

GRIP'S AMBASSADOR ON HIS TRAVELS.

I.—PARTANT POUR L'EUROPE.



DEAR GRIP,—I beg to forward the first instalment of my report of my European tour, which latter I am enjoying immensely, thanks to your liberality in pecuniary matters, and to my own popularity.

I left Quebec per s.s. Calithumpian on the 15th of June last, and had a most charming eight-day voyage to Liverpool. It soon became noised abroad on board that I was your representative, and I was treated with the utmost consideration, though I could have wished to have preserved my *incog.*, as every idiot amongst the cabin passengers seemed to fancy himself called upon, whenever in my presence, to perpetrate the vilest and stalest jokes imaginable, and I never entered the saloon but a whisper would go round, "Ah! here's GRIP; now we shall have some fun; now for something good"; and there I had to sit like a Stoughton bottle, and every time I opened my mouth, if it were only to request some one to pass the mustard, or some such thing, a regular roar would ensue. This may be fame, but it's deuced unpleasant. It just shows that when a man gets the name of being a wit, fools will howl at every piece of asininity he utters, for it is all too evident that the majority of people don't know a joke when they hear one, and take it for granted that whatever a representative of GRIP says must be a *bon mot*. This is the same with poets who have become famous. Tennyson can—and does now—write the veriest slush conceivable, and publishers bow down, and beg to be allowed to pay a thousand times its value for it; a distinguished preacher may utter trash that would get a less famous divine run off into the woods if guilty of saying the same, and people will see worlds of eloquence and divine inspiration in his utterances; eminent painters may slather a lot of colors together on a canvas in the style of a man whitewashing a barn, and the critics will go into rhapsodies about "magnificent perspective," "exquisite blending" and "chiaro oscuro" that would turn a brass monkey sick. My merest and most commonplace remarks were seized upon with avidity as the choicest *jeux d'esprit*, and I was flattered and applauded to the top of my bent at times when I couldn't, for the life of me, detect the faintest semblance to a joke in what I had said.

Here is a specimen of what I mean: As there were several Frenchmen and French-Canadians on board, I made a practice of conversing in the Gallic tongue, of which, you will remember, I am a perfect master, and one afternoon about dinner time, feeling very peckish, I remarked to the crowd of admirers male and female, particularly the latter, who ever thronged about me in the manner of the rapturous maidens round Reginald Bunthorne, "*J'ai bien faim*," whereupon a blundering Englishman, connected with *Punch*, I believe, who was always at my elbow with a view to picking up my stray scintillations, and who was most assiduous in his flattering attentions to me, remarked, with that beautiful accent adopted by Britons when speaking French, "Mais, oui, moosher, vrainment, voos avvy Fame," and he noted this down on his tablets for use in his melancholy paper. A sprightly little French woman, who evidently adored me for my reputation and ability, after the manner of women who will go wild about a man of whom the world speaks in terms of praise, here rolled her liquid black orbs towards me, and sighed out,

"Ah! monsieur, vous dites que vous avez une femme; mais, hélas! pour moi, je suis perdue!"

The poor creature, though a Frenchwoman, had misunderstood my speech, my accent being much purer and more Parisian than hers, and fancied I had said I had a wife, and she, being head over ears in love with me (for you know, dear GRIP, that my face and figure are just such as ensnare the affections of weak women) was in despair. I did not undecieve her, and she shortly afterwards sprang overboard. "Ah!" exclaimed the *Punch* man, "she over bored you, Mr. GRIP, and now she is over-board herself," and he jotted this down in his note-book, with about a dozen notes of admiration and the point fully brought out in parentheses. My innate gallantry, however, would not permit me to see the poor little lady drown, so, pitching the *Punch* contributor to her as a temporary life-preserver whilst I divested myself of my superfluous raiment, I dashed after her, and soon had the pleasure of placing her on deck. Though she had been all butter to me before, she was now all dripping. The *Punch* man had gone to the bottom like a shot. His pockets were full of his jokes, and their weight had dragged him down; moreover, he had a few copies of his paper about his person, and the articles, being leaded, had not given him a chance to swim. (Note.—To work up French joke about young woman drowning. She becomes property of the sea, i. e., *mer*. Is she not always, till married, the property of her mother, or *mere*? Something can be done with this.)

