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Original contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach Grip office not later than Wednesday. Articles and literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, Grip office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

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EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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The grabest Fish is the Oyster; the grabest Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 8TH DECEMBER, 1877.

Answers to Correspondents.

Y. S. F.—Good; come again.

Detroit Free Press MAN.—Yes, our American cousin, you may continue to send your weekly paper to GRIP. It is an excellent publication for such a small town as Detroit, and indeed as good as could be got out under a constitution so defective as that of the United States. Annex us for another year.

Star.—Yours on "Free Thought" we consider unsuitable for our columns.

From Scott.

November's sky is dull and drear.
My creditors are coming here.
Late, gazing down my little hall,
You could see none of them at all,
So thick around the fancy flew,
That I owned cash and houses too.
But now, a torrent in their course
They inward pour with frantic force,
The hall they fill—they fill the stairs;
Fill drawing-room and everywhere.
They've heard I haven't got a rap,
What course is left? The attic trap.
"My carpet-bag!" With movement fleet,
Unchallenged I can gain the street.

The Soliloquies of Fitznoodle of the Club.

V.—THE FAWNRY BALL.

I was glawncing ovaw one of GWIP's wecent cawtoons the othaw day—the one wepresentsing the wocks calling to the Wight Hon. to come to theaw wescue,—and I couldn't help sympathysing with those wocks. I was feeling dweadfully dull at the time, hanging awound the Club with the othaw fellows, and I felt vevy much inclined to follow the example of those wocks, and cw y out for Sir JOHN or some othaw fellow to come to my wescue and save me fwom the blues. Just aftaw putting down the copy of GWIP with these mental wectfections, I picked up the *Mail*, and theaw I found that the Wight Hon., with the gweat statesmanlike gwasp of intellect which distinguishes him fwom such wetchel politicians as MACKENZIE and MILLS, had alweady awnticipated my wishes, and pwovided the vevy thing that would do the business, if I may be pawmitted to use a twadesman's plwase. I wed as follows: "A Gwand fawnry ball, undaw the patwonage of Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD and the Lieut. Governor is on the *tapis*." I couldn't westwain my feelings and I involantawily ejawculated: "What a jolly old duffaw the Wight Hon. is. to be shuaw!" I have no doubt he is getting this up faw the benefit of us pooaw young fellows, though my fwend HOPKINS says it is pwobably on his own account mainly. He says the Wight Hon. feels lost, now that the picnic season is ovaw, and wants some excitement; that he is just like BAWNUM and those othaw show fellows, nevaw at west unless he has a circus on the woad. I don't mind this chauff, so long as the fawnry ball weally comes off; of cawse I am going, and I expect to have a wattling good time, too. Gwand affaw it will be, undoubtedly, even if the Gov. was a Gwit. It will be a coalition awaingement, politically speaking, but I hope to gwacious they won't have any politics about it. I am disgusted with politics naw than evaw since the election in Quebec Centaw, and I hope we won't be bawd at the ball with long-winded owations fwom PLUMB and those othaw fellows. Fawnry balls aw jolly, when you keep them swee fwom the pwotectiou and swee twade questions, and all the west of that sawt of thing. I wemembaw being at one lawst wintaw, at Mrs. De SMYTHE'S. What a wollicking time I put in! You dwess up in some wjliculous costume, d'won't you know, and have dawncing and suppwaw. I wewollect I dwessed on that occasion to wepwesent a gentleman of the olden time, and pwoved a gwand success. Nobody wewognized me in my disguise. I don't know how I shall go this time; pwobably as a guy of some kind; I must put my bwains to work. I undawstand the Wight Hon. himself is going as *Waifon Stwaw*, the man of *Bwawss*; PLUMB intends to fix up to wepwesent the Poet Laweate, and get off impwomptu poems all the evening; CAWTWIGHT would look well as *Tapley*, lawghing at the wuin of the county; Senataw MACPIERSON will dwess up as a dwum-majaw, and MACDOUGALL will disgwise himself as a Baldwin Wefow-maw. It will be a gwand thing, I assawh you! I must go and think about my costume wight awy.

