

## 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, MAY 13TH, 1876.

## From Our Box.

THE GRAND.—The old, old story of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* has occupied the boards at this house during the present week. Like many other excellent stories, *Uncle Tom* does not dramatize with much effect. It is too diffuse, and has no well defined leading character, although certainly there are a few very touching scenes in it. The part of the faithful old darkey was played by Mr. SAMBROOK, who was not at all at home in the burnt cork, and only redeemed the rôle with his excellent singing. Mr. BEN G. ROGERS made a lively *Assumption Cate*, and Mr. GRISMER a good *George Harris*. The other characters were fairly rendered by the members of the company. We are all anxiously awaiting the appearance of EDWIN BOOTH.

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE.—*Black Crook* would be none the worse of a little judicious pruning, especially in the part of the fat man. This remark will apply both to the make up and lines of that character. The olio performance with which the play is interspersed is capital throughout, particularly the lightning drill and gymnastic exercises. Remember the matinee on Saturday afternoon. Mr. SOUTHERN the celebrated comedian appears in *Lord Dundreary* at this theatre shortly.

## Mr. Mellen's Sermon.

The conflict between modern religious development and ancient religious prejudices is placing clergymen in a position of greater public interest than personal comfort. They are, in a certain sense, the buffers between the cars of progress and those of obstruction; and are now preaching excellent sermons on the manner in which their fellows bear their squeezings.

Here, for instance, are the best things Mr. MELLEN said concerning Mr. MACDONNELL, with some better things he forgot to say:—

"Religion, when most true, is then most free.  
Religion, freest, will most truthful be.  
Religious freedoms always cultivate.  
(Beg pardon; not like BRECHER'S, let me state.)  
Well, of MACDONNELL, delicacy bars  
That we should meddle with their fam'ly jars.  
Or of their culinary fancies treat.  
But for some plans of who's to furnish meat,  
Which give us a joint interest, and demands  
Closest investigation at our hands.  
Friends, Romans, Unitarians, give to me  
Your ears, while I hold forth in charity:—  
In organized religious strength to day,  
The Presbyterian Church holds mighty sway.  
Full many a saintly name its records hold,  
Keen minds, good souls, it has within its fold.  
Still, friends, commercially we must it call  
No little of a swindle after all.  
For I shall straightway demonstrate to you,  
They can't believe in what they say they do,  
They stick to their Confession, which ain't right,  
Written as 'twas in Europe's dim twilight,  
Before coal oil or SHAKSPEARE shed around  
Their bright effulgence; yes, before the ground  
Was mapped out by geologists; before  
We'd any chemists' shops at all; nay, more,  
Ere HARVEY did our circulation find,  
Or LINCOLN that of greenbacks had designed.  
Ere NEWTON wondered why the apples fell,  
Or GALILEO could earth's twistings tell.  
Ere dynamite or pull-back monsters grew.  
Blighted age! Thus, then, did they construe:—  
(I haven't read it all; but there's enough  
To turn their brains who'd swallow down such stuff.)  
Hear, now, what these Confession folks believe;  
Of which they cry, "Believe it, sir, or leave!"  
From all eternity God did ordain  
Some certain things which must unchanged remain  
Chose souls who should eternal torture bear—  
Chose souls unending happiness to share.  
Not that He foresaw cause which they should give,

Not that they should deserve to die or live;  
Not that their faith or doubt he did foresee.  
But simply that He glorified might be,  
And fixed their numbers (for this motive strange)  
So firm, no single one can ever change.  
Beloved friends, could any mind conceive  
Or anything more terrible believe?  
For see, this don't condemn the bad alone,  
But all who unregenerate are known,  
Whether by Adam's sin, or by their own—  
Infants and adults—nay, it will embrace  
Ninety-nine hundredths of the human race  
Who shall beneath God's wrath forever lie,  
And without end in agony shall cry.  
In sharpest grief of body and of soul,  
Continually in hell's hot torment roll.  
I have not set down aught in malice here.  
This the Confession means, or naught, it's clear.  
'Tis written there, and while of us 'tis writ,  
We've every right to think and speak of it.  
That this is of the past no one can say.  
No, this Presbyterianism to day.  
Read you MACDONNELL'S case, and see if there  
They yield to him the ninth part of a hair.  
No, not the Inquisition in its height,  
Not the great Papal Council in its might,  
Not rampant *Mail* coercing Tory sheet;  
Not BROWN to Pastry prostrate at his feet,  
Not stern LOYOLA making Jesuits mind,  
MACKENZIE, forcing Grits to go it blind,  
E'er held more stiffly their peculiar views,  
Than those now hold who bid MACDONNELL choose:—  
"Say you believe that the Confession's true,  
Or go; there is no other course for you!"  
I blame not them; they must their rules enforce  
Their dreadful dogmas leave no other course,  
Nay, ask a stronger, and would justify  
The thorough methods of an age gone by,  
When folks were purged of doubt by greenwood fires,  
Or thumbscrewed out of heretic desires,  
Or had their views extended on a rack.  
But now, they merely give such folks the sack.  
No use, my friend MACDONNELL, there to strive.  
That's not the shop for freedom. Look alive;  
Step down and out; your shanty leave, and roam  
With me beneath that wondrous temple dome,  
Whose vault's immensity, and all around  
Its corridors eternal voices sound.  
Lit up by constellations vast, which throw  
A modern, patent, scientific glow.  
I'm there, a humble light myself, it's true;  
Come you, and be a constellation too."

GRIP would remark to all his friends who read this sermon here, If they observe good things in it, GRIP put 'em in, that's clear; But all that they dislike in it, GRIP would remark in confidence, Is MR. MELLEN'S, who must take the mellen-choly consequence.

## Unmentioned Disappearance.

GRIP would like to know, you know, of the authorities of the Central Prison, whether they happen to be aware that an estimable gentleman of the name of BARBER, imprisoned for eleven months in their useful institution, and yet having a month to serve, was allowed a limited degree of liberty lately; and that, a true bill being found against him for embezzlement of books in the Educational Depository to a far greater extent than the limited operation of that nature he had been imprisoned for, he, hearing thereof, took measure to exchange his partial liberty (of the yard) for perfect freedom. GRIP would like to know whether this be the case, and if it be, whether all the other papers have been "approached" to hush it up, and if so why they submitted to such approachment.

## To His Critics.

GRIP has received objections from certain parties. The clergy object to his benevolent homilies, as displacing theirs. The doctors declare he practices too sharply on their feelings. The lawyers deny that he has any case against them. The carpenters say he speaks too plainly, the blacksmiths that he hits too hard, the tailors that he rips up everything, the farmers that he harrows up their souls, the politicians that he can't see both sides, the editors that he won't take either side. GRIP, never embarrassed, knows his course precisely. His enormously increasing circulation will shortly enable him to issue a special edition for each class, which shall only treat of other classes. All classes will then be good enough not to read the editions of other classes, and content will pervade every class.