

PUBLISHERS' NOTE

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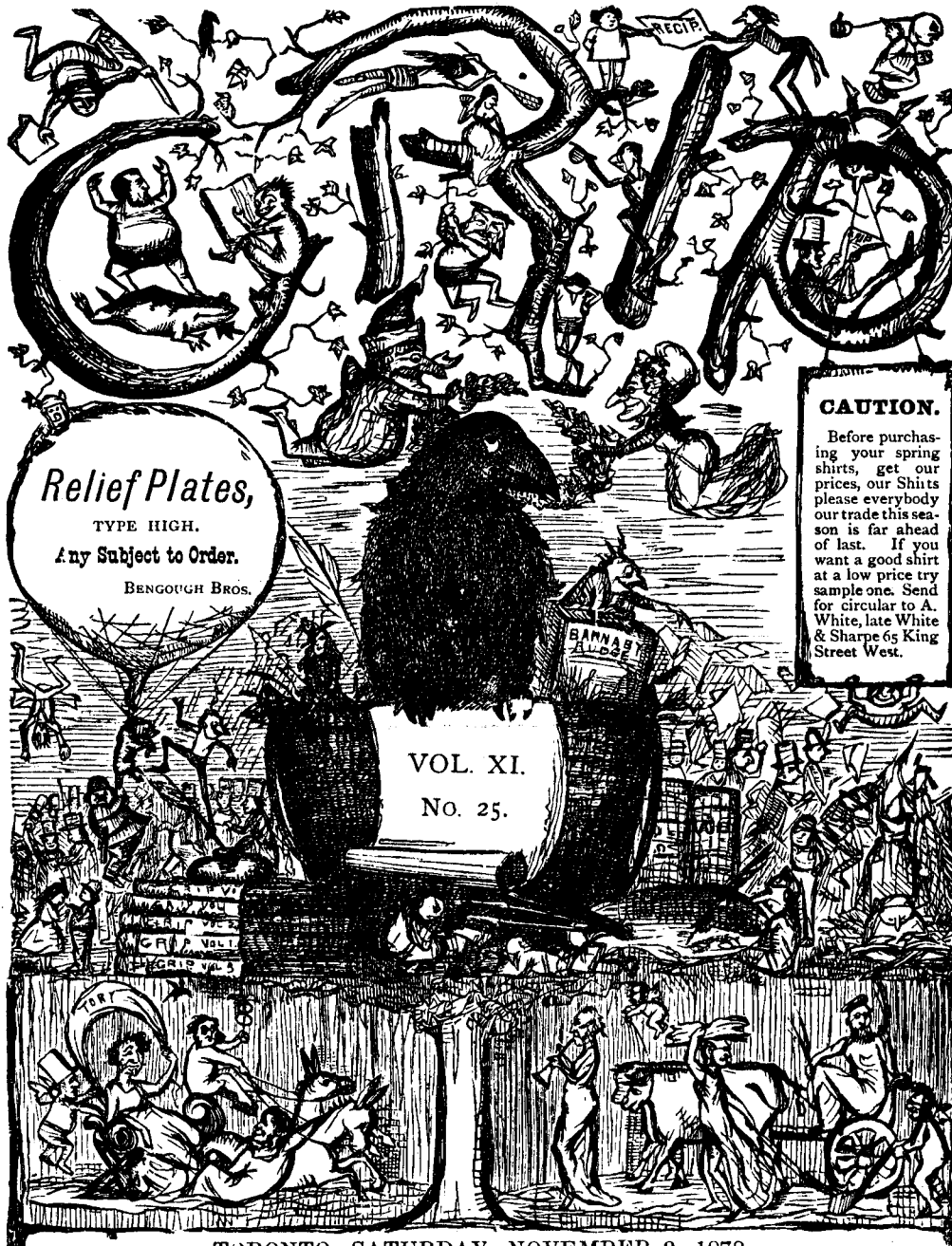
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EDITOR'S NOTE.

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

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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, 9TH NOVEMBER, 1878.

