

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

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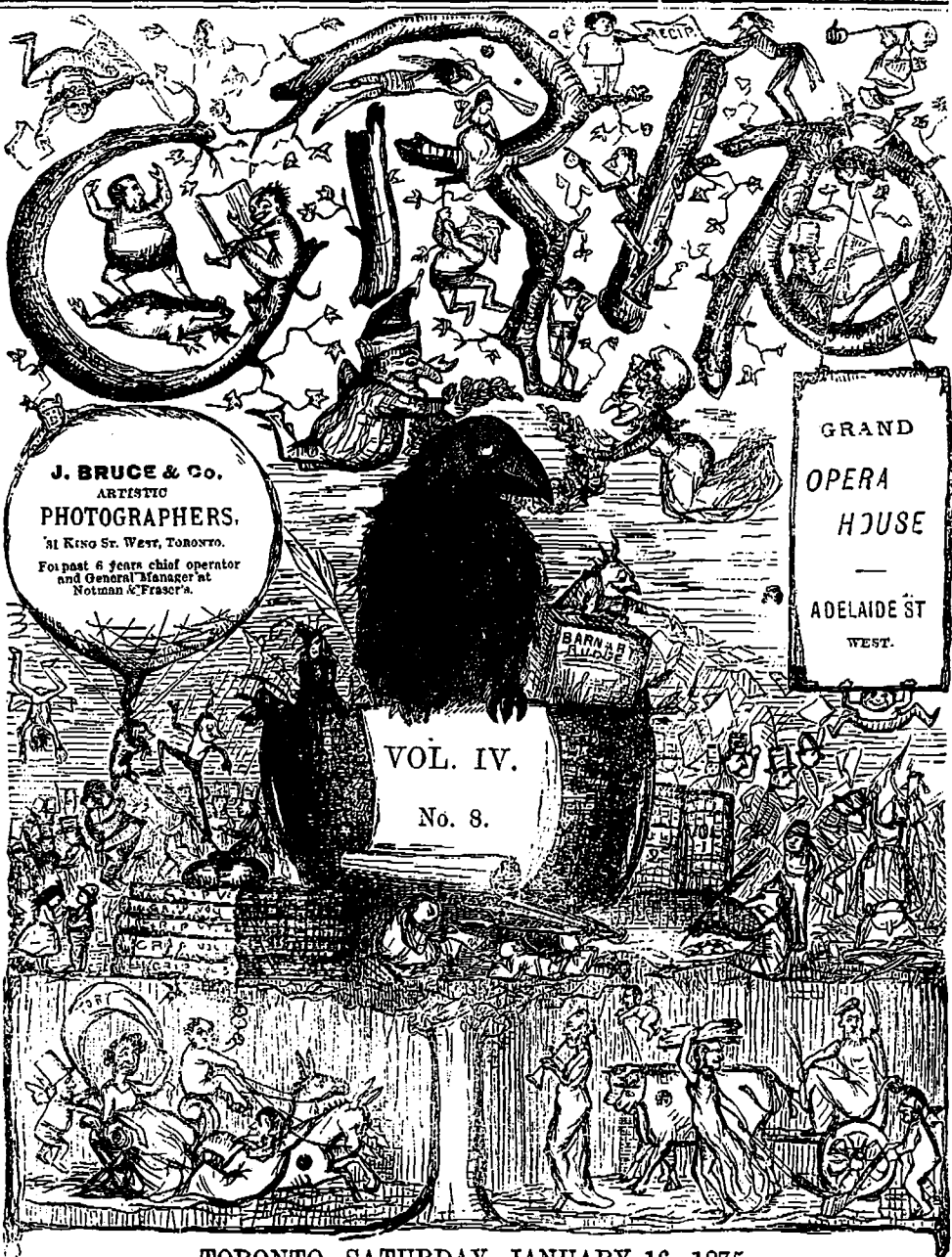
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EDITOR'S NOTE.

