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NOTE.

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NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach the Editor not later than Wednesday. Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to P. O. Box 958, Toronto, Ontario. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

CONTRIBUTIONS, when accepted, will, for the present, be paid for at the rate of Two Dollars per column. All articles for which payment is expected must be accompanied by the name and address of the author.

VOL. 3.

TORONTO, AUGUST 22, 1874.

No. 13.

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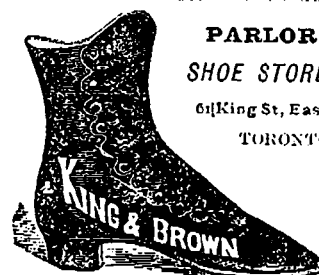
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TORONTO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1874.

To Correspondents and Contributors.

CHARLES AUGUSTUS.—Your last contribution is by no means without merit, but its slung and black-bottleism unfit it for publication in GRIP. Try again and go a peg higher.

Grip to his Patrons.

IN the opinion of GRIP himself and many of his intelligent and esteemed patrons, the wood-engraved cartoons introduced at the commencement of Volume Three, have been less satisfactory than those produced by the process followed originally. A return to that system has therefore been deemed advisable, and is carried into effect this week. At the same time the paper is reduced to its former size, pending the introduction of a new frontispiece and several other improvements. We hope to resume the eight pages in a few weeks.

Our Table.

THE LEGEND OF THE OYSTER.

BY G—E—E—I—T.

WE have observed during the last few weeks many critical notices of a work bearing a title somewhat similar to the above, and by a very distinguished author. That this author is identical with the G—E—E—I—T of the remarkable poem, a sketch of which we give below, no one who possesses the slightest critical knowledge can doubt. In the plot, the rhythm, the names even, a remarkable similarity exists, and if our surmise as to the author is incorrect, we can only say we are mistaken.

The *Legend of the Oyster* opens thus:—

"In the old time while yet the earth was young,
Ere legends were, to be set forth and sung,
In that far clime, by moderns called Cathay,
There lived a Patriarch who oft did say
That indigestion would to mortals bring
Worse pains, in distant time, than anything.
The power of heat was to his tribe unknown,
Save such as from the noonday sun outshone;
Flame had not yet by man been brought to pass,
To change the unripe apple into sass,
To furnish cooks with change of roast and boiled;—
And so on Nature's fruits uncooked they toiled.
The earth there furnished, from her liberal store,
All vegetables that we know, and more;
All fruits that grace the tables of the great
Were free of charge, and so were freely ate,—
So free that sometimes in a time of frolic
People devoured too much, and had the colic,
Or thoughtlessly too green from trees would take,
Would eat, would relish and have stomach ache.
As was the fashion in that ancient day,
The Patriarch I mention knew the way
To treat the centuries as we treat years,
And live and flourish through them, with his peers.
He lived, in fact, so long he doubted rather
Whether he was not his own great grandfather—
Until his seed had multiplied so greatly,
That BROOKLYN YOUNG had stared, if it were lately."

The poet then records in lofty language and with exquisite feeling, but in many lines, the sorrow that filled the heart of the Patriarch when a few hundred of his best loved children meet their death by a surfeit of green plums. He felt that duty called him to move his family to a distant land, and there introduce a system of Government by which all fruit and vegetables should, before being eaten, be submitted to him or to his councillors—the elders of the tribe—for approval. He accordingly acts upon his impulse:—

"He said, my happy offspring shall not know
The saddening gripe nor indigestion's woe."

His staff he planted where sweet waters ran
Down a steep cliff into the o-ce-an!"

We do not care to be hyper-critical over a poem displaying so much lofty thought, glowing description, and careful work, and therefore merely recommend that in future editions the last word of the above couplet be changed for another. But already we are sorry to find that, having quoted so liberally, our space compels us to condense many hundred lines into a few words.

In the new land, the system of inspection succeeds. Indigestion is unknown, and the summit of felicity seems to be reached—when the use of fire is discovered. Flesh-eating is introduced:—

"And tripe was known in all its tenderness,
The tripe that modern poets know and bless."

But strong Jamek discovers the secret of making flour and, moreover, slapjacks. These are savoury but heavy.

"In his joy
On the new dish he feeds his fairest boy,
Who soon begins to kick his legs and squirm,
Like modern child that feels the inward worm,
And utters loudly once and yet again,
Oh, Ma and Pa, I've got an awful pain!"

They bear him to the Patriarch who at once pronounces his agonies the result of indigestion, and reveals how his long-cherished hopes of the eradication of the complaint are now dashed to the ground.

"And a new spirit from that hour came o'er
The race that happiness had known before,
Suspicion hovered over every dish
To which the appetite still turned a wish,
Fear was now lord of life, and at his word
They trembled at their meals—'twas quite absurd."

