

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1875.

From Our Box.

When GRIP went to see a piece with the portentous title of "Sensation" played at the Royal Opera House, he expected to see plenty of sensational incident introduced and he was not disappointed. A suggestion for realising the catastrophe in "Fridolin" was given by the introduction of a burning fiery furnace, revolvers were freely used, fights were frequent and crime held a carnival. And yet some of the audience didn't seem satisfied, even when two ladies came with undamaged dresses from the interior of a blazing house after the walls had fallen in. Nothing short of actual carnage will satisfy play-goers soon and the re-establishment of gladiatorial fights may be confidently expected. The play commented with a plot of the darkest atrocity, before which the Proton outrage would sink into nothingness, ending in the arrest of Mr. BARTON by the police, whose operations are supervised by a detective, a really admirable representative of the class familiar to us, his mission being to loaf round and look darkly mysterious when asked questions. MISS PIERSON does her best to rescue the victim but can't. There was a great deal more to be done in which Mr. HOLMAN, who made a capital stage nigger and Mr. BAIRD, who might have made a good Dutchman if he had the slightest knowledge of the dialect, carried on the funny part of the business. Meanwhile the rest of the characters continued to plot, counterplot, burn, poison, rob and shoot everyone that came in their way with the exception of Mr. WILSON, who died a natural death behind the scenes. Mr. HALFORD set fire to his own house with the ingenious idea of burning his wife. Alderman BOUSTEAD and the fire brigade, though aided by a Fire King Extinguisher, were powerless to save, when MISS PIERSON fortunately turned up and bore her through the flames without even spoiling her dress. Then Mr. HALFORD, who was quite on the burn, proceeded to open the door of a lime-kiln into which he was about to throw Mr. A.D. HOLMAN. The same lady again turned up, rescued the latter gentleman and would have thrown the former in, had he not been required to shoot himself in the last act. So she only cowed him. We forgot to mention a mysterious confession which seemed to get into every one's possession but the right person's. It was found at last. Innocence was released from prison, Guilt was handed over to the police and all turned out happily.

MR. J.H. BARNES, who accompanied Miss NEILSON on both her visits, has reappeared at the Grand Opera House. This gentleman became a great favorite with the audiences and was enthusiastically recalled on several occasions. This week he appeared in "The Romance of a Poor Young Man" a piece adapted from the French. Its title teaches us that there are enjoyments even for the hard up and that romance may accompany poverty, although we have heard people say it frequently ends there. We know a good many poor young men, but the most romantic thing we have observed about them was their belief in being able to borrow small sums from us. *Manuel, Marquis de Champcey*, the hero of the piece, is not of this order. He even objects to dining on tick at a restaurant and goes hashless for two days. He accepts a situation as steward at an elderly gentleman and of course falls in love with the daughter, *Pauline*, who is as proud as himself. After various adventures they get locked up for the night in a tower. *Pauline* is struck with the extreme impropriety of the situation and says he did it on purpose. Whereupon he jumps off the tower and she is only consoled by the thought that there are people below with blankets and feather-beds ready to catch him. Then he gets hold of somebody's will leaving all her money to himself and burns it, for which he gets into trouble and very properly, it being an offence against law and order. In the end *Pauline* comes to the conclusion that he is not a bad sort of a man in his way, turns off *M. De Bevanne* whom she was going to marry and crowns the Romance of a Poor Young Man with bliss for all but *De Bevanne*, who doesn't seem to mind it particularly. MR. LAURENS, MR. FULLER and MRS. LINDEN seemed well at home in their respective parts and MR. BARNES himself played very well, his quiet, gentlemanly manner being well adapted for a "high-toned" part, which we fear was caviare to the gallery, likewise to some of the swells. The part suited him even better than *Claude Melnotte*, which is saying a good deal, as many of our readers who remember the latter will think. We think MR. BARNES will make his mark in high-class comedy. He is perhaps somewhat deficient in depth of feeling at times, but wisely avoids trying to substitute jumping about and yelling like an escaped lunatic for the expression of sentiment. MISS CARR, usually a great favorite of ours, rather burlesqued her part than otherwise. Surely she is not letting the galleries spoil her.

Libel Suit.—Crooks vs. Mail.

MR. BETHUNE'S SPEECH FOR THE PLAINTIFF.

My client's public character has rather gone to smash;
But that's no reason why he shan't accumulate some cash.
Upon the ruins of the first the *Mail* may prance around,
But private office-seeking—that is quite forbidden ground.

A public man his character must carry in his hand.
In grabbing cash the plaguy thing will drop, you understand,
And comment's fair, but if he tries his neighbour's job to touch,
You mustn't tell—it lacerates his private heart too much.

My client's friends, I'm glad to say, though this was told, and more,
Don't think him any worse than what they thought he was before,
But with his non-acquaintances his reputation's down,
So I ask cash equivalent to all his lost renown.

MR. CROOKS' EVIDENCE.

No, I never wanted it; lots of work I'd got,
So you know I might as well take some more as not,
Couldn't help it if it did look extremely small
That ain't unprofessional; no Sir, not at all.

MR. CAMERON'S SPEECH FOR THE DEFENCE.

Where's the man will dare to say
All these allegations,
From the *Mail* produced to-day,
Hadn't good foundations?

Facts are still my client's aim,
Just as here he wrote 'em,
Which is how he gets his name
Johnny A.'s factotum.

In their publication he
Was but justice doing;
But the wicked still, you see
Are the just pursuing.

If your verdict does not show
That you reason so, too,
I am sure I do not know
Where you think you'll go to.

THE JUDGE'S CHARGE TO THE JURY.

What you'll now consider is, with pains the most unsparing,
What amount of injury the plaintiff now is bearing,
What his character has lost, be it great or small,
Lastly, if he ever had a character at all.

Next you'll take into your most deep consideration,
If the *Mail* could injure one by any declaration.
Though the libel were so plain that we must perceive it
If there's any one who would from such source believe it.

THE VERDICT.

We find the *Mail* took quite away
All plaintiff's reputation
And plaintiff twenty cents, we say
Lost by the operation.

The Stationery Swindle.

How is it by last quarter's rate, that this year's Council will
Pay near ten thousand dollars for their stationery bill?
Now GRIP would say that this must be a swindle nowadays small
For half this stuff was never used in our town's work at all.

Some aldermen have built themselves fine houses, GRIP doth know
They're not card-houses, but, he'd ask, can they be paper, though?
Is it the missing mucilage that stuck them in their place
From whence the jolly aldermen do beam with rosy face?

And if the rest doth match by this small item, GRIP would say
That his good city twice its worth for all she gets must pay,
And 'tis a marvel small that each assessor late doth try
To mark at very utmost price each piece of property.

And GRIP would like to know if here there now is such a thing
As there was lately in New York—they called it there a Ring.
And GRIP would say that if there is, why then he'd like to see,
The sort of thing that stopped this Ring—'twas called a Committee.