

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDOL.

The gravest Beast is the *Zee*; the gravest Bird is the *Owl*;
The gravest Fish is the *Oyster*; the gravest Man is the *Fool*.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25TH, 1875.

Answers to Correspondents.

MORALIST.—Your didactic poem "Christmas" of 25 verses is received. As you justly observe the subject is not new, but you wrong yourself in saying that your treatment of it is not original. It is. We do not publish it, because though it is quite right that people should remember that they are only "worms that crawl," and that "Death's icy fangs shall meet in every throat," still it is hardly fair to dwell upon this view of life at Christmas time. Though there is not much poetry about those "little bills" which rain upon the heads of families just now, they will probably put people in the necessary state of dejection. Send your poem to the *Nation*. It is a serious paper. The first verse of your effusion we gladly publish.

The gentle Turkey droops his head,
The Oyster dies without a sigh,
Strong souls! they never will complain,
They know that Christmas time is nigh.
And man, proud man, shall he repine,
Shall he profane at little bills?
Go! let him learn the lessons fine
How creatures dumb bear Fortune's ills.

From Our Box.

Mr. J. W. BENGOUGH delivers his new lecture entitled "Heads and Tales, in Shaftesbury Hall, on Tuesday Evening, next, 28th inst.

Enoch Arden makes a drama of strong and affecting interest. The dramatizer has worked into the play every word of the poem, but in order to do this he sometimes places thoughts clothed in the poet's own language into mouths in which they sound rather incongruous. Mr. ADAMS shewed a good deal of power in his impersonation of the part of *Enoch*, but it was impossible not to feel that he just misses being a first-rate actor. There is a great deal of pathos in the play, and the dramatist has introduced some humor. A deaf man with his back to the stage could easily have said when the affecting, and when the funny passages were being enacted. At the affecting passages the young ladies giggled: at the amusing ones they looked pensive.

On Tuesday evening Mr. GILBERT'S latest comedy, *Tom Cobb*, was put on the boards of the Grand. A comedy so racy and entertaining deserved a much larger house. The dialogue is chiefly of a mock-heroic tone and is deliciously ridiculous. Mr. CURTIS never appeared to greater advantage than he did as *Bulstrode Effingham*, a sentimental, melodramatic youth with a pale, poetic brow, and long hair. "Cursed be his lot" he is a lawyer's clerk, though born for a nobler destiny. He also laments the necessity of wearing his father's old coats, as to which "not even the eloquence of a father can gloss over the damning fact that they are second hand." The whole *Effingham* family introduce into their conversation flowers of rhetoric which keep the audience in constant laughter. Mr. GRISMER played *Tom Cobb* with his usual spirit, but we wish he would give his whole attention to the play, and not indulge in irrelevant conversations till he gets behind the scenes.

A Merry Christmas.

In order that our citizens may be fully informed as to all the attractions of the Christmas season we give insertion to the following advertisement. Enterprize on the part of the Churches is to be commended but, from a theatrical point of view, the legitimate drama has much to complain of in this covert rivalry. The bill has an orthodox form.

A GREAT BILL FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.

COME ONE! COME ALL!!

Anthem.....by a Brobdignagian Choir.

Solo.....Distinguished Amateur.

Selections from *Fra Diavolo*, *La**Traviata* and *Don Giovanni*—Organ.

Sermon—Subject, "Everlasting Punishment."

Solo.....by another Distinguished Amateur.

Chorus—from the 12th Mass....Choir.

NO COLLECTION!

If these *moreaux* fail to draw a large house, the performance will not be repeated.

Go early and secure seats.

The Yacht Club Ball, and Mr. Theodore Spark's Adventures Thereat.

(By our own social parasite.)

