

GRIP.

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.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 24TH AUGUST, 1878.

The Campbells are Coming.

GRIP begs permission to announce as a Court Circular the following, which will take place on and after the arrival of the Marquis of Lorne:—

1. All court and full dress will be plaid of the Argyle pattern, in the case of gentlemen to be invariably accompanied by the kilt. N.B.—No alteration on account of the weather.
2. Bonnets, feathers, and broadswords must on no account be omitted.
3. It will be necessary that all parties desiring presentations provide themselves with a large snuff-mull.
4. Instead of the ordinary patriotic songs, "Scots Wha Hae," and "JOHNNIE COPE" will be sung on state occasions.
5. It is expected that all loyal persons will conform to the article of porridge.
6. No person will be admitted to court who dislikes haggis, or cannot tell how a sheep's head should be sung.
7. In order that the Marquis may more easily communicate with his court, it is recommended that classes be formed in the chief cities for the acquirement of pure English pronunciation as used in Inverness and Aberdeen.
8. It is necessary before presentation that gentlemen should be able to toss the caber, and ladies be proficient in the Highland Fling.
9. It will not be considered *en regle* to serve wine with cake. Usquebaugh, mountain dew, or the Loch Katrine substitute, to be used.
10. Further instructions will be issued when necessary.

The Obstacle to Improvement.

Enter Citizen URBANUS. To him Countryman RUSTICUS.

RUSTICUS.—URBANUS, why
Thy front so unadorned? Thy boulevard
No chains, no posts, no sods has ever known.
Untouched it lies, a mass of weediness,
As fat, as dull, as greasy as the ones
On Lethe's bank which rot. Thy dwelling, too,
All innocent of paint, all innocent
Of even housewife broom to sweep away
The spider webs from door and window frame,
Cries shame on thee and thine. Good URBANUS,
Why is it thus with thee?

URBANUS.—My ancient friend,
When I with thee on Humber's grassy slope
Lived peacefully in pleasant country air,
Were my surroundings so?

RUSTICUS.—Nay, that is what
I cannot understand. Thy dwelling then,
House, barn, and fences, were the very pink
Of neat and good repair. Say, what has made
Thee such a sloven now?

URBANUS.—The reason is
Not very far to seek. A coat of paint
Which some five dollars costs, escapeth not
The keen assessor's eye, and straight he adds
A hundred to thy house. A step, a door,
A window new, a roof of shingles fresh,
And other hundreds, thousands, nay indeed,
Appear against thee there. The simple fact
Is, who would have his house front neat and gay,
Must straight prepare a double tax to pay.

SO MANY exaggerated stories about the heat have been put in circulation during the past few weeks, that some of our readers may be dilatory in crediting a statement made by a correspondent writing from St. Louis. He says that during the recent hot wave in that city "three human skeletons in a medical college prespired profusely and called for soda cocktails, while an Egyptian mummy, 4000 years old, in the professors' room, begged to have its wrappings removed and a cabbage leaf placed on its head." Our correspondent fails to give his name, and he sticks too close to facts to lead us to infer that it is Eli Perkins.—*Norristown Herald*.

The Row.

THE evening was balmy. All was repose. The glassy bay of Toronto lay in smooth expanse, unconscious of a ripple. Soft zephyrs played over its surface. The birds sung, the insects chirped, and HORATIO talked to JULIA, and proposed going on the water. He had a boat—a new one. He had never tried it—or any other. JULIA did not know this.

HORATIO did. But if he had not as much skill as HANLAN, he had as much conceit as anybody. The boat house man shoved out the boat; JULIA entered; HORATIO followed, a vigorous push from the attendant launched the craft, and they were on the world of waters.

It was not difficult, HORATIO found. He had only to dip the blades in the water, pull on them nearly about the same time, lift them out, do it again, and the boat would go on. Presently he could do it better, and they went on swimmingly.

"Thus, my JULIA," said the enraptured HORATIO, "thus through life let us float, I labouring, you enjoying. Thus let our peaceful bark glide calmly over the deep and unknown waters of existence, our mutual love ever growing more tender, of a more glowing, a more impassioned warmth, till—"

Bump! An awful crash collapsed the skiff, the lovers sunk into an element of warmth not impassioned, and if the hands above had not been pretty smart with a couple of boat hooks, there is no knowing what might have happened. As it was, the boat was lost. HORATIO had run into a schooner at anchor. JULIA will not go out with him again. To do him justice, she says it was not so bad going out with him, but it was very disagreeable going in with him.

The Dentist's Parlor.

Did you ever proceed by the longest way
To the dentist's room, on the fatal day,
While your very hair felt turning grey
At the thought of what before you lay,
While you inwardly fretted, and firmly said, "Nay,
"One mustn't be scared," but whatever you say,
You go round an odd block

That you needn't have gone, but it just seems to be
Such a fine day for walking; and you want to see
If it's only two churches, or if there are three
Newly built over there; and somehow you agree
With yourself that yourself—no, the dentist,—yes, he
Would like afternoon better—yes, infallibly.
At his door then you knock,

—But alas, his mild answer does you terrify.
He is ready just then all your wants to supply,
"Except courage," you say to yourself with a sigh,
And you enter at once, feeling ready to cry,
And a pain through your heart and your liver does fly,
As the instruments horrid in row you espy
And the big velvet chair.

Yes, the big velvet chair, and I can't, though I will,
If I can, describe what a peculiar chill,
Pervades when its horrid recesses you fill,
And you lean back, your life blood all seeming to still
Its pulsations, while o'er you the artist of skill
Leans, and says he can make you all right, so he will,
But it won't go—that scare.

Then he works at your teeth with small hammers and saws,
And he hauls out the bad ones with horrid steel claws,
And drills holes through your nerves without tremor or pause,
Till you think him of torment the great and first cause,
And arraign in your heart the great natural laws
That compel you to let such a fiend at your jaws,
And you groan and you squall

But just then, when you know that your life's going fast,
The tormentor announces the danger is past,
That he's made a good job which he's certain will last,
And will give you new pleasure at each new repast,
And your money he takes with a carelessness vast,
And you think him—now fear is away from you cast—
Not so bad after all.

AMERICAN OPINIONS.—The Syracuse *Courier* remarks as follows: "At Ottawa, Canada, they are still fighting the battle of the Boyne. We trust they are enjoying it;" whereupon the Oswego *Palladium* observes: "Not at all. They are merely shooting each other in commemoration of the shutting of the gates of Derry, which event antedates the battle of the Boyne by several years."