

## GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The grabeat Beast is the Jass; the grabeat Bird is the Owl;  
The grabeat Fish is the Oyster; the grabeat Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30TH, 1875.

## Answers to Correspondents.

**LAW STUDENT.**—If the Law School lectures are as useless as you say stir up the Law Society.

**ATE DISCORD.**—The best way of showing your disapprobation of TILTON and his lecture is not to go to hear him.

**A PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY SINGER.**—If the basses will beat time on the floor with heavy boots to your great annoyance, sit near the drum and one noise will drown the other. According to the best musical authorities, basses should beat time with their chins and tenors with their noses.

**J. R. B. M., WINDSOR.**—Your verses on the Windsor ferry boat bells are too distressing for these columns. It is not well to accumulate horrors in this weary world. Hand your agony to Mr. PATTERSON, your local member for presentation to the House in December.

**CITIZEN.**—You are rather severe on R. B. BLAKE, Jesse of the Toronto Cricket Ground. We do not think the match advertised for Thursday as between "Ethiopians and Indians" was intended by him to be a swindle, but rather incline to the belief that the Ethiopians and Indians came over in the same boat and had a rough passage. They looked awfully sick. We do not know that your dime has added anything to the African Mission Fund.

## Short Essays on Social Subjects--Kettle-Drums.

Kettle-drums are now in full play. It will always be a matter of controversy, as to how this form of entertainment came to acquire its name. A friend suggests that the explanation is obvious. He says the kettle-drum is but a hollow affair, and that people rattle away at it everlastingly, producing a great deal of sound without sense. It is but right to observe that this person is a cynic of the age of nineteen, who, having been twice crossed in love, and having failed to impress editors with a sense of the power and beauty of his poetry, has already discovered that this planet is a dreadful place for not being appreciated in. But whatever obscurity may surround the meaning of the term, there can be no doubt that this fashionable amusement can boast an ancient origin.—Thus we find in one of the plays of the celebrated SHAKESPEARE,

A drum, a drum!  
MACBETH doth come.

Here the allusion evidently is to an afternoon gathering which was to be honored by the presence of the misguided Scotchman. This view is confirmed when we reflect that the ban of Macbeth's existence was, that he was too much of a Lady's man. A stanza preserved from the productions of an unknown poet, points to a still earlier origin for the drum:

Yeecks, it was a goodlye companie  
That hied them to my ladye's kyrle-drum,  
And all the maidens laughed right joyouslye  
To see the strayt Sir Galahad there come.  
But still I wis that bye his syde eft soone,  
Fulle many a gal he had, that afternoone!

One disadvantage of the kettle-drum is that it is held in the afternoon. The pure Sir GALAHAD and the highly immoral MACBETH were not, as far as we are aware, employed either in a bank, a counting-house, or a lawyer's office. They were therefore able to perform their social duties without injustice to their business engagements. As the ranks of the gay and thoughtless amongst us are recruited from the bank-tellers and attorneys' clerks, it sometimes happens that a kettle-drum causes inconvenience. We have heard of an absent-minded youth who strayed into a fashionable assemblage at four o'clock one afternoon with ink on his fingers and in an office coat, which was conspicuously out at elbows. When reminded of this circumstance by the injudicious, he is wont to exclaim with the poet,

I hate that drum's infernal sound!

But with the exception we have mentioned, there is really no objection to kettle-drums. They give the young people of both sexes an opportunity of exchanging their ideas, which are sometimes marked by surprising originality, and tend to cultivate the art of conversation to a wonderful degree of perfection. They also teach young men with large hands to dispose of them gracefully, to bear their burden "lightly like a flower," so that in time, even in the presence of ladies, they are enabled to forget their infirmity. I had rather see a young man at a kettle-drum than a billiard tournament.

GRIP.

## That Heathen G. B.

OR PLAIN LANGUAGE FROM SORROWFUL SAM.

Which I'm forced to admit,  
And with tears it's confessed,  
That faith in a Grit  
Has no place in this breast;  
For that heathen G. B. has deceived me  
In a way which can not be expressed.

And here I must note  
How as once, in the fray,  
A message was wrote  
Which it ran in this way:  
"Please send me another ten thousand,  
"And I am as ever—JOHN A."

I should blush to excuse  
Such a message of sin,  
For it mean't that men's views  
Must be reached for with tin.  
But it pains me when parties talk moral  
As is far from being moral within.

For of all that came down  
In a virtuous way,  
On that writing, G. BROWN  
Had the most for to say;  
For he rose like Morality rampant  
And went for that naughty JOHN A.

And yet—do I dream?  
While he thundered so grand,  
He was working a scheme  
To corrupt this pure land;  
And he made in a ring, which was shady,  
What is frequent in rings—a grand stand.

And he wrote to a Grit  
Which was running a bank,  
And himself did commit  
In a manner most frank:  
"All our friends here is coming down handsome,  
We must make a big push—will you plank?"

So I says with disgust  
That I weaken—I pass,  
There is none we can trust,  
And all flesh is but gas.  
That heathen G. B. is a humbug,  
And political principle—gas.

## Matrimonial Correspondence.

Toronto, October 26th.

DEAR GRIP:—

I find on my arrival in the city, rendered famous by your presence, that the young people of both sexes are much agitated on the marriage question. Let me give my experience. Many years ago I led to the matrimonial altar a lady who united graces of person and of mind with the best family connections,—in short, the present Mrs. MICAWBER. From that date, up to the present time, I have found every reason to regret the step,—but I have never done so. The annual additions to my family bore a proportion, in inverse ratio, to the increase of my income—yet I look forward with blissful anticipation to the next pair of twins. Since I parted with my friends Copperfield and Traddles, who took leave of me on the steamer which bore me to this country, nothing has ever turned up which has given me greater pleasure than the regularity with which I have forwarded the I. O. U.'s representing the interest upon the amounts they so kindly lent me. I mention this that you may see that the golden prospects in store for me when I left England, are still in perspective. In fact success in life is seen by me through the wrong end of the Telescope, I refer to a metaphorical Telescope. Considering the lessons I have learned in the school of life, which has to me been seasoned with the bitter-sweets of matrimony, and having in view the rosy clouds that have ever appeared on the horizon, but which have never added warmth or lustre to my chilled and darkened existence; the one bright oasis in the desert of my life, the sunny spot in my existence, the playtime of my manhood, is all represented in the happy days of my bachelorhood. Therefore, my advice to the innocent fledglings who seek to take wing from the parent nest, and to the downy birds who wish to provide nests for them upon credit, (giving I. O. U.'s therefor), and to all who hesitate, upon the score of an insufficient income, to take that fatal step which leads them to consider how they shall evade the bailiff,—to all such I should advise—in short—DON'T!

With every consideration and  
trusting that your fate in life may be more happy than  
Yours,

WILKINS MICAWBER.

P. S.—Mrs. MICAWBER wishes me to say that she will never desert me.