

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The grabeat Beast is the Ass: the grabeat Bird is the Owl;
The grabeat Fish is the Oyster: the grabeat Man is the fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 27TH JANUARY, 1877.

FROM OUR BOX.

THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—Mr. G. F. ROWE has been this week playing in his new piece of "*Brass*," one of the most successful comedies of the modern school, a school which depends for its wit, agreeability, and power of amusing on accessories very different to those whence former writers drew their force. The humor of SHAKESPEARE, levelled against the foibles of human nature, irrespective of time, lives for all time. BEAUMONT and FLETCHER portrayed, amid the applause of their day, the fine gentleman of a now forgotten *regime*; GOLDSMITH and SHERIDAN labored on the same plan, after the lapse of a century had rendered him less particular of speech and less dissolute of action. All four, however, arouse few ideas; but elaborate all. All is now changed. The modern play writer arouses many, elaborates none. The broad but shallow reading of the day enables him to give and his audience to understand a dozen literary allusions in a breath, and renders each sentence a Mosaic of amusing bits gleaned from the surface of art or science, of law or religion. In the use of this opportunity Mr. ROWE, in the composition of "*Brass*," has surpassed ROBERTSON or BOUICCAULT. His characters, destitute as theirs—as all of modern plays—of decision and purpose—are superior to theirs in brilliance of dialogue—a brilliance never descending into coarseness. He has, however, given the leading part (his own) rather too many of the best things. He plays well; better, perhaps, than any comedian Toronto has seen for many years, and was admirably supported by Miss KATE GIRARD, a young actress of remarkable ability and promise. Mrs. MORRISON deserves well of the public for inducing such actors to visit Toronto.

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE.—Some of the short pieces lately performed here in the course of the varied entertainments given each night, are very good indeed. Sympathetic with the necessities of the hard times; the managers have reduced prices to a point which should fill the house.

The Mail to the Government.

"Ha!" cries the *Mail*, "I plainly see"
You purchase all your grocery
Where Grits do sugar sell and tea.
Now you'll just stop.
Yes, MOWAT every day must be
With basket, most perniciously
A buying Governmental tea
At JAFFRAY'S shop.

And if it nasty is or nice,
He never looks, nor asks the price,
But fills his basket in a trice,
And then the cash.
In golden handfuls out he throws.
How much he neither cares nor knows.
And so the country's finance goes
All right to smash.

Enough to make folks rise *en masse*
To notice CROOKS and FRAZER pass
Each loaded like a burdened ass
With stinking fish,
Which they had purchased in a snap
And paid out double, every rap,
Because that some Reforming chap
To sell did wish.

And plumbing too—Oh, deary me,
That such a thing should ever be
Two thousand dollars—maybe three
In Evans' chest!
What need of such a lot of lead?
Isn't each Governmental head
Full now?—Oh! would that we were dead,
And gone to rest!

Ye Dunkyn Act in Brant.

There was a man who lived in Brant,
Who lived in Brant countee;
And he said whene'er he took a drink,
A Bran(t) new man was he.

And so he oft' times took a drink,
And oft' got on a sprce;
Saying, while in Amerikee he'd live,
He'd live in A merry key.

So this went on for many a year,
And he lived right jollilee;
But at last a drunkard he became,
For few drunk 'ard as he.

But all last week he went abroad,
And took a small journee;
Though he ne'er rode on a rail for a ride,
Yet a Rail Road ride took he.

And when at last he did come back,
He entered a hostelrec,
Saying, the cold doth set my mouth awry,
So some hot old rye give me.

Alas, quoth the sorrowful bartender,
On this we can't agree,
The Dunkin Bill is passed in Brant,
So no D(r)unkin Bill you'll be.

And now was WILLIAM sad, indeed,
He mourned right sorrilee;
And though he had no dollar bill,
Yet a dolorous BILL was he.

But straightway then he did resolve,
No more to use whiskee,
"There's a will and a way, and six months hence,
I'll weigh this WILL." (I AM) said he.

So six months from that very day
Up on a scale got he;
He'd gained just twenty pounds (20lb) in flesh,
And twenty pounds (£20) in currensee.

The Bennet-May Affair.

BEING along with the rest of the intelligent Public, much perplexed by the newspaper account of the little affair between BENNETT and MAY, and anxious to get at the real facts for his own and his readers' satisfaction, GRIP sent a special commissioner to the neighboring Republic, with instructions to send home a straight story of the case at any price. With mingled pride and pleasure, GRIP herewith submits the result of his reporter's labours:—

THE TRUE FACTS.

Mr. JAMES GORDON BENNETT, proprietor of the New York *Herald*, was engaged to be married to Miss CAROLINE MAY, but for some reason best known to the parties concerned, the match was broken off. Mr. MAY, a brother of the lady, then assaulted Mr. BENNETT in front of the Union Club. He struck Mr. B. with a whip and then threw him out on to the middle of the road. On his way out there BENNETT walked back into the Club House, and ordered his cab. Then he sent MAY a challenge, and they met at Slaughter station, where MAY shot BENNETT. This might have ended the affair, if BENNETT had not, at the same time, wounded MAY at a place near Philadelphia. Both parties ought to have been satisfied with this, but their young blood was up and they went on a general shooting tour, making successful appearances in Canada, Kentucky and Florida. The information from the latter state is somewhat vague. It is stated there that TILDEN was the victor, but MAY will not permit Chamberlain to take possession. HAYES arrived in St. Louis last night accompanied by BENNETT and WADE HAMPTON. The state undoubtedly goes strong for HENDRICKS and his party. BENNETT is charged with having bull dozed several of the polling places; and it is currently reported here that both men were slightly wounded. HAYES, WHEELER, and a few others, left, it is believed for Paris, on the *Russia*, day before yesterday. Gen. GRANT says he will not recognize either party, and a new count of the state is to be made. MAY was badly shot in the foot, and left for New York to-day. TILDEN wasn't hurt at all. Everything is now quiet.