

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDOR.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JUNE 3RD, 1876.

Our Centennial Letter.

From our own Correspondent.—An humble admirer of the "Mail's" ditto
PHILADELPHIA, May 28.

Sewing Machines! Soap! Furniture! White Lead! Timber! Tools! Bricks! And the Canadian exhibitors want me to mention *them*! Did the spalpeens imagine I travelled here to advertise their thumpery? Me, an Irish gentleman; engaged in warfare wid PERRAULT? Wasn't it himself came to me to-day, and threatened to take me life? And I said—I, coolin' wid a powerful effort the boilin' blood of my thousand ancestors—"Is'nt that a nice thing for a Canadian Commissioner to say? Simple worruds; but my look and voice (you remember thim) conquered him. He retrated; but manes to attack yet. But bedad, he won't whin he reads this, which I insert by way of hint to him and all others. Do you know what that is—that chamois case? Do you know what dreadful impliment of slaughter that chamois case considerably shields from mortal eye? MY GRANDFATHER'S BLACKTHORN STICK! Talk of your contimplible mitrailleuses and eighty-ton guns; faith, it's little havoc they're capable of compared to what he made, swappin' wid our family sthrude through Donnybrook, pavin' the fields for miles wid fractured craniums, and the bits of the inimy's skulls always flyin' so thick as to blind thim in the rare, and lave thim open for the next clip. Ah! it's we were a fightin' family. Shure,—evin the faymales—my maternal ansister, givin' me the fearful weapon, remarked, "Young Nick," (I was called so to distinguish me from my grandfather, Owld Nick) "Take it in the centre, use the handle like a dirk, dig out your opponent's eyes wid it; thim comminate each side of his jawbone wid two nate upper-cuts right and left."

Whoop!—and I took my way, and how completely I carried out these instructions in many cases I won't say. Faith, many's the brain that shtick damaged! What's that you say, sittin' there, "Did I iver hit myself?" Waither! Rache me down that chamois case! Oh, you'll apologise! It's lucky for you. Never mind, waither.

Come wid me, now, till I flash my bull's eye on the Exhibition. Watch how I describe it, making it clear to the manest capacity—houlding the mirror up to nature. Ah! the immortal genius of the Bard of Avon. (We beg our correspondent's pardon; but we cut out here about a colupn and a half of Shakesperian and other quotations which do not exactly bear on this matter or any other.) Look at the remarkable collection of artistic metal work in the centre of the English department. Notice the *repousse* work, with *champleve* and *cloisonne* enamels. Observe the farm-yard composition in this *plaque*. See this damascened tazza. What *bric-a-brac*! But I must go on. I walk in beauty, like the night. My path is on the deep. There is a path which the vulture's eye hath not seen. And speaking of paths, when I was in the Pass of Thermopylae, and my friend HADJI STAVROS was pursuing with uplifted scimitar a young lady who was jumping her ransom, she, knowing from my appearance that I spoke Greek with the purest accent, implored my protection. What could I do! HADJI was my friend, but gallantry is my sister. His bones bleach on the rocks. And she— but here is the picture gallery. I must give you a full description of this. What a beautiful painting of the Ascent of the Hieropogis! I could gaze at it for hours. I must give you an idea of it. That head, now, in the corner—By the way, did you ever play Puss in the Corner? Ah! sweet reminiscences of my youth! Ah! verdant sods, green hedge-rows, big potatoes! Well, as you have now as thorough an idea of the paintings as the burning wrongs inflicted on me by PERRAULT will allow me to give you, let us go to dinner. That lady has swallowed seven mortal dishes! What's that I hear? Are you there again, and is it "Do they rattle?" ye're askin' me? The contints of course I mane. Will nobody rache me that chamois case? Is that a way to address a gentleman of my descint and abilities. Yes, sir, descint. Did you niver hear of Castle Flood and its records? Bedad, thim, there's preserved there the oldest paper extant—the contractors' bill for my ancistors say-stores whin they intered the ark! What's that, surr? Is it "Thistles" I hear ye say. Waither, that chamois case at wance! Ah! at last I have it. Where's its kay? Oh, ye're gone! By the powers, two seconds more, and I'd have to put a new silver mimorial plate in me blackthorn, and the docthers the same in your occiput, me boy. To insult me! Ah, whin I recall that glorious day whin, amid the roar of cannon, I and the London *Times* correspondent, back to back,— he glaring with concentrated force from beneath his arching eye-brows—

