

G R I P.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The greatest Beast is the Ass; the greatest Bird is the Owl;
The greatest Fish is the Oyster; the greatest Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1874.

To Correspondents.

H. V. M.—Like the man who accepts a favor, we are sorry it is not in our power to make you any return, as your paper on "Marriages Extraordinary" has procured a divorce extraordinary from us.

VERBUM SAP.—Contributed. We had discovered. Thanks.

Originality.

THE wise man said, "There is nothing new under the sun," and daily do we see his words verified. Writers of all classes strive to fight against the truth of this saying in frantic attempts to present some old idea in a new guise and palm it off as original with themselves. Some rough diamond is perhaps unearthed from the mountain of literary rubbish with which the world is filled, and a laudable attempt is made to cut and polish it so as to render it more attractive; or some other gem is taken in hand and the work of burnishing is proceeded with, on a yet unrepresented side, with a view to its introduction as a new work of the literary lapidary. In this way the world is often presented with old material worked up so cleverly as to be "as good as new;" and the artists who are thus able to evolve some order from chaos are surely deserving of praise for their cleverness, and worthy of the thanks of those for whom they have digged and designed. From the fact that their labor is chiefly expended upon a careful desire to present old matter in a new and unrecognizable shape, we may properly call them "designing men."

The persons we have referred to, like the French cook, display originality in the disguise in which they present their pabulum, and in which it is acceptable, under a new name, to those to whom it is dished up neatly and with taste. The absence of anything new beneath the sun, and of the possibility in a lifetime of travelling more than 95,000,000 of miles for a brand new idea, makes all claim for originality by our modern writers depend upon their ability to manufacture literary hash and bread-pudding, or warm up the joints of some old argument so as to render them palatable. Only those who have been behind the scenes know the stupendous difficulties that are encountered, and have to be surmounted, by those whose duty it is to prepare a daily meal to the thousands who, like the horse-leech's daughter are continually crying "Give, give!" True, the larder's plentifully stocked; but with what? Stale crumbs, mouldy morsels, musty scraps, eye, putrid pieces, and a generally confused mass of heterogeneous odds and ends, all, or at least most of them, emitting "an ancient and a fish-like smell." Often, too, the unfortunate mortal whose task it is to furnish a presentable dish from this confusing collection is puzzled to find some tit-bit or delicious morsel he knows to be there, and which would just suit in the preparation of his contemplated confection. He fails to discover the particular meat which he intended should have preponderance and give body to his jack-pudding, and he cannot for the life of him light upon the condiment he needs, to give spice to his production. These difficulties may again be aggravated by the decay of the fire at the critical moment; or the water or whiskey, or whiskey and water may run short when most needed. What wonder, then, that the best of cooks should fail at times to turn out a successful dish, and be forced to place before his insatiable patrons, who will not accept a "nay," something of which he is himself ashamed? What wonder that from the hands of clumsy artists should come forth so many unpalatable, indigestible, and often nauseating productions? What wonder that the sweating and anxious slave of the newspaper kitchen, unable to make the dainty upon which his mind was set, after wasting time and patience upon it, should, at last, in desperation, decide to dish up the thinnest of literary soup.

Only recently we saw one of those culinary cusses indulge in inordinate laughter over an Irish stew sent out by another of the tribe, in which poor PARKMAN was literally hashed up to fill a crust made by mixing in the mortar of comparison some of the flower of Canadian chivalry with a little heroic Greece. The critic seems to have searched the whole *Globe* for an opportunity to play "old Nick" with his rival, and avenge the *Mail* "Child Mortara." He has done it with a vengeance, and overlooking the cleverly contrived crust, he has held up to the public gaze the ill-cooked and peccoluted portions of the pillaged PARKMAN, till people do not know whether to be most disgusted at the maker of the stew or at him who has so coarsely caused them to know the material from which it was made.

Ugh!

Scotch Wit.

THE prize conundrum at the Hallow'een gathering of the Montreal Scotch was the following:

Why are the wealthy Scotchmen of Montreal like the Scots at Bannockburn? Answer:—Because they are "scots wha hae."

A Scotch Grit suggests an improvement on the above, thus:

Why are those Scotch Tories of West York who spent money at the last election like Bruce's soldiers? Answer:—Because they are "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled."

Croaks and Pecks.

NORTH SIMCOE has divorced HERMAN.

THE *Guelph Herald* has an unfortunate habit of throwing political boomerangs. One of its late conundrums asks if a certain person received the Grit nomination because he was a Conservative in 1867? We would fancy that the young Irish orator of the *Herald* would not fancy making comparisons of the standing of political personages now and in 1867, when he was a rabid Grit. He should not propound any further conundrums till he tells where that right arm is. It seems that he at least is not destined to receive a Tory nomination because he was a Grit in 1867.

JACKSON, Reeve of Newmarket, has got up on his *Era* about the nomination of Dr. WIDFIELD by the Reform Convention of North York. He doesn't like the idea of passing over men who have for years worked for the party, and their own ambition; though he hasn't mentioned the ambition part. Isn't there an appointment vacant somewhere? We are certain it is from no lack of gallantry that the *New Era* has dawned with an indignant flare, and like a particularizing WELLS, warns the North Yorkers to beware of WIDFIELD. ERASTUS is slightly irascible, and he has been played with. But he holds a high card, and he expects to win a bower wherein he can luxuriate as a government employee, for which laborious position he is eminently fitted.

THE *Sun* says:—"If Judas Iseariot had lived in St. Catharines and voted the Reform ticket." That Judas might choose some such place as St. Catharines to live in is quite likely. It is also given us on good evidence that he was a Reformer, at least he worked in the Reform ranks for a time; but like some of his Canadian counterparts he was bought over to the other side, died in an elevated position and left his wealth to found a cemetery.

THERE are three candidates in the field for election to the House of Commons in Lincoln; Capt. WYXNE, NORRIS, and Dr. JUKES. It is not likely that WYXNE will win, nor is it probable that NORRIS will go under to the Doctor, unless he takes some of the latter's medicine. We fancy Lincoln cares little about having JUKES in Parliament, notwithstanding the opinion of Prof. GOLDWIN SMITH, that titles could command a premium in that respect in Canada.

THE members of the Toronto Philharmonic Society are having a very civil war. We thought they were "lovers of the harmonic;" but it seems we were mistaken. Why don't they get rightly savage? "Music hath charms to soothe the savage."

Pot-Luck Among the East Coast Indians.

(See *Canadian Monthly* for October.)

BY ED. GARRY.

Some readers of a *Canadian Monthly* may have become acquainted with the savage as he appears, without reserve, on the western coast of the Dominion, when, having sold his baskets, furs, ax-handles, bows and arrows, moccasins, papooses, etc., he has given himself up to enjoyment, but they can form no correct idea of his eccentric conduct generally, on the canoes which are found along the eastern coasts of the Dominion, among the islands of the St. Lawrence.

Last July was a favourable opportunity for observing a peculiar custom among the numerous tribes of "Dead-Heads," "Big Mouths," and "Long Arms," who frequent the steam canoes which ply gracefully upon the river.

The lodges of these Indians are made of boards, so that they have board and lodging together, and for the same price, which is ingeniously made large enough to include both. The lodges are built on each side of a long table running down the saloon—I do not mean running it down in a depreciating manner—but merely stretching the whole length. When the lodges are uncomfortably filled, the rest camp out on sofas, chairs, and under the table. Most of the Indians, especially the "Dead Heads" bring their squaws with them to the Pot-luck, and during the day may be seen walking outside the lodges, or sitting round with their arms, waists and heads somewhat mixed up.