

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1875.

Answers to Correspondents.

LION'S SKIN.—We cannot insert any communications, whether verse or prose, on a religious controversy, especially one which has become utterly stale, and which the patient readers of the daily papers are utterly nauseated with. Such things are neither amusing nor useful.

M. CHIZZLEWIT.—You are right. Muskoka is the land of *promise*.

From Our Box.

All honor to Mr. FECHTER. We have seen many good actors in Toronto and some even great ones, but we have never looked upon his equal. Equally at home as the treacherous Swiss *Obourizer* in DICKEN'S "No Thoroughfare" and the brave and devoted *Ruy Blas* in VICTOR HUGO'S noble creation, he carried the sympathies of his audiences, who though smaller than GRIP could have wished to see, were at all events thoroughly appreciative. We think everyone knows the story of "No Thoroughfare." If they don't they ought to, and the book is so easily obtainable, that we shall not trouble ourselves to give an account of it. The plot of *Ruy Blas* is less generally known. For the benefit of those who were foolish or unfortunate enough to miss the opportunity, of seeing this great and well-acted play we subjoin a familiar version of it. *Don Salluste de Bazan*, a sort of GEORGE BROWN in his way, determines to be revenged on the intended Queen of Spain. To this end he gets hold of our old acquaintance *Don Casar de Bazan*, whom he makes own up to a share in the Proton outrage, and other atrocities. He promises him forgiveness and the shrievalty of Wentworth if he will help to pay the lady out. *Don Casar* doesn't see things in the same light, and virtuously resolves to return to his emigration agency. *Ruy Blas* has fallen in love with the Queen and become a servant, so as to gaze on her from that humble position. *Don Salluste* sets him up in business as a bogus *Don Casar* and he appears in the next act as McDOUGALL-and-M. C. CAMERON in the act of kicking out the Ontario Ministry. The Queen owns her love for him and *Don Salluste* reminds him of his promise of obedience. In the last act *Don Salluste* succeeds in entrapping the Queen into *Ruy's* apartments and threatens to denounce them both. This was a noble scene and was admirably acted. *Ruy* confesses himself an imposter as *Don Casar*, but casts off his allegiance from his evil genius, and announces himself his executioner. *Don Salluste* is killed in the ensuing combat but mortally wounds *Ruy Blas* who dies at the feet of the woman whom he has loved so deeply and whose honor he had respected and guarded.

Next we come to a most painful subject, namely, Monday evening's exhibition. It may have been galling to Mr. BANGS not to receive his salary, but he had no right to adopt the course he did. The trick of demanding it at the eleventh hour was a mean one, to say the best of it, and his subsequent behaviour was a gross insult to the audience. Mr. BANGS is a good actor, but he showed himself conspicuously unfitted for one part, that of a gentleman. Having accepted and rehearsed the part and allowed his name to be publicly announced, he placed himself in the position of a servant of the public, and he had no right to obtrude his private affairs before the curtain. Had he, like Mr. LANGDON, simply absented himself it would have been better. As it was he did Mr. FECHTER no harm and irretrievably disgraced himself.

Mr. FECHTER'S greatest impersonation, that of *Hamlet*, was played on Monday and Tuesday nights. On the first of these the actor had to contend with the sudden loss of two important members of the company and had no time to recover from the excitement of a painful scene. Yet still his performance was a wonderful one. On the second night things went with comparative smoothness, and we were better able to realize this extraordinary conception. Save where overpowered by his master-passions of intense love for his dead father and desire to avenge him, *Hamlet* is comparatively cheerful to what we have been accustomed to see. His fair hair, and slight moustache and beard, too, differ widely from the conventional make up familiar to us. But Mr. FECHTER shows us that, although the difficulties of pronouncing the English language have not yet been quite surmounted by one who began to study it at a comparatively late period of life, he thoroughly understands it as Shakespeare wrote it. He helps us to understand puzzling passages far more readily than whole volumes of commentaries, and takes few liberties with the generally received text which are not justifiable, however strange they may appear at first sight. Mr. BOWERS made an admirable *Polonius* and also showed excellent humor as the *Gravedigger*, while Miss LIZZIE PRICE played *Ophelia* with real power.

A "Globe" Bore.

"GLOBE" TROUBADOUR; (*outside parlour window.*)

"Sing a song o' sixpence!
Pocket full of treason,—
Four and twenty mares-nests!
In the silly season!
Smith all a-hot, my love!
Smith all a-cold!
Smith in the pot, my love!
Two twelve-months old."

PATER-FAMILIAS (*yearning at window.*)

Gay and festive minstrel!
Wind and weather scorning—
Droning 'neath our windows
Every night and morning.
Of your song we're weary,
Prithee go away!
We have nothing for you
Come some other day!

But, when you're returning,
With your banjo sweet,
We shall want a different
Troubadourist treat.
"Toujours perdrix" is a
Proverb which stands fast—
E'en of good things too much
Satiates at last!

'Bout that awful party
"Which his name is SMITH,"
We don't care to hear more,—
Not a 'baccy whiff!
O'er and o'er again you've
Sung your Smithian theme;
Us entirely posted
Henceforth you may deem.

Whiles you've trolled your story,
With your eyes a-mop,
Through emotion's gamut,
Oft we've been on hop.
We have wept, raved, marvelled;
Dubbed him for a stiff,
Reprobate old "nuisance"
Party—name of SMITH!

All his demon doings,
And each small defect,
We have duly noted,
Catalogued and checked.
"Wretched," "peevish," "vicious,"
"Selfish," "morbid," "cold,"
And in notions "silly,"
And in "treason" bold!

We've our digits held up
In amazement sad,
At his 'orrid acts, and
At his sayings bad!
("Card'nal principals" wholesome,
General or specif.—
Verily he wanteth,
Party—name of SMITH.)

He's, in brief, what SWIVELLER
Did a *onc-er* call—
Given up tee-to-tal
To Satanic thrall!
Bless you, man, thy story,
We have got by rote—
For some other theme now
All of us do vote.

So, our roaring minstrel!
Change thy Smithian twang.—
"Give thee sixpence?" Not I!
First I'll see thee hang!
SMITH upon the brain man,
Bores to death the town!
Try a livelier strain, man,
Party—name of BROWN!

RICHARD DE DICKE.