

G R I P .

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS

MISS GAMP.—We presume ladies will be allowed to compete for Earl Dufferin's Gold medal for Quilting. It must however in all cases be their own real hair.

MISS ANNIS.—There cannot be the slightest doubt that you will utterly amuse the Rev. Editor of the *Canadian Journal*. And he deserves it: any man who would hit "voice right," deserves it.

GAMP'S SUPPER.—The Canadian public hear you out in everything you have said in your column. Keep right on as you have begun; there is a Continent at your back.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7TH, 1874.

SAIREY GAMP TO GRIP.

DEAR GRIP,—Hi have seen han haccount hof ha Symposium hin wief hi bore ha 'umble part. Hi thank the writer for the kind way he mentions my 'umble name. Hi now writes to you to hinform you hi have been herlected for Kingston. But, harias! ware hare all my Colleaguers?

'Ere hi ham arter twenty years hof hoffice, hand hin that time hi have laid hout many a nice subject. There wor the hon'able G.B.—but drat the man! he 'ave a talent for resurrecting—'ave G.B. Then there wor—but time would fail me to recuperate the names hof holl. BERSY PRIGE told me hi should 'ave ha majoritee. But Mrs. ANNIS says to me: "GAMP," says she, "hif hi wor hin your piace hi should retire." "Retire be dashed!" says hi, "Hi'll ave a majoritee." "Your majoritee," says she, "is like the *tournares*," or turnyewers, or whatsomever she calls hit, "vich some ladies wear—hit's made hup hof newspapers," says she; "hand a good *tournares* too, honly rather rustly, hand not convenient for sittin'." "An'," says hi, "speak plain, for hi hunderstands no turnyewers, hand hif hit his hanythink hof han hinduplicate charakter, take hit somewheres helce, for the world his agrowin' virtuous, hand ha intends to be ha deaconess hor somethink." "Hinduplicate!" you means 'hinduplicate,' GAMP," says she. "Wothover hi means, ANNIS," says hi, "hi means; but you may wisper hit to me hif you like," for to tell you the truth Gamp, hi thought hit wor somethink—ha, ha!—you know—hand my fingers wor a minin' to know wot them turnyewers might be—vich ANNIS says his a French word for bustles—vich hi wears myself hout of compliment to the fashions; hand to be sure, hif things wor so large hit would be hinconvenient. "Well," says ANNIS, "whatsomever you may think, Gamp, your majoritee his like them there turnyewers hof vich hi speaks. Hit won't du, Gamp," says she, "to sit hon, hand hit won't an to reward;" hand ANNIS his not far wrong.

Well, Gamp, hi will go hinto hopposition, with wot 'art hi can, for hi thinks hi ham not like WOLSEY; hi does not fall never to rise no more; hand hi may say, hafter twenty years hi wor the honly person 'oo could cook my goose—vich is vulgar but hexpressive phraseology. Has the poet says:

"Hi ceased my bark to guide by virtue's star,
Hand fane 'ave wrecked upon Corruption's bar,
Gifted hof 'eaven—greatly dowered with wit,
Eof judgment true to know the right, the fit;
Ha been ruler by hall 'arts confessed;
For public life, for Court, hand Council blest.

"With genius; meant hand moulded to be great;
Hi might 'ave laughed bat hall the shocks hof fate
'Ad hit 'ad virtue. But hi weaved my pall;
Perhaps like harchangelic rebels fall,
No more to rise again. Hold! never more
To know that my name rules from shore to shore,
Hand his ha power 'mongst men! Cartier's hasleep!
Hand hall my better hinstincts swell hand sweep
Within me, bringin' sad hunwonted wet
Hinto mine beyes; makin' a vast regret
Hof hall my heart. Hand now to power farewell!
Corruption's PROSPERO, I've broke my spell!"

"Really, Misses Gamp, you does hastonish me," said ANNIS, wen I recited those lines; "your taste his hadmirable, hand your harsistic hilocution his houstounding." "ANNIS, you flatter me," says hi, "out then that's the way you makes your livin'!"

