

PUBLISHED
NOTE.

GRIP is issued every SATURDAY morning at the Office, 35 King St. West, Toronto.

TERMS: \$2 per annum; shorter periods at proportionate rates. Single copies, five cents. Advertising terms made known on application.

All business communications must be addressed as above, A. S. IRVING, Publisher and Proprietor.

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**EDITOR'S
NOTE.**

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 308. Rejected Manuscripts cannot be returned.

When Contributors require payment for their productions, the amount expected must be marked on the M.S. All articles will be considered as gratuitous unless so marked.

VOL. 2.

TORONTO, JANUARY 3RD 1874.

No. 6.

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The grabeſt Fiſh is the Ogeſter; the grabeſt Star is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 3RD, 1874.

THE DREAM WOMAN.—A MYSTERY.



"GIVE us a match?"

No answer.

"Give us a match?"

No reply.

Perhaps you would like to know who I am, and what I want a match for.

Well, I'm a lone passenger on an east-bound Grand Trunk train, and I'm calling to a person at the other end of the car, but she's asleep.

Ha! she speaks in her sleep, with a golden streak in it and a buck-horn handle!

What do I want a match for? To light my pipe—this pipe here.

What's the matter? you startle at the sight of that pipe! What's that you say? "Silver mounting—nearly new. Yellow, with a golden streak in it!"

What of that? It's my pipe—it's real meerschaum!

His mother took out a note book, and wrote this all carefully down.

PART THE SECOND.

The veiled passenger wakes, and leaves the train. The train is going at the rate of sixty miles an hour, but she can't wait for the station. So she walks right out.

As she goes I observe (1) that there is down on her arm; (2) that there is a blue-reddish-grey tint about the finger-nails; (3) that she has a left droop in the right eyelid; and (4) that she is quite sober; and at the same time, my pipe—ha! she has stolen it!! with a yellow streak in it—nearly new, and pure meerschaum! And this is my birth-day—'tis 2 o'clock a.m. . . . and the train's late.

END OF THE SECOND PART.

(Interval for the repose of the author and the listener.)

THE THIRD PART.

Let the ostler tell the story himself.

"My name is FRANCIS CROW. There ain't no yaller streak 'bout that name.

She made a jab at me on the left side, but I didn't wait long enough, and she missed me. Then she came round to the other side, and made a jab at me, but I didn't wait long enough, and she missed me again.

Then I called the landlord, and asked for something hot, with a yaller streak in it.

She had gone. The moon was shining with ghastly brightness, and I went down to the doctor's for some salts.

That—was—my—birth-day—2—o'clock—with—a—yaller—streak—about—the—finger-nails!!!!

She asked for laudanum. I married her though, and she got awful drunk!

I knew she would stab me! She said she would! She's going to kill me, kind gentlefolks—kill me!

My birthday is to-morrow; goodbye.

PART THE FOURTH.

One o'clock a.m.—first of March—yaller streak with a buck-horn handle, and a droop in the left eye-lid—my birth-day!—broken leg with down on it—nearly new—ALECIA WARLOCK—murder—thieves—ghosts!

I want seven or eight ostlers to watch with me.

Two o'clock!

Ha! there she comes! Ha! the knife! see! see! She raises it—she stares at me! Look! Help, help! my hands are tied about the finger-nails with a yellow streak and a buck-horn handle! O, mercy! mercy! where's WILKIE COLLINS?

That sharp pain at my heart—oh! I'm dead! dead!! dead!!!

"Yes! dead drunk!" screeched a voice at my ear, and starting up I became conscious of the fact that I was a-bed on the morning after a certain notable reading in the Music Hall. It was my wife. But she didn't stab me—she only clouts!

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS.

The incoming of a new year is usually a season of promise making, but unhappily vows and good resolutions are frequently broken before they are very old. It is with some degree of apprehension, therefore, that we witness the confident manner in which the editor of the Guelph Herald begins a leading article with

"After to-day we shall date our letters and papers "1874"—1873 will have become a thing of the past."

That is a rash promise. Very few mortals indeed, however good their intentions, get over the first few weeks of January without making blunders in the date lines of their letters. We hope our confrere will bear this in mind, and be circumspect accordingly.

A DISCOVERY IN POMPEII.