TO NEWSDEALERS.—The Toronto News Co. are our wholesale agents; any orders from the trade sent direct to them will receive prompt attention.

"Richard's Himself Again!"

What ho! my comrades in the chilly shades,
Pluck up your hearts, our cause is not yet lost,
Your RICHTARD is himself again and springs
Into the forefront of your shattered ranks!
I fell upon the field when raged the fight,
And with me fell the hopes of all the Grits;
The standard which I held in pride aloft
Was trampled low in the dust and badly torn;
Our foes, triumphant, yelled with frantic joy,—
For neither in defeat nor victory
Are they aught else than rude and savage men—
They thought that I was wounded unto death,
And when I strove to rise, their ruthless hands
In desperate malice sought to hold me down,
But all in vain!
Financiers, like the Truth must still prevail,
And this their policy so false and vain
Must through my crucible at length be put;
And these base men, who tremble at my look,
Must hear plain talk as they have heard before!
My country needs me, and with glowing heart
I rush to do her service once again;
I seek no low ambition to appease,
I have no hope of office in my heart,
But if, perchance, we beat our Tory foes
And cross the floor again to take the loaves,
I'll try and bear it as a hero should!
But bark! I hear the trumpet, hence, away;
"My soul's in arms, and eager for the fray!"

The Chopper's Song.

GRIP was in the country lately—in the far North. He girt him with a belt, put on a red shirt, and took an axe in his hand, (taking care not to let it fall on his toes). As he saw the great trees tumble to the deadly weapons of the backwoods men, he sung:—

You may talk of the joys of the sea, my boys,
Of your ships, and calms, and squalls,
But nothing to me's like the swash of the trees,
When a ninety-footer falls.

With its rushing roar on the winter day,
Like thunder in the air,
And if you think you're in the way
Oh, won't you get a scare!

O, the chopper smites and the good steel bites,
Through the bark to the centre deep,
And it's he delights in good appetites,
For his food and for his sleep.

What a white cascade his chips you see,
From the gaping tree side fly,
But you may forget their poetry
If they hit you in the eye.

Oh, what joy to stay till one was gray,
In the bush a woodman bold,
In the forests free I should love to be,
Be the weather hot or cold.

Then GRIP he took up his axe so bright
And he laid it gently down;
And he took a ticket by rail that night
And he travelled him back to town.

The Boarding House.

"THE very primest steak we could find in the market (except the nine pounds we let go to Colonel JONES'S)," said the boarder in brown who sat next to the landlady.

"Thin I pity the teeth av Taranty this day, for the bist in the market is the toughest I iver kem across," said the Irish boarder, a lady arrived the week before:

"Well," said the landlady—who was well off and kept boarders on a "take it or leave it" principle—"where I was brought up we never observed that Irish people knew good beef from bad—in fact we didn't know they ever got any, poor things."

"Faith, thin, av ye only seen a piece of good Irish bafe ye'd niver look at a pace av Canayjin mate agin," said the Hibernian lady wrathfully.

"Then I never want to see any," remarked Captain JONES, "for as I've got to stay here I'd starve."

"I wadna care sae muckle about the meat," said the boarder from Edinburgh, "if it werena that the milk is aye compoundit frae chalk and water, and is converted intil a solid substance in twa hoors, and the butter is fu' o' hairs, and vara inferior itherwise. But I dinna jalouse but the Mistress here buys us the best ganging, for a' that."

"Butter!—when did you see any in Scotland?" asked the hostess, laughing.

"In Scotland! Whan did I see it? Weel! weel! Isna Scotland kent the world ower as the vara land o' cakes? What wad we mak them oot o' had we nae butter?"

"Oatmeal and water," said the landlady. "But come now isn't that a fine bit of mutton?"

"Very good for this place; but we wouldn't look at hit in Hingland," said a fat Cockney at the end of the table. "Oh, hif you honly saw hour Southdowns!" (N.B.—He never had). "Hand the cheese is 'orrid."

"Is there anything you like in this country?" asked the landlady.

"Why, one comes 'ere to get a livin'," said the Cockney. "But though one can live 'ere there's no life in the place. That's my hobjection—habsence of life."

