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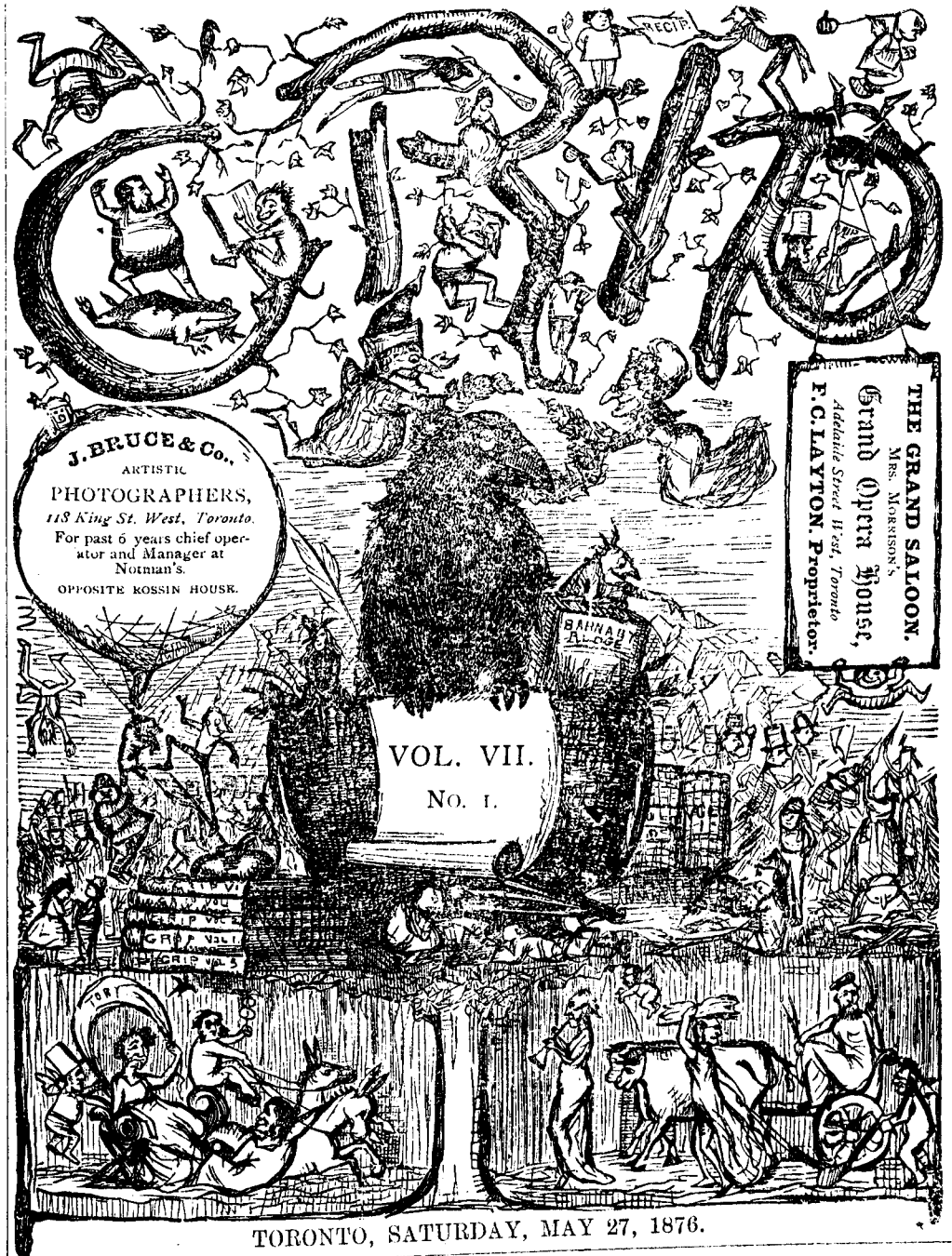
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EDITOR'S NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach GRIP office not later than Wednesday.—Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, GRIP office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned

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GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARWADY RUDGER.

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, 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."