ALTHOUGH nearly half a century has elapsed, yet as well as if it were but yesterday do I remember my wanderings among the ruins of Pompeii. The very day I arrived there a new portion of the buried city had been introduced to the 19th century, and I was one of the first to explore it. In passing through what appeared to have been a reception room, my attention was arrested by a group of young lady and gentlemen skeletons in one corner of the room, while at a little distance, and leaning against what had once been a piano, stood a gentleman skeleton, clutching in its long bony hand a paper, on which I could decipher the following lines. I was struck by their similarity to Poe's poem of "The Bells," and have no doubt that in its palmy days, this skeleton had carried a pocket edition of that author's works, or at any rate, admired him enough to copy his style. I was still more forcibly struck with their applicability to the society of our own day, so I thought I could not do better than send you a copy, they having unexpectedly turned up while I was overhauling some old documents:

Hear the tongues in those belles!

Fashionable belles!

What a world of nonsense each to the other tells;

How they wrangle, wrangle, wrangle,

Until far into the night;

While the fops that ever dangle

Always near them in a tangle

Are, their brains (?) bewildered quite,

Heeding not the wasted time,

Listening to the senseless rhyme,

To the tinseladulation that occasionally wells

From the swells, swells, swells, swells,

Swells, swells, swells,

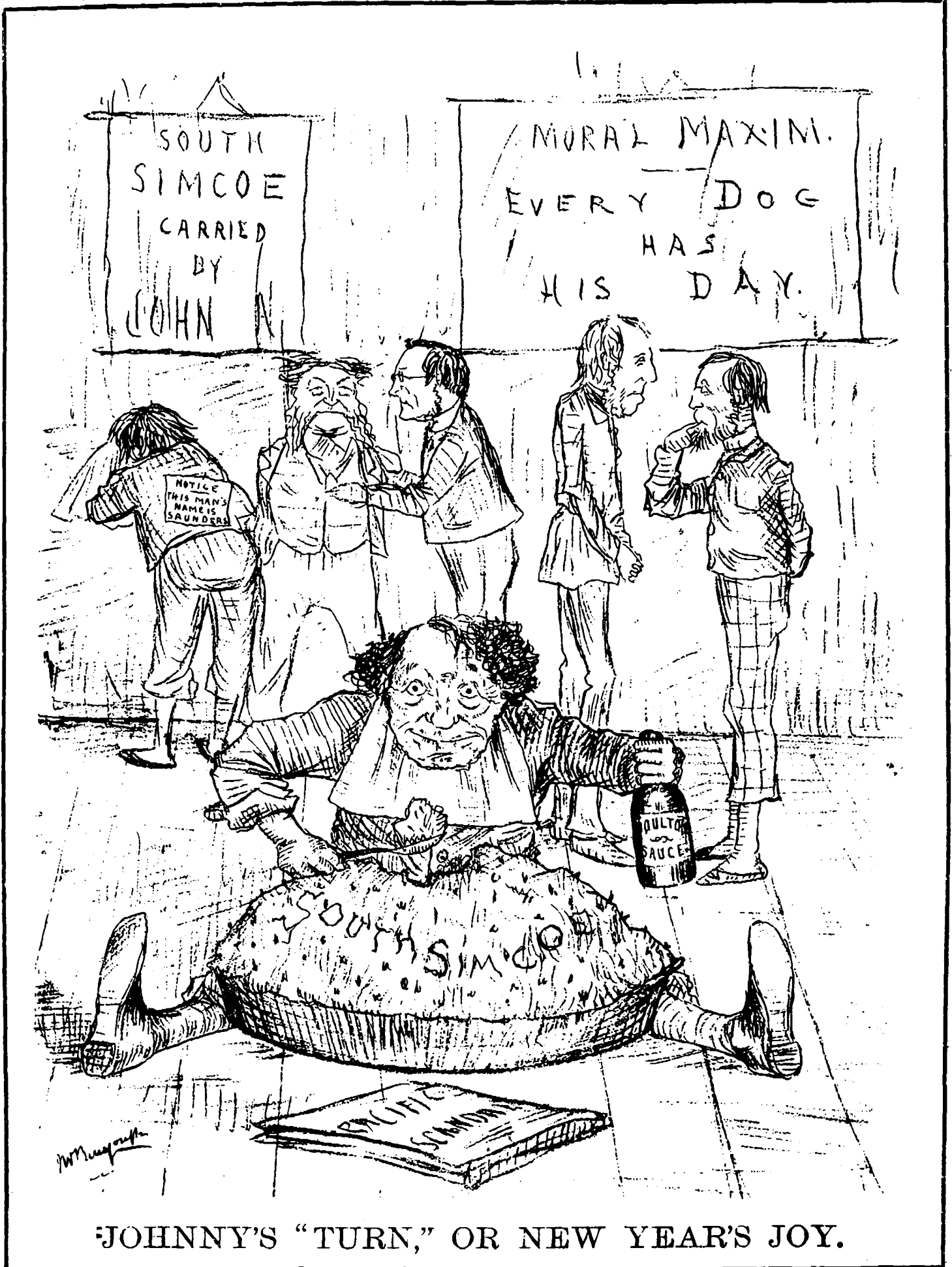
To the idiotic purring of the swells.

