

A Literary Light.

To the Editor of Grip.

SIR,—I am a man of pronounced literary talent. I frequently write letters to the *E—g T—m*, nor are the efforts of my pen strangers to the columns of other sections of the popular press. Let me confide in you. I burn with ambition to start a "high toned" journal—high-toned all over I mean—printed on high-toned paper of a grieved and yellowish tint, wherein I can relate my wrongs, and right other people. But I am a new-comer, cannot claim to be the oldest inhabitant, and I want to ask you if I am right in supposing that Ontario is not at present blessed with a journal such as I describe. I have heard that a sister province boasts of this tinted happiness of high-toned journalism. Tell me, does Ontario still languish in darkness? Say yes, and let me choose it for my field.

I am sound on all the great questions of the day. Do not here interject that probably I am all sound and have only sense enough to blow my own trumpet, for that would be severe, and too ill-natured for the editor of a comic journal I ain't going to interfere with you, there is nothing comic about me. I am all earnestness and devotion to the people. I am so devoted that I represent all their views—only, in a high-toned way. I am not a Bystander merely watching the fight, nor yet a contemplative and disinterested Spectator, criticising every thing and every body. I should start as "The Sympathizer." I want to fight every man's battles, as if they were my own—only I want to do it in separate columns. I want to advocate "criticism" in a high-toned vigorous style; to show in glowing colours the sweetness and light there is in conversation; to clothe in thoughts that breathe, the great truths of "protection," illustrated even from the exceeding usefulness of the humble policeman; to utter words that burn with the love of freedom in all its forms, freedom to trade not excepted. I can rise even to poetry when I tackle the glories of a "Canada first" movement. I can wax eloquent on the brotherhood of humanity and the natural ties which life on the same continent engender, as I advocate immediate "annexation;" while in panegyrics on loyalty I cannot be excelled. Finally on the justice of direct taxation, and the total abolition of custom houses, I can paint pictures worthy of GLADSTONE himself, of the noble privilege of paying directly for good government and the exceeding loathsomeness of trunk-searching.

I want to advocate all these things in the First Person, in this one projected high toned journal edited by myself and nicely printed on tinted paper by an educated and superior class of journeymen printers who shall do all the work themselves without the aid of their familiars, the printers' d—ls, and without a single error, so as to avoid all necessity of proof-reading, which I regard as a waste of time.

Tell me, oh tell me sympathetic GRIP, what are my prospects of success?

"A LITERARY ASPIRANT."

Dramatic Performances at the Normal School.

We understand that a series of free entertainments will be given shortly at the above-named Institution, to commence with the acted proverb, "Law-makers should not be law-breakers." A number of highly comic extracts from their new School-Manual will be read by Inspectors MACLELLAN and HUGHES, and the latter gifted individual will furnish a philosophic essay on "The differentiation of *meum* and *tuum* in book compiling." The whole strength of the Central Committee will be given to representing the *Book Pirates of Pens-ends*, and the same body has so effectually darkened the official reputation of the Minister of Education, as to enable him to exhibit a lively impersonation of the *Black Crooks*.

Tabitha at the Bishop's Reception.

Dear Mr. GRIP.

I went, on last Tuesday evening, in company with MARTHA BLANK, to the Bishop's reception at Trinity College. When MARTHA came down stairs looking very pretty all dressed in white with natural flowers in her hair, the thought crossed my mind that perhaps the Norman School was not altogether to blame for her neglect of domestic economy; but that a considerable portion of her time was devoted to bangs, and frizzes, etsettra. So feeling that advice was my duty, "MARTHA," says I, "the Apostle PETER recommended the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit to the women of ancient times, in preference to the plaiting of hair and other adornings, but, I fear, judgin by them bangs and frizzes that his words are lost on you." However, I was glad to see her looking well, for her own sake, and, also, selfishly speakin, I was well aware, that when one gets into what the late Mister BRAYON, or some other man, calls the "sincere and yellow leaf," the attentions of the mail sect is not as plentiful as in the days when we was endowed with beauty and youthfulness, and, therefore, bein akompanied by a pretty young girl is an advantage by remindin stewdents and others at supper time etsettra, that it is best for them to shew us some politeness.

The Collidge is an interestin buildin. I am not much of an arkitektorist, so will not call it Gothik or Normal, it is not, however, in the Mansard style (which style is not to my taste) it has walls full of ins and outs, and a roof juttin up in a considerable number of points. It stands at some distance back from the road, and with the fine old trees surroundin it and the Virginny Creeper clingin to its walls, presents a imposin appearance. As we approached that seat of learnin and saw the lights twinklin from the windows, I felt several pleasin sensations.