"Oh, it's no that bad," said the Scotch boarder, "an' I will say this is the best boardin' hoose i' the place."

"But zen," remarked the French boarder, who had not yet spoken, "le peoples of Canada is destitute—*absolument* destitute—of ze life—*de esprit*—ze *legerete* zat is someveres else."

"Och, it's a poor place," sighed the Irish lady.

"Why don't you all go back?" asked the landlady.

But nobody answered.

The Marriage Question

—BY A HOPEFUL LOVER.

In the city of Weissnichtwo there lived a maiden fair;
Oh, beauteous shone her eye of blue, and golden gleamed her hair;
She'd every charm of soul and mind in right proportions blent,
And perfect was her skill in each extant accomplishment.

Most proper too, the views she held on all things in creation,
Such as womanly submission, joined with higher education;
Words fail me, I will merely state that she was just perfection,
And so thought PETER PATERSON when he made her his selection.

They married on an income of just four hundred dollars;
But ELLEN made the pies and cakes and starched the shirts and collars,
And in that model cottage was ne'er a sight so shocking
As a hole that lacked darning in the heel of PETER'S stocking.

She boiled all bones for soups—in short, she was so wondrous thrifty.
That of dollars every year she saved three hundred, also fifty;
She tatted, crotchetted, worked in wools, she painted, played, and sang
Till praise of PETER'S blissful lot all o'er the country rang.

Professors, doctors, men of note in army, law, and church,
And every one distinguished for learning or research
Their cottage filled; they entertained at dinner, luncheon, tea,
A nobleman; ay, better still, the Royal Family.

And ELLEN now and PETER are blessed with monstrous wealth,
And all their offspring are endowed with beauty, brains, and health.
The moral is that all young men should very early wed,
And a perfect hurricane of bliss will be upon them shed.*

* Will the reader kindly excuse the *apparent* contradiction in words in the last line. The author searched the vocabulary in vain for more appropriate terms.



"RICHARD'S HIMSELF AGAIN!"

"I know a bank."—SHAKESPEARE

I'd like to know who is this swell, that signs himself a Bank Clerk,
And thinks himself in poverty, although he's safely anchored
Behind his counter telling out, or talking in our dollars,
Of which one thousand every year he by permission collars.

The one I mean is that bright youth who sneers at early marriages,
And actually turns up his nose at ladies in their carriages!
Because forsooth he can't afford to keep up the same style on
His thousand dollars—why should they such airs and graces pile on.

Ye gods! what we are coming to, that with two hundred sterling,
Each year unto him duly paid this chap can't keep from hurling
His wrath upon society? because it can't provide him
With club, cigars and carriage with a wife to sit beside him!

Does he forget when the "old man" out on the tenth concession
Was whacking at the maple trees to get him a profession?
And when his head was found too thick to scan a line of CÆSAR,
His father put him in a Bank to give the girls "a breeze" sir.

Let him abandon his desire to gaze on swells bewitchin',
And cast his 'ristocratic eye on SALLY in the kitchen.
The chances are his earlier years were spent in its vicinity
Before he thought of U. C. C. or "mortar board" of Trinity.

Let him reflect that many a man, and just as good as he is,
On half such pay can keep a wife and children on his knee as
Happy as a king, but then perhaps it's his blue blood, sir—
Or dilettante tastes that makes him pine so for his club, sir.

Ingenuous youth, go home and rest, and think while in your attic
How comfortable you could be though less aristocratic,
If you'd only give up aping swells and wait till some more tin come,
Give up cigars and buy a pipe and live within your income.

MATILDA.

To the Editor of "Grip,"

SIR:—This letter, I am aware, should be addressed to the *Mail*, that enterprising journal having started the subject which heads it, and which is now agitating the minds of the youth of both sexes throughout the Province; but as this is a question affecting Grit and Tory alike, I think it only right that the controversy should be removed from the columns of a purely partisan sheet, such as the *Mail*, and transferred to one that is read and enjoyed by all classes, Tory as well as Grit—the great advocate of "Protection" (for the oppressed), and of "Free Trade" (in Charity, Humor and all that makes life pleasant). I need not say I mean GRIP.

