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EDITED BY
Mr. Barnaby Rudge.
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EDITOR'S NOTE.

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VOL. 2.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 29TH, 1873.

No. 1.

SMOKED SALMON,

Portland Bloaters.

Finnan Haddies,

Table Codfish,

Pickled Salmon,

Pickled Mackerel,

Pickled Labrador Herring,

Sugar Cured Hams,

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GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29th, 1873.

Volume the Second.

It was a midnight dreary. A spare-built Knight Companion of the Bath, with kinky hair, one lock of which fell over his pale brow, reclined dreamily upon a rich couch in his chamber, gazing at the ghosts wrought upon the floor by the flames dying in the fireplace, and reading in their mystic movements the story of a political chieftain's career. While he was still looking, he beheld a brave spirit driven to earth, and as he fell the light danced redly o'er the battle-field a moment, and then the embers expired. Suddenly there was a silken and sad rustling at the window curtain, and when the Knight rose and opened the window a lordly Raven strutted in and perched himself over the door, upon a marble bust whose features closely resembled one ALEXANDER MACKENZIE. There he continued to sit in solemn silence (not deeming it polite to be the first to speak) The Knight, on his part, was lost in awe at the strange visitor, and it was quite a long time before he demanded, in a frenzy of fear, "Whence comest thou?" To this the Raven replied, "Don't be afraid, Sir JOHN, I'm only your friend Grip. I just dropped in to pay you my respects, and to present you with my FIRST VOLUME, whose extraordinary success has been due in no small measure to yourself."

GRIP'S ADDRESS TO RISING STATESMEN.

(See Cartoon.)

Lift up your eyes fixed low upon the fallen foe,
His writhings can but warn ye to beware
Of seeking power and pelf, of planning more for self,
Than for the land whose destinies ye share.

Look west! the prairies spread, great mountains lift their heads,
The farther ocean laves them where they stand;
Look east! and white with sails, borne on by pleasant gales,
Atlantic rollers break upon the sand.

Lift up your eyes and see, the promise that shall be,
The rainbow-tinted future of the land—
A mighty nation spread from main to main, instead
Of us, the Pioneers, who lonely stand.

Vast plains with hedges decked, great hills with sheepfolds flecked,
The busy hum of reapers in the air;
And mild-eyed cattle graze where in the early days,
The buffalo in countless thousands were.

It is not long till then, boys shall not be old men,
Before the infant nation shall have grown
So great, her flag shall fly in every foreign sky,
And free as air the great hopes that we own.

Then WASHINGTON'S great name shall boast no purer fame
Than yours, who with great hearts the scheme shall plan,
That makes the transit free from that which now we be
To that which prescient GRIP avows we can.

PAINFULLY AMBIGUOUS.

HERE is a model paragraph from the *Brampton Times*, and its miserable spirit is only equalled by its precious ambiguity.

"The *Banner's* opinion of the *Times*, whether good or bad, we treat with perfect contempt. We would just as leave the long-eared Jackasses of the *Banner* would call the proprietor of this journal a sinner as a saint. A few days ago a gentleman in town, while speaking about him, said it was just like 'that skunk.'"

Of whom did the "gentleman in town" speak? Can it be possible that it was of the "proprietor" above mentioned? Editors who want to display their "perfect contempt" and take this very strange way of doing so, should bear in mind the old proverb about "edge tools!"

Our Own Medium.

No. II.

THE SHADOWS, TUESDAY.

DEAR GRIP,—Man is said to be a social animal, and as an instance of it we may observe that as in the past, so now in the present, men take all occasions and pretences of forming themselves into those little nocturnal assemblies, which are commonly known as "Clubs." Given any set of men with certain leading characteristics either of person or of mind, and we invariably find them establishing themselves into some kind of a fraternity. This sometimes takes place in the most peculiar manner, as witness, the "Fat Mens' Club," in the neighboring Republic:

Jolly fellows every one,
Weighing together many a ton.

It seems to me this is indeed the age of Clubs, and since my last letter, I have amused myself studying the different varieties of the same extant in your city.

Everybody has heard of "The Stale and Old Clothing and Fuel Club" conducted on very high principles, and yet productive of much good. Then there is the "Sewing Meeting Club," rather perambulatory in their procedure; grand in prospective good works, but rich in gossip. With a good deal of the gossip dropped, and a more *Litter-ary* element introduced, they would we opine do greater service.

Christian names still seem to be fashionable as a club badge, as I find established in your midst St. Andrews', St. Patrick's, and St. George's' clubs, the latter of which seems to number a goodly disciple-hip, from the frequent use I hear made of the expression "By George."

These may be considered the types of the Religious and Charitable Clubs.

There are at present I find in several parts of the City what they call "Singing Clubs" at which the chief Amateur singers meet together to practise *Classical Music*. From actual observation I am able to inform your readers that house-rents are very low in the immediate vicinity of these Clubs. The "Tea Skittle Club," of which I was formerly an unworthy member, I am astonished to find is still kept up, and maintained by the usual very hum-drum people of Nothing-to-do proclivities, who now style their meetings, I hear, in consonance no doubt with their proclivities, "Kettle Drums."