Hence the result that it became the object of life to discover some edible, delicious and yet harmless; or some mode of life, that would keep away the dreaded disease.

But chief the sons of Jamek felt the stings,
The new ambition to eat wholesome things."

NABAL, the eldest, takes to sheep-raising and country life in the open air, and succeeds in being free from pain. SNOONAL thinks that hard work will insure health, and takes to blacksmithing.

"But STEWBAL had a frame
Fashioned to finer senses, and became
A constant wanderer on the ocean beach,
Longing for something still beyond his reach.
His was the palate that could separate
Into its parts the meats upon his plate.
Telling how much of each ingredient
Was in it used. And also he could scent,
With critic nostril, on a passing wind
The tale of how each family had dined.
His was a memory which all flavours knew
Of that rude time, and how to mix them too.
Greater than TOVEN, with a sense more keen,
Free from all prejudice for what has been."

He displays the originality of all great minds. His brothers have formed no ambition beyond that of counteracting the effects of indigestible food; he wishes to discover new combinations.

"Thus he resolved, till, walking on the shore,
He struck a shell he ne'er had seen before.
And now some spirit prompted him to pry
Into its secrets with a keener eye.
He placed it on rock, and with a stone
Smote on its edge, and opened there alone."

That which was thus disclosed looked by no means inviting; but his subtle sense caught an unaccustomed and suggestive odour—an odour that spoke of a gastronomical delicacy.

"STEWBAL must dare as great beginners dare,
He bolts the morsel, uttering a prayer,
And straightway knew that raw, or stewed, or fried,
'Twould be delicious to the world beside."

He tries it in each of these ways before returning, and wading out, in company with his sons, whom he presses into the service, they bring home as many as they can carry.

"—— There amid the throng
He lit a fire, which did not take him long;
A mighty cauldron on the blaze he placed,
And filled it up that all might have a taste;
Milk he poured in, his work was at an end,
Till the blest odours heavenward ascend.
Then from the flame the cauldron he removed,
And oysters first by mortals thus were proved."

The tribe is delighted with the new delicacy, and, each family gathering more oysters, the feast is prolonged far into the night. No bad effects follow, and all are happy. STEWBAL is at once loaded with



REJECTED!

S—NG—R (log.)—"THEY GAVE THE OTHER COVE THE PLACE, 'COS THEY SAID MY HANDS WASN'T CLEAN!"

honours, and looked upon as more than mortal; but he feels that duty commands him to let all men know the great discovery. He sets out and teaches the world the use of oysters. After wandering for centuries, he feels a longing to get back to his own land and taste a native. An old man now—broken, bent, weary, footsore—he reaches his native place. All was altered from that which he knew. A stately city had arisen. He wanders through the streets, and at last sees a great building with his name emblazoned on its front. It is the City Hall. He asks a passer for the explanation, and is told that STEWBAL is the deity of Aldermen, and that there is about to be held a great feast in his honour. A large concourse of people approaches, the Aldermen at its head, shouting his name. They enter the hall where the feast is laid out, and he with them:—

"Then fifty great taurecons the old man saw,
Filled with stewed oysters, while great boards of raw
On the half-shell were plentifully placed,
And plates of fried, alluring to the taste,
And many patties brown with flaky paste."

The aldermen and guests sit down, and the mayor pours a libation to STEWBAL.

"And straight to work they fell with eager jaws,
The fat old fellows starting first on raws."

While shouts of STEWBAL to the roof ascend,
"STEWBAL! Great benefactor! Civic friend!"

He has a passionate longing to make himself known, and rushes forward, declaring:

"I—I am STEWBAL."

All are horrified at what they deem profanity, and:

"Two rushed on him, two who moved about,
Turning bad characters, not civic, out;
Fiercely they came, and by each arm they seized
And bore him, careless, whitherward they pleased,
Shutting him in, the old man, worn and weak,
To wait the pleasure of the judging beak."

We close our quotations with the warmest admiration for the gifted author. Yet it seems to us that there is an incompleteness about the poem. A very touching description might be drawn of the grief of the Aldermen on discovering that they had maltreated their benefactor. In future editions we hope to see the suggestion acted on.

The National Song.

Many persons, afflicted with the mania for rhyming, have written what each fondly hoped would become the national song of Canada. An inappreciative public has not fallen violently in love with any of their productions, and the national song remains unchanted and probably unwritten. The last patriotic poem we have met with is entitled "Know ye the Land?" It was recently published in the *Mail*, and is one of the loftiest of lofty effusions. We wish we had space to quote all the verses, but can only give these two:—

"Know ye the land where nobility's judged by
The deeds which ennoble the man—not the glare,
Not the glitter of coronets—these are the baubles
Which either a fool, knave or tyrant might wear?"

Know ye the land where the soil's honest tiller
Independence achieve by the plough and the spade,
Where a man can sit down 'neath his own vine and fig-tree,
And none on the earth dare make him afraid?"

