

## G R I P.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RODGE.

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, MARCH 6, 1875.

## To Correspondents and Contributors.

R. B.—Very good. Try again shortly.

WEST ELGIN.—Comparisons are odious—besides your question savours much of a conundrum. However, as you wish to know our opinion as to the similarity of your juvenile member to the late Premier—we might say that one is a K.C., while the other is a K.C.B. Reflect on this.

GENTLEMAN EMIGRANT.—Come to Canada by all means. This is the country for you. We will suggest a few things to bring with you. You will require at least two pointers, a retriever or two, a rifle and a double barrelled gun. Bring your ammunition with you, of course, as the traders, in Toronto or any of the large settlements, have sometimes but a slight stock on hand, they trading the same off to the Chippeway's and other tribes, who periodically come in from all quarters with their season's furs. The Government grants of land are not given in the immediate vicinity of Toronto but they are within two days travel from it. We can safely say that the lands of Muskoka contain as much space to the acre as can be found anywhere in the Old Country.

## From Our Box.

"*Suil Gair, or Shanrock Green.*" This is the title of a highly exciting drama which we witnessed recently. In the first scene we beheld an Irish Home in the immediate neighbourhood of a cataract, the latter spanned by a frightfully insecure-looking bridge. Enter Mr. CLARKE in splendid clothes, and Mr. MELTON his "accomplish" doubled up like a note of interrogation. Also Mrs. LINDEN. They pursue her and she screams. Enter Mr. T. GRATTON RIGGS who throws Mr. MELTON off the bridge into the Don. Universal joy. Mr. CLARKE gets around again and contrives to lock Mrs. LINDEN (who is expected to scream here), up in a bear's cage considerably left in the ruins of a Round Tower by the original builder. Mr. RIGGS steals the key, gets her out and Mr. CLARKE in. Tableau (with an x).

Act the second. An emigration agent gets round among the once happy peasantry, and paints to them in glowing colors the joys of a bright western home in Dummer street, Toronto. Carousal in a very large shebeen, by three disconsolate peasants and the landlady, to whom Miss ABBY WARE sings "Come back to Erin" before they start. Mr. LAURENS returns from Van Dieman's land and takes a drink with Mr. RIGGS. Mr. CLARKE, having got out of the cage, reappears. Mrs. LINDEN screams and Mr. LAURENS goes for Mr. CLARKE in a lively manner. Two of the Toronto police arrest Mr. RIGGS for having omitted to clear the snow off his part of the sidewalk. Interior of an Irish Home—the pig out for a day's visiting, at least he wasn't there. Every one suddenly struck with a desire to meet each other by moonlight alone, including Mr. MELTON, who has got out and had his clothes dried. Thunderstorm. Mr. MELTON imprudently gets under a tree and is struck by lightning. Tableau (with another x).

Act the third. Mr. SAMBROOK bestows a parting blessing on the emigrants, whom he requests to write regularly and pay postage. The *Globe* man said it was Mr. FULLER who did this, but he can't fool us on that. What is the good of his trying to be as silly as the *Liberal* critic? He might find out when actors exchange parts. And now we find ourselves on the mighty deep, in the steerage of a packet vessel. Mr. RIGGS makes himself generally useful, feeds a baby and is at last prostrated by the demon of sea-sickness. Reappearance of Mr. CLARKE in less gorgeous apparel. Mrs. LINDEN screams, and Mr. CLARKE is put down through a trap-door in the hold. He discovers some matches in his pants pocket and sets the vessel on fire. (Tableau—x), concluding with Mr. RIGGS's consigning Mr. CLARKE to the flames.

Act the last. Mr. LAWRENS and Mrs. LINDEN arrive at Castle Garden, New York. Also Mr. RIGGS and Mrs. MANLOWE. Enter Mr. CLARKE in a tall hat and new pants, having escaped from the flaming wreck. Also Mr. SAMBROOK. They all go to board with Mr. FULLER who keeps a temperance hashery in the city. Mr. RIGGS appears in female attire, as landlady. Enter the police. They arrest Mr. LAURENS. Mrs. LINDEN screams. Enter another policeman, says he is the wrong man and arrests Mr. CLARKE. Mr. RIGGS begins playing with a revolver and shoots Mr. CLARKE who does not re-appear after this. The police tell him it is not of the slightest consequence, and the curtain falls on a tableau—x of general happiness. Mr. RIGGS is a perfect genius in Irish Comedy, and the support he received in this piece from the other ladies and gentlemen named was as good as could be asked for—but *Grip* has a decided pick at the dramatist concerned.

