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VOL. 2.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 14TH, 1874.

No. 12.

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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 hinterested 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 Valentine's 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 LOVELL,  
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 valentine, though what JEANNIE will say hi don't know—and my modest lodger will be greatly shocked. Hadteu,

Yours respectfully,

SAIREY GAMP.



# 'GRIP'S' VALENTINE TO CANADA.

\* \* FOR INTERPRETATION WHEREOF SEE THE ENGLISH AND AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS.

P. S.—Give my love to all the ladies in Toronto and throughout the Dominion—'E'vn bless their little 'arts!—the dears!—hi was once young myself—and Gamp 'e hused to say—but no matter, waists ar gone an' wrinkles ave come—an' as Lord DUFFERIN says, "Tempters are my aunt and her"—wich 'e says his what the Latinus used to say wen they wanted to hexpress the hidea that the times were changed.

### The Tomnoddy Papers.

Being the letters of DEMOS MUDGE, to ADOLPHUS TOMNODDY, Esq., late of the Civil Service, Ottawa.

NO IV.

Toronto, 13rd February, 1874.

MY DEAR ADOLPHUS,—The tear and worry of the elections being ended, the last Conservative defeat mourned over by the *Mail* and rejoiced at by the *Globe*, I am again at liberty to turn my attention to you.

And first let me congratulate you on your reappointment with increased salary. It was wise of your patron and relative, MARGUS TOMNODDY, to rat, and thus render himself capable of assisting you.

Indeed, I have noticed that consistent Reformers, who have all their lives bawled at JOHN A., exercise far less influence than those judicious Tories who have gone over to the enemy. MACKENZIE shows great tact in thus attaching deserters to his standard, but I fancy the rank and file will murmur. Of this be sure, *there is no one so influential as a hesitating traitor.*

Four hundred dollars a year is rather good pay for an official, who has been less than twenty years in the Civil Service.

Indeed, I have known many a fine young fellow marry a teeming woman on less, and live thereafter in the best society of the capital.

ANADIS MOGYUS married the blooming CALYPSO DE BEE on a smaller salary.

His wife always appeared in society well dressed—so far as I could see—till a confirmed habit of adding to her family every year, left her little time to attend to her social duties.

A curiosity, of which I am ashamed, once led me to inquire into her domestic management. I confess I was shocked.

This amiable woman, whose birth justified her in sneering, as she often did, at people in trade, had a continual feud with her baker. Her milkman was only an occasional caller. Her butcher hardly merited the pronoun. Her children, who were, when on exhibition, always neat, clean and so aristocratic looking, she stowed away at other times in the barest of nurseries, where they lived in a semi-nude state.

MOGYUS, on getting home, laid aside his well made office suit, assumed the most threadbare of garments, and, having dined on provisions obtained under false pretences, smoked a melancholy pipe on the back doorstep.

The family retired to bed at eight o'clock, for oil was expensive, and wood difficult to procure.

How the dickens she managed, even with all her economy, to spare something for gloves and ball dresses, I never could comprehend.

Yet, as she said, she *must* go into society, and she did. I have heard ladies mention "the same old skirt," in talking of her dress, but I could never discern anything shabby in her appearance.

MOGYUS himself spoke of all men outside the Civil Service as cads of different degrees—there were "doosled cads," "infernal cads," "widikilous cads," "wich cads," and cads pure and simple unqualified by any adjective.

I admired his wife's gameness; I was pleased to know her ingenuity; I sympathized with her aristocratic prejudices; I worshipped her perfect *ton*, and beheld her condescension with awe.

She would extend two fingers, covered with well cleaned gloves to Mrs. PRIDGERS, wife of the rich grocer of that name—to Mrs. PRIDGERS whose many coloured ribbons cost more in a year than would have kept the whole MOGYUS family.

The most marvellous thing was that Mrs. PRIDGERS bragged as loudly of her acquaintance as she did of her familiarity with the wife of the Hon. Mr. DE GUCHE, one of the Ministry.

Mrs. P. would tell you, "Mrs. MOGYUS ave been" enlighten you as to her poverty, and expiate upon her "connection with the nobility."

I was glad when CALYPSO MOGYUS got her reward. MOGYUS' aunt died, as conveniently as a rich old lady in a novel, and left him thirty thousand dollars. He at once moved to Daly street, got six grades in his department, and smoked no more the lonely pipe. Indeed, the good fellow's wine and cigars are so attractive that he is never without a companion.

