

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. DEMOS MUDGE.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1874.

To Correspondents and Contributors.

D. M., Chester.—Not at all suitable, either in quality or quantity.
A. B.—Very well put, indeed. We make a note of it.

An Easy Man's Experiences.

OUT OF TOWN VILLA, Aug. 13.

Dear 'Grip,'—

UNLIKE most great leaders of mankind, you ever attain great practical ends without having resort to deception. You know there has not been much doing during the past week or two, and as many of my most intimate friends had already betaken themselves to the Lakes. I became tired of my lonely condition, found fault with the sun, grumbled at business, quarrelled with your staff, and went off in a frightful state of irritation, to seek consolation, repose, and pleasure for the next month at my Villa near —, but you know the place. What madness, you will say, ever possessed the fellow to go there? You are right, dear Grip,—as you always are; it was indeed the height of folly. The children and the nurse girl required my constant care all day long, lest they should make themselves ill; it is dreadful for me to think of the quantity of green apples they demolished with impunity, but MARY tells me most girls eat them on the quiet, and that they are—delightful.

My wife has done nothing but read novels, find fault, and kept me continually running to the post office and back. Not having received your last week's number, by what miserable misfortune I know not—I am without a friend in the world. For three days past my wife has spoken to me only in monosyllables, varied occasionally by a request to keep the children quiet and not bore her by my presence. You know what a patient, peaceful, quiet, good tempered fellow I am,—so I lit my last cigar, and went out, and never slammed the door. I have a host of acquaintances, who each know the exact state of my affairs much better than I do myself, or the most intimate of my relations. The pitying smile of recognition with which I am patronized by those persons whom I am always meeting, is "calm to my chafed soul," but I make it a rule to look as pleasant as I can, and try not to grind my teeth. I return their civilities with a calmness of feature and expression worthy of the highest commendation. When in a fit of abstraction, I generally wander to the Necropolis. I observe most melancholy people go there. Lovers there take their walk, and those who have no friendships so close, go there to make them. Singular is it not, oh Grip, but this is one of the most lively and fashionable of promenades. Some time since I read Sir HENRY THOMSON'S essay on cremation, and I thought to find people—but no matter,—you are my confidant and I will tell you everything. All is now finished; I shall go to the Necropolis no more. My wife has discovered all,—there has been a scene—and I am coming to town to-morrow. Pray do not imagine that I have been guilty of any fearful act of impropriety. No, Grip; learn the extent of my folly. I held an opinion in favor of "Cremation." The fatal passion took such fast hold of me that I was unable to shake it off, and so infatuated did I become with the heathenish custom that I insensibly spent six hundred dollars in three of the most elegant and original designs in Vases the genius of WEDGEWOOD could produce. They came home yesterday; I placed them in the most conspicuous position my drawing room commands. My wife, poor creature! saw, and was delighted; and I, fool that I was, could not find courage to deny her assertion that I was the kindest, dearest, old duck that ever ever lived. But I suffered the torments of a guilty conscience for upwards of two hours with a silent, dogged, determination—I never said a single word. Alas! but such is my nature that I am incapable of being "the sole depository of my own secret." It became insupportable; I could bear it no longer.—Oh Grip! had you been near me to receive and quiet those fervid expressions, and bring me into a calm rational state of mind—all would yet have been well.

In an evil hour I had made the acquaintance of a stranger, at the Necropolis, of course—and, wonderful to relate, my wife, by the light of her countenance, had allowed it to continue—actually approving of it. Shall I describe this respectable young man? I cannot; but he was tall, thin, and very pale; always wore a large white necktie; was close shaven, and was never seen but in deep mourning. He came

often—too often; twice a day nearly, and demolished all we had to eat. I never saw any one eat so much in my life. At the very moment I was about to rush forth and breathe my secret to the wind, he entered, and from that instant all was lost. I entered into the most lively panegyric of my new property. I was carried away by the interest I took in the subject, and idiot that I was, forgot the presence of my better-half. I whispered in trembling tones of passionate eloquence my faith in cremation, and as a proof of my sincerity pointed in triumph to the three beautiful vases, and begged to know if he was a supporter of the theory. "Sir," replied the stranger, "I am a coffin-maker." I was startled, but continued without any further notice. "Look!" cried I, "at that lovely piece of skill; that it is that shall contain the ashes of my mother-in-law; that (pointing to the thinnest of the three), those of my respected maiden aunt; and that, which is so splendidly adorned with allegorical representations of freedom, is for her who has ever so jealously guarded the interests of my unworthy self. Yes, sir, behold the honored receptacle which shall contain the ashes of my wife—"

There was a shriek, a loud crash, a mingling of tears and crockery, and a scene—alas!—but—I shall be with you to-morrow, and you will find me quite

ANOTHER MAN.

Moral Reflections on Boxing.

BY CHARLES AUGUSTUS.

BOXING, or "the manly art of self-defence," as it is called, is a delusion and a snare, and the teaching of it should be prohibited by law.

To teach it is diabolical.

To learn it is madness.

To understand it is dangerous in the extreme.

It would afford me peculiar satisfaction to contribute a few dollars toward paying the expenses of hanging the wretch who taught me the art.

I regard my youthful desire to learn it as a species of lunacy.

I understand it, and the understanding it has led me into trouble, caused me to drain to the dregs the cup of disappointment, crushed me with mortification, and contracted for me many doctors' and dentists' bills.

Alas! Alas!

Years ago, when I was younger than I am now, I went to school.

One day a boy who stood next to me in the class shoved against me, and I fell to the floor.

The master calmly went to his desk, took from it a switch, and said, "CHARLES AUGUSTUS, take off your jacket."

I took it off.

Then he proceeded to wear out his switch upon me.

I explained that it wasn't my fault that I fell.

Then he exercised upon me with another switch.

I swore to have *Revenge!*

I marked that pedagogue.

Gradually I grew older, larger, and stronger.

But the school-master was some three inches taller than nature made me, and though I yearned to pummel him, I reflected that as I was a member of a Young Men's Christian Association it would be wrong, very wrong to do so, and therefore until last week I let him alone.

Some six months ago I was so unfortunate as to see two men quarrelling; one was a large, powerful man, the other was smaller than myself.

Presently the large man struck at the little one, but he didn't hit him.

Far from it!

The little man parried the blow gracefully and then let the other have it, right and left, full in the face, felling him like an ox. The large man rose again, but this performance was repeated until he was so badly used up that he couldn't stand.

Then I approached the little man.

"You understand boxing?" I inquired.

"Rayther," he replied.

"Can you teach me the art?"

"You bet I can."

Well, I made a bargain with him, and he gave me instructions.

He took a great deal of pains with me; I was a good scholar and made rapid progress. I used to put the gloves on with men much larger than myself, who did not understand boxing, and I could hit them whenever and wherever I chose, and knock them down with the greatest ease.

I regarded myself as a whale, speaking figuratively, and after deep and profound thought I concluded that I would settle with my old schoolmaster.

I reflected that to thrash him would be a simple act of justice. For weeks I watched for him. One morning I saw him in a crowd. I went to him. "You are the man I am looking for," I said.