

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, JANUARY 29TH, 1876:

From Our Box.

THE GRAND.—Miss DARGON takes her benefit this evening in *Marian de l'Orme*. During the week she has been playing to ever-increasing houses, in TENNYSON'S *Queen Mary*. It is not creditable to the intelligence of Toronto, that more interest has not been shown in the first dramatic effort of the first poet of the age. Miss DARGON has carefully studied the character of the unhappy Queen. She represents with great power her morbid passion for *Philip*, which was more intense even than her religious devotion. She creates much sympathy for the unhappy fate of the Queen who truly says of herself:—

"Never woman meant so well,
And fared so ill in this disastrous world."

We must confess that we are inclined to agree with *Alice* in despising her "for such a dotage upon such a man" as that despicable Jack Spaniard. The sweet song "Shame upon you Robin" is sweetly sung to a sweet tune, by an invisible milkmaid. Mr. CURTIS deserves a word of gratitude for his "make up" as the *Lord Mayor*. We cannot say as much for Mr. SPACKMAN, who besides appeared as uneasy as if he had just stolen the crown jewels.

On Thursday next Mrs. MORRISON intends to devote an evening to the benefit of the poor of the city. So great is the distress this winter, that such charitable efforts are worthy of special praise. A good bill is in preparation for the occasion. People will have a chance of amusing themselves and at the same time alleviating the miseries the hard times have produced.

An Ultramontane Poem.

Ha! Behold! See now the force of Our Infallibility.
Lo! Beneath Our power MACDONALD—BROWN—successive bend the knee.
Took my largess—took my bounty—took my CAUTION—swallowed all.
See, I hold them, gagged and lettered, fast beneath their fortress wall.

Now, unfaithful of Geneva! Now, base Germans of the Rhine!
Here I hold my consolation—*here* the victory is mine.
Forced from Rome I shortly shall be—this shall be my saving ark.
Westward rolls the tide of conquest, bearing on St. Peter's bark.

All Quebec is Ours already—faithful province of Our own,
Manitoba—far Columbia—soon they shall be Ours alone.
True believers—Irish—Frenchmen—shall their vacant places fill.
Who shall hinder?—what shall stay it?—is it not Our sacred Will?

Do not all their Legislatures all my wishes bow unto?
While their Parliaments are subject, what can any people do
To oppose Me? Ah! my people, this shall be our future home,
Here we'll build a new St. Peter's—here erect the modern Rome!

The Opening of the U. E. Club.

THE U. E. Club was opened the other day. I was not invited but I went as your representative, knowing that as such I should be welcome.

BAXTER was on the stairs as I went up. There was no room to pass. He stopped to regain his breath, and remarked to me "This is grand, it reminds me of the new Police court," I did not ask if he referred to the architecture or the assembled crowd.

On the landing there was a large assemblage of U. E.'s. They have changed their name since it was all U. P. with them. They have made a happy combination of these initials in SIR JOHN'S official title in the Club. He is to be U. E. P., which I am given to understand means "unum e pluribus."

Amongst the throng I saw both the CAMERONS, BOULTBEE, BELI, CROMBIE, SHEEHAN etc., in fact all the acknowledged leaders, whether of rank or fashion in their respective localities. SHEEHAN told me he was awful dry, as he had herrings for breakfast. He said he had anticipated this thing for months. I thought he looked hungry.

CROMBIE had a ribbon on, I asked him what that meant. He said he was a steward. I congratulated him, but told him I thought that HANCOCK had been appointed. He said I was a blanked fool and left me.

Just then MERRICK touched my elbow, and asked if I had a spare pair of gloves. I said no. He then said "lend me one, you can keep your other hand in your pocket." I declined, and asked him how he came there. He said the A-c-h-b-p had invited him, and that it was his policy to be well with both sides. That he was always ready to forget and forgive. I told him I knew he was always for-getting, but never for-giving. He left me also.

There was a great crush at the dining room doors, I found that BAXTER was a good man to be behind. He leaned on the men in front, and they gave way. He leaned against the door, and it gave way also, and we were precipitated into the room. B. said he was hurt internally, so they got him some brandy and water. I complained of my spine, and they put me out of the back door. I did not think this fair.

By the time I got to the door again, they were all at dinner. I took a back seat. I found my neighbors had commenced on the dessert. Several had Charlotte Russe and jelly on their soup plates. The steward, with great foresight, had removed their tumblers, and they were reduced to drinking from their champagne glasses.

By and bye, Sir JOHN made a speech. He said this was a glorious day, a resurrection day—the past was buried, and the U. E.'s had a shining future before them. This noble Institution had like the Phoenix arisen from the ashes of the U. P. party, in spite of the hireling caitiffs who seek to destroy it. He would say that an individual with a coal oil can and a bundle of shavings and old *Gloves* under his arm, and wearing number 14 brogans, had been discovered in rear of the premises. He had been promptly dealt with. The enterprising manager of the *Mail* was at that time feeding him with *Gloves* lubricated with coal oil. He adverted to the prosperity of the country in past years, and said it was owing to the judicious administration of Conservative government,—Providence had nothing to do with it. He contrasted the depression of these times, distinctly attributable to Grit maladministration (loud cheers.) He would take no special credit to himself, but flattered himself he was a Saul among politicians. He was proud to be able to announce that LANGEVIN was about to invest his savings from the Pacific Scandal money, in club stock, which would relieve them from all necessity for its repayment. (Loud and enthusiastic cheering.) In conclusion he drank to the good health of the U. E. Club, and in the words of the immortal Rip Van Winkle, himself a good U. E. at heart, may it live long and prosper. (Roars of applause.)

At this point I found that the hireling menials who filled my glass, had on the principle of "*noscitur a sociis*" filled my glass with high-wines several times, and I was compelled to leave. My companions seemed in no-wise affected, and SHEEHAN told me he would take notes of other speeches.

Up to this time the only note I have had is an I. O. U. for \$1.00 borrowed on the strength of our agreement.

YOUR CORRESPONDENT.

Nonsense Verse.

A druggist went to Couchiching,
Who did of "Helmbold's Buchu" sing,
To tell it's praise
He'd spend whole days
At the great hotel of Couchiching.

Grip to the British Columbians.

Having been officially informed that the British Columbians are "wanting something," GRIP presents them with his compliments. He also sends them his intentions, as follows:—

He cannot compliment them on their number, which is remarkably small; nor can he hope for its increase, since he has had, he believes, to pay each of them a yearly subsidy ever since he had the displeasure of their acquaintance. Therefore, he trusts B. C. has no intention of adopting JENKINS. But MALTHUS, he will observe, is an author they might study to advantage—that is, to Mr. G's.

He will be most happy, if properly requested, to allow them to remain British subjects.

He will be most unhappy to have to pay them for remaining so. Most unhappy of all would he be to ruin himself, have to sell out his office, his favourite stool, and his big picture, in order to dig them a railway through the Adamantine Precipices—no, the Rocky Mountains.

GRIP would observe that railroads over Rocky Mountains must be rather shaky affairs.

GRIP cannot dig that railway, and to beg anybody else to dig it he is ashamed. Besides, they would't.

GRIP would further remark that if he *could* be induced to apply his Herculean powers to the task, and should, to the great injury of his prospects, his business, and his clothes, succeed in accomplishing it, he should very much like to be aware what security he would possess that the clever B. C.'s would not then immediately see their way to obtain still "better terms" by disposing of themselves, their country, and *their* end of GRIP'S railway, to the Yankees.