

Trying to "Pick a Crow."

QUOTH the Guelph Herald:

"But 'things have changed since Hannah died,' and GRIP is one of the 'things.' In his last issue he says, 'He made fun of the National Policy because its variations appeared to him to have more of the ludicrous than of the serious in them, but the sovereign public evidently took a different view, and perhaps the sovereign public is wiser than GRIP in this matter.' The truth of the matter is, that he made fun of the National Policy because, being an in and in bred Grit, he refused to understand it; and because he, being only Grit and nothing more, was led to believe that the National Policy people were in a hopeless minority. He finds his mistake, and now follows the crowd."

The writer of this is a good young man, who wouldn't wilfully misrepresent GRIP or anybody else, but alas! he is rash and hasty, like most youths, and sadly given to jumping at conclusions. Where does he get his evidence that GRIP has changed his opinion about the variations of the National Policy? He has no such evidence; he assumes it, because GRIP was modest enough to say that perhaps the majority were right and he wrong on this subject. GRIP has not changed his opinion, which is that the National Policy, as variously propounded by the Conservative leaders in the various Provinces, is impracticable. The opinion of the *Herald*, and a large majority of the people is, that this Policy *can* and *will* be put into practice as propounded. GRIP will change his opinion frankly when he sees that done, and will be as happy as a loyal subject can be, if it works well and brings the blessings its advocates promise. In the meantime, with the kind permission of the *Herald*, he will retain his present opinion of the Policy.

As to "following the crowd," the youthful critic apparently means that GRIP will henceforth support Sir JOHN through thick and thin (as the *Herald* does), though now GRIP could do this if he is an "in and in bred Grit only Grit and nothing more" as this young person says, it is hard to see. GRIP will support Sir JOHN whenever he conscientiously believes that gentleman to be right, and oppose him whenever he is wrong. That has been his policy in the past, as regarded both MACDONALD and MACKENZIE, and he will not desert it to follow either crowd. The *Herald* man as a partizan has no doubt felt GRIP's sting, but neither he nor any of the brethren on either side can point out a single one of the cartoons that was not justified by fact—which is more than can be said of many "stinging" *Herald* articles.

The Mail's Complaint.

Were ever fellows treated in this beastly way before?
The Grits have been defeated—their reign of power is o'er,
The fishes, loaves, and fleshpots, they all belong to us,
And yet we haven't got 'em—'tis enough to make us cuss!

Here with greedy maw we're waiting to pounce upon the fat,
We've been *five years* out of office—only think of that!
If they don't resign instantar, there's got to be a war
For we can't endure to see the spoils so near and yet so far!

Now, what's MACKENZIE doing there, a clinging to his place?
He's giving all the loot away to Grits—O vile disgrace!
He's filling all the offices, *aha!* it must be true
Since that's what our dear chieftain Sir JOHN was wont to do.

What! shall the conquering heroes stand several days and whine
Because the base MACKENZIE don't hasten to resign?
No! we will not be tortured thus, we swear by all the powers,
We've won the sweets of office—they *must* and *shall* be ours!

The country crowds behind us and echoes our demand,
While groans and lamentations arise on every hand.
The starving people clamour for the glorious N. P.,
And still the Grits hold office, to mock their miser-ee!!

With longing eyes and wat'ring mouths, denoting hunger's pang,
We await the resignation of MACKENZIE and his gang,
If it don't come very shortly—we threaten nothing rash—
But we'll raise a revolution and knock things all to smash!!

John Plowman at the Fair.

Toronto, Sept. 25.

Dear wife TILDY:

I arrive here in the sitty all rite, and i am havin a big time. The fair is a success. The guvener general was up tother day an made a speech, it was the bes speech i ever heerd better than JAMES STOKES our skulemaster cud make i bet. You would like the guvener if you seen him, he is the smartest man i know on. Wat i like him for most of all is he don't put on no style like. He aint got half the airs about him that young TOM SMITH has, an TOM SMITH don't know nothin at all to wat the guvener dus. I did not know the guv. wen i fust went in the fair ground, an i was standin there gazin at a feller with a short stick an hair parted into the middle an a pair of goggles on, an seemin to feel disgusted. I wen any fellers wot hadn't good close ken nigh him. Thinks

i that there's the guvener sure, an he can't help but feel that his blud is bettern the blud of the farmin community. But wot was my surprise wen i found out this chap wasn't nothin but a dry goods clark, an the guvener was that other gent with the plain close on an smilin at the people as if he knowed every one. I cudn't help but open me mouth, an i am glad you wasn't thar or you woud a ben jerkin my cote tale as usual wen i open my mouth that way among strangers.

