

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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

TORONTO, SAUTRDAY, 19TH JANUARY, 1878.

My Stars.

Like a brilliant comet RIGNOLD has come and gone—only to make room for other stars. We wonder if MRS. MORRISON could not *plau* it so as to have a fixed star to coruscate for the pleasure of Toronto audiences! And yet from the somewhat cool receptions with which some of them meet here, we should almost say, that if she were so adventurous as to risk this, the speculation might end in disaster.

The First False Step.

The readers of GRIP had reason to be aware of the remarkable slipperiness of that glassy morning last week, when Nature had iced, smoothed, and polished all out of doors, until every place you could stand on you couldn't stand on; but they do not know—except a select few who won't tell—what happened on King street. GRIP will tell. Considering the state of the sidewalk, it was no wonder that Mr. BOUNCER, Q. C., then going along with a blue bag, thinking of his opening speech and not of sidewalks, slipped down. With professional readiness, however, he, though he could not catch himself, caught the situation, and fell with legal precision and stiffness, straight and solid, determined to exhibit no unbecoming gyrations. Now, had he fallen as anybody else would have fallen, no further damage might have resulted, but Mr. JONES behind (of JONES & RUSSELL) was not prepared for the tragic descent of BOUNCER, whose head impinging on JONES' stomach, doubled him up and took him off his feet all at once. Naturally, the reaction of opening his bent figure out again was rather sudden, and it is not to be supposed that it was purposely his dexter foot knocked out of line the sinister gaiter of the fair Miss PORPOISE, who incontinently deposited two hundred pounds of charms on top of a butcher boy, whom another butcher boy was drawing on a sleigh, bringing that vehicle to a sharp stop, flooring the drawer with a jerk, and rolling him right across the doorway of BROWN'S provision store. Now, BROWN'S man is very careful: but when one is tall, and thin, and running out at top speed with two hams to a waggon on a very slippery day, to have a stout boy rolled exactly on our instep is rather discomposing, and it discomposed BROWN'S man into turning a sort of somerset into the street, while the hams flew right and left like pieces of bombshell at Plevna. How many were floored by this discharge GRIP could not count; but no more casualties occurred, as the street was so blocked up with the fallen that no one else could come there to fall just then. So everybody got up, burst out laughing, which is the recognized mode of remarking that it was a very slight tumble, and went home for arnica.

What Goeth on at Present.

About this time the young man with no understanding issueth forth from his habitation and goeth down into the street called King. His apparel is gorgeous. SOLOMON in all his glory was never equal to the vain young man, who deployeth into the city, the glass of observation and inutility in his eye, the staff of uselessness in his grasp, and the words of "Haw! Haw!" (which being interpreted meaneth nothing) issuing from his lips. And the wayfarers say one to another, "Truth it is and of a verity, *this is a bank clerk!*" And the young man with no understanding meeteth a damsel fair to look upon, and he saith unto her: "Go to! I pray thee, thou hast found favour in mine eyes, wouldst that I might accompany thee homewards—Haw, Haw," (which being interpreted meaneth nothing). And the damsel standeth aloof from the vain young man, and entertaineth him with a glance of derision, whereat is the young man who lacketh knowledge discomfited, and proceedeth west without delay.

And the further doings of the vain young man and the accounts of his habits, are they not written in the book of STUVEL, the tailor.

About this time the voice of the borrower is heard throughout the land, saying "Would that I had! for then I would. And he goeth to the simple man, who is worth "Hogs," and he saith unto him, "Lend thy servant ten shekels and at the time appointed I will repay thee thine own with usury, that is to say the usual 10 per cent." And the simple man who is worth "Hogs" lendeth his ear—and the ten shekels to the borrower, who rejoices greatly thereat, for he intendeth to repay the dollars at the same time that he returneth the ear.

And in a short time there will be a voice of lamentation heard in the courts of the city. It is the voice of the simple man weeping for his shekels, and will not be comforted for they are not—to be found.

