

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDOR.

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, 8TH DECEMBER, 1877.

Answers to Correspondents.

Y. S. F.—Good; come again.

Detroit Free Press MAN.—Yes, our American cousin, you may continue to send your weekly paper to GRIP. It is an excellent publication for such a small town as Detroit, and indeed as good as could be got out under a constitution so defective as that of the United States. Annex us for another year.

Star.—Yours on "Free Thought" we consider unsuitable for our columns.

From Scott.

November's sky is dull and drear.
My creditors are coming here.
Late, gazing down my little hall,
You could see none of them at all,
So thick around the fancy flew,
That I owned cash and houses too.
But now, a torrent in their course
They inward pour with frantic force,
The hall they fill—they fill the stairs;
Fill drawing-room and everywhere.
They've heard I haven't got a rap,
What course is left? The attic trap.
"My carpet-bag!" With movement fleet,
Unchallenged I can gain the street.

The Soliloquies of Fitznoodle of the Club.

V.—THE FAWNRY BALL.

I was glawncing ovaw one of GWIP's wecent cawtoons the othaw day—the one wepresentsing the wocks calling to the Wight Hon. to come to theaw wescue,—and I couldn't help sympathysing with those wocks. I was feeling dweadfully dull at the time, hanging arowund the Club with the othaw fellows, and I felt vevy much inclined to follow the example of those wocks, and cw y out for Sir JOHN or some othaw fellow to come to my wescue and save me fwom the blues. Just aftaw putting down the copy of GWIP with these mental wectfections, I picked up the *Mail*, and theaw I found that the Wight Hon., with the gweat statesmanlike gwasp of intellect which distinguishes him fwom such wetchel politicians as MACKENZIE and MILLS, had alweady awnticipated my wishes, and pwovided the vevy thing that would do the business, if I may be pawmitted to use a twadesman's plwase. I wed as follows: "A Gwand fawnry ball, undaw the patwonage of Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD and the Lieut. Governor is on the *tapis*." I couldn't westwain my feelings and I involantawily ejawculated: "What a jolly old duffaw the Wight Hon. is. to be shuaw!" I have no doubt he is getting this up faw the benefit of us pooaw young fellows, though my fwend HOPKINS says it is pwobably on his own account mainly. He says the Wight Hon. feels lost, now that the picnic season is ovaw, and wants some excitement; that he is just like BAWNUM and those othaw show fellows, nevaw at west unless he has a circus on the woad. I don't mind this chauff, so long as the fawnry ball weally comes off; of cawse I am going, and I expect to have a wattling good time, too. Gwand affaw it will be, undoubtedly, even if the Gov. was a Gwit. It will be a coalition awaingement, politically speaking, but I hope to gwacious they won't have any politics about it. I am disgusted with politics naw than evaw since the election in Quebec Centaw, and I hope we won't be bawd at the ball with long-winded owations fwom PLUMB and those othaw fellows. Fawnry balls aw jolly, when you keep them swee fwom the pwotectiou and swee twade questions, and all the west of that sawt of thing. I wemembaw being at one lawst wintaw, at Mrs. De SMYTHE'S. What a wollicking time I put in! You dwess up in some wjliculous costume, d'won't you know, and have dawncing and suppwaw. I wewollect I dwessed on that occasion to wepwesent a gentleman of the olden time, and pwoved a gwand success. Nobody wewognized me in my disguise. I don't know how I shall go this time; pwobably as a guy of some kind; I must put my bwains to work. I undawstand the Wight Hon. himself is going as *Waiston Stwaw*, the man of *Bwass*; PLUMB intends to fix up to wepwesent the Poet Laweate, and get off impwomptu poems all the evening; CAWTWIGHT would look well as *Tapley*, lawghing at the wuin of the county; Senataw MACPIERSON will dwess up as a dwum-majaw, and MACDOUGALL will disgwise himself as a Baldwin Wefow-maw. It will be a gwand thing, I assawh you! I must go and think about my costume wight away.

The Judiciary Change.

(Free translation of the Mail's article of Monday.)

We learn with mingled pleasure and pain that Mr. Justice Moss has been appointed to the vacant Presidency of the Court of Error and Appeal; pleasure, because Mr. Moss is a splendid young man, and will ably fill the position; and pain, because it wasn't offered to and accepted by the Hon. EDWARD BLAKE. We can never feel at all at ease while this latter gentleman remains in political life. He is a thorn in our side. On the one hand his great and acknowledged abilities are enlisted in an uncompromising hostility to us and our tactics; and on the other hand his personal character is such that we cannot assail it so as to seriously damage his influence. It is a lamentable fact that the viper of calumny does indeed drop innocuous from his hand, though it was in very bad taste and very irreverent of GRIP to illustrate that idea by a scriptural reference. The only manner in which we hope to nullify Mr. BLAKE's influence, therefore, is by legitimate criticism of his political acts. Now, none of his positive acts are blame-worthy, and we are obliged to confine ourselves to an attack upon his negative acts, so to speak—his sins of omission. We show that he hasn't proved to be the great statesman he promised to be; that is all we can do. But this negative criticism doesn't affect the people much; some of them are satisfied with Mr. BLAKE's performances, and others think that it isn't his fault if he has failed to come up to our high ideal. Hence we yearn to see the hon. gentleman leave the political arena. That and only that will end our difficulty. Now, dear MACKENZIE, can't you find so nice, cosy place for him? we won't utter a whimper, however thumping a salary you may attach to it!

'Arry and Tom.

'ARRY.

Wherefore do thine heyeballs glare,
With a glance so wild and 'orrid?
Wherefore dost thou tear thy 'air?
Wherefore dost thou slap thy forehead?
Banker? 'As 'e failed to-day?
POLLY? 'As she run away?

TOM.

Nary banker, nary wench,
Does me wrong, or gives me wrack;
Not for them my hair I wrench,
Not for them my forehead thwack;
Come my 'ARRY! Cant you guess
What's the cause of my distress?

'ARRY.

Davis sum non Edibus.—
P'raps this weather suits thee not—
Lots of tellows make a fuss,
Hif hit hisn't cold or 'ot;
Temperate seasons suit this child,
Yes! 'e likes the weather mild!

TOM.

"Weather!"—Really, I coul'd scold
For such ill-timed idle jabbers,—
While the country swarms with bold,
Seely, greedy bonus-grabbers!
Searching what they may devour!
This it is, which makes me sour.

'ARRY.

Whough! hold man! hi 'ad forgot;
Right you are, and no mistake;
Halt the bonus-grabbling lot
Should be soused within the lake;
Faugh! I 'ate their hugly mugs,
Worse than Colorado bugs!

TOM.

'Cos of these my heyeballs glare,
With a glance so wild and 'orrid,
'Cos of these I tear my 'air,
And do phrenzied slap my forehead!
Buccaneered by thug tax-papers,
And by bonus-grabbers' capers!

'ARRY.

Hup to hevery sort of do,
Growing fat on spoliation;
'Arg the varmint, tricky crew!
'Ang our no-ille Corporation!
Playing without sense or shame,
Bonus-grabbers little game!