

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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, 14TH JULY, 1877.

Gen. Grip to the Army.

Comrades! you're on your metal! the universal eye
Will watch your every movement since RINE has said good-bye,
Calf's-tail philosophers would grieve to see your movement dead,
And Cynics point to failure and say you've lost your head.
But no! brace up your serricd ranks and forward to the fight,
With GOD o'er head and heart within, be brave to do the right.
Still echo all the sympathy and power and faith of RINE.
Go forth and find your fellows and get them all to sign.
Bound in a noble brotherhood, let men of every sort,
Come rally round the standard, and help to hold the Fort!
And echo as their watchword, the glorious battle call,
"With malice toward no one, and Charity for all."

The Fishery Commission at Halifax.

AS IT IS TO BE.

Commissioners present. *Appear before them parties concerned in the case, namely: JOHN BULL, Esq., YANKEE JONATHAN, Esq., and a small boy named CANADA, evidently of no particular account in the affair.*

MR. JONATHAN.—Ya'as. Yew want to know what yew're small boy here's to git for his fishin' rights, eh? Wa'al, them rights air valleyable; but ain't my friendship more valleyable?

MR. BULL.—Rights be blowed! Look 'ere, Mister JONATHAN, hi deals with principles, hi does. You and hi settles this 'ere matter. Small boys has no rights. Who's 'e? Hoover in Hengland, we olds the hold hidea of Scripture, and teaches reverence for hage, and sich. My boy CANADA will be 'appy to surrender hanythink for his parient. You can have 'em hall, cheap.

MR. JONATHAN.—I guess that 'ere sounds kinder reasonable. (*Aside*—Way I treats my Injuns; dern 'em! Red riptyles no relatives of mine, though. Wonder how little CANADY likes it, poor little critter. Has to take just what he gits, I guess.)

MR. BULL.—Yes, you may 'ave 'em. Compensation? Ho, jist 'and out whatever you likes. Pitch the young 'un in a few ha'pence. Hi'll see he makes no objection.

LITTLE CANADA.—Please, I want to say something about—

MR. BULL.—Nonsense! Hi'll see to hit.

MR. JONATHAN.—Wall neow, I'd kinder like to hear the little critter talk.

MR. BULL.—Speak up, sir! Don't you see the gentleman's awaitin'?

LITTLE CANADA.—I do not want to make my pa angry. I know my pa is v-ry good-na-tured and lib-e-ral, be-cause he has giv-en a-way al-most ev-ry-thing I had. He of-ten has set-tle-ments with my Un-cle JON-A-THAN. If he owes any-thing to my Un-cle JON-A-THAN, he takes some-thing of mine and pays him with it, and tells his talking boys in Lon-don, the *Times* and *Tel-e-graph*, and *others*, to tell me to admire the just and mag-nan-i-mous prin-ci-ples of my Brit-ish an-ces-tor. He paid him my big farm in Or-e-gon, and my big farm in Maine, and as Un-cle JON-A-THAN would like my fish-er-ries, my pa says—What did you say, pa?

MR. BULL.—Hi said hi shall hacquiesce him hanythink to settle hit. Compared with this the result is a matter of indifference.

LITTLE CANADA.—But please, pa, be-fore you sell Un-cle JON-A-THAN my fish-er-ries for nothing, hadn't you bet-ter pay me for them?

MR. BULL.—You little himpudent! Hi'll give you such a crack hover your countenance—

MR. JONATHAN.—No, no; let him speak. (*Aside*—Dern'd if the young 'un isn't gittin' considerable gumption. This is with liviu' proximate a free an'—) Go on, little chap.

LITTLE CANADA.—I am v-ry qui-et. I do not like to make pa nor my un-cle cross. And then my pa is so good to me. When Uncle JON-A-THAN'S Fe-ni-ans came and did me a great deal of harm, my pa would not ask any dam-a-ges for me, so I might learn for-give-ness. My pa is al-ways for-giving. He has been for-giv-ing my things away as long as I re-mem-ber. I want to ask my pa if it would not be bet-ter to give me and all the farm I have left to Un-cle JON-A-THAN at once, so as to save trouble in fu-ture? Per-haps if Un-cle JON-A-THAN had me, he would not give my things a-way to any one who want-ed them.

MR. JONATHAN.—No! Omnipotent Snakes! I wouldn't. Say neow, J. B., couldn't yew let me have the little critter?

MR. BULL.—No, no! Disintegrate my Hempire? Never. (*Aside*. But say, hi couldn't let you 'ave im hopenly; happearcances must be saved; but you *are* gittin' of 'im gradool, you know.)

