

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

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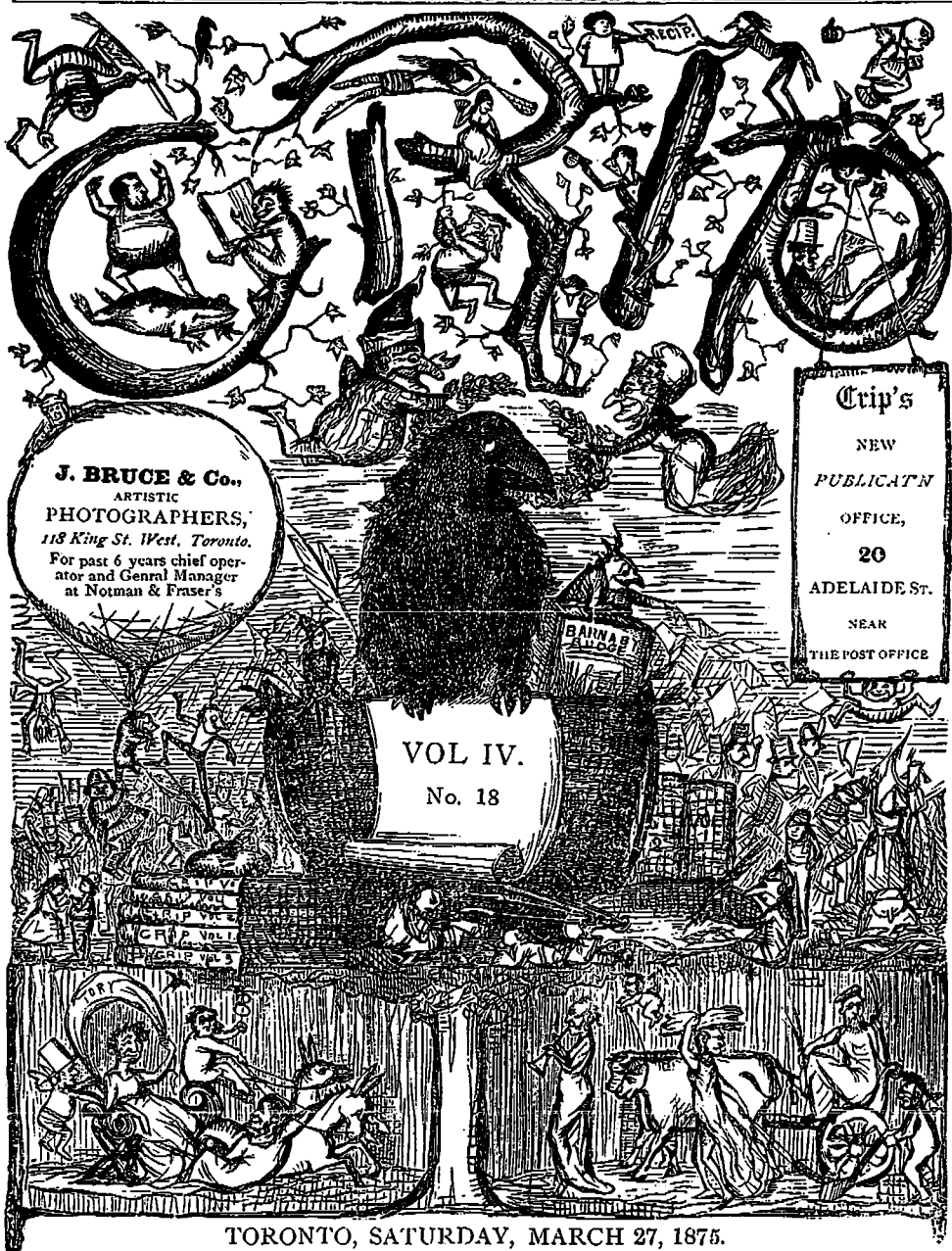
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EDITOR'S NOTE.

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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GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RODGE.

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, MARCH 27, 1875.

Notice of Removal.

GRIP has removed to his new office, No. 20 Adelaide Street East, near the Post-Office.

From Our Box.

