

## GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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, 3RD MARCH, 1877.

## From our Box.

THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—NEILSON. Other actresses, it is said, surpass her in some certain pieces, but in the vast round of characters she successively personates, the Toronto play-goer is apt to repeat the line of "*Maud*,"

"There is none like her; none."

Nor is it without reason. Besides that natural love of impersonation which rendered her a consummate actress while yet of school-girl age, MISS NEILSON possessed natural advantages enjoyed by few. Voice and eyes, figure and face, were alike faultless. How much careful training has added is easily discernible. Every moment on the stage is employed. Speaking or not, her attitude is always studied, and always telling. Her recent illness had evidently impaired her powers and weakened her spirits; but still those who witnessed can never cease to remember, and to remember with pleasure. Some of the stock company, fired by contact, brushed up their old Shaksperian reminiscences, and were themselves again. For instance, the nurse and old *Capulet* were for the most part well and forcibly acted. COULDOCK was promised; but did not appear—a great pity. But why cannot the generality of actors learn, always having good models before them, to give blank verse with proper tone and action? The genius to originate is possessed by few, but the power of imitation is common. What is wanting is the industry to practice it. And why cannot they learn something better than the ridiculous style of stage combat which consists in chopping one another's swords? A couple of ordinary cavalry-men at sword-drill, not aiming at either grace or impressiveness, will present a spectacle in its way both beautiful and terrible. Why?—it is plain that the blows would hit if not parried. This could be managed on the stage without danger. Proficiency in the small sword, also, is easily attainable; and makes a duel scene, when not too protracted, very effective.

## Duet—Cartwright and Jonathan.

CARTWRIGHT.—It just takes me to run the thing.

JONATHAN.—Old hoss, I guess it du.  
And when you deown the tariffs bring  
It runs it my way tu.

CARTWRIGHT.—Free Trade's Apostle, coming on,  
In me you now behold.

JONATHAN.—Which 'postle?—Judas 'twas, I swan,  
As all his bosses sold.

CARTWRIGHT.—Ha, how I made the duty spin?  
Now oil comes almost free.

JONATHAN.—Ya'as, neow your ile-well navvies kin  
Come deown and bore for me.

CARTWRIGHT.—On tea have I, spite of their fuss,  
Increased the duty-too.

JONATHAN.—Right smart advertisement for us—  
We lets it free right through.

CARTWRIGHT.—Yes, yes, I do congratulate  
Myself on what I've done.  
No doubt some honours will await—  
I must have *something* won.

JONATHAN.—If you get sich, I calkilate  
They'll come 'cross from *our* side.  
If you haint Annexation straight,  
'Taint cause you hasn't tried.

THE NEW SECT.—GRIP congratulates his readers on the rise of a new religion. Mr. Justice TASCHEREAU, in his charge *in re* LANGEVIN, said that the law "gave protection to Catholics, Protectionists, and all other denominations" at least, so the *Mail's* report prints it. The next thing, of course, is the appointment of a proper Bishop and clergy. The Rev. THOS. WHITE and probably the worthy Dean ORTON will now be in order.

## Lines on Neilson.

Life's prevailing cards you hold—  
Youth and beauty, fame and gold,  
More—and more of worth than these—  
Power to thrill, to charm, to please.  
Think not least the last to be.  
Chiefest it of all the three.  
Happiness is still our aim.  
Pleasure is its other name.

Through the scenes of earth at will,  
Though you range, applauded still,  
Never look contemptuous down,  
On our small provincial town.  
Cold though northern ice and snow,  
Warm the northern pulses glow.  
Warmer still, till life be through,  
Some shall beat at thought of you.

## The Toronto Street Railway.

Late and long the debate on the Toronto Street Railway, FRASER desiring to gobble up all the rights of Toronto. Saying the company should be treated with great liberality, Saying the company had such privilege under their charter. Just to do things as they had done, and it was extremely wicked, That of such privilege they should suffer the least deprivation, Therefore he wished their proceedings should not be put the least stop to, And that they should spoil the streets, and also pay nothing for them, Playing the deuce with the merchants, spoiling the traffic completely, Never however showing that certain sisters religious, Held a good share of the stock, or the cat had been the bag out. Answered him forcibly BETHUNE, calmly and sensibly talking. Wishing to know whether charters could keep roads good without mend-

ing.  
Showing the company had got Nicholson pavement for nothing, Mentioning that it was stated they had made big heaps of money. Pointing out that their remissness had worked much harm to shopkeepers. Saying that if legislation unjust and foolish had given Power to sanction wrong-doing, new acts were certainly wanted. Then arose FRASER in fury, saying no matter who suffered, How much the company made, how much the city were losing, This here agreement original should be borne out in its fullness. He would the bill at all stages, unto the bitter end thereof, And to the end of the session, and in the time coming after, And through all of the far future, even the eternal spaces, Fight and oppose and would combat with the most grim desperation. Then said DEROCHIE (*sui generis* almost he is in that Chamber, Having got some common sense) that the road poorly was managed, Dirty the cars, and the roadway also a regular humbug. Also reminding the House that the great interest public, Of a large city should not yield to some two or three people. Then got up erudite CAMERON, which his initials are M. C., Saying the merchants of King and of Yonge streets should not be ruined, Saying the company now got more than American cities Gave in such cases, and therefore, they should not be quite so greedy. Then rose up several members, shouting to aid the Street Railway— Saying in horror also that themselves had been greatly suspected, Of most contemptible motives, yes, that they had been approached, yes, By this here railway and had been promised great promises by it, Which was extremely untrue, as they were excellent people, Who would such conduct disdain, also all bribes and things such like. And they hurled back such assertions with most contemptuous scolding. Much more they also did say, and their own trumpets blew loudly, That of the Street Railway also, saying Toronto's great riches, Were most immense, which this railway should be allowed to grab part of.

Thus did they argue and shout, then did they speak and move motions. Making themselves the while motions strangely gymnastic and ghostly, Finally leaving the Bill unto the next week to settle.

CITY CORPORATION.—The old brooms may have known the corners best, but the new ones are finding them out very fast, and as for sweeping, our councils always make a clean sweep of all there is, and ask for more.

In Lindsay, says a correspondent, they have a notice on the Kink, "No one allowed to skate on the ice except in costume." GRIP congratulates the Lindsayites on their hardy constitutions. In Toronto, it is found necessary everywhere. GRIP's principal artist is on his way there. Such a chance for study of the nude figure as Lindsay presents, it is evident, is not to be neglected.

TO MR. VENNOR.—This weather is not what you ordered for us, but it will do. We're disappointed though, ain't you?