

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The grabeſt Beaſt is the Aſs; the grabeſt Bird is the Owl;
The grabeſt Fiſh is the Opſter; the grabeſt Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MARCH 11TH, 1876.

Answers to Correspondents.

R. G.—Send us another epic.

RUS.—Good. Try again. Embellish. Be terse, brief and frequent. (No offence.)

EDWARD BLAKE.—We have received your letter. Our advice is, don't allow BELKNAP to be taken into the cabinet. Aliens are ineligible. See 92 Geo. iv, c. 10, Barkins v: Barkins, 25 Grant, 262. (Fee \$20).

From Our Box.

THE GRAND.—MR. DOMINICK MURRAY has been Mickin' Free at this theatre. The gleam of his eye, the humorous expression of his legs and his original brogue, make him the funniest Irishman we have seen for many a day. Last night he acted *Myles na Coppaleen in Colleen Bawn* or *The Brides of Garryowen*. *Miles* is deeply in love with the *Colleen Bawn*, but still more deeply with the *Whiskey Lawn*. He sings several capital songs, in one of which *Father Tom* (Mr. SPACKMAN) takes a part and shows that there is a good deal of music in him yet. The best scene in the play is where *Father Tom* tries to extract from *Miles* the truth about the fate of the *Colleen Bawn*. The humour Mr. MURRAY throws into the part is of the highest sort which is always pathetic. The chief fault we have to find with this play is that we do not see enough of *Miles*. Miss DAVENPORT was very pleasing as the saucy *Colleen Ruadh*, and Mr. GRISMER realized admirably the true interpretation of the character of *Danny Man*.

Mr. W. S. DAVIS, in the part of the pettifogging attorney, showed that he had carefully studied the dress and manners of the gentlemen who frequent Osgoode Hall. He appeared in the final scene with a Q.C.'s crimson bag over his shoulder and green stockings on his legs. In the discomfiture of the moment he slips his brief into his hat, which capped the climax of absurdity. He is, we are credibly informed, one of the new batch of Q.C.'s.

Mr. MURRAY has also appeared in the very different character of *Pierre La Roche* in the *Golden Bubble*. This character he acts with a delicacy and pathos which shew him to be a man of education and refinement.

This evening Mr. MURRAY takes his benefit in *Escaped from Sing Sing*. We hope a full house will prove that we can appreciate good acting.

Journalistic Scavengers.

THE *Globe* loves to represent itself as the vindicator of public morals. It upbraids people who employ TILTON to lecture, and those who go to hear him. Yet the other morning its columns were filled with the indecent disclosures respecting BEECHER, which made them unfit to be taken into any household. The journal which panders to a prurient taste for filth, sinks to the level of those whose infamous doings it records.

We would not be surprised at this sort of thing in the *Mail*. It has at least the virtue of perfect freedom from hypocrisy. It does not even pretend to be moral. If it were not hopeless to try to improve that graceless journal, we should speak at length of a long letter it published on Wednesday, from its correspondent at Washington, respecting the BELKNAP affair. It professes to describe the wife of the disgraced Secretary as she appeared at her first reception, soon after her baby's birth: "There was such a light in her beautiful eyes; such a glow of health on her cheeks; the coral lips parted over such perfect teeth, &c. &c." The correspondent goes on to tell us that she (it must be a woman) saw Mrs. BELKNAP a few weeks ago, and it is gratifying to learn that she looked as well as ever. This is bad enough, but not content with describing minutely a woman whose only claim to notice is a series of vulgar crimes, the correspondent depicts with equal delight the innocent baby of this unfortunate woman. "The little ALICE looks like her father, she has bright golden hair, &c., &c." Surely she ought to have been allowed to escape. The most charming sentence of all is this: "Of course there are a hundred rumours current but many of them are utterly groundless, and it is cruel to heap more sorrow upon one sufficiently crushed, sufficiently punished!" Animated by this generous sentiment, the *Mail* has published all these minute details, no doubt "utterly groundless," and certainly cruel and disgusting.