When we arrived one stewdent wished to show us the way to the cloak room, but another, a friend of MARTHA'S, sed that if we would do his studdy the honor of depositin our bonnets and shawls in it, there would be less confushun attendin our findin them again. We passed thre several curvy doors to the studdy, which was a pleasin lookin room, with some nice books and pictures, also, a handsome bracket ornamented with a lager beer bottle, and another very pretty painted one holding some pipes and tobacco, which, though not a style accordin to my taste, I would not interfere with other people's notions of what is ornamental. The stewdent told us, that, eksaminashuns bein near, he had intended to remane in his room and read, but the fasimashuns was irresistible, and, though feelin uneasy about spendin an evenin in mere amusement, he would endeavor to forget his work. Castin my eyes on him once or twice durin the evenin I reflected that he had either forgot his uncasinos, or succeeded very well in disguisin his feelins.

There was a great crowd, the fair sect predominant. The Bishop rescued us in Conversation Hall. There was some good singin, solows and korusses, after which we went down to the dinin room for supper. It is a capacious room, with several rows of pillows; the supper table was ornamented with flowers, and eligibles consistin of ice cream, cake, lemonade, etsettra. When the time arrived for goin home, I had considerable searchin before I could find MARTHA. The felicity with which that girl contrives to get lost in a crowd is wonderful. I changed my mind about shapperonin pretty young girls, and concluded that there is no ardyouusser task; and, hearing the young stewdent excluin as I came in sight of them, "Here's that old party in search of you," did not add to the solarity of my feelins. "MARTHA," says I, speakin severe and cuttin, "I never studied Match-Matics, in my youth, and couldnt find my way over them outlandish

lines and circles, with any amount of tryin, but I have enough reception to guide me thre the anglers and currydors of this here building." I could have said more, but remembein piknik and other times in days gone by when I strayed about with SAMUEL and forgot how time was passin, I kurtailed my census.

I also went to the Sinod Meetin on Wednesday but am unable to tell you what I heard discussed, thre bein in the gallery and not hearing at all. I did not find it very enjoyable. The sun streamin thre the windows made it very warm, and, though menny of the arguments was evidently convincin and full of elegy and anniemashun, I remarked that several klerical, as well as lay members, seemed to find things in general a kind of weariness to the flesh.

In addition to the above I intended the Koran society's concert in the Hawtyculhal Gardens, as I said I would, but I must preserve my remarks on that affair till next week. So adew for the present, and believe me

Yours respectfully,
TABITHA TWITTERS.

The Sort of Subscribers we Want.

The Editor of the Newcastle N. B. *Advocate* has had the felicity of discovering a genuine *rara avis*. This was not a dweller by the sea who was satisfied with the N. P., nor was it a "conscientious manufacturer;" it was an object far rarer than either of these two fabled creatures. It was a delinquent subscriber, who, on asking for his account found that he was just five years in arrears, upon ascertainin which he said—"Well, sir, as you have waited five years for your pay, you may credit me with *five years in advance*." In reply to a remark that many things might occur before the expiration of that time, the publishers might be dead and the publication of the paper discontinued, he said—"Well, even so, the loss would be but triffin."

This jewel of a newspaper patron surpasses in brilliancy and value the finest pearl that was ever found in any Maritime oyster, and Mr. GAR takes delight in thus making his memory immortal. The Editor of the *Advocate* is now the cynosure of all the envious editorial eyes of the Dominion. He ought to feel so proud and happy at the generosity of that subscriber, as to utterly overlook the childlike and bland though somewhat anomalous remark of the latter, about the possible death of the publishers and the suspension of the paper being regarded us but a "triffin loss."

A New Version of an old Nursery Rhyme.

There was a lonely woman who resided in a shoe.
"If I had spouse and children now much better should I do!"
She oft muttered to herself and dreamt it o'er in bed,
Until her constant thinking of it almost turned her head.
There was an anxious widower with several girls and boys,
All famous in their neighbourhood for kicking up a noise;
He wooed and won our spinster as the best thing he could do,
And she amiably consented to the enlargement of her shoe.
But soon she found her husband's boys had got the upper hand,
And when she took to *lacing* them 'twas what they wouldn't stand;
Her temper soon grew sour and she became a chronic scold—
'Twas evident that in marrying she'd been more than *half-sold!*
Her former comfortable shoe got very hot at last,
Her boys and girls made such a row, and waxed so very fast,
Said she "Alas, 'tis very plain, I've put my foot in it,
So now I'll pack my little awl, and then git up and git it!"
And so this hapless woman, who resided in a shoe,
And had so many children she scarce knew what to do—
Packed up her *kit* and left them—quite *right* too,—in despair,
And found herself a hopeless tramp not anxious to *repair*.
E. M.

Bachelor's hair dye must have been so called because so few married men have any hair left to speak of.

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