

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, 12TH AUGUST, 1876.

MME. SALVOTTI.—Mr. BAUMANN is to be congratulated on the great success which attended his engagement of Mme. SALVOTTI this week. The clerk of the weather was unusually propitious, and the performances on both evenings passed off admirably.

The Little Boys and Their Toy Trains.

A STORY OF RELUCTANT ENTERPRISE.

LITTLE GEORGIE BROWN.—Aha! TOMMY PATTESON! I've got a train of my own, and I bought it all by myself with my own money, and you ain't got no train, now then!!

LITTLE TOMMY PATTESON.—Shoot yer train! I don't want no train!

SCENE II.

LITTLE TOMMY P.—Hello, BROWNIE! What'r yer blowin' about? Who ain't got no train? Look here!! Now, you draw it mild about that train o' yours!

LITTLE GEORGIE B.—What! you got a train too! Haw! You wouldn't have got it only I showed you mine, you little base hound!

LITTLE TOMMY P.—Now, look here, GEORGIE BROWN, I jest let you know I got this *before* I saw yours. I got it as soon as I heard you had one, but I didn't go blowing all round about it!

LITTLE GEORGIE B.—O! my eye! hear the boy talk!

LITTLE TOMMY P.—I tell you that's so, anyhow! The reason I didn't blow about it was that I wasn't a bit glad to get it. I ain't got much pocket money and, blame your eyes, you was the cause of my spending nearly all of it on this plagued old train!

LITTLE GEORGIE B.—Well, that aint my fault. What did you do *at* for?

LITTLE TOMMY P.—I've got to do it! Boo-hoo! The boys would all laugh at me if I didn't!

LITTLE GEORGIE B.—Well, never mind PATTY, don't cry. We're both the same. I had to buy my train too, and I aint got no more pocket money than you have, and all to put on a little style. Oh! my lost bawbees!

Both together.—Boo-hoo-ooo!

The Newspaper Man.

MASTER.

And you would start
A newspaper. You have not learning; true;
But you have energy, which you have heard
Makes substitution good; and would it prove?

SCHOLAR.

You bet on that. I want to make my pile.
There's chaps around that jaw of principles.
My principles is cash. That's what I want.
There's nothing that's worth shucks that can't be bought.
I'm up for sale myself; and I'd just like
To see the chap that says, I ain't as good
As any other man. But, say now, you
Do seem to me to know a thing or two.
Sail in; lay down the rules, and I'll soon see
If with my constitution they agree.

MASTER.

There are more ways than one. If you could lead
A faction strong in money and in men—
If you could start a bank, and therefrom draw
War's sinews till it break; or if you could
Hypothecate the sureties of friends,
To many thousands, then the way were plain;
But you must lower creep. Beg, borrow, seize
Some cash to make a start. Pay writers some;
Promise them more; keep always promising.

As they drop off or starve, there still are more
Who can be gulled as they. Pay clerks the same.
Run deep in debt for paper, type, and ink.
Publish sensations; give the outside world
The thing which most it craves. What is't to thee,
What souls to Tophet fall, so they but pay
The aid thy paper gives? Traverse the streets;
Earwig each alderman; each banker, all
Who by the slightest chance may advertise
In thy neat-printed sheet. Here most of all,
Will thy peculiars tell. Thy brazen face—
Thy voice, which now can whine like spaniel meek,
Now like a Stentor roar, when bullying will
The purpose better serve—thy freedom full
From hampering honesty—these all shall serve;
These all shall money bring. Push on thy way.
The devil ought to help, and fortune may,
If that she do, there is in store for thee
A villa and an income, and the chance
To cat and drink, to smoke and eke to swear;
To scold thy underlings, and with the joys
For which thy soul is fitted, satiate
Thy full capacity. If thou should'st fail
Of this, thou scarcely shalt escape the jail.

The Latest War Despatches.

GRIP has received the very latest intelligence from the seat of war in the East. He is thereby informed that the Servians are completely vanquished, and have utterly defeated the Turks in a decisive engagement; also, that the Montenegrins are advancing with the greatest rapidity, and retreating in all directions; that Austria is determined to observe strict neutrality, and is moving forward sixty thousand soldiers to occupy Servia; that Russia is fully decided to remain at peace, and is straining every nerve in warlike preparations; and that England, France, and Germany will not interfere, and are getting ready for active interposition.

LATER.

A further despatch has just arrived. It states that OSMAN PASHA, who was killed on the 16th in the affray near Mostchick, has on the 18th moved against the defeated and victorious Servians and routed them with great slaughter, losing one half of his men, and being pursued for over fifty miles.

LATEST.

The last despatch informs us that Marshal BAZAINE, who is now in Spain, has just led the successful attack on the Roumanian contingent, in which the latter sustained the most decided reverse of the campaign, retreating in confusion towards Taitjar, and retaining possession of the field of battle, and all BAZAINE'S artillery.

STILL LATER.

ABDUL MEDJID, the Sultan, of the *delirium tremens*. His illness at this juncture is to be regretted, as he is a young man of high moral character, who combines Oriental habits of temperance with European energy of character. His excellent constitution, however, will triumph over the disease. P. S.—He will probably die in the course of the night.

LATER STILL.

An army of two hundred thousand Arabs has been assembled, and is advancing to reinforce the Turkish forces. These men are of the most ferocious description, and lately in passing through Smyrna killed all the inhabitants for amusement. EXPLANATORY DESPATCH:—There is no Arab army. It may be that the correspondent was mistaken, and that the Smyrnesse people put the army to death on its arrival.

LAST DESPATCH.

People that understand matters are beginning to say that owing to the strong Slav sympathies of BISMARCK intervention is doubtful, at least under present circumstances. But should the Emperor ALEXANDER and Queen VICTORIA abdicate, interesting developments may be at once expected.

Civic Holiday Anticipations.

A correspondent wants to know what GRIP is going to do on the Civic Holiday. In reply GRIP begs to say that he has not as yet fully prepared his programme but, health and weather permitting, he expects to begin the day's pleasure by going to the Humber per *Watertown* at half past eight. Returning to the city he will take the *Empress of India* to Burlington Beach, Hamilton, whence he will go to the picnic of the Metropolitan Choristers at Woodbridge; when the picnic is over he will go to Mimico for a few hours rest, then by private conveyance to the Humber. Here he will take the *Watertown* again and land in Oakville in time for dinner. At one p. m. precisely he will leave for the