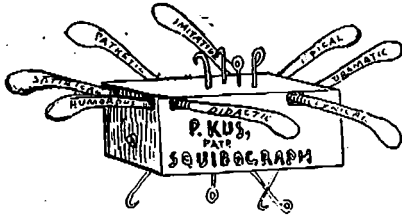


## THE SQUIBOGRAPH.



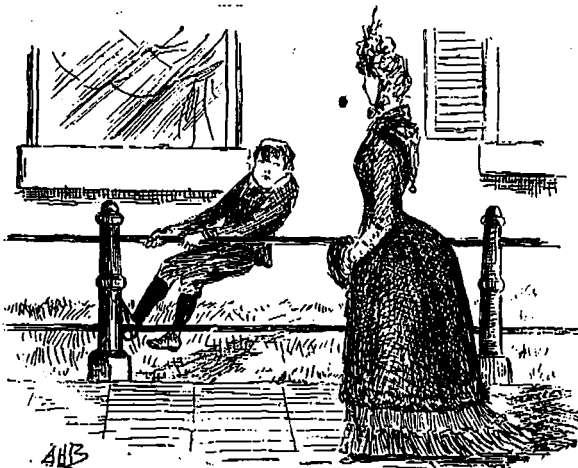
MY DEAR GRIP,—The accompanying illustration is neither the picture of an octopus nor the horse power of an old-fashioned threshing-machine, but of my original Squibograph. I admit it looks somewhat complicated, but is that to be wondered at, when you consider what it is capable of doing? This, of course, is only a picture of the Squibograph proper. The phonograph and typewriter are attached to the hooks and shafts you see issuing from the top and bottom of the box. In order to get poetry out of it you state the facts to be treated to the phonograph, and at the same time pull out the knob on the side of the box. That is the way to turn on the electric current that runs the machinery. You then press on the lever which bears the name of the kind of metre you want, and on either the humorous, didactic, satirical, pathetic or imitative lever so as to give the required turn to the thoughts. In a few moments the typewriter will begin to move, and by placing an ordinary sheet of paper in the proper position you will soon have the poem you want ready for the press, or for your lady's bower, if your thoughts run on love.

I purchased a January number of the *North American Review*, and read to the Squibograph Wiman's article on the "Greater Half of the Continent," as you requested in your reply to my first letter. At first I could get nothing but patriotic gush out of the machine, as it seemed to feel so proud over having been invented in Canada, but by keeping it firmly to the facts it ground out this sort of lyrical drama:—

*Enter Erastus Wiman bearing a roll of MSS. in his hand.*

*He soliloquizes:—*

I stood at noon upon a summer's day  
Beside a lake whose placid waters wide  
Were lost to sight at the horizon's edge,  
Where lay a line of bright but mist-veiled banks,  
That told of land beyond. Of land beyond!  
Aye, land that claimed my earliest thoughts of love,  
My Canada!



## SYMPATHY.

SYMPATHETIC LADY—"Well, Johnny dear, and can't you manage to break it?"

Behind me lay a realm  
As fair, as fertile and as blessed by Heaven  
As e'er was led to fame by favoring destiny.

There, deeply musing in that hour, I vowed  
To labor till the barriers false that lay  
Between them should be broken down and gone.

*(Looking at the roll of MSS.)*

This paper I have crammed with weighty matter,  
Drawn from many a source and graced with thoughts  
That love inspired and fancy touched with light;  
I'll send it forth to do this mighty work,  
And wait what time may bring.

*Lies down on a sofa, falls asleep and dreams.*

DREAM.

*Enter Miss Canada and Mr. Samuel from opposite sides of the stage.*

MISS CANADA (*coquettishly*)—"Mr. Samuel, Ha! Ha!"

MR. SAMUEL (*politely*)—"Miss Canada, Ah!"

MISS C.—"I'm so happy to meet you!"

MR. S.—"And I to meet you,

That I scarcely can greet you

With compliments due,

But tell me, sweet neighbor, how your health has  
been lately."

MISS C.—"I've been quite well, thank you, and prospering  
greatly."

MR. S.—"Prospering, say you? pray what has occurred?

Of your progress and wealth I but little have heard."

MISS C. (*as if offended*):—

"I have silver and I've gold

And of copper wealth untold

And of iron, coal and phosphates I've a store, tra-la-la,

I have timber and I've grain

And much more that I disdain

To a neighbor, who but scorns them, to name o'er, tra-la-la."

MR. S. (*effusive y*)—"O, believe me, pretty miss,

But I never knew of this,

Yet I've always loved you dearly, I protest, tra-la-la."

(*imploringly*) Pray now cannot you be led

A gay chap like me to wed?

Come my sweet one lay your head upon my  
breast! tra-la-la."

MISS C. (*blushing and looking embarrassed*):

"Why now, Mr. Samuel, la!

I won't leave my dear papa,

Because I can't; but this perhaps will do you, tra-la-la,

Every bit as well instead,—

Since it seems we cannot wed,—

A loving little sister I'll be to you, tra-la-la!"

MR. S. *acts wildly, clutches his watch-pocket and looks despairing, but begins to look interested as MISS C. resumes her song.*

"Then for anything you wish,

Even if that thing be fish,

You may ask me and not fear to be refused, tra-la-la."

MR. S. (*rushing forward enthusiastically*):

"And I've manufactured stuff

That for both will be enough,

So no more we'll by each other be abused, tra-la-la."

MR. S. *offers Miss C. his arm, which she takes gladly, and they dance off together singing.*

"O, we'll be such happy neighbors,

We'll share each other's labors,

And bury every hatchet we possess;

And though the world may wonder

Why we still remain asunder,

We will stay apart and prosper, Yes! Oh, Yes!"

Wiman awakes, jumps up from the sofa, and exclaims

"Ye gods! did I or do I dream? With pincers

Tear me till I howl, and with tortures fine

Rack my anatomy! Wake me, I pray,

From this my dream!

Yet soft, the mist of sleep