

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1875.

To Correspondents and Contributors.

A. C. D.—Many thanks.
MILDMAY.—Always glad to hear from you.
CHIP, St. John, N. B.—Write early and often.
D. E. T.—The subject of your last is hardly "live" enough.
FLIPPINS.—Your production is hardly suitable for our columns.



A Pictorial Pun.

"Faust" will be produced with every attention to de-tail.—Royal Opera House Play bill.

Grip's Advice to the Players and others.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—Most of you have read something of SHAKESPEARE. Mark well his advice to the players in *Hamlet*. Speak your speeches trippingly on the tongue, and remember that your noses are not intended as organs of speech. Do not saw the air too much with your hands, neither treat those members as excrescences with which you don't know what to do. I have observed ladies whose arms are gracefully formed, carry them in absurd positions, like unto the cartoons in Harper's *Bazar*, to display their beauty, regardless of the general effect of utter absurdity so given. If you must display your—lower limbs, ladies, wear tights by all means, but pray do not have recourse to transparent long dresses. The can-can in a long dress at a French dancing garden, looks far more improper than the same danced in ordinary ballet costume on the stage. GRIP would remark that from his private boxes in this polite city, he has lately heard some extremely coarse and vulgar things,—not merely those of the author but those invented by the actors. Should he again hear them he will administer benefitting chastisement to the offenders. It is very unfair to actors to give them so many new parts continually as has been done at both houses of late, and GRIP forgives much in the way of forgotten parts. Yet a little more pains, dear friends, would make things better, even under such trying circumstances. Honest and painstaking incapacity is better than the attempt to carry off ignorance of a part by senseless buffoonery, vulgar gagging or silly affectation. For the voice of the prompter is like unto the abomination of desolation.

Playgoers, a word with you also. GRIP would wish that you display not your ignorance in loud tones, pointing out to equally foolish friends Mr. MORDAUNT as Mr. KING, or Mr. MELTON as Mr. COULDOCK. It is not well also to give imaginary sketches of the plots of plays you have neither seen nor read. If you have seen a piece before in London or New York, why draw invidious comparisons, where all are doing their best and working their hardest for your amusement? Ye who are musically inclined, if you must accompany the orchestra on the floor—wear moccasins, and forbear to bring walking-sticks or umbrellas. This, however, is a milder form than the vocal accompaniment, a whistled obligato, to which some of you are addicted, an offence calling for the instant destruction of the offender. To those

who chew tobacco, GRIP would remark that if they cannot refrain from making nuisances of themselves for the short time of one play, they had not better go at all. Else let them be put out. O ye gods! be not so ready to appreciate and encourage vulgarity. Also make less noise, and once for all give up those fearful strains wherewith you are wont to mark your impatience when kept waiting.

Scene from the Tragedy of Brownibus;

OR, DICTATORIAL INSANITY,

(As now performed with small success at the Globe Theatre.)

SCENE 1.—DYMONDIBUS: Enter to him BROWNIBUS in disorder.

BROWNIBUS.—DYMONDIBUS, I charge thee on thy life—
Thy *Globite* life—(which quick shall find its end
If thou dar'st disobey)—that *Liberal* fiend
Which here hath stalked from London, mention not.
Write not it—speak it not! Its very name
Harrows my soul! All breakfastless I come,
For Lady BROWNIBUS, a moment past,
My porridge handing, kindly called the same
A *liberal* allowance! It I dashed
Through my big window;—she all fainting lies.
How I came here I know not. Order FLOOD:
That he boom this through all my corridors:—
Who frameth but his lips that dreadful sound
To mutter—banished from my presence be,
Never to see me more!

DYMONDIBUS.—Most gracious sir, retract the dreadful word;
This is the greatest;—Reciprocity
No blunder were to this. That journal, sir,
(Without thy leave, hell shall not force the name
From my firm-holding throat)—it is, great sir,
Aid—solace—help. In our extremity,
Upon the Tory ranks such charge it made
That e'en the *Sun* (a prodigy unknown
To warring JOSHUA) not alone stood still,
But shrank to half its size. Sir, we do pipe—
Toronto will not dance; the more we call,
The more they will not come, as FLOOD did say,
Grieving, unto me; but the *Liberal* shall—
Great sir, forgive me!

BROWNIBUS.—(Seizing him by the ear.) Most abject knave,
Was it for this I brought thee, and half-way,
(As GOLDWIN did remark,) with saltiest brine
Of broad Atlantic waves, thy principles
Did wash from out thee? Know, that nameless sheet
Comes here to tell the truth. The crack of doom
Were not more fatal. I have published now
Globes long enough—my editorials all
Have fallen into the weak, the rapid leaf,
And that which should accompany its age,
As office—bonuses—advertisements—
I may not look to have!

Releases DYMONDIBUS; gradually changes from the awful to the mournful, speaks the last lines in most plaintive and most cracked pathos, and weeps inconsolably. DYMONDIBUS in the rear is rubbing his ear, rolling his eyes hideously, and shaking his fist at BROWNIBUS. Scene closes.

Their Servant's Bones.

"The Editor will be glad to receive further information—confidential—with regard to the successful negotiation, on the part of a distinguished wholesale firm, whereby they effected a lucrative stroke of business, in the sale of the corpse of their maid-servant."—*Beehive*.

We hope in the interests of humanity that the informant will make no bones about disclosing the full particulars of this transaction. The editor of the *Beehive* will, we trust, dissect this matter thoroughly, and GRIP's assistance to unearth this scandalous proceeding will not be wanting. Some time ago, it may be remembered, a sensation was caused by the alleged fact that an employer pocketed the immigration fee, which of right belonged to his servant, but this trafficking in human bones beats all we have yet heard of. Dead men tell no tales, but as we never knew a woman to keep a secret, the disclosures may possibly leak out. We trust the editor of the *Beehive* is not playing off a ghostly story upon society. Should he be so fortunate as to be able to reveal all the facts of the case the success of the *Beehive* will be assured, and that, so far, has been a matter of considerable doubt.

A Poser.

Georgie to Ma—"Are there any free seats in Heaven?"
Ma—"Yes, dear, they are all free."
Georgie—"Then why ain't they here?"
(Ma can't say.)