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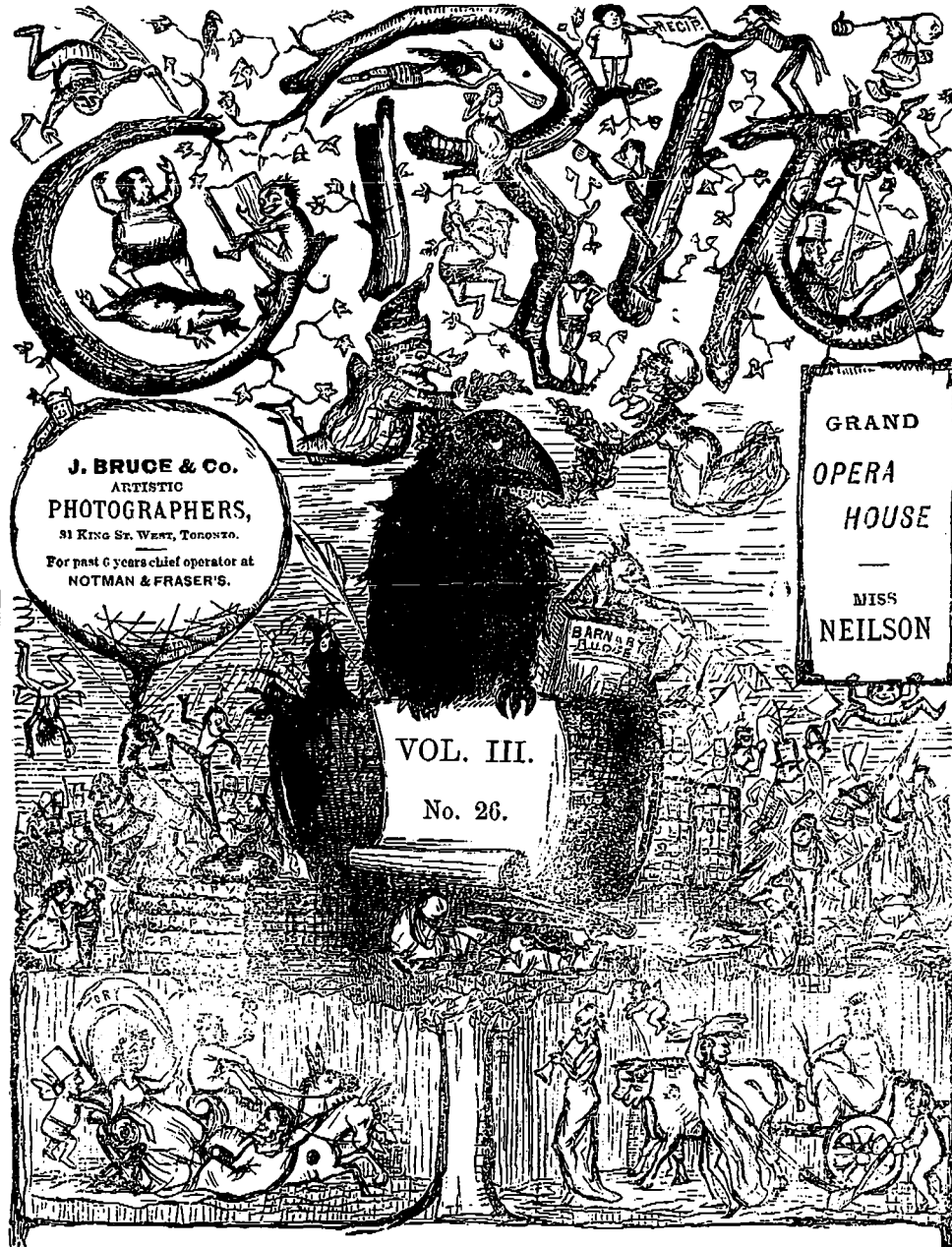
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ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach the Editor not later than Wednesday. Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to P. O. Box 938, Toronto, Ontario. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

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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 21, 1874.

"A Man's a Man for a' That."

