

## 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, 13TH JANUARY, 1877.

## From our Box.

**THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE.**—Great pressure had to be exercised (and endured) by any person desirous of attending the matinee on Saturday. The squeeze was tremendous. It would be well to buttress the partitions, or the many-headed Samson, pressing them outward, will some day bring down the house in a manner more ancient than modern. The play (*Twelfth Night*), some papers say it is not an "acting" one. People who, ignorant of Shakespeare, go there expecting to understand an intricate play and appreciate its every beauty the first time of seeing, inevitably find out their mistake. But those who knew what they were about enjoyed a treat they will not again experience—till NEILSON again returns. Who, like her, can pour out in parable the story of her unappreciated love before the duke—so wise in all else—so slow to solve the mystery here? And Sir Toby—shrewd, drunken, careless, but over brave and gentlemanly—what is he when not acted? COULDOCK gave him to the life.

**Mr. Fraser's Speech against Exemptions.**

What Sir? What Sir? cried out FRASER,  
They'd tax churches, it appears,  
Dared they such a thing to say, Sir?  
Can I yet believe my ears?

Yes, they introduce these features,  
And the paltry reason show  
(Horrid irreligious creatures)  
That it's honest to do so.

Never shall such wicked measure  
While in Parliament I stand,  
Guardian of the churches treasure,  
Be permitted in the land.

I was thinking 'twas surprising,  
All my way from dinner down,  
That the stone macadamizing  
Don't jump up and knock 'em down.

Then they'd tax our buildings too, Sir,  
And would tax our salary,  
What's the next thing they would do, Sir  
Altogether passes me.

Water-pipes, they say, they're laying—  
Streets and roads for us have made—  
Gas to us they've been conveying—  
Paid police—we nought have paid.

Never knowing, never caring,  
How delighted they should be,  
To the churches, and those hearing  
Office, these to furnish free.

No, their pavements we shall tramp on,  
Their police shall guard our way,  
But no single one-cent stamp on  
Their maintainance shall we pay.

**What we Hope is not the Case.**

"And so," said the luxurious FALLACIO, reclining gracefully on the splendid *fauteuil* (which, part of a magnificent set, embellished, since his coming, his temporary chamber of durance). "And so?"—he said, interrogatively.

But we have not remarked who FALLACIO was. He was a young Neapolitan noble of high extraction and low principles, who had applied the principles of extraction to the Bank d'Oro, wherein he had whilome held trusted position. His wealth, we may observe, was enormous and fabulous. Similarly his actions.

"And so?" he inquired, sipping, from a rich cut glass (one of Vincentio's masterpieces) some golden sherry of the vintage of 1513.

But to whom did he address these seemingly careless but really most important words? His visitor was of sharp and inquisitive air. He was the Signior TELLURINO of the d'Orian bank, dispatched to confer

with the illustrious prisoner. He was a Count, and did a great deal of it.

"But I do not understand," he said.

"Life," said the illustrious FALLACIO, "is too short to permit understanding. But you do not drink. The wine is passable; there are grapes—I have an agent at Malaga—beside you; and you should try these cigars, in memory of the grower—some raw Spanish recruits, I regret to say, burned his plantation last fall, and shot him—accidentally, of course. Signior Garcias, commanding the detachment, sent me these. I had obliged him in an exchange transaction.

"BUT" said the Count TELLURINO. This man was extremely anxious. His face changed colors—it was red—green—black. "Where," he said, convulsively, "are they? Where are they gone?"

The magnificent FALLACIO smoked calmly a cigar of the martyred patriot—it was exquisite—the blue rings of smoke rose in beautiful circles—concentric—eccentric—elliptical—"See them rise!" he cried in ecstasy. "Are they not pretty? Rings, rings, rings. Where do they go? You do not know. What do you know about rings? Ah, if I were to tell you what I know about them!"

"I would then," gasped TELLURINO, "know where the securities are?"

"Often dull at guessing, my dear Count," replied the exquisite FALLACIO, "you have now guessed with an acuteness which does you honour. You would. The same acuteness will apprise you how impossible, (I unaiding) that you ever should know anything about them."

The visage of TELLURINO was now at its longest. "But consider," he pleaded "I do not threaten. I have been specially directed not to threaten. But consider. A life in a cell!"

The amused FALLACIO smiled. His smile was peculiarly charming: often had it (backed by a heap of crisp securities) convinced the obstinate broker that all was right. And it is. Pope said it was. But we were about to tell what FALLACIO said.

"A Cell!" he said, with effusive and cutting contempt. "The base of life is a Cell. Until I used it (spelt with S) I knew not life. Bright passport to enrapturing existence, what scenes of transport opened it not to my gaze! Your employers, dear Count, love not my gentle Sell. They would rather I would now spell it with a T. But that would be"—And the gentle youth split an almond with a golden dessert knife. "No gentleman does that," he said, and the frown of his ancestors hung on his clear cut brow.

"But a lifetime!" urged the frenzied TELLURINO.

"Utter nonsense, Count," laughed the pleasing FALLACIO, "Were I to take your advice, most friendly TELLURINO, your prediction were all too truthful. But the modern Samson, my charming Dalilah, lets not the fear of future locks persuade him to let you clip his present ones. Did you ever hear of a golden key? A half million of securities—*safely deposited*, Count,—has many such amid their folds.

"My dear Sir," cried the despairing TELLURINO, throwing himself at the feet of the ever placid FALLACIO, "I conjure you to state your terms!"

"My good envoy," said the noble scion, "you wish in plain terms, to know how to get them back? Well, of course, drop this ridiculous prosecution at once. Then, let me know how you will share!" The word had an awful effect. The eyes of TELLURINO expanded—his palms also—his mouth likewise. "Share!" he groaned.

"Your employers," said his interlocutor, as a lightning gleam of contempt played witheringly and momentarily across his aristocratic features, "have by their foolish precipitancy disconcerted the most scientific operation ever attempted on the Exchange, and I cannot consent that they should escape scatheless. In some measure to amend my loss of millions, certain but for their haste, let me have a hundred thousand left. If not, beware of my wrath—beware the falling credit—the demanded securities—the vast and terrifying disclosures—the injured bank—the quotations below par—the"

"Mercy!" cried the Count. "I go to state the terms. It must—something must—be done."

"Take care of yourself," sighed the interesting FALLACIO, sinking into a chair, and lighting another cigar.

The above was shot into GRIP's office, attached to an Enfield bullet, which nearly killed the devil. GRIP does not know what it means, has never heard of the persons mentioned, but publishes it in order, if possible, to discover the infamous perpetrator and projector.

THE judgment in the Big Push case is the most generally unsatisfactory ever delivered. Not a soul but considers it eminently *disagreeable*.

The Credit Valley R. R. has failed. So now we can put up the sign Positively no Credit. We presume it will be finished in about the time expressed by its initials C. V., a hundred years,

LORD DUFFERIN'S RECEPTION.—City Official—(writing)—I have the honour of inquiring of your lordship whether it would be convenient to you to attend a corporation ball and dinner, which it is proposed to give in your honour. P. S.—The city finances are low, but we can float a debenture yet. Lord D.—(answering)—His lordship would be delighted that the city should grace him by an entertainment, but he objects to *borrowed graces*, and finds he will have no time.