

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

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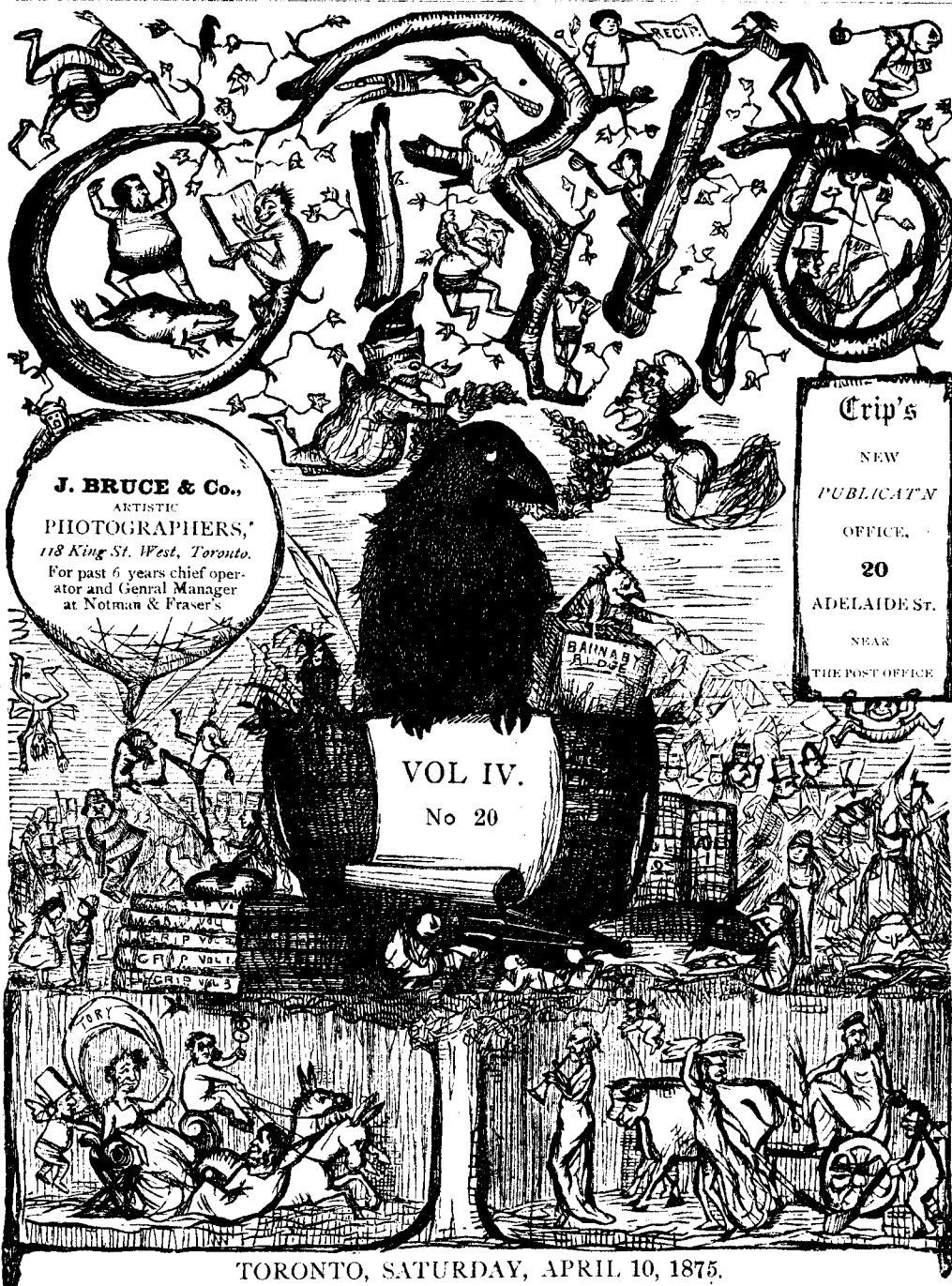
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EDITOR'S NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach **GRIP** office not later than Wednesday. Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, **GRIP** office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

CONTRIBUTIONS, when accepted, will, for the present, be paid for at the rate of Two DOLLARS per column. All articles for which payment is expected must be accompanied by the name and address of the author.

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EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1875.

Answers to Correspondents.