Mr. Mills Opposing Protection.

STUMP SPEECH.

Gentlemen:

Profits being what remains to the capitalist from the laborer, rent being deducted, and the inference undoubtedly plain concerning high wages, I say, when we remember the remarkable influence exerted by the results of the battle of Cannæ on the minds of the Roman plebeians (TUPPER is a plebeian), and then take into consideration the position of England at the present moment, towering high on a Free Trade pinnacle above the whole civilized world, with her iron-clads which nothing can pierce, and her guns which can pierce anything—I say, considering all this, and remembering the terrible results of the destruction of the Carthaginian Empire, in the west, and the establishment of myriad tribes of the barbarian conquerors on its ruins (Sir JOHN is a barbarian con—no—he's a barbarian)—I say, gentlemen, and I challenge contradiction by the whole civilized world—world—world—(*Aside to Mr. MACKENZIE*—"Where was I?" MACKENZIE—"Ye donnert idiot! Will ye say something connect? Dinna ye see the crood griming? Ye said "ceevileezed world.") Civilized world! Yes, gentlemen, I repeat it boldly! Not the whole civilized world ever witnessed such a fearful mess of rottenness and corruption as the Pacific Scandal! And when, on the floor of the House of the Dominion Parliament, in Commons assemblee, I shall triumphantly demand of its arch-fabricator to explain the miserable shred of base concoction he denominates a national policy—National, indeed! Think of the nations of the past—their glories of commerce, literature and art! It is as clear as daylight—as pellucid as the glittering rays reflected from the polished shield of CYCLOPEAN MINERVA! How can it be otherwise? To avoid straining any further the great charter of our liberties, which, as recent experience seems to show, might mean almost anything or nothing—(*Shout from the crowd*,—"Say that again! Who was he?") I am coming to that point, gentlemen. Yes, obviously, then, the only strong argument against a protectionist tariff, that it operates as a tax upon consumers by increasing the price of the commodities on which a duty is imposed, ceases to have any weight whatever—(*Hear, hear, and tremendous applause*)—A mere inadvertence—quoted from wrong work—I would say all protection is fallacious, (*Hisses and yells*) I beg you to consider. What does it matter to the labourer if he pays more rent for his dwelling, and a higher price for his corn and potatoes, so long as the glorious *solutium* pours ever soothingly on his mind that the fundamental doctrines of Free Trade must culminate in triumph?—(*Exclamations of dissent, and cries of "Don't it?"*) It is as plain, gentlemen, to the eye of the philosopher, as the golden pedestal of Everlasting Truth. Surely you know that the Constitution of the United States declares that "No State shall coin money, emit bills of credit, or make anything but gold or silver coin a tender in payment of debts." Bearing this fact in mind, and adding thereto the knowledge that this practice necessarily puts off the liberation of the public revenue from a fixed period to one so indefinite that it is not likely ever to arrive (*Shout from crowd*, "What's that?") Yes, gentlemen, as I was saying, the plays of SOPHOCLES and ARISTOPHANES, the friezes of PHIDIAS and the paintings of ZEUXIS, the choruses of ESCHYLUS, are thrown away on the dull ears, the closed eyes, of an insensate Protectionist. Free Trade, as I have fully proved to you in these few words, is the fastness of public liberty—the strong defence of political organization—the hope of the country—the one great blessing of the earth! What to us—the philosophers—are the clamours of starving artisans? Let them endure—man is made to endure—this world is destined from remotest ages to be a state of probation, privation, and mortification. (*But the audience considering further endurance not part of their destiny, make a rush en masse at the orator, whom MACKENZIE with difficulty rescues and runs off with, and the proceedings close.*)

Mackenzie Won't Lift the Glove.

TUPPER was so daring, so daring, so daring,
Challenging MACKENZIE upon the stump to fight;
And MAC found this so scaring, so scaring, so scaring,
Poor MAC found this so scaring, it frightened him outright.

MAC he wouldn't come up, come up, come up,
Come to any pic-nic, TUPPER there to meet,
And the people sum up, sum up, sum up,
"Was a deal too cunning; knew he would get beat."

And TUPPER struts in glory, in glory, in glory,
Bragging how he did defy MACKENZIE to the match,
And GRIP he tells the story, the story, the story,
How MACKENZIE wouldn't, wouldn't, come up to the scratch.

A Motto for the Motto-Man.

The city news man of the *Leader* continues to utter his little slanders on RINE. We mention this because otherwise the public might not know of it. SHAKESPERIAN motto for the aforesaid bibulous "wit":
"O, that men would put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains."