

G R I P.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The grabeast Beast is the Ass; the grabeast Bird is the Owl;
The grabeast Fish is the Ogster; the grabeast Star is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 3RD, 1874.

THE DREAM WOMAN.—A MYSTERY.



"Give us a match?"

No answer.

"Give us a match?"

No reply.

Perhaps you would like to know who I am, and what I want a match for.

Well, I'm a lone passenger on an east-bound Grand Trunk train, and I'm calling to a person at the other end of the car, but she's asleep.

Ha! she speaks in her sleep, with a golden streak in it and a buck-horn handle!

What do I want a match for? To light my pipe—this pipe here.

What's the matter? you startle at the sight of that pipe! What's that you say? "Silver mounting—nearly new. Yellow, with a golden streak in it!"

What of that? It's my pipe—it's real meerschaum!

His mother took out a note book, and wrote this all carefully down.

PART THE SECOND.

The veiled passenger wakes, and leaves the train. The train is going at the rate of sixty miles an hour, but she can't wait for the station. So she walks right out.

As she goes I observe (1) that there is down on her arm; (2) that there is a blue-reddish-grey tint about the finger-nails; (3) that she has a left droop in the right eyelid; and (4) that she is quite sober; and at the same time, my pipe—ha! she has stolen it!! with a yellow streak in it—nearly new, and pure meerschaum! And this is my birth-day—'tis 2 o'clock a.m. . . . and the train's late.

END OF THE SECOND PART.

(Interval for the repose of the author and the listener.)

THE THIRD PART.

Let the ostler tell the story himself.

"My name is FRANCIS CROW. There ain't no yaller streak 'bout that name.

She made a jab at me on the left side, but I didn't wait long enough, and she missed me. Then she came round to the other side, and made a jab at me, but I didn't wait long enough, and she missed me again.

Then I called the landlord, and asked for something hot, with a yaller streak in it.

She had gone. The moon was shining with ghastly brightness, and I went down to the doctor's for some salts.

That—was—my—birth-day—2—o'clock—with—a—yaller—streak—about—the—finger-nails!!!!

She asked for laudanum. I married her though, and she got awful drunk!

I knew she would stab me! She said she would! She's going to kill me, kind gentlefolks—kill me!

My birthday is to-morrow; goodbye.

PART THE FOURTH.

One o'clock a.m.—first of March—yaller streak with a buck-horn handle, and a droop in the left eye-lid—my birthday!—broken leg with down on it—nearly new—ALECIA WARLOCK—murder—thieves—ghosts!

I want seven or eight ostlers to watch with me.

Two o'clock!

Ha! there she comes! Ha! the knife! see! see! She raises it—she stares at me! Look! Help, help! my hands are tied about the finger-nails with a yellow streak and a buck-horn handle! O, mercy! mercy! where's WILKIE COLLINS?

That sharp pain at my heart—oh! I'm dead! dead!! dead!!!

"Yes! dead drunk!" screeched a voice at my ear, and starting up I became conscious of the fact that I was a-bed on the morning after a certain notable reading in the Music Hall. It was my wife. But she didn't stab me—she only clouts!

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS.

The incoming of a new year is usually a season of promise making, but unhappily vows and good resolutions are frequently broken before they are very old. It is with some degree of apprehension, therefore, that we witness the confident manner in which the editor of the Guelph Herald begins a leading article with

"After to-day we shall date our letters and papers "1874"—1873 will have become a thing of the past."

That is a rash promise. Very few mortals indeed, however good their intentions, get over the first few weeks of January without making blunders in the date lines of their letters. We hope our confrere will bear this in mind, and be circumspect accordingly.

A DISCOVERY IN POMPEII.

ALTHOUGH nearly half a century has elapsed, yet as well as if it were but yesterday do I remember my wanderings among the ruins of Pompeii. The very day I arrived there a new portion of the buried city had been introduced to the 19th century, and I was one of the first to explore it. In passing through what appeared to have been a reception room, my attention was arrested by a group of young lady and gentlemen skeletons in one corner of the room, while at a little distance, and leaning against what had once been a piano, stood a gentleman skeleton, clutching in its long bony hand a paper, on which I could decipher the following lines. I was struck by their similarity to Poe's poem of "The Bells," and have no doubt that in its palmiest days, this skeleton had carried a pocket edition of that author's works, or at any rate, admired him enough to copy his style. I was still more forcibly struck with their applicability to the society of our own day, so I thought I could not do better than send you a copy, they having unexpectedly turned up while I was overhauling some old documents:

Hear the tongues in those belles!

Fashionable belles!

What a world of nonsense each to the other tells;

How they wrangle, wrangle, wrangle,

Until far into the night;

While the fops that ever dangle

Always near them in a tangle

Are, their brains (?) bewildered quite,

Heeding not the wasted time,

Listening to the senseless rhyme,

To the tinseladulation that occasionally wells

From the swells, swells, swells, swells,

Swells, swells, swells,

To the idiotic purring of the swells.

LOOP REVIL.

MEN'S RIGHTS.

(A GOOD NATURED GROWL.)

WE hear a great deal about women's rights, but men's rights are quite ignored. Probably no man dare mention the subject; and I expect to lose for ever the good opinion of the fair ones, for so doing. When will a man have the right of going to a lecture, or concert, without having to take care of his sisters and their particular friends, and a maiden aunt, grandmother, and two cousins; not mentioning innumerable shawls, waterproofs and clouds? After he has scoured and paid for reserved seats for the crew, and comfortably seated himself beside his sister's friends, he might be supposed to be at rest. But no, Miss SMITHSON his aunt JENNINGS' dear associate, comes in half an hour late, and can't find a vacant seat. He hopes she won't observe his party. Alas! no such luck; she makes straight towards them. Of course he has to rise, and retire to a back seat, where some one moves up, and allows him a place just in front of a woman holding a two year old baby. The baby is very friendly; pulls his hair once in a while, and rubs taffy over his coat. When will a man have the right of spending his evenings as he pleases? When a person brings home a new novel, and retires, with a cigar, to his room, to enjoy himself; why will some female friend of his sister's come in, with whom he is expected to take a hand at whist, and then see her home, which is two miles off. Why is a man told to wait in the cutter just five minutes, while his sister runs into a dry goods store, and then kept out in the cold half an hour and upon remonstrating is told he is "horrid cross?" Of course you will say it is some cynical old bachelor, that talks like this. I answer, it is equally applicable to married men, for as I write, I see through the window my friend HENSON taking his wife, mother-in-law, sister-in-law, governess, and three children for a sleigh drive.