

GRIP'S PROMISCUOUS PROWLER.

I.

HE GLEANS SOME PARTICULARS ABOUT FOX-HUNTING.

Not long ago Mr. GRIP'S Promiscuous Prowler was detailed to sally forth and gather up some information on the subject of fox-hunting. Accordingly the Prowler wandered away for some miles into the country and found himself before a rural hostelry, which he entered, and sat down in the bar-room to refresh himself and rest his weary limbs.

He had not been seated long when his ears were saluted by the sound of the voices of dogs, and, rushing to the door, he beheld several persons on horseback and a pack of dappled dogs whose tails curled up over their quarter-decks. The crowd went past the hostelry with the exception of one Lank Youth in a Red Coat and white breeches, who dismounted from his steed and entered the Temple of Bacchus with the remark that he was "aw'f'ly tiah'd," and sat down, casting many contemptuous glances on the assembled rustics.

The Prowler, seeing his chance to obtain the information of which he was in quest, moved his chair to the side of the Lank Youth, and enquired if the latter would liquor. "Thank yah," replied the Lank Youth, "don't caah if I do," and upon asserting his preference for a "gla's of ginjah beah," he was supplied with a goblet of that potent beverage of which he quaffed, and immediately grew quite frisky.

The Prowler, fearing that the Lank Youth in the Red Coat would become inebriated, hastened to glean some particulars of the chase from the daring huntsman, and asked him what sport he had enjoyed that day. "Oh, we had a splendid wun ahtah a fox," replied the Lank Youth. "Did you catch him?" "Oh! deah no; he wun away." "Well, but didn't you want to catch him?" "Yes, of course, of course, but he wun too fahst." "Well, but what's the fun of hunting a poor little animal if you can't catch him?" "Why, my good fellah, the spawt, y'know, the spawt." "I can't see any sport in a lot of grown-up men and boys dressed in red coats—" "Wed! this isn't wed, y'know, this is pink. I see you ah' not a spawtsman." "No; not the kind that frightens a poor little fox to death; now, if it was a tiger I could understand it." "A tigh!" half screamed the Lank Youth, turning pale at the thought of such a "monstah," and taking a deep draught of his ginger beer to revive himself, "a tigh! why you must be a bwite to mention such a thing. Why, a tigh would alawm us." "And serve you deduced well right too: what right have you to 'alawm' a fox?" "But we want equestrian exercise, and its so spawtsman-like to chase the fox. Yoicks, tally ho! Gone away, gone away, gone away! Hawk forward!" and the Lank Youth howled like a maniac with *delirium tremens*. "Why, my good fellah," he went on, "the fox sometimes leads us into most deap'wate danjah: we have to jump our horses over obstacles at least a foot high. We huntahs stick at nothing." "Well, suppose you can't get a fox, what then?" "Oh, then we send a fellah to twail a wed hewwing through the fields." "Ha, ha, ha! and I believe it is customary to present the first lady 'in at the death' as you call it with the fox's tail—" "Bwush, you mean; foxes don't have tails; the bwush." "Yes, the brush; and do you give the first lady in at the death of a dead red herring the fish's brush, eh?"

The Lank Youth in the Red Coat nearly fainted when he heard this, but managed to gasp out "Oh! bay jowve! fancy giving a lady a wed hewwing's tail, the ideah! Why our hunting ladies are the daughtahs of uppah-tendom." "Upper grandmothers!" ejaculated

the Promiscuous Prowler, contemptuously: "Confound it, sir, you take your ridiculous notions from a foolish English hunting custom, and you come scampering over the country, looking more like a lot of tailor's clerks riding jackasses on Ramsgate sands than sportsmen. By the lord Harry, sir, who are your uppertendom, eh?" "Oh! you demnible wadical, you," cried the Lank Youth in the Red Coat; "you alawm me!" "You're a nice chicken to go hunting foxes, you are," sneered the Prowler. "By heavens! if I were a magician I'd change every man Jack of you blessed huntsmen into foxes, and every fox into a red-coated omadhaun of a huntsman and set the latter after you to give you a taste of what a fox suffers. Bah! Iceelill, Go away; leave me, you red-coated thing; you beaulful specimen of Toronto's uppertendom; finish your ginger beer, if it won't intoxicate you, and depart; who are you, anyway?" and the terrified creature produced a card which showed him to be a third-assistant-deputy-teller's-assistant's-deputy-assistant in a bank reputed to be shaky.

And he called for his steed and, mounting it, went bumpity-bumpity-bumping down the road with his elbows stuck out and his feet projecting at right angles to his steed's sides, and bearing a striking resemblance to a half-tamed chimpanzee mounted on the back of an educated dog in a circus.

