

## GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1875.

## Answers to Correspondents.

J.C.H. (Hull.) Declined with thanks.

SEVERAL OTHERS. If you don't take warning, we will publish an entire number of rejected contributions before long.

C.R.B. (Walkerville.) We had already inserted some other verses on the same subject as your own, or would gladly have published them. Thanks for the rest.

JACKY PLANE. We really cannot print your quotation from Doctor Watts as an original humorism, and the remainder of your vision is of too serious a nature for our columns.

ANTI-HUMBUC. We quite agree with the advisability of exposing quack doctors, but the columns of a comic paper are hardly suited for such a purpose.

## "Solution of the Irish Problem."

To me countrymen now I am spakin',  
'Tis time ye be's up and is wakin',  
For 'tis Nicholas Flood  
Of ould Irish Blood  
Your fortunes is all after makin'.

In all this wide woorld there's no man,  
Since the dawn o' creation began,  
That cud iver see  
Except it wus me  
For to bile our pertaties the plan.

Dear byes av the Imerald Isle.  
All the fules in Creation may shmile  
And sigh—The poor grit!  
But the shtars I will hit  
Wid my pate—in magnificent shtyle.

We will scornfully trate the base slaves,  
And dig dape their infamys graves,  
Who accept a lot  
Widout glory got;  
The polthroons, the villains, the knaves.

Now moind ye well hwat I will say  
And consider discretely the way,  
Your bowld agitatur  
Wad cook the pertatur,  
And never your birthright bethtray.

And first I will rise and explane  
To your highnesses just hwat I mane  
Wid my fancy I sphy,  
But not wid my eye  
Your bodies all covered wid chane.

Be the bones of great Brian O'Linn  
(Who scorned not to disport a shapskin)  
Wid my mighty pen  
I'll out-cluck the best hen  
That e'er flutthered and fought for her kin.

My plan now I'll slip in your ear  
Hand it down to yer sons widout fear  
Assume to be make  
But be divils in chake  
An you'll dhrive the whole woorld to yer rear.

An remimber 'tis Nicholas Flood Davin  
Who your lives from base surfdom is savin',  
'To yerselves ye be true  
An he'll see you thro'  
Widout rantin', or roarin' or ravin'.

## From Our Box.

IT was a blessed relief after a course of MISS FISHER and MISS PIERSON to get back to Opera at the Royal. BALFE'S *Enchantress* was the first presented, in which MISS SALLIE HOLMAN sustained the principal character, or rather combination of characters, with her usual success. The play consists of a prologue on board ship, an interval of fifteen years, and two acts on shore. The interval was depicted with marvellous fidelity by the Orchestra. One could have thought it twenty years, and we only wondered to see every one preserve their youth after it was over, with the exception of MISS IDA CARPENTER, who had grown into MISS SALLIE HOLMAN. The interest of the play centres in a band of pirates who have a sort of veneration for the heroine, and all go ashore to follow her fortunes. They seem very amiable, mainly amusing themselves with dressing up like monks, firing guns to scare people, and occasionally singing a very pretty chorus. There is a DUKE who hires assassins to kill a rightful heir. They make a mistake and kill him. Rightful heir falls in love with the *Enchantress*. So does chief pirate. All three sing a charming trio very nicely. Pirate gives up his claim. Rest of pirates get into a boat without visible means of propulsion and sing their chorus. Chief pirate goes out in a boat and joins them, leaving Sicily in a most happy condition. The lovers are united, at least we suppose so. That's all, except that it was charmingly put upon the stage and that MESSRS. RYSE and BRANDISI as the chief pirate and rightful heir sang very well, especially the former, whose acting was also worthy of notice.

WHO or what is a *Shaughraun* and how is it pronounced? These conundrums puzzled all Toronto for days. Now we know. It is an Irish gentleman in a tattered red coat, high boots, with a fiddle in a bag on his back and an invisible dog. As to the pronunciation we are not so certain of that yet, as diversities of opinion seem to prevail, even on the stage itself. However the *Shaughraun* has furnished MR. BOUCCALUT with the title of a very good play, though not the best we have seen of his. *Robert ffolliott* (with two f's, mind) is an escaped prisoner, of the Fenian persuasion. *Captain Molineux* is an English officer in pursuit of Fenians. *Father Dolan* is guardian to *Robert*, with whom *Arte O'Neale* is in love. *Robert* has a sister *Claire* with whom the Englishman falls in love. *Corry Kinchela* is also in love with *Robert's* property. *Harvey Duff* is his factotum when anything wrong has to be done. We have described the *Shaughraun*, whose accomplishments are singing, making love to the priest's niece and producing surreptitious birds, fishes and whiskey bottles from his pockets. The *ffolliots* had once a castle. It is on a rock in the sea, where *Miss O'Neale* says her ancestors used to keep open house, a gratuitous sort of hospitality, seeing that no one could ever have got there on casual visits. The fugitive visits *Father Dolan* who is giving a small evening party, when enter the *Captain* and as many of his company as can get into the house. They arrest him, and break up the festivities. *Mr. Kinchela* visits him in prison and shows him the way to get out, considerably posting his accomplices outside with a view to shooting him. He makes a hole in the wall and the *Shaughraun* pulls him through. The latter jumps down on the factotum's back and they both get away safely. The tower makes a left half face to afford a full view of the escape, which was very prettily contrived. The second act closes with the shooting of the *Shaughraun* and abduction of *Arte* and *Moya* by *Kinchela* and his gang. Hurroo! What have we next? A real Irish wake. The body of the *Shaughraun* is decently laid out and the mourners bewail him. With a fine example of the "ruling passion" the corpse manages to abstract an old lady's whiskey, the effects of which are to revive him when every one else is gone. The *Captain* and he arrive finally in time to rescue the young woman, shoot *Kinchela* (who however revives in time to be taken into custody), frighten the factotum over a cliff and discover a royal pardon for *Robert*; *Father Dolan* pronounces a blessing on three happy couples and the curtain falls on general rejoicings. MRS. MORRISON and MR. BARNES as *Claire* and *Captain Molineux* were beyond all praise. The former acted with more than her usual ease and spirit, and the latter was a pleasant and gentlemanly British officer, the part being, by the way, a great improvement on those usual in Irish dramas, where the Englishman is brought in to be made ridiculous. MR. McDOWELL, the *Shaughraun*, is somewhat too American to suit our view of a Sligo peasant, but has plenty of humour and life. MR. COULDOCK, as the venerable *Father Dolan*, was excellent, showing much depth of feeling, which is too apt to be overlooked in pieces where the interest centres round the comic characters. MRS. LINDEN played nicely as *Arte* and MR. SAMBROOK was villainous to a degree as *Kinchela*. Altogether, the whole may be pronounced a brilliant success, barring some of the scenery.

Any other individual would have been staggered by the statement of the President of the T.G. & B. Railway, that the operations of the cordwood ring had not come to his knowledge. But GRIP sees through it at once. This gentleman has for sometime been deprived of the power of seeing, and hearing, and with a combination of Roman torquitude and modern ingenuity, has till now concealed the fact. But it should not be permitted—he might be run over by a train—his country might lose him, and what a loss that would be, our countrymen.