

Our Own Medium.

No. IV.

THE SHADOWS.

DEAR GRIP,—I remember some years ago, noticing in the house of an English nobleman a beautiful piece of sculpture, which bore upon its pedestal the inscription, "The Roman Matron." The classic features, the neatly braided hair coiled gracefully at the back of the head, the close-fitting and still graceful drapery, the elegant pose, I could not but help admiring, and felt they gave the beholder a just and accurate representation of true female beauty of face and figure. Fleeting along King Street I have often wished the same sculptor could revisit your earth, and hew out of the marble a representation of "The Canadian Matron" of to-day. How the shades would laugh at the caricature of "woman!" The female form now no longer clothed, as old HORACE would have it "simple in neatness," but overwrapped, strangled, and changed in all the vulgar trappings of a nineteenth century fashionable world—void of beauty, taste, and true refinement. Instead of the neatly braided hair we have the borrowed "water-fall," with all its hideous deformities, and from its size and texture carrying us back to the customs and manners of the central tribes of Africa, as depicted by the great Dr. LIVINGSTONE in his first published records of his travels, in which are portrayed the extravagant head dresses of the female black swells, not a bit more absurd or *outré* than the present head-dresses of their white sisters on this continent.

The flowing drapery is replaced by a garment popularly known as a *dress*—though from its cuts and slashes, furbelows and extravagancies, it could never be termed a *robe*—and to make this more absurd, a bird cage or structure of iron is placed at the back of the waist, under this garment, making a ridiculous protuberance never intended to be exhibited in this world by any intelligent creature. And yet forsooth this is styled a "Grecian Bend." Shades of the mighty, what a misnomer! Could the departed glories of Greece but speak with mortal tongues, they would join with one voice in the words of a native poet in exclaiming:

"Wretch that thou art, put off this monstrous shape,"

Yet I rejoice that there are still amongst you those who are not carried away by the follies of Fashion; and I was much amused to hear a conversation carried on between two plainly dressed women, as they were standing at the entrance to the market. A fashionable *belle* passed by in the height of the fashion, with all the superfluities of garniture and equipage; and as she went by the one remarked to the other: "Zounds! but if those humps were only natural, how soon she would apply to a physician to have them cut off." I thought there was much truth in the remark, and dear GRIP, I ask you to take this post; act as the physician for these dear creatures, and by the sharp incisive knife of witticism and rebuke, remove from amongst us these "monstrosities," who degrade the female form divine into a gross caricature.

I often hear the wish expressed when I am near by, that GRIP would notice the peculiar failings of this or that individual, and am sorry to see the number of letters that are received by you dear GRIP, giving accounts of private misdeeds or escapades amongst the younger members of the community. You cannot take part in these; you only notice those greater evils in the community, which are confined to classes—not individuals, and feel sure your lady admirers will not take the arrow as pointed individually at themselves, but at the class of which they unfortunately may be the representatives. I trust, in the above instances, their shadows may grow less.

YOUR FAMILIAR SPIRIT.

Nursery Rhymes for Young Canada.

No. II.

JOHNNY A. Horner sat in a corner,
Eating political pie;
He put in his thumbs and pulled out some plums,
And said What a good boy am I.

He divided the cheer with those who sat near,
And a rare jolly lot were the boys;
But spoilt was their fun, helter-skelter they run,
In the midst of their boisterous noise.

For DAME CANADA hears, and greatly she fears
Her stock of good things is diminished;
She opens the door, and Lo! on the floor,
Sees her nice Christmas pie has been finished.

Then down with a whack on poor little Jack's back,
Comes the birch with a terrible noise;
While DAME CANADA said, gravely shaking her head,
"What a warning to bad little boys."

THE RHYMING CANDIDATES.

A pleasant social meeting of the candidates for the Mayoralty, took place the other evening, at an up-town oyster parlour. The gentlemen treated one another with the utmost courtesy, and parted at the close of the evening with a mutual feeling of affection almost strong enough to lead each to prefer the other before himself, and vote accordingly. Mr. ALDERMAN CLEMENTS, too, was present, by special invitation; and occupied the chair. During the evening it was suggested by the Waiter that the gentlemen should exercise their wits at impromptu rhyming; which practice, he said was both "amusing and instructive." This was heartily agreed to, and

MAYOR MANNING lead off as follows.—

My subject for to rhyme, it is *The Globe*,
Which the same is a dirty old rag,
It says that I resigned the other day,
But I'll be hanged if I resign a single peg!

The guests all shouted "Bravo!" as his worship dropped into his seat, and re-adjusted his eye glass; but the waiter who was exceedingly calm, pointed out that the measure was faulty.

Mr. MEDCALF was next called for. It was evident from his fixed and vacant stare that a terrible struggle was going on in his mind. Suddenly he burst out with:—

Dear friends and fellow citizens, I send my card—
Which asks your vote, and * * * regard—
In the struggle * * * for the Mayor—
And * * * MEDCALF'S toes is Square.

When the applause had subsided, Mr. MEDCALF explained that owing to the defectiveness of his memory, he couldn't recall *Grip's* verses exactly; but he hoped they'd excuse him.

Mr. A. M. SMITH, whose turn came next, responded without hesitation:

(*Aside.*) *The Globe* is a good paper—
I'm stuck now, gentlemen, I swear!—
The *Globe* is a first-rate paper—and
And I'm a-goin' to be Mayor!

A cynical remark from the Waiter just here was drowned in the tumult of laughter and cheering that followed Mr. SMITH'S effort.

Mr. ALD. CLEMENTS was then petitioned to wind up the proceedings with a verse. The worthy gentleman found it useless to offer excuses, and so, assuming a characteristic attitude and his well-known facetious expression, he moistened his lips several times and proceeded:

"You three are candidates for the Mayoralty of the Queen City of the West—

The WAITER—interrupting—"Beg pardon, sir, but there ain't no such measurement known to poetry as that line."

You hold your tongue, young man,—and you, Gentlemen, pitch in and do your best!

(Cheers, and cries of "Good!")

Yes, better'n some folks chances of getting to be Mayor!—

(A VOICE.)—Dear CLEMENTS, you're a perfect brick!

And poet I declare!

Of course, after this, the meeting was adjourned.

Croaks from Grip's Basket.

CANDOUR.—A prominent Yonge street merchant has posted conspicuous bills advertising his wares at "Fabulous Prices." He is perhaps the most candid tradesman on the street.

TROUBLE AHEAD.—We have received an intimation from the Spirit Land that a leading Banking establishment of this city intends instituting a libel suit against us, on the ground that there are usually only two Directors in its cashier's office and not three, as stated by Our Familiar Spirit last week. We will defend the action.

WE GIVE gratis the following information to the young ladies, not saying where we picked it up, viz:—Theological students do not consider it safe to become engaged to more than six young ladies at once, unless they reside widely apart from each other. University students scarcely go beyond three; and "Medicals" can carry the "confidence game" less still—only reaching two.

ILL NATURED.—To suggest that Mr. BICKFORD was brought out by a miserable ring, and that it was in accordance with the law of "Natural Selection."

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTE.—Although the attack on high churchmen, lately published in the *Mail*, was stigmatized by the Rev. Mr. DARRING as cowardice; yet his reply in that paper on December 9th might be termed Pusey-laninamous.

THE *Welsh Herald* heads a paragraph with "CAN IN BE THEM?" We beg to remind our brother that, according to MURRAY, it certainly can't.