

Letter from a Nobleman.

Lord BLOODYBONES has lately sent several letters to the London papers, which have excited much interest. GRIP might explain, however, that those were not the original letters. His lordship, an old acquaintance of GRIP'S, sent them to this office to be toned down and prepared for publication. As the Canadian public might like to see the originals, GRIP prints one:—

To the Editor of the Times.

SIR:—Blood! Fee! Faw! Fum! I smell it! I must have it! What! Are we to lose our *prestige*? Is the conquering banner of our supremacy to be trailed in the dust? Never! War! War! War! I have twenty cousins in the army raving for promotion. Battle! Death! Let us ensanguine; let us imbrue! Not myself personally; my affairs will keep me at home. But my cousins shall fight to the bitter end. I'll see if there's no public way of providing for them, if the Competitive Examination obstacle does cut them off from the Civil Service.

What if the nations of the Continent have great armies and conscriptions? So must we! What if they are down to starvation point, bread and water, through it? So must our populace. They are too well fed in Britain. Look at their strikes? Look at them, quarrelling with their own bread and butter! Make them fight! Let grape and canister teach them what they are! Conscript a million at once, and send them to attack the Russians. Conscript another million, and hold Germany in check with them! That's the way NELSON, or WELLINGTON, or FREDERICK, or NERO, or any of those sterling Conservatives would have talked!

No, Sir. We are going all wrong. Our Colonies. Yes. Send a strong force, conscript all the available men, bring them over to attack Austria if she says anything! Make every Colony double its debt, and send us the proceeds. If they won't, hang the leaders, and let their successors do it.

"The flag that braved"—yes, that's the way to talk. Britannia rules the waves. Let us go in! Let us have a shindy! Let us kill *somebody*! Build ironclads, raise armies, increase the debt, fling out your banners on the outward wall, and if manufacture, commerce, trade and agriculture all go to the deuce, let us take our old pre-eminence among the nations, cut as many throats as we can, and if necessary, then go into bankruptcy.

Yours,
BLOODYBONES.

P.S.—I don't mean to say any one is or has been or is about to be injuring us. But we are too quiet, sir, too quiet for the British lion. We must kill a great number of people at once, or our reputation is gone.

It is not True.

Did it ever occur to anybody that all advertisers are most abominable liars—except one? They all declare their goods the best and cheapest. Did any one ever notice the amount of lies necessarily told by a lawyer who defends criminals; always, of course, telling his clients. "tell me just how it was, or I can't help you?" Did they ever think of the number of falsehoods manufactured by the medical profession, to "keep up the spirits"? Did any one ever imagine how many—of the whitest kind—the clergy tell, by not giving rich members of the flock their true opinion of their moral state? Did ever any one try to count the vast multitude which no man can number told over the counter? Did any one ever notice how many of the same sort are told about the circulation of newspapers? Has any one thought of the quantity uttered by insurance agents, or circulated by book peddlars? Or the falsehoods of omission, such as when our big dailies wish to prove a point, and forget something to do it? Did any one think of how many a day ascend from the market? It is a sad reflection, but it is much to be feared that the Recording Angel, mentioned by Mr. STERNE, has had, before now, greatly to enlarge his staff in the Falsehood Department.

The Butter Humbug.

GRIP of highest topics sings,
But to-day with drooping wings,
From Parnassus' lowest grade,
Softly rhymes the butter trade.

Canada has pastures green,
Cows as good as e'er were seen,
Milkmaids clever many a score,
Yet her butter's "grease"—no more.

So it ranks all markets in,
So for forty years has been,
Such the way Canadians wise,
Do their country advertise.

One well framed "Inspection Bill,"
Would have cured the matter, still,
Governments which we put in,
For such matters care no pin.

Great SIR JOHN had twenty years.
No improvement still appears.
Great MACKENZIE four years more,
Things are as they were before.

Had it been an Orange Bill,—
Its discussion miles would fill,
Grievance Catholic to state—
Leagues would scantily hold the plate.

Railway wanted not all,
Weeks would keep the House in squall.
But for this, which merely would
Greatly help the country's good,

No one speaks. In endless din,
Grit and Tory, Out and In,
Talk; but know nor care, in fact,
How to frame one useful Act.

Shall we ever see the day,
Party hacks shall pass away,
And in Parliament shall stand,
Rulers fit to guide the land?

TYRANNICAL EDUCATION.—Somebody writes to the *Ledger* to ask whether his education would "permit" him to teach school.

The Popular Oracles.

From the Circular.

We have no doubt that the "gentleman's organ," true to the falsehood of its instincts, will endeavor to place the matter in another light. But in reference to the matter in dispute, there is at least one infallible guide—we refer to the past. All who have the least smattering of historical data are well aware that the art in question was first introduced by the Emperor TRAJAN, who imparted it to EDWARD the Confessor in gratitude for his services at the Battle of Prague.

From the Postboy.

A Reform contemporary displays, we regret to say, extreme ignorance—an ignorance not the less glaring that it—*more suo*—boasts of its knowledge. But we distinctly beg our readers to understand that, in this as in many instances, it falsifies history. The Emperor TRAJAN could not have been engaged as our contemporary states. Every effort of the Greek and Roman empires, in his day, was needed, and was exerted, to stem the advancing tide of Liberalism which, in the East under OLIVER CROMWELL, in the West headed by CHARLES MARTEL, threatened to overflow Europe. The simple fact is, the art was not European. It was invented by CONFUCIUS, and given by him to the first EARL OF CHATHAM, who, as every schoolboy knows, sent out an ironclad to bring the necessary materials to Britain.

From the Follower.

It is natural that journalistic mushrooms should manifest ignorance; but we have never observed such glaring instances thereof as lately manifested by the *Circular* and the *Postboy*. One refers an invention, the origin of which is well known, to TRAJAN, the other to CONFUCIUS. One slight difficulty should have suggested itself, namely, that neither of these individuals had been born, while the art spoken of was well known in Europe. We are sure our readers in the north and south, the east and west, need not be told that SIR WALTER RALEIGH brought it in from Hindostan; and though, as we know, he was murdered by the Otaheitan savages on his way home, a survivor of the expedition, meeting by the merest chance with Sir THOMAS MORE, who was then collecting materials for "Lalla Rookh," confided to him the precious deposit, to which, in fact, he owed the magnificent reception given him by HENRY VII., at Blackheath, immediately after the signing of Magna Charta. The art was then immediately adopted by the Flanders refugees, and has ever since flourished. It is disgraceful to our contemporaries that they are so little informed on important matters.

From the Lightning.

The three big dailies, as usual, are stuck in the mud. We don't know anything about it, but they cannot be right, first because they all give different statements; secondly, because they never are right on anything, which explains our hooking their locals. But what matters, anyhow? All this disputation about dead people and past events. Fudge! The point is whether Canada shall remain a slaughter-house for East Indian goods, or whether the vile Chinese shall be allowed to flood us with tea we could grow and washermen we could manufacture. Free Trade! Did ever any one hear such nonsense? A mere modern heresy introduced by Calvin! But as to the Conservatives, we doubt whether they really are in earnest in backing Protection. No. It is the loaves and fishes, the loaves and fishes that are wanted. Very plain. What is it makes city papers back bonuses—or oppose them?—What indeed? We trust to hear no more humbug.