

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

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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 958, Toronto, Ontario. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

CONTRIBUTIONS, when accepted, will, for the present, be paid for at the rate of Two DOLLARS per column. All articles for which payment is expected must be accompanied by the name and address of the author.

Vol. 3.

TORONTO, AUGUST 29, 1874.

No. 14.

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The grabest Fish is the Opster: the grabest Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1874.

To Correspondents and Contributors.

MUDGE.—The matters mentioned in your communication will be attended to at once.

CHAS. AUGUSTUS.—It is certainly due to you to say that your contribution, declined last week, as was stated in this column, on account of its "slang" and "black-bottlesism" contained nothing improper beyond the use of a few inelegant phrases and a verse having Whiskey for its subject. Our objectionable words were written without much thought, and we frankly apologise for having thus unwittingly offended you.

The Canadian Club.

NO. 11.

SCENE.—Club reading-room in evening. Members assembled in force. MCKELLAR and EDITOR of SUN cheerfully conversing over a bundle of photographs. BLAKE, MOSS, EDGAR, EMINENT IRISH BARRISTER, WILKES, and a dozen others, each with the last number of GRIP. EDITOR of NATION and MUDGE in a corner, conversing.

EMINENT IRISH BARRISTER (wrathfully)—Mudge, how in the name of the oul, ancient sin did me private conversation become recorded in this way? It's not decent.

MUDGE.—What! your conversation? I never thought it was. The waiter who was in the room, it appears, was a shorthand reporter for the *Mail*. He sent me the thing, and as I was too used up with heat last week to write, I just gave it to the printer. The waiter got \$4.50 for it—just the amount of that little account, which you are now justified in considering settled.

(EMINENT IRISH BARRISTER subsides.)

MUDGE.—There are several ridiculous mistakes and a general lowering of tone in some of your late numbers, Mr. *Nation*. The story you tell of O'CONNELL's encounter with the fisher-woman is true of Doctor JOHNSON. There is a slanginess about the latter part of your notice of the Tory charge of Mathusianism against GOLDWIN SMITH, an attempted smartness like that of a shopman who sets up for a wag, an air of being witty which has come from a perusal of *Sun-skits*.

ED. NATION.—So I told Moss when he urged it on my acceptance. But you are wrong about the Billingsgate story. It is told of O'CONNELL.

MUDGE.—Possibly; I trust to memory. But my objections are not ended. The article on "Amateur Music" is transferred from the *Saturday Review* without acknowledgement.

ED. NATION.—The printer's fault.

MUDGE.—Nonsense. You are responsible—and a thief of that sort is so peculiarly mean. *The Nation* has kicked off purty harness, is received with respect by the best portion of the public, and to preserve the good character it has acquired must be free from the least taint of blackguardism or plagiarism. The party dailies, with a large circulation, may safely reckon on nine-tenths of their readers letting literary theft pass undetected, and being delighted with a congenial vulgarity. But your readers are found only with the well-informed ranks, and are quickly disgusted with unfairness. Young Canada hopes not to see another number disfigured like the last, which yet was far better than any of your contemporaries.

ED. NATION.—You shouldn't talk of plagiarism. Why the whole of one page of your last number was cribbed bodily from *Punch*.

MUDGE.—With acknowledgement. You would never else have discovered the fact. The amount of stealing the dailies do is perfectly astounding. There is a distinct flavour of AYER'S Almanac, JOHN BILLINGS, MRS. PARINGTON and JOE MILLER about all these funny men. Did you read EDGAR's effusion in the *Canadian Monthly* on a "Potlatch" in British Columbia?

ED. NATION.—Not I, faith. I tried to, but succumbed to its soporific influence at the third page.

MUDGE.—Stolen—at least the bones of it—from a clever book, "*Canoe and Saddle*," by WINTHROP, a young American writer, who was killed at Pittsburg Landing. Even the names of the Indians are the same.

MUDGE.—I should like to see the text of HOWLAND's St. John's address.

ED. NATION.—He sent it to me a week before its delivery. The *Canada First* platform is well received.

BROWN.—You want a leader.

ED. NATION.—Is not HOWLAND a leader?

MUDGE.—HOWLAND leader! As PITT said of Sir THOMAS ROBINSON, "he lead us!—he might as well send his jack-boot to lead us."

BROWN.—There's HUNTINGDON.

