

The Two Confederates.SCENE—A room. PRESENT—*British and Yankee manufacturer.*

YANKEE MANUFACTURER.—Derned pleasant for yew chaps tew hev colonies. Guess yew hev a particler good thing on this Kenady, neow?

BRITISH MANUFACTURER.—Good thing, bless yer! Hi means to 'ave, while hi 'olds 'ere. Sells 'er more millions sterling than hanny-where helse, 'cept p'raps Ingee. Besides hi 'as 'em both ways. Collernists can't pay in wheat and cattle for goods, 'cause hi does the profitable work, the manufacturin'. Hi buys a pound's worth of wool from 'em, and sells it baek for five pounds, considerin' what shoddy hi mixes hin. These 'ere collernists can't make money to pay me, as they runs in debt hevery year to me. Hi've got Loan Societies hall hover Canada lendin' to 'em. Hi never sees a year but what they sends Cabinet Ministers here a borrowin'. Hall grist to my mill, hey? Get heavy profit on trade, and high hinterest hon loans, d'ye see?

Y. M.—Ya'as. Jest so. Thet's the pull the more forrerd nations hez over the backerd ones, niggers, colonists, and sich. Our Sec. of State EVARTS orated quite slick on the pint 'tother day. It's allowed we hev the first orators in creation. How yeur DIZRELLY would squirm afore EVART! EVARTS would just look at the crittur, go for him in 2:40, and skin him alive. He'd tarnationally exfunctify him out of his boots. He would, it's a fact.

B. M.—Hall nonsense. Hif you're so blarsted big as you let hon, wy dont the Canadians 'oller for hannexation? Hi don't 'ear nothin'!

Y. M.—Snakes alive! I'd be worse on 'em nor ye! Could'nt hev no tariff 'gain me, could they?

B. M.—Hi've given 'em their hown regulatin. Hif hi 'ad'nt, we'd 'ave lost 'em.

Y. M.—Yew bet. Wall, I aint complainin', I sells 'em a tolerable heap, I can tell yew. Hauls the profit ter my side, same as yew dew. Guess G. SMITH was about level in sayin' yew and I grind the Canucks like top and bottom millstones. Calculate yew and I hev the money 'hend of the log. Why, they've not a city yet, nor never kin. Hev a village or two like Montreal. Wall, let 'em—grist to our mill, I reckon. Heow in tarnation dew yew keep 'em tew it?

B. M.—Wy, bless yer, they can't 'elp hit. Hi gets 'old of their leadin' men—MACKENZIE, CARTWRIGHT, JOHN A., and sich, and leads 'em round from town to town, pays hout no end of civility to 'em, hintroduces 'em to a few dooks, markises, and sich, shews 'em what life is. Bless their little hearts, they goes back as contented as chickens, and as ter stickin' hon 20 per cent (which would'nt keep out nothing after hall) they'd sooner hang theirselves. 30 might do summat. But they're a precious sight too soft for that.

Y. M.—But yew pay 'em handsome. Yew keep armics thar, and liquidate their governin' expenses, don't yew?

B. M.—Not a rap. Hi keeps no troops there. On 'tother side. They pay my Governor General as much as your President gets.

Y. M.—Jerusalem! A country that, if they had gumption to do their own manufacturin', would heat youra and mine holler! Squire, I tell yew, they can't know the chance they hev.

B. M.—No, and while my thumb is hon their big dailies, hi'll take care they sha'nt know it.

An Ancient Pamphlet.

I was an individual of habits literary,
But bank accounts or dividends I little had or nary,
And came to me a gentleman who had them both in plenty,
And said "Would'st write a pamphlet?" "Sir," said I, "I'll write you twenty,
Oh, twenty if you choose!"

I wrote him one—it was as big as twenty, or was bigger.
Cram full of calculations too—a thousand if a figure;
But when I came to ask the sum which was our stipulation,
He said "Of course; but you shall have a paying situation
Which no one would refuse."

But very civil was this friend, and with him I went dining,
When he declared with salary my pockets I'd be lining,
And painted the delight to me of many paying places
Which now were held by enemies—at which he made grimaces
Most horrible to see.

And literary men, you know, although they wrote like Junius,
Have sometimes, as have other folks, their moments inpecunious,
And in some literary lives, (you know it who have seen 'em),
These moments seem as it were to have none in between 'em,
'Twas often so with me.

