

To Arms! To Arms!!

The Province of Quebec is called to arms! Hear the war-cry of *Le Courier du Canada*:

Occasion is given us to return to the charge, and as French Canadians, we demand justice, and claim our rights; it is, probably, only by dint of entreaties that we will succeed. Well, we will go to work again, and invite our friends to give us a helping hand.

The war that for a time did fail now trebly thunders on the gale, and—what is the cry? Readers, keep your seats! Don't let us have any panic. The French Canadian warriors are armed with entreaties, not with bludgeons. They do not intend to precipitate a gory revolution; they do not mean to join the outraged mob of working-men and lead the attack upon the trembling Minister of Public Works. They only seek by regular, constitutional means to secure a constitutional right which has been basely withheld from them. If you would know in precise terms what the row is all about, here you have it; *Le Courier du Canada* demands that HECTOR LANGEVIN shall be forthwith knighted!!

The Kind old Gentleman and the News-boy.

He was an old gentleman of most benevolent appearance, and gazed with a pitying smile on the newsboy who shouted by his side, "*Globe, Sir? Telegram, Sir? only one cent!*" The kind and venerable face, the sad contemplative eyes, seemed to signify that the old man sorrowed over the young child condemned to earn his daily bread so miserably. The boy felt the influence of the glance, and in the quiet voice of one assured of a purchaser, again named the papers, as he held them at the length of his ragged arm.

"Evening papers, my child," said the old man gently, laying one hand on the boy's head and with the other feeling his pocket for a coin. "Evening papers—have you change for a fifty-cent piece, my good boy?"

The eyes of the child filled with tears as he heard the sympathetic tones, and he thought of the dead parents who used to love him—when they were sober.

"Yes, Sir," he answered, with the natural exultation of a capitalist.

The old gentleman held out the coin, and from the depths of his poor, thin garments, the newsboy produced a quarter, a ten-cent piece, and fifteen cents in coppers. Giving them for the large coin he stood with the proud consciousness of arithmetical exactitude while the Senior counted the change.

"Thank you, my boy," said the old gentleman, while he slipped the money into his trousers pocket, "your kindness has saved me from a long walk. I was going to get change to give my little grandchild a cent for the purchase of taffy. I regret that I receive both the evening papers at my house."

And he walked away with the happy smile so beautiful in the old, while the newsboy's soul raged within him so that his lips refused to utter the thoughts that arose in him.

Riot in a Church.

The Methodist Church at Maitland was recently the scene of a terrible row. At a "literary entertainment" some wicked person introduced a clothes-horse which, being covered, was to be used as a screen in facilitating the realistic presentation of a dialogue. The clergyman on coming in objected to the profane clothes-horse and attempted to remove it by force. He evidently thought it was a sort of "Pinafore." The trustees of the clothes-horse resisted the pious man and a regular riot took place.

Idyls by Our Own Idylor.

NO. 3. A PASTORAL AGONY.

So rich a man as farmer JOHN
I never saw before,
He counted fifty thousand pounds,
And weighed two hundred more.

This farmer JOHN he lived in Kent,
A typical JOHN BULL,
He tilled his yielding acres till
His till was brimming full.



He cast a loving eye upon
His milk-maid ADEGAIL,
He told her so one day, which made
Her turn a milky-pale.

He promised she should be supplied
With velvets, silks, and satins,
Rich carpets in her pew at church,
For when she went to matins.

"O! stay thy tongue" the maiden said,
"I cannot hear thy prayer,
Go choose thee from the market town
The fairest of the fair."



"A decent lot of good hard cash
I'd look on with regard,
But oh! it is a lot too much,
And oh! a lot too hard."

"For woe is me, misfortune's cup,
I've drunk it to the dregs,
My love for forty days has gone
To jail for poaching—eggs."

"You hesitate? Oh! say the word,
The village bells shall seal
Our wedding joys in peals as sweet
As any cauldron peel."



