scratch yours for still another season.

MORRISON, HIS VIEWS.

I am a jolly old candidate,
And here my opinion will candidly state
On the Licensing Question, so rife;
The subject is one which attention demands,
And if I'm put in, 'twill receive at my hands,
No politics, none! 'pon my life!

I don't think it well to increase the saloons,
Consider that one of my temperance tunes,
Leastwise, till the polling is o'er;
But I wouldn't, dear friends, by too SHARPE on my notes,
As I don't just object to the groggery votes—
But—no politics—never—no more!

I think, my dear friends, that the best way to do
(At least it's the best from my own point of view)
Is to give the whole subject the hoist—
Let MACKENZIE & Co. take the matter in hand—
'Tis their work, not ours, as I understand,
But—no politics—give me a rest!

M'CORD, HIS VIEWS.

Which I wish to remark,
And my language in plain,
McNABB's ways are dark,
And they go 'gainst my grain;
But I think I've a plan to reform him,
Which the same I would rise and explain.

One's a temperance man
Of the three on the Board;
There'll be two in the van
If you'll just say the word,
On Monday to oust DADDY SQUARETOES,
Just walk up and vote for McCORD!

A Midsummer Night's Dream.

It is common with the rest of Toronto, GRIP has received considerable delight from the representation of one of SHAKESPEARE'S most delightful plays at Mrs. MORRISON'S Grand Opera House. He thinks it as well to give some of the opinions he heard in addition to his own views of the subject. On enquiring of a somewhat *blase* youth of some thirteen summers his opinion he was told, "Well, the transformation scene was awful pretty and the acting wan't bad, but the play was a poor thing." A lady informed us it "was a sort of fairy extravaganza for children, very pretty, but not for grown up people." And an enthusiastic young Canadian told us he "didn't think much of SHAKESPEARE, that sort of thing was played out." Such is their veneration for the Swan of Avon. They would abuse the Raven of Chigwell if they were not afraid of him. Yet when GRIP went there he saw a large audience, who mostly looked pleased and laughed at the right things—as a rule, and seemed somehow to appreciate the played-out bard. GRIP compliments Mr. HARRY RICH on his rendering of *Bottom the Weaver* and Mr. COULDOCK on his *Peter Quince*. To the gentleman who played *Thisbe*, he would say he does not think he could have assumed more comic helplessness himself if arrayed in a long dress, but not having tried he doesn't know. "Hard-handed men of Athens," well-done! Fairies, especially little tiny one, GRIP is pleased with you. *Oberon* and *Second Fairy*, you sang very prettily. *Titania* you took a few liberties with SHAKESPEARE'S words, GRIP forgives you this once, but don't do it again, or your good looks will not save you from the punishment due to those who play such tricks. Still you ruled your pretty little fairy court very nicely and we would be almost content to wear an ass's head with *Bottom* to be waited on by you and your tiny sprites. Fairies and Amazons, you marched and counter-marched excellently. *Theseus*, continue to be dignified. *Hippolyta*, remember *Touchstone's* advice to *Audrey* and don't be always holding your dress no. *Helena* you played excellently. *Hermia*, you might improve matters without much difficulty. Musicians, you gave MENDELSSOHN'S lovely music satisfactorily. The transformation scene was quite worthy our young friend's commendation. Lastly GRIP congratulates Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE on having only inserted one political allusion in this drama, and as that related to Queen ELIZABETH, he thinks it may pass. GRIP hopes that mediums will convey this gratifying intelligence to the spirit land. In the name of the Toronto public, at least, the intelligent portion thereof, he expresses his thanks to Mr. MORRISON for having produced the "Dream" in a manner only equalled by himself in the accompanying sketch.

The Record of a Year.

The "tricks of trade" which honest men
Condemn in innovators,
Are not confined to "trades" alone;
But shared by legislators.

The pride of country, as of birth,
Is a record pure, unvarnished;
For that which makes the man of worth
Is honor, bright, untarnished.

But in these days of hollow show,
Of buncombe, self-laudation,
The men who talk the loudest are
Most fond of admiration.

Alas! that Canada should be
Food for politicians hoary!
When will she ever be quite free
From gormand Grit or Tory?

'Tis when these model patriots meet,
Like gamblers at *ecarte*,