

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, 17TH AUGUST, 1878.

All at Sea!

GRIP, inspired by the Barrie regatta, makes an aquatic cartoon, though the spectacle presented is not at all like anything ever seen on Kempenfelt Bay. There it was a show of skill; here it is quite the contrary. The crew of the staunch punt "National Policy" have embarked upon the treacherous ocean without any preliminary rehearsal of their "duties;" each is pulling in accordance with the dictates of his own conscience and constituents, and hence the confusion. There is SAMMY TILLEY, the popular and powerful oarsman from New Brunswick, tugging away for a duty on tea, to help the merchants of St. John, and just behind him sits CHARLEY TUPPER, the redoubtable sculler from Nova Scotia, pulling a strong stroke in favour of a sugar duty to encourage the refineries; then just in front of CHARLEY the champion Free Trade boatman POPE, from Prince Edward Island, may be seen—or at least he might a moment ago, but he has "caught a crab," politically speaking, and has keeled over for the time being; then at one end of the craft you may observe the genial countenance of GRIP's good friend JOHN BOYD, doing all in his power to help along the *canvass* in favour of a readjustment without any increase of the tariff—as the captain telegraphed him lately; and at the stern, the very stern end of the boat, the figure of WILLIE FRAZER looms up, that able seaman being intent on the blow in favour of giving the Yankees tit-for-tat. Towering above all, and with an expression of calm repose and hope on his countenance, is the form of Captain JOHN A., who has been pulling a 35 (per ct.) to the minute stroke in favour of free tea and sugar, but has risen to call the attention of the crew to the sudden appearance of a squall cloud on the weather quarter, and to point out the obvious fact that they look somewhat ridiculous all rowing in different directions; and moreover are all likely to be drowned, if they don't get into ship-shape without delay. GRIP wouldn't like to hear of any loss of life through bungling, and he therefore hopes these National Policy boys will heed the Captain's warning, otherwise he is afraid the craft will never reach the haven of Office.

Soliloquy.

To go or not to go? Say, had I better
Languish in town right through the heated term,
Or buy a ticket from this horrid place,
And by departing, cool? To leave, to go,
No more, and by the act, to say we end
The dust choke, and the thousand horrid smells
That here are nature—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To go and sleep.
To sleep, in some farm house, ay, there's the rub,
For in that sleeping place what bugs may come,
When we have bargained with the farming chap,
Must make us all to pause. There's the respect,
That makes calamity in lodging house,
And makes us form a solid resolution
To mind wherewith we bide.

R. Crusoe Indignant.

Mr. GRIP,

SIR: I observe that the politicians of your country have dragged my name into their miserable squabble over the Trade Question, both of them using it in a manner which implies contempt for me. The Tories say I was a Free Trader, because I made Juan Fernandez a cheap country to live in, and the Grits say on the contrary that I was a Protectionist because I manufactured all my own goods and kept Juan Fernandez for the Juan Fernandians. And then each of them, when inveighing against his opponents' principles, says in effect: "You are as abandoned a wretch as ROBINSON CRUSOE!" Against this, Sir, I protest. I am not an over fastidious individual, all the world knows that I have endured lots of hardships in my time, but, sir, this thing of being compared to an average Canadian Grit or Tory is more than I can or will stand. As to my political economy, when you have made Canada as famous a country as I made Juan Fernandez, it will be time enough for you to speak disparagingly of

Yours truly,
ROBINSON CRUSOE.

The Riots at Ottawa.

CROWD OF ROUGHS.—Where is the Orange bastes? Fhy don't they be afther comin along? Sure we'll cut their sowls out in three seckinds. Sure—(*great yelling and flourishing of clubs*).

CROWD OF YOUNG BRITONS—(*at other end of city*).—Hurray! Come along! Let us clane them all out, and give them a leshon for wance! Sure, it's us can bate thim all out of the town altogether and intirely. Let us walk. Up wid the banners! Hooray! (*immense shouting*).

