

G R I P.

EDITED BY MR. DEMOS MUDGE.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1874.

Grip's Reviewer.

THE writer of *Current Events* usually reminds us of an elephant on a tight rope. He steps very cautiously straight before him on the line of impartiality, taking the utmost care not to go off into Toryland on the one side, or Gritland on the other. When he reaches the end of his rope, and his monthly posturing is over, we can fancy him coming down from his height, with the aid of a tub, and complacently waiting for applause. It must be confessed that, as a rule, his performance is strictly impartial—he decides the questions of the day with the calm gravity of "Chief Baron EAR," when "between Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose," and his decisions are generally as profound. Writers of his calibre practice the sneer of the *Saturday Review* with about the success achieved by those dyspeptic youths who imitate—over rolling collar and loosely flowing necktie—the "Lara" scowl of BYRON. The daily press, puzzled by the phenomenon of a Canadian TURNER, and too busy for the critical judgment which cannot be misled by pomposity, has been deluded into accepting him at his own valuation.

We have hitherto accorded to the writer of *Current Events* the meed of respect which is due to a dull fellow who has judgment enough to resist his natural tendency to become a silly fellow. But even this qualified approval is impossible for his lucubrations in the August number of the *Monthly*.

In his opening paragraph concerning Dominion Day, after some eloquence about "united nation," "maple leaves," and "the wreath on the national flag," we are informed that

"If our own efforts do not relax, if our character as a community remains sound, if our institutions can be preserved from faction, demagogism, and corruption, if we are true to each other and to our country, we may look forward with cheerful confidence to the future."

As "prave 'ords," we say, "as you shall see on a summer's day," but after the premises have been stated, the conclusion is rather obvious—as much so as if one should say, "if a small literary man is given full swing, and thinks himself safe from ridicule, his lucubrations will resemble those of second childhood."

His remarks on foreign affairs have been adapted, in nearly equal proportions, from the *Pall Mall Gazette*, *Watchman*, *Saturday Review*, and *Punch*, and are about as fresh and lively as champagne which has been uncorked for a week.

Many people might, however, have been deceived by the gravity with which the lion's skin is worn by the writer, had not his voice betrayed him in his remarks upon MACAULAY. We are told with an air of infinite wisdom "that minds who are so cock sure (as MACAULAY'S) are seldom very deep." TRACKERAY, a man not to be deceived by pretention, said, when he observed MACAULAY in an audience to which he was about to lecture on *Society in Queen Anne's reign*,—"I will give ten pounds to any one who will get MACAULAY out of the house," and afterward remarked, "I felt like a fellow with sixpence in his pocket in the banking house of the Baring's."

TRACKERAY was probably as well acquainted with the gossip of ANNE'S reign as any man in England, but he knew and feared the universal knowledge of MACAULAY.

What would the author of the paper on "Literary Snobs" have said to contemptuous criticism of MACAULAY, by a writer whose claim to celebrity is founded on a series of rambling articles in a Toronto magazine. This is hardly the place to discuss questions of fact, but we will venture to say that no man who has brought to the perusal of MACAULAY—his essays or history—a competent understanding, ever did or could suppose that he represents the Government of CROMWELL as a "Government of Musketeers and Pikemen," or speaks of "modern standing armies" as the writer of *Current Events* asserts.

Twenty years ago it was the fashion with literary hacks to speak of MACAULAY as "shallow and brilliant," a cry joined in by no man of greater eminence than CROCKER of the *Quarterly*. Till our eyes rested upon the words in the August *Monthly*, we have not seen the old cry for some years. This shallow and brilliant fiction is perpetuated only by reviewers who are deceived by their own dullness into a belief in their own depth. It is a good thing such persons should exist, and write, and find publishers. Any one whose taste has been cloyed with literary delicacies, can take a meal of the hash they prepare, and after some nausea and refreshing sloop, rise with a renewed appetite for good things.

The other original articles as well as the selections in the *Monthly* are this time unusually interesting, and the number is a very good one.

We cannot refrain from expressing our delight with the airy, delicate lines "My Old Pet Name," which have the peculiar music and something of the tender longing which distinguish the sweet verses scattered through the Norwegian stories of BJORNSTJERNE BJORNSSON.

Agricultural College Lecture Course.

PROF. ARCHIBALD'S DISCOURSES ON FARMING.

YOUNG GENTLEMEN,—Since I last spoke to you, I find that the Tory press are as usual endeavouring to make capital out of it. The *Mail* has a lot of absurd directions evidently extracted from American papers, and quite inapplicable to Canada, and in many cases grossly inaccurate. They, however, somewhat neutralised their effect by inserting some of my own remarks on one occasion.

A correspondent, whose education has apparently been neglected, wrote to me lately from Lower Canada to ask whether, in my opinion, the Wheeler & Wilson, the Howe, or the Raymond sowing machine was best for mangel wurzel. I recommended the latter, but was afterwards told that a turnip-cutter would do better, which upon experiment I found to be the case.

I hope most of you are by this time nearly through with your harvests. The next thing is to sell your produce for what it will fetch, and anything more you can get. This is probably the most important portion of the farmer's yearly labors. When you have done this it is as well to rejoice and go squirrel and partridge hunting. Some foolishness idiots begin ploughing again as soon as the crops are off the ground, but this doesn't give the natural productions of the soil a fair chance, beside being an excessive labor at a hot season of the year. Rather sit under your vines and fig-trees (if you have not the latter, apples or pears would do as well) and await in confidence the dropping of the ripened fruit into your extended jaws.

We lately offered a prize for the best means of disposing of skunks. Numberless plans were suggested, but a man came along who showed us the gold medal of an agricultural association, given for the same thing. He refused to disclose his plan till the committee had experimented on the various methods suggested. The consequence of this was that half the pupils on the Model Farm were reduced to the condition of *sans-culottes*, and the town of Guelph became nearly uninhabitable. Then we sought that man in despair, and gave him a large sum for a sealed envelope containing the secret. This is it, and I cordially recommend it:

"The best thing to do with a skunk is to leave him alone."

Some persons devote far too much time to the cultivation of perishable and unprofitable fruits. What a melancholy state of things it is to see huge patches of water-melons overspreading the garden.

I am sick of hearing the nonsense people talk about dairies. To hear some you would think they were intended as cool summer retreats. Think how many poor women catch their deaths from cold in scrabbling out these places, and in the absurd and incessant washing of milk-pans and pails which some advocate. If the milk is a little sour, it doesn't spoil your tea, and the butter is none the worse. And if you haven't got to live in the dairy it doesn't matter what it smells like. Some idiots object even to giving cows turnips and the like. If they can't eat butter that tastes of turnips and things, they don't deserve any at all.

This brings me to the way of living on a farm. If you can't subsist on pork, panekes, and maple syrup, with unsweetened tea at three meals a day, you had better not turn farmers. There may be plenty of other things at hand to eat, good enough in their way, but what is the good of cooking them. I have known Englishmen and Frenchmen to eat calves' heads, pig's livers, and all kinds of similar nastiness, but no true Canadian farmer will ever disgrace himself in this manner, even if he does not keep a dog.

Some day or other I will write a large book on my favorite subject, but I await with confidence the result of the hints I have here thrown out as a preliminary course of instruction.

The Canadian Club.

NO. I.

SCENE.—The Reading-room of the Club. GEORGE BROWN in the bay-window overlooking King street, reading the last issue of the "Mail" and scowling horribly, his feet on window-sill. MUDGE at table in interior.

BROWN (log.)—What do you think of the *Mail's* article on SMITH, Mr. MUDGE?