



**The Quebec Deadlock.**

The old lady of the Quebec Assembly is angry and indignant, and not without cause. She has been shamefully ill-used by the unspeakable JOLY, and all for doing her duty. A few days ago she felt it incumbent upon her to do something to prove to the beloved people of Quebec what a useful institution she was, so she rose in her dignity and refused to pass the supply bill, thus throwing the machinery of state out of gear, and putting the odious JOLY in a very uncomfortable predicament. It was no more than he and his atrocious government deserved, however, for they had in the most aggravating manner withstood no less than twenty-two votes of no confidence in the Lower House. Now, what was the reward of the venerable Assembly for thus going out of its way to do the people a favour? Did JOLY lower his piratical colours, and make way for a better and more trustworthy man, to wit, M. CHEAPLEAU?

Of course he did not; he has not sufficient patriotism for that. On the contrary, he stiffened his neck, and coolly adjourned the House, thus leaving the estimable old Assembly in possession of the public funds, and exposed to the violent hatred of the civil servants, who, in the meantime, are deprived of their wages. Everybody must admit that the old lady's indignation is well-grounded, for was it not a most outrageous thing for JOLY to adjourn before he got the supplies? And can anybody doubt that he would have got them, if he had waited long enough?

**In The Lone Land.**

**SITTING BULL INTERVIEWED.**

(From our Sporting Contributor.)

In the morning our host, Major WALSE, made his appearance, and trusted that his hospitality did not prevent us from being "inclined" to sleep. This remark, be it understood, was a joke of the stern commandant, referring to our position on the slanting planks constituting our bed. It being the only pun ever perpetrated by that redoubtable warrior, it should—like the equally famous joke of SHEERMAN'S, 'We'll Raleigh round the flag,' on entering that city—be placed on record. An opportunity occurring, I drew the Major aside and said, "How is this, BUB; you wouldn't so ruthlessly slaughter those bottles in the old times; at least you used to respect the one in the 'shell case' in the store room of the Artillery School." The Major looking hard at me, closed one eye, tremulously motioned

me into his own private quarters, and said, "What'll you have?" \* \* \* Bidding the fierce Major good bye, we proceeded, guided by two friendly and oleaginous Indians, to the quasi hostile lodgings of SITTING BULL. "Souita-wa-boo down-a-slim shaganane couin us weep," said our gentlemanly boss guide, which being interpreted meaneth, Behold the wigwam of the long knife slayers.

We were led in blind-folded and, sitting in an arm chair in blue and gold, before a table in red and green, upon which was placed what appeared to be a bottle of Burgundy, we beheld a rather gentlemanly fellow smoking a partaga cigar. He was in his usual evening costume, and looked to great advantage when in his usual recumbent position, but on rising we noticed that a portion of his attire was mutilated in the manner peculiar to the red man. This was the great SITTING BULL, the terror of the whole American army. "Be seated, gentlemen," said he. "No doubt you are surprised to see the usual advancements of civilization in my surroundings, but since your people sent amongst us your educational agents, under the leadership of Mr. DAVIN, we have progressed wonderfully, and it was only the other day a retainer of mine from the city of Dublin observed that I was almost equal in point of erudition with a Trinity College M. A. We will now join the ladies." And during the remainder of the evening we passed the time at a quiet game of whist in company with the great chief and his charming wives.

I trust, my dear GRIP, that this slight sketch will dissipate in some measure, in the minds of your readers, the general idea as to the character of SITTING BULL.

**On the Streets.**

SAMUEL MASHEM, Esq., of the Bank.—Don't you think, AUGUSTA, that King St. has an arch look quite *fin-in* to it?

AUGUSTA.—Oh, that's on account of the *Bal Sam*.

(Here Yonge St. intersects).



**MAJOR DE WINTON AND THE PRESS.**



**The Kidnappers.**

Mr. GRIP's feathers stood on end as he read the *Telegram's* long account of the kidnapping of Mr. JAFFRAY. With the utmost impatience he dashed through the redundant and tiresome preface, with the most eager interest he devoured the dramatic incidents of the narrative, and with unlimited joy he found that it "all ended happily" for poor Mr. JAFFRAY. In truth, it was a most outrageous affair. Unfortunately the perpetrators have escaped, but it is to be hoped the lessons taught by this occurrence will not be allowed to do so. These lessons are obvious. In the first place, never go out to see a man at a late hour of the night; secondly, have nothing to do with politics, and particularly avoid supplying any government with groceries. It is plain that Mr. JAFFRAY'S renown as a government contractor had marked him out as a victim for the kidnappers.

There is evidence that the desperados who kidnapped Mr. JAFFRAY intended to carry off the Hon. GEORGE BROWN as well. A couple of suspicious parties waited on that gentleman, and tried to entice him out of his house on some specious plea, but, thanks to his long practice at sniffing corruption afar off, the venerable head of the Pairty smelled a rat, and refused to go. What a happy escape! And yet there are some, no doubt, who would be able to contemplate such a scene as that depicted above with composure, provided the ruffians didn't hurt their victim. The Dominion Government sincerely rejoice at Mr. BROWN'S escape,—as, in the present state of the finances, they would be in no position to pay the ransom of a million dollars which would surely have been demanded, though we cannot doubt they would most readily vote that amount, or even twice as much, rather than lose Mr. B.

**The Arch.**

The arch, the arch, the horrible arch,  
Stuck in the way that the crowd must march.  
Ugly old boards half covered with green,  
What is it put there for?—what does it mean?

It wasn't put there to declare we are glad,  
Glancing once at it makes everyone sad.  
No, this is it, very plain now to see,  
Monument mourning the broke down N. P.

Hollow like promises made by JOHN A.  
Green like the people he fooled in that way.  
That's it exactly; yes, ever small leaf  
Waves in memorial over our grief.

When the procession nears no one should shout,  
Ah, and the MARQUIS should be told about  
It. One should mention with visage severe,  
"Sir, you're expected to cry a bit here."

The crest of the Marquis of LORNE consists of a Boar's Head. In view of the address-reading nuisance from which his Lordship suffers, it is suggested that the spelling should be changed to Bore's head.