

GRIP.

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, FEBRUARY 14TH, 1874.

ONLY A HURDY-GURDY!

AFTER all their discussions upon church music, we should have thought the Presbyterians—a sensible body,—would have no organ at all, or one of superior tone and excellence. "The Result of the Canadian Elections" has been too much for the organist, the stops, or somebody, or something connected with the machine; and the devotee of Momus could as easily stand the carresses of a garrotter as the latest voluntary of the *British American Presbyterian*, which claims to be the organ of the Presbyterian church. It commences modestly, with this quavering note;

"It is not for us to discuss at any length the mere political aspects of our late general elections."

We should think not, from the wild "bull" (no relation to Ole) introduced almost immediately after. Here is the "baste":

"The past and the present have been more distinctly separated than on any previous occasion that could be mentioned."

We are next told that "the Conservative party, in the old sense of the term, has been broken to shivers," but are left to discover the new sense in the low temperature of a Canadian winter.

Then we have a bar or two of the "gloriously indefinite" in the declaration that

"For a year or two accordingly the present ministry will have everything its own way. But in that very fact there will only be the greater likelihood of opposition growing up among the Liberals themselves, and developing only the more rapidly from the fact that the only party opposition had to such an extent disappeared. Among Liberals and Reformers, there have always been an advanced radical wing, composed of those who are anxious to go forward at a rate and in a way that their older and more steady associates can little approve of."

From this puzzle the change is to a conundrum:

"In fact what are Conservatives, but just those who from age, or influences of one kind or another are inclined to think the present state of things perfection, and cannot therefore bring themselves to tolerate change?"

Conservatives certainly do not think the present state of things perfection by any means, and probably they can be brought to tolerate smaller change if they cannot obtain "another \$10,000."

We are also told that

"They may have been Reformers up to a certain point, and then they desired with LORD RUSSELL "to rest and be thankful;"

The next piece of valuable information vouchsafed is in the following declarative sentence:

"The more thoroughly the regular opposition has been destroyed, the greater the certainty of a new opposition being formed among those who may now beal as brethren."

This no one will attempt to dispute; for where on earth could a new opposition come from?

The grand peroration is of a piece with the whole.

"We must say that we anticipate a general election of the moral tone and conduct of politicians of every shade of opinion, and shall feel greatly disappointed if the personal conduct of the great men of our legislators at Ottawa, and their political proceedings, be not henceforth in marked contrast with those in by-gone times that disgraced at once the legislation and the legislators of Canada."

We have turned it upside down, and find it still the same. None of our friends know what it means, so we leave it to posterity.

SAIREY GAMP TO "GRIP."

NO. II.

DEAR GRIP,—When this letter reaches you the 'ole world will be valentinin' it, and so, instead of bein perlitical, i will venture to make you ha-quainted with a little hepisode wich 'as greatly hinterest-ed the GOVERNOR-GENERAL and Her Ladyship.

You are aware, GRIP, that my darter JEANNIE 'as many o' those charms wich in hother an 'appier days fascinated my lamented GAMP, 'oo used to put his harm roun' my waist an' say, "Well—hi never"—an' hi du b'lieve 'e never did. Well, lodgin' with me is a young hirishman, an' 'e 'ave got sweet hon my JEANNIE. A night or so hago i 'ears 'im walkin' 'is room, an' talkin that way hall habout roses, an' tongs, an' tea trays, an' kettles that i thought 'e 'ad gone hoff 'is 'ead. So i hopens the door an' says to 'im, "Mr. Flood," says i, "is it sayin your prayers you har, for if it be i'd like to join?" "No, Mrs. GAMP," says he, "hit's study." "Unsteady sir, you means," says hi. "The fact is," says 'e, for i looked him through an' through, "I'm inditin a valentino." "An wot honsense did e' commit?" asks i, forgettin hall about Valentines Day. I pledge you my word, GRIP, for my misfortunes 'ave 'ad their effects. "Hit's a valentino to JEANNIE," said 'e, crossing 'is arms an' lookin hat me as 'Amlet looks at his mother in the play. "Wy wouldn't you

speak to 'er?" said hi. "I'm too modest, ma'am," says 'e, "you see I'm hirish." "Hirish!" hexclaimed hi, "an that's what makes you modest, is it?" "Tis," says he. "Well," says hi, "hi don't think you need fear your modesty is hincurable—'tisen't binvincible, Mr. Flood," says i. "But show me the worses." 'E 'anded me the followin :

A VALENTINE—FROM HENRY FLOOD TO JEANNIE GAMP.

Other poets meet

Their mistress in a garden,
Wat'ring dainty flowers,
Dressed like Dolly Varden.

Mine's a happier fate,
Makes ev'ry hour so tender,
For JEANNIE cleans the grate
And toiletts up the fender.

As the sun-hine plays
'Mid brambles and 'mid nettles,
So her beauty's rays:
Glint round the pots and kettles.

My breast is full of wrongs
Which I never spoke her;
I'm jealous of the tongs,
I hate that rakish poker.

Oh! my anguish dire!
I'm sadder than LORD Lovel,
When I see her coax the fire,
And cuddle the old shovel.
Nor my jealousy can stand—
I die with love's alarms—
When she takes the tray in hand,
Or the coal box in her arms.

O what joys must rest
Where this hand would falter!
Blest rose upon her breast!
Thrice blessed beaded halter!
I would be that flower,—
And though dry as rushes,
My sap would stir with power—
My leaves bloom back her blushes;

And eke that little chain,
Gad! how each bead would quiver,
When love shot through a vein
Like sunlight through a river.

Oh! had I Proten's gifts,
My power I'd soon exhaust sir;
And now I'd be a cup,
And anon a little saucer.

Whate'er with touch she graced
My arts they should compound it—
The locket at her waist
The ribbon-zone around it.

And so *sub rosa* wait
Upon my little goddess,
Of her hair I'd make a plait,
And I'd lace and line her boddice.

But Proten's arts I scout,
For they'd surely fail to win her,
Though I made myself the trout,
Or the *roti* for her dinner.

For how to be divined,
Though this true heart she crunched,
That to-day on me she dined,
And the other day she lunched?

So I must be old fashioned,
Like any sighing fop,
And in a speech impassioned,
The fatal question pop.

No: I hav'nt got the mettle—
Cursed with diffidence absurd—
So I'll stuff this in her kettle,
And she'll know, without a word.

I! I wor rayther pleased with those worses, an' LORD DUFFENN being a literary charakter, i went to 'im. 'E said there was merit in the verses, an' 'er ladyship was henthusiastic. Miss HONESTALIX read them an' said they were not hequal to BURNS. "They're hin a different style," replied hi. "But i likes 'em, for they proves that Cupid his ha Conservative." LORD DUFFENN larfed at this an' said to me, "Mrs. GAMP if hi were you I'd send the worses to GRIP." "Your Lordship's wish is a comand," says hi, an' so i sends you the valentino, though what JEANNIE will say hi don't know—and my modest lodger will be greatly shocked. Hadteu,

Yours respectfully,

SAIREY GAMP.