JEREMIAH.—Declined with thanks.

WILKIE COLLINS SMITH.—Your story has a strange, weird effect. We have tried to read it several times and on each occasion a sott slumber stole over us. We found it put all our compositors to sleep over their cases and hushed the voice of the "devil." Were we to publish it we might get taken for the *Leader*, or be accused of stealing from the *Canadian Monthly*.

IKE JUNIOR. We sympathise with the difficulties you are troubled with in composing articles. Most editors of our acquaintance find their great difficulty in the lack of subjects, which seems contrary to your experience. Yet another thing remains for you to learn, that a "train of beautiful ideas" is by no means necessary for composition. Study the great daily papers, young man, and if you find yourself unequal to producing like balderdash the instant a subject is given you, be satisfied that you were intended for another vocation than journalism. Try the paths of poesy, or wield the puissant buck-saw.

The Clergy to the "Witness."

Not a baby we'll baptize, till they bring with solemn fitness,
Proof infallible that it never has perused the *Witness*,
Lo, we do devote it to future grief from powers infernal
If it's been, at breakfast time, looking at that awful journal.

If a lover sees his sweetheart reading from that publication,
That connection must be broken; it can only bring vexation.
Who's to marry them?—not we, Sir; and the lawyers in their places
Just to keep, we here prohibit future breach of promise cases.

Mind you don't attempt to die, if you've been in that thing reading,
Uninterred we'll let you lie, all your sad complaints unheeding;
Nor you needn't come in white sheets, after us at night to scream,
When, in ground unconsecrated, your discomfort is extreme.

If, at any time you're caught at that wicked paper squinting;
If you laugh at any jokes which the rascals have been printing,
If by chance you overhear any of their allegations,
Understand that all of you get your excommunications.

If you buy that dreadful sheet, or from any news store fetch it,
We shall take good care that you in the next world soundly catch it;
If they don't mind, we'll abolish all the saucy printing tribe,
We'll run the presses all ourselves, and mind you've all got to subscribe.

From Our Box.

GRIP believes the aesthetic education of the world to be a great thing. He went to hear the cantata of *Fridolin* the other night, and was very well pleased with the way his friends did it. But he thinks it will be a long time before the world in general is educated up to the "music of the future." Speaking for himself, he trusts that future is very far distant, as the only parts of the performance which gave him pleasant impressions were those which reminded him of the music of the past, after the manner of Mr. PUFF's coincidences with Shakespeare. The wild strains which announced that Mr. MURRAY SCOTT had been (figuratively) cast into a burning fiery furnace should, to carry out the parallel, have emanated from sackbuts, psalteries and dulcimers. If there is no one here who can play them, why not send to New York?

MISS KATE FISHER has made her appearance at the Royal Opera House, but has grievously disappointed the swells by wearing a fair proportion of clothing, and that not of the transparent kind affected by some of the modern excrescences of burlesque. The soul-stirring story of "Mazepa" is well-known through the medium of Byron's poems and travelling circuses. We adhere as closely as possible to the noble bard's words in describing the plot. How *Mazepa* was brought up in a Polish family of rank and the

"Castellan's child on the youth fondly smiled
And shared many a tart with the Tartar"

"How under the name of *Casimir* he grows to be a fine young man of his age, and the King as the story goes promoted him to be his page." How his love for *Olinuska* (very carefully and pleasingly played by Miss Bradshaw) was discovered and the castellan "told the men to go to the stable and fetch the wild and untamed steed," following up this order by directing his myrmidons "to strip his clothes off and tie him on that horse's back." How the gallant steed and his lovely burden went up among the flies, came down safely, to the intense terror of Mr. BAIRD and other Tartar peasants, and at last sank breathless to the earth, whereupon a Tartar lady "fetched a sigh, then fetched some water, and then she fetched *Mazepa* round." How by the process so much admired in "Box and Cox" the Khan of Tartary "gives a start and says, I rather think this here's my long lost son," whereon they retire to sleep in a large tent with trees in it. "Then" we again quote BYRON: "there come a horrid villain and with him another man, with the base design of killin' *Mazepa* and that aged Khan." Need we to say that innocence triumphed in the end, that *Mazepa* rode his horse back to Poland and arrived in time to prevent *Olinuska's* nuptials, and that Messrs. RYSE and BARTON were crushingly defeated by the Tartar host. The thorough training to which "Wonder," the representative of the wild horse of the Ukraine, had been brought was remarkable and pleased all the spectators. We have seen lots of two-legged actors who played parts much worse than our four-footed friend.

