

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 8TH, 1876.

Answers to Correspondents.

GRIP will be delighted to have an occasional favor for his columns from the vivacious SERAPHINA

From Our Box.

THE GRAND.—*Nicholas Nickleby* is put on with more skill and acted better than any play of the season. Mr. SPACKMAN makes a capital *Squeers*, and *Ralph Nickleby* is the best acting Mr. FARWELL has yet exhibited. The boys are well trained and take their brimstone and treacle with humorous manifestations of disgust. Mr. ROBERTS gives a spirited representation of young *Nickleby*. Mrs. MARLOWE is first-rate as *Miss Squeers* and goes into raptures over Mr. ROBERTS'S legs, which they are perhaps scarcely calculated to elicit from a less impressionable young lady. The horses are conscientious artists and never require the prompter's aid. Mr. RIGGS, the well-known Irish comedian comes next week.

THE ROYAL.—The large and fashionable audiences assembled in this elegant theatre nightly since its re-opening amply testify that even a financial depression will not prevent the citizens of Toronto from adequately recognizing clever management and good performances. BOUCICAULT'S sporting drama, *The Flying Scud* has been performed during the week with exceptional success. This is owing largely to the acting of Mr. BELVIL RYAN, who has found in the *role of Nat Gosling*, the old Derby jockey, an opportunity of displaying his rare abilities as an eccentric comedian. The other parts are well sustained, and the jockey ballet and incidental varieties please the house hugely. In this connection, GRIP emphatically excepts the acrobatic performance (or rather assays) of Mr. HARRY GURR and his infant son. It is decidedly cruel looking, and evokes more tears than plaudits. Mr. GURR'S man-fish act should suffice for one family, as it is unique and truly wonderful. ADELAIDE PHILLIPS' Opera Company open at this house next Monday night.

Prospectus for 1876.

In commencing another year of his existence GRIP, like the other leading journals in Canada, makes no promises—that is no promises which he has any particular intention of fulfilling.

GRIP begs to state however that in the future as in the past, he will carefully eschew all personalities, in which there is no really good point apparent.

In referring to his contemporaries GRIP will not mention by name the supposed writer of an anonymous article, unless he is sure the person named did not write it. Even then GRIP will not ruthlessly expose in his columns a man's name in all its nakedness. He will leave out the vowels, so that no one will be able to complain with justice that his name is dragged into print when in fact it isn't. Thus, if attacking an article in the *Nation* on "The Boston," GRIP will say, "That pensive incendiary Mr. G—LDW—N SM—TH is at it again. He is preaching revolution under the hollow mask of a comparatively innocent dance. He is insidiously sowing the seeds of American sentiment in the minds of our young people. For ourselves we shall, with our latest breath, advocate the British *trois-temps* and Imperial connection." Again an article in the *Mail* on "The lamentable ignorance of Colonists in the matter of Greek Iambics" will be thus alluded to:—"Mr. T. C. P—TT—S—N has not, we are happy to see, withdrawn from the gentleman's journal the sweetening influence of his chastened imagination. We could forgive him his condemnation of the whole country—as being more brutally ignorant than a community of house-breakers, because we do not write Greek Iambics with his facility—but when he adopts towards a particular contributor to this journal a tone which would be inexcusable in a black-beetle memorializing an archangel, we feel that he tramples on the amenities of journalism, and places himself beyond the pale of decent society."

An impression seems to prevail that GRIP draws caricatures, or makes puns on the names of people who are in default with their subscription. To persons who are holding back their subscriptions, under the hope that such is his practice, GRIP begs to state that they are misinformed. Let them pay up at once and then GRIP will see what can be done in the way of making them famous.

"On the Watch."

DEAR MR. GRIP,

The following poem gives a "full true and particular" account of what occurred in a certain church not a thousand miles from Toronto, and rather less than a hundred years ago.

SERAPHINA.

One Sunday, not so long ago,
To meeting went myself and beau;
Though cold the weather was and dreary,
The preacher, like an auger scorned
To bore and bore, and never deemed
His congregation could grow weary.

I took my watch out on the sly—
A dozen did the same as I—
Which put the preacher in a passion,
And rash, with inconsiderate ire:
"Of my discourse you seem to tire
I'll preach no more." In some such fashion

He spoke—and with an angry frown,
He roughly banged the Bible down
Upon the desk, and closed the cover.
I hid my face with blushes glowing,
But Tom, with glance and smile so knowing
Whispered "I think the pot's boiled over."

From Grave to Gay.

NOTICE.—GRIP has a job-printing office and is always ready to do work for parties who pay promptly; but hereafter he gives notice that, following the rule observed throughout the *globe*, he will print no caricatures of the proprietor for any man.

A Leg-al Difficulty.

We are threatened with an action for libel by an elderly fairy, because we ventured to say last week that the general contraction at present prevailing, had even shewn itself in the legs of the Christmas fairies. We are invited to pay \$10,000 for the privilege of making this suggestion. We would sell our own legs for half that sum. Our impression is that our fairy friend cannot recover. The legs of a fairy, once displayed to the public gaze, become, as we believe, public property, members as it were of the body politic. In formulating public sentiment on their proportions we are not transgressing the bounds of journalistic propriety. On the contrary we are fearlessly performing a sacred duty which we conceive we owe to the public. We may state that the following telegraphic communications have passed between ourselves and the leader of the equity bar.

To the Minister of Justice, Ottawa.

Threatened with libel suit by elderly fairy. Defamation of understanding—that is legs. Requested to pay \$10,000. What do you advise us to do?

GRIP.

Office of the Minister of Justice, Ottawa.

Not to pay it. Fee for opinion \$50.

E. BLAKE.

To Grip, Toronto.

A similar statement was sent to another eminent lawyer of the city, with the same question—"What do you advise us to do?"

Answer—Retain me. I have drawn on you for retaining fee, \$100.

J. HILLIARD CAMERON

We are determined to fight out this case to the bitter end. We have instructed our most muscular compositor how to deal with any person attempting to serve papers. In the meantime as we are fighting no mere private battle, but that of the liberty of the press, we cordially invite all friends of free discussion to contribute to THE DEFENCE FUND.

Medcal's Epitaph.

HE was an old man of Toronto,
That the Plebs might have had did they want to;
In office asleep: and now that he's out,
He has taken that sleep which leaves us in doubt
As to where the old fellow has gone to.

WILL the Pettit robbery case be tried by a petit jury?

"SIC SEMPER."—The *Mail* says that the Oxford Professor is a "No party-corrector BESTIUS" who "adopts the tone of an archangel slanging a black-beetle." This is an improvement on the slang dictionary. We agree in the black-beetle illustration.