LOOP REVIL.

MEN'S RIGHTS.

(A GOOD NATURED GROWL.)

We hear a great deal about women's rights, but men's rights are quite ignored. Probably no man dare mention the subject; and I expect to lose for ever the good opinion of the fair ones, for so doing. When will a man have the right of going to a lecture, or concert, without having to take care of his sisters and their particular friends, and a maiden aunt, grandmother, and two cousins; not mentioning innumerable shawls, waterproofs and clouds? After he has secured and paid for reserved seats for the crew, and comfortably seated himself beside his sister's friends, he might be supposed to be at rest. But no, Miss SMITHSON his aunt JENNINGS' dear associate, comes in half an hour late, and can't find a vacant seat. He hopes she won't observe his party. Alas! no such luck; she makes straight towards them. Of course he has to rise, and retire to a back seat, where some one moves up, and allows him a place just in front of a woman holding a two year old baby. The baby is very friendly; pulls his hair once in a while, and rubs taffy over his coat. When will a man have the right of spending his evenings as he pleases? When a person brings home a new novel, and retires, with a cigar, to his room, to enjoy himself; why will some female friend of his sister's come in, with whom he is expected to take a hand at whist, and then see her home, which is two miles off. Why is a man told to wait in the cutter just five minutes, while his sister runs into a dry goods store, and then kept out in the cold half an hour and upon remonstrating is told he is "horrid cross?" Of course you will say it is some cynical old bachelor, that talks like this. I answer, it is equally applicable to married men, for as I write, I see through the window my friend HOBSON taking his wife, mother-in-law, sister-in-law, governess, and three children for a sleigh drive.



JOHNNY'S "TURN," OR NEW YEAR'S JOY.

ON THE "MIGHTY FALLEN."

Erect he stands, and brazen lifts his head,
 Above the beaten rabble that he led,
 Higher in daring, scorning vain excuse :
 Master of every weapon of abuse.
 Fast from his lips the wordy torrent flows
 In foul vituperation of his foes.
 The gibe at purity, the wanton jest,
 The leer at virtue, each becomes him best.
 The baffled trickster fawning on the mob,
 Unblushing dares the hiss, defends the job.
 Whines for compassion, points to service past,
 Denies twas *guilt* by which he fell at last;
 'Twas merest *fault*, he says—that which appears
 The crowning infamy of twenty years.
 To him, forsooth, must all the praise be due
 For growing Commerce and Dominion new!

His was the guile, that every act delayed,
 By which our freedom might be wider made;
 His ready tongue insinuated strife,
 Then calmed the fury that it called to life.
 His was the policy to long oppose
 Each just demand of those he called his foes,
 And when at last compelled the point to yield,
 To steal the measure, and the credit wield.
 And *this* was statesmanship, this pilfered praise
 Will crown his maudlin memoir with bays?

We fling no vulgar jeer at creature worth,
 We scan a contest to extract its mirth,—
 Shriveled the hand that blackens honest fame;
 Or lends a deeper agony to shame,—
 But when a man like this, exposed still dares
 To brawl again for trust, in public ears;
 Grip loses pity, can no longer feel,
 And lets the vermin wriggle on his steel!

"I WOULD I WERE A BOY AGAIN."

Oh give me back my childhood's days,
 The washing and the fuss,
 The shakes to send me off to sleep,
 The horrid ugly nuss.