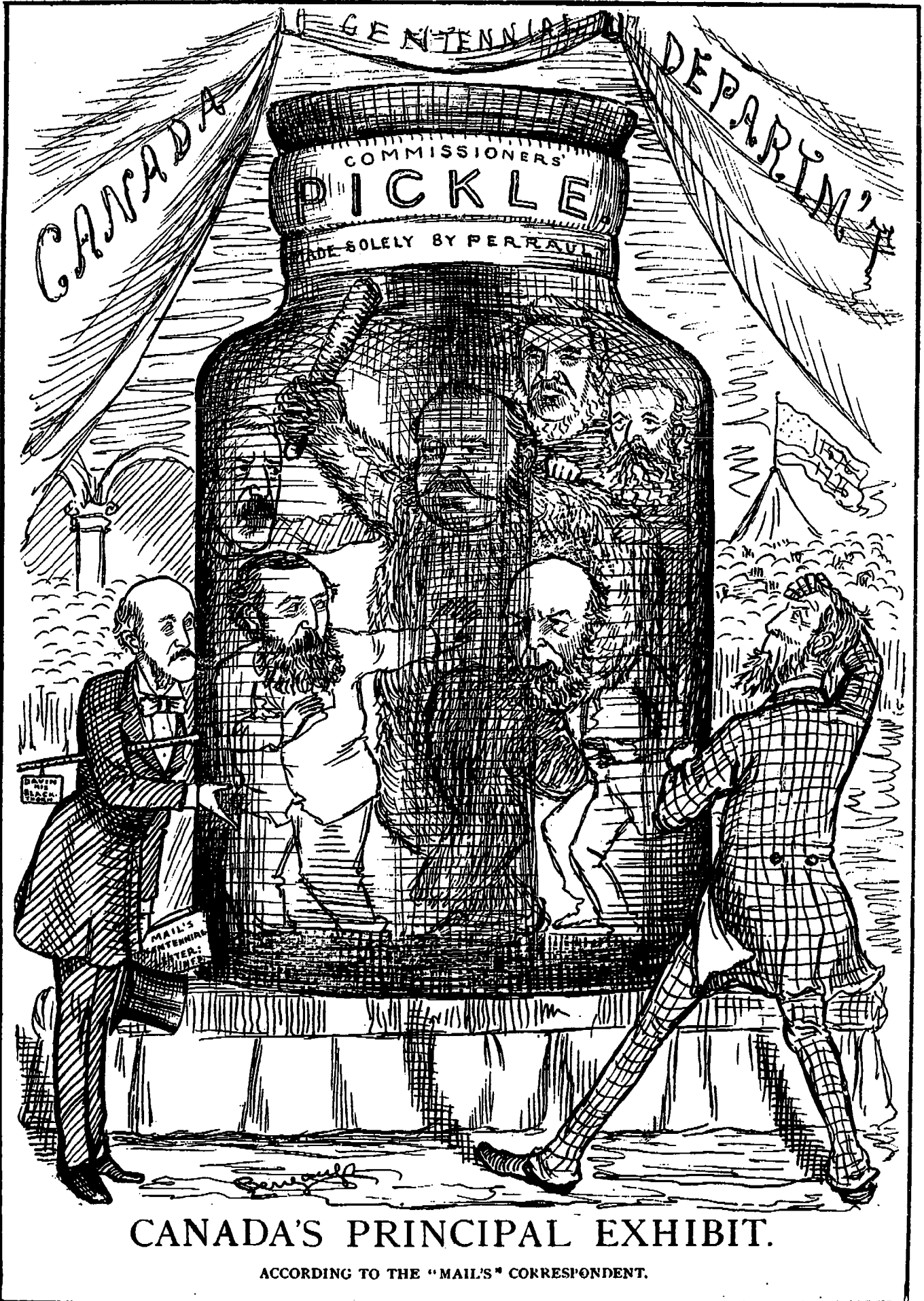
Complaints of the Unlicensed.

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



CANADA'S PRINCIPAL EXHIBIT.

ACCORDING TO THE "MAIL'S" CORRESPONDENT.

By the river side
Surrounds the Witches' Stone.
Where the poison oak
The ground doth choke
And its leaves hang black o'erhead.
And ghosts go there
To breathe the air
Being healthy for the dead.
Yet no darkened light
Dulled MACKENZIE'S sight,
But a horrible burning red.

There stood beside the stone that fearful One,
Scamed with the thunder scars that smote him down
From his ethereal seat; and all around,
Lesser infernals bowed in awe profound.
Each dreadful Form a ghastly brightness shed
Of glowing flames, that ever on it fed
And leaped from each to each; the tortured ground
Smoked hot; sulphureous stench rose all around.
Through yellow haze each burning figure glared,
And every eye full of the Premier stared.
Such eyes! each one would all to pieces knock
Our useless new illuminated clock.
Each glowed like white hot ball at whitest heat,
For those big guns just made for England's fleet,
Such brightness never did MACKENZIE see
Since the illumination at Dundee.
He felt that he must speak—half-choked, quite scared,
Yet found some voice—"I fear I'm not prepared
For deputations—then the time's no right;
I dinna hear them—but in the—daylight."
That tallest Figure laughed—the jarring shook
The far Department spires—then bent his look
On Mac—"Where the MACGREGOR sits, by right,
Is head, ye know; where we are, there is light.
Listen, this proposition I do make;
Fear not, I've no design your soul to take.
Nor do I ask one change of course from you,
What you have done, I wish you still to do.
Support Free Trade. That cause is all mine own.
Planned, cherished, introduced, by me alone.
Of all the nations, Britain I do know
Of right the champion; of wrong the foe.
Of me the foe therefore; and this Free Trade
Is mine—my weapon for her downfall made.
Through it, her strength departs to hostile lands.
Through it, each colony a weakling stands.
Through it I yet must crush her. If you be
My agent for it in this colony
My friends are yours. No Opposition rage
(They aiding you) shall make you quit the stage.
While the land's British, you shall Premier stand;
When Yankee, shall as Governor command.
Be sure of this:(whatever fools may say)
Free Trade to Annexation is the way
Wealth, honour, fame—I shall refuse you none,
Agree"—just then the distant clock struck One.
All vanished, and he woke. Upon a stone,
He sat and did with rheumatism groan,
Then muttered, to his mansion as he passed,
"They kentna you confoondit clock was fast."

