



The Unrecognized Huntsman.

SOME years ago there lived a merry Huntsman, who used to ride over the field of Politics, accompanied by a pack of beautiful hounds, known by the names of *Honesty, Truth, Patriotism, Public Opinion, Consistency* and *Economy*. He was very successful in the chase, and continued to enjoy himself in this manner for a long time, until, in a moment of weakness, he accidentally committed suicide, by swallowing a bag of money given to him unlawfully by a certain rich man. Another Huntsman, very closely resembling the deceased, and known by the same name, succeeded to the possession of the hounds, but the hounds would not follow him. They could see that although in outward form he resembled their former master, he was far different, for while he pretended to have an affection for them in public, he spent most of his time in feeding and caressing a favourite hound named *Policy*. So it came to pass, that the beautiful pack would not recognize him, nor answer to their names when he called them; and at length he was obliged to give up the chase in despair.

Moral—Can be seen at a (g)lance.

Why not go Further?

The *Illustrated London News* says Mr. GLADSTONE may go chop trees, and sing, "*Populus me sibilat*." These English fellows have never read more than the three first words of any Horatian piece. If they had, they'd know that, since DISKAELT has grabbed the six millions, the rest of the verse comes in for him:—

"*Populus me sibilat: at mihi plaudo.*
Ipse domi, simul ac nummos contemplet in arca."

Tierney Abroad.

Merrytime Provinces, February.

TO THE EDITOR AV GRIP, up in Taranty:

SURR: It's moighty plazed I am to see that me former letthers that I writ yez befor was recaved and put in the pages av GRIP. Sure fwhin I drap a letther in the posht affice away down here I can harly help sayin' amin to it, because it always wud same as if it wud niver rache its destination. But thanks be to Mистер MICKINZIE an' the govrnment, the poshtal service is in foine workin' orther, an' distance makes no difference, at all. Be rifrince to me lasht I percaive I promised to send yez a few notes from me note-buck, consarnin' fwhat I have seen an' hard in me thravels. Av yez plaze, putt the rest av me communycations unther this head:

TERENSE TIERNEY, HIS DAIRY IN THE LOWER PRAVINCES.

Monthreal.—Jan. the 4. This is a purty big place, an' has a bridge that stretches loike me former laider Dr. TUPPER. Sorry I amn't in toime for Lard DUFFRIN's Ball at the Winsir Hotel. The ball is nixt month, an' me ingagemints wudn't permit av me shtoppin' till thin. Balls loike thin is bad things anyhow. Hard to-day av a Monthreal citizen, the father of sivin foine gurls, martagagin' his promises to buy tickets for the ball. Great excitement among the fasht young min. This doesn't mane the waitthers in the Saint Lawrince Hall. They differ from their fellow citizen TOM WHITE, for they niver run. Av the Saint Lawrince Hall iver catches on foire, I wud advise the landlord to give them waitthers at laste a wake's notice, or they will all be burnt up. I urthered a bit av lamb for me dinner, an' afsher a long delay, they gev me mutton. I axed the raison av this, and the chafe cook sez, sez he, "I wud make affidavit that it was lamb I gev the waitther, but av he wint at his usual rate av shpeed, av coarse it moight have been mutton fwhin he got to the table." I loike Monthreal, barrin' the shnow storms an' the Twilfth av Julys. It wud be as plisint a place as Taranty to live in, if they only had more Frinch an' Irish ilimints.

Dalhousie, Jan. 11.—This is me furst pint in New Brunswick. Jist wan wake since I left Monthreal. On the kears iver since. At Pint Levi, furninst Qwabec, the Gran' Thrunck atharities hard I was a sarvant av the Dominion govrnment, an' so they delayed me thrain a few days, thinkin' it wud be a manes towards makin' the govrnment come up to toime wid the price they ax for the branch av Railway betune Pint Levi an' River de Loop. Such tactix is futile, let me tell yez, me noble Thrunck. Mистер MICKINZIE will niver hear wan word about it. Dalhousie is a foine little spot, an' me countryman Mистер TOM MURPHY is the bie that knows how to kape a gud hotel. This is the chafe residence av Old King Cole, an' a jolly old lad is that same. I wint to the court house to see sheriff PHILLIPS, wid his hair hangin' down in his eyes, makin' a mumber av parlymint out av Mистер HADDOW. Mистер HADDOW is indepidint, but bein' av a moral disposition, the

people here fears that he will vote wid MICKINZIE ivery toime. The weather is fareful cowl, owin' to the prisince av Leo the Lion, a part av the zodiac that lives here.