Toronto has lately had neither eyes or ears for anyone but Miss NEILSON. She has not merely relied on her beauty, which alone would draw a host of admirers, but is the consummate actress as well. Whether as *Rosalind*, in disguise, tormenting *Orlando*; *Fuliet*, in the balcony; *Julia*, spell-bound at the sight of the fragments of her lover's letter; *Beatrice*, "running close as a lapwing by the ground"; or *Isabella*, piteously pleading the cause of her selfish brother, yet rejecting ANGELO's base conditions, she is ever at home and a mistress of the part. GRIP is pleased to see that the prolonged stay of this great *artiste* has had a salutary effect, combined with the threat he lately held out, in making certain members of the company take care what they are doing. This time he is glad to be able to select some for special praise. There is a little point wherein he would like to see a great many actresses imitate Miss NEILSON. This lady has the sense and good taste to remove her jewellery when utterly inappropriate, as, for instance, in the part of *Isabella*. Yet you see third and fourth-rate actresses load themselves with Brummagem chains, rings and bracelets, even be the part that of a beggarwoman. Independently of the glaring vulgarity, the defiance of realism occasioned is one that no stage-manager should permit. GRIP is sorry to again have to reprove the ladies. This time it is those in the audience, against whom he has received about a bushel of letters from excited correspondents complaining that the height of modern female headgear prevents anyone behind them from viewing the stage. He fears nothing will be of any use against the demon of Fashion, and that his correspondents will have to bear their troubles as best they can, seeing that the same nuisance is not confined to theatres, but extends to churches, where however it does not appear to incommode his friends so much. He would suggest that those who are of low stature or otherwise troubled petition the box-keeper to mark on the list the seats occupied by ladies so that they may avoid sitting behind them. Any other remedy short of a box of matches, or staying away, he is unable to suggest.

Let us return to our muttons. *Imprimis* GRIP commends Mr. BARNES, whose *Romco* is an immense improvement on last time and who played well in other characters. He specially commends Miss LIZZIE RICH as *Helen* in the *Hunchback*, where Mr. MELTON also gathered laurels. The same gentlemen was also good as the fantastic *Lucio* in *Measure for Measure*. Mr. LAURENS has played well and carefully, but his *Mercutio* was decidedly his best impersonation. Mr. CLARK was, if anything, a trifle too stiff and formal as *Angelo*, yet showed a good conception of the character. Mr. RICH again earned good opinions as an excellent *Touchstone*, and as *Elbow* he also showed how thoroughly the Shakesperian clown is comprehended by him. The *Dogberry* and *Verges* scenes in *As You Like It* were hardly so creditable. GRIP would suggest that the unmannerly idiots who continue the practice of letting fragments of playbills, paper darts and the like, descend from the gallery be looked after a little.—Their noise is sufficient without allowing their childish folly to take a practical form. There are many of the male sex that are grievously athirst at all times and especially at the close of each act. And on these occasions they will clamber out over whole rows of people and return redolent of cloves and things, just after the curtain has risen again, when they repeat the scrambling performance and by reason of their noise can naught be heard for about ten minutes. GRIP hereby ordains that all persons afflicted in this wise shall sit close to the doors, unless they bring in flasks of the beloved poison with them.

GRIP has much pleasure in noticing the pretty way in which the Holman company are putting their pieces on the stage, the general effect being superior to anything we have had yet. But he would like to see a little more life infused into the performances. Miss SALLIE HOLMAN and Mr. RYSE are lively enough and Mr. BARTON as *Jupiter* in *Orpheus au Enfer* shewed he could be so on occasion. But in opera bouffe everyone, chorus and all, has to bestir him or herself, and must not stand with hands idly dangling after the manner of happy peasants in a serious opera. The keeping up the spirit of the piece throughout the smallest parts is one of the secrets of the success of French companies in a class of performances peculiarly their own.

A Dream. (Not Bunyan's.)

BEHOLD I fell asleep, and had a dream which was not all a dream. Coming and going before me was a young man. His name was JOHN, but most people called him "JACK." His numerous friends said he was frank, free, gay, "jolly," and dashing. JACK honoured a tailor by permitting him to make his clothes. He likewise "patronized" a hatter, a bootmaker, a draper, a tobacconist, a jeweller, and other common people who are supposed to live by ministering to the requirements of superior persons. He never surprised any of them by offering them cash. Lo! all of them stood before me in my vision, and all with one voice assured me "they had not seen the colour of that gent's money for ever so long." To my natural inquiry why they kept on letting JACK have goods, they answered they didn't exactly know.

I marvelled much at this, and as I was marvelling, behold JACK came by, and honoured me by consenting to be interviewed. Having first gracefully borrowed from me an X., he proceeded to assure me in a charming off-hand way that his tailor was a blockhead, his bootmaker an ignoramus, and his hatter a fool. His boarding-house was beastly uncomfortable, and his linen got up in a style not fit to ornament a scarecrow. To my query why he didn't go elsewhere he replied that he had a "little account" with one; was in arrears with another; was "in the books" of a third; and so far as he could recollect, he thought he had not paid his landress "lately." In fact he was "hard up," and—but here JACK kissed the tip of his neatly-gloved fingers to a young lady on the opposite side of the sidewalk, and went off in a hurry, to treat her at a pastry-cook's, where, (I heard him say) he had "tick."

