

**The Cup of Tea.**

Ho, bring me here a cup of tea,  
The purest, strongest of Bohea,  
And fragrant mix Souchong,  
And add of cream sufficiency,  
And let the sugar crystal be,  
And bring it fast along.

Ha! Good! it fructifies amain,  
And swelleth up to heart and brain,  
In subtle vapour keen,  
And rouseth the poetic strain,  
And showeth to the poet plain,  
Things after to be seen.

GRIP sees his own Dominion grand,  
In all the earth the foremost land,  
And views it high excel,  
And sees a peerless couple stand  
And hold therein the chief command,  
Their names he will not tell.

For *scandalum magnatum* it  
Might be to exercise his wit,  
And prophesying might  
On those who in such places sit,  
So, as it is in Scripture writ,  
His tongue he bridleth tight.

Their chiefest counsellor he spies,  
Of hooked nose and piercing eyes,  
First in the roll of fame,  
But GRIP has reason here likewise  
(A reason modesty supplies)  
Why him he may not name.

The tea is gone; the grounds remain,  
Alone, and GRIP no longer plain,  
Can view the things to be,  
But he will drink it yet again  
Another day, and raise his strain  
On what he then may see.

**The Approaching Festivities.**

*New Year's Day—Young Mr. Steady and young Mr. Easy go out to visit. They arrive at the Misses Browns' hospitable mansion, and are received by the ladies, compliments of the season having been exchanged.*

1st Miss BROWN.—Will you take wine or coffee Mr. EASY?

Mr. EASY.—Wine, by all means. (*Drinks*). To-day, when one expects to visit successively so many charming women, it is necessary to be able to say something, the wine furnishes the requisite inspiration.

Miss BROWN.—And you, Mr. STEADY? Do you wish inspiration?

Mr. STEADY.—Coffee for me, please. No, I do not—of that sort. I find in the presence my friend has referred to all the inspiration my duller nature is capable of receiving. (*Drinks*).

Both gentlemen leave, and the BROWNS agree that STEADY has something in him. The gentlemen pass on their rounds, and Mr. EASY soon begins to feel that he has. They call at Mr. JONES'S. The ladies come to the front as usual.

Miss JONES.—Coffee, tea, wine, punch, gentlemen? How rosy the cold air has made your face, Mr. EASY! Mr. STEADY'S not at all affected by it.

Mr. EASY.—I'll take a little punch, if you please. Oh, our faces are not so different as you imagine; it's only that STEADY'S of a different metal—he's at a white heat already. (*Drinks*). This is the thing. Wine is the dull element of ordinary life; but punch adds the exhilar-ar-ar (*Some difficulty in getting out the big word*) ar-ation. Yes, punch supplies 'zilaration. (*Sits down*).

Mr. STEADY.—A little tea for me, please. (*Takes tea*). No, I can't accept my friends' metallic methphor. I'm merely unimpressionable to the weather. I'm getting to be a case-hardened, unfeeling old bachelor. (*He's just twenty*).

Mrs. JONES.—(*There are five Miss Jones's*)—There are remedies for that, Mr. STEADY. (*General applause, and the gentlemen leave*).

A few more houses have been visited, they appear at Mrs. WHITE'S. Compliments pass' refreshments offered as usual.

Mr. EASY.—(*Whose apparel is not improved in pattern or variegation by a stumble on the splashy sidewalk. N.B.—It was entirely the cabman's fault*).—Jush leash taste pure wish-whish-whisksh, please. Belongsh t'party puritysh. (*Goes to sit down, but sits on floor*). Begsh pardnsh. Slight refraction visionsh. (*Stagger up and sits on sofa*).

Mrs. WHITE.—(*Who does not like it*).—The party of purity were turned out, Mr. EASY. Mr. STEADY, I am glad to see you in your usual pleasant an unruffled condition.

