

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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, JULY 1ST, 1876.

The Free Trader's Song.

Away with our farmers; send them to the States,
To grow the cheap corn that comes into our gates.
Unobstructed by duty; cheap pork, too, they'll grow,
Which is swamping ours out of our market, you know.

A deal more they can grow for us, too, besides meat.
They are sending us flour, and sending us wheat;
And so cheaply, it seems, they are sending it all,
There's a doubt if we need any farmers at all.

We don't need mechanics; that's one thing we know.
We can buy of the States, where their prices are low.
Mechanics may travel; what use are they here?
We shan't pay them more than the other, that's clear.

There's our tailors and shoe-makers, what good are they,
When we get things made up cheaper over the way?
And our furniture makers all lying round loose,
Let 'em go to the States, or else go to the deuce.

Our cars, locomotives, our engines and such,
They can sell to us cheaper—oh, ever so much.
Our spades and our shovels, our waggons and carts,
They sell to us wholly, or sell 'em in parts.

Our paints and our oils we can get from that side,
Below what our makers can such things provide.
Our hardware and tools, and our iron in bars,
Comes here in whole ship-loads, or piled upon cars.

In fact, scarce a thing that we make or we grow,
From sky, earth, or air, or the waters below,
But somebody else, in some far distant place,
With an article cheaper can our stuff replace.

Now those wicked Protectionists all come and say
"Put on tariffs; shut out; till we make cheap as they.
Keep our workmen and farmers at home, so shall we
Still have work, still have pay, and have prosperity."

But that's all bosh, and nonsense; quite humbug, of course.
MILLS says so, and MILLS is of wisdom the source.
He says Free Trade's the thing; so it must be, we know,
And we'll shout it, though straightway to ruin we go.

Hurrah for Free Trade that shuts up all our shops!
Hurrah for Free Trade that makes cheap all our crops!
Hurrah for Free Trade that makes prices all small!
And leaves us no money to buy with at all.

The Freedom of the Press.

The *Nouveau Monde* (an ultra Catholic organ) is demanding that, if certain columns in the *Witness*, said to contain statements likely to weaken Catholic principles, be not suppressed, the local legislature suppress the paper. GRIP would just like to ask this suppressing gentleman if he has the slightest idea how much suppression he wants? People who want a newspaper will buy it, if printed. If it were suppressed in Quebec it would be published outside Quebec, and sold in Quebec, probably containing articles twice as injurious as the present. Then what would the *Nouveau Monde* ask for? Why, that the railway trains which brought it should be suppressed. Then it would come on coaches and waggons. Suppress coaches and waggons. It would still come by roads. Suppress the roads. Carriers, horses, steamboats, would bring it. Suppress them all; have none of 'em! People would bring it in their pockets. Suppress pockets; make them illegal. They would conceal it in their clothes. Suppress clothes. Suppress the post-offices. Suppress the telegraphs. Suppress the little newspaper boys. Still it would come. What could be done? Suppress schools; all safe if folks can't read. Somebody reads it to them. What can be done? The fact is, there is no safety in suppressing anything except all the eyes and ears of the Quebec population. If that were done, the country might be safe. Not unscriptural either, as the

Nouveau Monde knows, for sayeth not the text, "Quod si oculus tuus facit ut tu offendas, erue eum, et abjice abs te?" But the *Nouveau Monde* will not press this point, because, among other reasons, a blind population could not read the *Nouveau Monde*. Seriously, now, does not this paper know that if it could suppress others, it would create a reaction in the minds of the people, who would determine to have the forbidden knowledge, and would create a spirit of opposition outside which would flood Quebec with newspapers it would dislike much worse than the present? Cannot it understand that if it could revive the days of suppression, the Protestants being the strongest, would suppress the Catholic religion? Does it not know that for many years throughout all Britain the celebration of mass was forbidden under pain of death; that if a Catholic had converted a Protestant they were both to suffer death as for high treason; that the Catholics were deprived of all office, of the right to possess arms, nay, of the right to have a school, or to have a good horse? Does it not know that Rome is far weaker now—far more at the mercy of her enemies, if she choose to make enemies? Let the *Nouveau Monde* understand this, once for all:—Both Protestants and Catholics are determined that, in Canada, there shall be free speech and a free press.

The Poetical Minister.

(Composed by Hon. Mr. Blake, crossing the Atlantic.)

How delightful to view the green waves of the ocean
From my scene of perplexity bear me away,
And to think that the tumult of party commotion
I have left at a distance. Oh there may it stay!

For thyself, jolly GRIP, but for no one beside thee,
Is reserved the sad tale of the woes that I feel.
Oh, divulge it to none—let no mortal deride me,
Ah! they might, for some mortals have bowels of steel.

None but thee shall I tell how MACKENZIE, my tyrant,
Does your poor fellow-townsmen insultingly spurn;
How with heart unrelenting my fancies aspirant
He nips. Oh! to tumble him over the stern.

And that CARTWRIGHT, whose blunders, financial and moral,
I've been forced to defend till my tonsils grew sore.
Oh, how pleasant, just here, on some deep bank of coral,
To deposit him where he'd spoil tariffs no more.

Ah, if nicely dropped down on you wave-crest, confound him,
What "deficits" he'd find, and what lack of "supply."
How he'd wish for some "floating securities" round him,
While he made us a speech that for once was't dry.

BROWN and HUNTINGDON, too, fastened back to back neatly,
Might discover that scandals Atlantic were worst.
Ah, excuse your poor friend who grows savage completely.
Pale phantom, begone! Art thou Canada First?

Point'st thou still to that One, who in loud sounding diction,
Coalition denounces through Canada wide;
Or who, changing the theme, states the well-worded fiction,
That reformless Reformers he cannot abide?

Away, let me talk to a man and a brother,
Honest GRIP, gentle pity unto me convey,
I refused your advice, yet your anger still smother,
For I met with a stronger, and had to obey.

'Gainst colleagues, e'en 'gainst self, how remorse still is burning;
If you knew, you would sympathize sometimes with me.
But there's one hope remains; ere they see me returning,
The whole lot may be kicked out, and I shall be free.

The Weather.

The weather was created to promote conversation; but the topic is exhausted to an extent which renders some new invention the great necessity of the age. There was BROWN yesterday, sitting in his chair under his verandah, the glass at 92, every fibre of his portly frame almost dissolving with the heat. JONES comes under the shade, looks at the perspiring man, and deliberately insults every faculty of his mind by informing him that the weather is hot. If there be one thing BROWN has reason to know, it is that. To suppose him ignorant of that is to believe him incapable of knowing anything. Now if JONES would look around at the different articles, and inform BROWN that "That's a table," "That's a chair," "You are under a verandah," "This is wood," "That is iron," "That is a knife," "That is a tree," BROWN would fly into a tremendous passion, and ask whether JONES takes him for a fool. But BROWN says nothing of the kind; he takes it as coolly as the atmosphere will admit of, and ROBINSON happening to come by, roasting under the vertical glare, visibly crisping, in fact; what do the first two idiots do?—do they ask him to come under the shade and rest? Not a bit of it; but in the most lunatic manner they stick out their heads and inform him that it is a hot day!