

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

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VOL. 3.

TORONTO, JULY 18, 1874.

No. 8.

EDITOR'S 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 retained.

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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PROSPECTUS VOL. III.

The Publishers of “GRIP” have great pleasure in announcing the first number of the third (half-yearly) volume. “GRIP” was started on the 24th May, 1873, and has, during the twelve months of its existence, attained a popularity and success quite unexampled in the annals of Canadian Comic Journalism. That it has become a power in the land is attested by the universal voice of the press, and the not infrequent tributes to its influence uttered upon the floor of the House of Commons, or in other public places, by the most prominent men of all political parties. Its Cartoons have been distinguished for originality, power, and humour, and have made the name of “GRIP” a household word throughout the length and breadth of the land. The willingness of the people of Canada to support a publication of this class, if conducted honourably and ably, is beyond question. The large circulation which “GRIP” has had from its initial number up to the present, notwithstanding that but little effort has been made to obtain subscribers, is an evidence of this. The publishers purposely refrained from sending out canvassers up to the present time, as they desired to prove that “GRIP”—unlike its many predecessors—would be a *permanent* institution. The uniform interest manifested by the public in each succeeding number, and the undiminished applause with which the caricatures continue to be received, argue that, so far as the *people* are concerned, this permanency is assured; while the publishers have confidence that with the improvement they purpose making in the paper, and their increased facilities for its prompt and regular delivery to subscribers, there need be no abatement in “GRIP’s” popularity. The leading Cartoon will be carefully engraved by one of the best artists in the Dominion; and will be supplemented by several smaller caricatures in each number. The editorial management has been entrusted to a gentleman whose past performances in connection with a clever satirical journal of Canada are a guarantee of his fitness for the position. Contributors will be paid liberally for articles of merit, and writers of first-rate ability will hereafter be secured to furnish the literary department. “GRIP” will continue to occupy a position of complete independence in politics and all other matters; he will strive to sustain the reputation he has achieved as “the fearless corrector of public morals, and a wise director of public opinion, regardless of party.”

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G R I P.

EDITED BY MR. DEMOS MUDGE.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1874.

Letters from Hot Latitudes.

PERSPIRATION CAMP, July 10, 1874.



Y day we had talked of it for a month, had dreamed of it nightly, and, regularly as the morn had dawned, it had been our waking thought; for had we not read of its pleasures in books—blind leaders of the blind—which had told us that for pure intellectual enjoyment, for building up the harassed body and strengthening the weary mind, to hold communion with Nature, to leave the Busy Haunts of Men, in other words, to CAMP OUT, was the one thing pre-eminently beneficial, and a consummation devoutly to be wished.

And so thought we, and for ten days previous to the one fixed for our voluntary exile, you might have heard, had you been at the key-hole, much mysterious talk as of men bound on some mighty expedition, mention of burdettes and other articles of camp equipage foreign to the uninitiated, and you might have seen piled up in a corner clumsy shaped packages, the contents of which no mortal man, not in our secret, might even guess.

Nightly conferences too were had over our commissariat arrangements, and liberal were the calculations in regard to our prospective appetites; so much so that I believe our original programic contemplated one ham, three twelve pound loaves, and two bottles of pickles per man *per diem*, in which calculation it must be evident dyspepsia could have had no share.

And there was a hunting up of discarded garments, and a selection of extraordinary trousers in which the occupants felt like unlucky candidates after a contested election, unsented members, so to speak; and a donning of Wellington boots that appropriately enough extorted an ardent wish, ere they had been worn a day, for "bluchers or night."

Time, with its usual speed, has flown then, and the eventful day has arrived for our expatriation; the boats are loaded with our *impedimenta*, our fellow *voyageurs* are on board, the roll has been called, and we have answered "Adsum," and not without an inward mis-giving such as must have seized upon COLUMBUS as he left the shores of Spain, our prows are turned up the river, oars are shipped, hats are waved to friends who prefer giving us a start to starting with us, and we are off.

