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The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Foul.

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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.

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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 whiskeye,
"There's a will and a way, and six months hence,
I'll weigh this WILL." (I AM) said he.

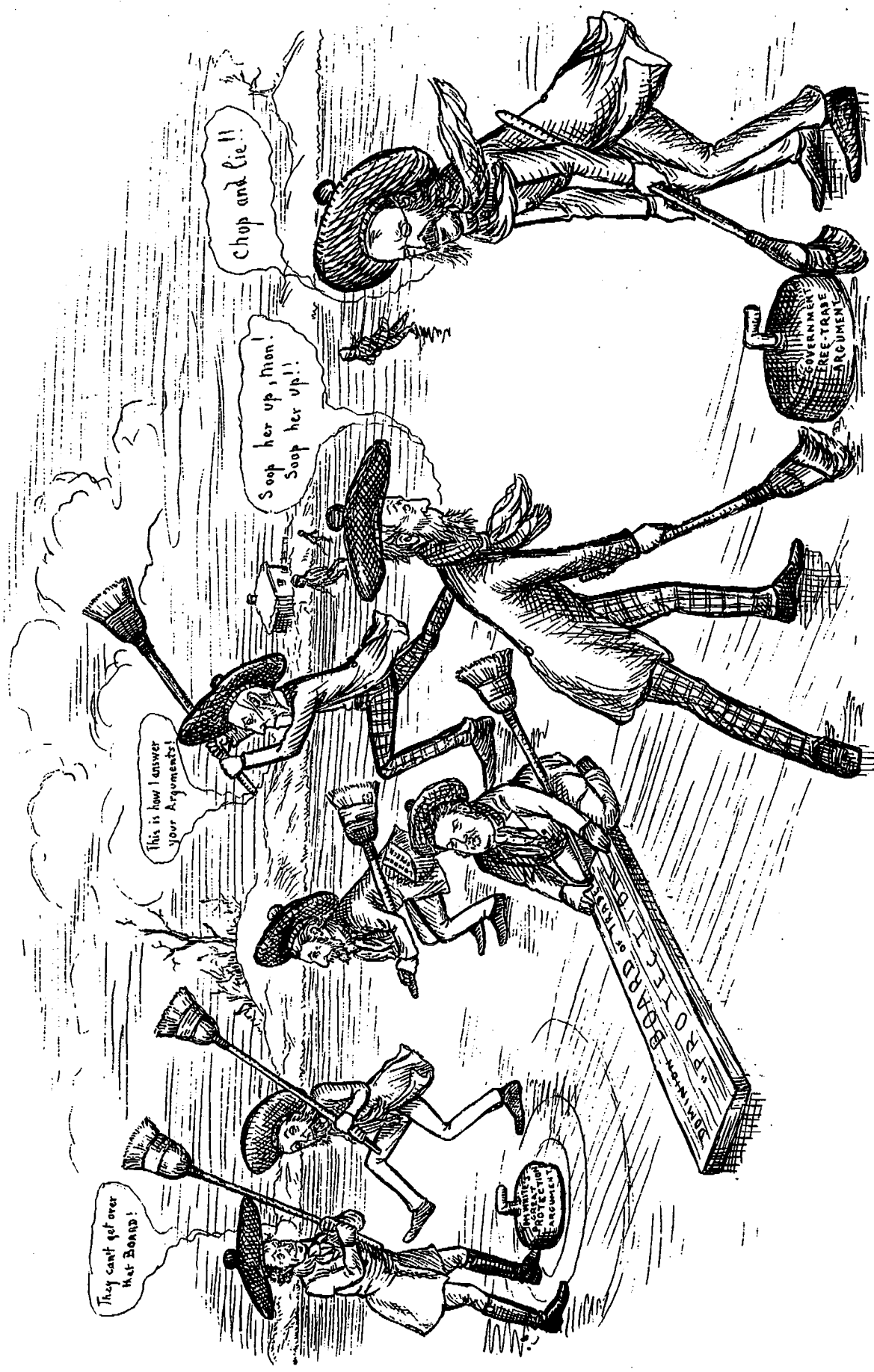
So six months from that very day
Up on a scale got he;
He'd gained just twenty pounds (20lb) in flesh,
And twenty pounds (£20) in currencee.

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.



THE POLITICAL CURLERS: TOM WHITE'S PRETTY SHOT.

The Session.

Parliament is rolling onward, rolling onward to its close.
Rolling to the roof the echo eloquent ever flows.
Rolling jollily the members after dinner come that way,
Rolling up the little ticket of six dollars every day.

Ever flows the speaking torrent, sounding through the ancient hall.
Sometimes does the watchful Speaker to the speaker "Order" call.
Rarely does some member's wrathful eloquence so far offend.
That the speaker threatens to name him—which if done the world
would end.

Now the echo low and quiet sounds in steady monotone
As with speech and rheumatism does some ancient member groan.
Now it thunders with the efforts of some legislator strong,
Rhythmic with some calm debater now in periods flows along.

Deep with truth and rich with wisdom, does the learned torrent pour,
Facts, statistics, figures, periods, float upon it evermore.
Yet there is this burden steady which in every echo lives
"Every day is six more dollars; hundreds eight a session gives.

Dull Sermons.

Twenty sermons successive all dolefully dry
I endured, still expecting some sense by and by,
But each one got still worse than the others before
As in periods grammatic fresh dullness would pour.

Now if these, fresh from some university, too,
Can give nothing sharper, tell nothing more new,
Why don't they give up educational test,
And let some of the unlearned ones give us a rest.

From our Irish Contributor.