MUDGE.—We had hopes of HUNTINGDON till he joined the ministry. I wonder if he would now keep his pledge "to cross the House in case those to whom he was opposed declare in favor of independence?"

BROWN.—Hardly. He has taken the shilling. Independence won't do, and he is wise enough to see it.

MUDGE.—Independence will do and he is foolish enough to desert it.

ED. NATION.—The public is not ripe for the change. It cannot be strongly urged.

MUDGE.—There's your mistake. The public should be made familiar with the notion.

ED. NATION.—We must be discreet, cautious, put in a word now and then quietly—no violence, you know.

MUDGE.—Don't go mumbling your political opinions and occasionally stuttering out sentiments of nationality, and whispering independence below your breath. If you are a Canadian and hope to be a subject of the third great, independent, Anglo Saxon power, say so or shut up. If the sentiment with which you regard the gallant, old red-cross flag is stronger than your feeling of patriotism, yell lustily for British connection—but take one side or other.

BROWN.—There is no need to take either side. The question has not presented itself.

MUDGE.—Whatever you may think, that is really the question of the day. You may hear it discussed in every store and tavern in the country, by every little gathering which has met on bridge or pier to loaf away the summer evening. The youngsters are at last fired with the national idea. The old fellows laugh at them, and argue them down, all to no purpose.

ED. NATION.—Then why the dickens don't they subscribe to the national paper.

MUDGE.—Because you are so timid. You play the role of "BILLY BORSIDES."

BROWN.—They will all be good Reformers in five years.

MUDGE.—They have no sympathy with either of the parties at present struggling for power. They have convictions—good arguments don't produce convictions in young minds—the national spirit is worth all the arguments in the world. They have lukewarm feeling of affection for the old country—love her as HERB says the Germans love liberty "like their old grandmother,"—they have not the temper which balances the disadvantages of disruption and decides for the side where most gain appears, but that blind, strong, passion of love for their native earth, that has made big states out of little ones since ever the world began.

BROWN.—Merely the glow of youth. Years will bring them better sense. We have nothing to gain and much to lose by independence.

MUDGE.—I'm not arguing the question—though quite ready to—but merely relating fact. The people who are always debating questions of gain may be considered neutral. They don't influence either party and will split their votes when the conflict arrives. But there is a strong party which loves the old land as we love our new one. They don't care a jot for argument—they reason with their hearts—all honour to them. Sentiment has accomplished everything for great nationality that has been done. But our numbers increase rapidly and their's dwindle slowly. If anyone will lend me ten thousand dollars (I'll willingly give my note for the amount), and bet the whole pile that, five years after the Pacific Railway is built, Canada will be independent.

ED. NATION.—Rather a long date for money. Come out if you dare over your own signature and argue independence. You shall then be so overwhelmed with ridicule if you are weak and with accusations of disloyalty if strong, that you will gladly squeak small and hide your diminished head.

MUDGE.—Do you remember LOWELL—

"They are slaves who will not choose

Hated, scolding and abuse,

Rather than in silence shrink

From the truths they needs must think."

Where shall I find space. You won't give me a page, I know, Pamphlets are not read. What absurdity would be a charge of disloyalty against a man advocating the independence of his native country. How noble my retort to such an accusation. "Go," I would say, "to the armory of No. 14, Queen's Own Rifles, and there with envious eyes behold the record of my feats of arms. A faded coat of green there hangs, with missing shoulder strap and collar torn—'twas by me worn on Ridgeway's fatal day, and ploughed with Fenian lead. You won't find my name on the list of 'wounded in the clothing,' for I saw so many fellows of the Trin. Coll. Co. punching holes in their coats with bayonets, that I never said a word about my narrow escape till the excitement had subsided, and then nobody believed me. Col. GILMOR said—

(Brown and Ed. Nation rise hastily.)

BROWN.—I have an engagement.

ED. NATION (in same breath).—I have an engagement.

(Exeunt, arcades ambo.)

ED. NATION (on reaching street).—Great heaven! what a long-winded



A THOUSAND WELCOMES!

egotist that man is. If we had stayed he would have bored us with the usual Ridgeway twaddle for hours.

BROWN—I feel as much relieved at my escape as after an ovation of WINNERS. Let us drop into the back door of the "Shades" and have a chop.

MUNGE—I know how to get rid of those noodles.
(To celebrated Irish Barrister)—Let's have some Bass.

