

A FEW REMARKS ABOUT OLD MAIDS AND THE FAIR SEX GENERALLY.

Old maids are said by men to be the essence of acidity, And others grasp the same idea with eagerest rapidity; But I myself have always had my doubts of its validity. In which perhaps you think I show the greatest of stupidity,

But I don't.

Of course there are some ancient maids filled full of gall and bitterness, But that they are not all the same I sit here as a wit-ness (!) They're rather queer, I own, and charged with what the Yanks call "critter-ness,"

But that's all.

A woman really should not be accused of eccentricity, Because she thinks a single state will bring the most felicity;

A man imagines if she won't get spliced, she's sure to miss it—ho

Is an ass.

There's every chance that she will find a man a super-fluity, Although a man cannot be brought in this same light to view it, he Appears to think that such a thing is quite an incon-gruity;

Poor fellow!

Why, a man's the vainest thing on earth, far worse than femininity; He laughs at it for being vain in his proud mas-culinity, Thus showing that he really is the height of asinity; He hanged to him!

A man imagines he's the thing a female must be dying for, And that his lovely self is all that, beauteous woman's sighing for, And that "a man! a man! a man!" is what each girl is crying for.

Heavings!

Bah! if girls could get their pop and cream and bonnets without paying for 'em, They'd say, "Why! what's the use of men? it isn't worth while trying for 'em." I know they would, and they'll acknowledge all that I am saying for 'em,

Won't you, pets?

So, in conclusion, I beg to remark that Old maids are sensible indeed; acknowledge the propriety Of this when next you see a man in state of inebriety, And say if, of that creature you would shortly have satiety

Or not.

Old maids have no such things as men who're fond of lush to trouble 'em, And, if they've troubles of their own, such men would only double 'em, (And here I cannot find a rhyme to double 'em and trouble 'em,

So let her go.)

And now my little song I've sung in vein of jocularity, Some folks will say that my ideas are tinged with singularity, But I have quite forgotten one, just one, peculiarity, And that's why some old maids are so—because their hair is carrotty.

Good-Bye.

SWIZ.

[The author of the above, before he let himself out in that last line, had everything packed and ready for a start for the summit of Mount Everest. The Editor of GRIP will not be responsible for the opinions of his contributors, but if any lady with flowy locks should feel aggrieved, she will be admitted to his presence on leaving her umbrella in the outer office. Tall, gaunt, bony, and muscular females will not be permitted to see him under any pretence whatever. Ed. GRIP.]

REMINISCENCES OF SLOWTON LIT- TERY SASSIETY.

By JAY KAYELLE, EX-PRESIDENT.

PAPER III.—THE PRIZE ESSAY.

When our Sassiety made a rule they stuck to it. Them there laws of the Medes and Prussians wan't no circumstance to the laws of the Slowton Littery Sassiety. When a member was picked out to do a thing he'd got to do it, and no backin' out either. It was a discipline; a kinder trainin' for the time when they'd be pulled up short; thrown on their own resources; stood upon their heads in a barrel as it were, an' left to their own inenoo-ity to git right side up again, with-out upsettin' the barrel. An' he's no

man who can't spit on his hands and tackle successfully jist sich a figger-ative contingency. Well, Jim Bluff he was picked out an' voted in to write an Essay on Love. Jim was a quiet young fellow, about nineteen, an' had real good principles. In fact it was Jim proposed that when a member was picked out to do a thing he'd got to do it, an' he'd allus keep harpin' on the meanness of fellows tryin' to back down an' out. When I riz to make the announcement about him an' the Essay, he was nowhere to be seen, he was sittin' straight behind Miss Fly, an' she wore a cartwheel hat. They told me after, though, that when he heard his name mentioned, an' the task he'd got, he put his hat right down on the floor, an' fainted dead away. Yes, sir, he fainted! The magnitood of the subject over-powered his intellects, as it were, an' he mer-cifully became unconscious. They borried the lend of a hand cart, and toted him home to his mother, an' she'd an awful time with him. It went to his brain, and give him the delireums, an' she'd to sit up all night keepin' ice to his head. Next day he was up an' around again, an' felt more like tacklin' the Essay. I hap-pened to drop into the Circulatin' Libery in the evenin' an' there I seen Jim, busy haulin' the books out one by one, an' lookin' an' shov-in' them in again, jist like he was lookin' for suthin' he couldn't find.

"What are you up to, Jim," says I, over his shoulder like.

"Oh nothin'," says he startin', but I seen he was blushin' worse'n a roarin' boar allus is, an' I jist twiggid then an' there what was the trouble.

"It's the Essay, Jim," says I.

"Right you are," says he, "An' it's that same Essay is goin' to be the death of me yet. I jist came in here to see what some of them authors say on the subject, for I'm blest if I've a single idea of my own."

"Jim," says I, "do you mean to tell me that a fellow of your age was never in love?"

"I dunno," says Jim, "but what's that got to do with this here Essay."