The paregoric I imbibed
 I long again to take,
 I yearn once more for childhoods days,
 And frequent stomach ache.

Oh, give me back my swathing bands,
 Its pins which cruelly tore,
 Oh give me back the tasteless pap
 Of the happy days of yore.

When teething made me cry with pain,
 And fever made me boil,
 Oh give me back the nurse's thump,
 And copious castor oil.

Oh give me back fair childhood's days,
 Those days for ever fled,
 When I was torn from merry pranks,
 And spanked and put to bed.

Oh school days, school days, happy time,
 I long for you again,
 If big boys had not bullied me,
 And master had no cane.

If Euclid's problems were not taught,
 Nor how to read and write,
 If ushers and their dreaded tans
 Were banished from my sight.

If poets are a trifle mad,
 Good sooth, he was not sane,
 Who scribbled out that silly song—
 "I wish I were a boy again."

UNNECESSARY.—Mr. EATSMALL, on giving a dinner party the other day, remarked just as the guests were about to rise from the table "Why! you could scarcely see what you have eaten!" Mr. SMITH, (*Phlegmatic old party.*) You don't want to see what we have eaten! do you.

PETERBORO' BULLS.

It is not often that GRIP finds a crumb of humour in a newspaper account of an atrocious murder; but the story of the BREXTON tragedy, as grandiloquently narrated by the Peterborough Review, contains this thrilling passage:—

"No earthly eye, save his own, saw the dying gasps of his victim."

There is something unquestionably original in that, which is saying a very great deal for the Review's tragedy editor; but it is too sublime for a common newspaper. We would affectionately counsel our contemporary to stick to facts which if not always pretty, are at least safe.

During the medical investigation which followed the execution of the unhappy man above referred to, a statement was made by the goaler to the effect that

"He had never been able to decide whether or not BREXTON was insane; his opinion had always been, that he (the prisoner), was either insane, or shamming insanity."

The doctors could have had no difficulty after that, in coming to a conclusion on the vexed question. A more conscientious and explicit statement could not be.

THE SEASON OF BROTHERLY KINDNESS.

The days of sinking hands have come,
 The kindest in the year :
 The Candidates go smiling round
 With such profuse good cheer!

The applicants for civic seats,
 The gents who would be Mayor,
 Commissioners, and School Trustees
 Confront you every where.

Each wears a gracious, genial smile
 All day from door to door,
 And such intense good will to men
 You never knew before.

High gentlemen, with soft white kids,
 Have thrown away their *castle*,
 And shake the "horny hands of toil"
 With unexampled zest.

And though they didn't seem to care
 For you a week ago,
 They ask about your family now,
 With interest all aglow.

Hath the millenium come at last,
 That everything's so gay?
 Doth Christmas work this wondrous change,
 Or *Nomination Day*?

JOHNNY CAKE

ON Tuesday last, there appeared a paragraph in the *Mail* under "City Items," to the effect that one JOHN CAKE had been set upon and badly used by some roughs from Simcoe Street. His half brother JOHN CAKE(?) wrote the editor of the *Mail*, requesting a correction, stating that it was JOHN E. CAKE, who was set upon and *badly bitten* by those roughs. So in Wednesday's issue the correction was made, *quam vite*. The harrowing statement of the injuries done JOHN E. CAKE, so worked upon the feelings of our friend and townsman T. RAIL Esq., that he also wrote the *Mail* an account of the matter, which from the previous well known hardness of heart of Mr. RAIL we are afraid the *Mail* will not produce.

We have persuaded him to give us a copy of it; and here it is:

Editor of Mail.

DEAR SIR.—I notice with pleasure that you are championing the cause of the oppressed and distressed, in calling the attention of the public to the injuries done to Cakes.

Of my own knowledge JOHN E. CAKE previously to being set upon and *badly bitten* by those roughs, was kept in a hot oven for several hours. In fact he was roasted as brown as a burry! Of his good qualities, I can speak as certainly as the converted New Zealander, of his late missionary—I ate a piece of him!!

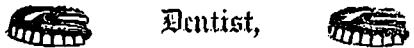
Yours truly,
 T. RAIL.

P.S.—Please do not confound me with one T. RAIL who was run over by a Grand Trunk train, last week; and who was allowed most inhumanely, to remain where first struck—no one picking him up.

T. R.

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