



RESPECTFULLY SUBMITTED TO

*Th. Nast.*

### FREE TRADE HAS CONQUERED PROTECTION.

UNCLE SAM PAYING TRIBUTE TO JOHN BULL IN THE FORM OF PROFITS OF AMERICAN CONCERNS NOW BEING BOUGHT UP BY BRITISH CAPITALISTS.

### HOW SAM JONES GOT TO CHAUTAUQUA.

WHEN they sent for me to lecture at Chautauqua-on-the-Lake, They told me how to "Git.Thar,"—which line I was to take— So after quite a journey, that took up a day and night, I arrived with my portmanteau at Niagara all right.

But still I hadn't got thar—and how to reach the ground Was what I wanted to enquire, so I started ramblin' round To find a livin' specimen of the *genus* human race, (If such a thing existed) who would show me to the place.

At last, beside a goose path, a-baskin' in the sun, I came across a citizen—a moss-backed, aged one, Who sat there sort o' dozin' and a-mutterin' in his dream 'Gainst modern improvements and enterprise and scam.

Says I, "Friend, I'm a stranger, will you be so good as show Me how to reach Chautauqua?"—he fiercely answered, "No!" And the moss it fairly bristled on that ancient party's back, And he ground his few remaining teeth till you could hear 'em crack.

"Chautauqua, bah! don't mention it, the name most drives me mad!"

And he shook his fists and cursed and swore in language very bad—

"It's been the ruin of our town," says he, "this 'Sembly Fake, This measly institution—Chautauqua-on-the-Lake."

"But why," says I, in soothing strain, "I hardly understand How it could be your ruin, but on the other hand, By bringin' crowds of strangers (for which," says I, "there's room.)

It ought to work the other way and give the town a boom."

Says he, "You *are* a stranger—that there is plain enough, Or you would never talk to me such senseless, silly guff; A boom is jest what we don't want—it goes agin our views, When business is a-rushin' how can our people snooze?"

"It makes me mad as thunder," says he, "to think our town Gave 'em five thousand dollars,"—and here he fetched a groan— "Gave 'em five thousand dollars—at one tremendous sweep— To help the pesky scheme along—and rob ourselves of sleep!"

"O, cusses on our Council—I cuss 'em day and night, For votin' 'way our money and bringin' on this blight!" "But where's the harm it's done you," says I, "O wrathful sir?" "Harm!" screamed the aged citizen, "the town's begun to stir!"

"You see that grass on Main street, it's gettin' worn away— It used to be the fav'rit place where children used to play; And look at them poor frightened geese a-wanderin' up an' down, They used to feel contented 'fore Chautauqua struck the town!"

"An' all about you see the signs of turmoil and unrest, Our folks no longer go around without a coat and vest; Old fences hev been straightened up, and broken panes put in, Improvement's blighted every-thing—I tell you it's a sin!"

"And wo'st of all, a change

has come acrost the *people* here, There's some of 'em who see these things, but never shed a tear! The younger ginneration don't seem to have no cling, But b'lieve in steam and telegraphs, an' all that sort o' thing.

"It makes me sick. Well, stranger, go on about your biz., And hunt for your Chautauqua—and find out where it is; I'm going up to the churchyard—that's where I mostly stays— It seems more like Niagara was in the other good old days!"

### "GRIP'S" CRONY CLUB.

SIXTH NIGHT.

"AS the weather is becoming unpleasantly warm for indoor entertainment, gentlemen," said MR. GRIP, on taking the chair at the last meeting of the Crony Club,

"it has been decided that we adjourn severally to Muskoka or elsewhere for a few weeks. And that our closing meetin' may have even greater *eclat* than usual, we have dispensed with the chance-work of balloting to-night and made a straight engagement with the distinguished song and dance artists, Charlton and McCarthy, who will appear in their celebrated Brothers act." (Loud applause.)