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.

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.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1875.

To Correspondents and Contributors.

HON. REGINALD FITZ-DUFFER, Grosvenor Square, London.—The present Chief Justice of Manitoba is not a Chippawa Chief. His name "Big Thunder" arises from his appealing so many times to the people for Parliamentary honors, although he don't speak now as much as formerly.

ANGUS McSPLEENAN, Dundee.—Yes. You will require trousers during the winter here. Your knowledge of Gaelic will be of great service to you in reporting for the *Globe* newspaper.

Box 102, Montreal.—Thanks, but cannot insert at present.

Grip's Epistles to the Boys.

NO. 1.

My Dear EDWARD,—

I have watched your political career for some time with great interest. You have a mind of your own, which is what not many of your companions are possessed of, and, what is more, you have had the courage to use it on several occasions. I was very much pleased with your declining to go on the stump in support of some people whom you didn't like, and would rather not have with you. Only you shouldn't have let yourself be bullied into going and doing so after all. It was not quite right to say you couldn't go to East Toronto as you were not an elector, and then go down to South Norfolk, where I understand you had no vote. And after all you went to East Toronto, and the other boys said it was because you were afraid of G. B. But you made a very nice speech there whether you believed all you were saying or no. Do you know I am half afraid you were not speaking *ex cathedra* when you said the *Globe* laddie was such a friend of yours. I know you are both afraid of each other, but there is not much affection in that. I am glad though that when you go to these meetings you don't say everything just as you are told to. When you went to Mr. SMITH's school you learned a great many very useful things, and he must be very glad to see you haven't forgotten them all. But I am sure he would not like to know you were making a companion of such a boy as BROWN, who says that what your dominie taught you is all nonsense. If you get mixing up what he says with your lessons, I am afraid you will never be at the top of the class. You used to know all about Confederation, the Representation of Minorities, and the other things Mr. SMITH taught you, and were quite fit to go and teach a class in them. But you went and mixed up a lot of nonsense about Grits and Tories with it the other day, till nobody knew what to make of it. Now, my dear EDWARD, try and do what is right and say your lessons properly. Never mind what the other boys say, for they are jealous of you and want to keep you out of going head of the class. I will look after you if you will behave consistently.

Yours affectionately,

Grip.

The "Globe" on the Philharmonic Society's Performance.

That *Globe* has been at it again. Despite the friendly warning, given him by GRIP upon a former occasion, to get his life insured while there was yet time, the *Globe* critic has let the opportunity slip by, so that now no respectable Company will take a risk so dangerous. However, his troubles be upon his own head.

Hear what "a first-class reporter" upon one of the "leading dailies" has to say about the performance of the Philharmonic Society last Monday. "Never has a more thoroughly critical audience been assembled at any musical entertainment in this city than that which crowded Mrs. Morrison's Grand Opera House last (Monday) evening." This remark would have been perfectly true had the *Globe* representative been absent. In referring to the time observed by the members of the Society in the first chorus, he says: "If, however, the choir would pay more attention to the conductor's baton, and depend less upon taking up the time from the orchestra or the last notes from the other voices, they would do very much better." We can only account for this extraordinary statement (the correctness of which we emphatically deny without fear of being forced to tender a subsequent apology) from the fact that those who sing by ear are not particular as to time. Indeed the best railroad chronometer would fail to keep time with the headlong pace of this reckless statement. The chorus looked at the Conductor with a glance sufficiently strong to pierce a less