My case, Sir, differs somewhat—in fact I may say considerably from any of those which have appeared in the columns of the *Mail*, from "BANK CLERK" downwards. It is briefly this:—I am gradually approaching my twenty-fifth year—if I linger till August next will have lived a quarter of a century. My friends all tell me that I should call myself blessed among young men, yet what is life to me? Poverty? you ask. No. Listen. I hold a Government situation worth £1200 a year. This is also supplemented by £80 stg. which my dear mother in Ireland allows me, to say nothing of the £20 my spinster aunt (from whom I have great expectations) sends me at Christmas, or the £5 note which she encloses whenever she writes—say twice every three months. In addition to this (bless her old heart) she has promised to settle £200 a year on me the day I am married, this over and above what I am to receive at her death. So much for my financial situation. I enjoy the best of health, keep my horse, and am to be seen any fine afternoon, mounted on my barb, and clad in unexceptionable attire, caracoling through the streets of the metropolis, the envy of many a poor Government employée, and I flatter myself, the cynosure of every eye.

Modesty forbids my dwelling for any length on my personal appearance, but I have it on my mother's own authority that I was a remarkably lovely baby, and I believe I have not much changed since my infancy—however I send my photograph.*

There, Sir, you have me as I stand—yet with all these advantages I am a miserable wretch. The cause is briefly: I yearn, yet dread to marry. The summit of my ambition, the acme of my fondest desire is to have a wife. I know I could have one for the asking and yet I dare not ask! Bear with me then, dear GRIP, and advise me. I know seven young ladies, young, pretty, accomplished, well connected—*everything*—any one of whom would gladly become Mrs. EGO to-morrow, yet I hesitate to ask—to put the fateful question, so sure am I that the answer, whatever it might be, would be destructive to my peace of mind. Should it be "yes," I know I would never forgive myself for not having asked one of the others—and were it "no!"—but my heart sinks, my brain reels at the bare conjecture.

I say nothing of the bitter animosity that would be engendered in the hearts of the six less fortunate maidens, and those of their male and female relatives †—that I know would be awful. I only ask you to take pity on a not altogether "poor young man" and aid me with your counsel.

Your constant reader

EGO.

The Metropolis, Nov.. '78.

GRIP's advice to EGO is that of the immortal HORACE—"GREELY," not "FLACCUS"—"GO WEST YOUNG MAN!"

* He sent us seventeen, taken in different attitudes. No, EGO, you do not appear to have changed much since you were a baby. Wait a few years for your whiskers and moustache though. (ED. GRIP)

† Don't let that alarm you, Peacock! (ED. GRIP)

The Conservative Leader to His Followers.

And doth not a meeting like this make amends
For the years that we've spouted at picnics away,
To see once more round me my old Tory friends
All once more looking forward to glad quarter day?

And remember we need not on that day alone
Rest our hopes of progression in booty and pelf,
For each day and each week to the calendar known
Will give each one new chances of helping himself.

Oh, what joys the Pacific hath for us in store,
Which no wonder our TUPPER is anxious to push,
You remember how nearly we grabbed them before,
But our golden bird 'scaped from us into the bush.

He shall not 'scape again; by yon orb of day,
By this goblet which to our success now I drain,
That bright bird Paradisaic shall here with us stay
Till no feather unplucked does upon him remain.

Then Protection—I know that it troubles you sore,
How the work that we've pledged we'll contrive to get through,
Well, what then?—sure experience has taught you before
If you don't wish to pay, why 'tis best to renew.

Its apostle—who got us the places we hold,
How severely and quickly we dished him you know,
We have used him, and then left him out in the cold,
For we won't tread the path where he wished us to go.

You're aware of the reason, your leader has showed
You before,—but keep mum—it is strict *entre nous*,
But remember it shortly: We don't know the road,
And we won't share our pay with the fellows who do.