Fatal Catastrophe.

All of GRIP'S Toronto readers heard, of course, with the deepest regret, of the untimely death, by drowning in Lake Simcoe, of our late and highly respected citizens, Mr. Cumberland, N. R. K.; Ald. Turner, and Judge Moss. All the melancholy details were given with a precision which left no room for doubt—no foundation for hope. Turner had, of course, upset the boat; Cumberland had fallen into the water, and pulled Moss off the bank. Together into the liquid element flashed at once the star of the Council, the luminary of the Bench, and the head-light of the Northern. The water fizzed, let us draw a veil. GRIP is overcome; but he must describe this afflicting event. Lovely in their lives: in death they were undivided. The Three Fatal Sisters had abridged the threads of the Three Fated Fishermen, and down to Pluto's dismal shades their shrieking ghosts had passed.

Into what a state of confusion, anticipation, and exertion the tidings threw the Bar, the Ward, and the Railway, GRIP will not attempt to tell. He will not explain the views of Mr. BLAKE on the matter, nor detail the successive oburgations, more scriptural than classic, that greeted the telegrams which, all night long, informed him of and deplored with him the death of the Judge, and explained how useful the position would be to certain legal supporters of the Grit. GRIP will not detail how rapidly contractors and bonus grabbers rushed to fill the Aldermanic gap, the canvasses commenced, the liquor consumed in the commencement. He will not relate how Railway directors, seized with a cab-hiring mania, drove furiously to each others' homes; nor how

something was said of regret, and much more of replacement. But his duty to humanity compels him to publish the affecting epitaphs he had composed for each, though he will not say what enterprising sculptors forced him to the task, nor what magnificent monumental orders they expected:—

ON AN ALDERMAN.

Turn not away, although that name you see,
For know, we had worse aldermen than he.
None did their views at greater length express.
No speeches made did equal power possess,
Laud'num was nothing to them. Then in trade,
While with assiduous care he money made,
He was most kind, and never did refuse,
(For cash) to give the poor man boots and shoes.
'Tread softly, friend, while you his tomb explore,
For leather-wearing helps him now no more.

ON A JUDGE.

Let travellers by this mossy tombstone know
(Alas the day) there's other Moss below.
And drop (if not of savage breast) one tear,
For him, the fungus-named, who withers here.
Do not his course political assail,
Hint not that he in Parliament did fail.
What if his speeches there we cannot quote?
Why, he was sent to be a Grit, and vote.
Besides, he *was* successful there, and drew
A judgeship, and a jolly stipend too.
So, when this sculptured stone you see to-day,
Throw no stones mental as you go away.

ON A RAILWAY MANAGER.

He had one grievous fault few railway men,
Have ever had, and few shall have again.
He ran his trains with such malicious care
As left no chance to undertakers there.
His road gave less in years, (so surgeons say)
To them, than decent lines do in a day.
He was Conservative as any rock,
And tried his best to grab the city stock.
Was virtuous, and a Lieutenant-Colonel,
Wherefore he is't bearing pangs infernal.

But the worst is to come. After all this trouble on their account, these unprincipled persons telegraphed that they were alive! After liberally inflicting the announcement of their death on their unoffending relatives and a confiding public, they might at least have spared them the additional shock of their survival. If they are not quite dead, it is quite plain they ought to be, and there is nothing which will induce GRIP to compound their felonious self-resurrection, unless, indeed, they forward him instantly a proper sum for the purchase of the epitaphs which their outrageous conduct has swindled him into writing.

Stewart, the Poor Rich Man.

Yes, he was rich; and twenty years ago,
Was rich beyond what he could ever know.
Had more than he could count, although his span,
Were lengthened out beyond the years of man.
Think not that he (the plea may some excuse)
Had knowledge but to make, not how to use.
No untaught boor; he knew each ancient tongue—
What Socrates had taught, and Homer sung.
Knew—as each student of old Rome and Greece
Must know—the secret springs of war and peace—
The use of wealth, in patriotic hand,
To teach, direct, and strengthen all the land.
He knew the power for good his millions bore,
And spurned it to indulge his greed for more.
He knew the greed of wealth his country's curse,
Knew his example like to make it worse.
An old man, loaded down with riches vast,
Still grasping, never using, till the last.
Say not that he employed; those whom he led
Will in the same pernicious footsteps tread.
His wealth, well used, and that use timed aright,
Had freed the slave without the curse of fight.
Had spared the lives in that dread contest lost;
Saved the uncounted wealth the contest cost.
Had left them, what they never more will stand,
Both North and South one undivided land.
What has it—what has his example done?
Taught all to run the course that he has run.
To make the love of wealth their guiding star
To think on what they have—not what they are.
What will they next? The sure succession see—
Follow his course without its honesty.
He honest was that he more wealth might win
They will be—what will bring most money in.
He held a power for good consigned to few.
The evil that he did few else could do.