able-bodied man through and through. The concentrated gaze of nearly three hundred members was enough to scare any orchestra, and we can only reconcile the *Globe* man's observation by supposing that he thought they were looking at *him*, and felt nervous. Of Mr. SIMPSON's recitatives the same authority says: "They were not marked by any degree of merit." This assertion will prove a death-blow to the Reciprocity Treaty. Mr. SIMPSON comes from New York, and we feel sure Congress will avenge such a heartless wrong. Mr. SIMPSON, however, has the satisfaction of knowing that he has the sympathy and admiration of the remaining portion of the audience. The purity of his tenor is in no-wise diminished by the bass tone assumed by the *Globe* man. His voice may not be "strong;" but if he had sung in a smaller hall he could not have sung before a smaller "critic" (!) With regard to Mr. EGAN the *Globe* man says: "In the first part he fully sustained his reputation; but in the second part, 'Why do the Nations,' he was not so good." Will the "critic" explain? We suppose he has thrown this last sentence in by way of embellishment. It sounds scholarly. "In the succeeding quartette parts," he continues, "he came out most admirably, and quite justified the expectations which had been entertained of his success on this occasion." This is evidently intended as a severe satire upon Mr. EGAN's "reputation"—inasmuch as that gentleman *did not sing a single note*—as he ought to have done. Possibly the *Globe* man was executing a horn solo outside, and couldn't hear him. In speaking of Mrs. GRANGER DOW (whose execution was almost faultless), and who had "been brought from Boston"—quite an elegant expression—the same unhappy man says "her musical culture is beyond criticism." What a fortunate thing that must have been for him! The amount of responsibility he was thus relieved from must be something serious to contemplate. Had her "musical culture" been within the reach of his scathing pen, what a blasted life hers would be, to be sure! But the most astounding revelation is yet to come. "The phenomenal quality of Miss MADISON's voice, which could scarcely be placed among the contraltos, *it being almost a baritone voice*!!!" We are lost in wonder, and await with much anxiety the cause of such an astounding change in the human physiology. DARWIN may explain, but we can't. The foregoing statement has so completely bewildered us that we fail to penetrate the hidden meaning of that *Globe* man's utterance.

In future we hope the Committee of the Philharmonic Society will, in the interest of its members and humanity at large, pay a heavy fee to that *Globe* man to stay away from their performances; otherwise he will surely come to an untimely end.

Water on the Brain.

You may chatter of whiskey or talk about wine—
Their grand exultations and feelings divine;—
Now, by the bright nectar the gods used to sup,
There's nothing like water for puffing us up.

There's PLATT is a brewer who once brewed good beer,
And BELL, as a painter, laid colors quite clear;
But, oblivious by Water Commissioning made,
They're convinced heaven-born legislating's their trade.