So we'll go to the House, and we'll promises make
Of Protection and all of the good things to be,
But remark "Mustn't hurry; some time it will take,
In a session or two *such* results you shall see."

And we'll committees strike, and we'll evidence bring,
And we'll seem to be doing a deuce of a lot,
And when four or five sessions have flown on Time's wing
Why, quite up in the subject perhaps we'll have got.

Then we'll say "We're all ready Protection to give,
You won't turn us out now we've worked at it so long,
Give us but five years more and as sure as you live,
We'll go in for the National Policy strong.

Then meantime about pickings; but mind you I don't
Counsel you; but if people approaching you see
Who would bribe you for tariffs; I hope that you won't
Listen to them—at least, mind, don't implicate me.

We've good salaries got, boys; so give me a cheer,
And don't think for a moment, nor venture to say
That our big thumping majorities are coming here,
Just to vote for good measures. They'll vote for JOHN A.

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"HAWORTH'S" by Mrs Frances Hodgson Burnett, author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's." The scene of Mrs. Burnett's new novel is laid in Lancashire; the hero is a young inventor of American birth. "Haworth's" is the longest story Mrs. Burnett has yet written. It will run through twelve numbers of the Monthly, beginning with November, 1878, and will be profusely illustrated.

FALCONBERG, by H. H. Boyeson, author of "Gunnar," "The Man who Lost his Name," &c. In this romance the author graphically describes the peculiarities of Norse immigrant life in a Western settlement. Some of the incidents will be found of very curious interest, this being a study of a phase of life in the New World with which few Americans, even, are familiar. "Falconberg" began in the August number of 1878.

A STORY OF NEW ORLEANS, by George W. Cable. This story will exhibit the state of society in Creole Louisiana about the years 1803-45, the time of the Cession, and a period bearing a remarkable likeness to the present Reconstruction period.

PORTRAITS OF AMERICAN POETS. This series will be continued, that of Longfellow appearing in November. These portraits are drawn from life by Wyatt Eaton and engraved by T Cole. They will be printed separately on tinted paper, as frontispieces of four different numbers. Illustrated sketches of the lives of the poets will accompany these portraits.

STUDIES IN THE SIERRAS.—A series of papers (mostly illustrated) by John P. Muir, the California naturalist. These are the most graphic and picturesque, and at the same time exact and trustworthy studies of "The California Alps" that have yet been made. The series will sketch the California Passes, Lakes, Meadows, Wind Storms and Forests.

A NEW VIEW OF BRAZIL. Mr. Herbert H. Smith, of Cornell University, a companion of the late Prof. Hurst, is now in Brazil, with Mr. J. Wells Champney (the artist who accompanied Mr. Edward King in his tour through "The Great South"), preparing for SCRIBNER a series of papers on the present condition,—the cities, the rivers and general resources of the great empire of South America.

THE "JOHNNY REB" PAPERS, by an "ex-Confederate" soldier, will be among the rarest contributions to SCRIBNER during the coming year. They are written and illustrated by Mr. Allen C. Redwood, of Baltimore. The first of the series, "Johnny Reb at play," appears in the November number.

THE LEADING EUROPEAN UNIVERSITIES. We are now having prepared, for SCRIBNER, articles on the leading Universities of Europe. They will be written by an American College Professor, Mr. H. H. Boyeson, of Cornell (author of "Falconberg," &c.),—and will include sketches of the leading men in each of the most important Universities of Great Britain and the Continent, their methods of teaching, &c.

Among the additional series of papers to appear may be mentioned those on How Shall We Spell (two papers by Prof. LOUNSBURY), The New South, Lawn-Planting for Small Places (by SAMUEL PARSONS, of Flushing), Canada of To-day, American Art and Artists, American Archeology, Modern Inventions; also Papers of Travel, History, Physical Science, Studies in Literature, Political and Social Science, Stories, Poems; "Topics of the Time," by Dr. J. C. Holland; record of New Inventions and Mechanical Improvements; Papers on Education, Decoration, &c.; Book Reviews; fresh bits of Wit and Humor, &c., &c., &c.

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