

The Soliloquies of Fitznoodle of the Club

III. CAWTWIGHT, AND OTHAW THINGS.

I AM—aw—wather sawpwised at WICHARD JOHN CAWTWIGHT. I don't know pweicely what to think about him. I don't approve altogethaw, you see, of the *Mail* fellow pitching into him in such a weekless manaw, and calling him nawsty names, because I have gweat wesppect for WICHARD JOHN—that is, compawwittively gweat, considwing he is a Gwit. He was once a Consawwative, and he dwesses well even yet. He is the best dwessed fellow in the Gwit wanks, and I wesppect any fellow who dwesses wel, whatewaw may be his political opinions. I don't think twiffles like politics or weligion ought to pwedwice us against a fellow who dwesses well. Now, WICHARD JOHN dwesses like a gentleman, and I wesppect him accawwingly; he was once a membaw of the pawty of gentlemen, and what is lwyed in the bone will come out in the weawing appawel. But, why did WICHARD JOHN leave his Pawty, and go over to the Gwits, wesppectability and a'l? This is what sawpwises me most. The vewy ideo of leaving the wight Hon. SIR JOHN, and going ovaw to SANDY MACKENZIE, it is almost too widiculous, down't you know. But Twuth is swanger than fiction, as some fellow once said, and WICHARD JOHN actually did do this vewy stwange and wetchad thing. The question heaw awises: Why did he do so? Why should any fellow who has been bawght up to dwess wesppectably, and has associated with fellows like the Wight Hon. SIR JOHN, who dwink wine in the Club, and cawduct themselves in ewwy othaw way as gentlemen,—I say, why should such a fellow dwop all this to take up with people like MACKENZIE, BLAKE, BROWN, and HUNTINGDON—pwoper enough people, of course, in one sense, but not a bit like the Wight Hon. SIR JOHN. Why should he do it? It does seem to me like a fellow selling his mess of pottage faw a mere bathwight. The *Mail* says that WICHARD JOHN did this vewy stwange thing frow selfish motives; that he wanted to get a place in the Gwit Cabinet: I wewget to diffaw with my friend of the *Mail*—with whom I have dwank so many bottles of champagne—but the twuth is, WICHARD JOHN left the Consawwative wanks bellow the Gwits had any notion of coming into office. And as I have wemawked already, I don't approve of the *Mail* calling WICHARD JOHN bad names about this: I don't think he did it frow selfish motives. My own pwivate theory— I haven't yet mentioned this to any othaw fellow—is that it was a case of tempowawy insawvity; not so vewy tempowawy eithaw, because it is going on yet. The vewy fact that any fellow with a pwopaw taste for dwess, could leave the Consawwative wanks and go to the Gwit wanks is *primo face* evidence of insawvity. Then, if you want any pwooof to show that WICHARD JOHN is still wong in the head, look at his wewcent speeches. Would any man attack the Wight Hon. and give him such twemen'lous cawstigations in public, if he were not cwacked? The Wight Hon. knows poor WICHARD JOHN is demented; he pities him so much that he hasn't said a word in wewply to those speeches, and I wather think he will wemain silent. He don't wish to exaspwate the patient.

Maritime Meandering.

Grip, my old Bird: Let me salute you on the occasion of a first letter as your occasional Correspondent. My errand to the Low Provinces, as we agreed, was, to find out the why and the wherefore of the chopping and changing of the weather, and everything else, where the Marines and Submarines flourish, and the storm drum of the political atmosphere is hoisted as often as the moon changes. To begin, I railed it at once to the Capital City of Halifax, which is a capital place to live and move and get grub in. My card presented for the admiration of Janitors and waiters of the hotels and club-houses, is the key for admission to the presence and conversation of the Bachelor Aristocracy, not to mention a sprinkling of Benedict society. At the Club we put in a stave for everything—Staves we talk about, and by their aid we walk about, and they enter into the manufacture of kegs, barrels, tubs, pipes, hogsheds and puncheons, for the trade in cakes, crackers, shipbread, corned beef, fish or sugar, as the case may be, in cases where no case is used, but barrelshaped of all sizes are substituted. They talk of everything here, from the cost of Labrador herring to the Fishery Commission, but cannot tell me what either of them will cost at the year's end, and from a fish-wife's *trousseau* to an Admiral's nuptials they are equally at sea, or at fault, till one feels disposed to exclaim, a truce-o-truce to such gossip. Yet I only reply in such cases, "Tell it to the Marines!" The Marines they say are the P. E. Islanders, but Acadia is held to be the land of the Sub-marines, since the cables were stretched from Cape Rae to Cape North, and from Valentia to Torbay, and thence to Rye Beach, where the old rye obtains notoriety. These ropes connect us with the Buoys and Boys of brother JONATHAN, who come over like guys in the guise of fishermen of the Maine state, to reap the in-shore privileges of the Treaty, and post up the books of the Fishery Commission, still sitting and setting their respective nets, to catch the award, and finally distribute the net proceeds. If they don't kill me here with kindness, I shall hail from this (after dinner) Port, so long as Toronto shall bow to the reign of GRIP, and Halifax shall correspond.

