

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The grabeast Beast is the Ass; the grabeast Bird is the Owl;
The grabeast Fish is the Oyster; the grabeast Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1875.

From Our Box.

THE JATS.—These marvellous jugglers and acrobats now performing at the Royal Opera House are by all odds the cleverest we have seen. Their programme is a succession of gymnastic and slight of hand wonders which words fail to adequately describe. They give a matinee on Saturday afternoon.

MRS. MORRISON'S new stock company are this week playing *Divorce* to rather discouraging houses. Our city contemporaries have all been somewhat severe on the new faces, and while GRIP endorses their remarks in general he would point out that perhaps the real fault is in the play itself—for a more dreary and long drawn out affair never left the pen of DALY—or any other man. We have reason to look for much improvement in the acting of the new ladies and gentlemen as soon as they get a cast that will give a chance. In the meantime, we recognize in Mr. GRISMER a gentleman of considerable force and talent; in Mr. DEGROAT a very natural "old man," with just the pleasantest spice of Uncle Sam about him. Mr. CURTIS has a lively enough sense of humor, and will appear to much more advantage when we come to realize that he is not playing in a burlesque, and gives us less grotesque posturing and gesticulating. Mr. DAVIS and Mr. ROBERTS go in brackets to be leniently held over by GRIP until he has a chance of seeing them in better parts; in *Divorce* their histrionic powers are not called for, or at least do not come out. Of the ladies, as seen in this play, as little can be said, as yet. MISS DAVENPORT is a lady who will in time become a favorite—being modest, intelligent and rather talented. MISS MAY PRESTON has a disagreeable drawl in speaking her lines, and dressed, and looked too young by several years to be the mother of the gay and eccentric Newport belle. MISS DELMAR and MISS FOY are pretty and pleasing enough to make their parts agreeable to the house. Of the other members of the company there is no need to speak here. Next week we are to have MISS KATE CLAXTON, the famous English actress, in *The Two Orphans*, a powerful and beautiful play. Let us see how the new comers will depict themselves then.

Mrs. Caudle in Canada.

LECTURE III.

And so "*Animus Vester Ego*" is the satire for "Mind your eye." Is it indeed MR. CAUDLE! and you intend in future to communicate with me in the dead languages, so that I may not understand you and evade giving you a reply. If its any allusion to my visionary organs, all I can assure you is, and that most plainly, that I *can still see, as far as most people*; and intend while life lasts, to take care and use my eyes for my own personal benefit, as well as yours, you Hippopotamus of dormancy and sleepishness. Are not, I ask you, the eyes of any creature, even the very lowest in the scale of creation, perfect in themselves, and adapted expressly to its state in life? Not that years have been of much service to you during your existence, or we should not be as we are. You heard me singing this afternoon, "I wish I were a Bird," and you cordially, within yourself, endorsed that wish, eh? that I might fly away and leave you to perish, alone, in this foreign land.—No, no, not that, what then MR. CAUDLE? you acknowledge that in many birds—and you will surely never be so ungallant as to deny it—beauty belongs, generally, to the female sex, but that although endowed with such, it is the *Male Bird alone that has the gift of song*, and therefore, you assume, that, if I were a Bird, my tongue would be tied and utterance denied me because humanity, as you, you wretch, term it, had kindly stood in the way, and prevented me from speech. There is but one way, though, of putting an end to such morbid ideas, and that is by my incessancy of speech. I see, yes sir, by my, I repeat, incessant talking, if you *will* have it so, and then when you swore again with what gratification can I exclaim, "How are thou humbled in the clothes thou scion of a proud house."—You dare to insinuate do you that my doleful visits, as you impiously misname them, to the City churches, are not to pray, but to parade and show off my best clothes and new-fashioned Hat—and gratify my incurable propensity of being admired. Oh! CAUDLE, CAUDLE, I doubt if the world contains a worse wretch than yourself. Why don't I go plainly dressed, eh? as if other people did?—Do you think sir, when I go to place of worship, I am, as of old, to put on Sack cloth, no MR. CAUDLE, no, I shall and will go in my best, very best clothes, as all other folks do, whatever insolent interpretations you may affix to my so doing,—you unpardonable inorganic lump of the human race; nothing you can say, sir,

