

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, JUNE 19, 1875.

"Very Like a Whale!"

(See Cartoon.)

THERE'S a cloud on the Local horizon juſt now,
At which both the Grits and the Tories are gaping;
And the two-headed *Hamlet's* wild viſion, I trow,
Reads political ſigns in its ſhifting and ſhaping.

Strange rumblings that ſeem from the cloud to proceed,
Now ſtrike the four ears of the cute Oppoſition,
And he thinks it's the Grits in a general ſtampede
Overturning the ſeats as they quit the poſition.

And now as he plainly ſees deſtiny writ
On the ſtrangely formed maſs as it upward goes ſailing,
He triumphantly points and enquires of the Grit
If the cloud haſn't taken the ſhape of a Whale(ing).

The Attorney-General, ſmilingly looks
In vain for the ſemblance of head, fin or tail,
But feeling ſerene, he facetiouſly chimes:
"Yes, your Tory hopes look *very much* like a whale."

From Our Box.

BARNUM'S Hippodrome will be located at the corner of Gerrard and Ontario ſtreets. We know of one man who isn't going. His engagement at the city jail does not terminate until the next week.

The "Two Orphans" have appeared. They are two interesting-looking young women from Normandy, one of whom is blind, and they leave their happy home and its memories for the gay and wicked city of Paris. Here a distinguished oculist awaits them and has promised to restore the sight of *Louise*, (Mrs. N. C. FORRESTER.) But he doesn't meet them and they don't know where to find him. This is awkward. Enter a villain in the pay of a wicked Marquis and carries off *Henriette*. *Louise* wanders round the stage and nearly tumbles into the river. She is rescued by *Pierre*, a virtuous cripple, but persecuted by his objectionable relatives, a mother, and brother, who gladly receive her into the bosom of the family. They steal her clothes and trade them off for whiskey. *Pierre* rather approves of the arrangement as he now has some one to be the partner of his griefs and share his thrashings. The wicked Marquis holds unhallowed revels in his garden by night, to which *Henriette*, in a state of chloroform or something is introduced on a handbarrow. She wakes and implores protection from the guests. The *Chevalier Maurice DeVaudrey* concludes she ought to have it and fights out the question with the Marquis. Both of them, remarkable to state, had a notion of fencing, and did not play singlestick with their rapines as usual on the Canadian boards. Triumph of virtue. Coroners inquest between the acts. Verdict "Justifiable homicide." The next act opens in the private office of the Minister of Police, Mr. F. BERESFORD, a gentleman equal in importance to all the Toronto Police Commissioners rolled into one, with a detective or two thrown into the bargain. He is uncle to the *Chevalier* and wants him to marry somebody. The *Chevalier* says he loves Another. The other turns out to be *Henriette*. Family quarrel. The Minister dives deeply into family secrets and discovers something unpleasant about his wife. The next scene was so beautiful and touching that we can't joke about it. The poor blind girl, in scanty clothing, is driven out in a snowstorm by the horrible old woman into whose clutches she has fallen, made to implore charity at a church-door, and at once deprived of all she receives. Then we find *Henriette* and her lover in her apartment and after this the *Countess*, wife to our pompous friend the Minister, appears on the scene. It turns out that the blind girl is the *Countess's* own child. She is heard singing outside and they are just going to rush down to her, when the Minister and his police rush in and *Henriette* is yanked off to prison. Next she and a number of other prisoners are about to be transported to Muskoka, by order of the Minister of Agriculture—we mean Police, when another criminal who has just got pardoned out volunteers to take her place. Miss ABBY WARE who has reformed from the wild reveller of the second act and taken the veil, tells the first wicked story of her life and says *Marianne* is the right girl, and that young lady starts by the Northern Railway for Braccbridge. Matters are now getting to a head, and the concluding act opens in the residence of the unpleasant family into whose hands *Louise* has fallen. As usual they have a row. They all go out of the room and the *Chevalier* enters and hides. Then *Henriette* manages to

get in. The orphans discover each other. The old woman and her objectionable son enter and proceed to violently assault them. The virtuous cripple gets out a big knife and proceeds to have it out with his wicked brother. The *Chevalier* who has much regard for fair play gets out of the cup-board at the end of the third round and comes to the rescue of the little one. Having a sword he has the best of the situation. Enter everybody else, including a comic valet, whom we never saw the use of until this scene when he prevented the old woman from escaping. In the words of the bills "Re-union, Happiness, and Punishment of Crime."