Which we take the liberty of paraphrasing:

Know ye the land where pucility's judged by
A public which laughs at the man who would dare
To print his full name at the end of such rubbish
As that which we've quoted two verses of there?

Know ye the land where a passable tailor
Good wages may earn, if he sticks to his trade?
If you do, Mr. Poet, learn how to cut garments,
For you'll starve as a writer, Garp's rather afraid.

Grammar Schools.

"THEM as learns grammar pays tuppence more," was the notice which a highly cultured lady is said to have posted over the door of her academic hall, the investigating mind being immediately led into calculations of the relative value of the knowledge imparted and the "tuppence" paid therefor. Toronto and other villages of Canada have grammar schools for the support of which the public pay their "tuppences," and the too credulous people have an idea that their little olive branches who go to these schools learn at least grammar. Garp is sorry to upset so comfortable a belief, but when in his meanderings he hears one youngster, fresh from his teacher's presence, asking a comrade "was you at school to-day?" he cannot really think the instruction has been over and above effective, or that the youth of the country are being impregnated with anything like thoroughness with a knowledge of the relations which should exist between the various words in a sentence. Nor does hearing a chap say, "I done

my lessons tip-top to-day," convey a strong impression of that chap's acquaintance with LINDLEY MURRAY. GARP supposes hopefully that when the election of Dr. SANGSTER takes place there will be improvement, but he does not look for it much before that very improbable event.

Reciprocity.

GARP lately instituted an examination of the pupils of his model school. He offered a prize for the best definition of Reciprocity, which he awards to Master MALCOLM CAMERON for the following answer:

"Do unto others as you would they should do unto you."

He would have divided the prize between Masters CAMERON and BROWN, the latter of whom returned a similar answer, had he not unfortunately added thereto the words "if they only will do it," thereby showing a painful want of reliance in the moral qualities of his fellow-creatures.

By the way, a number of journalists have lately been endgelling their brains on this important subject with very little result. Perhaps the best utterance on the subject is that of the St. Catharines *News* man, who nails up himself and contemporaries with the reckless quotation that "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread." So we thought when we began to peruse his article. GARP will not award a prize to any of these newspapers.

Perhaps the expectant reader wants GARP's own opinion on the subject after getting the opinions of some other papers from the *Globe*, after the manner of puffs for a quack-medicine or a second-class actor. He knows his GARP never deceived him, and he looks to him for "reliable information." And this is GARP's deliberate conclusion.

CAV.

Messrs. BROWN and PATTERSON, quote that in your respective journals. Be honest for once.

Idyls of Lober's Walk, Ottawa.

O LEAFY walk, whose grateful shade
Is sought by those that woo,
Where meet (by chance) the man and maid,
And kindly "How d'ye do,"
And they who would mamma evade,
Come "just to see the view."

We find within this hoary saga
In converse philosophic,
Hence O cynic, or engage
In some convivial topic,
Till the place's charm assuage
Your nature misanthropic!

How oft upon some rustic seat
I've sat, tho' not at ease—
They often are with wasps replete,
And slugs drop from the trees,
(Do, when you near such like retreat,
Just kindly cough or sneeze.)

For there perchance, a happy pair
Descant on joys to come,
And prospects bright seem still more fair—
Their portion cake and plum—
Ignorant that pleasure's square
Far, far exceeds its sum."

And as I saunter onward still
With non-committal mein,
Love, like a homeopathic pill—
Embryo swell and sweet sixteen—
Lacking yet the strength to "kill,"
Comes upon the scene.

And here beneath some shady tree
Sigh a pair romantic,
By papa's hostility—
Cheerful gad-fly's antic—
Stings of some ejected bee—
Driven nearly frantic.

They talk of future plans, and hope
Papa to circumvent,
(For, Darwin-like, they've given scope
To thoughts on MAN'S DISSENT.)
But marking Sol to westward slope,
I go—my time is spent.

* None but mathematicians need apply.

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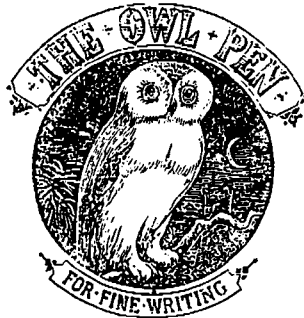
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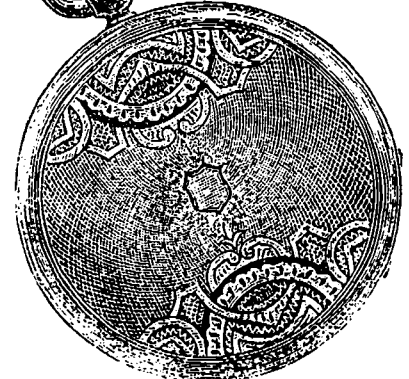
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