And as we go the last face I see is that of the would-be funny man of our set, our special nuisance, who stands on the shore weeping crocodilish tears and who has maliciously mounted a broad mourning band on his white hat, in honor, as he says, of the mournful occasion.

Did you ever pull twelve miles in a boat eighteen feet long; with a heavy and perspiring female camper in the stern seat; with canvass tents, bedding, and satchels above you and under you, and all around you, imbedded so to speak under a mountain of baggage, the mercury at 85, and the only prospect that of the tip of the aforesaid heavy femle, down which trickles slowly signs of liquefaction?

I won't descant longer on the horrors of the middle passage, for are we not going to commune with Nature and will not the delights of solitude and the cessation from business cares coupled with the pleasure of drinking our tea saturated with hard and mosquitos, more than make amends for the burden and heat of the day; and should a man grumble because before all this pleasure is attainable a little self-immolation (heaven save the mark) is necessary?

The voyage over, therefore, and no mishap save several hair-breadth escapes from being run down by aggressable tugs and unyielding propellers, and we are landed; our baggage and baggages are disembarked, our foot is on our native strand, and like ROBINSON CRUSOE, we feel that we are "monarchs of all we survey," that is, what is left of us, and that our right there is none to dispute.

By this time the mercury is risen some five degrees and is evidently bent on going for the nineties but there is no help for it; our tents must be pitched and our fair companions housed, so to work we go with a will.

Now tont pitching when you understand it is (barring lying) the easiest thing in the world; but when you don't it's the —. To misquote slightly, "we pitched our tents like the Arabs and silently cussed away."

But we got them up at last and then you know it was so rural, such sweet communion with Nature, even though your face did look like a miniature Niagara, and you yourself felt like a revised edition of the prayer-book with everything exorcised except the ejaculations.

We were eight in number look you, and at the risk of a libel suit I can't forego a sketch of them,—per photographs 'a la' KATE FIELDS.

First I myself, somewhat misanthropical, with a touch of indigestion, the curse of the race from the time the apple disagreed with ADAM, downward; hot, but enwrapped in the serene consciousness that the aforesaid communion would recompense me for my feelings; by name—no matter—by occupation, a married man.

GEORDIE, likewise married, good natured, an earnest disciple of old IZAAK WALTON, and as a catcher of uneatable fish, without an equal.

FURZ, of Teutonic descent, blonde complexion, a good eater and a better smoker; and to complete the picture, JACK, good hearted, impetuous, quick of speech, with well-patched trousers; devoted to the girls, who shut their eyes to his patches and saw only his virtues.

On the side of the softer sex we had first my wife, good natured, fat and nervous (*ora pro nobis* if she sees this),—secondly FURZ' wife, likewise good natured but a martyr to dyspepsia for the circumvention of which enemy she carried round such a multitudinous array of remedies, that we were never sure when we took soup that it wasn't half broth and the rest Hyposphosphites; or that when we were regaled with green peas that we were not being done to death with blue pill; thirdly, GEORDIE'S wife, amiable, delicate, and doting on hard-boiled eggs; last of all but not least, HATTIE, the belle of the party, unmarried and wrapped up in the aforesaid JACK.

Oh HARNER, when I think of thee words fail to utter, thoughts to express the feeling which—(for goodness sake GRR cut this out; if my wife sees it I'm a gone goose.)

I won't say a word about the first three meals; I didn't cook but only ate them, and regardless of the weary visages of my comrades who had done the cooking, I ate and was filled, heedless of the pendant spider or the perambulating earwig, oblivious even of the soup-like butter tessellated with the festivo fly, nor recked I of the morrow when my turn was coming to toss the sportive flap-jack in the hissing pan.

Dnight came on, and with it, GEORDIE and a string of club; and Destiny with a large D marked me for its own in the fish-cleaning line.

I lit a lamp, and anathematising GEORDIE, club, and IZAAK WALTON, set to work; in five minutes, ere the first fish was ready for embalming, the flies were up to my knees; in five minutes more they were up to my neck and then—I remember nothing more until I found myself under the tent, having been dug out by the rest of the party, who were advising me to go in for base-bass, I was so good "on the fly." But then look you, GRIP, it was so truly rural, and it was so sweet thus to hold communion with Nature, to say nothing of the liberal manner in which the flies were thrown in.