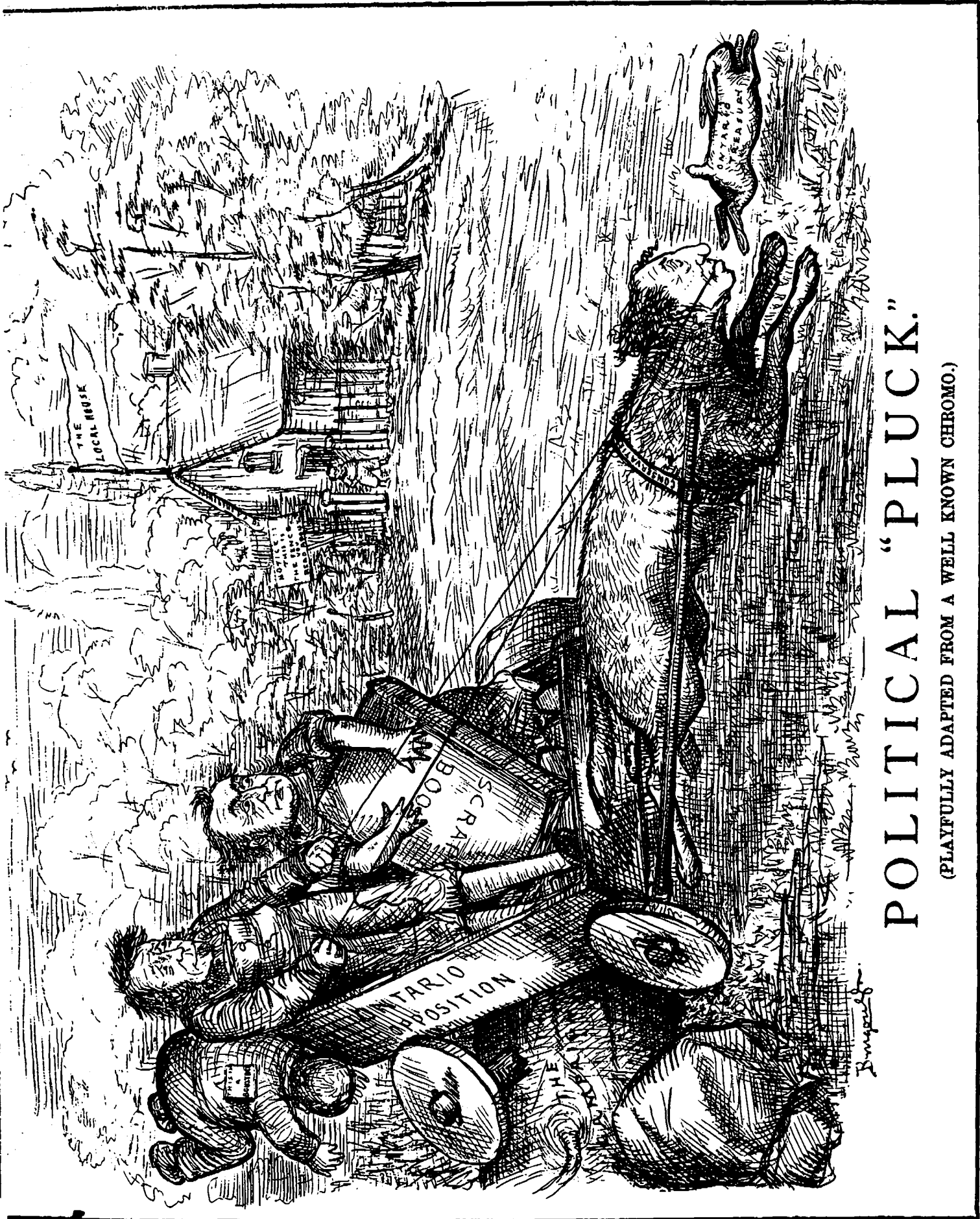
Alas! they've been splashing by night and by day,
Till it seems they've quite washed all their senses away;
And the hydrocephalic delusion they've got
That they *must* go to Parliament, whether not.

Now, GRIP's heard some queer stories of this water-work,
And he means to come down on it all like a Turk,
And instead of *more* work for Toronto to do
He'll give some of them *less*, if he finds it all true.

Associated Press Reports.

(Fished out of the Mail Editor's Waste Basket.)

BRACEBRIDGE.—The weather has been quite cold lately.
WASAGO.—The Severn is frozen solid. Hopes are entertained of the ice remaining until spring.
KINGSTON.—Business is dull. Sir JOHN MACDONALD has been elected.
FATHER POINT.—Few ships are arriving. Wind S. S. W.
LONDON.—Hon. JOHN CARLING, who has been ailing some time, attended a "hop" last evening. There is evidently something brewing.
ST. THOMAS.—A turkey belonging to Mr. A. Kerr, of Dunwich, was run down by the C. S. R. express coming east. The fences being imperfect, he has brought a suit against the Company for damages.
WHIRRY.—Two farmers' teams passed through this town to-day. Considerable excitement was occasioned, but no injury done.



POLITICAL "PLUCK."

(PLAYFULLY ADAPTED FROM A WELL KNOWN CHROMO.)

Grip to His Grace.*Greeting :*

Your Grace is doing Protestants an honor very great,
In teaching them their errors, and pointing out the fate
That awaits all those who have the wise old Vatican outgrown,
And left St. Peter's stately barque for vessels of their own.