After these two innocent Societies, I cannot forbear mentioning a very mischievous one erected I find, some years ago. I mean the Club of the "Old Fogies," to which none are admitted without a certain knowledge of the talismanic words *presto pass*. Like most modern institutions of the kind this celebrated Club is founded on eating and drinking; and as all men agree on these points, I was not astonished to find, amongst their number, the learned, and illiterate, the dull, and the airy, the philosopher, and the buffoon.

Strange to say, near by I found another Club known as the "Royal Canuck Yawl Club," stranded high and dry, beached, in fact, in a public street. This I found, notwithstanding the name, was also devoted to eating and drinking, and I cannot forbear closing this letter without giving you the scheme of laws under which their affairs are guided:

Rules to be observed in the R. C. Y. C., for the preservation of Yawling and good fellowship.

1. Every member at his first coming in shall pay his dues.
2. No member shall be the exclusive owner of one individual yawl.
3. No aliens shall be members.
4. Luncheon daily, with established similarity, and quality guaranteed.
5. The committees shall be honorary.
6. Every one may do as he pleases.

This Club I would recommend as suiting the free institutions of the country.—

YOUR FAMILIAR SPIRIT.

P.S.—In confidence I would inform you that a new Club is to be established soon, to be called "The Mercantile Club," at which the members will meet weekly to fix the rate of "the 65 per cent. advance on the shilling."

A PICTON PANEGYRIST.

THE *Picton Gazette*, a Union and Progress organ, is not professedly a comic paper; on the contrary it is very serious and sedate. Yet we fancy the following extract from its editorial of the 21st. will create as much innocent amusement in the *Mut* sanctum as any place else. The subject is, of course, Sir MACDONALD.

"For twenty years this great leading politician of the world has taken a foremost part in the affairs of his country, and notwithstanding he has brought down upon his shoulders the enmity of twenty years, he stands to-day revered and respected as no other man has been respected in the Dominion."



THE PREMIER'S MODEL.

OR, "IMPLEMENTS TO THOSE WHO CAN USE THEM."

CANADA.—WELL AND BRAVELY DONE, MACKENZIE, NOW STAND BY THAT POLICY, AND I'M WITH YOU ALWAYS!"

AN UNREPORTED STATEMENT.

THE following has been forwarded to *Grip* by a respected political friend. It purports to be a few sentences belonging to the address delivered by the new Premier at Sarnia the other day, but fraudulently withheld by that gentleman out of fear. The sender does not say how it came into his possession, but it is well known that Mr. MACKENZIE is in the habit of leaving his written speeches lying about in the most reckless manner, and it is likely there were a good many young Grits in the vicinity of the platform.

"We have always denounced, in the most unsparing manner, Coalition Governments; but upon being sent for by His Excellency, my first step was to take two whitewashed Tories into my Cabinet. You see, Gentlemen, though we all despise traitors, when we profit by their treachery they must have their reward. Another point that we have been very strong on, in opposition, is that thirteen members were too many for the work. As my extremely humorous friend Mr. BLAKE put it on one occasion, 'Dick helps Tom and Tom does nothing;' but upon my accession to power I increased the number by two, and you see by the report in the *Globe* that I have to remain in my Department every night till ten or eleven to get through my work, whereas my predecessors finished their work in a few hours. But, of course, you will easily understand that there is a difference between Tory and Grit brain power! Mr. BLAKE, with school-boy glee, quoted not long since from *Junius* to the effect that we must be careful to guard against the slightest infraction of Constitutional usage, as one slight evil opens the way for fifty others. On a former occasion he deprecated the power of the Ministry of increasing their numbers, as by that means they could corruptly control the House. Since I have taken the reins of power, I have given two seats in my Cabinet without portfolio, but then you understand we want to control the House. The clap-trap of opposition and the policy of power are two different things; but while admitting this, we take as our motto, 'Consistency thou art a jewel,' that under the noisy professions of purity, we may the more readily escape detection. The worst sin, the crime of which my predecessors were guilty, was the sin of being found out. We shall endeavor to avoid this mistake."

STREET ESSAYS. No. 1.