When night threw her sable mantle round the scene, I laid me down to sleep, and recumbent on the lap of Mother Earth, revelled in the solitude for which my soul had longed (at least this is how I had pictured to myself I should do), but unhappily "the little rift within the lute" was there.

When I arose in the morning the mosquito certainly was dead, but I couldn't get my cap on and my nose was perfectly useless, save for ornamental purposes,—but it was so rural.

At 4 A. M., think of it, ye gods and little fishes! I was roused from my slumbers to cook the breakfast; and if there is one thing that a man's soul should yearn for, it is the post of cook to a camping-party, broiling the fish on one stove with the pipe from the other in his left trouser pocket.

But I struggled on; at 9.30, or in the short space of five hours, I had cooked the fish, put such portions of them on a dish as didn't adhere to the pan, had poured out the butter, dished out the tea with the regulation allowance of flies and gravel, handed round the eggs which I discovered in the tea-kettle, forty-five minutes after they had been put in, and which were in that incipient state of putrifaction so suggestive of indigestion; had sawn the bread into cubes of the proper dimensions, and after a struggle with the hornets who were investigating the sugar, had placed that luxury also on the table, when it was discovered by one of them, I name her not, that I had forgotten the milk.

To row three miles for a quart of that fluid, in a broiling sun after five hours of artificial broiling over a wood fire, was one of the most rural things I had experienced yet, and in the communion with Nature that ensued, I fear that the fragmentary character of the discourse must have caused considerable surprise to that interesting young woman. But I got the milk and returned with it to find the breakfast consumed, and I was perfectly satisfied then that the most rural thing in the whole arrangement was *myself*, in the most literal

meaning of the word. Need I say that I resigned my position as cook, and informed the party it might "suit itself" as early as possible.

I have nothing to say against snakes; in their place (preserved in spirit) they are interesting to students of natural history, but out of place and in bed with the undersigned they are a mistake in creation. FRITZ says so, too.

Black ants, too, in your boots, are philosophically speaking "black ants and nothing more," but I have prejudices against this sort of thing which no kind of experience will remove.

And yet, as I said before, it was rural in the extreme, and after another night's sleep with the stump of a tree in the small of my back, black ants holding steeple chases up my legs, beetles prospecting down my neck and "panning out" whenever they saw a chance, the gentle mosquito all the while finding the music for the circus. I was fully convinced that what I had sought for so long and so diligently, "the glories of the primeval forest," I had found at last.

The third day was more convincing than the other two had been, and on the fourth, I wasn't quite certain whether I wasn't enjoying myself too much.

On the fifth I thought that a little more self-denial was really called for, and that I ought not to go on enjoying myself in a manner which my friends in town were not in a position to share.

And on the morning of the sixth day, after falling into the water twice; being rained on incessantly through the night; having swallowed more ants and flies than even rural felicity made desirable, having in fact so thoroughly exhausted the communion business that I was as silent as Nature itself, my self-denial got the better of me, and mindful of a note to meet ere the bank closed, I tore myself away.

I met that funny man next morning, of whom I spoke at the commencement of my letter, and he congratulated me on my "improved appearance."

Great CESAR! and this with my face like an animated nutmeg-grater and blisters on every spot where the skin was not off.

Never mind! that man will die some time and I shall attend his funeral with alacrity, if I am not in the same line of business myself.

SMIRK.

Toronto Adaptations.

12th July.

THE MARSHAL.

I saw him on the glorious Twelfth,
When like a king he bore him;
He rode upon a snow-white horse,
Like WILLIAM REX before him;
The Boyne—the gallant SCHOMBERG's deeds,
Inflamed his noble heart—their needs
Of glory were shed o'er him.
He looked around, and from his eye
Defiance flashed on Popery.

