

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.

*Double-Edge, Point Fortune.*—Many thanks. The matter will be attended to.

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, NOVEMBER 29th, 1873.

## Volume the Second.

It was a midnight dreary. A spare-built Knight Companion of the Bath, with kinky hair, one lock of which fell over his pale brow, reclined dreamily upon a rich couch in his chamber, gazing at the ghosts wrought upon the floor by the flames dying in the fireplace, and reading in their mystic movements the story of a political chieftain's career. While he was still looking, he beheld a brave spirit driven to earth, and as he fell the light danced redly o'er the battle-field a moment, and then the embers expired. Suddenly there was a silken and sad rustling at the window curtain, and when the Knight rose and opened the window a lordly Raven strutted in and perched himself over the door, upon a marble bust whose features closely resembled one ALEXANDER MACKENZIE. There he continued to sit in solemn silence (not deeming it polite to be the first to speak) The Knight, on his part, was lost in awe at the strange visitor, and it was quite a long time before he demanded, in a frenzy of fear, "Whence comest thou?" To this the Raven replied, "Don't be afraid, Sir JOHN, I'm only your friend Grip. I just dropped in to pay you my respects, and to present you with my FIRST VOLUME, whose extraordinary success has been due in no small measure to yourself."

## GRIP'S ADDRESS TO RISING STATESMEN.

(See Cartoon.)

Lift up your eyes fixed low upon the fallen foe,  
His writhings can but warn ye to beware  
Of seeking power and pelf, of planning more for self,  
Than for the land whose destinies ye share.

Look west! the prairies spread, great mountains lift their heads,  
The farther ocean laves them where they stand;  
Look east! and white with sails, borne on by pleasant gales,  
Atlantic rollers break upon the sand.

Lift up your eyes and see, the promise that shall be,  
The rainbow-tinted future of the land—  
A mighty nation spread from main to main, instead  
Of us, the Pioneers, who lonely stand.

Vast plains with hedges decked, great hills with sheepfolds flecked,  
The busy hum of reapers in the air;  
And mild-eyed cattle graze where in the early days,  
The buffalo in countless thousands were.

It is not long till then, boys shall not be old men,  
Before the infant nation shall have grown  
So great, her flag shall fly in every foreign sky,  
And free as air the great hopes that we own.

Then WASHINGTON'S great name shall boast no purer fame  
Than yours, who with great hearts the scheme shall plan,  
That makes the transit free from that which now we be  
To that which prescient GRIP avows we can.

## PAINFULLY AMBIGUOUS.

HERE is a model paragraph from the *Brampton Times*, and its miserable spirit is only equalled by its precious ambiguity.

"The *Banner's* opinion of the *Times*, whether good or bad, we treat with perfect contempt. We would just as leave the long-eared Jackasses of the *Banner* would call the proprietor of this journal a sinner as a saint. A few days ago a gentleman in town, while speaking about him, said it was just like 'that skunk.'"

Of whom did the "gentleman in town" speak? Can it be possible that it was of the "proprietor" above mentioned? Editors who want to display their "perfect contempt" and take this very strange way of doing so, should bear in mind the old proverb about "edge tools!"

## Our Own Medium.

No. II.

THE SHADOWS, TUESDAY.

DEAR GRIP,—Man is said to be a social animal, and as an instance of it we may observe that as in the past, so now in the present, men take all occasions and pretences of forming themselves into those little nocturnal assemblies, which are commonly known as "Clubs." Given any set of men with certain leading characteristics either of person or of mind, and we invariably find them establishing themselves into some kind of a fraternity. This sometimes takes place in the most peculiar manner, as witness, the "Fat Mens' Club," in the neighboring Republic:

Jolly fellows every one,  
Weighing together many a ton.

It seems to me this is indeed the age of Clubs, and since my last letter, I have amused myself studying the different varieties of the same extant in your city.

Everybody has heard of "The Stale and Old Clothing and Fuel Club" conducted on very high principles, and yet productive of much good. Then there is the "Sewing Meeting Club," rather perambulatory in their procedure; grand in prospective good works, but rich in gossip. With a good deal of the gossip dropped, and a more *Litter-ary* element introduced, they would we opine do greater service.

Christian names still seem to be fashionable as a club badge, as I find established in your midst St. Andrews', St. Patrick's, and St. George's' clubs, the latter of which seems to number a goodly disciple-hip, from the frequent use I hear made of the expression "By George."

These may be considered the types of the Religious and Charitable Clubs.

There are at present I find in several parts of the City what they call "Singing Clubs" at which the chief Amateur singers meet together to practise *Classical Music*. From actual observation I am able to inform your readers that house-rents are very low in the immediate vicinity of these Clubs. The "Tea Skittle Club," of which I was formerly an unworthy member, I am astonished to find is still kept up, and maintained by the usual very hum-drum people of Nothing-to-do proclivities, who now style their meetings, I hear, in consonance no doubt with their proclivities, "Kettle Drums."

After these two innocent Societies, I cannot forbear mentioning a very mischievous one erected I find, some years ago. I mean the Club of the "Old Fogies," to which none are admitted without a certain knowledge of the talismanic words *presto pass*. Like most modern institutions of the kind this celebrated Club is founded on eating and drinking; and as all men agree on these points, I was not astonished to find, amongst their number, the learned, and illiterate, the dull, and the airy, the philosopher, and the buffoon.

Strange to say, near by I found another Club known as the "Royal Canuck Yawl Club," stranded high and dry, beached, in fact, in a public street. This I found, notwithstanding the name, was also devoted to eating and drinking, and I cannot forbear closing this letter without giving you the scheme of laws under which their affairs are guided:

Rules to be observed in the R. C. Y. C., for the preservation of Yawling and good fellowship.

1. Every member at his first coming in shall pay his dues.
2. No member shall be the exclusive owner of one individual yawl.
3. No aliens shall be members.
4. Luncheon daily, with established similarity, and quality guaranteed.
5. The committees shall be honorary.
6. Every one may do as he pleases.

This Club I would recommend as suiting the free institutions of the country.—

YOUR FAMILIAR SPIRIT.

P.S.—In confidence I would inform you that a new Club is to be established soon, to be called "The Mercantile Club," at which the members will meet weekly to fix the rate of "the 65 per cent. advance on the shilling."

## A PICTON PANEGYRIST.

THE *Picton Gazette*, a Union and Progress organ, is not professedly a comic paper; on the contrary it is very serious and sedate. Yet we fancy the following extract from its editorial of the 21st. will create as much innocent amusement in the *Mut* sanctum as any place else. The subject is, of course, Sir MACDONALD.

"For twenty years this great leading politician of the world has taken a foremost part in the affairs of his country, and notwithstanding he has brought down upon his shoulders the enmity of twenty years, he stands to-day revered and respected as no other man has been respected in the Dominion."