And then arose to the blue vault of the empyrean the laughter of the brawny rustics assembled in the rural Temple of Bacchus, and away sped the Lank Youth in the Red Coat casting affrighted glances over his sloping shoulders, even as did Tam O' Shanter when pursued by the witches.



THE VISITING BABY.

"Oh! what a charming little deah!" exclaimed young Mr. Eglantine Roseleaf, stopping on the street to speak to Mrs. Haulton and her friend, Mrs. Azure Bass Debleu, from Massachusetts, the latter lady wheeling her baby in front of her in a perambulator. "Oh! pawssitively, Mrs. Debleu, this little beauty of yours is chawming," and he stooped down and patted the peach-like cheeks of the child, saying at the same time, "Deah itty tootsey, wootsey, pootsey; did it ridey, pidey along the stwecatsy, peetsy, the pittty itty goozy-oozy?"

The child's eyes were screwed up, and the rose-bud lips were opened all ready for a howl. "Oh! deah," exclaimed Mr. Roseleaf, "what's the matter with the little pet?" "She doesn't understand you, Mr. Roseleaf," said the mother. "Restrain your incipient vociferations, my pet," she continued, addressing the baby, "moderate the erubescence of your countenance, and restore it to its pristine serenity. Any utterance of woe on your part, dear, is irreversible and irretriev-

able, so abandon your intention to give vent to lachrymosity and let dithyrambic smiles irradiate your ordinarily effulgent countenance."

Mr. Roseleaf stepped back five paces aghast. The child abandoned its evident intention to howl, and broke into a smile.

"Good gracious!" ejaculated Eglantine, as soon as he could speak, "it actually understands you, Mrs. Debleu."

"Mother mine," spoke the baby, turning round to its mamma, "kindly propel my perambulator with some accelerated velocity. Nature asserts her sway within my corporeal structure, and I confess my ability to do consummate justice to some light specimen of culinary art. Propel."

Mr. Roseleaf was about to faint, but had just sufficient strength left to gasp out as the ladies were about to proceed:

"Heavens! Please tell me, Mrs. Haulton, where that extraordinary child was born?"

"In Boston," replied both ladies as they swept away, with the baby crooning

"Scintillate, scintillate, diminutive asteroid."

THE MERRY HOUSEMAID.

SONG AND CHORUS.

A flat, crescendo.

Young Mary Hann sits in the kitchen
When she might have been long in bed;
And the sound of the music bewitchin'
She hears in the parlor o'erhead.
To-night there is music and dancing,
The piano keeps banging away,
While the guests are all howling and prancing,
And this is her joyous lay:
Chorus.—*Allegro.*

Oh! happy indeed is the slavey's lot,
Perched like a bird in my garret high;
Each morn I come down to wrestle the pot,
And blow the bright fires till the stoves get hot;
And all the day long round the house I trot—
Oh! a happy young girl am I!

B flat, diminuendo.

Next morn Mary Hann gets up with the lark—
At least with the millman's b-ll—
And the morning is chill and exceedingly dark,
When she gets to her dungeon cell—
(The kitchen I mean). Then she brings down the wreck
Of the grub left uncaten upstairs;
And she tackles a second-hand "biled" turkey's neck,
And she sings thus by way of her prayers:

Chorus.—*Il penseroso.*

Oh! happy indeed is the slavey's fate
In the cheerful kitchen below;
Each morn I rise early and go to bed late,
And the missus will grumble at all I ate,
Yet there might be more grub put on my plate—
I'm a happy young girl—oh-h! oh!

F sharp, chiaro oscuro.

Mary Hann goes out of the Sabbath eve,
She says she is going to church;
Oh! giddy young girl! how would you believe,
It's but to give missus the lurch?
She'll meet with her feller, and walk round the square,
She will say, "It's my only good chance;
For the rest of the week I must stay in my lair,
While missus and family dance."

Chorus.—*Bravura.*

Oh happy am I as I twirl my mop,
Or walking around with my duster light;
From morn till eve I never can stop,
Tho' I feel so tired I'm fit to drop;
No matter, I'll see my own dear "cop"
When he comes on his beat to-night.

BARBER-OUS.

(Scene—A barber's shop in town; Enter "a young man from the country.")

Countryman.—Barber, I'm wantin' a bit scrape this mornin'.

Barber.—I'm quite at your service, sir.

Countryman.—Is't the same rauzer ye shaved ma wi' when I wiz in the toon the ither day?

Barber (elated at the prospect of hearing his "implement" praised)—The very same, sir.

Countryman.—Ah! Then ye'll botter gie ma chloroform. [Collapse of barber.]—*Glasgow Bailie.*