As he reached a corner, crowds there pressed
In orange colors neat;
And from the east and from the west
The bannered lodges met.
While tavern, shop, and tall lamp-post
Shook with the wild cries of that host,
And thunder of their feet;
He heard the imperial echoes ring,
He heard—and dreamed himself a king.

I saw him next alone—no stamp
Of any lodge attended;
Nor banners blaze; nor coursers tramp,
With party music blended.
He sat alone, whom twelfth July
Had almost seemed to deify,
And calmly brogans mended.
And as he pegged, no loyal stave,
Like that of yesterday, he gave.

Ho sat—horse, badges, weapon, gone—
And cobbled in repair,
While still his wife jawed ruthless on
For she was marshal there.
As leader in that loyal lark,
Kept up till too long after dark,
He had forgot all care;
And now—the hero sunk from bliss—
From such a height as that to this.



SANGSTERISM WORKED OUT; OR, INTELLECT BEFORE CONDUCT.

(Respectfully dedicated to the Schoolteachers of South Perth.)

SCHOOLMASTER (who endorses the Perth County Convention idea).—"John Smith, the Monitor says you behaved badly in my absence. Now, sir, I must punish you!"

JOHNNY SMITH.—"Hold on, ole man; I did cut up, you bet; but I know'd my lesson, though!"

SCHOOLMASTER, (who endorses, etc.).—"Ah! that makes all the difference! Intellect before conduct any day! You may retire, sir!"

The Model Farmer.

BY OUR OWN ARCHIBALD.

I AM always ready to instruct the public. All the emigrants who come out to this country with the intention of farming cannot enjoy the advantages offered by the Model Farm, and even among those who have passed their lives in Canada, there are many to whom these hints, gathered from long experience of Canadian farming, may not be without value.

To be able to follow my advice it is first necessary to have a farm of your own. Employers are apt to be prejudiced against what the Conservative idiots term innovations. Therefore, first get your farm. Get a free grant, if you can. Muskoka is the best location, it gives most scope for ingenuity. The greater part of the surface will be covered with trees, rocks or water. In the first case, cut them down. In the second, take them up. In the third, fill it in. CLARKE told me the another plan the other day for the rocks and rivers. It sounded like swea ring, but he told me it didn't mean that *He* said—No, I don't like to repeat what he said.

Now, when you come into the country, you will, like everyone else, think how untidy the stumps of trees look on cleared land, and what a lot of space they waste. It will look like this on your farm when you have cut down your trees. Now don't bother about digging up your stumps, but heap the earth up to the tops of them, so as to get them well out of sight. This will not take you above one season's work, and your farm will look quite elegant by comparison with your neighbours'. The little hillocks thus formed will be an agreeable relief to the monotonous occupation of ploughing on a dead flat. But I shall come to ploughing operations presently.

As regards the rocks, you can blast them, as CLARKE says, or you can carry them away. If there are others underneath, don't be discouraged. You must get to the bottom some day or other. And then, bliss!

If you can't fill the water up, drain it off, or dam it—do something. (LARKE again.)

It may be as well to premise that clearing land, especially felling trees, requires some acquaintance with the use of an axe. If a novice, you had better begin with a blunt one at first, as you won't hurt yourself so much if you hit your own head instead of a tree. It is as well to practise by splitting kindling-wood in the first instance, and in this to adopt the plan of a gentleman, now sheriff of a western county, who in his early days always stood in a tub to split wood, thereby protecting his toes.

Now, let us suppose your land tolerably clear, or that you have bought a cleared farm. What is to be done now? The plough. If not sufficient of a machinist to make one, or capitalist to buy one, borrow one, or better still, steal one. To this you attach your horses or oxen. At the Model Farm, we prefer cows in the latter capacity. They give much more milk than bullocks, though they do not make such good beef. Arm yourself with a stout whip and go forth to the field. At first you will find it difficult to draw a straight furrow.



“THE MAN WOT SHOWS OFF AT THE PIC-NICS.”
 OR. THE ITINERANT ATTORNEY-GENERAL AND HIS BEAUTIFUL BALLOONS.