I revolving the shilalah of my grandfather,—presented that appalling double front which checked the French cavalry, enabled the slow Teutons to open a devastating fire of Krupps, won Sedan, and—But my modesty forbids me to paint the gratitude of the Emperor. Yet I see him now, his majestic form mirrored against a sunset glowing as CLAUDE ever painted, lifting his hand "To Providence," he said, "and Herr FLOOD!" But I must close this letter.

Grip and the Pulpit.

"Two lines lately published by our Toronto humorist should be printed in letters of gold:—

"Religion, when most true, is then most free.
Religion, freest, will most truthful be."
Rev. Mr. Rattray, Unitarian Church, last Sunday.

GRIP makes to this Reverend his bow most profound,
And is glad that he knows what authority's sound.
In fact, GRIP a Bishop himself did create,
And he's trying to get all his juniors straight.

He is pleased that his pastorals, sent everywhere,
Are perused by his clergy with profiting care;
And this sermon, of which he to-day means to tell,
Put the whole of the trouble right in a nutshell.

All Protestant Christendom, it did explain,
Are beginning the right to demand and maintain,
To interpret the Scriptures, and also to say
That MELANCTHON and LUTHER have hindered the way.

Right divine to expound no one ever did claim,
Save some Bishops and scholars of very old fame—
Greeks and Romans, whose soundness, Reformers found out,
There was often a very good reason to doubt.

From these doubts sprung our Protestant faith and belief,
But in its upspringing this evil was chief:
Some fallible creeds they replaced, it is true;
But forgot that their own might be fallible too.

They are fallible. Some of them combat, what's more,
All our notions of right, and our Biblical lore,
And each plain honest man, as the Bible he reads,
Says "It's certainly time for revising these creeds."

Stones and Brick.

The main streets of our city, it's very well known,
Are exceedingly shallowly covered with stone;—
But of stones on the roads we'd soon have a good lot,
If more bricks in the Council we only had got.

The Speech of the Water Commissioner.

Twaddle's the only word—*Shakespeare*.

My name is BELL. Within this town of yours
I long did houses paint. I paint no more.
A purer fluid all my time employs,
And that of my colleagues. And yet they come,
A twaddling do they come. And who are they?
Mere ratepayers—providers of the cash—
Paltry debenture-givers—nothing more.
One comes and twaddles to me, "Mr BELL,
When shall we get the water pure which we
Have paid for?"—and I miltly answer him,
"When it is ready;" and another comes,
And twaddles thus. "Why did you answer naught,
When you were asked why you debentures sold,
Lower than you were offered?" and I say
"We answer no such twaddling;" then the third,
Twaddling demands to know "why engineers,
Paid by us, stay away one-half their time."
A fourth doth twaddling ask "Why sink such pipes
As sunk, do quickly rise and burst straightway?"
A fifth comes twaddling here to know why we,
If honest men, don't let reporters know
The things we do. A sixth, a seventh, and eighth,
Bring twaddling, twaddling, twaddling questions here.
I say to you; I likewise say to all
Twaddling Toronto;—At the proper time,
Put all your questions. If when that time comes,
Those who should answer them should, like to TWEED,
Be gone from realms of answer, and *non est
Inventus*, like to him, I say to you
That that is your look out. And now once more.
Avaunt, ye twaddlers; go, and shut the door.