I am writing as the clubbists say, forment (the sanctum of the Baker, whose loafing consists not in the use of spring wheat flour, but in the abuse of a May-flower not native to, or sintered to, the taste of the com-

munity, but in this regard there are differing views according to the standpoint of the beholder, just as GRIP of late described them in pictorial cartoon, as a contribution to Marine History. Since that burlesque exhibition of one editor others of the editorial fraternity have displayed an itching to be similarly honoured! One of them exhibits a disposition to invite trials of skill with everybody on every disputable topic. This gentleman or co-editor has already enjoyed one trial in the Superior Court, and at a place named KENT, after the Duke of that Ville, and was invited to pay five hundred dollars for the promotion of courtesy in manner editorial! The man who did it for him is known as M. P. WOODWORTH. The aggrieved man of the press has since made war, in Turkish or rushing style, on every one bearing the appellative "WOODWORTH," between this town and Washington, until his mental perception is dazed, and he now goes maandering about the fuel yards alternately saying to himself and the forestallers of slabs, what is WOODWORTH? This same party offers to wager two to one in red cents, 1st That Sir JOHN A. never made Halifax the winter port of Canada; 2nd That he never will make any winter port for Canada except Portland! 3rd That nobody else can make a winter port, except Premier MACKENZIE, and he only after LAURIER's election is assured! 4th That the Veiled and Coffined Ministry has been improperly blamed for protection in general, and protection of Portland *versus* Halifax in particular; 5th That the *Mail* of Toronto declared that the government should not do anything more than appoint Halifax as the winter *Mail*-point; and 6th That the summer port is quite unimportant or like the last resort of "any port in a storm!" Cannot you with old Boreas and the Weather Prophet, settle these port-able questions in a summary way? Pray do and send printed particulars, on the wings of your Press, for

ONE OF YOUR MARINE STAFF.

The Gladstonian Opinion.

MR. GLADSTONE having been asked whether, if Canadian interest demanded differential duties in favor of American goods, Canada would be permitted to levy them, replies that no country but Britain would regard the question as an open one, and that the views of the Colonial Office and British Government of the day would settle the matter.—*British News*.

Sage WILLIAM, ever known so trebly wise,
As on each point to see three courses clear,
Let GRIP, who sees through plain Canadian eyes,
Inform you there are no three courses here.

These questions, and all questions such as these,
Have been transferred to Canada alone;
Great Britain's sovereignty holds; but please
Know this: Canadians' commerce is their own.

You know full well, when Britain duties laid
On every cargo bought of foreign grain,
She favouring discrimination made
On each colonial ship which crossed the main.

But your Free Traders—and some help they had
From you—repealed all customs such as these;
"Who cares for colonists?" they cried, "Get mad?
Why, let 'em, and cut off too if they please!"

It was a heavy blow; and since that day
Your men—your money—built up Yankee land.
You send them forty for one sent our way,
Now, WILLIAM, GRIP would make you understand.

It was your act—that day you cut the tie,
What you had loosened how could we unite?
Yet leave us to ourselves, and by-and-by,
It may be we will make the matter right.

We do not wish the Empire great to leave,
Which better men once ruled—now overruled
By money-makers; but you may perceive
Keen friend, how narrow your our road have made.

Two courses and no more we have to-day;
We must have liberty to live, and make
Our living here by such commercial way
As our commercial interests bid us take;

Or we must join the States: not with our will,
But forced by stern inexorable fate,
Drive us not thither, GLADSTONE, Britain still
Would mourn the action—and would mourn too late.

An Order Solicited.

If the Manitoba *Free Press* expresses the views of the general public of that Province on the subject of M. CAUCHON's appointment as Lieut. Governor, there is a likelihood that the gates of the North West will be shut against him. And if it is the intention of History to repeat itself, GRIP would notify M. CAUCHON that he has a very complete job office, and can get out a Pamphlet, like that written by Mr. MACDOUGALL, with neatness, cheapness and dispatch.