Mr. STEADY.—But I am ruffled. Cabman gave us quite a jerk. I think EASY hit his head against the lamp-post, (*True, but it wasn't that*). I must get him home. (*Which he succeeds in doing after some protests from Mr. Easy that he wont go home till morningsh, till daylight pearsh*).

Mr. WHITE.—(*Banker, and unluckily for Easy, employer of both*)—I am very sorry for young EASY. Though an excellent accountant, and showing promise of good business qualities, this weakness will totally unfit him. Of course he may reform; but I cannot give him the promotion I intended. STEADY is my man.

**The Reformer's Lament.**

It was a Grit who long had sworn by BROWN, and now, in deep dejection,  
Wept bitter tears of biting grief, all on the fate of last election,  
And dismally that Grit did groan, and utter terrible predictions;  
And on his luck and on the *Mail* did pour alternate maledictions.

"Alas," he cried "this is a time of mourning and of desolation,  
Since for our sins the Tories are permitted to afflict the nation;  
I knew it was to come—I did,—yes, in the prophecies you'll find it,  
An evil beast that was to rise—I know that must be him—you mind it.

Which was to be in latter times, and then a general outpouring  
Of wrath and desolation, and his fellow beasts all round a roaring,  
And they will put us—we—the ones of purity—to persecution,  
I knew it—yes, the end of things is nigh, and gen'ral dissolution."

**When I Marry.**

BROWN.—(*Unmarried*)—I am distinctly opposed to the careless, lax, and disgraceful mismanagement of families in the present day. The wife is unacquainted with the divine inculcation of submission to her husband; the children are left in ignorance of the rod-recommending precept of SOLOMON.

JONES.—(*Married*)—Oh, come, we don't get along so bad. You're too hard on us.

BROWN.—Hard, Sir! I should be Flint, sir. I ought to be Adamant, Sir!

JONES.—You can't fall in love then—that's impossible. And no one can fall in love with you. You can't marry.

BROWN.—I can, Sir, I will, Sir. And my wife will receive proper instruction in a proper spirit, and know her place, and submit as she ought, or I'll know why.

JONES.—Well, my family are all right.

BROWN.—Right, Sir! Right! I assure you, Sir, that I saw, I most distinctly saw—I most distinctly myself saw—your boy JACK enter your hall door to-day without wiping his shoes! He did! (*Groans deeply*).

JONES.—Well, won't yours ever? If in a hurry?

BROWN.—Mine! If ever I have any, and they do so, I shall—I shall cut them into inch pieces. Then they are irreverent to their parents. Children should not be allowed to enter into conversation with their parents. It is destructive of that strict restraint which, broken, ever paves the way to licentious and pernicious habits of all descriptions.

JONES.—Well, we'll see. Wait.

**TEN YEARS AFTER—HE IS MARRIED.**

JONES.—Good morning, Mrs. BROWN. Mr. BROWN at home?

Mrs. BROWN.—Not yet, Mr. JONES, and he should be, for I only sent him to the washwoman with the clothes. Oh, here he is, I'm sure you needn't have been half that time, Mr. BROWN. (*Snaps basket from his hand*).

Mr. BROWN.—(*Rather scared*)—I assure you SARAH, I did hurry, but she said it was ten cents more, and I didn't like to settle it without your leave. (*Backs into corner*).

Mrs. BROWN.—I'd like to have seen you, I can tell you. Go straight back and tell her it's false. The brazen—

Mr. BROWN.—My dear, I—(*sees Jones*)—Good morning, JONES, I'm quite ready (*hooks his arm in Jones's and runs off with him*). Beg pardon, had to pretend an engagement: she's very violent, I assure you.

Mr. JONES.—Well, tell your son TOM to go the message. Here he is.

Mr. BROWN.—TOM, would you go, like a good fellow, to—

TOM.—Go yourself! (*Runs off*).

Mr. JONES.—Well, I keep my family in tolerable order, not quite what you used to think sufficient, but still nothing like this. But perhaps you strained that determination of yours so hard that it snapped.