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The gravest beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl; The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

Grip's Studies of Human Nature.

Genus Homo—Species MEDICAL STUDENT.

(A Natural History Sketch.)

With the *genus*, its characteristics, *differentiae*, or even its origin, (interesting as a discussion of these might be made), we have nothing whatever to do. Our concern now is with a species, a description of animal, that is but too common in the neighborhood of Universities, and, especially at untimely hours, and is but too apt to make his presence more easily realized than appreciated. This is the medical student.

By universal acclamation, he is acknowledged to be, *facile princeps*, the leader in all that is rollicking, uproarious and "fast" in the University. A happy *diabolus curat* kind of a disposition renders him ready at all times to join in, *con amore*, with everything that has in it a spice of devilment, and he is, more than any other student, magnanimously reckless of results, whether in the shape of exams, or fine, and rustication at the hands of the professors.

So much for the general tone of his mind and disposition. His social habits are gregarious and tend to meetings more or less uproarious, in dissecting rooms, and, when not there, in bar-rooms. He is also, not unfrequently, found (or might be found) about graveyards immediately after a recent interment, when he is sure to be accompanied by a pickaxe, spade and dark lantern. In such cases, a wagon usually waits in the back-ground.

He is vocal in a high degree and has certain stock songs, without any appreciable or definable airs, which he chants with more vigor than music, and chiefly at unearthly hours.

He is given to talking much 'shop,' especially with the view of horrifying ancient maiden ladies and squeamish young men from the country. A good deal of real science however goes a long way with him.

The physical characteristics, which differentiate him from other "humans," are a hat, stuck much on one side, a somewhat impudent leer, a very knobby stick, loud cravat, and a mixed scent of cocktails and very old Stilton—the one from his favorite bar-room and the other from the dissecting-room. He often carries a stethoscope in the crown of his hat.

After a certain period, determined as to duration by the examiners, he leaves the caterpillar condition, and assumes the state and stato-carriage (a buggy) of the fully-developed Sawbones.

A Voice from (Nigger) Heaven.

Grip Darlin,—It's many's the toime o'ive admiend yer pluck in makin' wrong right. Sure Oi don't mane that at all at all, it's remuvvin' wrong an' puttin' right in its place Oi wud be ather sayin'. Whu was it med JOHN A. honest? Whu was it tached CHARLIE TUPPER the sinfulness of jobbing? Whu was it med

BLAKE give over tellin' ghost sthories? Whu was it med the *Mail* a decent newspaper instead av a dirty rib-stabbin'—oh well no matter—the ould *Mail* is pasht and gone an' the new one is bather. But whu was it reformed all this? Tell me that now! 'Twas yer own swate imago Misther Grip. An' now, sorr, the Gods want you tu take yer shilelagh onto their side agen the Grand Opera House. Oi cud make a pitiful joke about Pitteu-fel but Oi won't. Don't rade this out loud an' Oi'll jist call him PIROU—AWE-OSTRUS PIROU, be rayson that he's a terror whin he comes upsthairs. Whin the Gods act decently wid no uproar, nor whistlin', sthampin', dart throwin' an' sich, will ye tell me for why he won't let us sing? We don't wan't to interfere wid his orkestra; and, be the powers av Moll Kelly, Oi don't think we make much worse music. Ha! ha! put that in yer pipe Misther PIROU. It's aisy enough to arrist wan av the b'yes for singin'. 'Cos why? Ye z can see who's doin' it. But (whishper Misther PIROU!) it isn't so aisy tu detect hissin', an' sthampin', an' hootin'. Dye moind that? Ye moight got a benefit wan foine noight av ye go on as ye are doin annoyin' dacont people. "*Quien sabe*," as we used to say in ould Trinity. An' Misther Grip, acushla, luk at what we put up wid from that same PIROU. Shure he brings on his sensashunal bosh like "Billy Buffalo" an' "Unbeknownst" an' we go an' pay our quarther. Du we grumble? Sorra tashte! An' whin he brings on his "swells" an' charges us fifty cents, du we grumble? Sorra tashte nayther. Shure in every theaytre the Gods aro jush as important to the treasury as the down-stair folk. An' their comfort and convaynienco should be as dear to the manager as anybody's else. An' moreover the down-sthair payple think the singin' illigant and crowded houses wud greet Misther PIROU av he wud bill us as an attraction.

I am sorr,
Yours, wid a word in sayson,
JA-KASSE.

A Canticle for Holy Trinity, Toronto.

"To a Protestant Priest in cloth of Gold. In Confession your sins must all be told, True Sheep of the Anglo-Catholic fold, Who on Fast-days eat no victual." In the Church the sight-seeing crowd, elate, For the new sensational Preacher wait, They would'nt have listened to "*Knox*" the great Who delight in this Knox-Little!

