

## GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The greatest Beast is the Zoo; the greatest Bird is the Owl;  
The greatest Fish is the Oyster; the greatest Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1875.

## Answers to Correspondents.

JEREMIAH.—Declined with thanks.

WILKIE COLLINS SMITH.—Your story has a strange, weird effect. We have tried to read it several times and on each occasion a sott slumber stole over us. We found it put all our compositors to sleep over their cases and hushed the voice of the "devil." Were we to publish it we might get taken for the *Leader*, or be accused of stealing from the *Canadian Monthly*.

IKE JUNIOR. We sympathise with the difficulties you are troubled with in composing articles. Most editors of our acquaintance find their great difficulty in the lack of subjects, which seems contrary to your experience. Yet another thing remains for you to learn, that a "train of beautiful ideas" is by no means necessary for composition. Study the great daily papers, young man, and if you find yourself unequal to producing like balderdash the instant a subject is given you, be satisfied that you were intended for another vocation than journalism. Try the paths of poesy, or wield the puissant buck-saw.

## The Clergy to the "Witness."

Not a baby we'll baptize, till they bring with solemn fitness,  
Proof infallible that it never has perused the *Witness*,  
Lo, we do devote it to future grief from powers infernal  
If it's been, at breakfast time, looking at that awful journal.

If a lover sees his sweetheart reading from that publication,  
That connection must be broken; it can only bring vexation.  
Who's to marry them?—not we, Sir; and the lawyers in their places  
Just to keep, we here prohibit future breach of promise cases.

Mind you don't attempt to die, if you've been in that thing reading,  
Uninterred we'll let you lie, all your sad complaints unheeding;  
Nor you needn't come in white sheets, after us at night to scream,  
When, in ground unconsecrated, your discomfort is extreme.

If, at any time you're caught at that wicked paper squinting;  
If you laugh at any jokes which the rascals have been printing,  
If by chance you overhear any of their allegations,  
Understand that all of you get your excommunications.

If you buy that dreadful sheet, or from any news store fetch it,  
We shall take good care that you in the next world soundly catch it;  
If they don't mind, we'll abolish all the saucy printing tribe,  
We'll run the presses all ourselves, and mind you've all got to subscribe.

## From Our Box.

GRIP believes the aesthetic education of the world to be a great thing. He went to hear the cantata of *Fridolin* the other night, and was very well pleased with the way his friends did it. But he thinks it will be a long time before the world in general is educated up to the "music of the future." Speaking for himself, he trusts that future is very far distant, as the only parts of the performance which gave him pleasant impressions were those which reminded him of the music of the past, after the manner of Mr. PUFF's coincidences with Shakespeare. The wild strains which announced that Mr. MURRAY SCOTT had been (figuratively) cast into a burning fiery furnace should, to carry out the parallel, have emanated from sackbuts, psalteries and dulcimers. If there is no one here who can play them, why not send to New York?

MISS KATE FISHER has made her appearance at the Royal Opera House, but has grievously disappointed the swells by wearing a fair proportion of clothing, and that not of the transparent kind affected by some of the modern excrescences of burlesque. The soul-stirring story of "Mazepa" is well-known through the medium of Byron's poems and travelling circuses. We adhere as closely as possible to the noble bard's words in describing the plot. How *Mazepa* was brought up in a Polish family of rank and the

"Castellan's child on the youth fondly smiled  
And shared many a tart with the Tartar"

"How under the name of *Casimir* he grows to be a fine young man of his age, and the King as the story goes promoted him to be his page." How his love for *Oliniska* (very carefully and pleasingly played by Miss Bradshaw) was discovered and the castellan "told the men to go to the stable and fetch the wild and untamed steed," following up this order by directing his myrmidons "to strip his clothes off and tie him on that horse's back." How the gallant steed and his lovely burden went up among the flies, came down safely, to the intense terror of Mr. BAIRD and other Tartar peasants, and at last sank breathless to the earth, whereupon a Tartar lady "fetched a sigh, then fetched some water, and then she fetched *Mazepa* round." How by the process so much admired in "Box and Cox" the Khan of Tartary "gives a start and says, I rather think this here's my long lost son," whereon they retire to sleep in a large tent with trees in it. "Then" we again quote BYRON: "there come a horrid villain and with him another man, with the base design of killin' *Mazepa* and that aged Khan." Need we to say that innocence triumphed in the end, that *Mazepa* rode his horse back to Poland and arrived in time to prevent *Oliniska's* nuptials, and that Messrs. RYSE and BARTON were crushingly defeated by the Tartar host. The thorough training to which "Wonder," the representative of the wild horse of the Ukraine, had been brought was remarkable and pleased all the spectators. We have seen lots of two-legged actors who played parts much worse than our four-footed friend.

Mr. COULDOCK's representation of *King Lear* at the Grand Opera House has been the chief noteworthy event of the last few days. The character of the weak old monarch, with its outbursts of senile rage, its imbecility turning to actual madness in the end, and occasional flashes of native dignity and former power, is a wonderful conception and one of the most difficult in SHAKESPEARE. Mr. COULDOCK's rendering was excellent and his rendering of several doubtful passages shewed a thoroughly careful study of the text, and familiarity with the best traditions. The version used by him was, GRIP is thankful to say, not one of the hideous distortions so often inflicted on the public, where some genius of the CIBBER type has set himself to improve the plot. It retained all the most important scenes where the principal character appears, whilst others which would only have entailed a burden on actors and audience alike, were cut out. We would not be understood as disparaging the original play, but it is evident that even some of the minor characters would require the very highest talent and, failing this, they are better cut down. As it was, the tremendous difficulties of this play—one rarely represented, and unfamiliar to most professionals, fairly excused a great deal of hesitation and weak acting on the first night. Practice will remove much of this, and we forbear to criticise several points we noticed. It would be as well perhaps if some of the characters had studied their parts with a little more care. We hope to see this play repeated, as Mr. COULDOCK has certainly distinguished himself in it. By the way, GRIP wishes this gentleman every success on his benefit night. He is a good and careful actor and has done more than most people think to contribute to the success of this theatre.

## The Prorogation.

Soon shall the cannon's sounding voice  
Proclaim the last speech spoke  
It, too, shall make a deal of noise  
It, too, shall end in smoke.

And Dufferin proved more than true.  
His opening address  
Proposed but little they should do  
They've done—a great deal less.

What have they done—heard blundering Brown  
Unburdening his mind,  
Tell how he did, at Washington  
According to his kind.

Denounced the Senate's useless prate,  
Ingratitude most vile,  
That body did but initiate  
The Commons' well-known style.

St. Lawrence route they were to clear,  
Next century they may,  
They mean to mend our harbour here  
When it's all washed away.

Well, put the puppets on their shelf,  
Ontario once again  
May sadly murmur to herself  
I thought that these were men.