INFLUENTIAL CITIZEN (*to roughs*).—Boys, better go home. They've all got their pockets full of pistols, bullets, daggers, hand-grenades, and small torpedoes.

ROUGHS.—Let us at thim! Who cares? Come along, boys! Sure, it's us will shplinter thim, pishtols and ail. Whoo! (*great demonstration of moving to attack*).

POLICEMAN (*at other end of town, to Y. B.'s*).—Gentlemen, you can't walk. They're five thousand strong, all with clubs and the rest with muskets loaded with—with grapeshot. The most awful consequences will—

Y. B.'s.—We'll lick 'em. Down with the villains! Shoot 'em all, ivery mother's son! What business had they livin' here, at all. (*Great preparations for walking*).

DISTANT CITIZEN (*to roughs*).—But you will all be imprisoned till you pay for all damages to property or person—

NEAR POLICEMAN (*to Y. B.'s*).—But you—or your parents—must pay for all loss suffered by houses, windows, goods, fire, water. *et cetera*, unless you go out of town this back way.

ROUGHS.—Pay! Is it us?

Y. B.'s.—Damages! Perhaps we'd better go round. (*And they do*).

Our Own Report.

REGARDLESS of expense, GRIP has engaged an able individual to furnish him reliable reports of the Amphitheatre meetings. Neither *Globe* nor *Mail* can be depended upon, for each cuts down the speeches of its opponents; GRIP's reporter will equalize matters by cutting down both sides. Following is the record of last Tuesday night's meeting.

Mr. LUKES took the chair at 8.32½ p.m., and after omitting the devotional exercises, called upon Mr. J. ICK EVANS to read a few announcements.

Mr. EVANS came forward and exhibited one of GRIP's cartoons to the audience, implying that the subscription price was \$2.00 per year, and dirt cheap at that. He inwardly expressed the opinion that everybody present ought to subscribe. He next read the rules of the Amphi., and lastly he called upon those four Grit members to come up and argy—but all in vain.

BAND.—"Not for JOSEPH."

Mr. MEEK, (who spoke last week) was asked to speak. He showed how the Government encouraged the people to drink whiskey instead of beer, but he hoped the people would ryes in a spirited manner and knock them malt to pieces at the coming election.

BAND.—"JOHNNY fill up the bowl."

Mr. PHIPPS was the next orator. He dwelt on the fact that Canada is kept down by foreign exporters, but would be kept up by Protection. He stated that the country west of Manitoba was coaled all the year round, and after giving the audience a great deal of fresh information he retired as modestly as if he hadn't done more for the National Policy than any other half dozen men in the country.

BAND.—"Hard Times, come again no more."

Mr. TAIT was next called upon to speak, but having the misfortune to be a Scotchman he "burred" the letter R, and was immediately extinguished by cat-calls and interruptions. We commend Mr. TAIT's case to the notice of Senator MACPIERSON, who will no doubt find some way of avenging this insult on the Scottish people.

BAND.—"MACPIERSON swore a feud."

Mr. MCCALLUM spoke as a manufacturer. He said times were hard just now, and manufacturers were idle, but if they had more duties they would have more to do.

BAND.—"There's millions in it."

Mr. LIVINGSTONE, dealer in pianos &c., said he would like to be instrumental in getting the National Policy carried, for it would raise Canada in the scale of nations. He pitched into the Grit organ, showing that it's whole *tenor* was *base*, and it was not *sound* on the Trade question. He complained that the present duty was not *ad valorum* but *ad captandum Toryorum*, and after declaring the National Policy Party to be grand, square and upright, he took his seat.

The meeting was then dismissed.

THE Berlin Daily News is agitated on the subject of GEORGE BROWN, and proposes these conundrums: "Is he a liberal? Has he ever shown himself worthy of the name? If so, how and when?" Calm yourself, PETER, he is; didn't he give JUDGE WILSON a large quantity of sauce gratuitously?