

## GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDOR.

The grabeat Beast is the Bass; the grabeat Bird is the Owl;  
The grabeat Fish is the Oyster; the grabeat Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 1ST JUNE, 1878.

### Hanlan's (and everybody else's) Lament.

On the Island drear, deserted,  
Perched upon a dry, hard stone,  
Sat the prince of all the scullers,  
Sad, dejected and alone;  
Tears were glistening on his eyelids,  
And a cloud was on his brow,  
As he moaned in piteous accents,  
Who will care for HANLAN now?

Who will back him 'gainst all comers?  
Who will glory in his fame?  
Who will give him graceful prestige  
By the favour of a name  
Linked unto his own and giving  
Passport wheresoe'er he go?  
Who will be a father to him?  
Who will care for HANLAN now?

Who will be his generous patron,  
Standing by him day and week,  
Answering all addresses for him  
When he feels too full to speak?  
Easing him of all the trouble,  
But to simply make the bow;  
Where can such a friend be equalled?  
Who will care for HANLAN now?

O, this world is full of changes,  
And the best of friends must part—  
But to lose this noble Consul  
Wrings the city's heart of heart;  
Every manly cause and calling  
In our midst will feel the blow,  
Colonel SHAW is going to leave us  
Who will care for HANLAN now?

### A Tory Address to Mackenzie.

MR. MACKENZIE, the Premier, has come to Toronto, and the Grit workmen heard of something to their advantage at the mass meeting in the Adelaide Street Rink on Thursday night. MR. GEORGE BROWN, MR. PATTULLO and other distinguished members of the working classes presented the Premier with a suitable address from the Grit standpoint, but GRIP regrets that on an occasion like that all parties didn't join in honouring the head of our executive. It would have been refreshing as well beautiful if the Tory working men had also presented him with an address. Senator MACPHERSON would no doubt have been happy to officiate on their behalf, although he says he is no partisan. This suggestion comes, unhappily, too late, but GRIP kindly furnishes the U. E. Club with a rough draft that will only require a little pruning to make it just the thing for the next opportunity that presents itself:  
To the Hon. A. MACKENZIE, Premier.

HONOURABLE SIR.—On behalf of the Conservative party of the city of Toronto, we beg leave to join our Grit fellow citizens in extending a welcome to you on this occasion. Politically, we differ with you. We regret to say, you are in, and we (on the contrary) are out. Still we do not allow these differences of political principles to blind us to your many virtues as a man. It is only in your public capacity that we denounce you as a corrupt, intriguing and truthless fraud. We know that, as a man, you are trustworthy, diligent and earnest, and we are sorry to say so. It gives us great pain to observe, that notwithstanding our confident predictions of your utter failure as a Premier, you have steadily gathered strength; and that you have exhibited remarkable ability that we never dreamed you possessed. We also deplore the fact that you have kept yourself pretty straight since assuming the reins of government. You have not, we must say, acted generously towards us in this matter. When our chieftain Sir JOHN was in power he gave you Opposition fellows lots of chances to go for him. He gave you a first-class scandal every now and then, and moreover he didn't get up and explain it away as soon as you took hold of it. Your own conduct is far different, you won't do anything really corrupt, and you won't even allow us to manufacture any corrupt things for you. We do not wish on this occasion to go into the affairs of state, but just look at your conduct in that Sarnia

libel suit. No sooner had our man published that libel, than you had him up, and proved there was no truth in it. Then there was the Big Push where you—or rather GEORGE BROWN (it's all the same)—squelched poor WILKINSON in a similar manner. Then there's the steel rails—why did you deny so indignantly that that was a job put up for the benefit of your brother? Then there's the Lachine Canal job—why do you knock the bottom out of that scandal in so ruthless a manner? And lots of others we could mention, where you put us at a disadvantage by showing that we are not building on facts? We repeat, that we are reluctantly compelled to believe you a tolerably honest sort of man, and in that respect undoubtedly an improvement on JOHN A., but we will think a good deal more of you if, in future, you will treat us more generously. Emulate the example of our chieftain in these things. Does he ever disprove any of the scandals you Grits tell about him? Does he get up and deny the Pacific, Northern Railway, Ordinance Lands, Secret Service or MOYLAN Scandals? No. And yet he is Canada's greatest statesman. Sir, we welcome you to our city.

