

**GRIP.**

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The grabeſt Beaſt is the Lion; the grabeſt Bird is the Owl;  
The grabeſt Fiſh is the Oſter; the grabeſt Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1875.

THE PUBLISHER wishes to convey his ſincere thanks to the unknown friend who ſent in three back numbers of GRIP advertised for in recent iſſues.

**From Our Box.**

GRIP greets MR. TOOLE with delight. This gentleman poſſeſſes the power of making an audience laugh till they almoſt weep, and, in a ſingle inſtant, of changing to the pathetic and extracting tears from a different ſource. His transitions from the moſt grotesquely humorous to the moſt touchingly pathetic ſide of his characters are like thoſe of DICKENS, of which great writer he is perhaps the beſt ſtage exponent, entering into his conceptions from the point of view of a kindred ſpirit. Can it be wondered that the mere ſight of his face is ſufficient to put the London audiences, to whom he is ſo familiar, in a good humour. There is an extraordinary heartineſs about the way in which he enters into every thing that reminds one of DICKENS, and the claſſ of characters played by him are moſtly of the DICKENS type. You even ſympathize with him in his well-deſerved tribulations as the rascally old lodging-houſe keeper in "Ici on Parle Francais," whiſt in his more ſerious parts he relieves you with an occaſional laugh, inſtead of trying to keep the pathetic ſtop perpetually on. Perhaps his extraordinary powers over his features are his moſt ſingular gift, the endless varieties of expreſſion that his face ſhews and their inſtantaneous transitions ſeeming to be more than mere art. He is always the Engliſhman, in fact the Cockney, but this gives ſcope for a very wide range of impoſonations. There are thoſe who charge CHARLES DICKENS with the ſame thing as a fault. Let them keep their opinion but let them keep it to themſelves.

We are very ſorry among the late departures from the company at MRS. MORRISON'S to notice that MR. COULDOCK has left it. Some of the other loſſes will not be eaſily replaced, as for inſtance MRS. LINDEN and MR. LAURENS, who, though not altogether faultleſs, are very hard-working, uſeful members of any company. But MR. COULDOCK is indeed a loſs. He is an actor of exceptional powers, particularly in ſuch parts as are ſuited to his physical capacity. We are glad to hear that he will not leave Toronto, but will remain here and give leſſons in elocution, of which it would be as well if many perſons who are in the habit of ſpeaking in public, and even ſome miniſters, would avail themſelves. If MR. MCDUGALL'S much-talked-of example does not produce the expected improvement in the Ontario Legislature, GRIP would ſuggeſt the placing of a claſs of M.P.'s at MR. COULDOCK'S diſpoſal. We were about to ſuggeſt his taking the City Council in hand but fear nothing will do them any good.

**Farewell to Mrs. Rousby.**

Fair ROUSBY—thou! whoſe claſſic face  
Outwits the potent chisel's grace;  
Whoſe magic voice doth well impart  
Nature's ſweet tones enhanced by art;  
Whoſe ſhapely form and luſtrous eye  
The Painter's genius doth defy.

Fair lady—ere thou leave'ſt our land  
We offer thee true frienſhip's hand,  
Our humble offering freely take  
For Englands' and thine own dear ſake,  
Tho' far across the waters blue,  
Our hearts grow warm to her thro' you.

We love her and her daughters fair,  
We love thee for thy moſt air;  
Thy ſimple, unaffected worth;  
Thy Saxon parentage and birth;  
Thy manner lady-like, refined:  
Rich out-growth of a cultured mind.

Long may your gentle heart retain  
Our frienſhip offered not in vain,—  
And when you've crossed the ocean o'er  
And grace again old Englands' ſhore,  
Faithful as NOAH'S truſty dove  
Bear the glad tidings of our love.

**Soliloquy of Hamlet MacKenzie.**

*Hamlet.* To be, or not to be, that is the queſtion.  
Whether 'twere better in the end to ſuffer  
The evils born of this outrageous traffic,  
Or to take arms againſt this ſea of troubles  
And, by oppoſing, end them? To dare, to do  
No more:—and by to do, we mean, to end  
The manufacture, and the thouſand woes  
That drink is heir to. 'Tis a conſummation  
Devoutly to be wiſhed. To dare:—to do.—  
To do!—perchance to fail; aye, there's the rub!  
For in this death of drink, reſults may come  
When it hath ſhuffled off its mortal coil  
Muſt give us pauſe. We have reſpect  
Unto the revenue derived from its long life;  
But who can ſtand the whips and ſcorns of Truth,  
Her tale of wrong, of drink-born miſery,  
Of every growing crime, the law's delay,  
The arrogance of the trade, and theſe petitions  
That ſignatures of all and ſundry bear,  
When he himſelf might their quietus make  
With Prohibition. Who would fardels bear  
To grunt and ſweat beneath their ſpeeches dry,  
But that the dread of ſomething afterwards—  
A reconſtructed tariff, from which ſource  
We needs muſt ſeek returns, puzzles the will,  
And makes us rather bear thoſe ills we have  
Than fly to others that we know not of.  
Thus calculation towards makes us all,  
And thus real ills that call for prohibition  
Are dwarf'd by unreal ghoſts of what may be,  
And this great enterpriſe of pith and moment  
With this regard, its currents turn awry  
And loſe the name of action. Soft you, now!  
The fair OPHELIA:—Canada, in thy ſpeeches  
Be all my faults remembered.

*Ophelia.* Good my lord,  
How does your honour for this many a day.

*Hamlet.* I humbly thank you; well.

*Ophelia.* I have ſome promiſes of yours  
That I have longed long for fulfilment;  
I pray you, now fulfil them.

*Hamlet.* No, not I;  
I never gave you any.

*Ophelia.* My honoured lord, you know right well you did,  
And with them words of ſuch ſweet breath composed,  
As made them ſeem more ſure; y their meaning loſt  
Take them again, for, to the noble mind  
A promiſe is a promiſe, ſpoken or impiled.  
There, my lord.

**The Artful Dodger.**AIR. *Burlesque Galop.*

Fare you well my Radical boys, and fare you well for a while  
For you ſee the *Liberal* and the *Grits* has tumbled to my ſtyle.  
It's all very well when you're in luck, the *Globe* will fill your cup,  
But when you're down it keeps you down, acos it turns you up.

From ſide to ſide I've twiſted round and you muſt own I've got  
Of principles and ſuch like things a well aſſorted lot.  
I'll ſhew you what I've picked up in wandering about  
From a lot of coves whoſe mothers hadn't ought to let them out.

This annexation ſcheme you ſee—to Washington it looks;  
This conſtitution one was BROWN'S—and ſeveral other cooks';  
This Grit address is one which I composed in former days;  
This Tory one juſt ſuits me in the way the land now lays.

Conſervative I mean to be, until I want a change,  
And as the Grits won't take me back, I ain't ſo free to range.  
Whatever may be ſaid of me, all have ſaid their worſt when  
They can't ſay I've been ſuch a fool as to take up "Canada Firſt."

When MR. TOOLE come on the boards, he drew my character well  
Atween the Artful Dodger and me, none could the difference tell.  
In a paper they call GRIP, too, the picter you may ſee  
The werry Artful Dodger I mean, all of a twiſt like me.

WHY is Profeſſor MULLER of the Grand Opera Houſe like THEODORE TILTON? Be cauſe they both depend upon their BOWEN (bowing).