

## GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 4TH MAY, 1878.

### The Female Righter.

I am a Female Righter, and  
If you will list to me,  
I soon shall make you understand,  
What sort of rights they be.

I want upon the lounge to sleep,  
Or read, or take my ease;  
And want the right my house to keep  
As dirty as I please.

I want the right the meat to roast,  
Quite the reverse of well;  
And want the right to make the toast,  
Full indigestible.

I want the right mid linen white,  
To mix the rust-spots red;  
And want the right on every night  
To find bugs in the bed.

I want the right to let each child  
Do just as it shall please,  
Till not a soul—they've got so wild—  
Can get a minute's ease.

I want the right to make the man,  
Who chose to marry me,  
Buy twice for me what buy he can,  
Or live in misery.

I want the right my walks to take,  
In silk and satin gay,  
And tell my husband he can break,  
If that he cannot pay.

I want the right to make a speech,  
Before a yelling crowd,  
And high upon a platform screech  
And objurgate aloud.

I want the franchise of the land  
Which now the men have got,  
To vote on all I understand  
And all that I do not.

These are the rights of woman, and  
You'd best oppose them not,  
Or when we get the upper hand,  
We'll teach you what is what.

### The Melancholy Citizen.

It happened to GRIP that he walked abroad, and saw a melancholy man, who walked with head bent down. And GRIP saw that his clothes were ragged. Now GRIP, whose heart ever is exceedingly tender towards the mournful, said thus unto the man:—

"What aileth thee?"

Then the man said "I am a citizen of Toronto, and for many years I saved up money, and acquired ten thousand dollars, and built houses with the same. And it has come to pass that I rented the same, and lived on the rents, I and my wife, and my children. And I am now weak and unable to work, and have nothing but my rents to support them. And it has been that evil Councils have taxed us very heavily. And also certain of my houses be unrented, owing to hard times, and the rest do barely pay the taxes now. So that I have nothing to eat, I and those who be with me. Moreover, they are yearly borrowing more money, so that all my possessions will be sold for to pay the same. And I know not what to do."

"Now surely," said GRIP, "I will straightway utterly destroy that wicked Council, and also make an end of the same." And he picked up a paving stone weighing a ton.

But the man said "Do not so, for there never has been a Council gone out of late years but a worse has been elected."

So the sorrowful man went away.

### Doctors versus Undertakers.

To the Editor of GRIP.

SIR:—I am an undertaker's man. I think myself underpaid—that is, I think other people overpaid—that is, I think I ought to get more. Sir, take the case of doctors. Of course, it is well understood that in point of education and standing there is no comparison; but the public do not seem fully aware of it, and actually, I think, put us in a lower grade. But what are the facts? What could they do without us? Why, when a man dies by accident, and they hold a *post mortem*, what do they do? Why, return a statement that his air-passages were wrong, when it was really the case that he had broken his back. Well, of course it is understood that *we* will see to the matter when we go to bury the body, find out at once what was the trouble, and tell the doctors if they are wrong. We do it, of course; explain to the learned faculty that the man's back was broken, and they hold another *post mortem* or consultation or discussion or whatever they like to call it, and send in the proper statement. This is all correct, and under our supervision no doubt things get along very well, and the real cause of death is ascertained, which is the desideratum required. But what we wish is our proper *status*. It is very evident to any one who are the true men of learning. The faculty are good friends of ours; in fact we should not have near so much to do without them; but there is an order of things, and it should be understood, and we given precedence accordingly.

Yours,

Toronto, May 1st, 1878.

PETER PLANTER.

### The Howly Gate.

Saint PETHER he sat at the howly gate,  
An the avenin was gittin remarkable late,  
An himself was in amazement grate,  
For niver a man kem in.

Niver a Kooshian nor Turk at all  
Nor a British soobject grate nor shmall.  
Niver a wan on the Saint wud call,  
Nor intrance thry to win.

An' the Saint he wint an he sat widin,  
An' his pipe he shmoked beyant the din?  
An pristinly wan av the howly min  
Kem up to have a chat.

An 'himsel' explained to the Saint the thing,  
An' towld why time had sayesd to bring  
A sowl to make the knocker ring  
Or pull at the bell or that.

"Oh the hall is tightin', surr, you know,  
And dyin' so why av coorse they go  
To the gintleman who kapes below  
His house to inthertain.

"An thé half is fightin about their sects,  
Orange and Green, and none expects  
That they their coorse this way directts,  
Till they from sich refrain.

"And the rest has got the full belafe  
That works is dead, and faith is chafe,  
Which is worse than the impinent thafe;  
So our doorway's left clane."

### The Attic Sage.

Removed from men beneath a denizen within an attic I  
Whose roof upon, as night goes on, great cats continually cry,  
Unmoved with stove coal by me thrown, which smashes windows far  
below,  
Or through the sky that rapidly at them my worn out slippers go.

I sit and think, as from the brink of window sill I high survey,  
All those below who come and go with rapid rush the livelong day,  
While evermore doth skyward soar from Turkish pipe the odour strong.  
And evermore doth steady pour beneath the motley crowd along.

My years also they come and go, as do the crowd along the street.  
The winter keen, the verdure green, they pass as steady and as fleet.  
And I a boy who once with joy observed from here the crowd go by,  
Now old and grey, in different way regard their movement with a sigh.

But eve has rolled his darkening fold across the pageant, and I see  
The person pass who lights the gas, who noddeth on observing me,  
Behind him shine, in brilliant line, the lamps his coming course which  
tell,

Alas, each year of mine, I fear, glows not so brightly nor so well.