GRIP read Your Grace's last discourse on Reformation times
And finds you think Reformers then were men of many crimes ;
He don't know if they were Clear Grits—his library's too small,—
But no reform, Your Grace believes, was needed then at all.

GRIP don't presume to *teach* Your Grace, but, with a sense of awe
That puts his feathers all awry like those of the Rheims jackdaw,
He reverently reminds Your Grace of PÉRIER, King of Spain,
And of what is known in history as "Queen Manx's bloody reign."

The Church of Rome, so history says, did then by thousands burn
Those who from what they held to be God's law refused to turn ;
Now, won't Your Grace agree with GRIP that Reformation came
Not quite amiss to any Church a-playing such a game ?

Just think, Your Grace, that in those times if you had dared to preach
Your late discourses tolerant, so full of hope to each,
Both Protestant and Catholic, your friends had played the deuce,
And in those very sermons found enough to cook your goose.

And when that culinary job was going to be done—
Which would not be cool and airy ; (but you couldn't make a pun
Just then) ; if Reformationists, I say, had hove in sight,
And east you loose, why, you'd have thought that Reformation right !

GRIP knows Your Grace is now convinced, and quite contrite as well,
And p'raps repentant at this hour in some deep cloistered cell ;
So here's GRIP's dexter talon for the *brave*, FREE words you speak
In many a well-turned sentence in your lectures week by week !

A Reformer who needs Reformation.

The man who has no music in his soul is in most cases merely an object of pity. When, however, he is not content to conceal his infirmity, but proclaims his shame aloud, he ceases to be pitiable, and becomes a nuisance who ought to be shut up. Mr. VARLEY, the revivalist, may be—perhaps is—a very good man ; but his recent behavior at the Metropolitan Church in reference to the oratorio performed by the Philharmonic Society was calculated to destroy the effect of everything he has ever done. In the first place, it was in wonderfully bad taste that he uttered his nonsensical tirade in a church where GRIP has known oratorios to have been performed, and most of whose choir are members of the Society. Secondly, the betrayal of utter ignorance as to what he is talking about, conveyed in his words, is likely to lead some to suppose that he may not be quite infallible in other respects. If a man constitutes himself a reformer, he may just as well know something of what he is going to reform. But we suppose it is necessary for a sensational preacher (save the mark) to be sensational at the expense of common sense, decency, or fact. Can our readers imagine a person deliberately affirming that Handel's finest sacred music was "blasphemy," and that he would wonder if "fire did not come down from heaven" to consume the "profane lips" that sang it ? If any ordinary person were to do so, he would stand a fair chance of a journey as far as the Queen street cars would take him—without a return passage. And yet this is just what Mr. VARLEY did the other night. GRIP objects to profanity as much as any one, and hears a great deal too much of it ; but for unmitigated profane familiarity with sacred names and subjects, we think some discourses of preachers of Mr. VARLEY's stamp surpass the utterances of any bar-room rowdies. And yet we never heard anybody express a wish or expectation for fire from heaven to consume their profane lips. Really we do not know whether to feel more sorry for Mr. VARLEY or disgusted with him. We incline to the former view of the case, as he evidently has no idea of one of the noblest gifts vouchsafed to mortals, and cannot see that such strains as those of Handel's *Messiah* will arouse more real devotion than the noisy brawlings of a thousand spiritual stump-speakers.

Grip to the Electors of East Toronto.

Vote ! Vote ! Vote ! you live in the land of the free,—
Rise to the height of your manhood's right—your citizen's dignity—
CAMERON and FLATT ; CROOKS and O'DONOGHUE—
GRIP don't care a cent which way you vote, only be sure that you do !

For if you have a voice in the State be not neutral and dumb,
Your ballot can't be useless—'tis a unit in the sum ;
Vote ! Vote ! Vote ! when occasion calls, and you can—
On Monday go to the ballot box and score your X like a man !

The Sharer of the Spoil.

