

G R I P.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The greatest Beast in the Sea; the greatest Bird is the Owl;
The greatest Fish is the Oyster; the greatest Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 20TH JULY, 1878.

To the Montreal (and other) Catholics.

Put priestcraft all aside, and calm remember
Those common rights, important, broad and great,
Which any day, bright May or dark December,
You with your rivals well might celebrate.

Why should you grudge them this their celebration?
Gained you no blessings from Boyne's oft told fray?
Think of the liberty the British nation,
Or Roman or Genevan, won that day.

Say, was it Protestants alone invited
The German monarch to the British land?
Think of the Catholics who deep had plighted
Assistance ere he stepped upon the strand.

Priests still are priests, and Protestant or Roman
If lightly checked are apt to override,
Think of your France, Spain, Italy—was no man
Compelled to stem their overbearing pride?

The work was done for you—the Boyne's red water
Told Rome in Britain that she ruled no more
In matters temporal, but never taught her
In spiritual she was not as before.

Did churchly counsels not oppress the nation,
When British isles were Catholic alone?
Think of the fierce long excommunication
In JOHN'S old day, ere Protestants were known.

It was for you, as well as every other
In Britain that the Boyne was crossed that day,
Why not all feelings of resentment smother?
For you they forward moved on Freedom's way.

Those rights yourselves, as others of the nation,
Enjoy each day you live beneath the sun,
Why not then join them in the celebration
Of that great day on which those rights were won?

The Hot Weather.

To a being gifted with brilliant conceptions, fiery ideas, red hot opinions, burning thoughts, souls of flame, hearts of fire, radiations of intellect, flashes of genius, lambent streams of ever incandescent visions, pouring lava-like across the vast Vesuvius of his glowing mind,—a being like GRIP, for instance, the present weather is insufferable. For why, it is as hot outside as inside, and there is no escape, not even if he went beside himself and stood there, or got out of his head and remained on the top. What was he to do? The furniture was scorching—the sofa beginning to fizz. He called to his household—they came rushing with that tremulous fear inspired by the dread extremity of a mighty being—as the compositor said when G. B. threatened to kick him). They put GRIP in a vast refrigerator; it would not do; volumes of steam poured out and the apparatus was on the point of blowing up. They took him out and put him in a deep cellar; it was no use; the planks were catching, and the fire brigade driving down the street. They sunk him in the Bay up to the neck; but the great heat imparted to the water caused the fishes to come up dead in all directions, and they took him out at the prayers of the fishermen. They put him in a deep well and it dried; they would have put him in the Yorkville Reservoir but for the consequences to the water supply of the city. No more ice was to be procured; damp towels were nowhere, the excitement was tremendous, when it was suggested that he read a *Globe* editorial. He read one which told him that colonists were kept for what was made out of them—that he was a sort of chattel, in fact—that the mother country “chiefly desired and valued Canadian trade”—nothing else. The perusal of this diabolical piece of coolness collapsed GRIP; cold shivers went down his spine—icy tremors succeeded, and for the rest of the week, no butter could be cut in his domicile without a hot knife, and even then he had to go and stand outside.

Unparalleled Corruption.

GRIP might have kept the following letter in concealment, and thus respected private confidence and preserved his own respectability at the same time; but, being seized with the spirit of virtuous indignation which at present pervades the Conservative press among Hon. S. C. Wood's letter to Father STAFFORD, he casts off all unworthy though natural regard for his own reputation, and prints it in all its unspeakable deformity:

(Private).

OTTAWA, July 1, '78.

Mister GRIP,

SIR:—Enclosed please find a cheque for \$1,500, for which be good enough to send a copy of your paper regularly to the parties named on the enclosed slip. These parties have not asked me to have your paper sent, but I am sure they will thank me for it. They are living in out-of-the-way places, and I have reason to believe are grovelling in gross ignorance of the vital questions of the day. I believe that your paper will be the means of giving them clear and intelligent ideas, not to mention the utility of the cartoons as decorations for the walls of their humble abodes. Being under the firm conviction that your paper is a great blessing to the country, I feel it a privilege as well as a duty to do all in my power towards securing it a wide circulation, and will be glad to hear of other poor persons for whom I can subscribe.

Yours very respectfully,

ONE OF THE OPPOSITION LEADERS.

GRIP will not dwell here on this flagrant evidence of his own corruption and that of his correspondent; that can be more impartially done by the *Mail*: but he further submits a brief letter, just received from a settler back of Lindsay, which speaks for itself:

BACK WOODS, July 13.

Misther GRIP,

SUR:—I am wan av thim that Misther WOOD sint the *Thribune* to, an I ax a shmall shpace in your paper to inter my protist agin the outrage av sindin me the *Thribune*. Sur, fwat right has thim mimbres av MGWAT'S Government for to mannyfacture publick opinion loike that? Sure, befoor they sint me the *Thribune* I didn't rade anny papers, an I was a gud Consarvatiff wid regards to National Policy an the loikes av that, an luck at me now! Sur, be redin the *Thribune* I have been compelled to change me views, an now I am goin to vote for the Government. I wud like to know af I must stan this. Must I be obliged to swally Reform doctrines agin me will in this way widout anny revinge? Waitin for an answer, belave me

MICHAEL MURPHY.

Carry Me Away.

O carry me to the far North Pole,
And unto the Frözen Sea,
And chop me out a caverned hole,
And in it deposit me.

And leave me some bottles of soda store,
And a corkscrew nigh at my hand;
And never you bother with me no more
All up in the Frozen land.

And send you along by the telegraph line
Of icy cream a pile.
And some dozens or so of some good old wine;
That can stand in the snow for a while.

And give me some brands of a good cigar,
In my pocket some matches stick,
And deposit me under the Great North Star,
Ere I die of ca-lo-ric.

Grip Settles It.

“I MUST walk,” roared the Orangeman, dressed in tremendous red bag and many colored ribbons.

“Faith, then, it is I have got to walk,” screeched the Wild Irishman of the Seventeenth, clad in green, carrying a big harp on a clothes pole.

“I must walk!” yelled the Young Briton, “Who'll binder me?” and he looked round for pistols and clubs and things.

“We shall walk; divil a wan can shtop us,” shouted the Young Hibernians, waving their shillelaghs.

And they came to GRIP. HE said

“You want to walk?” They said

“Yes!” HE said

“You shall. And keep right on. And go straight. And never turn round. And never stop.”

WE call the attention of the *Globe* to the fact that JOHN A. hasn't as yet said a word in praise of the acquisition of Cyprus. This is another evidence of the contempt he entertains for the British Empire.