And when he found she would not lend
An ear to what he said,
He took a gun and shot himself,
(He took it in his head.)

The maiden went in mourning, for
She felt that she must needs
Plant flowers upon his grave, and clothe
Herself in widow's weeds.

Meanwhile her love, from jailers hands
Had suffered much abuse,
And swore he'd not break fast again,
Till he had broken loose.

One day he slipped away the while
The turnkey was asleep,
And bounded off to keep his joy
In bounds with every leap.

And with his ADEGAIL he crossed
To Texas in a yacht.
They bought three hundred acres there,
And settled on a lot. A. H. H.

The N. P. and Antiquity.

By Professor Tertius Undermud, M.C.Y.F.C.H.S.N.G.

To Mr. Grip.

SIR:—The *Globe* and its following of Grit papers have been pitching into Sir JOHN, TUPPER, TILLEY, and the Tory party, on account of the much-abused National Policy, of which they (the Tories) are the reputed authors; but, Sir, I trust I will be able to show you that the idea is a very ancient one, and was introduced in the days of what Mr. G. BROWN would call (had he flourished in those times) "French Domination." I must give credit to the *Mail* for first finding this out. It was in 1665, in the time of LOUIS XIV., of France, that COLBERT, the successor of Cardinal MAZARIN, wrote to M. TALON who was then a sort of deputy minister of Finance in Quebec, urging him to establish manufactures, &c., which the said TALON did, as the *Mail* says, "to the great advantage of New France."

Knowing the *Mail* to be suspected of being somewhat "off its nut" on the subject, and being anxious to find out the truth of the matter, I took the G. T. R. for Lower Canada, and called upon a very particular friend of mine, MONSIEUR MONTMORENCI MAZARIN McMULLIGAN, a Seigneur, and a lineal descendant of the old noblesse (on his mother's side, his father being from the County Cavan, in the Black North,) to see his valuable collection of State papers appertaining to the earliest days of the French occupation. I asked the favor of a personal inspection (telling him my object), which was cordially granted. I looked up the year 1665, and will give you a few extracts from correspondence which touches on the question—freely translated.

Letter from M. Talon, Quebec, to M. Colbert, Paris. (Private) Quebec, July 1, 1665.

"My Dear Colbert,
So glad that old MAZARIN has got the bounce (*son couge*) I am happy to state that I have followed your advice as to getting up a National Policy, and have pleasure in informing you that we have started a moccasin and shoe jack factory, which so far has proved a great success. We have entirely excluded from our market the works of the accursed Yankees, (*sacre Bostonnais*) and if everything goes well, we may soon expect a big boom (*grande fureur*) in its favour."

A toi, TALON.
To M. Colbert, Paris. N.B.—We are shortly to open a Toboggan Mill.—T.

Letter from Mdlle. Camille Brauharnois, Versailles, to M. Talon, Quebec, Versailles, Dec. 23rd, 1665.

"My Dear Monsieur Talon,
I have to thank you very, very much for your beautiful presents; they are quite unique, and the toboggans are quite too awfully nice for anything. It has been rather dull here lately, on account of the poor old K—g being unwell. Herr DOPERSAUTERS, his German physician, (this is *entre nous*) says he drinks too much *cau de vie*, and if he be not careful may have the Jim Jams (*Jagues Confections*). I hope not, as it will make things unpleasant around the Court. * * * * * Lady MARY SLIDEBOUT, from England, the Fraulien VON BUCKERIE, and I, are going to the Alps next week to try the toboggans on the slope of the Matterhorn. Won't it be awfully jolly (*tres charmante*)?"

Votre Ami, CAMILLE BRAUHARNOIS.

To M. Talon, Quebec.

P.S.—The moccasins are elegant, but the shoe packs are rather heavy, and as Lady MARY says, are "not the cheese." (*cest ne pas la fromage*). C. B.

Now, Sir, this paper is not written in a partizan spirit, but merely to "give honor where honor is due."