

**A PATHETIC ADDRESS**

TO THE ELECTORS OF NORTH OXFORD ON BEHALF OF J.C. MORRISON.

*See Bridge of Sighs.*  
 J. C.'s unfortunate,  
 Short, perhaps, of breath;  
 Can't be unfortunate,  
*Colonist* with.  
 Use him, then, tenderly,  
 Treat him with care,  
 Poor little Morrison,  
 Blushing up there.  
 Sympathize mournfully,  
 Don't do it scornfully,  
 That would be cruel;  
 He's cur'd with a failing,  
 So give him fair sailing,  
 But physic his silling  
 With cold water gruel.  
 Make no deep scrutiny,  
 That would be mutiny,  
 Harsh and undutiful;  
 Scan not his past career,  
 'T would but distress, I fear,  
 Modesty beautiful!  
 Look at his whiskers,  
 Just fresh from the comb;  
 His fierce warlike whiskers,  
 Whilst wondrous whisper,  
 "What brought them from home?"  
 Has he no Father?  
 Has he no Mother?  
 No strong-minded Sister  
 To fight for her brother?  
 To drown poor McDougall,  
 While blowing Joe's bugle,  
 'Bout this, that and t'other.  
 Alas for the rarity  
 Of simple charity,  
 Under the sun;  
 Saw one poor Granny shoot,  
 Propping his tottering foot,  
 Help there is none.  
 Use him, then, tenderly,  
 Treat him with care,  
 Poor little Morrison,  
 Blushing up there!

**THE BEST JOKE OF THE SEASON.**

The *Colonist* complains that when the Graf of Anhalt finds himself in England he is treated to reviews of the troops and court dinners; whereas if a poor devil of a Canadian, the Commissioner of Crown Lands for instance, turns up there, he is allowed to remain an unknown individual in his own obscure hotel. Now, one would think that this was too serious a subject to jest on. But listen to the ponderous joke which follows:—

"We are quite aware of the ridiculous side of the comparison, &c. &c. Those, however, who see a joke in what no advance, may enjoy it to their heart's content."

After that, commend us to the *Colonist* for a stunning joke: none of your fathomable jokes to tickle ordinary minds, but an exquisitely abstruse riddle, in comparison with which that of the antique Sphinx is nowhere, and the attempt to unravel which would be about as hopeless as to find one's way out of the Egyptian Labyrinth, or to untangle the Gordian knot. We admire the consideration of the *Colonist* in directing our attention to this brilliant flash of polished wit; and we hope to hear more sparkling effusions from the satiricalogue. "Go it while your young," dear *Colonist*. Don't be bashful!

**THE THEATRE.**

During the past fortnight, "Jessie Brown" has been received with something like wild enthusiasm. We had flattered ourselves that we were a stoic, but when we saw *Jessie Brown* waving her scarf on the battlements and heard the first note of the slogan, we found ourselves cheering, clapping and in as high a degree of excitement as any of the hundreds of enthusiastic people all around us. And no wonder. The very name of *Jessie Brown* calls up feelings too intense for utterance, except in loud and rapturous cheers. And then we had such a *Jessie Brown* in Miss Nickinson, who throw her heart and soul into the character,—now melting the audience with true womanly spirit; then delighting them by her hearty and genuine humour, and finally leading the house away by the energy of her passionate expressions uttered in the wildest excitement, when the great event of the drama was about to be realized.

Mr. Petrie has our thanks for the able manner in which he played SWEENIS. If we had it in our power, he should be forthwith gazetted a major in the 100th regiment, but as we have promised that post to another gentleman, we must content ourselves by clapping him on the back and pronouncing him a brick. He deserves to be brick-batted, however, for not being at his post on Monday night.

