



## GEN. MOWAT'S MARCH PAST.

(THE WAR SONG OF THE CONVENTION.)

Six thousand five hundred in a', in a',  
We've come through the cauld and the snaw, the snaw,  
We're jolly Grit delegates, fine and braw,  
Six thousand five hundred in a', in a'.  
Tho' we're "hayseeds" and "hawbucks" we've aye  
din the job,  
An' we've filled five columns of they big *Glob*,  
The Tories, pur bodies, we'll drive them awa',  
We're six thousand five hundred in a', in a'.

Chorus of Hawbucks.—Six thousand, &amp;c.

Did ye e'er see the like of the *Mail*, the *Mail*,  
It said we look fresh frae a jail, a jail,  
But naething mair said when the editor saw  
Six thousand five hundred in a', in a'.

Tho' we live on salt pork and have grease on our boots,  
We hae siller in plenty to buy broadcloth suits,  
So the saucy *Mail* rooster may e'en stop his craw,  
At six thousand five hundred in a', in a'.

Chorus of Hayseeds.—Six thousand, &amp;c.

And hawbucks and hayseeds will a' hae a vote.  
A fac' that the *Mail* man neglected to note,  
I feth I am thinkin' he's made a *faux pas*,  
And was rather too fresh with his jaw, his jaw.  
For each Hawbuck and Hayseed frae East to the West  
Will cherish the compliment in his ain breast,  
And at the next voting he'll hear a hurrah!  
From six thousand five hundred in a', in a'.

Chorus of Hawbucks and Hayseeds.—Six thousand, &amp;c.

## OUR ROYAL MOTHER.

In connection with the ceremony of decorating the heroes of the Egyptian war we read:

"Then came the Duke of Connaught; and when he had stepped up to the dais, and had saluted his Royal mother in military form, the Queen, in pinning the medal to his breast, leaned forward and affectionately kissed him. The moment must have been a proud and happy one on either part; and, as a tender episode in a ceremony graciously formal in its general character, the action had a deep interest for all beholders."

Proud day for you, sonny, to be kissed by the Queen of England for being a good boy, even though she is your own mother! You see, sonny, that's why we like her. She ain't a bit like one o' them stick-up, strike-me-all-of-a-heap Queens, what wears their crowns at breakfast, and goes to sleep in their ermine cloaks, with strings o' pearls and diments all over her shoulters. She's a rare good 'ooman, as lives a pure life, does her best to bring up her children properly, and ain't too proud to cry when her poor sailors, or soldiers, or coal-minors, or any other unfort'nates is in trouble. That's why we love her, boy. And you can tell your big brother, Wales, from me, that's Jack the Giant-Killer, that of he wants to get into the hearts o' the people and be the greatest monarch of his day, he'll folly the ex'llent example his mother hev set him, both now and ever after'ards. Amen. "Long live the Queen! Hooray!"

The residents of Givens-street complain that only a portion of that thoroughfare is given, on account of an unsightly fence which protrudes from the property of a certain individual.

## To the Editor of GRIP.

DEAR SIR,—I am a gentleman and I write for gentlemen. On editorials I may take upon myself to say that I am immense. The following "Ed" I wrote for the *Globe* as a stock article for a possibly approaching Conservative convention. To my surprise, however, it was refused as being "a little off" in high tone. It is too bad that it should be lost, and I therefore send it to you, trusting you will insert it.

Yours in the cause,

MARTIN H. McFENNIGAN, P. E.  
(Professional Editor.)

P.S.—I have a fine lot of anti-Grit ones in stock, for *Mail* or other Tory papers, which I will sell cheap for cash.

M. H. McF., P. E.

If there is any class of our Canadian fellow-countrymen that is entitled to the respect, esteem, envy, and admiration of the journalist, or indeed of all who have the welfare of our country at heart, that class is the horny-handed sons of toil, the free, the enlightened, the sturdy and stalwart yeoman. It has been among the many great and praiseworthy missions of this paper, from its first inception to the present day, to show to the world that the manly tiller of the soil is the backbone, the sinew, the nerve, the brain, and the main strength and support of our glorious and free country, for free it is, and shall be, at least in the premier Province of Ontario, notwithstanding the besotted incubus of a false and French-ridden monster and his following of time-serving, unscrupulous, traitorous, mendacious, purse-proud caricatures of second-hand-made knights, and bass-wood aristocrats, that hold the reins of government in the warped and crooked administration at Ottawa. An administration that, by using all the diabolical

cal devices inseparable from their cunning and cruel nature, have long sought, and still seek, to deprive us, the people of Ontario, of our autonomy, our rights, and even our well-defined boundary. Our readers will see, then, that we have no unfriendly animus in showing them what description of people make up the aggregation of the semi-barbarous hordes that infested every nook and corner of our defiled city yesterday, pending their visit to hear the insane blatherings of the contemptible catiffs who have the brazen hardihood to appear on the rostrum at the Tory Convention to-day. Observe that old "hayseed" from the 14th concession of Garafraxa, his coat of homespun was taken from the back of a half-frozen patriot prisoner after the sanguinary battle of Gallows Hill in '38. The blue-eyed, sodden old relict of the Family Compact days, prizes it—yes, actually prizes it, as the aesthetic modern maiden prizes an old left-handed sugar bowl as cracked as herself! See his fockle-faced, red-haired, snub-nosed daughter Sal! She has only one eye! All the boys on the town line cry out in derision as she passes by, "There goes the one eye love!" She walks down the street, raising her ponderous cow-hide-shod feet, as if she was crossing over the prostrate logs of a cedar swamp, and swings the pre-historic carpet bag containing her Dad's four days' rations of pork and corn cake (which he has brought in to save hotel expenses) so wildly, that even the newsboys fly from her in dismay. Again, let your attention rest for a moment on that young man; he is a farmer's son; the glorious blessing of the franchise has been bestowed upon the ungrateful wretch by a too paternal home government. He has his store clothes on, and sports a massive brazen chain shackled on to a galvanized watch of now bedimmed lustre. The weather is cold, yet he keeps his overcoat unbuttoned in order to show his metallic make up to the admiring multitude. He thinks he is quite exquisite, and could pass anywhere for a city swell. He is mistaken. He is a hawbuck and a Tory all over. On his arm hangs a girl, cinnamon-scented, brazen-faced and banged. Her roseate hair is anointed with butter, and she therefore smelleth not of amber. Traces of last fall's mud are clearly manifest on her ill-shaped boots, and her *tout ensemble* is highly suggestive of untimely returnings from village strawberry festivals. She casts sideward glances at the shop windows as she passes by, to admire her dowdy reflection. Her father, it is needless to observe, is a Tory of Tories, and was at the battle of the Windmill during the rebellion, and acted as deputy assistant hangman of the patriot Pole Vanshoutz. We give the above as a fair sample of the Tory gathering to the convention, but space forbids us to go into further details as to the characteristics of these uncanny hordes as a whole. Suffice it to say, that the Chief of Police has instructions, which doubtless he has carried out, to swear in 500 special constables to look out for these gentry, a large portion of whom have bivouacked in the Queen's Park to economise their expenses in lodging while in the city; so a word of warning may not be out of place here to respectable citizens, and we would strongly advise them to give a wide birth to the mob of ignorant, drunken, besotted and dangerous country roughs who are now inflicting us with their presence on account of the pitiable Tory fiasco now unfortunately convened in the city.

Do stump orators in attempting to propagate their opinions, render themselves of service by the excessive use of railery?

Would it be mortar-fying to the collectors of bric-a-brac in classifying hod-carriers among the list of sub-line professions?