

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.

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

"Richard's Himself Again!"

What ho! my comrades in the chilly shades,
Pluck up your hearts, our cause is not yet lost,
Your RICHTARD is himself again and springs
Into the forefront of your shattered ranks!
I fell upon the field when raged the fight,
And with me fell the hopes of all the Grits;
The standard which I held in pride aloft
Was trampled low in the dust and badly torn;
Our foes, triumphant, yelled with frantic joy,—
For neither in defeat nor victory
Are they aught else than rude and savage men—
They thought that I was wounded unto death,
And when I strove to rise, their ruthless hands
In desperate malice sought to hold me down,
But all in vain!
Financiers, like the Truth must still prevail,
And this their policy so false and vain
Must through my crucible at length be put;
And these base men, who tremble at my look,
Must hear plain talk as they have heard before!
My country needs me, and with glowing heart
I rush to do her service once again;
I seek no low ambition to appease,
I have no hope of office in my heart,
But if, perchance, we beat our Tory foes
And cross the floor again to take the loaves,
I'll try and bear it as a hero should!
But hark! I hear the trumpet, hence, away;
"My soul's in arms, and eager for the fray!"

The Chopper's Song.

GRIP was in the country lately—in the far North. He girt him with a belt, put on a red shirt, and took an axe in his hand, (taking care not to let it fall on his toes). As he saw the great trees tumble to the deadly weapons of the backwoods men, he sung:—

You may talk of the joys of the sea, my boys,
Of your ships, and calms, and squalls,
But nothing to me's like the swash of the trees,
When a ninety-footer falls.

With its rushing roar on the winter day,
Like thunder in the air,
And if you think you're in the way
Oh, won't you get a scare!

O, the chopper smites and the good steel bites,
Through the bark to the centre deep,
And it's he delights in good appetites,
For his food and for his sleep.

What a white cascade his chips you see,
From the gaping tree side fly,
But you may forget their poetry
If they hit you in the eye.

Oh, what joy to stay till one was gray,
In the bush a woodman bold,
In the forests free I should love to be,
Be the weather hot or cold.

Then GRIP he took up his axe so bright
And he laid it gently down;
And he took a ticket by rail that night
And he travelled him back to town.

The Boarding House.

"THE very primest steak we could find in the market (except the nine pounds we let go to Colonel JONES'S)," said the boarder in brown who sat next to the landlady.

"Thin I pity the teeth av Taranty this day, for the bist in the market is the toughest I iver kem across," said the Irish boarder, a lady arrived the week before:

"Well," said the landlady—who was well off and kept boarders on a "take it or leave it" principle—"where I was brought up we never observed that Irish people knew good beef from bad—in fact we didn't know they ever got any, poor things."

"Faith, thin, av ye only seen a piece of good Irish bafe ye'd niver look at a pace av Canayjin mate agin," said the Hibernian lady wrathfully.

"Then I never want to see any," remarked Captain JONES, "for as I've got to stay here I'd starve."

"I wadna care sae muckle about the meat," said the boarder from Edinburgh, "if it werena that the milk is aye compoundit frae chalk and water, and is converted intil a solid substance in twa hoors, and the butter is fu' o' hairs, and vara inferior itherwise. But I dinna jalouse but the Mistress here buys us the best ganging, for a' that."

"Butter!—when did you see any in Scotland?" asked the hostess, laughing.

"In Scotland! Whan did I see it? Weel! weel! Isna Scotland kent the world ower as the vara land o' cakes? What wad we mak them oot o' had we nae butter?"

"Oatmeal and water," said the landlady. "But come now isn't that a fine bit of mutton?"

"Very good for this place; but we wouldn't look at hit in Hingland," said a fat Cockney at the end of the table. "Oh, hif you honly saw hour Southdowns!" (N.B.—He never had). "Hand the cheese is 'orrid."

"Is there anything you like in this country?" asked the landlady.

"Why, one comes 'ere to get a livin'," said the Cockney. "But though one can live 'ere there's no life in the place. That's my hobjection—habsence of life."

"Oh, it's no that bad," said the Scotch boarder, "an' I will say this is the best boardin' hoose i' the place."

"But zen," remarked the French boarder, who had not yet spoken, "le peoples of Canada is destitute—*absolument* destitute—of ze life—*de esprit*—ze *legerete* zat is someveres else."

"Och, it's a poor place," sighed the Irish lady.

"Why don't you all go back?" asked the landlady.

But nobody answered.

The Marriage Question

—BY A HOPEFUL LOVER.

In the city of Weissnichtwo there lived a maiden fair;
Oh, beauteous shone her eye of blue, and golden gleamed her hair;
She'd every charm of soul and mind in right proportions blent,
And perfect was her skill in each extant accomplishment.

Most proper too, the views she held on all things in creation,
Such as womanly submission, joined with higher education;
Words fail me, I will merely state that she was just perfection,
And so thought PETER PATERSON when he made her his selection.

They married on an income of just four hundred dollars;
But ELLEN made the pies and cakes and starched the shirts and collars,
And in that model cottage, wor'ed in wools, she painted, played, and sang
As a hole that lacked darning in the heel of PETER'S stocking.

She boiled all bones for soups—in short, she was so wondrous thrifty.
That of dollars every year she saved three hundred, also fifty;
She tatted, crotchetted, wor'ed in wools, she painted, played, and sang
Till praise of PETER'S blissful lot all o'er the country rang.

Professors, doctors, men of note in army, law, and church,
And every one distinguished for learning or research
Their cottage filled; they entertained at dinner, luncheon, tea,
A nobleman; ay, better still, the Royal Family.

And ELLEN now and PETER are blessed with monstrous wealth,
And all their offspring are endowed with beauty, brains, and health.
The moral is that all young men should very early wed,
And a perfect hurricane of bliss will be upon them shed.*

* Will the reader kindly excuse the *apparent* contradiction in words in the last line. The author searched the vocabulary in vain for more appropriate terms.