In the last number of the *Canadian Monthly*, the writer of "Current Events" proposes the introduction of an aristocracy into Canada. His ideas are highly amusing. Let us fancy a man in Canada subsisting upon the fact that he "belongs to a family." Happy mortal! How must he be envied by the "common herd" who don't belong to a family, or who have not the consummate ignorance to found their own respectability on that of their relations. Your titled dunce is "nothing so low as the working class;" or as we have known one of the tribe (who turned out a forger,) remark, he has "never stood behind a counter, never ploughed a field, and never entered a school to gain a livelihood." Oh! ye degraded ones who have done honest and honorable work, blush, if ye have never blushed before, for your sins. Heinous crimes have ye committed in the eyes of your noble superiors, particularly ye who have entered mercantile life, tilled the soil that the earth might bring forth fruit for your own and others, sustenance, or engaged in that

"Delightful task,—to rear the tender thought,
And teach the young idea how to shoot."

Go hide your heads, ye merchants, farmers and schoolmasters; array your bodies in sackcloth; prostrate yourselves in dust and ashes; and, if you really happen to be "of a family," mourn for the deprecation you have brought upon your progenitors!

Happily for the rare peace and lofty comfort of the "aristocrat," he does not think as does the rabble, nor reflect as we poor, miserable beings of the lower order. We will stubbornly persist in the idea that all men are descended from Adam, who, if he "never ploughed a field" at least enjoyed in some sort of rude husbandry. But perhaps the "aristocrats" are descendants of the other fellow, who was instrumental in getting our first parents expelled from Eden. This is the only inference on which we who acknowledge Adam and Eve as our ancestors can account for the difference between "our people" and the aristocracy.

While family traditions and pride of descent may do very well to nurse the enterprize of the mind in private, it becomes utterly ridiculous to a Canadian, when obtrusively thrust before the public. The man who boasts or tries to float on "blue," or any other distinctive kind of blood in a democratic country like this is a mitigated ignoramus, whatever standing he may occupy in society, or whoever may have been his ancestors.

If we are to believe generally accepted reports the writer of "Current Events" does not bear the most aristocratic name in the world; nor is he one of those drones in the human hive—parasites on the social structure—who are so fond of basing their claims to respectability on a lot of mouldering coffins. Therefore we are the more surprised at his sayings, and puzzled to decide whether he intended them as serious or playful, or whether his desire was to make them (as he certainly has done) foggy and extremely ridiculous. If the adage "Laugh and grow fat, be good in all weathers" we hope he will continue propounding his views on matters aristocratic; for should he do so, we promise him that we will read them for the laudable purpose of adding to our rather spare stock of adipose. If he will continue to tickle us thus for a few months, we expect that we, and all our lean friends, to whom we cordially recommend the cordial, will under the simple treatment become really unwieldy by reason of obesity. Aldermen are strictly cautioned against the Professor's aristocracy doctrines; for such doctorin's will certainly doctor them apoplexy.

'Grip' as a Reviewer.

"FANNING IN CHURCH," AND ADDISON AND STEELE ON THE USE OF THE FAN. Toronto: Globe Printing Company.

"Fanning in Church" has raised a bigger breeze than the ladies who use the article, or even the writer of the original (?) article in the *Globe* ever intended. The ladies, dear creatures (dear in their persons and their paraphernalia), have unrestrainedly fanned throughout the hot weather. In church or chariot, in grief or gait, in shade or sunshine, in dress or *en dishabille*, they have fluttered their fans and succeeded in fanning their fervid faces, fanning their flaunting fringes and ribbons, and fanning the passions of love, envy or jealousy in many a heart, all unmindful of the powerful pen that launched

