

## 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, 17TH NOVEMBER, 1877.

### Name Your Pizen.

This is from the city columns of the *Mail*:

LOST, from a lady's trunk on the Grand Trunk railway *in transitu* from Montreal to Toronto, a valuable chased gold band bracelet, with small pearls set in lines on the front, and a large pearl in the centre. Manufactured by Rowland and Fraser, London, England. Any jeweller or other person to whom the bracelet has been offered for sale, or who may have bought the same, is requested to give intelligence to Mr. J. Webb, *Mail* office, who is authorized to treat for its recovery.

Of course this treating is to be done at the advertiser's expense, and Mr. WEBB is to have something along with the jeweller or other person who restores the bracelet. Don't let us hear any more about the onerous duties of an editorial position after this!

### Cauchon's Farewell.

Farewell ye hills and valleys once so lovely,  
A saddened patriot bids his land adieu.  
Stabbed by his foes and friends alike, he weeps not  
For what he leaves behind; 'tis for the future  
He trembles slightly in his narrow bones.

What if I once did err in Beauport matters,  
What if my actions were not over nice—  
Have I not since repented in Grit sack-cloth,  
Strewn ashes on my luckless Tory head?  
Then why should I, alas, be made a scape-goat  
And sent out to the wilderness, to bear  
The sins of Grit and Tory in disgrace?  
True I shall reap some crumbs of comfort yearly—  
Five years; nine thousand dollars each—'tis something!  
But I would give it all for a fair name!

The luke-warm farewells of the Grit newspapers,  
The loud exulting of the Tory press;  
The slurs and hits, and numberless sarcasms—  
They rankle in my breast like poisoned arrows.  
"Ho, ho!" the Tories cry, "the aromatic,  
The man who's 'rank and smells to heaven' must go,  
Must go, to save the sinking ship of State."  
And cautiously, like rodents peeping forth  
(Taking their fingers from their nostrils all)  
The Grits reply "Thank heaven, the nightmare's gone!"  
Not that I care about that "smell to heaven"—  
Alluding to my name which meaneth Hogge—  
For silver-leaved and strongly-made Linberger  
By any other name would smell as sweet;  
But I am sad to be thus cast away  
By those whom I would cling to as my party.

Talk not of ARNOLD, woeful Benedict,  
Whom all his country left to die forsaken;  
Speak not of "WANDERING WILLIE" as abandoned—  
I am the rightful heir to that sad name;  
Call me poor CAUCHON, the abandoned man!

But why should I sit here and break my heart  
So uselessly, 'twill not make matters straight.  
Already I behold my servants lugging  
The bursting trunks towards the railway depot;  
My thousand dollar horses sale are shipped;  
My blue-books and all other luxuries;  
The locomotive shrieks for Winnipeg—  
Ah, how I dread the growling of its *Free Press*.  
Could I but silence it, the fickle 'leantling!  
Well, I shall see by bearding it at home!

Farewell, ye scenes of all my Cabinet days,  
Farewell, until we meet again, farewell!

### The Soliloquies of Fitznoodle of the Club.

#### II. GENERAL REFLECTIONS.

I think it is a vewy good idea, don't you know, for a fellow to—aw  
—withdrow once in a while frowm the crowd of fellows in the smoking-  
woom, and come out heaw on the bawlcwony to wewlect and meditate by  
himself. "Faw frowm the madding crowd," as a novel I lately wed ex-  
pwwessed it. By JOVE, the politicians aw a "madding crowd," I asuah

you. I have just left a lot of them in the pawlaw wangling away at a  
tweenendous wate about the Weaction. Our fwiend NICHOLAS FLOOD  
DAVIN had the floor when I came out, and was shewing that the Iwsh-  
men in Canada would make a gwand wally at the polls against the  
Gwit Ministry. He said he knew this frowm the lively way in which  
his gwate book was selling. Then othaw fellows chimed in with  
anxious enquiwies as to Dr. TUPPAW. It appeaws the Doctaw is going  
to withdrow frowm the madding crowd too, befaw the next session of  
the House opens. He is going to went a little cottage by the sea—the  
Meditiwanian sea, and pass a few months there in meditation. Good  
chawnce faw a joke heaw. It will be the meditawonian sea—see?  
Must send that to GWIP. The Gwits, with their usual wecklessness  
with wegawd to the the twuth, are twying to make out that there is a  
wuction in the Lib. Con-sawvative wanks between the Wight Hon. Sir  
JOHN and the Doctaw. This is all fudge. The Wight Hon. Sir JOHN  
told me himself only the othaw day that it was a gwoss calumny, and  
that he would like the Hon. CHAWLES as well at the Meditiwanian Sea  
as at home. I am getting sick of politics; it is too gwent a baw to a fel-  
low. I believe my bwain is actually getting weakened with listening to the  
wetched wangling that go on in the Club. I have a stwong inclina-  
tion to bwing in a wesolution at the next genewal meeting to have a  
stop put to it, and get a big pwinted placawd hung up at the fwont door  
—"No politics allowed here; Give us a west," or something to that  
effect. A fellow don't get time to think about othaw things of gwetaw  
impawtance. There is the weathaw, for instance; this weminds me that  
it is getting vewy chilly, and I must see about getting a fwesh Ustaw.  
My pwesent one is not bad, you know,—I only got it lawst wintaw,  
but the wetched thing is too shawt by a couple of inches faw this seas-  
on's fashion. I must go and—by JOVE! wondaw who those young ladies  
are on the opposite side of the stweet? Evidently well-bwed people, by  
the way they cawwy their dwesses in their wite hands. Some fellows  
make fun of that latest winkle in feminine 'männaw, but I think it's  
elegant. When I get my new Ustaw I am going to have a loop put  
on one side of the skirt so that I can cawwy it in the same way. Who  
can they be?—that is the question. Look as if they were on their way  
to the Lieutenant Governor's. By JOVE, I wondaw who they are?—  
As the poet says, I'm weary of conjeckchaws—I'll go and find out.

### The Druids.

We have been recently visited by a Grove of Druids.  
They came from a distant country; they were met by another Grove  
of somewhat the same extent and appearance on their arrival: They  
adjourned to *Malta Hall*, on *Druidance Avenue*, and returned next morn-  
ing to their homes across the Ontario Seas.

### Hohenlinden.

#### A REACTION WAR SONG.

On Drummond when the sun was low,  
The Ministry—as pure as snow—  
Thought in their man would surely go  
By *Rouges* polling rapidly.

But Drummond saw another sight  
When the drum beat, and TOMMY WHITE  
Came up to mingle in the fight  
And clean out WILFRED LAURIER.

By 'PIERSON's pamphlet fast arrayed,  
Each spouter drew his battle blade,  
And furious every charger made  
His charge agin the Government.

Then shook the hills, with thunder riven,  
Then rushed the sheep, to voting driven  
By Parish Priest to threat'ning given,  
And other undue influence.

But fiercer yet the fight shall grow,  
Throughout the land, we let you know,  
And wilder yet the ballots flow  
For JOHN A. polling rapidly.

In your mind's eye already you  
Can pierce the war-clouds, sirs, and view  
Where furious *R-uge* and fiery *Blew*  
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The Great Reaction! On, ye brave,  
Who rush to office or the grave!  
Wave, Lib. Cons., a! your scandals wave,  
And charge with all your chivalry.

Few, few shall want when we get in,  
The country will look up again.  
And every man who helps us win  
Shall share the fat and patronage!