

# GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 10TH FEBRUARY, 1877.

## From our Box.

THE GRAND—QUEEN'S OWN.—"Ours" was played on Monday evening, with a strong party of the "Queen's Own" to represent the Crimean detachments. These military gentlemen, greatly to the delight of the audience, went through the bayonet exercise, an exercise which exhibits the bayonets going through an imaginary enemy in all possible positions. What astounded GRIP was to observe the unusual and even supernatural manner in which the said enemy evidently came on to the attack. Now he was crawling in all directions over the stage, and every rifleman gave point furiously downward, and no doubt spitted some of him; now he flew over in flocks like pigeons, and the Queen's Owners thrust upward with desperate perpendicular vigour, and probably bagged him in shoals; then again he did his level best on ordinary ground, but was impaled all the same. Then bayonet play ceased and the other play began. The hut scene in the Crimea was very good, and the way in which the white paper snow flew in at the door whenever opened had quite a chilling effect. MISS ANNIE WAREMAN, a young and pretty actress, gave its principal charm to the piece, which was accompanied by quite sufficient shell and platoon firing (outside) to do very great mischief indeed, though GRIP was delighted to observe, at the end, that all the characters had escaped injury, and that there was not even the usual necessity for putting to death the villain of the piece, this piece being destitute of a villain. GRIP rejoices to say that the house was completely filled. Such support is the best evidence of the high esteem of our citizens for this efficient corps.

CABLEGRAMS TO THE GLOBE.—"Canadian Railroads show but little change." That's what's the matter with all of us. Change is so awful scarce that there is little to show.

## University Affiliation.

What on earth is all this chatter  
About affiliation?  
Is the humbug any matter,  
To any in the nation?

LODON in three columns screameth.  
"He length, no breadth, possesses,"  
Cries GEIKIE, in a note which seemeth  
To neither have, GRIP guesses.

Graduates are loudly yelling,  
Under-graduates are writing,  
Packs of nonsense both are telling,  
All for nothing, all are fighting.

Don't you know, you stupid creatures,  
No one cares which course pursuing,  
Joined or single were its features,  
So your work you were but doing.

But what speakers are you turning  
Out, or writers educating?  
If you busy were at learning,  
Little time you'd have for prating.

Poor in art is our position.  
Low our literary status.  
Where the fruits of your tuition?  
Proof of your divine affatus?

Earnest fount of knowledge drinkers,  
Squabblers are not—are not coilers.  
Are they poets—are they thinkers—  
They, our city park despoilers?

Universities of talkers,  
Canada is more expecting,  
Some of you will soon be walkers,  
If of faults still uncorrecting.

## En Route.

Oh, it was the jolly Sir John, Sir John,  
He must travel away, away,  
So he packed up his little valise, valise,  
And he stuck in his pockets a sandwich apiece,  
And an article intended thirst to decrease,  
And the cars he climbed on, climbed on,  
And he said "I had much rather stay,  
"Oh, indeed I had much rather stay.

"For 'to Ottawa now I must go, must go,  
In the House for to sit, for to sit,  
And all that last summer at picnics I said,  
After drinking of beer, after breaking of bread,  
There are fellows down there who have certainly read,  
And their words as I know will o'erflow, overflow,  
And they'll empty on me all their wit, all their wit,  
It's one mercy they've little of it.

"And there will MACKENZIE rise hot, rise hot,  
While I inwardly swear; yes, swear.  
And he'll ask that this member wad joost joostify,  
A' thae wards whilk last simmer he daured tae let fly.  
And he'd wush for the proof o' sic statements! Oh, my!  
To demand something one hasn't got, hasn't got.  
I am sure it's extremely unfair, unfair.  
Yes, I'm sure it's extremely unfair.

Never mind, at evasion I'm good, I'm good.  
And at tactics I'm there, I'm all there,  
So I'll rest till the word "dissolution" I see,  
And I may have a chance of a majority,  
And then let MACKENZIE come talking to me.  
Ah, he'll get his reply if he should, if he should,  
When I'm not in a bit of a scare, a scare.  
When I'm not in the present queer scare.

## Scene.—Education Department in the Moon.

(Reported by Our Private Lunar Telegraph.)

MR. ODDFISH.—(an official of the department)—CLERK, you have written out new programme.

CLERK.—Yes, Sir.

MR. ODDFISH.—How many subjects?

CLERK.—Thirty, sir. Teachers say they can't teach half of them, sir.  
MR. ODDFISH.—Nonsense, nonsense, nonsense. Must teach 'em. Shall educate this people, sir. What does my programme say?  
"All subjects in the course must be taught; proper time to each." What else do they say? Idiots! What else, sir?

CLERK.—Say that they have to keep pupils working half the night, sir. Makes 'em sick, parents say. Don't know anything when through school, sir; all confused together. Half a dozen members of Parliament complained in last debate that the people are in a disgraceful state of ignorance of common branches, while we're cramming them with hydrostatics, pneumatics, drawing, music, vascular systems and grass families.

MR. ODDFISH.—Nonsense, nonsense, nonsense.—Bring in a pupil here (clerk telegraphs, and buy is sent in). Now, boy. What are you learning?

BOY.—Lesson to-day, sir?

MR. ODDFISH.—Yes, what is it on?

BOY, (reads from paper).—Chemistry—Carbonic Acid, Carbonic Oxide, Oxides and Acids of Nitrogen, Ammonia, Olefiant Gas, Marsh Gas, Sulphurous and Sulphuric Acid, Sulphuretted Hydrogen, Hydrochloric Acid, Phosphoretted Hydrogen, Silica.

MR. ODDFISH.—Very good indeed, most useful study. Now see. This boy, at home, will be most useful to his parents. He can instruct them in the thousand cases in which such knowledge is required. Can you put them to practical use, my child?

BOY.—Them things, sir?

MR. ODDFISH.—Those things, say. How is your grammar so deficient?

BOY.—Please, sir, we has too little time to learn it. Has to go at chemistry, globes, navigation, triangles, spheres, circles, eclipses, piles of things. I does things with chemistry, though. I giv some hydrochloric acid to our cat; and I had a bottle of ammonia. My! did'nt it smell!

MR. ODDFISH.—There, (to clerk) There, sir. See that. Boy of that age. Can already prescribe for animal disease, and is able to fumigate the premises. Splendid results! Now, to examine further. Boy, what is the cause of eclipses?

BOY.—The Gulf Stream.

MR. ODDFISH.—Eh, what! ah! Most curious fact. How did you find it out?

BOY.—Last lesson, sir. It was either that or the warm climate at the North Pole it caused, sir. But perhaps it was because two right lines continued to infinity never meet, sir. No, that's geometry.