literary lightning (after the manner of the cove who stole Jove's bolts) against their airy accomplishment. He, poor fellow, has not only been bitterly disappointed at witnessing the small effect of his erudite effort upon the Amazonian phalanx; but he has also been publicly proclaimed a pillager of the productions of previous pen propellers. It has been openly stated that he did first read ADDISON and then STEELE; and in this questionable way did lighten his literary labors. The dark accusation being followed by a still darker, prudently leaving the latter in limbo, he attempts to still further lighten the case and himself, and to that cosmopolitan end he has caused to be published a ponderous volume of eight pages, title page included, containing much new and valuable information to the denizens of the uttermost parts of the earth, all of whom no doubt know and admire this literary luminary. The author of this tremendous tome, mingling in his mighty mind the winged words of himself and his illustrious compeers with the probable effect of its impact upon the buffers upon which its weight was to come, forgot to send a copy to his admiring and emulating brother BARNABY, through the gay and garrulous GARR; so that we were forced to throw away ten cents in its purchase. We freely forgive the editor for the omission, feeling sure that the oversight was caused by his thinking so much of another, that he had no room, even in his capacious cranium, for ravin' BARNABY and his raven; but we can scarcely bring our old Adam to the forgiving point when we remember ALLEN's look when we bought that precious pamphlet. He plainly pitied us for giving him that dime. Now we don't like to be pitied so cheaply; and we're not the only fool in the world.

The wonderful work is before us. For "only ten cents" we have a vast fund of information unfolded to our unfortunate mind. We learn that the author is both ante and post-deluvian, before and after the flood; that he is an esquire; that he is "of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law;" that he is "author of 'France and Germany,' (January, 1871), &c. in *Westminster Review*." How he survived that flood we can't make out unless, indeed, he is the *original old Nick*, who is known to have come through in a manner not recorded. If so, it must have required both hands to hold his umbrella, else he certainly would have written an account of his adventures, ridiculed NOAH's old flat-boat, &c. Or—we have it!—he lost his library, and therefore he couldn't write. We also learn that he was formerly of *The Star, Pall Mall Gazette, &c., &c.* Ah! of that shining *Star* that sheds its radiance despite his departure to another hemisphere, and that galloping *Gazette* that rushes pell-mell in the path to ascendancy notwithstanding the loss of a dashing (quill) driver. And then the more than maiden modesty that veils distinctions, doubtless dazzling, under "&c., &c.!" While we admire we grieve. Admiration for such unusual diffidence is overset by grief at our own inability to comprehend the hidden glories thus denied us. Here is a great man. Look at his titles! Remember, too, they are all appropriate, particularly the &c. and the &c. Verily his self-abnegation is *sublime* which, being freely interpreted, signifies "under whitewash."

But we must pause. To take up all the beauties of this work in one number would be too much—too much! We have above simply reviewed the title page; and in justice directly to the RUBEN family, and indirectly to our readers, who would suffer by our further loss of health, we must postpone the opening of the inner glories of this casket of literary gems. We will, therefore, close by remarking that this specimen of book-making does credit to the establishment from whose presses it comes. It is cleanly printed on high-toned paper, and the single tail-piece, on page 8, consists of a significant flourish. In short, the mechanical work upon it makes it easily read by those who have the time, inclination and courage to explore the mines of instruction and amusement contained in its innocent pages. Recuperation being required, with a sigh we say, *Au Revoir!*

Among the Filharmonix.

The love of music runs in our family, and if I may believe its traditions one of my ancestors emigrated from Normandy with the Conqueror in the capacity of piano forte tuner to His Majesty—by "Special Appointment" of course. In those early days musical instruments were comparatively rare; but there is, I believe, a legend concerning that same ancient relative whose performances upon the cow-horn "astonished ye Kyng and hys Courte." I can well believe it. Claiming descent, therefore, from so prominent an individual, it is no wonder that such a distant connexion should inherit a love of musical art. I have been told, by those who profess to know that a correct taste and ear are the first requisites upon which to base a cultivated artist.

If this be true I have them to a large extent. The former is only exceeded by my appetite, and the latter is sufficiently large to take in all the dischords of our Society.

Our whole family form a complete octave. My father was a Major and my mother a minor; my eldest brother is the dominant, and I am the minor third, there being a sister between us. Among so eminently a musical family instruction in singing was superfluous, so I joined the Filharmonix. I was assured that it was only necessary to pay two dollars to secure myself fame and to constitute myself an active member.