I am always glad to drop in on him for a quiet smoke when I go to Ottawa, and you had better do the same if you have the *entree*.

Notwithstanding a possible cultivation of MOGYUS, you had better somewhat alter your mode of life.

It is likely that the tone of Ottawa society will change. Gaunt Scotchmen will fill the vacancies which occur or are made in the service.

The Hon. MALCOLM CAMERON will make many converts to the cause of temperance and his heart will rejoice greatly thereat.

Such harmless and idiotic amusements as curling, under the combined patronage of Lord DUFFERIN and the Premier, will grow in popular favour.

The moral atmosphere will be purified by the sweet breath of Reform. If you desire to advance in the service read BURNS for a Scotch accent, or listen to MACKENZIE. Go to church regularly.

This will be the next best thing to being a Frenchman, or having a Catholic wife.

A man who can get honey on his bread by looking sanctimonious, and only plain bread by looking like a careless Gallo, is a fool if he don't turn up the whites of his eyes.

JOHNSON thought a man was an ass who paid a shilling's worth of court for sixpence worth of good, and a greater ass if he did not pay eightpence worth of court to get a shilling's worth of good.

The saying is wise—MUDGE endorses it—let it guide you in your demeanour to the powers that be.

I doubt whether the English Church will retain its ascendancy over the polite circles of Ottawa, in view of the threatened irruption of the Scotch.

It is remarkable how ashamed the youth of the Capital are, to acknowledge the parental creed, if it happens not to be that of "good society." Everybody wants to go to Heaven with "the quality."

A devout little girl, of a rich dissenting family of my acquaintance, urged her parents not to move to Ottawa, "because," said she, "the nicest people won't call."

They went, however, and the little lady has forgotten the Wesleyan proclivities of her pious childhood.

The day before last Christmas I found her making a most gorgeous cross for the altar of St. Alban's Church, and talking rapturously of "seemly vestments."

You do well, my dear TOMNODDY, in holding aloof from Independence men.

The "Canada First" party is harmless enough—as harmless, almost, as its Toronto organ.

But the Independence Men mean something. Their object is very definite.

Every TOMNODDY must oppose their machinations.

Canadian Independence means Canadian Democracy.

What would good society do if deprived of an occasional Knight? A few titles learn the whole mass, and every man is more proud of having spoken to a baronet.

This colony should be preserved as a good market for British Manufactures.

It is a convenient possession, from which slices may be detached, to mollify the United States in case of complications.

It is valuable to England, as a distant point of attack, for discontented subjects of the Empire, driven into exile by bad government at home.

Here, incited by Yankee politicians, they may make raids. Only a few Canadians, fighting the British quarrel, are killed, and what difference does that make?

The raids furnish exciting items for the American press; they illustrate the beautiful freedom of Yankee citizens to do "what they d—n please," and England is given excellent opportunities to thank the President of the United States for his alacrity in quelling hostile movements.

Thus good feeling between the people is preserved, and everything is lovely.

England is the Urial Heep of nations.

Humility is her noblest attribute.

How "umble, umble" she was when the Yankees cheated her of Maine; how "umby" she bore their San Juan encroachments; how "umble" in thanks because Fenian roughts, for playfully murdering only a couple of dozen Canadians at Ridgeway, were arrested and—let go again. How "umble" in arbitration, and how generous with the property of the Colonists, her fond children. She was too great, and rich, and magnanimous to insist upon compensation for our damages.

It is a great privilege to be connected with so Christian a nation, ruled by the doctrines of Exeter Hall and Peace Congress of old women.

It is curious, though, to remember how loudly the British Lion roared, when a few Emultshmen were murdered by Greek Brigands.

For that outrage the Grecian Government was in no way so responsible as was the Government of the United States for the Fenian raids.

But then, the Greeks are so feeble and so easy to get at. It would have been mere fun polishing them off, and, besides, there wasn't any danger of having to fight, or spend a Birmingham shilling.

So we must be proud of British connection, though the true, old, uncorrupted British blood in our veins, boils with indignation at the cautious, cowardly, bullying policy of our mother.

Bye, bye, ADOLPHUS, I have an appointment to talk over the Spring fashions with GEORGE BROWN.

Always your faithful Gossip,

DEMOS MUDGE.

J. BRANSTON WILLMOTT, D.D.S., L.D.S.



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