

A WAIL FROM A BOARDER.

Dear GRIP,—Being a great admirer of the British Poet Laureate, I have attempted to write something like his recent production, "Vastnesses." I think my effusion worthy of a place in your columns. I don't know what you think, and I don't know what his lordship may think about it, but surely I ought to know something about my own production. If not, why not?

I may state that I am a resident of a private boarding house, but have had much experience amongst hasheries of all descriptions.

Here is my poem. I have called it

HASHINESS.

Sad hearts upon our dark globe sigh for many a well-loved vanished face,
As they leave the home and venture abroad to many a cheerless boarding place,
Where there ill-used stomachs were never at rest, as this poor earth's pale history runs,
What is it all but a howling for food, and a weekly shower of boarding-house duns?
Pies upon this side, pies upon that side—a gruesome food that is shunned by the wise—
The voice of the boarder for wholesome grub drowned in a torrent of pies upon pies:
Stately purposes wrecked by weak coffee: those bold aspirations that fortunes make
Knocked clean out in one brief short round by a course of terrible boarding house steak.
Men who if fed on digestible food would cut before their fellows a dash,
Driven to nothingness, hopelessness, horror—and all by that MYSTERY—boarding house hash.
Innocence drowned in cerulean milk—what can a boarder of innocence know?
His course of harsh treatment may drive him to madness and will even write poems to Bill Snow.
Ah! boarding house mistress you've much to account for: dire wrecks of strong men cut down in their prime,
Writhing and groaning in pangs of dyspepsy for eating tough grub in the briefest of time.
What's Indigestion? A worm that is writhing and tearing and clawing all day and all night,
And stirred up again in the breast of the sleeper who starts from his horrible dreams in affright.
Boarding house mistresses, little it recks ye to see your poor boarders with fast fading cheek:
Little care ye as ye rattle the guilders paid in by your prey at four dollars a week.
Can ye then wonder that semi-starved boarders speak words of their hasheries, naughty and strong?
Words that are caused by a system of cruelty, borne by the victims with sufferings long.
Then in the summer, what bear they—these boarders, as pitching in bed far more dead than alive?
What but the murmur of bats and mosquitoes that buzz, boom and "thuggle" like bees in a hive.
Now upon this side, now upon that side, biting first this ear, then nipping the nose,
Whilst down goes the head of the boarder despairing, and sally sweats, swelters and swears 'neath the clothes.
Have ye the hearts of the feminine gender, boarding house mistresses, have ye no souls?
Are ye a phalanx of phemine phuries, living on boarders, like vampires and ghouls?
Spring and Summer and Autumn and Winter and all these old revolutions of earth—
What do they come to? The grub never changes, and four times the price is paid that it's worth.
Give me a porter-house steak, rich and juicy; then from a pewter pot deep let me quaff.
Where in the world can you find such a beverage as real Henglish hale or the true 'alf and 'alf.
Boarding house mistresses, pause and think over it: think of the physical ruins ye make
With your oceans of coffee that ne'er saw the Tropics; your samsony poultry and muscular steak.
What is a cornet worth with dyspepsy? What is blue blood when it harbors disease?
Nothing: so banish your pie so terrific: your terrible pancakes and mystic head-cheese.

S.

FICTION AND FACT

I.

HOW THE WORLD HEARS IT.

MR. HUNKY DORY has decided to accept the position of book-keeper with Messrs. Shortyard and Tapestring, which firm we congratulate on having secured the services of so efficient an *attache* as Mr. Dory.

THE REALITY.

Mr. Hunky Dory, having hustled round for the last six weeks and bored his friends to death to recommend him for the "sit," has at length managed to crawl into the office at Shortyard and Tapestring's as book-keeper, by the skin of his teeth.

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II.

HOW THE WORLD HEARS IT.

WE regret to state that our genial fellow-citizen, Mr. Bibulus Blossombeak, tripped on a defective plank in the sidewalk on Jim Street last evening, and was thrown to the ground, injuring himself so severely that he will be confined to his chambers for some time. He suffers great pain, which at times drives him nearly delirious. We trust to see him about again before a great while.

THE REALITY.

As Mr. Bibulus Blossombeak was prancing along Jim Street last night in a highly-elated condition, he tripped and fell over his own shadow, sustaining a fracture of the nose and a pair of black eyes that will keep him in his room for some time. The medical man attending Mr. Blossombeak, having prohibited the use of all alcoholic stimulants, the patient, who has been on a prolonged debauch, is on the verge of *delirium tremens* from the sudden cessation of his accustomed liquor. It is a great pity all such drunken bums as Blossombeak do not fall and break their necks and have done with it.

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III.

HOW THE WORLD HEARS IT.

It is with much pain that we announce the delicate state of Mrs. Vumpty's health compels her to seek renewed vigor by making a trip to Florida, where she will reside for some time. As Mr. Vumpty's business will not permit him to accompany his amiable lady, nothing but the stern mandates of the physician can prevail upon the sufferer to absent herself from her husband's side. We sincerely trust that the genial Southern breezes will, ere long, re-establish the health of Mrs. Vumpty.

THE REALITY.

Old Vumpty, the stock-broker, having had another flare-up with his vixen of a wife, and finding that he can no longer put up with her tantrums, has decided to pack her off to Florida, where he trusts, so he says, that she will accidentally walk into an alligator lagoon.

(To be concluded next week.)

A GOOD HOUSEHOLD MEDICINE.

* * HAVING been taking GRIP for several years (since '79, I think), it has become a household necessity, and is highly enjoyed by the children as well as by the elders; hoping you will have a continued success, I remain your sincere admirer,

Chesley, Jan. 29.

J. S. McL.