

## GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The greatest Feast is the Ass; the greatest Bird is the Owl;  
The greatest Fish is the Oyster; the greatest Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27TH, 1873.

1874.

GRIP cheerfully croaks the compliments of the Season to the Public in and out of Parliament. To the Senate, in their peculiar circumstances, he especially wishes a very happy New Year. Let us unitedly and with uncovered heads honour this toast:

"May no future year wind up with a Banquet to Anybody because he truthfully exposed a Political Scandal in Canada."

## "GRIP'S" CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

Not one in all the multitude of gift buyers that thronged the streets and shops on Wednesday night went on his genial and joyous errand with a lighter heart than Grip. It would be overstepping modesty for him here to enter upon a statistical account of his generosity, but it will not be thought out of the way if a few of the more prominent names and gifts on the lengthy list be mentioned. Then, first:

To HON. ALEX. MACKENZIE he gave a properly executed *Lease of Power* for an indefinite period.

To HON. GEO. BROWN he gave a copy of *MILTON'S Paradise Restored*.

To MR. MAYOR MANNING he gave a *Newspaper Scrap Book* in which to preserve certain *Globe* editorials.

To MR. JAMES BEATY M.P., he gave a clearly printed copy of the *Pleasures of Hope*.

To SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD he presented a fine edition of *Barnaby Rudge*, underlining *Grip's* oft-repeated ejaculation, "*Never say die!*"

To MR. A. M. SMITH and MR. SQUARETOP MADGALP he gave duplicates of the Corporation Seals.

To MR. W. H. HOWLAND he gave a framed copy of a cartoon entitled, "*The Political Giant Killer; or, Canada First!*"

To MR. E. O. BICKFORD he gave (on behalf of the working men) an illuminated address of thanks for past services.

To MR. THOS. MOSS he gave a copy of *Pill's Reply to Walpole*.

To MR. WILKIE COLLINS he gave a *Bumper House*.

To ATTY-GEN. MOWAT he sent his compliments.

To HON. E. B. WOOD he sent an original plaster cast of the "*Overthrow of Pharaoh's Host in the Red Sea.*"

To HON. EDWARD BLAIR he sent a handsomely embroidered Portfolio—only intended for ornament.

## ANXIOUS.

DEAR GRIP,—Excuse my troubling you, but my mind must be set at rest. I notice in the *Ottawa Citizen* of the 20th inst. the following telegraphic despatch from Toronto:

"A night watchman at Gurney's Foundry, on King Street west, was so badly frightened by seeing what he called the ghost of a colored woman and child, that he died from the effects. A previous watchman left the place, giving the same reason for so doing. Great excitement prevails in that locality. Gurney & Co. have since failed to secure a night watchman."

Now, what is the colour of a nigger's ghost? "A sombre shade," it may be answered, but that doesn't satisfy me.

I remember some few years ago in Montreal, when they were removing bodies from a graveyard within the city limits, that they came across the bones of an Irishman. His name and address while in the flesh were unknown, but they deduced his nationality from the fact that the wretched apology for a tombstone that decorated his grave, and from which the inscription had been entirely obliterated, was only a *wollen* stone—in fact, a *shamrock*. Well, there was reason in this, but how they knew that ghost to be a nigger's passes my comprehension.

Might I ask you to inquire, and furnish some explanation? By doing so you will oblige,

A CONSTANT READER.

## Our Own Medium.

No. V.

The Shadows.

DEAR GRIP—Among the hardy things that you have proposed to yourself to accomplish, you will find none harder than the correction of Impudence. And this is all the more difficult from the various phases which it assumes. The following letter, which I have just seen, shows one of these phases, and you must admit the young lady sets forth her complaint in a manner at once befitting her position and her feelings, as one of the gentler sex, and yet with sufficient spirit as expressing her indignation at the manner in which she has been treated.

DEAR LIZ—I have just come home from the Cathedral where I went to enjoy and take part in the service; and here I am as mad as a hatter! Would you believe it, that odious fellow we met at the last party at the Government house was there, and did nothing but stare at me the whole of the service. You know how tall he is; well, not content with his height, he made use of the hassock in his pew to give him greater advantage in seeing us where we were. And, what with blushing, confusion and vexation, I could mind neither the prayers nor the sermon. Such insolence is unendurable, and I only wish I could punish him severely. How nice it would be if some gentleman friend of ours would only write about such conduct to "*GRIP.*" Do try like a good girl that you are and get some one to do so.—Your most devoted friend,

PROUDIE.

I frequently see such fellows I may say in all your City Churches more especially at the evening services. Young men so oblivious to the sacredness of the place, that one would suppose them to be devoid of all feelings of even common sense or ordinary politeness. It is unfeasible to reason with them. These *starkers* of society are out of place in such company. They should confine themselves to that circle of persons assembled together to witness the performance of "*Punch and Judy,*" or the moving panorama of the Great American Rebellion. Should they not take the hint thus plainly given to them, I would suggest dear Grip the appointment of some of our *older politicians* to act on behalf of the ladies, and let their instructions be to secure a hassock immediately opposite these offenders—and stare, until these *starkers* feel the uncomfortableness which they have often caused—of being stared out of countenance.

The Public as a general rule, I am glad to find looks with great distaste on these characters, and I often notice that those who are guilty in this respect are very often those who have been unable to enter the charmed circle of polite and refined society, and standing on the outside of the same, strive to show their importance by an affectation of superiority, and a disregard of those useful but conventional rules by which true gentlemen and ladies are to be recognized, thereby bringing upon themselves nothing but contempt and scorn. As I have often remarked before, an impudent fellow is a sort of outlaw in good breeding, and as no one is his friend, we need not spare him.

Some of these *starkers* are those *Social Virtuities* to whom I have already alluded—poor creatures who have not the sense to act otherwise than they do. They are to be pitied.

Impudence in a Canadian may be said to be uncommon; but where it is found it is very *aggressive* and offensive. It is not like the impudence of the Englishman—supercilious; or that of the Scotchman—untractable; or even that of the Irishman—absurd; but approaches more nearly the American type, which if any thing is a shade worse in its offensiveness. Let us hope dear Grip, that your efforts to put down this class of individuals will meet with success, and be assured that you have the sympathy of all young ladies, their kindest looks and best wishes to aid you in your good work.

There is another class of these gentry, styled the *Oglers*, the plectan order of the same family, of whom I will say a few words shortly. Meantime adieu.

YOUR FAMILIAR SPIRIT.

## A RHYME BY ST. NICHOLAS.

Dropped by that benign individual into *Grip's* Sanctum via the Chimney.

There's a paper that folks call *The Leader*,  
Which is daily supplying its reader  
With columns of facts, showing up the bad acts  
Of MACKENZIE—who don't seem to heed her.

Now the charges are certainly weighty,  
And I deem it that gentleman's duty  
To begin the New year by proceeding to clear  
Up this indictment by BEATTY.