"Everything," says I, "a essay ought to be a man's thoughts an' opinions an' feelins' on the given subjec. Your given subject is Love. Honest Injun, now Jim, atween you an' I an' the gate-post, what do you think of love?"

"Well," says he, scratchin' his head, "I think it's—well—oh—um—(blamed if I can get a word to my likin') its a—pecooliar."

"Very good, Jim," says I, "an' when you see the object of your pecooliarity comin' smilin' up the street, how do you feel?"

"Oh!" says he, with a kinder laugh, "all overish like. My heart stands still for a minute, an' then goes gallopin' lickety-whop, till I ketch myself standin' blushin' like some blamed fool."

"Very good," says I, "Now Jim, just get your pen, an' put that down in black an' white."

"What!" says Jim, an' I seen his hair risin' up straight, all over his head.

"Open your Essay with that," says I, "set it down kinder this way—'Love is a pecooliar kind of a feelin'. It makes a fellow feel all overish half the time. When a fellow sees the object of this pecooliar feelin' a block off, the cirkelation of the blood stops all of a sud-dint—won't go,—baulks like,—then off she starts, gallopin' an' tearin', worse'n Olympus on Mount Pegasus; through every vein an' artery of your blessed body, upsettin' yer reason, bewilderin' yer senses, an' makin' a fellow's face look like a bran-new brick house.'—How's that?"

"That's boss"—says he, "That's stavin'! I never thought of that."

"The great thing," says I, "is, to stick to Natur. Stick to Natur, Jim! Do as Crom-well did with Charles the Second, paint him warts an' all, especially the warts—do 'em

good an' brown. Bring your pints out in strong bass reliefs, like the siscoes of the old masters on the walls of Rome. Be original or nothin'. Don't ye go copyin' nobody. Don't ye be wastin' time hatchin' out some all-fired ideal. Natur is the ideal, an' she's everlast-ingly posin' right afore ye in every possible attitood an' condition. Don't ye go titivatin' up yer essay, with roses an' posies, an' eyes an' sighs, an' all that there humbug about jew drops, an' the breath of viles, an' zephyrs an' stars, an' little naked youngsters with two beef hearts stuck on a harpoon an' sich. Write down what you see, an' hear an' feel. Love that needs all sich fiddle-de-decs to represent it ain't much. Love is a passion—a new life, a power that lays hold on ye by the scruff of the neck an' pitches ye right into the hot breath of the fannin' machine—an' whether ye come out most wheat or most chaff, depends entirely on what kind of stuff ye're made of. Rither ye come out better or worse, but which-ever way, you're never the same man again. Love in some rare cases leads to marriage, an' the happy creatures settle down an' play Heaven, like children play house, an' the world-worn traveller stops to look at the pic-ture, beautiful an' temptin' as the mirage in the desert. As a rule, however, Love an' Marriage are too very different things, as Birmingham Young has proved by experimen-tal demonstration."

These an' several more hints an' notes I gave Jim to help him up with his Essay—an' I tell ye sir, when the time cum it was a grand success—carried off the first prize, which was "A Translation of the Iliad into Greek by the Pope."

LETTERS TO EMINENT PERSONS.

TO MARTIN MALLOY MULLARKY, GENT.

SIR,—It was only after deep deliberation and a thorough research into your character and antecedents that I concluded to enroll you on the honored list of eminent persons, there-fore, Martin Malloy Mullarky, Gent, consider yourself so enrolled. Readers of GRIP, whose name is legion, will in all probability wonder why you are selected for that honor. It is, O! Mullarky, because you represent a type of citizen, that in leaving neglected or unnoticed I would consider that I had committed laches of duty, not only to the readers of GRIP but to the country at large. Mullarky, you were born on the somewhat unstable and shaky margin of a bog, in the south-west of Ireland, and your early days were principally passed in cutting turf and stacking it for the purposes of fuel. Your daily diet consisted of potatoes washed down by an unlimited libation of but-ter-milk. Twice or thrice a year you were re-galed with a rasher of bacon and a fresh egg. Your education was derived from the curricu-lum of a hedge schoolmaster, and the said hedge was your alma mater. It was at this al fresco temple of learning that you acquired the oft misplaced "jawbreakers" that you so fre-quently make use of in your orations, and you have not forgotten, by any means, the pom-pous and high-sounding language of your pas-toral professor, nor the birch which he used with marked effect in his endeavor to enlighten you into the mysteries of the Rule of Three and Vulgar Fractions.

Now, recollect and bear in mind, Mullarky, that I don't mention these incidents of your early career to raise a sneer at your humble position or surroundings; I only recite them to give you a hint not to assume the aristocratic airs you put on with those now to an extent subservient to you. I allude to your servants, your tenants, and the poor generally, who seek you, the great and rich Mr. Mullarky, to ob-tain advice, work, or assistance of any kind.

Another thing you should avoid, Mr. Mul-larky, is the subject of your royal descent. Your vague hints as to the fact of your being