Mr. COULDOCK's representation of *King Lear* at the Grand Opera House has been the chief noteworthy event of the last few days. The character of the weak old monarch, with its outbursts of senile rage, its imbecility turning to actual madness in the end, and occasional flashes of native dignity and former power, is a wonderful conception and one of the most difficult in SHAKESPEARE. Mr. COULDOCK's rendering was excellent and his rendering of several doubtful passages shewed a thoroughly careful study of the text, and familiarity with the best traditions. The version used by him was, GRIP is thankful to say, not one of the hideous distortions so often inflicted on the public, where some genius of the CIBBER type has set himself to improve the plot. It retained all the most important scenes where the principal character appears, whilst others which would only have entailed a burden on actors and audience alike, were cut out. We would not be understood as disparaging the original play, but it is evident that even some of the minor characters would require the very highest talent and, failing this, they are better cut down. As it was, the tremendous difficulties of this play—one rarely represented, and unfamiliar to most professionals, fairly excused a great deal of hesitation and weak acting on the first night. Practice will remove much of this, and we forbear to criticise several points we noticed. It would be as well perhaps if some of the characters had studied their parts with a little more care. We hope to see this play repeated, as Mr. COULDOCK has certainly distinguished himself in it. By the way, GRIP wishes this gentleman every success on his benefit night. He is a good and careful actor and has done more than most people think to contribute to the success of this theatre.

The Prorogation.

Soon shall the cannon's sounding voice
Proclaim the last speech spoke
It, too, shall make a deal of noise
It, too, shall end in smoke.

And Dufferin proved more than true.
His opening address
Proposed but little they should do
They've done—a great deal less.

What have they done—heard blundering Brown
Unburdening his mind,
Tell how he did, at Washington
According to his kind.

Denounced the Senate's useless prate,
Ingratitude most vile,
That body did but initiate
The Commons' well-known style.

St. Lawrence route they were to clear,
Next century they may,
They mean to mend our harbour here
When it's all washed away.

Well, put the puppets on their shelf,
Ontario once again
May sadly murmur to herself
I thought that these were men.



MORE DARKNESS!

CANADA (on her way to the Philadelphia World's Fair)—"I AM ALMOST ASHAMED TO GO AMONGST THE ENLIGHTENED NATIONS WITH THIS RECORD!"

A Card.

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And Promises and Pledges too;
Lots.

For Liquor Prohibition, we
Have taken staunchest stand [N.B.
Our whiskey it is labelled "Tea"—
Twig?]

Such customers as wish our Teas
To try, should ask for Bob. Wilkes, please,
'Tis he who all the caddy keys
Keeps.

He knows where the prime *Twankay's* found
Pure stuff, which never we'll be bound,
Will make the buyers head go round—
Ha!

Of Wood and Minerals we've a stock
Unrivalled—Jobbers to us flock,
And say their bargains are tip-top.
Quite.

In fancy Railway work we stand
Unequaled still throughout the land—
Choice contracts, too, we keep on hand,
Hum!

In Budgets we the world surprise—
In Bonds and Debentures likewise
We make the public ope their eyes.
Some!

Inquiries are our special forte,
Committees of the proper sort,
Per hour or job can still be bought
Cheap.

In fact our Firm is boss we guess,
As all who try us will confess,
Fail not to copy the address,
Above.

Toronto by Gaalight.

Fasten more tightly your bullet-proof waistcoat, grasp in each hand your largest revolvers, hold firmly between your teeth your double-edged bowie-knife, and with calm countenance venture forth in terrible and treacherous Toronto. Fear not, is not with us the *Liberal* reporter, who knoweth all things, and much more? "Close, 'he says," your nostrils with adhesive wax, he who inhales the noisome odours dies of frightful pestilence." Observe, what mansions! what colonnades! what vistas of dazzling light! Listen what bursts of enchanting melody! what appalling shrieks, what echoing profanations! See where, amid palatial luxury, repose the syrens, irresistible of fascination, voluptuous of form. What pictures! The pale, weird light of the waning moon glances gleamingly on their masses of raven hair, their vast dark eyes. Ha! stand back! hark! the rush of feet, the mingling oaths and cries for mercy! Beware the blustering bandits of the bagnio, who now, a frightful and blasphemous horde, pursue their screaming victim! Heard you his death-groan? heard you the splash of the sullen waters closing over their prey? Let us depart hence. O, for London!

