

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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, FEBRUARY 26TH, 1876.

Answers to Correspondents.

PUFF.—Condense yourself into an epigram and we will publish it.

AULD HORNIE.—Your essay is too long, send us something more concise and pointed.

ADOLPHUS.—We may make use of your poem hereafter. We have no room for it this week.

ANGELINA.—It is not true that Mr. T. C. P-T-T-S-N appeared at the Fancy Ball, in the dress of Lord Dufferin's stunkey.

LAW STUDENT.—You send us what appears to be a parody on the legal reports of the *Globe*. As you appear to imagine that rules nisi are granted at the Assizes, we are afraid to trust to the accuracy of your legal knowledge. We refer you to Mr. O'BRIEN, who looks after the law reports, and Mr. SHAW, the sonorous clerk who runs the Assizes, for information about the kind of business transacted there. Your poem contains much curious and interesting information, but it is scarcely up to our standard. The line

"The sun it shineth every hour and day and week and year!" is striking, but somewhat hyperbolic. The *Canadian Monthly* will no doubt be glad to publish your effort.

From Our Box.

THE GRAND.—The Brahmins have departed. No more shall we be thrown into ecstasies by the puff of the steam-engine and the shriek of the steam-boat whistle. The Fogg is dispelled and our opera glasses are no longer opaque. To-night the ballet girls will be replaced by that genial acrobat Mr. GOUGH whose heels are more expressive than other men's faces.

On Monday night Mr. THEODORE TILTON will explain all about the BEECHER difficulty. We hope people will show their appreciation of his true inwardness, by remaining outside the show.

Correspondence by Telegraph.

GRIP TO SIR A. T. GALT.—"Good Knight."

SIR A. T. GALT TO GRIP.—"Noble Caws."

Windsor Uniforms.

LORD Dufferin seems to be laboring hard to render his advisers ridiculous. ALEX. MACKENZIE and EDWARD BLAKE in plush breeches, silk stockings, brass buttons and gilt embroidery, with swords dangling between their legs, must be sights of fearful significance. Surely EDWARD remembers the classical couplet beginning—

"O ye gods and little fishes."

An Essay on Clubs.

CLUBS, BILLS AND PARTIZANS.—*Shakspeare*.

As Clubs are becoming numerous, it is hoped that there will be a noticeable improvement in the manners of the community. In order to ensure this social elevation, the following set of rules has been prepared by a prominent T. C. man out of regard for his many colleagues of the U. E.

I. Members are strictly enjoined to exhibit the utmost familiarity with the waiters, to chaff them while waiting for an order and to let every one in the neighborhood hear and see how easy it is to be superior and equal at one and the same time.

II. At luncheon, soup may be supped with an atmorphine *obligato*. A few suction engines at work in soup plates make things hilarious.

III. None but members who have paid up their fees are allowed to eat with their knives.

IV. The utmost license is allowed in the billiard room. Whistling, shouts of laughter, and noises which elsewhere would be considered vulgar are here tolerable and to be encouraged.

V. Every member is expected to speak at the top of his voice, that is, so long as he remains within the club walls.

A Hunting(ton) Song.

In conclave the Grits are assembled,
And the chiefs of the Party beginning
To take into view what course to pursue,
For HUNTINGTON has been sinning.

O HUNTINGTON why did you do it,
O where will you find a protector?
Did you, foolish man, imagine you can
Run foul of the managing director?

The "Big Push" was bad, and the "Steel Rails" still worse,
In giving the Tories a handle,
Are you trying to spoil all the fruit of your toil,
In the blessed Pacific Scandal?

O ye Grits can you think of no place
To give to the troublesome fellow?
Let's throw him a bone, and leave him alone,
As we did with ARCHY MCKELLAR.

"It's easy," says ALICK MCKENZIE,
"To say what ye'd do wie the laddie,
Ivery office I know frae the high to the low,
Is filled wie the pairty already."

But we'll make him a new office somewhere,
O we'll soon have him out of the way,
And we'll settle the hash, and scatter the cash,
Of the Tories for many a day.

Le Retour de Paris.

After full many a tedious plodding year
Of packing pork, or bottling bitter beer,
Or toiling at that stand, where, known to all
The corner grocery lifts its portals tall,
The pile is made. The tradesman life is past,
A gentleman he proudly stalks at last.
The pile is made. A spacious mansion fine
Shows that in upper circles they must shine.
The grocery sunk from envious peering eyes,
They deeply common people all despise.
The wife and daughters move in fashion's train,
And treat their former friends with just disdain
The son and heir abandons low pursuits
Grows curious in his ties, and choice in boots
Owes to his tailor, (little does he grieve,)
And smokes cigars "from morn till dewy eve."
If occupation suits, he proudly still
A haughty bank clerk slings the nimble quill.
Is to the public as a lesson stern
How self restraint and patience they must learn;
Silent he stands, as calm and cool as fate
Teaching the foaming customers to wait.
But fashion's citadel is not quite won,
Something remains still further to be done,
"We must go home." Then Paris we must see.
(Fair Paris. By Parisians called PAREE.)
Not that to see it's beauties one does care,
But then the BROWNS and SMITHS have both been there.
Thus spake the matron with a fiery eye,
The harrassed sire, with a long weary sigh,
Produces straight the needful for the show,
And o'er the deep triumphantly they go.
Do wishes for improvement form a part
In each fair traveller's joy-foreboding heart?
To view the glories of our mother land,
The cities bright on France's glittering strand,
The high result of artist's glorious labors?
Ah no! they merely want to crush their neighbors.

Return they must—perchance that pork is dull,
Some "spec" has failed—or agent "made a mull."
Return they do arrayed from toe to crown
In fashion's last, unto their native town,
To fill each rival's soul with bitter pain,
To lug French phrases in with might and main,
For having been in France at least three weeks,
With difficulty each one English speaks.
They scoff at poor Toronto's muddy wards,
And sigh for what they term the Bully-wards.
In short they feel the wished-for victory's won,
Their duty to society is done!

R. G.