Cassidy, you rascal, how could you say that it was as "hot as blazes," just after the Rev. Mr. Blunt had delivered a pious exhortation on the unpleasant approximation of death by mutilation. The reverend gentleman was never intended to be the buffoon of the piece, and yet we were sorry to see that he was little better. The fault lies, in a measure, at the door of the author, Mr. Bourcicault, who should never have introduced holy subjects into the drama for the sake of effect, and worse still, paired of honest Cassidy's expressive style against the solemn doctrines of religion.

The drama was got up well in the first instance, and went off without any accident. All the characters were well rendered, down to the rascally sepoy. Some of these, however, true to life, refused to be killed easily, and kicked and struggled manfully to the great horror of the gallant soldiery, who had to use excruciating efforts to secure a final grand tableau of dead sepoy and victorious soldiers pinning them to the earth.

**LOGIC OF THE COLONIST.**

"A Roland for an Oliver."  
 If J. C. must be modest,  
 Because twice rejected,—  
 Viz: in Gray and South Ontario,—  
 It would not be the oddest  
 Thing to be expected,—  
 Tho' moral criteria may vary, O,—  
 That our farmer Med.  
 Is more modest than he,  
 Since not two but three  
 Places gave him the cold shoulder;  
 So Morrison is one-third bolder,  
 Tho' the *Colonist* may swear black and blue the  
 contrary, O.

Not True. — Mr. Romain has not joined the Hook and Ladder Company; and, therefore, could not have been seen running before the machine at the Wednesday night fire.

**EYES AND NO EYES.**

A wrinkle in ophthalmic science may be deduced from the fact that at the late riot at the National Hotel, scarcely one of the fifty Policemen present could identify a rioter. They seem, like their officers, to have shut their eyes to all that would criminate their friends. The Deputy Chief's evidence shows that "other obligations than those which are due to the public and the laws of the land," actuate him. The Chief gave his evidence in a comical and officially impertinent manner that disgusted all men of common sense. Therefore, we are fain to advocate the erection of a

**BLIND ASS-YIUM.**

Oh dreadful fact, a extract  
 Has darkened all the eyes  
 Of full three-score of men, or more,  
 Well called the "Bottle Flice."  
 By mobs attack'd, a house was racked,  
 A day or two ago,  
 And "tho' Force" could swear to no one there,  
 Not a ruffian did they know.  
 They quickly seen a drunken man,  
 While mobs still save their mutton,  
 For a single rag of the "Gowan" bag  
 Is a pass with "Sam" or "Hutson."  
 "Then 'boys' away, and take your play,  
 For the Force are brothers true,  
 Your foes attack and beat them black,  
 If you yourselves are 'Blue."  
 In pity, then, to Policemen,  
 Don't swear or try to rile 'em;  
 But raise the (in, at once begin,  
 Build them a blind Ass-Eye-lum.

**Revolutionary.**

— We are far from being Revolutionary in our views. In fact, we consider THE GRUMBLERS the safety-valve by which the Province has been secured from political explosion for the last month. But if any outbreak of popular feeling should, by any chance, take place, we should like to direct that feeling against the following objects:—

1st. James Beaty. Let him be compelled to walk, after dark, from Toronto to Richmond Hill, on his own road, barefooted, or, what is just as bad in shoes manufactured from his own leather.

2nd. The Corporation. Let an *Auto da Fe* be made of them by burning them in the flames of piles built up of the Signs and Awnings still remaining in their places, in defiance of Municipal law.

N. B. To avoid unnecessary cruelty, let an exception be made in favor of those Counsellors or Aldermen who are likely to perish by spontaneous combustion.

**The Hon. the Speaker.**

— We perceive that this gentleman has regained his usual robustness of health, and with it a considerable amount of animal spirits. In fact the honourable gentleman's humour is quite playful, and found a pleasing development on Thursday evening in the despatch of certain comical epistles from the chair to the Clerk of the House and the Attorney General East. We were graciously pleased to find considerable amusement in the genuine appreciation of fun which illumined Mr. Speaker's countenance, as his late colleague drank in all the pith of the joke; although grave doubts troubled us that the exhibition scarcely comported with the dignity of his position.