The best way to do this is to incessantly shout "gee" and "haw" alternately at the top of your voice. These sounds are supposed to make animals turn to the right and left respectively, and if you change so often as to make them not know which way to turn, they are pretty sure to go straight. If you can't get them and the plough round at the end of the furrow, you must be as obtuse as the Opposition Quartette in the Local Legislature.

As soon as you finish ploughing, sow something. Do this stealthily and surreptitiously cover it up at once, or the birds may see it. Cucumbers are perhaps as good as anything on newly cleared land. They are readily saleable in back settlements, are cooling in hot weather, and make excellent pickles. Wheat is too commonly grown to be a profitable crop, and rye is made use of for such debasing purposes that I hope to see it eradicated from the land. If you have not sown your wild oats already, sow the balance of them. These are like the *Canadian* and *New Dominion Monthlies*. They are serials.

The Comet.

WAR WITH THE UNITED STATES!

THE MOTHER-IN-LAW OF THE MAYOR OF MONTREAL.

IMPUDENT moderns, who pretend to know more than their grandmothers, deny the sanguinary influence of comets. But what do they say to the threatened war with the United States?

That bloodthirsty comet influenced the mother-in-law of the Mayor of Montreal to throw a pail of slops out of her window, and maliciously caused one of her female tenants to be under the window at the time. Of course the female tenant got a bath. Then the comet went to work again, and got the female tenant to bring the Mayor's mother-in-law before the Police Magistrate.

The Mayor, no doubt influenced by the comet—for how else can such unprecedented conduct be accounted for—appeared on behalf of his mother-in-law and procured her acquittal. Then the comet insinuated to the female tenant's husband, an American citizen, that the Mayor had exercised an undue influence upon the Police Magistrate, and, by virtue of his office, perverted the law. So the female tenant's husband complained to his Government, and wants the insult to his wife wiped out in Canadian blood.

The President called upon the British Government to surrender the Mayor and his mother-in-law, and GRIP has private advices from his Washington correspondent that all the Yankee volunteers are being supplied with new uniforms.

Our Government should order Mr. JENKINS to move in the Imperial House of Commons for the extradition of the man COGOTA, who, by discovering that infernal comet, brought about the difficulty. Ex-Attorney-General CLARKE intends moving for an Act by the Manitoba Legislature, abolishing mothers-in-law, and all other matrimonial institutions throughout the world. He proposes enforcing the Act, if passed, by the aid of all the Mounted Police who escape the terrible mosquitoes of the plains. Of course CLARKE has private ends in view, for there is no telling how large a force of mothers-in-law may eventually be fondly seeking him. Still, if he succeeds, one source of complication with the Yankees will be dried up. In the meantime, GRIP has organized his contributors into two battalions, and they are ready and eager for the fray. The ladies of Canada are embroidering on the regimental colours the glorious legend, "Never say die." Let the Queen's Own be on the alert. The Governor-General's Body Guard has been sent to Lake Tencisamingur in charge of the Ottawa Civil Service Corps and *vice versa*. It was feared that the warlike cries of those heroes would cause the enemy to believe themselves to be confronted by ferocious savages. They would then mass the whole American army against the point where the Ottawa men fought, and go in for a war of extermination, like that against the Modocs. We would be forced to reprisals and might hang GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN, and ——. But the prospect that opens is too frightful to gaze upon any longer. GRIP will issue an extra when war is declared, for which he has prepared a cartoon on President Grant, so awfully funny that he expects at least one-half of the American army will die of laughing at it. He will make game of the whole universal Yankee nation if it isn't cautious!

Barnum and the "Montreal Witness."

