

characterizes them, and stared flatly in front of him like those of a mackerel that has left the ocean blue some weeks previously. The costume of the legal luminary, which has been the envy of all the laladedahs of the city for years, was, at the time we dropped in on him, in a terrible state of neglect. His collar hung limp and dejected round his gills, and the bow of his necktie had slipped round under his left ear, and gave Mr. Fenton's intellectual head the appearance of that of a culprit who has just paid the extreme penalty of the law, the likeness being rendered the more striking by the deadly pallor of his face, which pallor was more highly brought out by several streaks of ink which had been communicated to his cheeks by Mr. Fenton's fingers, which were steeped in the Ereban fluid, a bottle of it having been knocked over, and lay, unobserved, with its life stream slowly gurgling forth. So absorbed was the well-known counsel, that he failed to notice our entrance, and continued to murmur to himself as he had been doing when we first opened his door, and we caught a few incoherent sentences of his mutterings as they cooed from between his semi-parted lips.

"Ballyduff, where in thunder is Bally—? hum, ha: it cannot be; must get that Porter; put him in gaol. Porter in the jug; ha! 'tis well. Bottled Porter!—Ballyduff—must be near Cork—ha! cork of the Porter bottle! I see—hallo!" he cried aloud, catching sight of that figure which has done so much execution amongst Toronto's fair daughters, "you here?" We intimated that we were, but suggested that perhaps Mr. Fenton was not well. "Nay, I am well in body," he replied, "but oh! the soul whose existence is denied by—but no matter. I am sorely perturbed in spirit; with Clarence I could say, 'Oh, I have passed a miserable night, so full of horrid sights and jimjammy dreams that for a butt of Malmsey I would not—I would not—' how does it go?" he asked, perplexed. We corrected him by giving the quotation properly, and enquired how it applied to his case. "Well, GRIP," he responded, "I have had a vision." "A vision!" we exclaimed, "why, who would ever suspect you of all people of doing such things? Can you not get out an order for the suppression of Visions?" "Trifle not with me," he answered impatiently; "I will relate my experience if you choose to hear it." "Proceed, old man," we said heartily, "we are all attention." The eminent County Crown, drawing his hand across his fine countenance, thereby painting four dense inky bars across his face, and making him now appear like a half-hanged malefactor who has been reprieved in the very nick of time and then taken back to his cell and is looking out through his grated window, began:—"Methought I stood—or should I, to be correct, say mestood, but no matter; methought I was in a vast and beautiful garden, or rather park; on either hand grew trees and shrubs laden with what appeared to be most luscious and delicious fruit: the orange, pomegranate, pine-apple—" We suggested that the pine-apple did not grow on a tree. He was hurt at the interruption, but after making a note of the objection, he continued, "It did in my vision, however; apples, pears, cucumbers, and all earth's most palatable productions hung round in glorious profusion. In my hand, methought, I had documents authorizing me to pluck any fruit I might select. On the further side of the garden was a magnificent palace or temple, built of various precious stones which gleamed and glistened brilliantly casting a many-colored light on all around. I said to myself—" "Says you," we interrupted, jocosely. "I said to myself, 'Surely this is Heaven, and yonder are the jasper walls thereof.'" "Were you not surprised at finding yourself there?" we asked. "Please do not interrupt me," he replied, and then con-

tinued, "From the many tinted windows of the palace, above which danced, in dazzling flames, the words 'Masonic Temple,' streamed rays of brilliant light, and methought that each ray fell upon some of the gorgeous fruit on the trees around me. Methought I looked more closely at this fruit and, dancing around each one on which the rays fell, were words or figures, thus: near me flitted, like a humming bird, the words '\$5,000'; above another, '\$5'; dancing over others, the figures, '\$150,' '\$500,' and so on, whilst far at the top of an exceeding high tree were the words, in letters of flaming gold, 'Ballyduff. \$15,000.' Methought I was puzzled; I made up my mind to ascend the lofty tree, however, but first I essayed to pluck some of the lesser fruit. No sooner had I reached forth my hand to grasp it, than hideous fiends in barristers' gowns sprang up and thrust me off. Again and again I strove to pick the fruit, and as I advanced further along the path towards the lofty tree I spoke of, dense brambles darted up around my feet; pitfalls opened before my footsteps, and the exceeding high tree seemed to be receding from me. The further I advanced, the greater and more numerous became the difficulties and obstacles in my way, till I sat me down and wept aloud. Mocking imps danced around me, newspaper paragraphs abusing me appeared in shapes of goblians and taunted me; letters headed with coffins, skulls, crossbones, death's heads and so forth, flew at me and terrified me, and, with a cry of despair, I rushed toward the now almost invisible Ballyduff tree, but it vanished and I awoke. This accounts for the state in which you see me." "Most extraordinary," we said: "will you answer one question, Mr. Fenton?" "If a proper one, yes; but if bordering on the vicious, please suppress it." "Well, old man, don't get mad, but—but you are not in the habit of drinking anything, are you?"