It seemed to me in my dream that JACK left me in even more bewilderment than had the tailor and the bootmaker. In the middle of my bewilderment, lo! there came by a mighty sage and philosopher, bright GRIP, who lived in a cave in Adelaide country, where he discoursed wisely and solved mysteries to all comers who dropped five cents into a box for the benefit of the poor. Having propounded to him my perplexities anent the abundance which JACK seemed to enjoy upon nothing, and the tradesmen who appeared without knowing why, to consider themselves favoured in ministering to his requirements, the illustrious Raven said:—"During a long life passed in profound meditation and solitude, all mysteries have been revealed to me save JACK, whose living and thriving on credit, *sans souci et sans reproche* remains to me an inscrutable enigma. JACK is in the first society. He goes to every dinner party, dance, or fashionable gathering. With ladies he is a special favourite. They make him deem himself necessary to their social existence, foster his extravagance, and accept the presents he liberally makes them with other people's money. He never has the slightest idea of the position of his own affairs, and gives himself no trouble on the subject. Why should he? By the influence apparently of secret magnetism or glamour which induces people to recognize him as vastly superior to such common-place members of the community as discharge their accounts, he enjoys life, and professes his inability to understand why men toil and save, consider before purchasing or pay for what they order. This art of living on credit however, is not given to everybody. 'Tis like the *ars poetica*. One must be born to it. There are those to whom debt is intolerable, and the mass would not know how to live upon credit if they had the opportunity. But to JACK all comes easy. He understands and enjoys it. He affirms that it saves a great deal of trouble never paying for anything, and that nobody takes any interest in you if you owe nothing. Thus he lives highly pleasant and popular, and has admirers enough apparently to make the system continuous. One supposes there must be something about him to be admired. He must be clever, agreeable, and, in a way amiable, or surely the world would not patiently bow its back to the burden of considering itself honoured by supplying him gratis with every comfort. But I hear my raven croaking for his dinner!" "Which puts me in mind it is time for my own"—said I. So we excused.

Letter from P-f-r A-b-y.

To the Editor of Grip,—

SIR,—I am accused of spreading the "virus of Ritualism!" Sir, I have not spread the virus of Ritualism. I do not spread the virus of Ritualism. I will never spread the virus of Ritualism. To declare that I have done so is utterly false and untrue. How could I spread its virus? Ritualism has't any virus. As to spreading Ritualism, that, of course, is quite another thing.

I do not attend the services in our College Chapel. A constitutional affection for another description of service—something like that at St. Michael's, has long prevented me.

I hold firmly to the doctrine of the "Real Presence," in spite of the following from the 28th Article of the Church of England:—

