

## GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The greatest Beast is the Bos; the greatest Bird is the Owl;  
The greatest Fish is the Oyster; the greatest Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27TH, 1875.

### Answers to Correspondents.

ALD. FARLEY.—We sympathise with you. All that was meant was that you showed yourself a fur bearing animal.

ALD. BALL.—Yes, you should be Water Commissioner. No one wishes to see three BALLS in the Council.

### The Ball at Government House.

(By our own Social Parasite.)

On Tuesday night one of the most splendid and well-managed balls that Toronto has known was given at Government House. We gladly pay our tribute of praise to the generous hospitality of the new regime.

In spite of the vast crowd assembled at the ball, there are no casualties or unpleasantnesses to record. The mob was good humoured throughout, and on the whole bore the inevitable jostling without profanity. About the time supper was announced a disturbance was for a few moments anticipated. However the rumour that the Mayor was sent for, with the request that he would attend with a copy of the Riot Act and a legal adviser, is absolutely unfounded. We are also able to state the gratifying fact that there is no sensible diminution in the number of the vice-regal spoons, and that most of the guests went away with no better hats and coats than they came in. This is very creditable and implies self-restraint on the part of the guests, as well as good management on the part of the host. It is all the more satisfactory, as both the City Council and the Local Legislature were largely represented.

The military lent brilliancy to the scene by their uniforms. It is only just to say that they managed their accoutrements with much dexterity. We did not observe any officer with his sword between his legs, or in any other situation calculated to produce trouble. We dare say that some of those gallant young soldiers had not before Tuesday night smelt powder. They saw however on this occasion a good many engagements, and a very considerable amount of powder.

As we gazed on the brilliant scene, we naturally became poetic. Certain not unfamiliar lines came into our mind.

A thousand hearts beat happily: and when  
Music arose, with the voluptuous Swell,  
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,  
And all went merry as a marriage-bell:  
But hush! hark!—a fierce sound strikes like a rising yell.

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose!  
The war-note of Lochiel!

This we beg to state was the piper preparing for the Scotch reel. The sound of the pibroch, "savage and shrill," created some sensation. As the crowd surged in the direction of the noise, one old lady asked us if the kitchen-chimney was on fire. We were unable to watch the performance of this primitive and pleasing step, but we are credibly informed that between the Hon. GEORGE BROWN and Mr. KENNETH MACKENZIE, must be divided the honours of persistent and vigorous dancing. As we were leaving we learnt that these two lively individuals were in one of their most meritorious paroxysms.

On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;  
No rest till morn when YOUTH and PLEASURE meet!

we muttered, as we stepped into a cab which has yet to be paid for.

### R. I. P.

"The Bishop of Ripon, having been appealed to against the refusal of the incumbent of Marsden to allow the words *"requiescat in pace"* to be cut on a tombstone, has agreed with the rev. gentleman's decision, and pointed out that these words really constitute a prayer for the dead, which is against true Protestant belief, though quite in harmony with Roman Catholic doctrine."

It is all very fine for the Bishop of Ripon  
To forbid R. I. P. to be cut upon stone,  
For it is very certain in GRIP's poor opinion  
That this Bishop will have R. I. P. on his own.



### Opening of the Ontario Legislature.

(By our own Correspondent who was not there.)

Seldom has Phoebus driven the 'Sun' into such a corner as that of yesterday. A wild west wind with drifting flakes of snow, marred the manly beauty and pinched the noses of the gallant cavalcade that with glistening helmets and martial ardour determined to protect His Honour the Lieutenant Governor in his perilous progress between Government House and the Parliament Buildings, or die in the attempt. And a good many of them dyed—their moustaches. But we anticipate the course of events. At precisely 2.15 p. m. the front of the Halls of Legislature was enlivened by a small boy in a red comforter and ditto nose. At 2.30 the concourse was swelled by an applewoman with a baggy umbrella. At 2.35 dashed up a one horse cab—not a handsome one—and a splendid carriage and pair, and from them alit, in due order of precedence, the twin brothers of the German Empire and the Netherlands clad in cocked hats. Finding there was no one round, they re-embarked for a drive round the block. Then arrived a detachment of the gallant Q. O. R., headed by their Suckling band, having green and red shaving brushes on their busbies, to indicate that they were ready to lather anybody, and s(h)ave themselves. After halting into their places, and dressing themselves, they looked all attention while their officer told them to 'stan'atees'. He then said 'shun' as the four wheeled quad-ruped containing the German Empire rolled up followed by the Netherlands, whereupon the rear rank man on the left presented arms prematurely, and was severely looked at by the officer. (This man has since, we understand been presented with the Iron Cross, and made a K. N. L. privately—being a private.) At this stage of the proceedings, a stout party with a boiled lobster coat, and feathers on his head, like a polish fowl (in language more foul than polished) reviewed the troops with a martial eye, until alarmed by the explosion of a gun from the artillery, he ran to cover in the buildings with true soldierly instinct, and got behind the speaker's chair. After this masterly retreat, and when the echo of the seventh gun had caused a spasmodic action in the applewoman's spine, two cavaliers with carbine on thigh, dashed up, followed in irregular order by others of a similar description bearing swords as if they knew they would cut. Their fears were groundless, as their swords were not ground. Following them in a covered cab of a private nature, came the representative of Her Majesty, as the in's say, and the representative of the Federal Government as the out's say, attended by an aide-de-camp in waiting (how can he de-camp and be in waiting at the same time) clad in the gorgeous full dress costume of the Ottawa Fire Brigade, borrowed for the occasion, and which he wears as his position of private secretary to a civil governor precludes his wearing military uniform, and farther accompanied by a military biped in boiled lobster raiment, evidently the hen bird to the old cock that wouldn't fight at an earlier stage of the proceedings. The illustrious trio disappeared within the Legislative Halls—the last notes of the National Anthem died on the ear—the victorious "Queen's Own" ordered arms from the Present, and all was peace. When again the clarions rang out their wild alarm, and the trooper on the grey horse had whacked him into line with the flat of his sword, your correspondent retired, with a sense of injustice in that a minion of the law had prevented his entering upon the arena of politics—the floor of the House—because he was not the possessor of a pink pasteboard. The troops entangled themselves in mystic evolutions, the band woke the echoes with the lively drum, and the First Session of the Fifth Parliament of Ontario was left to the agreeable duty of electing a speaker they didn't want, without the aid of your

CORRESPONDENT.

### The Mayoralty.

MAYOR MEDCALF.—Mr. MEDCALF does not desire to be re-elected Mayor. He is as coy as a maiden on the subject. He won't run—he does not like to run—he hates to run—he has done his duty to his fellow citizens—and, poor old patriot, he is weary of serving his country. He is anxious to be rid of responsibility. His solicitude for the welfare of all has been a dreadful strain upon his powers; his anxiety respecting the due payment of his salary has depressed his spirits. So he will not be a candidate save on the strongest pressure.

### The Imperial Crown.

It would appear from a late letter of the eminent Irish orator Mr. D—V—N that some one has been offering him an Imperial crown, which he has very properly declined. An imperial quart would perhaps have been more to the taste of an Irishman. The same letter refers to a Scotchman who so far outraged all the traditions of his race as to offer the writer money—probably the crown referred to, or more likely only half a crown. Mr. D—V—N's own fidelity to national idiosyncrasies naturally make him indignant at the treason of the Scotchman. As a mere matter of curiosity however, we would like to see that Scotchman.