GRIP thinks this one of the best modern plays he has seen. Though French, it is perfectly moral and never outrages decency. The whole company acted so well that it is hard to particularise. Mr. and Mrs. FORRESTER certainly carried off the honors. Miss LEWIS was very good as *Henriette*, and Mr. FRANCE as the cripple *Pierre Frochard* shewed a great deal of feeling. Miss LEBRUN and Mr. FARWELL deserve great praise for their faithful rendering of an unpleasant task in the repulsive characters of the old woman *Frochard* and her ruffianly son.

"Wanted. a House!"

(Scene from the above-named new sensational drama.)

ARGUMENT.—An advertisement in which the name of the *Liberal* occurred appeared in a late number of the *Globe*.

GORDONIBUS, discovered alone at his desk, in attic story.

"Sir GEORGE!"—Ha! ha! (*Laughs sardonically.*)

A pretty thing 'i' faith!

And yet 'twas ever thus! The world in sooth
Knows not its greatest men. The thistle down
Ascends towards realms empyrean, zephyr-borne,
While the grand oak's high germ lies low on earth
Food for dull hogs. If angels ever smile
As from the upper regions they behold
Men's goings on, doubtless a general grin
Is seen just now among them as they note
Me sitting here while he to England hies
For Knightly accolade from royal hand!
Anon to hie him back, even more big
And bumptious than of old (if possible).
Ever in some inexplicable way
The fellow seems to boss it here, and there,
And everywhere; and doth precedence take
Of me his born superior,—yea, of ME—
A guiding spirit, and a master mind!
He has his private sitting room below,
A cosy place, which none may dare invade,
While I must make a shift as best I can,
'Mid clippers and reporters thrust; at desk
In a dark corner; top of flights of stairs!
Ye gods! as somewhere somebody doth say,
It doth amaze me such a man should thus
Here stride the world, whilst I and all the rest
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
By gracious sufferance, trembling, as it were,
Lest hap he put on us his copious foot!

[Kings fool.]

Enter PRINTERIUS DIABOLUS on all fours.

GORD. Bid all the slaves attend!

PRINT. DIAB. O boss, I will.

GORD. (*in a rage*) Base hound! what mean you by such talk! You will! Do you not know you MUST?

(*Throws inkstand at PRINTERIUS DIABOLUS who retires precipitately.*)

[Enter DYMONDIBUS, INGLISIUS, FLOODIBUS; reporters, clippers, clerks, foremen, and compositors.

DYM. Great Sir! We hang upon thy gracious utterance!

GORD. (*bitterly*). "Hang!" Aha! Knave, thou speakest well—

Dost choose the very word expressing meed too good

By half for all the precious lot of ye!

Oh! abject loons! know ye this nameless sheet?

(*Holds up copy of "Liberal."*)

INGLISIUS. Great sir, we know it not. Nor ever saw

Nor heard of it till now. Nor had idea

That such a sheet existed. 'Tis the *Globe*

Alone we read, nor other guide require.

GORD. (*somewhat mollified*). Inglisius, either thou dost fib like thunder,

Or grow'st oblivious to a marvel—for

Scarce three short moons ago I swore you all

Upon your solemn bended marrowbones

That ne'er should name of this infernal sheet

Defile the *Globe's* pure page!

FLOOD. Stupendous boss!

Now that the fact you unto us recall

We do remember it—or, in the fervid phrase

Of Erin's sons—its light doth shine again

Like Love's first hallowed form on Mem'ry's stream!

DYM. (*aside*) That fellow Flood will never leave his cribbing.

One time 'tis magazines,—and, now, TOM MOORE.