THE FARMING MAN IN A FIX;
OR, THE TABLES TURNED.

In connection with the annual fee a ticket was supposed to be given to each member, so that his or her friends could come to hear us sing. I love good music, though I don't know much about it. But it's nice to have one's friends come to hear you, nevertheless—it does them good, don't hurt you, and makes one sing the louder, except where there is a *piano*, and *that* at times you can't bear for the noise.

I was told that the Conductor would try my voice and I learned two songs: David Edward's "National Anthem," and "Put me in my little bed,"—in case of emergency. I was much disappointed that my vocal powers were not tested, otherwise I might have been saved two dollars, because I don't think I should have been much of a success. Having paid the money I was told to consider myself an active member. My activity was surprising. I never was so flush of notes before. So I took my place with the rest of the chorus, and sang what they sang, and stopped when they stopped. From my childhood I always minded my stops. But at times the stops were so sudden that I jerked them out regardless of consequences.

"Mind your pause," the Conductor shouted. I looked at my hands, but they "were clean." I told him not to be so personal. An apology was tendered and accepted. That Conductor's head is always full of crochets.

And then the "runs." When we got started it was a caution. The way we'd do those "runs" was really grand.

"Mind your time," shouted the Conductor.

"This is two-forty time, isn't it?" I retorted. "I'll bet you I'll sing against time with any man in the house."

"Oh, you're too sharp as well as too *forte*," he jeered.

"Am I? Well, you're the first man who has ever said so." We made friends on the spot. The piece was tried once more and he became calmer.

Lots of friends would come to hear the rehearsals. One evening we all got started on a chorus with a "run" in it, and to show our proficiency we had to pull up short, or in other words back up on a pause. We backed up promptly, just in time to hear a voice among the visitors exclaim "That's too thin." Well, *he* isn't much of a judge I thought.

Our Society was formed for the promotion of harmony. But sometimes things don't go as nicely as they ought. Everybody wanted to sing a solo. A rumor got about that the Executive wanted to employ foreign talent. They (the foreigners) believed in Reciprocity. We didn't. They were to accept eighteen hundred Canadian dollars in exchange for instrumentative and vocal ability. We had ample local talent of our own. The Society was organized for the cultivation of local talent. Then why this waste of money? I offered to bring the full brass and string band of the Tenth Royals for one-third the amount. But my offer was refused with scorn. I offered to sing all the solos for nothing. That overture was also rejected with contempt. But when the committee went so far as to request us to give up our tickets, my soul was in arms. We had quite an interesting time, accompanied with much freedom of tone and expression.

One excited individual wrote a requisition in his best hand, calling for a Special Meeting. We met—"twas in a crowd." A number of members had promised their tickets to their friends to come and hear them sing. I had sold mine for fifty cents. One of the Committee rose and explained the necessity of parting with our privilege, as the hall engaged was too small to admit everybody. Somebody said the hall was not so small as the Committee. Several members considered themselves grieved because they were referred to as "dead-heads." One of them has owed me ten dollars for the past twelve months. Another injured individual objected to being used as "bait"—even on a fishing excursion. An enraged member said it was a breach of the Constitution to give up anything. Two others rose to compromise the matter. Another showed that past experience demonstrated the fact that any performance we gave would result in a more favourable surplus than the Ontario Legislature can boast of. He proved satisfactorily that our concert, viewed financially, would be a better operation than any real estate investment. The Conductor grew excited and said he would not hold himself responsible if anybody got hurt. The result was a compromise that if the Executive saw fit they would give us a ticket upon a future occasion. The compromise was accepted and nobody was the gainer—except the Committee. That Committee is one of the best types of a mild despotism I ever heard of. I admired their firmness, but condemned their mode of operation.

Harmony was once more restored. We started singing again, and the way we put that chorus through nearly raised the roof off the house. Everybody shook hands with everybody else, and some of the former malcontents paid three dollars extra, so that they might bring their friends in a legal way and spite the Committee. I am to sing a solo at some future date—it is only a question of time.