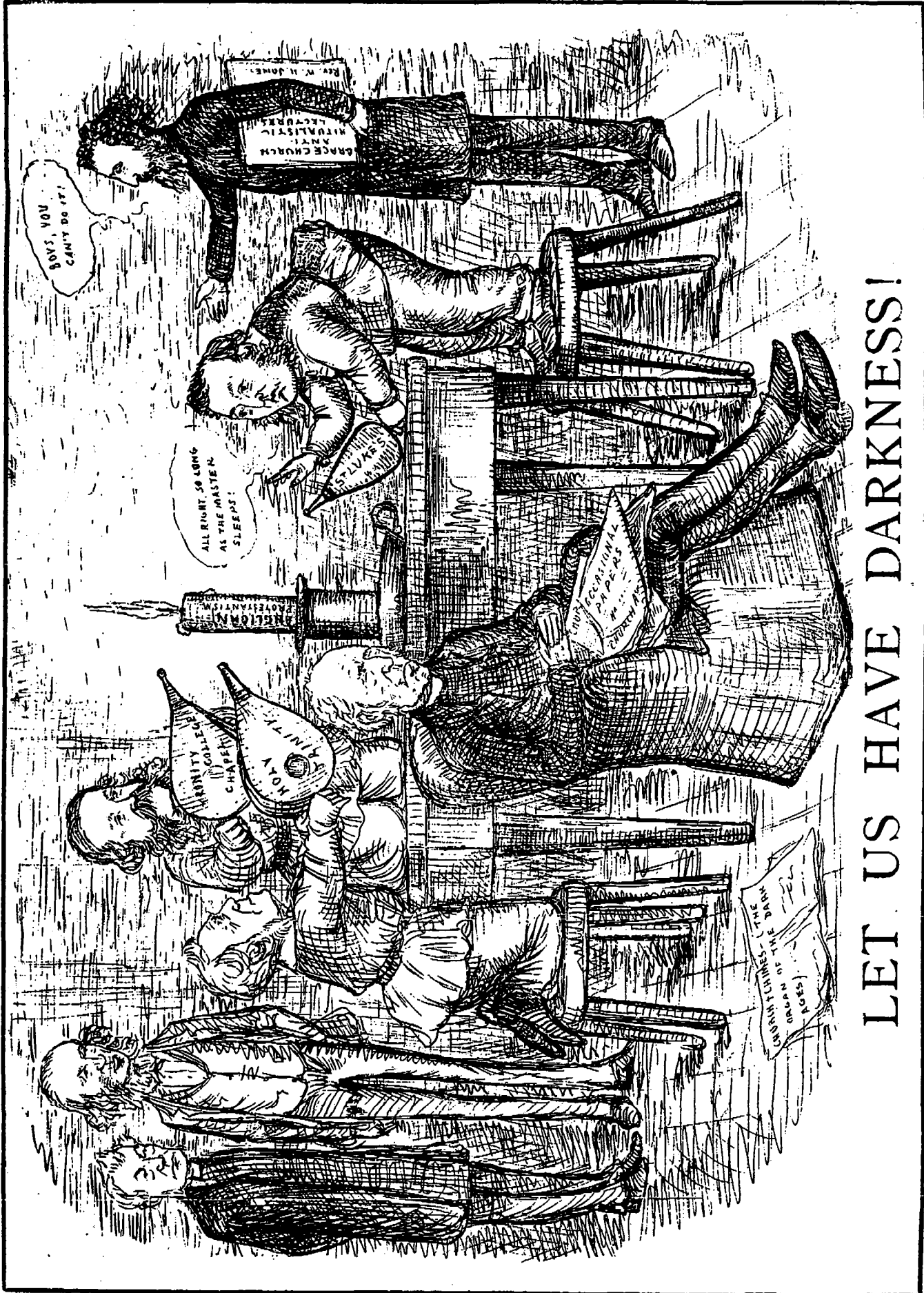
"Transubstantiation, (or the change of the substance of Bread and Wine) in the Supper of the Lord, cannot be proved by Holy Writ; but is repugnant to the plain words of Scripture, overthroweth the nature of a Sacrament, and hath given occasion to many superstitions."

My Church Catechism is my only Body of Divinity. Bible? Pshaw!

J—N A—Y.

Toronto, March, 16, 1875.

P. S.—You deed'nt print this, as I have put the same thing, expanded a little, into the *Liberal*.



LET US HAVE DARKNESS!

The Ambassadors and their Bills.

Perhaps the easiest way of all
To waste the public cash
Is sending out Ambassadors
In foreign parts to flash.

MACDOUGALL went to Europe first
(It cost an awful deal)
And no one knows what good he did
To help the commonweal.

Then J. D. EDGAR started out
(And spent as much as he)
But all the good his mission did
No mortal yet could see.

Great BROWN himself to Washington
Went to Reciprocate,
He didn't do't (but still he bled
The pocket of the state.)

DE COSMOS now proposes such
A mission to Hawaii, *
If he will pay the cost himself
We don't mind if they try *he!*

* Pronounced Owhyhee.

Reconciliation.

AIR:—*Auld Lang Syne.*

Our scufflins auld be noo forgot,
An niver brought to min';
The fights we fought, the muck we threw,
In days o' auld lang syne.
Na thought o' auld lang syne JOHN,
Shall noo be yours or mine.
We'll tak a cup o' kindness noo,
An' bury auld lang syne.

We twa hae rin about lik mad,
An poonched each ither fine;
But we've travell'd mony a weary fit,
Sin days o' auld lang syne.
Nae thought, etc.

We twa hae padlet in the mud,
From mornin' until dine;
But time its whirligigs has brought
Sin days o' auld lang syne.
Nae thought, etc.

So here's a haun my trusty fren,
And gie's a haun o' thine,
An we'll tak' a grip o' kindness noo,
Nor think o' auld lang syne.
Nae thought, etc.

An noo ye'll sure be my best man,
And surely I'll be thine,
And we'll go for BLAKE, and MILLS, and SMITH,
With the *vim* o' auld lang syne.
Nae thought o' auld lang syne, JOHN,
Shall noo be yours or mine,
We'll tak a cup of kindness noo,
An' bury auld lang syne.

G. B.

Ars Poetica.

