

The Plan for the Poor.

Oh sweet beneath the summer trees,
To breathe the country air,
And list the hum of merry bees,
And view the landscape fair.

The grassy fields of gayest green,
The woodland's darker shade,
The bounteous gifts of harvest seen,
On every side arrayed.

How joyous must the rustics be,
Who tread this pleasant ground—
How calm of soul—of heart how free,
Who such delights surround!

A share of what they have to give—
They're always ready, sure,
To those who still must with them live—
The sick, and weak, and poor.

They've done a little in this line,
(And GRIP may herewith say,
Their plan had illustration fine,
In Norfolk t'other day.)

They get a house—these rustics good,
Of timber light and thin,
Of dryish and well seasoned wood,
And put the poor folks in.

Their consciences it does'nt prick,
In truth, without pretence,
'Tis cheaper far than building brick,
And in a double sense.

'Twill catch on fire; that's pretty sure
And certain, soon or late,
And then the well deserving poor
Meet with a happy fate.

At once delivered from their woe,
From earth they straight repair,
Unto their Maker's presence go,
And tell who sent them there.

This was, as GRIP but now did say,
In Norfolk lately seen,
A large procession went this way,
It numbered seventeen.

When blind, and paralysed, and lame,
Went off to realms of space,
Went in a chariot of flame,
To their appointed place.

From whence, no doubt, their prayers ascend,
On each and every day,
That those who did them kindly send,
In hurry on the way.

Shall meet such recompense as He
Who sends the harvest fair,
May think the due of those to be
Who thus His blessings share.

The Rayson, Bodad!

THE *Irish Canadian* has been very sensibly told by "Educationist" in the *Mut* that Separate Schools are a nuisance and should be abated. But "great events from little causes spring," and here is a little cuss—we mean cause—clogging the mighty flow of the *Irish Canadian's* generous soul. The *Irish Canadian* has a little *Irish Canadian* separated from evil at a Separate School. What!—shall he injure his prospects of undefiled Catholicity? No, he says, in his newspaper, the burning power of which is apparent in his words—so quiet—so uninflated. He "will not sacrifice to the appeasement of "Educationist," in a policy of wicked and silly cowardice, five precious years of the seed-time for that intellectual growth which is to determine the lot of life of his eldest child!" Whoop! Thread on that, av ye plaze!

"Meantime," writes a grandiloquent Toronto daily on Wills, "a due regard for domestic responsibility should induce everybody not to defer those proper testamentary arrangements which ten seconds may make too late." Grandiloquent should have reflected that it was too late for the ten-seconders anyway, and that it wasn't fair to come down so hard on folks so near their end. Let 'em die in peace.

The New York Lodgor.

GRIP has perused this valuable paper. The characters, being the creation of American authors, are probably drawn from real life in the States, as certainly there is nothing like them anywhere else, if there is there. From this it appears that the majority of Yankee husbands are quite ready to poison their wives, and generally do it, unless their wives get the start of them, which they not unfrequently do. Servants too, in that happy land, are always willing to put their masters to death, if they can get a small sum in pecuniary recompense for so doing. If you happen to get on board ship, the crew will be sure to mutiny if they see a chance of making five dollars each, or if any influential sailor tells them to do so, when they will immediately proceed in the most matter of course way to put you to death by the most disagreeable tortures. Clerks only refrain from robbing their employers for fear of losing their character, and seldom on account of that. Railway employees, conductors, cabmen, and policemen can be induced by promise of anything in the way of money to kill, rob, pitch off trains, mislead, entrap, kidnap, and annoy in various remarkable and deadly manners the travellers under their charge. All the hotels have secret doors, private passages, oubliettes, villainous landlords, and employees quite free from virtues of any description. The roads are all through deep forests, which are so full of thieves, brigands, tramps, discharged soldiers, runaway apprentices, and persons of dissolute character, that no more can be stuck in except they are put on the few unoccupied branches. Then the country is full of precipices, down which it is apparently a legal regulation that all mail coaches shall be thrown once a week. All the farmers take in boarders during the summer, generally good-looking and agreeable young men and women, who get married during the season, after which the farmer and his wife put them to death, bury them under the barn, and appropriate their valuables. All the public men make money by speculation. All the mob are prepared to destroy anybody. All the women are of inferior character. All the houses are of unsafe reputation. Nobody, as a general thing, has any idea of honest principles. Anyone who has, gets them intuitively, not by education. All the judges are corrupt, all the lawyers are untrue to their clients, all the doctors kill their patients, all the ministers have little belief in the doctrines they preach. Through this moral Slough of Despond struggle a few beings of a sort of negative and rather milksop goodness, who are rewarded by an income, at length, of a good many dollars a year, and the privilege of getting married, and living in the remarkable pleasant country their chief novelists describe, and which, if it be not so, or escape becoming so, will not so escape by fault of the said novelists.

Song of the London "Advertiser."

ON THE CONTINUAL BANKRUPTCIES.

"Many are going and more will go,
Many go every day,
Bankrupt merchants, a dismal row
Silently passing away.

"Commerce and trade fall right and left,
Manufacturers smash;
Keen money-makers from business reft
In the universal crash.

"Recklessness must have been very extreme
Awful incaution; that's so.
Sharp business men too, who ever would dream
That they would be tumbled so low?"

Thus sang the 'Tizer of London the small,
Of London away in the west,
But of the true CAUSE it said nothing at all
Careful hid that in its breast,

Never a word that our rulers select
Had carelessly pushed to the wall,
All by refusing a tariff correct,
Trade, business, commerce, and all.

Nothing of this had the 'Tizer espied,
And of it no word said he;
For the 'Tizer he sticks to the government side,
And the 'Tizer can't anything see.

The Worn-out Orator.

I've shouted till my skull's near cracked
About that used up Dunkin Act.
In amphitheatres and halls
I've listened to the horrid squalls
Of people who suppose that way
They'll drown all orators can say.
I will not say which party I
Assisted, and I'll tell you why—
Had t'other party better paid
They had obtained my worthy aid.
But this I ask of you to say—
Where's there another contest, pray?