

## 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, 22ND SEPTEMBER, 1877.

**To Miss Fanny Davenport.**

Beauty of form and power of mind,  
Linked to a noble, worthy name,  
Give us assurance thou shalt find  
Thy place upon the peak of fame.

**From our Box.**

MRS. MORRISON'S GRAND.—The season at the Grand Opera House has opened very auspiciously. Every member of the new stock company has made a good impression, while the presence of MISS FANNY DAVENPORT as the central figure, assures a delightful entertainment. GRIP bespeaks a prosperous season for all concerned.

THE ROYAL.—The extravaganza *Evangeline* is exceedingly funny and well acted by RICE'S Company. ELIZA WEATHERSBY does not look quite so well as she used to, but still acts charmingly. MISS VENIE G. CLANCEY is very pretty, and has become a great favourite with the audience. *The Lone Fisherman* is one of the happiest thoughts that ever occurred to a dramatic author, and the part could not be better performed than it is by Mr. HUNTER. The soul of the piece, however, is Mr. NAT C. GOODWIN, as *Le Blanc*. Mr. GOODWIN is a capital burlesque actor, and as an imitator of famous tragedians, &c., has no rival on the stage in America. Go and see him.

**"Empress of India" Romance.**

THE *Empress of India* having concluded her season at this port, was the other day swept and garnished preparatory to her departure for other scenes. As was to be expected, a large heap of refuse, consisting of dust, pea-nut shells, peach-stones, scraps of paper, lead pencils, diamond rings, etc., etc., was the result of the sweeping process after the last grand excursion to Oakville. A good many of the pieces of paper were rubbish in every sense of the word, being merely sections of old news papers that had enclosed sandwich lunches, and bore the grease spots of fat ham. Other fragments however, proved to be rubbish only in a poetical sense. They would seem to possess some slight literary interest. They were manuscript verses, written for the most part in pencil, and invariably in a feminine hand. The person whose praises they sing, it is surmised, was either the classic deity Apollo, or else the superior officer of the steamer,—it is uncertain which. On that point the reader may decide for himself, as GRIP, without further preface, will hereto append a few of them. The first to hand is daintily written on small-sized, cream laid note paper, originally highly perfumed, and runs as follows:—

TO HIM.

I sigh not for Royalty's birth,  
Nor aught in a throne do I see,  
But I would give all I am worth  
The *Empress of India* to be;  
O, that would be bliss here on earth  
For he would be always with me!

MARY JANE.

The next gentle ebullition of lunacy takes this form:

TO THE HANDSOME ONE.

Thou art fairer than GEORGE RIGNOLD,  
Thou art handsomer than BARNES,  
O, I would give my weight in gold  
To swoon into thy arms.

LIZZIE.

"LIZZIE" is not much of a poetess, but her production is rather better than the next we come to:

MY OWN CASHIANA.

The boy stood on the burning deck  
Whence all but he had fled  
But I would cling around thy neck  
Until I was stark dead.

JENNIE.

The next to hand is as follows:

A MAIDEN'S PRAYER.

May I come up beside thee, love,  
Upon the hurricane deck;  
Yes, I must climb and get above,  
O do not push me back!

LOUISA.

This "prayer" seems to have been on the lips of a good many of the maidens, for the next verse we happen to light upon runs as follows:

TO MY FRIEND.

The ship is crowded and its' awful hot  
And O behold my wretched lot!  
I'm sure that I shall die or break my neck,  
If you don't let me come up beside you, dear, on the hurricane deck.  
NELLIE.

Again this melancholy burthen crops out:

O PLEASE DO!

O sea est, please permission speak,  
I don't care for the rain,  
I want to come up beside you on the deck.  
And see the hurricane.

CHARLOTTE.

GRIP cannot spare room for more than one other specimen of the poetry and spooneyness of the girls.

MY HOPE.

He passed and as he passed he smiled,  
I turned first red then White,  
O, how I love that last mentioned color,  
I'd be that if I might.

MATILDA.

**The Globe on Protection.**

*Interior of sanctum. Editor composing article, alternately reads and writes.*

READS.—(from a prominent exchange.)—"The question of Protection is really, at present, the only living business issue before the country."  
WRITES.—"As the question of Protection is now utterly dead."

READS.—(from widely-read review.)—"It is no doubt singularly annoying to the Reform leaders to discover so many of their own prominent supporters flocking to the Protection standard waving over the Conservative camp."  
WRITES.—"and no man of any pretensions to ability ever condescends to discuss it further."

READS.—(from Sir John's Speeches.)—"Reciprocity of tariffs may be fairly demanded—(Cheers.)"  
WRITES.—"It is amusing to observe that even the Chiefstain is lowering his notice of the stale subject to a faint whisper for a small increased protection."

READS.—(from city daily) "There is no question but next session this will be the chief issue before the House."  
WRITES.—"and every indication of public opinion warrants us in the belief that the weak cry will soon be dropped utterly."—and so on for a fortnight proceeds to kill the dead issue in two columns daily.

**To Be or Not to Be.**

The winter comes apace. His driving wind,  
His dreadful storms of furious snow and sleet,  
His avalanche of solid ice y'piled,  
Warn me I should prepare. The question is—  
The question dread, and great, and vast and large,—  
O'ershadowing in my mind all other things—  
Wherefore I think not whether this SIR JOHN  
Or that MACKENZIE rule, or whether those  
Great armies which each others' bowels tear  
Below the Balkans grim, continuous strive,  
Or pleasant peace appear; nor cogitate  
If Eighteen Eighty One shall end the world,  
(As SHIPTON'S part-fulfilled word declares),  
Or if it still roll on. What I do weigh,  
Think, ponder, calculate, contrive, and plan,  
Is of a question paramount to all  
That sways the common soul. 'Tis this, but this:  
Shall I those dollars twenty-eight obtain,  
My tailor asketh for a new great coat—  
(Dollars which may be coming; but from whence  
Is in the future hid) or shall I make  
Him furbish up the old? This is the point—  
The vital, living question of the day,  
To which all others pale. What hangs thereon  
Is more than worlds can say.

**Grip's Mud Model.**

GRIP is engaged upon a small work of art, to be exhibited in the Journalistic department of the Provincial Fair, at London. It is a group of statuary, modeled in mud, representing the editor of the *London Advertiser* standing in triumph over the prostrate form of the devout representative of the *Free Press*, waving aloft a chromo and the official returns which assert the circulation of the *Tizer* to be greater than that of the *F. P.*, and exclaiming in tones of thunder, "You're a Liar!" This mild admonition is addressed to the prostrate individual, who is frantically clutching a copy of his own paper, and replying, "You're another!" A figure representing Public Opinion, with an expression of the utmost indifference on her face, is in the act of fixing a pair of long ears on each of the disputants. The group will be entitled "The Dignity of the Press,"—and will no doubt be instructive as well as interesting to all who gaze upon it in the exhibition.