But time rolled on—the situation seemed as far as ever,
I wrote for cash, in paying which my friend was not so clever,
And round my jolly patron went, and *kudos* he collected
For what he wrote not, and no one the hidden depths detected,
The depths which you I show.

This wasn't in your modern time, you most outrageous dummy,
I lived before the pyramids, and wrote this on a mummy,
And GRIP, who is to be the wisest bird beneath the heaven,
Shall pick it out, and publish it, in Eighteen Seventy-seven,
I'm dead, long, long ago.

The Lament of the "Out."

What woes are mine!

What griefs, what horrors, and what sufferings vast,
Beyond a'l common ken! Once rode I high
Puffed in the pride of place; and salary
Did draw, and round me crawled the begging mob
Who wanted smaller places in my gift
And sung my praises day by day, and night
By night, and week by week. How oft my door
Rung quick responsive to the rattling knock
Of quick expressman: "Here, boy, take in these,"
Then rolled the hampers in; one had sent fish;
One venison; fat partridges appeared.
Presents from all directions poured on me,
E'en as subscribers which the *Leader* sees
In visions which he dreams. Where'er I went
Hats dropped as if by magic, bowing heads,
Smiling faces met my pompous gaze,
In panorama gay. Where are they now?
With last year's snow; nay, further still, for that
Will re-appear; but they come never more
To gladden now my soul.

And at the Bank

How gaily did the well-fed Manager,
Come forward to my sight, "My dearest sir,
Most happy to do any note of yours
At sight, at sixty, nay, at any date,
Renew it when you please." Alas! to-day
I asked him for a paltry fifty; he
Twisted his face until its every line
Was turned in circles, hummed and ha'd, and thought
He had a very heavy draft to meet
And would have, every day, so long as he
Could think of in advance. "You know, sir, that
These fellows now in office do not leave
Us flush as once you did; we have to scrape
And scratch to get along. But could you get
Once in again, why any bill of yours
Would be as once it was."

Ah, if we could,

I humbugs like him should never have the chance
To humbug me again; I'd make a haul
Should last my proper life.

The Rival Address Readers.

ONE day a Reform Demonstration happened at Galt, and all the sturdy
Grits in staunch old Waterloo put on their war paint, rallied in a grove,
and did honor to the pure twin statesmen, the man of letters—HURTINGTON,
and the man of levity—OLD JOKES RYMAL.

Upon such a great occasion it behooved the subjects who are truly
loyal to bring their thank offerings and incense of admiration; and thus
addresses rained upon the Premier and the lesser premier, from the Reform
Associations of the county.

But it so happened that there arose two rivals to the office of address-
reader from the North Riding, and these unwittingly conspired to bring
much ridicule upon the pic-nic—more than the daily column of attacks
upon the Galt speeches from the *Mail* have since accomplished. Now
these rivals happened to be newspaper editors, which makes the affair
more sad; men who *chronicle* events and arrange news by *telegraph* are
generally supposed to be sensible and above these petty affairs.

Now, thought the Berlin editor, my rival hath secured the place of
honor from the committee, but I am appointed to draught their address,
and I shall keep it over till the last moment, so that he shall not be able
to learn its contents by heart, and shall break down before the multitude;
but the Waterloo editor discovered the design upon his schoolmasteric
abilities, and wrote out one of his own, and when the moment of sup-
posed triumph for the Berlin editor was at hand, lo! he did smile in his
sleeve, cough, and calmly proceed to read to the great disgust of his
rival.

And since this painful occurrence, of which no one would have known
ought but for the foolishness of the editors, the sheets of those rival ad-
dress-readers have spit volcanoes of abuse at one another, such as the
enlightened orator delights to fire at the head of his enemies.

But in the last issue of the Berlin man's sheet the local King has over-
shot his mark when he speaks of "the bashful covering little creature
who was led forward into the bull-ring to say his little say." The Grits
of Waterloo county are long-suffering, but when he insinuates that their
meeting was a circular assemblage of masculine bovines, his life is in dan-
ger. The faithful are plotting his annihilation, and we deem it our
duty to warn him, and give him a chance for life. Let him use his
fast pedal train.