WE venture to assert that no two men can be more utterly degraded, the first in the eyes of the inhabitants, and the second in his own innermost soul, than the man who is compelled to indulge in a playful canter for a quarter of a mile after his hat, which gambols gracefully before him; and the man who is carefully walking on an icy pavement, in a pair of smooth leather boots, with a small boy rapidly approaching in the rear, dragging a young friend on a hand sleigh with about four feet of rope attached. The feelings and actions of the gentleman in the former position are patent to the whole world; those of him in the latter are confined to his own breast; and the mental agony which he endures can be known only to himself. He first tries to turn around and behold the approaching danger, and immediately becomes aware of the fact that if he goes on with that proceeding he will light on his head in the attempt. Next he endeavors with short quick steps to reach the space between the wall and the pavement, but finds that time will not permit of this. All this time the increasing roar proclaims the nearer approach of the sleigh. Wrath rises in his bosom, and agony fills his soul; while he attempts as it were, to draw himself within himself like a dog with his tail between his legs. A moment of awful suspense, and then with a crash the sleigh takes him fair on the heels, and he instantly sits down on the point of the runner, while the back part of the sleigh flies up and strikes him violently on the rear portion of the skull; smashing the rim of his hat, and sending it flying into the middle of the road, in pursuit of his gloves, stick, and luncheon, (in a napkin,) all of which started about a minute before. Should the sleigh miss him, the rope catches him well up under the knees, and the result is the same. He then sits for an instant swearing vehemently, and advocating the policy of Herod the King. Next he rises, and rubs himself gently, collects his apparel, and goes off looking on the bystanders with an expression of countenance which would indicate that he was caught robbing a hen-roost. During all this time he does not cease to cogitate horrible schemes against the boy and every member of his family, how innocent soever they may be.

OUR PHILOSOPHER.

The *Herald* (Georgetown) has ensmallled, and is otherwise improved.—*Exchange*.

Happy Thought—A great many things besides certain newspapers are improved by diminution.

Croaks from Grip's Basket.

If a chemist chafed you, what would you think of? Retorts.

The man who said he "didn't care a red," looked very blue when he was "left out in the cold."

Why are Englishmen so fond of rare beef in Canada? Because it is rarely they have it at home.

WELL DONE, WOODSTOCK!

THE bright town of Woodstock is the pioneer of a righteous siege against the "Curse of Canada;" its citizens, in mass meeting assembled, having demanded that their Council shall forthwith reduce the saloon and shop liquor licenses "to the smallest number inside of absolutely prohibiting the sale." It is quite likely that the new Dominion Ministry will accept this as the first fruits of their accession to office, modestly considering that the spirit of true Reform is already exhaling from their portfolios and going abroad in the land. They are welcome, truly, to the union. In the meantime, God speed the people of Woodstock in the battle against the unholy traffic; and may many another Canadian town, at present suffering morally and commercially from the same canker, rise and emulate the noble example. But reforms, like evils, never come singly. Here is an additional bit of intelligence from the *Sentinel*:

"A persistent and successful war against Bachelorism in Woodstock has been going on lately, and the results will publicly develop themselves between now and Christmas in several of those interesting events to which young ladies look forward with special pleasure."

BUSINESS AND POLITICS.

(Scene in a London Shaving Saloon.)

Customer (with dirty chin)—"I say, Snowball, how much do you charge to shave a fellow in these hard times?"

Barber—"Pends 'tirly on de politics ob de subject': Tories, fifteen cents; Grits, ten cents—same as us'. I 'resume yoush a Tory?"

Customer (with a certain degree of warmth)—"How—why—what the deuce—how do you know I'm a To—why do you charge more for a Tory than for a cussed Grit?"

Barber—"Well you see, sah, de Tories hab growed so long in de face since the fifth ob Novembah."

Customer (leaving)—"Well, if the grittiest Grit in this Canada of ours (which his name is McKenzie), hasn't got a longer face than me, I'm—prorogued."

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The *London Free Press* writes as follows:

"The Grit Ministerial press is occupying itself by discussing the forthcoming publication of the 'New Magdalen' in the columns of the *Free Press*. The *Hamilton Times* sees in the 'New Magdalen' a prototype of Sir JOHN MACDONALD. Such fanciful similarities must be left for our readers to decide for themselves, but if Mr. WILKIE was to append a squib to his story, and entitle it the 'Old Magdalen,' he would have the opportunity of portraying in character a foremost leader in the Grit ranks."

With pleasure we leave the "fanciful similarities" to the readers to decide, merely wishing at present to acknowledge our indebtedness to the *Free Press* editor for setting us right as to the authorship of the very popular story in question.

"GRIP" ON THE ROSTRUM.

WHEN a Canadian Premier, or other politician of distinction is in the midst of a great oratorical effort, and comes to a point which he wishes to fix for all time amongst the brilliant hits of history, he spontaneously quotes from GRIP, and is never disappointed in the effect.

In illustration of this we clip a paragraph from the *Globe's* report of Prime Minister MACKENZIE'S speech at Sarnia the other day:

"The Ottawa Administration did not die without resorting to their usual tricks. You have seen a cartoon in GRIP, representing Mother Hubbard looking for some appointments that were supposed to be left in the political pantry—(Cheers and laughter.) But it seems, from the picture, that they were all away before she could reach it, for Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD is seen stealing out at the door, with a hundred of them in his pocket; while Mr. JOHN CRAWFORD the present Lieut. Governor of Ontario, in the shape of a little dog is represented as trotting away with that bone in his mouth. (Loud cheers and laughter.) Sirs, there is no little significance in that picture. (Hear, hear.)"

That last sentence, so deliberate and profound, reminds one of the best days of Dr. JOHNSON. But the *Globe* reporter forgot to include in his parenthesis the shouts that rose on all hands "Grip forever! We all intend to subscribe for it, and pay in advance!"

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