"Little" well named, who the great Church of Rome, On a grand scale would ape, with a little *aplomb*! Since the Protestant Laity scarce feel at home, When the Parson a Priest's role is feigning; Each point by the Protestant Faith agreed, (So that union with Rome he attained with speed,) Conceding, till nothing is left to concede, Which the Martyrs died maintaining.

"Concession!" Did thus those martyrs cry, Who shook off the dust of idolatry, And firm in the Faith preferred to die, At the "*Auto da fe* procession" When flame-wrapt *Cranmer's* gaze grew dim, And *Latimer* wasted limb from limb, Did the Angel beside him who comforted him "Through the flames, bid him offer concession?"

You are like the Siberian mother who fled Through the blinding snow on her reindeer sled, (Seeking her home far, far ahead), From a pack of wolves in view holla, Whose unnatural hand behind her cast, Frail crying babes, nor spared she the last, (Their "*Concession*"), but after each horrid repast The gaunt pack steadily follow.

Cross and candle, biritta and bell, In the Catholic church may be all very well, Theological points your Grip can't tell, And his course is non-committal, But the Thirty-nine Articles, link by link, (Which are Protestant plain as Printer's ink) Shouldn't Bishop SWATMAN, don't you think, Knock endways this man KNOX-LITTLE.

The Captain's Pet.

One stormy day the roaring sea Was most discomforting to me, I yearned to see a glimpse of land And vainly the horizon scanned, To see, perchance another sail; It blew in fact a "living gale."

A sailor's born, he is not made, I never loved the seaman's trade, A sailor "*nascitur non fit*" And I felt quite convinced of it. I hated much to go aloft, At which my rough old Skipper scoffed, He used to say with little truth "You are a chicken hearted youth," He had a harsh and grating voice, His language, too, was far from choice.

That stormy day the raging deep, Made me inclined to sob and weep, I fancied every charging sea Would prove a settler unto me, And swallow up our groaning ship, Which would have been an "awful trip." Now let me to my subject get, About old Captain Hunter's pet.

A *porker* was the Captain's pet, I never saw his equal yet, For making pets of pigs and hens, And keeping them in coops and pens, I'm fond of pork myself when roasted, The *crackling* brown and nicely roasted. This was 'nt so with Captain Hunter, He loved the solid living grunter, He loved that pig with heart and soul, (A strange affection on the whole.)

Well piggy dwelt within a pen, On the fo' gallant Fo'k'sle then, And lay and snoozed so adippose His normal state was comatose, While all around the waves so wild, About his couch in mountains piled, He little dreamed the fate that hovered, Around his pen, tarpulin-covered.

Eight bells had struck, the "watch" was called, And "wear the ship" the Captain bawled; Upon the "Fo'k'sle" I and Brown, "Stood by to bowse the Jib-sheet down." Instead of easing off the sheet Jack let it fly from off the cleat, The sheet got foul of piggy's pen, And—piggy left the vessel then.

The Skipper thought some foremast hand Had got knocked off to leeward, and Remarked "there never was a boat "That in this gale could keep afloat, (Our course is now Nor'east by east,) *Nothing of Nothin' in the least,* Poor chap! he's gone! what was his name? I grieve most highly for the same!

The mate commenced and thus began, "Be comforted; 't was not a man, 'T was not a man, dear Captain Hunter, It was your fav'rite porcine grunter."

"Down with your helm" the Captain shouts, "Ye set o' good for nothin' louts!" "Stand by that starboard quarter-boat, (And other words I need'nt quote.) The words he uttered in his rage, Would hardly suit my blameless page. We asked him if he'd come and steer, If *we* the starboard boat would clear.

That question fairly settled him, His eyes with blinding tears grew dim, He said "I won't! indeed I can't! "And, what is more than that, I shan't!" He said "when we to Rio get, I'll purchase me another pet, Scots wha' hae wi' Wallace bled! Breathe there a man with soul so dead? My soul is sore, dear pig, for you, Good bye! farewell! likewise adieu!"

DION BOUTICAULT has failed in his attempt to make dramatic capital out the Irish troubles. The London correspondent of a New York paper telegraphs:—Mr. BOUTICAULT's new play, "*The O'Dowd*," produced at the Adelphi on Thursday, was unfavorably received by the audience, and is sharply criticised by the press. *The Times* says it is many degrees worse than any previous play of Mr. BOUTICAULT's. It ridicules his preliminary manifesto, and censures his attempt to combine the drama with political agitation in the present condition of Ireland. It praises, however, BOUTICAULT's acting. The other papers pass similar judgment, regarding it as an unreal picture alike of landlord and tenant. The long agrarian harangues fell flat or provoked stormy protests.