REFLECTIONS.

CAUSED BY RECENT AFFAIRS.

The American, we've all been taught, despises aristocracy. He goes in for the genuine and slap bang real democracy. But oh! he does seem to attach importance almost vital to what's aristocratic, and the wearer of a title.

Yes, Jonathan does love a lord, there's very little doubt of it. Though he will never own the charge, and tries to wriggle out of it.

But then the thing's too plain, and we see in many papers, "Another bogus nobleman's been cutting up his capers."

Though cute in very many things, the native born New Yorker

Falls a very ready victim to a glib and fluent talker Who comes from slow old England, and gives his heard a twirl.

And talks to Jonathan about "his governah, the earl;"

And calls himself DeMandeville, Cantyre, or Fitz-Dymic Or some such noble sounding, high saluting patronymic. Our knowing cousin Jonathan away across the line Falls down, gets bitten, kneels again and worships at his shrine.

But though about Americans I've given my opinion, It seems we're just as gullible as they, in this Dominion. It isn't to be wondered at, for really on my word It is a pleasant thing to be familiar with a lord.

But if we must have lords at all to swindle and to cheat us, And let us be Dick, Tom and Harry with them when they meet us,

Why, let us have the genuine thing, it lightens all the pains Of being duped when done by those with blue blood in their veins.

It's awful to be swindled by a nobleman and find That after all his lordship's title's only in his mind. Yes, if we must be swindled, as many have who rue it, Away with the imposters, and let the real ones do it.

Ed rather be let in by one who figures in the peerage, Than by some low born knave who came from England in the steerage;

You can say in after days to those to whom your tale you tell,

"Oh! yes, I know Lord So-and-so, and know him very well."

Say what you please, at heart I know with me you're in accord, In saying "'Tis a pleasant thing, indeed, to know a lord."



FACIAL EXPRESSION.

Mr. GRIP likes occasionally to deal in literal facts as well as fancies. The above sketches belong to the first-named division, as they are actually drawn from life, and all from the one face, being the mobile features of Miss Churchill, the elocutionist, in *propria persona*, and as *Widow Bedott* and *Elder Sniffles* respectively. Miss Churchill presents these comedy characters to the life, though without the aid of costume or other make-up—as our citizens will have an opportunity of seeing for themselves at Shaftesbury Hall, where the lady appears on the 29th inst.

DISILLUSIONED;

OR,

THEY ALL DO IT.

We once more found ourselves in the street, and as we walked along my attention was attracted to a building through the open windows of which came the voice of an earnest speaker. "What is going on there?" I enquired of the mannikin, "That you know is the assembly room of the Anti-Alcohol-down-with-the-Rum-Demon Reform Association: shall we go in?" "Oh!" I answered, "I do not think we shall see much to interest us there; the members of that club I know to be earnest and zealous workers in a good and noble cause, and besides they always say the same at these temperance pow-wows." "Oh! well" said my guide, "we may as well step in for a few minutes: come along." We ascended the stairs and entered the room. A tall, cadaverous man with a pimply visage and a red nose, thrust a contribution plate under the noses of some individuals who entered just before and sat down near us, with the words, "For the good cause; Lay not up treasures here on earth where the moth b-breaketh through and s-stealeth and—" here he staggered and would have fallen, had not a brother caught him and led him to a seat. "Bilious, I suppose," I whispered to my companion, who looked at me with a leer and answered, "Oh! doubtless, yes bilious, bilious, ha! ha!" "A stout, middle-aged person was holding forth in loud tones from the raised platform at the further end of the chamber; he held his audience entranced; I was carried away by his fervor; his earnestness; his enthusiastic utterance; "My sentiments my brethring," he said, "is that them there rum holes didn't ought to exist. Whence cometh redness of eyes and poverty? From the rum 'ole: Whence is murders, felonies, lasciverousness? From the Drink Deming; from King Alky hole. Down with him, down with him my brethring: Let us put away the vile thing from our midst." He paused to wipe his brow; and I could hear the 'brethring' whisper admiringly, "Brother Slingjaw's powerful in oratory to-night," and "Brother