Letters from Hot Latitudes.

NAPLES, August, 1874.

We are actually going to visit Pompeii; all of us except JACK, who has paid so much attention lately to the vegetable productions of the country as to incapacitate him for any harder work than swallowing cholera mixture, and showing his tongue to the doctor.

It is rough on JACK, this; for he is of an enterprising disposition, and nearly came to grief at the Pyramids through taking one of our stoical guides as he reclined in the Tomb Chamber, asleep, for a three thousand year old mummy, whose internal economy JACK was proceeding to investigate with a clasp knife.

Another inch of knife blade or another second's sleep and a doctor couldn't have helped him.

So we leave him, poor fellow, to his reflections, and taking the train from Naples, are soon at our destination.

To take a train to this City of the Devil was such a shock to my sense of the Eternal fitness of things, that I verily believe had I, on emerging from the cars, heard the familiar shouts of "Here you are, for CHARGEMOUBLE'S Hotel!" "This way for the Union House!" and been there and then torn limb from limb by ferocious hackmen I should not have been astonished.

A few hundred yards from the station and we enter the Marine Gate, and we are fairly within the city where, in the year 79, cremation took a form more practical than pleasant.

And here we pause for FURZ, who has been peering about in an earnest attempt to emulate JACK's spirit of discovery, points to an object which we at first fail to recognize.

Our united intellects are brought to bear on it, and it is pronounced unanimously with a feeling of exultant awe to be—a *quid*. Not a "quid pro quo," my friend, but a veritable "chaw" of tobacco, which must have soothed the nervous system of some poor mouldy Pompeian eighteen hundred years ago. As I took it up and gazed at it, laid it down and gazed at it once more, the whole picture spread itself before my view.

I saw its owner, probably a Roman broker, who could give you the rate on *sestertie* or the latest quotation of slaves from the far off isles of Britain; he has just finished his plate of bivalves at the City Restaurant, has feel the water and, his appetite satisfied, has drawn his napkin across his lips.

A moment's pause and drawing from his pocket the silver paper package of fine cut so dear to the Pompeian heart, he gently insinuates into his cheek a modicum of the fragrant weed, smiling the while a complacent smile as of one who knows the whole duty of man and has done it.

It was a touching picture and nothing can ever obliterate it from my mind, not even the grossly sceptical suggestions of GEORGE, who insists that the plug had been left there by some American Tourist, and that in the year 79 tobacco wasn't discovered.

I don't think it is right to throw cold water upon a man in this way; where would History be if this sort of thing were allowed?

But FURZ declines to be snubbed and preserves the relic as the dearest memento of his Pompeian Trip; and under a glass case in his parlor it is shewn to visitors credulous or otherwise, labelled, "The Pompeian's Last Chaw."

Stopping to lunch in the Forum or Hall of Justice our talk meandered as that of man will when a meal is on hand, back to the days when justice was meted out under this lofty roof, when "one dollar or ten days," greeted the ears of the too jovial citizen as he rubbed the cobwebs out of his eyes and reflected on the "hot coppers" attendant upon a too free indulgence in last night's *Falernian*.

GEORGE's wife had a violent attack of indigestion about this time, which somewhat weakened the romance of the scene, but by a liberal use of her restoratives she recovered sufficiently to express a languid curiosity to proceed with our investigations.

Her nerves were however doomed to be shattered, for the very next house was one where the grim ruin that had come so swiftly on the city had overwhelmed at their game a party of four who sat there, cards in hand, the right bower turned up and the dealer with a splendid lone hand when Death stepped in and encircled the whole of them.

This house was also carefully examined for relics, but produced nothing more portable than a marble dining table fixed to the floor and weighing about two tons, which FURZ declined to tackle.

Our next visit was more productive, however, for I found in a recess in one of the rooms a folded piece of paper with some figures on it, which turned out to be a tailor's bill of one of CAESAR's generals.

This was indeed interesting, as giving the cost of a toga of those days together with an important confirmation as to the size of the

Roman Foot, embodied in the following item, "To one pair No. 14 Sandals \$5.00."

A little further on we entered a barber's shop where everything stood in exactly the same order as when Vesuvius had smoked them out on that terrible July night.

Fifteen candidates along the wall (it was Saturday evening), three in chairs partly lathered and shaved, three more victims with their hands in search of the traditional dime, the "tonsorial artist" himself with his lips framing the mystic "Next!" as plainly as though one had been there oneself waiting wearily for our weekly scrape.