Listen, mellowed by distance, the lightly tinkling harp, the musical violin, sound cheerily through the gloom adown the street. Ah! joy not therein! No happiness those notes announce! Lo, where, through the enlightened nineteenth century, advance in slow pageant the melancholy procession of youthful and harmonious slaves, reft by barbarian force from far and sunny Italy. Alas! what haggard faces; what languid

movements. Marvel not, but believe. Frightful, flagellated, deprived of food, compelled under dreadful penalties to tread the streets twenty-five hours each day! Horrible! Where is Garibaldi? Where are the police?

We could bear no more; our heartstrings, lacerated thus, had given way in several places. We left. But the *Liberal* man, iron of purpose and of nerve, went through the streets for two columns. We are going with him again. We are getting up our courage. He is getting up the Arabian Nights.

Address to the Canada First Club by the President.

Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
Doth not this custom make our life more sweet
Than that of politics? Speak we not here
With less annoyance than to vulgar mobs?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam
Our dinner's difference, as the seasons yield
More pleasant food or less. When the good wine
Doth pleasingly pour o'er my palate here
E'en till my head doth wag, I smile and say.
No hostile editorial this; this friend
Almost persuades me we shall yet be great.
Sweet are the uses of adversity
When Grit and Tory jammed us to the wall,
They moulded us into this precious club,
And thus our life, exempt from public toil,
Finds joy in fish, delight in turtle soup,
Patience in beef, and good in everything.

Croaks and Pecks

How can a Reform Government make a Prohibitory law?

THE Amherstburg *Echo* is all sound: it goes in for echo-nomica government.

"THE editor of the *Stratford Beacon*, was in town looking happy and contented."—*Liberal*.—He's just the man to Beacon-tented.

WHY should the more sedate members of the OMIC CLUB be afraid to cross the ocean?—Because the sea (C) would make them Comic.

IT is evident that there was no Prohibitory Law in Denmark, because HAMLET says that one might "smile and smile and be a villain" (a-fillin').

SIR JOHN MACDONALD is coming in full force, "fire in his eye, reconstruction in his hand." He has three things to reconstruct—his newspaper, his party, and his reputation.

THE *London Herald* says a "contem." "steals like thunder," from it. Would'nt that have the effect to lightning its columns? However, the *Herald* is a "foeman worthy of its steal."

It is understood that Reformers are in favour of allowing the Tories a temporary return to power, that they may abolish the late Election Law. It is complained that, with matters in their present state, none of the Party of Purity have any idea of how they are to get in at the next elections.

PATRICK O'FLAGELLATE writes us from Dummer Street, and anxiously inquires if the Prohibitory *Lick-her* law won't allow him to thrash his wife. We are authorized to state that it is not the intention of the Government to interfere with any innocent and harmless amusement whatever.

An advertisement has lately been appearing in the *Liberal*, evidently emanating from the Model Farm, to the effect that a person possessed of all the Christian virtues and well posted in agriculture may find employment by applying at the *Liberal* or *Globe* offices. The *Globe* does not insert this notice. Even "Government pap" is nauseous if poisoned with the name of a hated rival.

A melancholy proof of original depravity is displayed by the readiness with which the unsophisticated countrymen of the *Liberal* staff have yielded to the fatal fascinations of city life. Scarce ten weeks here, they are already well acquainted with every bar-room and house of ill-repute. Their relations should be communicated with. They may yet be reclaimed.

We are glad to be informed that, with a proper sense of their position as an aristocracy, the members of the Canada First Club have decided on adopting armorial bearings. They are as follows:—An ostrich improper, *vert*, concealing its head in a club-house, *or*; with Bacchus *azure* for crest, surmounted by a knife and fork, argent, placed saltier-wise. Dexter supporter, Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH, *sable, rampant, declamant*, Sinister, Hon. G. BROWN, *gules, regardant, triumphant*. Motto, *Baculo fretus*.

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Romance of a

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