Bathurst, Jan. 12.—I got up very arly this mornin' an' wint through a large amount av hardships, not to minton frazin' cowl weather in orther to rache this town, bein' anxious to see the celebrated Masonic Hall, I hard so much about. Bein' a mason av the 34th degree above zero, wan shmall glance at the hall was all I wanted. It's a shplendid edifice. Bathurst is a purty place. They towld me I ought to see it in the summer toime, so I poshtponed me prisint visit an' intind lavin' it be this avenin's thrain.

Newcashtle, Jan. 13.—This is a purtier place than Newcashtle, Ontario, but it hasn't any fish-makin' establishmint like the wan Mистер WILMOT runs up there. Howsomever, there's some quare fish here too. Me honourable an' distinguished friend, Mистер PETHER MITCHELL, resides in this town, fwhin he isn't at Ottaway or elsewhere. Ivery-wan appares to know the honourable FETHER. The little gurls on the shreet blushes an' shmiles fwhin they meet him an' the shmall bies makes remarks loike "shoot the hat" an' "dodge the shnowball." Mистер MITCHELL is a good-natured soort av a man an' takes this all in widout vixation although he hasn't been intherjuced to thin. Strictly proivate memoranduin—Mистер MITCHELL tells me in confidnce that the MICKINZIE govrnment is doomed, an' will be knocked into smithereens at the nixt ginerale election. He is afared he moight be called upon to form a govrnment, but av he does, promises not to take away me prisint fat appintemint av Immigrant agent. Newcashtle has an illegant flag-shaft belongin' to the corporation, an' a foine square built all around it to keep it warrum. The morals av the town is preserved by the exartions av the Burkie, a mosht shplindid man, an' as able a magisthrate as iver pronounced the words "Tin dollars an' costs or thirty days."

Chatham, Jan. 14.—Had a plisint shleigh-ride this foine mornin', along the banks av the Mirimichi River, to this town. This town isn't loike the Chatham in Ontario, exceptin' wid rifrince to the people takin' three shquare males ivery day, Sunday included. Wint an' paid a visit to me jovial countryman an' fellow sarvant av the govrnment, Mистер GRIFFIN. He was as busy as iver fwhin I wint in, an' appared a little unaisy fwhin he furst saw me, thinkin' perhaps I moight be some high official from MICKINZIE sint down to take off his head. Fwhin he larnt that I had been converted from bein' a JOHN A. man, to bein' a good Reformer, he wept for jie, an' towld me it was a sight for sore eyes to see the loikes av me, because there was nare a Grit in the town barrin' himself an' Mистер D. G. SMITH, the iditor av the *Advance*. Mистер SMITH is a foine young man, wid considerable av brain power, bein' very fond av fish, especially *smelts*. I also med the acquaintance av the chafe av the Chatham police, but not in any official capacity, only proivate. The blue ribbon is makin' inroads, I obsarve, on the happiness av many families here. Wid blessings on Chatham, an' hopin' to return wanst more befor I leave for Oireland, I musht move on.

4 o'clock in the mornin'.—Here I am wid a few more forlorn an' shlakeless mortals, makin' mesilf miserable on the saft soide av a plank in the station house at Chatham junction. I wud beg to obsarve that it is a railway station, an' not to be confused or confounded wid anny soort av station house the raider may be familiar wid. I am on me road to Moncton, an' the Inthercolonial thrain is siven hours late, be the kindness av the Grand Thrunck at Pint Levi, as it is their custom to do. I saw the picture yez had in GRIP on that subject, an' the people down this way moves yez a vote av thanks for the same. I hear the voice av song jist now, an' that reminds me I forgot to inform yez that I have a young man wid me—fwhat the Frinchmin up at River de Loop calls a valley. His name is MICK, an' he is a rattlin' bie, entoiirely. He has a shplendid voice, barrytone, an' wid cultivation, wud make him a good man to call off at a dance. Jist now he is singin' sintimintal songs to woele away the tedious hours, but I have gone to shlake in the manetime, an' don't fale the fatigue. Hullo, bedad, there's the fwhistle av the thrain, I musht be off.

I'll send more notes nixt toime.

TERRY TIERNEY.

Croaks and Pecks.

MITCHELL has no objections to DUFFRIN, but thinks it is awfully expensive when the duffer goes out.

CONSERVATIVES admire the term Clear Grit. But they say they don't act up to their name. Why don't the Grits clear?

PEOPLE have been telling for weeks steady what JONES said about the flag. Nobody seems to care what BROWN and ROBINSON remarked. Give them a show.

MR. CHRISTIE wants the public works to observe the Sabbath. Mr. CHRISTIE is a Christie-an gentleman and is known by his faith and (public) works.

THE woman's literary club may be all very well in its way, but the women ought to depend mainly on the good old fashioned flat iron and rolling pin. That's the real woman's club.