And yet another wonder, for we enter what was evidently an Hotel, where on the table still stand the plates of indigestible hash, petrified now, and smoking no longer, but just as much the undoubted veritable lard of 79 as the compound of grease, table scrapings, and kitchen maid's locks that is served up under that name in the year of grace 1874.

A little distance from the door we stumble over a dog, its fixed jaws and petrified foam as fresh as on the day when chased by the "great unwashed," it yielded up its life to the chance short of the unsophisticated policeman.

Here, too, is the notice of the City Fathers, cautioning the young Pompeian against the illegal discharging of the sportive fire-cracker, and here again a notice that No. 2 Fire Company will give one of their Social Hops on such and such a day, and, striking comment on the French proverb, "L'Homme propose"—not a soul left alive to add a supplementary notice that the entertainment was postponed "owing to circumstances over which, &c., &c."

But the sun sinking behind the shadowing volcano warned us to be moving, more especially as we had decided to return by the Road, said Road moreover being reported to be infested with brigands.

My wife put the question to FURZ our guide, but he assured us by the Holy Madonna, "No robbares, nevare no robbares," which despite the doubtful nature of his reply we felt compelled to believe.

We felt still more confidence in him when three leagues from Naples we were surrounded by a ragged band who asked for our valuables emphasising their remarks with pistols.

I remonstrated with them and so did GEORGE, assured them that I should hate to be under the necessity of doing anything unpleasant, that my intentions were eminently pacific, and proposed to refer the matter to arbitration.

As we didn't understand Italian and they knew nothing of English, and eloquence failed to meet with that success so essential to our proposition and their arguments finally proved irresistible; so much so that nightfall found us still two leagues from our journey's end, and so thoroughly bankrupt that our whole resources united would have proved insufficient to have influenced a vote at a Lower Canada election.

Our chapter of accidents was not even finished, for ere we were half an hour older we were intercepted by another band of brigands, who, finding that their predecessors had so completely cleaned us out, decided to keep me as a hostage, and have fixed 20,000 scudi as my ransom.

Now Grip, if you wish to get any more of these interesting letters, you had better come down with the scudi; if you don't know how much a scudi is, and I'm sure I don't—buy an arithmetic book, but anyhow come down with the scudi.

I have but one chance of escape, which, in case of failure on your part to pony up, I shall try.

I have borrowed all the Hypophosphites and Ready Relief that Mrs. GEORGE had with her, and if ever I can persuade the band to take these remedies regularly, I know they will ruin their constitutions.

Adieu, then, my dear Grip, but believe me what with volcanoes and brigands this is the hottest latitude I have been in yet.

Hurry up with those scudi!

Special Managerial Announcement.

MANAGER MERCALF has great pleasure in announcing to the patrons of the Civic Theatre that owing to the immense success attending the performance of the farce entitled "The Estimates" on Monday evening last, that piece will be reproduced by special request on Monday evening next, with all the original mechanical effects, interruptions, paper pellets, etc. Mr. Ald. BAXTER will reappear in his inimitable character of *Timothy Longwind*, giving his very amusing whimsicality yelp. "The talk against time." Mr. Ald. HENDERSON has been re-engaged and will appear as *The Ill-used Laddie*. Mr. Ald. BOSTREAD will take the role of *Johnny Jollyboise*, the genial disturber, in which he was so successful on the last occasion; and Ald. CLEMENTS will again appear as *Solomon Silent*, the quiet and straight-forward layman, in which character we will have the honor of drawing several wonderful caricatures of the Manager in view of the audience. The rest of the stock company, including the truly great FARLEY and the really immense CROSS, will reappear in their respective parts. No one who delights in the burlesque can afford to stay away. Prices as usual.

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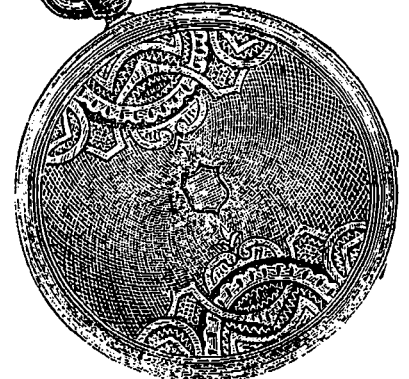
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