

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 NOVEMBER, 1877.

Volume X.

With this number GRIP enters upon his TENTH VOLUME, and in anticipation of kind enquiries from all quarters of the earth he would say, "First rate, thank you; never felt better in the whole course of my existence!"

The Depression, which has for so long a time been squeezing grumbles out of our business people—all along of that wretched Government—has only affected GRIP in an indirect manner. So far as his financial affairs are concerned he snaps his fingers at it—(if a Raven may be permitted to speak of his talons in that manner). It is in the political department that he has felt its effects. The dullness in trade has begotten a similar dullness in the minds of GRIP's special charge, the politicians, and their movements have for a long time been so sluggish and insignificant that it has put him to no little pains to find matter for his weekly comment—pictorial and otherwise. Fortune, the friend of the good, didn't entirely desert him, however, but sent him the Northern Railway Cow, and a few pic-nic extravagances, which tided him over a very trying time. But, perhaps he ought not to complain, especially as this is a Thanksgiving season; and after all, on looking over Volume IX, he sees that his mission of chastising wrongdoers has not been badly fulfilled. Those who would see and judge for themselves, are informed that Vol. IX (or any previous volume) can be obtained, neatly bound, at his office, for a very reasonable sum. Let the past go; the future is full of hope. Pretty soon this political Depression at all events will disappear, whatever the financial Depression may do. Parliament is to meet shortly, and we are promised a session that shall outstrip all its predecessors in violence, vituperation, scandal, and all the other qualities that delight the heart of the cartoon-maker. GRIP is sharpening his pencils for the fray, and the clever young men who furnish his literary good things every week, are cutting their quills in anticipation of a great harvest of fun. Let the reader make a note of this, and if he hasn't already done so, let him subscribe forthwith, and have the coming six months enlivened by regular visits from the numbers of VOLUME X.

A Wifely Query by Mrs. John Greenhorn.

I.

How often in the small hours' gloom,
When JOHN is snoring at my side,
Waking the echoes of the room,
I've sobbed, I've whimpered, and I've cried.

II.

He only winks his nether eye,
And tightly purses up his lips,
To my entreaties he'll reply
By silence, nothing from him slips.

III.

He will not tell the reason why
His waistcoats always *cloves* contain;
He will not answer when I cry,
"Oh JOHN! beloved JOHN, explain!"

IV.

"And why! Oh why these *coffee-beans*,
My tears *should* melt a heart of rock;
Oh, tell your MARTHA what it means,
And why this little square of chalk?"

V.

Oh dearest, kindest, Mister GRIP,
Take pity on a woman's tears.
Let not another moment slip,
But quiet a poor woman's fears!

VI.

Is JOHN a burglar or a thief?
Am I in truth a robber's misses?
My heart is nearly cracked with grief,
Oh! do I share a crackman's kisses?

No—he only drinks and plays billiards.—ED.

What Grip Loves.

To watch a dance I love to sit
Against the wall on tilted chair,
And view the joy-flushed damselflit
Around the room; 'Tis passing fair,
'Tis passing fair! I love it well,
But ten times more the supper-bell,
Calling the hot and happy throng
To ice cream cool and champagne strong,
To lobster salad, chicken; Stay,
No more of this I'll sing or say,
For ghosts of suppers, years digested,
Are from my memory resurrected!

I love to hear the hearty brats
Raising CAIN upon the street,—
Running hand-sleighs, stoning cats,
Or the people whom they meet;
I also love the screams and yells
Which to my ear a story tell
Of angry father; mother wild,
Licking that unsuspecting child!
My soul doth love these sounds bewildering,
Of angry parents whacking children.
I love to hear a traveler old
Tell of the places where he's been;
To hear the hoary liar bold
Recount the things he's never seen;
I like to overhear a lover
Telling oh, such yards of lies,
Swearing by the "heavens above her,"
Swearing by his sweetheart's eyes;
I love a maiden's rippling laugh,
Like wavelets on a moonlit sea,
I love to see a thoughtful calf
Chewing a boot-top on the lea;
And much I love a sailor bold,
No yachting fool in seamen's guise,
But true as steel or oak or gold,
I love his jovial "dash your eyes!"
I love to hear a parrot's talk.
Although its words might soil this page,
I like its clinging, clambering walk,
Head downwards all around the cage;
I love the free and easy grace
With which he cocks his horny nose,
Consigns me to a torrid place,
And squares his light fantastic toes;
And much I love an Indian grim,
Who'd stab and scalp you without fail,
All grand in war paint, huge of limb,
Like SITTING BULL or SPOTTED TAIL;
Oh yes, I love an Indian well,
Of guttural "Ughs" and "Waghs" so full,
With noble instincts, purpose fell,
Like SPOTTED TAIL or SITTING BULL.

The Trinity College Blow Out.

(By our rural Commissioner.)

REVERED GRIP:

When my honoured parents brought me to the city and placed me under your guardianship, they probably did the best thing they could do, in view of all the dangers that surround a rural youth on commencing life; and I am sure it was only your solicitude for my morals that induced you to take me upon your staff, and send me up to attend the Trinity College Dinner on Thursday of last week. "There, my boy," said you, as I was leaving the sanctum, "there you shall mingle among high dignitaries of the church, and the real gentlemen of the land; there also you shall meet clever and exemplary young men; perhaps the visit will do you good." The visit has done me good. It has opened before me all the pleasures of life. I regret that I am not yet sufficiently recovered from the effects of the Dinner—jamboree the exemplary young men called it—to furnish you with a detailed account of the occasion. My nerves are yet unsteady; my head is yet dull and aching, and I feel rather thirsty. But I expect in a few days to be able to tell you all about it. Meantime let me say I did my part nobly; I drank almost as much as the rest of the boys, and did my share of making night hideous in and about the College. We got tin pans and horns, and tore through the corridors, kicking up the deuce along with some of the old fellows. SIR JOHN MACDONALD was there and made a speech, but unfortunately (like many more in the audience) I couldn't see or hear steadily, and so failed to catch the drift of it. I say Trinity College is a brick, and I want you to send me up to the next Dinner they have. Rine Club be hanged, in the meantime.

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.