

G R I P .

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The greatest Feast is the Pass; the greatest Bird is the Owl;
The greatest Fish is the Oyster; the greatest Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 31st, 1874.

A DREAM.

[The following description of a lady's symposium in dreamland, which took place on Christmas day, 1873, has been picked up on King Street, near the *Globe* office. It is, we have reason to believe, a portion of a forthcoming work by a literary man, who has been some time in Canada.]

CHRISTMAS 1873 in Toronto—assembled in the banqueting room of Miss GEBBE, a happy family, in honour of the sacred season. On the right of Miss GEBBE sits SAIRY GAMP, and on her left Miss HONESTALICK, a young lady of amiable manners and fascinating ways. Amongst the guests, which are extremely numerous, we notice MARY HEDGAR, Miss EDWARD, Miss KENNETH, Miss ANGUS, with a few professors and some other feminine elements. "Now this," said Miss ANGUS, with one of her sweetest smiles, "is exactly as it should be—there is really very little difference between us, and none at all that should not be hushed in the presence of solid pudding."

SAIRY GAMP laughed—"Hi! hi! hi! who'd 'a thought hit, dear GEBBE, that you and hi would hever be friends again—wich we here, thank 'evins, wich sends the dew hupon the just and the unjust. Hi! hi! hi! They hall thought they were going to lay me hout, an' to toll you the truth hi thought hi was done for myself. But hi'm not one of that sort, has you GEBBE knows, hand so does my dear BETSY there. Now, ladies, fill your glasses, for hi'm hagain to give you a toast suitable to the place and time—eres to the new nurses hat Hottawar, and may they do their business bas well has hi did mine; couplin' wid hit the names, first hof Miss 'ONESTALICK, hand then—for we wants a song to henliven hus like—Miss HEDGAR, 'oose delicate face hand slim proportions points 'er hout has the hideal lyric poet."

The toast was drunk with full honours and that *peulla petulans*, Miss HONESTALICK, having replied, Miss HEDGAR, who said she could not sing without an accompaniment, was led by Professor PORGUN to the piano. Miss HEDGAR, lifting up her eyebrows and making a face as if she had the colic—which is the regulation face for all great performers on the human voice—sang an impromptu ditty in which, with a literary facility and felicity in which all her friends know her to be without a rival, she sketched off each person present. Some of the lines caught our ear as we peeped in on the guests from the doorway:

"There's my friend Professor PORGUN who rushes like the wind,
His nose a foot before him, and his hair a yard behind;
And another dear professor about equally as vain,
Who thinks with his small tea kettle to draw the world's train.

"There's Miss EDWARD with her brow of vast Olympian calm,
With lips not meant for kissing, nor yet distilling balm;
And yet whence honey issues, and words of sterling gold,
For Miss EDWARD's hewn from the same rock as mighty maids of old.

"The colour of the shamrock her veins doth qualify,
But there's nothing of that colour in the charming spinster's eye,
For she's of that class of girls with world-swaying smiles,
Who draw their life and being from the Niobe of Isles.

"There's Miss HONESTALICK, a girl of chastest mien,
But I misdoubt me gentles if she was over *sweet* sixteen,
But handsome is that handsome does, and though by favour goes the kiss,
'Tis on honesty and uprightness we build a nation's bliss."

"There's SAIRY GAMP,"

"Yes, him hall 'ere, HEDGAR," said SAIRY, as she lifted a glass of soda water to her lips.

"Now you have interrupted me," said Miss HEDGAR, "and the inspiration is gone."

"Then never mind the song," said Miss GEBBE, with the mildness of demeanor with which she moves the Gods and men—"I'll propose a health. A phantom which menaces both of us has appeared and it must be laid. Now—"

Here an apparition, more beardless than apparitions usually are, —wearing a mask as big as an ancient Roman actor—(this is no

bull, the eye of genius can see beneath the mask!—and walking on two legs preternaturally, slight and rickety, and tapering until they were lost in a mountainous pair of overshoes, entered and said in a voice monotonous and hollow, "Canada First!"