Signed,  
On behalf of the Toronto Tories.

### The American Youth.

From the U. S. Journals.

HIS exploits are in all of the U. S. story papers, under different names. GRIP knows more of him—as of others—than they do. Hel was born in Nantucket in 1869, and his name is BENJAMIN, shortened to BENNY by his affectionate mother, who, though poor, was patriotic, and brought up her boy in rigid adherence to the best method of American training. From his earliest infancy no reproachful word was addressed to him by his doting parents, and when in a moment of enthusiasm he shot his father dead with his patent Derringer, (his mother's birthday gift), he bore his mother's grief with a resignation affecting to witness, and smoked six cigars while the jury got up a verdict of justifiable homicide. (The old man had been too slow on a message). BENNY then addressing his remaining parent in the purest American, said "Old woman, p'raps you'd better git." As he had placed a fresh bullet in the Derringer, she got. We cannot follow the thrilling story of her ensuing nine husbands, six divorces, and three inquests; but proceed with the tale of BENNY, the Pride of America.

He was now nine years of age, and his own master. He sold the furniture, and proceeded to a faro-table. Cheated out of all his money, he resented its loss by—unfortunately being unarmed at the moment—but gifted with the tremendous physical strength so common to all American youths—throwing the proprietor and nine comrades—or rather accomplices—from a five-story window, and deliberately destroying them all at one stroke by projecting—with two fingers—the heavy table on the heap of miscreants as they lay piled on the street below. BENNY said, "A derved good shot," and walked off to enjoy himself elsewhere.

He then engaged himself as cabin boy on board an English brig, sailing to Jamaica with passengers and freight. It is remarkable, but very usual, as we find from the papers in question, that all on board are villains except one beautiful and high-bred American girl. The captain is a villain, the crew are villains, the passengers are rich villains and villainesses. BENNY is of course compelled to perform the most menial labour, but submits to it merely for the sake of the beautiful eyes, (described as being melting sapphires of great size), of the fair Miss ADELINA SQUIGGERS. The vessel loses her course, there is no one who can save her from impending wreck but BENNY, who has, like all American youths, without study, a profound knowledge of navigation, trigonometry, the use of the globes, and all other nautical attainments. He saves her, and consequently takes full command, playfully ordering the original captain to be hanged for the amusement of ADELINA, who, languidly contemplating the scene, "guesses the old chap makes faces as if he didn't like it." She then, by means of a diamond-handled pen-knife, calmly drops him into the mouth of an enormous shark, and goes below to breakfast.

The vessel is as is ordinarily the case, wrecked on an Island. The crew are drowned by a large wave which takes them at the instant they are advancing to the spirit-room, while BENNY, having given the keys to Miss SQUIGGERS, is menacing the mutineers with a 68-pounder cannonade full of grape shot, which, with surprising muscular power he is holding to his shoulder. They are thunderstruck by the sight, and immediately water-struck by the billow, while the weight of the gun saves BENNY from accompanying them. ADELINA, however, being carried off, it is necessary to swim half a mile after her, find her, and regain the ship with her on a pitch dark night, which BENNY does at once. She opens her sapphires, says, "You air some on the swim," and closes them. From that time life has a value for BENNY.

But a shark having one also, leaps after him as he climbs the side, one arm round ADELINA, the other hand grasping a rope. The fish, with vicious snap, fastens on the skirts of the suspended ADELINA, who is sustained by the suspended BENNY, and is sustaining the suspended shark. She gently whispered, "I calculated my left limb was a goner." But there we must leave them till next week.