A FEW days ago there appeared in the *Liberal* the following poem, which, for originality of conception, approaches in some degree the earlier works of TENNYSON, and is quite equal in simplicity to anything the poet laureate has produced. The gifted author rejoices in the illustrious name of BLAKE, although he is not the person of that name who "inspires" the *Liberal*. His poem is entitled:—

The Wild Flower's Song:

VERSE I.

As I wandered in the forest
The green leave among,
I heard a wild flower
Singing a song.

The poet does not enlighten us as to what the words of the song were, probably he was not versed in "The Language of Flowers." still it was

rather a strange circumstance that of hearing a flower sing a song—a wild flower too—had it been a geranium carefully cultivated in a young lady's *boudoir* within hearing of her piano the fact of its singing might be more readily explained.

VERSE II.

"I slept in the earth
In the silent night,
I murmured my thoughts
And I felt delight."

WILLIAM is evidently of a philosophical as well as of a poetical turn of mind. Some people under similar circumstances would express their thoughts in very emphatic language, but, W.B. simply murmured and felt delight.

VERSE III.

"I awoke in the morning
As rosy as morn,
I sought for new joys
But I met with scorn."

GRIP, while appreciating the poetic merits of the lines, and the beautiful sentiments therein shining forth, is obliged in his capacity as a stern tho' just critic, to take exception to the obscurity surrounding the meaning of the last verse. He fears that notwithstanding the unobdubted ability of W.B. he like many another budding genius gets up too often "rosy," seeks for new joys (cocktail?) but "meets with scorn," (no trust). Take GRIP's advice young WILLIAM, don't seek for "new joys" too often or some night while you sleep in the earth instead of "a wild-flowers song" you will probably hear a sonata by a large sized "Serpent" with a full accompaniment of "invisible demons."

Poor Puss.

An infuriated cat in New York flew at a man and gave him a severe bite. The victim of the cat-astrophe made the cat "bite the dust" which so incensed Mr. BERGH that he had the un-feline man arrested and fined. Some of the papers are making a great rum-puss about it and threaten to have a *claws* inserted in the law for the prevention of cruelty to animals, which will protect human beings from puss-illaninuous cats who "get their bcks up" and attack peaceable citizens without just cause or provocation.

The Two Terrors—or the Fright of Smith and Brown.

I'VE no doubt, my gentle reader, you can instances recall
Of folks who lost their wits from fright, without a cause at all;
But the quereset double instance I supply to you herewith
How GOLDWIN, terrified of GEORGE, and BROWN's afraid of SMITH.
For BROWN sees SMITH in evere bush; and SMITH can't come to town
For fear GEORGE might from corner pop, and quickly knock him down.
And not a bit of room is now left in each ancient pate
It's crammed so full of awful harm the other's done the State.
For SMITH declares its ruinous how Grits elections win,
And vows that BROWN, a great way off, does wire-pull them in
Anc says some time he'll sell us for a price exceeding small
For he goes as an ambassabor, without our leave at all,
And swears that he's a Tyrant;—and BROWN says it ain't no joke
For GOLDWIN may be dodging round with daggers and a cloak;
And thinks if GOLDWIN could be hanged it could'nt be for wrong
For he's a Rebel known; and goes for Insurrection strong;
And that these First Canadians all we any day may meet
With him, and pikes, and clubs, and knives, all tearing down the street;
And BLAKE will be their trumpeter (but he'll keep in the rear.)
Then GOLDWIN screams it is'nt so—there's not the slightest fear
Of anything but BROWN who's most combustible, no doubt,
And should be through an ice crack dropped, and never more let out.
But Grip would just remark, "Good friends, dont get in such a stew
Though each be bad as t'other says, the country *may* pull through.

Croaks and Decks.

Mrs. Grip's favourite game—Crow-quet.

KNIGHT OF THE BATH.—Saturday night.

Is Speaker Anglin (g) a good judge of de-bait?

FROM the way the "Gas Light Co." of Toronto slights its customers should'nt it be called the "Gas Slight Co.?"

"Receiver-General COFFIN gave a dinner the other day to a large number of gentlemen."—*Telegram from Ottawa.*

BEING a Pall-itical dinner, the guests were probably all *dead heads*. If Mr. *Kill'em* was there, will he please inform us how many *corsets* they had and how many kinds of *grave-y*?

WHILE GRIP quite agrees with the writer in the *Globe* on the useless cruelty of the snow bird shooting matches which have lately been so prevalent, he cannot understand how birds which were "slain" when a few feet from the trap "were in no instance dead" when brought back and put into a bag. Were they only "kilt entirely"?

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