A SCRIBE of the *Witness* staff last week interviewed BARNUM. His account of the "great showman" is too good to be lost. It must be remembered that the *Witness* is a moral and religious paper of the most pronounced description, which howls every day against Popery, Rum, the Theatre, light literature, and all manner of sinfulness. The editor don't allow advertisements of saloons or immoral amusements to appear in its pure columns. It has a "Children's Corner," in which the bad boy is remorselessly pursued to the deepest degradation. It has paragraphs—texts of scripture—headed "Threefold

cord" and "Helps to every day holiness," in juxtaposition to market reports and police items. Its editorials would have met the fervent approval of Mr. STIGGINS and Mr. ANTHONY HARKUS. It was never known to advertise a circus till BARNUM's came along. Then the noble countenance of that great man appeared in its columns with the announcement of his "Great Travelling Museum, Menagerie and World's Fair" with its "100,000 Cardinal Curiosities, Representative Animals and Amphibious Marino Moustiers." There were also half-a-dozen puffs of the circus.

In the same issue appeared a mournful editorial concerning a Sabbath breaking ferry boat which sinfully persists in giving hard-worked showmen and tired laborers an opportunity of breathing the pure air of St. Helen's island on the day of rest. But the reporter's account of his interview with BARNUM explained the anomaly. From it we learn that Mr. BARNUM's features express the *bonhomie*, or geniality of temperament, which has always characterized the great showman. He had formed the acquaintance of Mr. JOHN DOUGALL, the founder of the *Witness* publications, and intimated that the *New York Daily Witness* was a very valuable paper. "I wish we had forty of them over there," said he emphatically, "for they would do great good, the New Yorkers were too much devoted to sensational literature."

Mr. BARNUM admits, free of charge, to his "Colossal Exhibition" every person who purchases his autobiography for one dollar and fifty cents. The book is cheap at the money too. There a public that—according to BARNUM—likes being humbugged, may learn the true history of all BARNUM's original sells. We can fancy the showman mournfully presenting JOHN DOUGALL with a copy of the book, and regretting that its value is not appreciated by those wicked New Yorkers who "are too much devoted to sensational literature."

Mr. BARNUM expressed gratification on learning that the *Witness* here as well as its coadjutor in New York, was increasing in circulation, and intimated that his great shows and menageries had always been conducted on moral principles. "My early ambition was to combine instruction with rational amusement."

We have a dim recollection that P. T.'s "early ambition" to "combine instruction with rational amusement" was productive of that celebrated animal which differed from the traditional mermaid only in the circumstance of its being dovetailed. "JOICE HATH also" combined "instruction" as to the infancy of GEORGE WASHINGTON with the "rational amusement" of BARNUM himself. The "What is it?" was a remarkable illustration of "moral principles."

Mr. BARNUM further said the majority of showmen pandered to the low tastes of certain classes in their entertainments and never appeared to see that they thus lost the support of the community at large.

It will be seen that the great showman while lending his valuable approval to the two *Witnesses* and uttering the most moral sentiments, did not for a moment forget business. We at first supposed that it was a fellow feeling that made MESSRS. DOUGALL so wondrous kind. But now we find the explanation in the fact that BARNUM has of late done a little temperance oratory, and claims to have been sober for thirty years, which we quite believe.

Teetotalism covers a multitude of sins from the eyes of the DOUGALL type of humanity.

We think that BARNUM's latest exploit of gulling the *Witness* not the least humorous of his many humorous doings, and wish the veteran all the success which his adroitness deserves.

But for the absurd twaddle which, because BARNUM's common sense has kept him from intemperance, would make of him a moral hero, we have no words to express sufficient contempt.

The *Witness* exemplifies very fairly the remark of the profound and witty Frenchman, HENRI BEYLE (M. DE STRUDEAL): "The popular press is flagitious precisely in the measure of its sanctimony."

A Classic Pun.

GRIP wishes it distinctly understood that his acceptance of the following pun is not to be taken as a precedent. He has given it space in part from a fine feeling of courtesy to its author, Dr. RYERSON, and in part because it is very unlike the common run of puns. It is said that Dr. SANDERSON assisted Dr. RYERSON in putting the thing into shape. Dr. McCAYL has kindly undertaken to explain the joke to all inquirers:

COMATOSE.

SCPTICAL PUPIL.—The discovery of our nebulous visitant being directly traceable to Cocorations, may there not reasonably be a strong metaphysical doubt as to its existence?

PROFESSOR (*decidedly*).—Not so. *Coggiato, ergo sum.*

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