

THE DANGERS OF THE PRESS.

*Let children and fools
Beware of edge tools.—Old Proverb.*

The News, yes, the news of the day,
'Tis said gives a relish for dinner;
To some it is true what they say,
But *fout* *au contraire* to the sinner.

How his heart bleeds,
When in dailies he reads
Of some most unfortunate blunder;
How vainly it pleads,
That unwitting misdeeds
May be saved from periodical thunder.

But no, the Press
In mightiness
Throws its lightning bolts about him;
And Editors
With whip and taw, and
Metaphorically knout him.

There's the late Inspector Cayley
Was stripped and knouted daily,
Until fairly from whipping he yielded his place,
And since then is unable to look Grits in the face,
So deeply he dwells on this lasting disgrace.

But others there are
More pitiable far,

Who handling themselves this newspaper tar,
To darts and dells those whom they oppose
Have dirtied their own 'stead of other folk's clothes,
And the odor thereof taints their own nose;
With a puogency greater than putocuity or rose;
Though one might be naturally led to suppose
That their learning and age would act as guide,
And prevent their bright talents being thus misapplied.

But Hends of Schools
Have been great fools,
And sometimes violated rules of strict veracity
With such a grace
That men of place
Have almost abeked been at their audacity.

One in particular, I have heard some allege,
Was so exceedingly sharp he ran over the edge,
And spilt all his chance for what he was arter,
By unskillfully falling in the hands of a Tartar.

So wise men beware,
Of writing have care;
And let the occasions be exceedingly rare.
When you tell those strong stories that make peopletare
Toll the truth boldly, and play your game fair,
And you safely may trust your cause men will share.

Startling Announcement.

—In the *Globe's* advertising columns we lately saw the following advertisement, which for a while inclined us to the belief that we were living in the dark ages, instead of in the noon-day glory of the nineteenth century:—

NEW BOOKS:

THE PROVERBS OF SOLOMON.
SHAKESPEARE AND THE BIBLE.

The Bible is often in jest, recommended as a new book;—but Shakespeare, never; and yet here are both books offered to the people of Canada, under the head of original publications. We would draw the attention of Dr. Ryerson to the fact. Surely the education of this generation must have been sadly neglected, when they never heard, until the other day, of such books as Shakespeare or the Bible.

GREAT CAUCUS MEETING!

TALL TALKING.

The Brown-Dorions Burning with Enthusiasm!

GREAT FUN.

A special meeting of the members of the "Short Parliament" was held at the *Globe* office the other day, at which there was a full attendance. The following is a true account of the proceedings as furnished by our Special Reporter:—

Dr. Connor, Q. C., moved that Hon. G. Brown do take the chair.

Hon. Mr. Mowatt enquired where the hon. gentleman proposed said chair should be taken to?

Dr. Connor had a hearty contempt for such carrying on.

Hon. Mr. Mowatt insinuated that the hon. gentleman's motion was tantamount to a carrying off and not a carrying on of said chair.

Dr. Connor was a peaceable man, but he'd be blessed——

Hon. Mr. Brown objected to such Popish customs. No people blessed themselves but Papists and Musselmanns.

Hon. Mr. Foley hoped they were all men of muscle, which he understood was the same as Musselmen.

Hon. Mr. Morris pointed out that the understanding of his hon. friend was very weak.

Hon. Mr. Foley had no objection to prove the contrary by kicking his learned friend down stairs.

Hon. Mr. Morris already felt the kind intentions of his hon. friend, and would therefore take the will for the deed.

Mr. Laberge moved an amendment to the original motion to the effect that the hon. Mr. Brown do order in the champagne.

Hon. Mr. Foley.—However he might differ from his hon. friend on other momentous questions, heartily concurred with him in this. He begged to second the motion.—Carried.

Hon. Mr. Lemieux could not help remarking, in connection with this subject, that he had lived five and fifty years, during which, he flattered himself, he was nine and forty a close observer of things in general, and wine bottles in particular, and he could safely affirm that immediately after good champagne was unwired, the cork invariably disappeared from the bottle.

Hon. J. S. McDonald wished to shake hands with a gentleman who had displayed so much piety and learning.

Hon. Mr. Dorion reminded gentlemen that they were overlooking the serious business of the evening. He begged to move that a load of Count oysters be ordered in.

Hon. Mr. Holton thought it beneath the dignity of a minister of the Crown to count oysters. For his part he should throw any man out of the window who should presume to count his oysters!

Hon. Mr. Drummond's imagination led him back Mr. Speaker, to a dark and stormy night some one and twenty years ago, when the wind blew, and the snow snow, and the face of heaven was covered with——

Hon. Mr. Thibadeau.—Oysters!

Hon. Mr. Foley.—If this were true, would like to go to heaven immediately.

Hon. Mr. Brown reminded his hon. friend that as he was fond of "a fry" he had better go to the other place.

Hon. Mr. J. S. McDonald wished to direct attention to the fact that oysters invariably had two shells on—a piece of extravagance, for which he always set his face against the whole tribe on every fitting opportunity.—Motion carried.

Hon. Mr. Dorion would move that Messrs. Foley and Connor be appointed a Committee to keep sober in order that they might be in a fit state to see the Brown-Dorions home after a while.

Hon. Mr. Foley indignantly protested against being placed on the committee. The duty he owed to himself and his constituents imperatively required of him to decline the proposed honor.

Dr. Connor found it impossible to serve on the committee; but would beg to suggest in lieu of the committee, that if Mr. Drummond were carried in front of the homeward procession, the devil himself would be afraid to attack them.

Hon. Mr. Holton moved that cigars should be ordered before honorable gentlemen became speechless.—Carried.

Hon. Mr. Foley asked his hon. friend to oblige him greatly with a light.

Hon. Mr. Tibadeau thought it unparliamentary for one gentleman to tell another that he greatly lied.

Hon. Mr. Foley explained that he only asked a light.

Hon. Mr. Morris called Mr. Foley to order. The hon. gentleman ought to know very well without asking that he was tight.

Hon. Mr. Foley would like to know if he was going to stand that?

Hon. Mr. Brown considered he should not, but should instantly resume his seat.

Hon. Mr. Foley would be hanged if he'd resign his seat.

Hon. Mr. Mowatt suggested that there was a slight misunderstanding.

Hon. Mr. Foley's understandings had been alluded to before in contemptuous terms. He maintained again that they were not slight, and as a proof he begged to ask if any gentleman in the room could throw as great a calf as that—

Here the hon. gentleman put his boot on the table which being minus a leg, gave way, sending the owner of the foot, oysters and champagne down with a dismal crash, which effectually broke up the meeting.