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us!" said Miss GEBBE.
"O'vver ho'er me wid your wings, ye 'evinly powers!" said SAIRY GAMP.

"Canada First!" repeated the apparition and it retired. Now whether it was the influence of the presence of a spirit, or else the number of bottles drained as the servants passed out we know not, but a complete change came over the spirit of that scene—and each guest was turned to statue—some of marble, some of clay, some bright and perfect, and clean, others defaced and foul.

Where SAIRY GAMP sat there rose a bust with a head of genius, but marked with thunder scars, as though the original had been up too long where the lightnings play; where Miss GEBBE sat there stood a statue in marble—with stormy drapery—a fearless look on the face, and the air as of one born to rule; and where Miss EDWARD and Miss HONESTALICK had reposed—there was a civic arch on which, beneath their full sized statues, ran the words—"New Era."

A change again came o'er the spirit of the scene. The morning was breaking, and as the pure light struggled in through the frosty panes, Miss GEBBE and SAIRY GAMP were seen embracing each other with effusion, and Miss WOODBEE looking on, said,

"Righteousness and Peace have kissed each other."

Somehow all laughed at this, and the ladies ran to their cabs, which had been waiting an unconscionable time, and entered them just as the boys began to cry out the *Globe* and the *Mail*, two organs of sweetness and light, established for the diffusion of brotherly and sisterly tenderness throughout this happy and beautiful country, and we woke; and behold! it was a dream.

HEARTLESS CRUELTY.

We can fully sympathize with the Electors of North Simcoe in their congratulations that the elections are over. In common with the other constituencies, they suffered during the Campaign from Pacific Scandal; but several circumstances combined to render their pain extraordinary. Among these causes may be pointed out the following heartless and uncalled for question, which was propounded to them over and over again, in great staring type, over the Editorial column of the *Barrie Examiner*:

"Does the conduct of Sir JOHN MACDONALD in selling a public contract for money wherewith to bribe electors to keep himself in office, deserve the approval or condemnation of the country? All who say No, and who could be base enough to say otherwise, must refuse to vote for any supporter of Sir JOHN MACDONALD, or stultify himself, and outrage his own convictions."

All who say "no," as well as those "who could be base enough to say otherwise," are making an answer, the exact counterpart of that which JOSH BILLINGS tells us he gave when the hotel waiter queried "tee or kauphy?" and he replied "yes." If ever Canada has another Scandal, it is to be hoped the issue will be placed before the people more clearly than the *Examiner* has put it; that thus all unnecessary torture may be spared the unhappy voters.

MODESTY.

HERE is a modest violet plucked in the wilderness of the late election:

"*AT* The Hon. JOHN CARLING—our Honest JOHN. How long would JOHN WALKER represent us, before any one would think of giving him such a title?"

The perfume of this Forest City flower can be fully appreciated only by those who are aware that the individual alluded to, is the owner of the newspaper in which it was written—possibly the writer of it. Nothing so full of humility and grace has reached us from the battle field.

EPIGRAM.—By HUGH DEBRAS.

Take heed MACKENZIE—unlike mentor BLAKE,
Un-fee'd I speak—take heed what stocks you take
In Silver, Timber, Railways or Crown lands,
A chiel looks on and bids you keep clean hands;—
If you and BROWN too slyly act the fox—
He'll lend a *Grip* to put you in the stocks.
Let BROWN be warned nor avarice confess,
Or HUGH DEBRAS will squeeze him in the Press!

UNPLEASANT REASONING.—Mamma (who is explaining a lesson in the Catechism)—"Satan is an evil spirit, who tempts us to do wrong. He makes the little boys naughty and ill-tempered."

Young Hopeful—"Did he make you box my ears yesterday, when I broke the plate?"