Everybody now seems happy, and no further trouble is anticipated until the next annual meeting when it will be necessary to have another shindy in order to vary the monotony.

PAUL FORD.

Grip's Essence of Parliament.

THURSDAY.

The first Bill introduced was SCOTT, of Peterboro'.

The "Christian Premier," with characteristic foresight, brought in

a bill to regulate official swearing. It (the bill) was read a first time; but the swearing was dispensed with till a war of passions could insure a "blue streak."

Mr. MOWAT moved.

He wanted the consideration of the address postponed till next day, it had to be treated with so much consideration.

Mr. CAMERON almost fancied. That settled the question; the consideration was considered postponed, and the House was again "fancy free."

Mr. MOWAT moved again.

It was only the public printing that started him.

Mr. MOWAT moved again.

He wanted Select Standing Committees; and didn't appear to consider that he couldn't get a select lot out of the present House.

Mr. CAMERON actually ventured to think. By all accounts, he desired the Public Accounts Committee to sit during the recess. They would thus be a more private Accounts Committee.

Mr. MOWAT said the Committee would get through more work than formerly. This they might easily do, and not strain themselves either.

Mr. MOWAT MOVED AGAIN.

He resolved on bribery and corruption.

Mr. CAMERON declared the joke stale, and referred to an instance in which it was got off before.

Mr. MOWAT forgot the Family Compact, and only retrospected twenty years, expressing sorrow that the Grits had learned anything from the Tories.

The Librarian reported, but the House wouldn't hear it, querulously thinking WATSON a name.

MR. MOWAT MOVED AGAIN, and all the members, following his infectious example, moved out.

FRIDAY.

After routine the House proceeded to root into the Address wherever they could find grounds for a reply. Mr. SINCLAIR made a moving speech, and Mr. STRAKER struck deep into the matter.

Mr. RYKER delivered some favourite readings from his celebrated Scrap Book, in his usual soothing manner.

Mr. MOWAT, having sharpened up his scissors, had a mow at the daily papers, RYKER frequently interjecting, "Hay?"

Mr. LAUDER charged the Premier, but that "gun" didn't go off again that day.

Mr. FRASER put in a spoke for the weal of the ministry.

Mr. BOULBREE took a hand in and tried to bluff; but, as he had nothing to do with the shuffling, his little game didn't work.

Mr. PRINCE went it blind. Not having a microscope, he couldn't see any opposition.

The resolutions were referred to a Committee, which being all ready loaded and primed, immediately reported a draft address, which was adopted with a motion that it be engrossed so that it might engross the attention of His Honor for a minute at least.

Mr. RYKER moved for a committee to consider the McKELLAR charges, in hopes that they will thus be committed to oblivion.

MONDAY.

Mr. CROOKS moved for a change of procedure. "Charity begins at home."

The Estimates were brought down, *i. e.*, the estimates of receipts and expenditures, not the estimates of the House as a body, which are impalpable.

A committee was appointed to strike standing committees. STRAKER is not on it, but we hope the eleven named will be able to knock down the standing committees when necessary.

A bill was introduced to give a better chance to municipalities to squander their share of SANFELD'S hoard; another relative to apprentices and minors, who often have no other relative; and a third, respecting titles to real estate, which should be respected when good.

TUESDAY.

The striking of committees, as might be expected, led to divisions, and the first fight of the session occurred. The desire of the Opposition to weaken the Ministerial strength in a vital part, the Committee on Public Accounts, accounts for the row. During the contest the committees were struck, but, as usual, there was nobody hurt.

Crooks and Decks.

ANOTHER Polar Expedition is projected. They'll have an ice time.

Mrs. DIXONARX has expressed her disapparel of the crimination of Lady DIKE.

THE Grits think by gerrymandering they can make a "white" constituency out of Grey.

THE latest novelty in the way of political argument is the Wallaceburg Advocate's apostrophe to STEPHEN WHITE, the Reform nominee for Kent:

"STEPHEN! STEPHEN!
Your legs ain't even—
You can't run well,"

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