To the Idditur:—

SURK:—Wid a winther gone out ov rayson, an' a thermometer fell out ov sight; and snow haped till whin I've claned me front "still avening has come an," as the pome obsarves, is it a wondher me idayas conjale—more be token divil a letter I've sint this three wakes—for which accipt apologies.

Wasn't it a nate way they got off av doin anythin' to Big Push? Wan joodge lays down the law ixact an thirrifin, till all the Reform spictators med sure he'd be punished thremendious, sayin thrimblin wan to another, "Bedad he'll be turmin mad in gaol; he'll oversit the BLAKE MACKENZIE combination like a carl-house wid a swape ov his arrum—an' where'll our ixpicted inspietorships an' conhracts be thin?" Whin up shpakes the second joodge an' iexplains that he fully agrees wid his brother joodge, and the law is so ixactly, and the joodgemint is in favor of Big Push. Niver a wan cud come at the rayson or how he got to it; but oil disciuidid on the troubled wathers of Gritism, an' all is serane in the *Globe* offish. Bedad, it's cliver! Free spache an' lave to abuse the Binch forever! Wait til I get in a laygal difficulty, and a joodge opins his mouth about what I plase to do! Won't I publish all the strong language in the dictionary an him? Faith, joodges will be af'ler knowin' their places now! Did ye see how the Yankee papers all cried "Hooray, hit him agin?" Ah, thim's the Sons av Freedom. Lishten, Mishter GRIP, there's a bye I know got two years for merely burnin' another man's house whin elevated. Shure, the joodge was mighty severe. D'ye think now, if I got him tarred an' fithered anywan ud moind? Sind worrud.

His Excellency's gone. Faith, it's he med himsilf popular, shakin hands as if he was canvassin' for alderman, speechifyin wid twenty-Governor power, fallin into rhapsodies wid the resources of the country and the soup-kitchens and risin' into the hoighth av deloight wid the sthrects, the improvemints and the interprisin populashin. Fwhat cood it be, now, iver kipt him this lighth ov toime away from the city he admires so ixtramey? Say what ye like, it's the chafe city (fwhat's thim Frinch maygurs) an bein here a little ofener wouldn't hurt him.

The Local Parliament's in full blasht agin. I do be listenen to the splendid oratory, for the sake av a slapelessness I have. Not a wink for a week; but three minits on them soporic binches, an I'm off till the Sergeant-at Arrums says, "Put out the lights, an wake that slaper in the gallery." They're the quarest legislators iver known. If a bad Bill presints itself, it's almost safe to pass because somethin as bad is sure to have bin done somewhere before, which gives precedent. If it's a good Bill, they can't pass it because it niver has been passed. Not a thing the people want before thim anyhow, ixcept Bithune's Munishipal Act. To pass that ud be a feather in their cap. But they won't have the sinse.

Yours freezingly,

PATHER FINUCANE.

Toronto, Jan. 24, 1877.

The Medical Mill.

DR. BOLUS (*the popular and gentlemanly practitioner.*)—Well, Mr. SQUILLS, how is business?

MR. SQUILLS (*the attentive and obliging apothecary.*)—Well, doctor, casual and ordinary business has, in our line as in all others, gone to a thread. Free Trade, as they call it, has thrown most of our customers out of work. Many have left, and the rest, instead of asking me to "make up something" for them, for which I could charge thirty cents, make one small bottle of castor oil their physician and apothecary for three months at a time. Then they are in one sense necessarily more healthy, for they have less to eat; and they do not expose themselves in the course of their business, for they hav'nt got any. Ah, sir, casual business is practically dead. But for your alliance and partnership, I must shut up.

DR. BOLUS.—Ha! bad state of things. But the assistance I give you is reciprocal, my dear SQUILLS. It pays me. By the immortal jingo, sir, times are bad with me as you. Plenty of patients—no getting money from 'em. "Charge it, my dear doctor, till better times," is their cry. All very well, but when the patient is charged sufficiently, slap, he goes off, and I may seek him in the States if I like. But I have 'em through you. They may postpone payment of my fee, but I get cash for my 33½ per cent. on your prescriptions. Have 'em there, sir. Gad, might starve if I hadn't. Case of congested liver—Queen street—did they send to-day?

MR. SQUILLS.—Yes, as usual. Sixty cents. Makes ten dollars they have paid for prescriptions.

DR. BOLUS.—There, you see. Poor family. My bill is ten dollars—may get it—may not—but I have \$3.30 in hand, commission on your ten dollars. Richer families, more in proportion. Only way of living now, SQUILLS, eh?

MR. SQUILLS.—Only way, Doctor.

[Scene closes.]

The New Naval-Surgical Order.

"What," cries the British Board of Trade,
"What impudence! You've always made
On each Canadian line,
Canadian surgeons do the work.
Now thus, you small Colonial Turk,
Our mind we do define.

"Tis true you gave to Englishmen,
An equal right, and would again,
An equal right, sir! Bah!
Clear out! We want the total track,
And none shall doctor you who lack
A British diploma.

So unless each Canadian doc.
Is quick replaced by British stock,
Or comes and studies here,
By Jove and his Imperial Courts
None of your steamers from our ports
Again shall ever clear."

But Canada will calmly say
"Where e'er our commerce shall make way
There shall our surgeons go.
If you want neither, speak it plain,
And neither of them need again
Much trouble you, you know.

"Say, venerable Parent Land
How long ere you will understand
That for the love of you,
And for some ancient kindred sake
That Zollverein we would not make
Your trade which would undo.?"

But if you scorn our ships and us
Why, rather than have any fuss
We'll let your commerce drop,
And on a better paying plan
We'll deal with cousin Jonathan
Who keeps the Yankee shop.

Croaks and Pecks.

A BARBER-OUS sentence—five years.

THE Dunkin Act Picton the right place when it Picton Picton.

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