TILDY, i tell you Mister DUFFERIN is a prime feller, i kep my eye on him all that day an i hev ben to all the big things they hev got up for him, an if there's any man in Toronto that has dun more shoutin from his hart for the guv. then i hev i want to know it. I woud like to invite him to cum out an visit to our place, i know he wuddn't be no trouble around the house. an we cud come in to dinner in our shirt sleeves as usual an he wuddn't care a sent's worth. But this can't be did as the guv. is goin away to-morrow, an i'm right sorry i tell you, i hope the next gent is a guvener of the same kind cause that's the sort we hanker arter, they say he is a purty good feller an real clever and his wife is the Queen's darter.

Besides the guvener general there is a lot of fine horses and cattle hear. They git ahead of anything we have got on our place, some on 'em is fat as ennything. The crowd that was there was tremenjis, they must hev took between two hundred dollars at the gate. The railroad kears is doin a slashin bisness an the show of poultry is large an extensive, i will sen you a *Globe* paper containin wat G. BROWN sez about the short horns and cettery, i bot the *Globe* instead of the *Male* cause it is bigger an all the same price.

I went to the thater on Munday nite. I kno I promist you I wuddnt go thar, but i didnt go to see the play actors but to hev another squint at the guvener. He was ther and sot in a square box stall, an larled an so furth like he wasnt nobody in petickler as usal. I must confess i did take a sort ov squint at the play fellers too, woust in a wile, just to rest my eyes kind of. They called the play the lady of lyons, but i didnt see no lyons, nor no lady goin into the cage. There was a yung woman named ADA CAVENDISH, an it was all about her an a yung feller named PITOU, they went an got marred, then she got mad cause it turned out he wasnt no guvner genrel, nor nothin, wen he had give himself out for to be sich, then she rared up an smashed things an twisted her face all out of shape an asked him how he liked the picter. Then he sed he didnt want to have no more truck with her, an she cud go home agin, an wen her dad an mammy kem to take her home. jist like all you winmin folks she didnt want to go. So Mister PITOU went an jined the Queen's Own, an fit bravely up in the park to the torchlight demonstrations an cettery, an then kem back with a big salerry, an made it all snug an was happy as a clam, an then down kem the big curtain an the fiddlers played "God Save the Queen." It was a splendid show, an i wud go agin if it wasn't wicked. I haint seen no gal i like bettern you yit, so bleeve me to be

Yours truly,

J. PLOWMAN.

"Cheer, Boys, Cheer!"

As tariff literature is popular at present the following lively parody which appeared in the *Grumbler* in 1859, may be read with interest.

Cheer boys cheer, don't dream of idle sorrow,

GALT and his tariff shall guide us on our way;

If you've no cash, why hang you can't you borrow,

And quite forget, as a thing of course, to pay.

Yes cheer boys cheer, though taxes grind and crush, yet

Some things are left us cheaper than before;

Brandy, for instance, so please the pigs, we'll lush yet,

And hurrah! for GALT and his tariff evermore.

Then cheer boys cheer for brandy, cheaper brandy:

Cheer boys cheer for the luscious *can de vie*;

Cheer boys cheer for cigars and wines to flavour,

Cheaper and better each jolly, roaring spree.

Cheer boys cheer, though ancient ladies splutter.

Over new taxes on sugar, coffee, tea,

Though grasping merchants fret and fume and flutter,

And all books are taxed ten per cent., lads, what care we?

We've long ble! for our horns, boys, pretty smartly,

But good times are coming, for GALT's a jolly soul,

He makes the poor man pay high for books and sugar,

Whilst on the drink, why he lowers, lads, the toll!

Then cheer, boys, cheer, for brandy, cheaper brandy,

Cheer, boys, cheer, for the luscious *can de vie*,

Cheer, boys, cheer, ard toast GALT right and left, too,

Whene'er you meet for a jolly, roaring spree.

AN orator who was much in demand in political campaigns, being asked by an admirer the secret of his success, replied: "When I have facts, I give 'em facts; but when I haven't I yell and saw the air."