after this gross, unfounded, and unwarrantable assertion—of the reason of my going to church—shall ever tend to mitigate the storm of indignation that shall sweep over you, at every available opportunity, by the utterances of your inconsolable and victimised wife. What would the world have come to, what would it be, I ask, if an ordinance or law existed, prohibiting the wearing of our best clothes when we go to a place of worship, restriction on a woman's dress,—look at the present fashions you say, do you,—Is there the slightest restriction now-a-days as to dress. What's that you say, you worthless mortal. That woman's dress is with her "the battle of life" and that the colors thereof are as extremely variable as the caterpillars or many species of insects. It is the most natural thing that woman should dress, and that well too, if they have taste, and can obtain the material. There is an innate desire in all women, myself included, MR. CAUDLE, to dress well, and dress well I shall, whether you like it or not, and say what you will on this subject, you cannot, and shall not, produce a contrary effect in my mind. It is wrong, maliciously wrong of me to gratify such a craving desire. Is it, indeed! and pray, sir, is it not your wish,—ardent in the extreme as I well know it to be, to be somewhat thinner than you are, and because a stout man like you, CAUDLE, cannot rid himself of the mountain of flesh which is a burden to you to bear,—you, of all other men, want to argue with me that it is wicked to gratify innate desires, and that man is the *highest* creature, his wife ought—and should be under his control, and subject to his power,—such assertions as these CAUDLE, are like the frog assuming the dimensions of the ox, and as Esop has told us, bursting in the vain attempt even though he were a larger bull-frog than ever came from a tadpole before, you self-opinionated heap of vanity. But grunt, yes grunt away as is always your wont when I have, as I invariably do have, the best of the argument. It's a great pity you cannot close your nostrils, as well as your ears, when you retire to this couch of sublimity as you call it. MR. CAUDLE, a pity, great pity, you sleepy lump of clay.

Smith & Ryerson.

They grew in beauty side by side,
And always did agree,
But now they're sundered far and wide,
Is GOLDWIN SMITH, and E.

The same fond *Globe* which day by day
At GOLDWIN poketh fun;
Once made it in the self-same way
Too hot for EDGERTON.

E. says that G. is bound to go
Too fast, if not delayed,
While G. says E. is much too slow,
And turns things retrograde.

To "GRIP's" advice now listen ye!
And then he'll end his song;
Lot in reporters, then we'll see
Who's right and who is wrong.

A Suggestion.

GRIP, I like your paper. But a serious defect is the absence of *Sentimental* poetry to mix up with your funny stuff. Jokes may do for the old buffers who don't believe in anything except moneymaking, politics, and toddy. We young folks, however, want something tender and earnest. I am fourteen years and five months old, and am just beginning to woo the muses. I enclose a specimen of my poetic powers. It is not in my *highest* sentimental vein, but I think it breathes of the true *afflatus* (Pa says he is sure I will one day cut out TENNYSON if I keep on "pegging away.") I can send you some every week if you like.

Yours truly,

SYLVANUS O' SPRAY.

SONNET.

Moon! it is queer, yet certainly 'tis true,
That sometimes thou art round, and sometimes not—
But, round or unround, thou art fair to view,
And, when I gaze upon thee, there are what-
D'ye-call-'ems stir within my breast—(I mean
Emotions, and such like,)—I can't express,
That thou chaste moon! art made of cheese—or green,
Or any other color—I confess
I won't believe without some proof—for I
Would ask how any one on earth can show
For certain there are cows up in the sky?
But cheese without a cow won't do you know,
And therefore let the chaps first show me, please,
Their cow, before I swallow down their cheese!