Well, Gamp, hi'll 'ave hanother try for hit. But hi'm a thinkin'

hif hi'm to make much way, hi must 'ave a better band than hi 'ave 'ad; for Mrs. B. T. playin' tunes hupon pots and kettles and pans that don't sound very far either for the circulization of B. T. his low; and BERSY PRIGE, generalli stuffin me with turnyewers, hit don't do much good—honly puffs me hout, hand makes me redilkus—as ANNIS says, wid her Frenchified modifications hof speech—drat her!—*agisante*, hand to huse 'er own heppigrammatic style—"hit won't du to sit hon, hand won't du to reward."

Hi must halter my tactics. The people hare agettin' hintelligent, hand won't bear that we should 'andle hour patients, hand lay hout our corpses 'ow we likes hanymore. Hi hunderstands that there NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN, in the *Canadian Monthly*, his very strong hupon this point, hand Canada 1st, 2nd, 3rd, hand 4th, hi believe hare hof his opinion. So through your columns I habjures BERSY PRIGE to rely more hon reasoning hand good sense than hon mere habuse.

Hi wish halso—but there there hare ha lot hof vidders hin the next room talkin' habout the Pacific Railway Scandal, ha subject hof vich hi, hat hall hevnts, ham 'artily sick, hand vich never fails to give me ha pain hin my 'ead.—So, Gamp, Adieu.

Yours respectfully,
SAIREY GAMP.

P.S.—Tell Miss HONESTALICE, with my Compliments, we shall meet hat Hottawar.

DID I WHAT HAVE WE HERE.

AMONGST the literary treasures bequeathed to this country by the Pacific Scandal, we are pleased to speak of a certain long drawn, but withal eloquent bustings speech delivered by Mr. PLUMB the successful candidate at Niagara. All who would like to examine this oration in detail will have an opportunity of doing so, for Mr. PLUMB has had it printed in a broadsheet,—though with what nefarious designs upon the public we know not. The object of the present writing is merely to point out a passage in it at which we are shocked, even more, if possible, than we were when the Radicals at Montreal drank GENERAL GRANT'S health before that of the QUEEN, or when the free and independent East Toronto, elected JOHN O'DONOHUE, who, according to our well informed contemporary, the *Leader*, is a Fenian sympathiser. The highly questionable sentiment we allude to in Mr. PLUMB'S speech, is the following verse,—recited, it appears, "amidst great enthusiasm":—

"I saw a nation, glorious and free,
Leadin' a scathed word to liberty,
First in the van, impetuous to strike
The fastening chains from soul and limb alike;
Far o'er the rearward legions shining gleam,
Her star-gemmed banner—was it but a dream?"

If the poet was speaking of Canada—as he was, what does his reference to the "star-gemmed banners," mean but Annexation? Undoubtedly! We shudder to think of it! Traitors and renegades in our midst—what! in our very Parliament? Horrible! horrible! Up, *Leader*—*Halt*—and at him! Rise, London *Free Press* and *Herald*, and Hamilton *Spectator*, ye guardians of public loyalty, and drive this bold and brazen rebel from amongst us!

THE SILLIATION.

MACDONALD great inebriate himself may, but can't cheer
Dost meditate on CHARLES'S fate, and on the vats of beer;
Oh CARLING sage! that magic pace, to every bustings borne—
That *Glabe* filled book, which still you took, say, RYKERT, hast' thou torn?

And BROWN hath joy without alloy, and patronizes BLAKE;
And thinks that he himself shall be the head—a slight mistake. Hi
While keen MACKENZIE thinks of when he wrought in stone and lime.

And that to-day shall better pay, if lasts this jolly time.

And even BLAKE doth deign to take some joy; but grieves alone
That far away in Africa, not BROWN, but LIVINGSTONE
Hath died; and dreams of marshes wide, where he a SINBAD new,
With BROWN'S legs bound his neck around, is made to bear him through.

POLITICAL NEWS.

Our Niagara correspondent sends us this: "Little JOHN ALEXANDER sat in a corner, eating his Christmas pie, He put in his thumb, and pulled out a Plumb, and said, what a big boy am I."