

## GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDOR.

The grabeſt Beas is the Aſs : the grabeſt Bird is the Owl ;  
The grabeſt Fiſh is the Oyſter ; the grabeſt Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 30TH NOVEMBER, 1878.

**TO NEWSDEALERS.—The Toronto News Co.  
are our wholesale agents; any orders from the  
trade sent direct to them will receive prompt  
attention.**

**Grip to the Marquis.**

(See cartoon.)

"I can only hope that I shall in some measure be able to follow in the footsteps of your late Governor-General"—*The Marquis of Lorne at Halifax.*

Well said, noble MARQUIS, you've made a good start !  
True genius still willing to learn is a pearl,  
In DUFFERIN's office play DUFFERIN's part  
And we'll love you as well as we do the good EARL !

Study him carefully, copy him slow,  
Mark the *pose*, which both kindness and firmness combines,  
The head so well set, neither lofty nor low,  
The hand frankly open yet bold in its lines.

Observe the expression that lights up the face,  
Its smile for true merit, its frown for base jobs,  
And mark, too, the foot that so honoured its place,  
Yet spurned all the sycophant homage of snobs.

Copy him, MARQUIS, you can if you will,  
In fact—who can tell—you the Earl may outstrip !  
You've brave blood, and bright prospects and talent and skill,  
Now honour yourself and your well wisher

GRIP.

**Another Message from George Francis!**

To Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD, Prince DISRAELI of Canada, and Master Adviser of the Marquis of Lorne.

Three American cheers, Sir JOHN, on your grandeur so far ! Another accursed British idea gone to smash ! The Civil Service of Canada in accord with ANDY JOHNSTON ! To the victors belong the spoils ! BUCKINGHAM gone ! LETELLIER to go ! The Chinese of British Columbia doomed ! Good ! Go right ahead ! With the gigantic magnificence of Protection in one hand, and the everlasting unconquerable principles of BARDWELL SLOTE in the other, rush upon the skulking wreck of fetid England and the world will proclaim your glory ! I got your gorgeous despatch ! I'm coming to see you in all your statesman-like dignity. Keep your powder dry ! Fear not to turn out the Grit office holders, and keep a place for me. You're a man after my own heart. *Civis Americanus Sum !*

GEO. FRANCIS HORSECAR.

**The Journey.**

According to the *Mail*, Sir JOHN and his friends didn't have any reception on the road, as it was considered best not, on account of the Royal, &c., &c. But GRIP, who was there, will give the true account :—Halifax, N. S.—(Sir JOHN and TUPPER on train).

Sir JOHN—There's a deuce of a crowd waiting for us. What are they wanting ? I don't hear 'em cheering (*Yells from the crowd, "What about the National Policy ? Bring on your Elephant ! What are you going to do about it ?"*)

Sir JOHN—(aside).—What can we do ? I can't explain that we've no inten—You speak, TUPPER.

Dr. TUPPER—I can't. They know me, you know, and—(*Yells from crowd, "Pull 'em out ! Make 'em say what the tariff's to be."*)

Sir JOHN—For Heaven's sake, TUPPER !

Dr. TUPPER—No, you know all about Protection. It's an Ontario move, of course. (*Fresh yells from crowd "Break the windows !"*)

Sir JOHN—(to Tupper).—I know nothing about it—a mere election cry—not my plan—I threw the author overboard first chance I got. I don't know, really. You know how awfully I blundered at the Amphitheatre.

TUPPER—Well, well (*goes to platform*)—Gentlemen, on this—in fact—most momentous occasion—Royal presence preponderates—see you soon—explain all—whole scheme of tariff—N. P.—general prosperity, everything. The blessings which are about to pour, &c., &c., &c. (*But the crowd lets them through, and don't half like it.*)

**More Bad Manners.**

GRIP, as the special organ of the Canadian Snobocracy, is disgusted with the Belleville *Intelligencer*, whose plebeian feelings are aroused anent the following regulation which was issued in connection with the procession of the Royal Party from the landing place at Halifax to the Admiralty House :

"No carriages other than landaus, barouches and broughams, with pairs of horses and properly attired drivers, will be permitted in the procession, and all such carriages will be subject to the approval and under the orders of the Grand Marshal."

The *Intelligencer* actually declares that this is outrageous ; that every TOM, DICK and HARRY, no matter what kind of a horse or rig he drove should be permitted to join in the procession and testify his loyalty ! The absurdity of these democratic papers is simply unspeakable ; it is only equalled by their vulgarity. We suppose they will next suggest that people shall be allowed to shake hands with the Marquis in plain clothes, or look at the Princess without an eye-glass. These low-bred ideas must be nipped in the bud and we counsel all people of breeding in Belleville to show their contempt for such a person as the *Intelligencer* editor by taking their advertisements out of his paper.

**Going to the Ball.**

BY AN ASPIRING MATRON.

COME, girls, pack all your valises ;  
Hurry up AMANDA JANE ;  
Children, stop your noise, don't tease us,  
For we're to start by early train ;  
Your pa's gone down to get our tickets,—  
Tickets through to Montreal—  
Look alive ! be smart as crickets,  
If you're to go to the Governor's ball !

AUGUSTUS don't forget your dress-coat,  
Nor your patent-leathers smart ;  
And your immaculate white waist-coat,—  
Perhaps you'll win some lady's heart !  
And your papa, good laws preserve us !  
By virtue of his being Mayor,  
Will wear a coat like Sheriff JARVIS,  
We'll make quite a sensation there !

AMANDA p'raps you'll have the honour  
Of having as your *vis-a-vis*  
The Princess and the Lord of Lorne, or  
Captain DE WINTON, A.D.C. !  
In dancing mind you get a partner ;  
Take no one lower than M.P.—  
Try for a nobleman or Bart, or  
Sir JOHN MACDONALD, K.C.B.

AUGUSTUS, you must find some star, a  
Lady of the Royal train ;  
Say the Lady MACNAMARA,  
Whom do your best to entertain ;  
Be not demonstrative in the figure,  
Nor any rustic parts reveal ;  
Don't practice steps of an Irish Jig, or  
Ask her up for an "eight hand reel."

Our neighbours who are not invited  
Will die of envy and chagrin,  
If dear papa should come home knighted  
By the son-in-law of the Queen !  
And then, as fitting our high station,  
We'll call our mansion "Argyle Hall,"  
And give a regular swell ovation  
All in honour of the Governor's Ball !

**Dufferin.**

MR. GEO. STEWART, JR., has finished his labour of love, and the result is a magnificent volume entitled "Canada under the administration of the Earl of Dufferin." Besides an admirable *resume* of our political history for the past five years, it contains all the addresses delivered in Canada by our late gifted Governor, and for this feature deserves a place on every bookshelf beside BURKE, CURRAN, SHERIDAN and the other masters of English. Every young man who contemplates a position in which public speaking is required should make DUFFERIN a study.

THE *London Advertiser* says, Mr. WHITNEY's first rollicking song, "I'm a Roamer" carried the audience away, and a determined encore brought him back. Are we to understand that Mr. WHITNEY's singing carried himself away too ? By the way, can't we engage this great vocalist to come here and sing in the vicinity of the "Marriage Question" correspondents.