

# GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1875.

## Answers to Correspondents.

PATRICK MURPHY, JUNR., ESQ.—Your "Bread and butter" is too much spread with the "iles of Grease." Such short-breathed lines are too "fat" for our printers.

### From Our Box.

"No scandal about Queen Elizabeth." Well, not much, anyway, considering she only comes to the throne in the last act of "Twixt Axe and Crown". The plot of the drama and its characters are mostly familiar to us in MR. AINSWORTH'S novel of the "Tower of London", except that the giants and dwarfs, who play so important parts in that marvellous story, do not appear in the play. The villainous Spanish Ambassador, the cruel Bishop GARDINER, and poor, sickly, ill-used, crossgrained "Bloody Queen Mary" herself are old friends of ours. Then there is *Elizabeth's* first love, *Courtenay*, who in the play comes out rather better than in the story, but is remorselessly killed off at the end to make things square with history, and keep the Queen single. We admired MRS. ROUSBY very much, and we liked her acting. Both her appearance and style are a great contrast to those of MISS NEILSON, over whom she possesses a great advantage in a singularly pleasant voice. We were rather surprised, in a very crowded house, to miss our friends the swells of the side-boxes. Where, oh where, were they? and where were their bouquets? Still the play went on, the audience managed to support life and the actors received due applause and got recalled without the intervention of the gorgeous ones.

"Perhaps they're on the railway,  
Perhaps they're gone to sea."

Anyhow, we saw them not. It may be that one such splurge is enough in a season. It certainly is for the regular frequenters of theatres. But to return to our subject. "The play's the thing" and a very good play too, with so many patriotic English aspirations in it, as to give the idea that it was written in honor of St. George's day. MRS. ROUSBY looked charming, and acted with all the dignity of a princess. MR. BARNES as *Courtenay* was very good, having thoroughly mastered the character of the rash and impulsive young man, who is for ever getting himself and his friends into scrapes. MRS. LINDEN had a part not likely to find the favor of the audience as *Queen Mary*, and deserves the more credit for her faithful rendering of a not very pleasant task. The two villains of the piece, *Simon Renard* and *Bishop Gardiner* had not half sufficient force given them by MESSRS. CLARK and LAURENS, while MR. MELTON, who had but little to do as the airy, fantastic *Sir John Harrington*, did that little well, and MISS LIZZIE RICH deserves great praise for her *Isabel Markham*. She should be careful however when she attempts to lift MRS. ROUSBY, the task being rather too much for her. Taking it altogether the play was a success and was very well performed. GRIP is pleased to see that there are plenty of people left yet who can appreciate the quiet style of acting, though it might have been truer to history if *Elizabeth* had stamped her feet and sworn occasionally.

### Addressed to the Rev. H.H. Waters, of Babylon,

On reading his Sermon on 18th ult., before St. George's Society at St. James Cathedral.

Indeed and please your reverence,  
I think you're very wrong—  
In Canada we tune our harps  
To quite a different song;  
Our experience of this Country  
Is a far more cheerful thing;  
'Tis of plenty and prosperity  
We feel inclined to sing.

Nine families from Staffordshire  
Together came last fall;  
We find there's work for all to do,  
And food and clothes for all.  
'Tis true indeed the climate's cold—  
But the people's hearts are warm,  
And when we're snugly housed in doors,  
We do'n't much mind the storm.

We've schooling for the children,  
And no more pence to pay,  
From Church and Sunday School they now  
Need never stop away,  
And Sir, can you believe it,  
We're going to keep a cow—  
In towns it may be harder,—  
We do'n't live there any how.

Then at Christmas time, I tell you,  
We had a jolly feast;  
The grown up ones paid 60 cents—  
All came, down to the least.  
Nine families together dined  
And had good Christmas cheer,  
Of fowl and beef and pudding too,  
So cheaply purchased here.

We've written home to tell them,  
And more are coming soon,  
We hope that they may join with us  
And sing a cheerful tune.  
If your harp is on the willows, Sir,  
Pray take it quite away;  
And no more doleful ditties  
Chant over us we pray!

### Modern Miracles.

GRIP lately perused the pages of a Spiritualist paper, published in Chicago. Here he found events recorded by the side of which the miracles described in *Church Chimes* sink into utter insignificance. One writer gravely details how the spirits at a *seance* in Boston, windows and doors being closed, filled the room with the most beautiful flowers, one lady being presented with the somewhat inconvenient gift of a rose-tree, roots, earth and all. In a city where spirits comport themselves in this fashion let the owners of conservatories look to it. In another place we read of a delightful city inhabited by spirits, where a Boston ghost was staying with the late ABRAHAM LINCOLN, and most of the inhabitants were engaged in literary pursuits. We cannot realise the fact of this being such a species of paradise if the editors of all the papers went on as they do on the earth. Besides, whom do they get to subscribe? We found a well-meant caution against giving alcohol to dying persons, but somewhat marred by picturing the disembodied spirits as "reeling and jabbering with intoxication." One lecturer suggests that funerals be conducted in a cheerful way and the horses gallop if the weather is bad. A great point is made in favor of Spiritualists who are declared not "to be a set of lunatics, but to have a singular power of healing lunacy." They must give each other considerable employment in this way. And yet there are people, who are ready to believe all the outrageous nonsense we have quoted and a great deal more, while at the same time they proclaim themselves in advance of the whole of mankind, to have cast off the trammels of superstition. "A mad world, my masters."

### Not Platitude.

"Grip" to the Member Elect for East Toronto.

Friend PLATT, your hand! And let us clasp  
It with an earnest hearty grasp,  
As but an "old bird" can,  
And, as we feel the hand we take,  
Apart from old acquaintance sake,  
Is of an honest man!

Do not, because Conservative,  
Sift measures thro' a party sieve,  
But let the good alone,  
Or, like the tale—not over new—  
Of poor Dog Tray, and you pursue  
A visionary bone!

The Grits are in and you are out;  
But Fortune will not always flout,  
Altho' she seem to bear a  
Grudge against the party styled  
The "gentlemen's," and that sad child  
Lugubrious MORTARA.

May common sense,—not those of DON—  
Direct your energies anon,  
And keep your *cranium* level.  
Make your speeches short and few—  
Subscribe to GRIP, and then will you  
Not fear the—(printer's) Devil!