The Judiciary Change.

(Free translation of the Mail's article of Monday.)

We learn with mingled pleasure and pain that Mr. Justice Moss has been appointed to the vacant Presidency of the Court of Error and Appeal; pleasure, because Mr. Moss is a splendid young man, and will ably fill the position; and pain, because it wasn't offered to and accepted by the Hon. EDWARD BLAKE. We can never feel at all at ease while this latter gentleman remains in political life. He is a thorn in our side. On the one hand his great and acknowledged abilities are enlisted in an uncompromising hostility to us and our tactics; and on the other hand his personal character is such that we cannot assail it so as to seriously damage his influence. It is a lamentable fact that the viper of calumny does indeed drop innocuous from his hand, though it was in very bad taste and very irreverent of GRIP to illustrate that idea by a scriptural reference. The only manner in which we hope to nullify Mr. BLAKE's influence, therefore, is by legitimate criticism of his political acts. Now, none of his positive acts are blame-worthy, and we are obliged to confine ourselves to an attack upon his negative acts, so to speak—his sins of omission. We show that he hasn't proved to be the great statesman he promised to be; that is all we can do. But this negative criticism doesn't affect the people much; some of them are satisfied with Mr. BLAKE's performances, and others think that it isn't his fault if he has failed to come up to our high ideal. Hence we yearn to see the hon. gentleman leave the political arena. That and only that will end our difficulty. Now, dear MACKENZIE, can't you find so nice, cosy place for him? we won't utter a whimper, however thumping a salary you may attach to it!

'Arry and Tom.

'ARRY.

Wherefore do thine heyeballs glare,
With a glance so wild and 'orrid?
Wherefore dost thou tear thy 'air?
Wherefore dost thou slap thy forehead?
Banker? 'As 'e failed to-day?
POLLY? 'As she run away?

TOM.

Nary banker, nary wench,
Does me wrong, or gives me wrack;
Not for them my hair I wrench,
Not for them my forehead thwack;
Come my 'ARRY! Cant you guess
What's the cause of my distress?

'ARRY.

Davis sum non Edibus.—
P'raps this weather suits thee not—
Lots of fellows make a fuss,
Hif hit hisn't cold or 'ot;
Temperate seasons suit this child,
Yes! 'e likes the weather mild!

TOM.

"Weather!"—Really, I coul'd scold
For such ill-timed idle jabbers,—
While the country swarms with bold,
Seely, greedy bonus-grabbers!
Searching what they may devour!
This it is, which makes me sour.

'ARRY.

Whough! hold man! hi 'ad forgot;
Right you are, and no mistake;
Halt the bonus-grabbing lot
Should be soused within the lake;
Faugh! I 'ate their hugly mugs,
Worse than Colorado bugs!

TOM.

'Cos of these my heyeballs glare,
With a glance so wild and 'orrid,
'Cos of these I tear my 'air,
And do phrenzied slap my forehead!
Buccaneered by thug tax-papers,
And by bonus-grabbers' capers!

'ARRY.

Hup to hevery sort of do,
Growing fat on spoliation;
'Arg the varmint, tricky crew!
'Ang our no-ille Corporation!
Playing without sense or shame,
Bonus-grabbers little game!



ANXIOUS JOHNNY,
 WAITING FOR A CERTAIN PARTY TO "RETIRE."

What "Grip" Loves.

SECOND EDITION.

I love a mule, with ears so long,
With classic brow and tail so slim,
Who kicks so high, and kicks so strong,
There ain't no discount onto him.

I love the poor downtrodden Pat,
Hibernia's laughing, careless son.
Who wears a "dhudeen" in his hat,
Who's ripe for whiskey and for fun.

I love the warty, spotted toad,
Who meets you with a placid smile,
He'll hop on with you down the road,
The weary distance to beguile.