## The Reconstruction of the Senate.

Ha! is there not exceeding joy within the house of MILLS,  
And a sound of pleasant laughter like to many trickling rills;  
For hath not Parliament affirmed the rules he hath laid down,  
And hath quite despised the *dictum* of unwise Dictator BROWN.

Ha! GEORDIE, did'st thou think thou had'st a life-long refuge found,  
A life-long salary to draw, as every year went round?  
Where fogeys old should totter in, and talk, and totter out,  
And thou should'st rule the Senate all, and order it about?

And then, thy *Globe*, thou know'st, should rule the other Parliament,  
Woe, woe, unto the traitors who frustrated thy intent.  
"Ho!" cry unto MACKENZIE, "I, who office gave to thee  
Demand it back; thou traitor vile, return it unto me!"

"And, DYMOND, thou, whom I with pains brought o'er the briny sea,  
And gave thee work upon the *Globe*, and a constituency;  
Vile ingrate, vot'st to bring this reconstruction plan about,  
And know'st the reconstructers mean to reconstruct me out.

"Resign thy job upon the *Globe*—thy place in Parliament!  
Let every Grit resign who dared to MILLS' plan assent;  
Base traitors! hounds! corruptionists! thieves! rascals!—(language  
strong  
I never use;) they'd best resign, or they shall go ere long.

"The *Globe* shall teach them!" Ancient GEORGE, let *Grip* the facts  
present,  
When MILLS' hand wrote on the wall, that night thy kingdom went.  
Thy time is up; thy date is fled; Canadians good and true  
Are crowding in—they'll have their way—they have no fear of you.

They know thee foolish—know thee false; they've learnt what you're  
about,

Too long hast thou with sharp Sir JOHN played game of "in and out;"  
Get thou unto the Park of Bow; our shame, *Grip* tells thee true,  
Is that too long we've blindly took the lead from such as you.

## Servantgalism.

We wonder how many replies were received to the following advertisement, clipped out of the *Halifax Reporter*?

WANTED.—By the 9th of March, a good old fashioned girl as housemaid. Must be clean, honest, willing to do as she is told, and respectful. No Presbyterian, Methodist, or Baptist need apply. Reasons.—One is wanted who will do the work for good wages given, and not give the excuse for neglect of the latter "that it is Bible Class, or Prayer Meeting night, and she must go—or else off to an occasional Tea Party at the Pastor's house where the benux are invited to see the young ladies safe home."

N. B.—One green enough to reply "YES MAM," or "NO SIR," will be appreciated at their full value.—"Old fashioned housekeeper."

Supposing this valuable servant were to put the following advertisement in the papers, how many replies would she get?

WANTED.—A good kind hearted Mistress, who will treat a servant like a human being, and not like a slave; who will have considerations for her womanly feeling, and not hold her as an object upon which to vent her own ill-temper and spleen; who will be Christian enough not to lay a burden upon her shoulders heavier than she can bear, who will recollect that solitary confinement in the kitchen is no more pleasant than solitary confinement in the drawing room, and that if religion is good for the Mistress, the servant has also a soul.

N. B.—One soft enough not to think it beneath her to address a kind word to her servant, will be appreciated at her full value.

Now then, ladies, let us hear from you.

## Questions of Privilege.

Can a vio-lent cold be called a "borrowed trouble" during the present fasting season?

Would it be right to class *candi-dates* among the "sweets of office"?

What is Riel estate worth at Ottawa?

Can a printer be said to be steady because he sticks at his business; wealthily when he has plenty of *quoins* always at command; a political leader in consequence of his close connection with the Cabinet; and a man of poetry and sentiment, when he has numerous quotations? Would it be fair to call him an epicure on account of his proverbial weakness for *pi*? Or should all punning on the subject be ruled out?

## Who Said He Was?

Fearing disastrous consequences, the Montreal *Witness* hastens to explain that:

John Daly, marble-cutter, is not the person whose name, on Monday last, figured in the police reports as Oliver Daly, of that occupation.