

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDON.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 1ST, 1876.

From Our Box.

THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—The best actor in *King Henry V.* is by all odds Mr. THORNE. *Ancient Pistol* is excellent, but the character of *Fluellen* is very much more difficult to represent, and Mr. THORNE to our mind has caught the humour of the part to perfection. He never forgets that he is *Fluellen*, and when he has nothing to say, he does not fall back into his own individuality, but by his looks, bearing and gestures is still the honest valorous Welshman. He has acquired the Welsh squeak with great success, as any one who has travelled in Wales will recognize. *King Henry* is admirably played by Mr. RIGNOLD who possesses the physical advantages which are the chief requisite of this role. Miss CARR seldom gives us reason to find fault, but she fails utterly to understand the character of the hostess of the Boar's Head Inn. But taking it altogether *King Henry V.* as it is now played is as magnificent and delightful a drama as we have ever seen.

ROYAL OPERA HOUSE.—The HOLMAN's will commence an engagement here on Monday next, when the ever popular opera *Girofla Girofla* will be placed on the boards.

"Globe" Consolation.

A good little boy was MALCOLM C.,
He belonged to the Party of Purity,
And to have that party rule the land
He scattered cash with a liberal hand—
Not that he bribed the electors—No!
That's what only base Tories do!
'Twas purely spent—tho' he says himself
He disbursed an enormous amount of pelf.
Well, the Party of Purity did get power,
And rewards to the faithful began to shower,
And MALCOLM C. waited (but all in vain!)
To catch his share of the golden rain.
He was quite forgotten, so by-and-by,
Having given up hope, he began to cry;
And went to the party and tearfully dummed it
To have all the money he'd squandered refunded,
But the *Globe* placed its fatherly hand on his head
And with STIGGINS-like pity soothingly said:
"Take comfort, dear COON, tho' you've broken the laws
You spent all your cash in a noble cause!"

An Explanation.

To the Editor of Grip:—

Sir,—You have, no doubt, read my article in last week's *Nation*, entitled "Who Deserves the Crown." But, my opinions need a very much wider circulation. The *Nation* is an "exclusive" paper. Its circulation is almost entirely so. I apply to you, because you are not a blackguard, and do not call names. As for the rest, they are dastardly maligners, shameless mendacious, venomous vituperators.

In attacking the coming *Telegraph*, Mr. DYMOND may not unreasonably be conjectured to have had business in view. Perhaps, in defending it, even I may not be commercially unimpaired. But honesty, candour, discrimination, and taste, compel me to declare that the faults of the *Telegraph* were those of youth.

"I speak not to deny what Brutus says,
I only say what you yourselves do know."

You all remember the *Telegraph*—the nature of its errors—so youthful, so unsophisticated—its boyish love of truth—the youthful sensitiveness with which it shrank from the use of misrepresentation—its youthful purity of language—the tender and gentle tone of its unhardened writers. But these will not again occur. All will be changed—the skin of the Ethiopian—the spots of the leopard. Of the *Telegraph* nothing remains but its business energy—the *Telegram* will be very much like it, but different in every respect. A great improvement has been made in the name. An "m" has been added. The *Telegraph*, you may remember, broke down for the want of m—. But I must say no more.

Yours admirably.

IMPERSONAL.

The Debenture Ballad.

Will you list to the story that GRIP shall you tell,
And in future with caution securities sell?
For you'll think, when you ponder the lesson he'll write
Your debentures don't bring quite as much as they might.
Not so much as they might, not so much as they might,
No, they don't, he's afraid, bring so much as they might.

Cried the Water Commissioners, sitting in state
Who will buy our debentures, of value so great?
They're for nine hundred thousand, and sell 'em we must.
So up with your bids, and come down with your dust,
Come down with your dust, come down with your dust,
It's strange how it blinds folks, that same sort of dust.

The Imperial Bank would give ninety-eight square
But, alas for their luck; there were higher bids there.
Couldn't fight it, they saw, on the ninety-eight line.
So they straightened their backs, and hid ninety-and-nine.
Ninety and nine, ninety and nine.
Come; you won't lose by that; take our ninety and nine.

But what was to be done? others offered more still,
Ninety-nine and a half had been bid with a will,
And the bidder declared the Commissioners high
With or cash or security he'd satisfy
I shall you satisfy, I shall you satisfy,
I am ready to give what will quite satisfy.

This was Feb. 24, but no answer came back.
Ninety-nine and a half, he began to look back.
And the next day passed by, while his chagrin profound
Had been fanned into wrath, and he tore right around.
He tore right around; he tore right around.
I'll go see them, he cried, and he tore right around.

So on Feb. 26, down he goes and he sees
Our good Water Commissioners, all at their ease,
While the Montreal Bank sent an agent along
All to pledge to his word their security strong
Security strong; security strong,
Ah, he says, I've got lots of security strong.

But then uprose the Water Commissioners good,
And their eloquence flowed as such eloquence should,
We're so grieved that the city has lost, but must state
Ninety-nine and a half, you're five minutes too late.
Five minutes too late; five minutes too late,
Oh! we deeply regret you're five minutes too late.

Ninety-nine and a half, he went out at the door,
And Toronto was minus some thousands or more.
And GRIP hears of the business with grief and with pain,
And he hopes that somebody will rise and explain,
Won't you rise and explain? won't you rise and explain?
Oh, he really hopes you will rise and explain.

GRIP is sure that the Water Commissioners go
On the square in all dealings, so far as they know,
But he fears they've been fooled in the case under view,
And they'll grant that some slight explanation is due.
Explanation is due; explanation is due,
Yes, they'll feel that some slight explanation is due.

The Canadian Institute.

GRIP was much edified by hearing Professor WILSON on Saturday evening last. The learned Professor commenced by observing that we had no reliable information concerning the 1800 years previous to the Christian era. (This is in consequence of GRIP not being then published.) Next, it was to be noted that we all belonged to the great Aryan race. (This is demonstrated by the great airs put on by some of us.) Numerous races had broken off from the Aryan, each retaining much that was good in the language. (This accounts for the prevalence of bad language among us.) The Numerals presented a key to some of the ancient languages. (This GRIP considers kind of the Numerals, and would mention to any Numeral among his readers that he has lately lost that of his back-door.) Their letters, it was pointed out, were arranged similarly to ours. (Their post-offices must have been in an awful state.) The Celtic races did not even know the name of the sea. It was remarkable that they never travelled in its direction. (GRIP thinks this likely. Their aversion to water is still observable.) There were pre-Aryan men of the mammoth period. (An occasional specimen is yet seen. Toronto possesses BAXTER.) These were the main points to be remembered, though there was much more of interest, and GRIP means to go again.