

## GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARWADY RUDGER.

The grabeat Yeast is the Bee; the grabeat Bird is the Owl;  
The grabeat Fish is the Oyster; the grabeat Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 27TH, 1876.

### Edwin Booth.

GRIP writes no learned *critique* on this star,  
Words can't convey a notion of his power;  
He plays to night; now, reader, in good sooth  
You'll miss it if you don't see EDWIN BOOTH!

### Our Centennial Letter.

From our own Correspondent.—An humble admirer of the *Mail's* ditto.

Philadelphia, May 18.

Whirlwinds of sunshine! Avalanches of beautiful weather! The day, big with promise, breaks like a loving spirit over the vast piles of this wonderful city. Yet I have seen cities more wonderful. Have seen Paris and Berlin and London, but after all, one cannot help parodying SHAKESPEARE and saying:

If beauty have a soul, this is not she;  
If souls give vows, if vows be sanctimony,  
If sanctimony be the god's delight,  
If there be rule in unity itself  
This is not she

I got here all right at 10 o'clock with the walking cane I used to carry on King street. On opening my satchel I was amazed to find that I had forgotten to provide myself with that *dulce decus meum*, the "Dialogue of Devils." I started off at once to find a hotel. You can perhaps fancy you see me—nobby frock coat, body bent forward, chin slightly elevated, kid gloves and yellow stick—and that peculiar striding gait so inevitably forcing the query from the strangers: "Is not that a distinguished literary man?" I haven't gone a dozen yards when I meet my old personal friend the Editor of the London *Times*. He tells me he came across with GEORGE BROWN, I tender him my sincerest sympathy, and bid him farewell. *Salon salle d'manger faience artistique* is what one involuntarily exclaims as one passes into the great grounds of the exhibition. The day is gorgeous. The sun is but lately up and drops of dew and little niggers hang in every tree. I don't like the buildings. They are too flat and long, or else too long and flat. 'Tis a great occasion. See they're going to begin the opening ceremonies. I take my place in the Press department. The American Reporters are a lot of low lived, ignorant looking boors. They are all males except a few who are women. The women are squat and ugly. I fall in with one who looks like Miss NEILSON. There is no doubt in my mind that she is dead in love with me. "Give me a hist," says she, and I politely comply and lift her to the top of an empty dry goods box, where she can command a good view of the whole ground: "There goes *Dom Pedro*," I say. "O, Dom Pedro, anyheow," she replies, promptly. The language of the American people of the best class is simply shocking, and would not be tolerated in England. Who is that lady over there supported on DOM PEDRO'S arm? That is Mrs. GRANT. She is coarse and vulgar. There is old GRANT himself, just behind her. Now who would ever dream of that face belonging to a soldier. They wouldn't have him as a powder monkey in the British army. What a satire it would be to hang his picture up beside that of JULIUS CÆSAR, or NAPOLEON, or Col. OTTER? His face is the face of a nobody. There is Col. FRED GRANT—look at his nose—such a nose! What a miserable lot the Americans are to put up with a colonel in their army who persists in having a nose like that! They wouldn't have such a nose in England. I turn to my companion. She is not a Fair Grit, I soon learn. "What do you think of me?" I ask, plainly. "I think you are the most finished, brilliant, and scholarly correspondent in Philadelphia, sir!" she answers with genuine enthusiasm. "I am a polite man, and I would be the last to dispute a lady's opinion."  
The sky is full of flags. They unfold themselves like nigger minstrels' trousers from every housetop and flagpole.

The poets' words rise to my lips:

"If wishes would prevail with me  
My purpose should not fail with me  
But thither would I lie!"

But I must conclude here in order to catch the mail. From the style of this letter it will be hardly necessary for me to remark that I am rooming with my distinguished friend, the *Mail's* correspondent. I had a fear that many things I have just written were insulting to the American people and likely to prejudice the best interests of Canada if printed in your columns, but I have referred it to my room-mate and he says the letter is what he considers decent.

### The Member's Holiday.

How happy is a Member  
When from the House set free  
Until comes cold December  
No more it shall him see.

But then reporters present  
His words shall criticise,  
And call him names unpleasant,  
And even hint he lies.

And he must read all through it  
And bear it as he can.  
He knows he has to do it,  
For he's a Public Man.

He talks of resignation,  
Plain citizen he'll be,  
But then he'd miss (vexation)  
That little salary.

"I can't so easy make it."  
He to himself doth say.  
"At least, I'll easy take it,  
While I can stay away."

### Complaints of the Unlicensed.

THE Unlicensed Victuallers are complaining in all directions. There never was, apparently, so ill-treated a body. They declare that they must be remunerated for their outlay, and moreover that they won't be remunerated, but will carry on business in spite of MOWAT and his myrmidons. They universally shout that to deprive a tavern-keeper of his license on moral grounds is rank tyranny; but also let you know that it would have been all correct if it had happened some other publican than themselves. In fact that would have been an improvement on the old law. It is queer, too, but men who were not known to possess anything had thousands of dollars in sofas, tables, beds and beer-jugs. If remuneration for outlay were duly granted, we should soon learn that some unsuspected millionaires had been living with us in a very out-at-elbows state, no doubt to avoid assessment. Then, too, what amount of liquors they had on hand, and what a business they were doing. Altogether, the License Law has developed a state of society never suspected, not the least remarkable feature of which is the rabid eagerness with which a strong MACKENZIE and MOWAT man pitches into the government as soon as he loses his license; and the calm conviction with which a JOHN A. partisan, deprived of his, abuses the powers that be:—"He knew what was coming. Just like 'em."

### The Vision of Mackenzie.

Night was; the moon in pale effulgence glowed,  
And humble stars, though smaller, brighter showed.  
(So shed the *Globe* and *Mail* dull watery light,  
So GRIP, much less in size, is much more bright.)  
The Premier rose, with public cares oppress,  
The cool night air might calm his labouring breast.  
O'er his Departments he had pored too long,  
Or else the haggis seasoning was too strong.  
Perhaps he groaned o'er BROWN'S return again.  
Perhaps the pure Glenlivet fired his brain.  
(For Premiers, Prohibitionists who roam,  
Don't always prohibitionize at home)  
But by the Ottawa his path he chose,  
Followed his path, his fortunes, and his nose,  
Above which last protuberance his eyes  
Surveyed the scenery MACKENZIE-wise.  
It is a look; there's not the like of it.  
There's Scottish cunning, and Canadian wit,  
Feelings which lend, when pulling adverse ways,  
A charming indecision to his gaze.  
But now that gaze was wasted on the night,  
At least he thought so, but thought not quite right,  
For suddenly and startlingly he found  
That other creatures than himself were round;  
And backward sprang the Premier in affright,  
To find where he had got himself that night.  
He would have signed the cross; but Papal view  
Not holding, made the only sign he knew—  
Against the nearest tree he staring leant,  
And waved his hands in wild astonishment.

Now list while I tell  
What wonders befel  
To the Premier there alone,  
For now he had got  
To a place he knew not  
But well to the Ottawites known.  
Where a hollow wide