Thersites.

HOMER was no less a prophet than a poet, as witness the following lines. They need no explanatory notes, their application is obvious.

"All others took their seats and kept their place.
THERSITES only, clamorous of tongue,
Kept brawling. He with many insolent words,
Was wont to seek untimely strife with kings,
Uttering whate'er it seemed to him might move
The Greeks to laughter. Of the multitude
Who came to Ilium, none so base as he—
Hateful to the chiefs,

ACHILLES and ULYSSES, he would oft
Revile them. He to AGAMEMNON now
Called with shrill voice and taunting words. The Greeks
Heard him impatiently, with strong disgust
And vehement anger; yet he shouted still
To AGAMEMNON, and kept railing on."

Another Bonus Wanted.

OUR esteemed friend Mr. WILKINS MICAWBER writes to us about a new scheme he has devised to increase the prosperity of the city. Something has turned up at last. We gladly publish some extracts from his letter:

"Your City Council has no vulgar prejudices against men of genius who may be 'hard up.' Have I not seen them take such by the hand; freely bestow upon them the public money to promote fanciful and generally impracticable schemes; and in other ways help them out of their usually chronic state of impecuniosity. But if your City Council will do this for merely visionary speculators, how much more will they help me in the clearly practical, and beneficent work which I am about to inaugurate, viz:—

THE UTILIZATION OF THE AURORA BOREALIS!

For obvious reasons, I cannot enter into particulars until the question of the bonus is settled. I am going to ask MOSES STAUNTON to preside at a meeting to be held in the St. Lawrence Hall and to request Alderman TURNER to present a petition to the City Council. I cannot fail.

Ever yours,

WILKINS MICAWBER.

A Thin Complaint.

Seedy in his garb of woe
With muddled eye the poet stood
Lamenting thus his lot below
(Which shows the lot he understood)
"Thinner grow I day by day
And slowly seem to waste away
While my stout friend grows stouter still
And runs to waist against his will."

Free Trade In-deed.

DEAR SIR.—I am the junior partner in the firm of KETCHUM & HUGGEM, names (though we say it ourselves) not unknown in the profession. I wish to express my unqualified dislike of those rustic J. P.'s and ambitious Division Court clerks who aspire to being conveyancers. They are, sir, in my estimation an impertinent lot of ink-splashers, who consider themselves equal to tasks which absolutely require the supervision of the legal mind, and who gladly draw documents for a consideration which scarcely covers the cost of the raw material. The practice of us country solicitors is thus being ruined by these dabbling Free Traders.

Only yesterday we were executing a conveyance of land for a couple of practical Agriculturalists from a remote rural district. I had signified my approval of the title, the deed had been drawn and beautifully engrossed by Mr. SCRAWLS, my intelligent clerk, and the lengthy and formidable operation of obtaining the necessary copies of the signature of the Grantor, successfully accomplished. The latter observed in an apologetic tone, "I ain't much with the writin' pen, but I'm a pretty nasty man on a pitchfork." Being humorously inclined I replied, "I like to meet a man who is good on the fork-out." "What's the damages?" said he, diving to the bottom of his pocket and fishing up an unsavoury bill of questionable denomination. "O we'll make it ten dollars—to you," I said, benevolently. "What fur!" said he, "I can git the job done as well up home for a dollar." He then indulged in language derogatory to me and the profession in general, and ended by stamping down stairs, after leaving his rascally two dollar bill upon the table. This, sir, is due to our unlicensed country conveyancers. In the name of the profession I demand protection, and solicit, sir, your assistance in quelling these pervertors of public morals. I insist, sir, that a heavy tariff be put on all bucolic indentures, and that the legal aspirations of these gentlemen be confined strictly to the blameless work of recording the oaths of the parties to said indentures of the first part.

I remain yours sincerely,

J. HUGGEM, Barrister-at-Law.