MR. THEODORE SPARK, a gallant young officer of one of our leading commercial institutions, as the clock struck nine rushed up the stair-way carrying his dancing boots in his left hand and warming his frozen ears with his right. SPARK prided himself on being always equal to the emergency, so as he entered the dressing room he assumed a nautical swagger as in harmony with the festivity and garnished his conversation with yachtman's terms. "Ho, mates! what cheer?" he gaily cried, slapping young JAWKINS and BLUSTER, who were arranging their smart jackets, and putting the last touches to their consummate toilets. But BLUSTER who has no sense of humor muttered something depressing about "his damned nonsense." As BLUSTER, however, is one of those fellows who establish a position by assuming an air of importance and supplementing their lack of ideas by vigorous swearing, SPARK had a secret contempt for him, and his serenity was not impaired. So arm-in-arm with the more amiable JAWKINS, he sauntered cheerily down the ball-room. The band was performing the usual preliminary scrapings. Lads with fresh downy faces were moving anxiously about importuning all the girls they knew for the honor of a dance. Girls in dresses too low in the back, and girls in dresses too high in the front, girls in pink with blue fixings, and girls in blue with pink fixings, were congregated under the keen eyes of portly *chaperons*. Several girls who appeared to have met with untimely accidents through incautiously placed flour barrels and whose coiffures still bore traces of their misfortune, were exciting general commiseration. SPARK proceeded at once to fill up his programme on the Darwinian principle of the selection of the fittest. Passing with an air of profound absorption, the Misses PALETOT, he was only too glad to dance with last season, studiously ignoring Miss LYDIA BUSTLE, who "by jove, you know, prances like an elephant and puffs like a porpoise," tho' she had actually given him his first lesson in the art, SPARK rapidly secured the best dancers and prettiest girls he knew. Occasionally when he fixed his eye on some victim, she would turn pale and shrink uneasily in the opposite direction. But in vain. By a dexterous manoeuvre SPARK would confront her and with his sweetest smile beseech her for a dance. "So sorry, Mr. SPARK, only the 17th left, but you may have that if you like," and SPARK with expressions of gratitude scores her down for the seventeenth. As she turns away, he catches a glimpse of her card, with but three names on it besides his own! Thus were the PALETOTS avenged. But do you suppose SPARK was surprised? Not in the least. He understands it and tries a similar dodge on half a dozen other girls, whom social duty claims his attentions for, but inclination rejects. *Sic tantum &c.*

His card presently being full, except a few judicious blanks about supper time, SPARK leads forth Miss LUCY GLIDE to "the Boston." The room is crowded and the floor such that even a local legislator would take it without enthusiasm. With easy grace he guides her through the throng, now skillfully retreating as some heavy craft drifts helplessly down upon him, then by a cunning reversal steering clear of a stranded hulk, quickly gliding to some spot left vacant for a moment, then off to the other side as the surge comes rolling in, he at last lands her calm and cool in a quiet haven in the corner. Here they enjoy for a few moments the luxury of criticism. That gallant volunteer Major RUDDINOSE, who refused to learn any of your new fangled dances, and preferred a rousing galop, was performing in the good old style,

"Like to a cork tossed by the eddies that foam under furious lasher,
Like to skiff lifted, up-lifted, in lock, by the swift-swelling sluices,
So with the music possessing him, swaying him, goeth he, look you,
Swinging and flinging, and stamping and tramping and grasping and clasping."

Whom but gay Miss FLOUNDER? The Bostonians in terror flee before him. Destruction is in his path. A cloud of shreds of gauze and lace, rising in his wake, attests his phrensy. At last, his energies exhausted, he mops his moist brow and gasps a few words to his steaming partner on the execrable condition of the room. "That fellow would be hot," whispered SPARK, "if he danced that way on an iceberg."

Then there is poor TOM COLLINS toiling painfully with anxious brow, regardless of music, bumping his partner at every step, while his unskillful gyrations bring down on him the silent imprecations of the bumped. But all that Mr. SPARK did and said and saw, this history will not need record. At about 2 p.m. lighting the fragrant but deleterious weed he always brings with him, he strolled to his lodgings, and as he sank to rest, murmured,

"A FIRST-RATE BALL, BY JOVE!"

Contributions to a Slang Dictionary.

TO GO FOR.—This beautifully significant expression first came into vogue among milliners, who when indignant would exclaim, "Look out-n I'll GOPHER you," meaning thereby, "I'll crumple you up."

TO GO BACK UPON.—This expressive phrase has a classical origin. "Fortuna recessit." "His luck went back on him," is an expression of one VERGIL, a part of the Latins.