I love to hear the diamond drill
Revolving on the safe below;
I know he will not split it, till
I bag him for the jug—you know.

And don't I love my midnight guest,
For a policeman till I tire,
But no, "ROBERTO" is at rest,
In some warm kitchen with MARIA.

I love the gaseous volunteer,
Who'll tell you how he levelled down
A desperate striking engineer,
Last winter down at Belleville town.

I love the Anti-Dunkins too,
Who moderation preach forsooth:
Who say they're Anti-Drinkers too,
Though thereby they blaspheme the truth.

I love the gentle household bug,
Who wakens you with kindly touch:
I love his honest-hearted mug,
I love, I love him *very much*.

I love my rich old aunty's gold,
(A blessing on her hoary head!)
Although my saying it seem bold,
I truly wish that she were dead.

The Laurier Election.*(The Conservative Papers.)*

DRUMMOND AND ARTHABASKA ELECTION.—Nothing shews in a clearer and more eminently lucid light than the great fact, brought into magnificent relief by this election, that our fellow-electors of Quebec are now superior to all mercenary motives, and hold aloof from all religious influences. Despising the golden offers of a reckless and impure Administration, looking with a single eye to the interests of their country, and the demerits of the incapable LAURIER, they have risen in their might, and hurled from the polls the unfortunate nominee of a vile and traitorous faction, &c., &c., &c.

QUEBEC ELECTION.—Nothing shows in a clearer and more eminently lucid light than the great fact, brought into melancholy relief by this election, that our fellow-citizens of Quebec are a prey to the most abominable corruption, and the most contemptible sectional divisions. Accepting the money proffers of a despicable Government, careless of the vast national interest committed to their charge, they have elected the miserable dupe of the crafty MACKENZIE, rivetted afresh the fetters, &c., &c., &c.

(The Reform Papers.)

DRUMMOND AND ARTHABASKA ELECTION.—It is sad to observe the extreme apathy and astonishing indifference with which our French Canadian co-patriots view the great questions of the day. Misled by the most baseless fabrications, driven like sheep at the command of their rulers, they have committed an action never exceeded in its shameful-ness—they have rejected the noble LAURIER. There is little if any hope in the gloomy vista of the French Canadian future. Duped, led, and driven, their lot is slavery, intellectual, religious and physical, &c., &c., &c.

QUEBEC ELECTION.—Nothing at the present moment is of more cheering effect than to notice the vivid interest displayed by our French Canadian friends in the political issues of the moment. Careless of Tory *canards*, unswayed by religious influence, thinking only of their country, the majority of Mr. LAURIER speaks for itself. We have firm hope in the French Canadians—firm confidence in their brilliant destiny. Strong in religious, political and commercial honesty, they will form the chief reliance of all honest men—all patriots. It will be theirs to present a firm front against, &c., &c., &c.

