

G R I P.

EDITED BY MR. DEMOS MUDGE.

The grabeat Yeast is the Ass; the grabeat Bird is the Owl;
The grabeat Fish is the Oyster; the grabeat Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1874.

Answers to Correspondents.

A. J. M., Ottawa.—We cannot accept your contribution. It is much too personal. The statement that "Mr. McKenzie saved his plato, with the collar box containing it," is not to be found in any other report of the fire. If true, the fact is too trivial for GRIP's notice, and, if false, we cannot pay at the rate of two dollars a column for a stale joke.



SCENE—UNION STATION.

SWELL.—"Aw!—Will I have to get a ticket for a puppy?"

POLITE AGENT.—"Oh, no! Certainly not, sir; you can travel on the ordinary paste-board!"

Grip's Saturday Review.

OUR appeal of some weeks ago to confiding publishers, we regret to say, failed to meet with that amount of success which is commonly meted out to church lotteries and professors of "Three Card Monte."

Yellow covered novels having not showered down upon us with that overwhelming profusion which we had anticipated, and for which we had thoughtfully provided by the purchase of a second-hand book-case and a feather duster, it behoves us in the interests of the public to turn our critical acumen into another channel and, so to speak, to review the events of the day in such a manner as to compel the admission that although not a review of novels, it is at least a novel review.

And to this end we have invested in the daily papers for the last week, to such an extent as to induce a belief on the part of our landlady that we are somebody's next of kin expecting to hear of something to our advantage if we will "call on address Messrs. SKINNER & FLAYEN," &c., &c., &c.

Our aim is and has been to give the news of the day to our readers in a condensed and discursive, not to say meandering, style; not sandwiching piety and politics, and thereby bringing a libel suit on our heads, nor indulging in the pleasant personalities of *The Mail*, or the gentle acerbities of *The Globe*, but steering in a middle course and giving the GRIP-admiring public the quintessence of the week's gossip, personal and political.

And we have been specially requested by cable telegram from the CZAR to contradict the report that the DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH has been presented with a perambulator by an enterprising New York firm.

The much vexed question of precedence at the English Court has been settled by the wisdom of our special ambassador, who decided

that the DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH, being the elder of the tw^o walked before the PRINCESS was born, and therefore had a r^{ight} walk first now.

It is a singular coincidence that this same question of precedence was the thorn in the side of the much lamented Siamese Twins.

Rejected contributors are warned that we always go armed and own a bull dog; revenge therefore may not be found convenient.

Grip Mounts the Tribunal.

GRIP has noticed with pain that in no Canadian magazine or newspaper is an honest criticism of any Canadian work ever to be seen. Either authors understand the art of being reviewed, or publishers have too much interest with the press. It is inconceivable that any person who can read, should deliver the judgments found in the large dailies as fair expressions of opinion. It is equally difficult to understand that the editors of sheets like the *Globe*, *Mail* or *Montreal Gazette*, can be bribed by copies of trashy works, sent in for review by the booksellers. We must therefore believe that they insert puffs as advertisements paid for in kind, to which they expect the public to attach no more significance than they do themselves. When the *Canadian Monthly* was begun, Grip, at that time meditating the appearance which has since delighted the world, hoped that feeble rhymsters and silly writers of sillier stories were for the future to receive their merited benching. But as yet he has seen nothing to confirm his hope; on the contrary, the people referred to have made good their footing in the magazine itself, and inside its covers publish their washed out sentiment. We are, therefore, forced by a strong sense of duty to perform the task which is neglected by the proper authorities.

It is probable that our patience would have held out a little longer, had not a last cruelty been inflicted by the volume of poems of AMADIS MINCHIN, published by HAMAN & POOLE. We do not intend inflicting upon the aspiring MINCHIN the terrible punishment of a detailed criticism. He escapes, and fifty others equally deserving, because this notice was not given at a time previous to the publication of their works. Of MINCHIN's poems, we have nothing more to say than that they are literary emetics, only surpassed in strength by the critiques to which they have given birth.

The Globe says:—"This volume reveals a subtle and delicate imagination, earnest and tender aspiration after the beautiful, and true and rich musical harmony."

The Mail:—"The utterance of an intensely earnest spirit summoning all hearts to rise and rejoice in humanity."

The Toronto Sun:—"This volume contains beautiful imagery that lingers in the chambers of the brain like the memory of a speechless joy or a peroration of Mr. R. M. ALLEN. The poet's soul is steeped in melancholy, and the shadow darkens all subjects with an intense and morbid sorrow that recalls the late lamented BYRON."

Montreal Witness:—"Deep sensibility, soul stirring thought, and that devotion to the best interests of morality and temperance, which characterizes M. F. TUPPER, T. S. ARTHUR, and in fact the works of all men of transcendent genius."

These are random selections from the reviews of MINCHIN's poems, and fair specimens of the usual twaddle uttered by Canadian editors on such occasions.

In future, we intend to bring before the competent and impartial tribunal on which sits the sage of literature, GRIP, all silly books that may be published.

PUFF and HUMBUG have held the scales so long, that those hereafter weighed in a true balance will, no doubt, proclaim us unjust and cruel. But upheld by the sense of right we will not shrink.

We are not aware that any Canadian writer of true talent is to be found outside the host of our contributors. A fair judgment of their relative places in literature might be arrived at by comparing the amounts of copy we have accepted from each. But the impenetrable secrecy of our sanctum prevents the public application of the test.

It is absurd to say that our home market is monopolized by foreign—English and American—writers, and that native talent has no chance of recognition and support, but in future we shall take care that it has due recognition. What literature we have, let us not be ashamed of. The ground must be kept clear of thistles if we wish a crop of grain.

There are materials in Canadian life and scenery, which, properly used, will secure to our COMING GENIUS a fame as wide as the language. Till his arrival, GRIP will keep down pretenders of all kinds, not excluding those who write namby-pamby stories, and moral pap which can only be forced down the public throat by the pretty girls who act as agents.

SUGGESTED TO THE ANGLICAN SYNOD BY A QUEEN STREET BOARDER.—In view of oration, make the burial service read, "Dust to dust; ashes to ashes."