And it is just about this time that the unwary youth is beguiled into "seeing" too many "men." The result is that the unwary youth goeth home to his boarding-house, breaketh his lamp, and goeth to bed in the dark with his hat on.

The Metamorphosis.

Oh, there was a paper vat, paper vat, paper vat.
And there was a sugar puncheon, a standing by the door.
Then said the paper vat, "Tell you that, it is flat,
I won't let that party organ have paper any more.

"Because they've got in debt, got in debt, got in debt.
Full twenty thousand dollars, which is a horrid bore.
And as that I cannot get, cannot get, cannot get.
The mortgage I shall close up, and close the office door."

Then said the sugar puncheon, the puncheon, the puncheon.
"Alas now, for an organ what shall that party do?"
Said the vat, "Come take some luncheon, some luncheon, some luncheon,
I mean the thing to transfer straight over unto you.

"And the organ you shall blow, sir, shall blow sir, shall blow sir,
And the present organ grinder shall pack his traps and fly,
And we'll make the party go, sir, go sir, go sir,
As it never went before sir, or we'll know the reason why."

Then straight the puncheon rolled in, rolled in, rolled in,
And rolled out the former grinder ere he anything could say;
And its work it's got quite bold in, bold in, bold in,
And is playing newish tunes up in quite a stylish way.

And the party leaders bearing, all bearing, all bearing.
This astonishing irruption, but most preciously perplexed.
And the followers all staring, all staring, all staring,
While they listen and they wonder what on earth is coming next.

And the puncheon plays quite hearty, quite hearty, quite hearty,
Like a jolly harrel-organ, just any tune it will.
So take warning every party, every party, every party,
If you want to rule your organ always pay your paper bill.

The Voices.

The earth trembled; the great trees groaned fearfully in the heavy and storm-laden air; the sky grew darker and yet darker; the waves of the sea fell slowly, moaningly on the winter strand. All nature, terrified, seemed shrinking within herself. The whole atmosphere seemed now composed of one vast, overwhelming, all-absorbing, imperious to sight. (N. B.—No novelist is to look this for as opening chapter.)

Out of the cloud came voices. And the First Voice said:—
"But you are not Protectionists?"

Then responded the Second Voice, and it spoke in a furious tone, even as one who wished to bully his neighbour. And it said, "We are Conservatives, and are therefore everything good; and Protection is good, therefore we are Protectionists."

But said the First Voice, "Do you know anything about the science of Protection?"

Then there was as it were a tumult within the cloud, and many voices spoke together—weak and strong, piping and full, bass and treble—all exclaiming, "Of course we do. Are we not SIR JOHN, and CAMERON, and MACDOUGALL, and TUPPER, and others as wise, who know everything? We are the Protectionists! Who are You? Go Away!"

But the First Voice said, "For sixty years the Protectionists of the States have been fighting this battle. The principles of Protection were published—they were as true then as now. By their aid Canada would long ago have been a great country, abounding in manufactures, and in wealth. Yet you have never advocated them till the last couple of years. You had twenty years of power. Why did you not give Protection?"

Then there was a commotion in the cloud, and some cried, "We knew not," and some, "We had Reciprocity," and some, "The States' Tariff was low." And they screamed so that none understood.

Now it appeared that all the cloud were under a spell, and had to tell truth presently. So they answered against their will, "The people turned us out and would have none of us. And the Grits, being led by the *Globe*, unwisely backed Free Trade. Therefore we shout Protection, hoping to get in again, seeing that the people like it. But as for what it means truly we know not; but we mean to ask."

Then there was a great movement in the cloud, and a vast noise, and it seemed as if several were thrown out into space; but the cloud passed away, and the vision was over.

RESULTS OF ABSTINENCE.—According to the *Telegram*, Dr. DICKSON, Kingston Insane Asylum, states that "In wasting diseases physicians assert that alcohol is useful in arresting or preventing waste of tissue, neither of which effects I am quite positive it effects." It is evident abstinence don't assist grammar. Would the doctor say what effects something effects, and what is effected, in a manner sufficiently effective to let us know what he means?