The Big Butternut.*To the Editor of GRIP:*

SIR:—It is the butternut season, and, of course, we had some, and as is usual, we were cracking them to get at the kernels. But there was one big butternut—a monster butternut, on which the nutcrackers had no effect, and, having sharply nipped my thumb in the endeavour to crack him, (I use the personal pronoun because I know he was not a butternut, but a fiend in the shape of a butternut.) I got angry. I said to my wife "JEMIMA JANE, I will crack that butternut." I got the axe, stood the fiend on the floor and hit him on the head. He would not crack. I hit him again. He did not crack. I hit him again. JEMIMA JANE exclaimed, "TIMOTHY, you are punching a hole in the carpet!" I said, "I will crack that butternut!" I hit him again. JEMIMA JANE cried, "O TIMOTHY, you are driving it through the carpet into the floor!" I said, "I will crack that butternut!" I hit him again. He was now partly driven into the floor, which liberated my left hand. The whole family, including my fat uncle, were interestedly crowding round, while even the cat, sitting in the window, looked on in wonder—a feeling soon changed on her part for another, for now with both hands I fetched the demon such a crack that he burst with a sound like a cannon, and half of him flew into the cat's left eye, causing that startled feline to leap straight through a pane of glass down to the stoop, twelve feet below, overturning a pan full of flour on herself in the transit, and coming down with an awful clatter close to the dog, who was sitting looking at nothing, and now saw instead a tremendous white cloud, out of which leaped a terrible ghost all eyes and tail, which flew by him, filling his nose with more flour than he thought ever existed, and generally unequanimizing him to such an extent that he incontinently tumbled backwards into the water butt, tumbled out, and made off in the opposite direction from that the cat had taken. Neither have returned. The other half of the butternut is to be heard from. You shall hear from it, or rather of it,—or rather of him,—or rather of the half of him—the fiend, the monster, the wizard butternut. That second half resolved in mischief to be the better half. It projected itself with the momentum of a sharpnel against the peculiarity sensitive—the hereditarily sensitive—the always carefully guarded—always till now—nose of my fat uncle. Is it to be wondered that that individual, quivering in every nerve, stepped suddenly backwards? He did, and, as no doubt observed by the fiend, behind him was my daughter's great square glass, five barrel aquarium. He sat on it; he weighs three hundred pounds. The crash of glass—the deluged room, the terrified fishes, reptiles, and screaming family intermixed, may be imagined. I draw a veil, merely remarking that all the plaster came off the heavily stuccoed ceiling below, that all there is destroyed, the piano smashed, three silk dresses ruined, my uncle's many dollars going after death to where his many pounds now go to visit—a rival nephews' and worse than all, the unceasing reproaches of JEMIMA JANE for what was not my fault, but the butternut's. This too, he planned. Sir, I write to you that your readers may not admit the possessed vegetables into their houses, and remain yours,
Toronto, Nov. 28, 1877. TIMOTHY TITMOUSE.

Thick Darkness.

That "unco' guid" paper, the *Globe*, with self sacrificing zeal applauds the Government on its carrying out of the death sentence on the Weston murderer, and—the Government is happy. We had almost thought the *Globe* was advancing, or, which is the same thing, the world was getting wise enough to know that brutal punishments and all such hindrances to progress were best thrown overboard into space, so as to permit of its whirling along more comfortably. GRIP is waking up to a sense of his mistake, and the bird of wisdom 'owls' dismally as the deepening darkness strengthens his visual or ans and enables him to see amid the gathering gloom, (the dawn of night, as the Irish editor calls it), the refreshing spectacle of a human body dangling by the neck at the end of a rope. "Sermons in candles" GRIP doesn't like. There is too much light. But a sermon hanging in a noose, with a select body of noosepaper reporters hanging around, and a crowd of disappointed loafers hanging about, and on, the prison gates and walls, beseeching "permits to view," has an element of gloom in it which delights the venerable bird, for (how unlike the age we live in!) GRIP feels at home in midnight darkness. But new light is coming, the night is over. GRIP feels the dawn, and, shivering, hides his head beneath his wing, and ceasing to hoot at the darkness, sleep steals upon his senses. Human justice wakes, takes off the bandage from its eyes, and beholds itself in its true form of mercy and infinite respect for the life of even a murderer, while the *Globe* takes up the song and hoots at the light, less efficiently than GRIP did at the darkness. Oh! our prophetic soul! This howl is genuine. It isn't ravin'.

It is regretted by his many ardent admirers that Mr. TUPPER, the heir-apparent, has now for many weeks been suffering with a sore throat. Doctor GRIP, the eminent Canadian physician, finds that the Conservative prince is indeed a much afflicted patient. At last season's pic-nics a *soar* voice incessantly troubled the great orator by engendering *flying* statements; gyrating figures; highly stretched facts; and inflated truths. Alas, poor TUPPER! GRIP has prescribed two bushels of torches; two ditto of cough-drops; total abstinence in blue-book hash and trade statistics; and, as a last resource, a journey to the Mediterranean.

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JAMES HODGSON
Presiding Inspector.

Yorkville, Nov. 3rd. 1877.

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