The remainder of the voyage passed away without any startling occurrence, and on the 24th of June I found myself one of six occupants of a villainously close and stuffy compartment in a "first-class railway carriage," into which we were securely locked, *en route* for London. This custom of locking passengers in is a precautionary one, and a measure that is absolutely necessary on the English railways, if the full complement of passengers is to be accounted for at the journey's end, for the evil odors that prevail in a close first-class "carriage" when fully occupied cannot fail to put thoughts of suicide into the heads of the sufferers, and the doors are locked merely to prevent the patients from jumping out to obtain a breath of fresh air, and being dashed to pieces on the "sleepers."

Arrived at London, we were released from captivity by a warden or turnkey in uniform, whom I addressed as follows, "Say, conductor, where's the baggage car?" The official gazed at me spellbound for a minute or so, and then said, "I'm the guard, sir; I expect it's the luggage van you want; at the end of the train, sir," and he turned his back on me, saying in a low voice, "We're not supposed to take anything, sir, but—" and he put his arm behind the small of his back with the palm upturned and half-closed. I shoved a copy of GRIP into it, and went to look after my "luggage." I finally got it, and a porter placed it on a truck and bore away for a cabstand where were many hansoms, one of which I engaged. The "luggage" was placed on board (as I called it), and the porter, touching his cap, whispered, "We're not supposed to take anything, sir, but—" and he whipped round and presented a rear view of himself to me, his hand being in precisely the same position as that of the guard spoken of. I paid no attention to his hint, but, springing into the hansom and calling out "Buckingham Palace" to the driver, in order to impress the lick-spittle, aristocracy-loving, toad-eating Britishers lounging round with an idea that I was somebody, was whirled away muttering to myself, "Ah, yes, indeed! no mistake about this being England, land of beef, beer, pudding and tips; great nuisance that last," and then, calling to the cabby to proceed to some decent hotel instead of the destination I had previously given, I gave myself up—by look-

ing in the little mirror in the cab, opposite me—to reflection.

—S.

(To be continued.)

HAPPY EFFECT OF A REPARTEE.

Little Johnny Hardup, whose name has frequently figured in these columns, and whose figure everybody in Toronto knows, has a long-suffering tailor, or he wouldn't look as well on the streets as he does.

Well, he received a prodigiously long account from the aforesaid patient Ninth Part of a Man, the figures on which occupied at least two pages of large size bill or dunning paper. At the foot of all was the following intimation:

"SIR,—The above is very much overdue, and we must request immediate payment of the same. Yours, etc.,

"So & So."

Johnny is rather a cool fish, so the only answer that he vouchsafed was this:

"SIRS,—You say your account is very much over dew. I can't see it. So far from being a wet document it is, upon perusal, about the driest anecdote, of its kind I ever saw.

"Yours faithfully,

"JOHN HARDUP."

It is said that the tailors were so pleased with this exhibition of their customer's aptness at repartee that they handed it to their solicitor for collection, and the Division Court was the grand *finale*.



CAPTAIN PHELM Q. MCCANN.

A STORY OF A FENIAN RAID.

Come, sit thee down, nay, do not go,
I'll tell thee a tale of Toronto.

Michael O'Donovan John McGuff
Kept a corner dive where the ralo old staff

He would ladle out from early morn
Till dewy eve; and an ample horn

He would give to the man whether friend or foe
Who could a solid five cents show.

To each and all he was polite,
And the man must be exceeding tight

Who'd be refused a flowing bowl
As long as the half dimes he could roll

Across the bar, and the coffers stuff
Of M. O'Donovan John McGuff.

One day one Phelim Q. McCann,
A patriot and a Fenian,

Who straight did come, as Mike did know,
From the big city of Buffalo.

He sported a fierce and black moustache,
And seemed to carry loads of cash.

He said he'd no respect for laws
Except they helped the "patriot cause."