

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The grabeat Best is the Ass; the grabeat Bird is the Owl;
The grabeat Fish is the Oyster; the grabeat Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 28TH JULY, 1877.

The Liquor Nuisance.

When the dog catchers go their daily round
To seize the vagrant curs that may be found,
There's not, in all the crowd about the cart,
A single voice that takes the mongrel's part;
No moistening eye, no eloquent appeals,
No special pleadings—everybody feels
The brute's a nuisance to the very sight—
Moreover he's a danger—he can bite;
So when into the trap he's neatly turned,
"Good riddance!" is the cry of all concerned.

The Public Mind, thus sensibly expressed,
GRIP would direct upon another pest
Tenfold more gross, that runs in freedom here,
The Liquor Nuisance—whiskey, wine and beer.

This is a cur—a very beast of prey,
That roams our city's streets both night and day,
A monster whose foul, pestilential breath
On all it touches brings the blight of death.
But now the Public heart is beating high
In hopes his end at length is drawing nigh,
So let each valiant arm its right assume,
Let's scoop him up and cart him to his doom!

The Land of Liberty.

SCENES AT WASHINGTON.

Enter President HAYES, followed by three clerks with despatches. To them enter more clerks with more despatches. To them Senators, Congressmen, members of the Government and officials of all descriptions in confusion.

FIRST CONGRESSMAN.—Great snakes! President, yew air called on tew dew suthin instantner. Our great and glorious nation is convulsin in the grasp of faction, the fiends of destruction and rapacity stalk defiantly among us. Pillage shakes her grisly mane, and homicide bares her hideous visage, and air about tew—

Enter another CONGRESSMAN.—President, the free and independent citizens of Philadelphia air consumin' the city.

ANOTHER SENATOR.—President, the mob of New York, instigated by the tyrants of the old and effete, rotten and tyrannous monarchies of Europe, has riz in their might, and air burnin' that village, I guess.

CITIZEN OF WASHINGTON.—They are comin' here. I know they are coming here. Emissaries of the South are here in shoals, hopin' for vengeance. They're all mixed up. The niggers is goin' to rise. I demand that this all-fired nation call out 300,000 men for the protection of the capital city.

CROWD OF RAILROAD SPECULATORS (running in and surrounding the President).—President, we demand protection for our property. The free and enlightened citizens air excited, and are destroyin' the foundations of this republic, which is railroad stock. President, we require 1,000,000 troops at once, or this great republic sinks in everlastin' smash, her armour on her back.

CROWD OF WOMEN (pushing away R. R. men).—President we demand protection! Everything is going to be smashed. They will kill us all! O! o-o-o-o!

STRONG-MINDED FEMALE OF WOMAN'S RIGHTS CLUB.—President, the country is safe. Her men are failin' and quiverin' in the agony of terror, but her wimmen air left. President, I demand that 2,000,000 able-bodied females be placed under arms at once. We shall take charge of this house, and run the thing in future. Man hez failed. Wimmen's time approaches. She shall elevate herself on the pedestal of immortal fitness, and scream her—

MERCHANTS (running in).—Good Gracious, President, they air burnin' our warehouses; they air distributin' our goods; they hev fired our cars loaded with merchandise. Cannot you—

PRESIDENT.—Silence, Silence, Silence! I have been called, at a great and momentous crisis—

CROWD OF SENATORS (running in).—President, they are burning Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, the mob is triumphant everywhere. Can't yew dew suthin?

PRESIDENT.—Silence! I have been called—but I cannot answer so many calls at once. Where is General SHERIDAN (enter the General) General, What is to be done?

GENERAL SHERIDAN.—Put it down at once! Crush it in the bud!

Hang all the railway men—no, perhaps, not all of them; but the ring-leaders. That is the way to do it.

PRESIDENT.—But, sir, we have disbanded our armies. This country is not a European monarchy, to be ruled by force or terror. We air free and—

GENERAL.—President, as you say, you have discharged your army. Well, yew had better get some of it together, if yew wish to keep your property together at all. I tell yew, President, there's nothing on airth to keep yew from bein' at the mercy of a mob in ten days, and yourself jerked out and tarred and feathered, if they don't hang yew.

PRESIDENT.—Good heavens. Hang their President! Well, they shot LINCOLN, sure enough. General, shall I try to get you troops. Do your best! For heaven's sake, save the country!

SCENE AT PITTSBURG.

All the railway property on fire, corpses lying in all directions, troops being driven off by the mob, reign of saturnalia existing.

DEMAGOGUE (addressing mob).—My free and enlightened friends, foller me! Air yew going tew be ground deown under the armed heel of tyranny and oppression? Air they tew roll in kerridges and yew lie on corn husks? Gentlemen, this air not a railway war! This air a risin' of the great and glorious people against them tyrants! What right hev they tew them millions? What claim hez VANDERBILT tew eighty millions (Cries from mob, "Take them from him; hang him!"). What right has HILTON tew STEWART'S millions? Gentlemen, citizens of a free and enlightened nation, I call on yew tew vindicate the fame of yewr ancestors who crushed tyrants under their foot, and everlastingly briled the spirit of aristocracy on the immortal gridiron of the stars and stripes, tew free yewr oppressed land! Divide the millions! Take the ships! Seize the banks! Distribute the hoarded gold among a free people who owns it! Kill all who oppose it! Deown with tyranny! Hooray for the eternal principles of communism under which this great nation is about to enrol itself! Hooray for universal suffrage, universal property, universal rights generally, wimmen's rights, free love, free property, free everything! (Mob, very drunk and covered with blood, Hooray! Hooray!)

Alas Poor Jack!

The Yankees have discovered a drug that cures bashfulness, and now our Grit contributor wickedly suggests that six barrels of it be administered to Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD.

Let Us Go.

The heated term has made a start;
We feel it in our bones;
The water from the water cart
Falls hissing on the stones.

The heat is scorching all around;
The paint is blistering deep;
All dried up is the garden ground
Full quarter fathom deep.

The horses can't get up a run;
The driver cannot flog;
The postman scarcely through the sun
With letter bag can jog.

The spaniel barks at him no more;
Half cooked he lies beside
The threshold of the great hall door,
For coolness opened wide.

Oh, shall we to the seaside go
And float upon the waves?
The haunts of fishes shall we know,
And find the mermaid's caves?

Or shall we travel to the north
And by some river sit,
And watch the rattlesnake come forth,
And be by flies y'bit?

Or shall we chase the antlered deer
With rifle through the trees?
Alas, 'twould be than staying here
More hot by ten degrees.

Let's freight a ship with ice, and bear
Straight for the Arctic Main,
And take another cargo there
And then come back again.

The cooler weather will be here
Before we do return.
Up anchor, ho!—the harbour clear
Ere to a coal we burn.

Oh, bear us to the Frozen Sea
And let the frozen breeze
Blow down upon us freezingly.
Oh, for a jolly freeze!