SCENE—A moor near Toronto. Enter BROWN; to him, CAMERON.
(Our readers must not suppose from any similarity of names that these are the editors of the *Globe* which is, and the *Liberal* which is to be.)

Cameron—What do ye here ?

Brown—I wait my deadly foe,
Who by this road must to Toronto go.

Cameron—Describe thy foe,
And tell the reason why thou call'st him so.

Brown—I mean one CAMERON vile, of London town,
A traitor base to me, whose name is BROWN.

Cameron—Behold him here ! and quickly justify
Thy words, or on this moor expect to die.

Brown (*recoiling and striking an attitude*).—Thou ?

Cameron (*advancing and striking another*).—Aye !

Brown—O CAMERON, I did not think to shed a tear
When once I floored MACDONALD ; but thou hast
Turned on fresh mains of sorrow. Thou, alas !
Cradled between *Globe* sheets, nursed at my feet,
Backed by my strength ; and living on extracts
From my great journal drawn, when I have all
My rivals endways knocked ! Lo ! CARLINO lies
Supine among his beer-tubs ; mighty GRIMS
Is but a gibbering phantom ; stout Sir JOINS
Trembles, a fleeting shade on mountain tops—
Beneath the ribs I smote him ; and appeased
Mine own, when,—crowning joy of all my life,—
I made the *National* apologise. I hold
Fat office, and advertisements pour in.
Base hound, that never pull'dst the quarry down,
Come'st thou to share the prey ?

Cameron—Brown, learn thy great mistake. Thou ever tak'st
All credit to thyself. *Thou* held'st the flag,
But *we* the battle won ! Thy time is past.
Poor, shrivelled kernel of thy former self,
Where is the BROWN that once, full flushed with strength,
Flashed here from Washington, and fluttering sent
Our Tory Volsians ? What is now thy page ?
Bethink thee, SHEPPARD's crushing words no more
Ring in thy columns ; and MACDUGALL writes
Not now for thee (beware him, if he get
Into our Local House). EDWARDS gives not
His wealth of figures to thee ; what is left ?
Thy DRYDEN is but paste ; thy pouring FLOOD
Will ne'er overwhelm the Pharaoh who pursues
Fast on thy track. See where his chariot wheels,
Gory with conflict, dashing o'er the stones,
Flash e'er they crush thee down ! Say, Brown, dost read
That most insipid "Nation" ?

Brown—It is fate. (*Exit*).

Cameron—Now here before my Party
I throw my warlike shield. Lay, GOLDWIN, OD,
And damn'd be he that grumbles thereupon.

(Advances a *Liberal* ; prepares to deliver Cut 7 with an ink-bottle ; scene closes.)

O, for a National Song !

We have been bored to death lately in consequence of aspiring youths and maidens laboring under the erroneous idea that they have within them the Divine afflatus which will enable them to immortalize their names in patriotic verse. These "odes," "lines," &c., as a rule, ran largely to maple leaves, pioneers, and played-out hunting-grounds. As a specimen "poem" which, though not touching on the usual "maple leaf," is a fair sample of what we daily receive, we submit the following. The aspiring bard entitles it an "Idyl," which we trust is not indicative of his own character. He bursts into song in this wise :

CANADA—AN IDYL.

"Sing not to me of England's quiet landscapes,
Italia's skies, or fertile fields of France,
How sweeter far is pork and buckwheat pancakes
That erst in youth did my fond soul entrance ;
Say, can the Pontine Marshes round th' Eternal City
Compare with ours at mouth of noble Don,
Or at the Humber ? In fact all round the city,
We still can hear the tuneful 'skeeter's hum,
The beautiful blue Danube—Guadalquivir,
The Rhine with feudal ruins, "old in story ;
Their recollections make one almost shiver,
At by-gone fights that turned their green banks gory !
I sigh not for the vale of famed Avon,
Or Spain, the land of Hidalgo and Deigo,
They can't show worth a cent 'longside Muskoka,
Or Couchiching that washes fair Washago !"

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