

POOR GRITS.

"Save me from my friends."

Poor Grits, poor foolish, sickle Grits,
Hommed in on every side,
Poor Brownies, have you lost your wits
At being sorely tried.

John Sandfield pulls you by the nose,
While Giorgio cuffs your ears;
Alas! between your friends and foes
You're ample cause for tears.

"Come here," says Mac. "Go there," says Brown,
And Tories shout, "Hear, hear."
No wonder that your wits have flown,
Or that you're pale with fear.

It's hard for you to take a stand
When Giorgio holds you down,
And Sandfield threatens to close his hand
Unless you give up Brown.

THEATRE ROYAL.



Jesse..... Mr. Canina.
Manager..... Viscount Monck.
Heavy Man..... Mr. Benjamin.
Low Comedy Man..... Mr. Tom Ferguson.
1st Clown (a lineal descent)
of Jack O'arty..... M. Etienne Cartier.
2nd Clown..... Mr. McGee.
Walking Gentleman..... Mr. J. H. Cameron.
Negro Delineator..... Mr. Scoble.
Contortionists..... Messrs. McDougall, How-
land, and Wilson.
Prompters..... The Editors of the *Globe* and *Leader*.
Scene Shifters..... John S. and John A. Macdon-
ald, and G. Brown.

The Manager of this costly place of amusement
begs leave to announce that, having strengthened
his company by the addition of Mr. George
Brown, he will shortly produce (at great expense)
a new and original farce, entitled,

OLD TIMES COME AGAIN, OR, '54 AND '63.

With the following excellent cast of characters:
Tosche..... M. Cauchon.
Morin..... M. Cartier.
Drummond..... Mr. Scotte.
Chabot..... Mr. McGee.
Ross..... Mr. Sandfield Macdonald.
Chauveau..... M. Dorion.
McNab..... Mr. J. H. Cameron.
Gayley..... Mr. Gall.
J. A. Macdonald..... Mr. J. A. Macdonald.
Spence..... Mr. Foley.
Brown..... Mr. Geo. Brown.

This piece will open with a great sensation
scene, in which Sandfield Macdonald and George
Brown will fight a duel.

Parliamentary Proceedings.

Our worthy representatives in the Lower
House have introduced since the Session com-
menced, some good jokes which are worthy of a place
in our columns. We shall endeavor to find out
every joke introduced, and duly credit them to
their authors. We commence the series to-day.
By Mr. Powell—a joke regarding mud; by Mr.
Crawford—a good joke on Powell; by Mr. J. A.
Macdonald—a joke relating to mileage; by Mr.
Ferguson—a joke regarding Mr. Archambault;
By Mr. McGee—a joke on Mr. Denis' head; by
Mr. Denis—a capital joke on Mr. McGee.

A TRAMP OF EVILS.—That which brought up
our M.P.P.'s from Quebec.

BLIND GUIDES.

MR. EDITOR.—I am sorely in need of your ad-
vice. By virtue of the fact that I am lessee of a
small grocery store in a retired thoroughfare in
Toronto, I am a power in the State; in short,
not to put too fine a point on it, I'm an elector.
The moment I found myself in this responsible
position, I felt it my duty to qualify myself by
study and reflection for the onerous duties of my
new position. I read Blackstone, Burke, De
Loime Junius, and all the constitutional writers
down to Cobbet and Wilkes, without finding much
to guide my course in the turbulent maelstrom
of Canadian politics; I came finally to the con-
clusion that Provincial parties were rather pro-
miscuous, if not considerably mixed, and that I
must not look to the stable institutions of Eng-
land for hints on the hybrid Anglo-Yankee poli-
tics in vogue here. Of course I subscribed at
once for the *Globe* and *Leader*, expecting to have
both the "bano and antidote," though which was
which I was not, nor am I yet, prepared to say.
Not content with this I inserted divers advertise-
ments after the manner of Chaffinch the fabric-
ator of masculine habiliments, e. g., "How is it
your complexion is so clear? Because I buy my
sugar at Slocum's;" "Tom Stiles is never trou-
bled with neuralgia, because he gets his coffee
from Slocum;" "People never lose their eyesight
when they read by Slocum's candles." But to
return to our muttons as the French say, I was
just as wise about Canadian politics as before.
The Globe is a regular newspaper. Ishmaelite
its hand against every man, &c., (you know the
rest.) Moreover, it is the recognized bully of the
press. Traitors, corruptionists, abandoners of
principle, dishonest, shameless, past redemption,
are all they who bow not the knee to Baal of the
Globe office. Names in dark black letters dance
in hideous profusion down its columns. The
first time Mrs. Slocum saw them she nearly fainted
away, thinking that all the ill-starred members
thus pilloried were dead. By the way, wouldn't
it be a good idea to vary the columns a little?
Of course Macdougall must be black, for he is
"past redemption;" but Rymal is still salvable,
and might be put in mauve; while Patrick who
is not altogether lost, could figure in light pink,
and McKellar in invisible green. I soon found,
that from the *Globe* I got denunciation instead of
argument, bullying for persuasion and theory,
without the slightest admixture of the practical.
This was scarcely the political school for a plain
practical man like Sam Slocum. The *Leader*
was still worse. If the *Globe* is an Ishmaelite,
the *Leader* is a regular sycophant, a chip in por-
ridge, all things to all men and yet nothing to
nobody. The editor seems to parody Sir Allan
McNab's political creed, and say, "The York
Roads is my politics." All you can get out of
him is, "If the House think so and so, they'll do
so and so, and if they don't see so and so, so and
so they will not do;" or, "This will be the ques-
tion for the House to decide when they meet;
if they reject the bill it will probably be thrown
out, but if not, the chances are that it will be-
come part of the law of the land," and all such

swill-milk composition as that, just as if I did
not know all that without his wasting a column
and a half of paper to tell it me. I want to be
treated to some sound nutritious literary food,
not diluted water gruel. Do poke these fellows
up like a good Gaultman, and oblige,

Your benighted fellow subject,
SAM SLOCUM.

P. S.—Teas and sugars always on hand 25 per
cent. below prime cost. S. S.

DIZZY HEIGHTS.

The Height of Temerity:—Messrs. Rymal and
Patrick daring to have a mind of their own, and
not voting at the dictation of the *Globe*.

The Height of Impudence:—Cartier boasting
of his honesty.

The Height of Assurance:—Daily impeaching
Foley's veracity.

The Height of Chastisement:—The infliction of
a three hours' speech by Ferguson.

The Height of Coolness:—Simpson the coal-
itionist, preaching retrenchment.

The Height of Pettifogging:—Mr. Dunkin's
quibbles on every conceivable question.

The Height of Wisdom:—Mr. Amos Wright's
eloquent silence.

The Height of Luxury:—Mr. Foley's naps on
the Treasury Bench.

The Height of Appreciation:—Mr. Drummond's
estimate of himself.

The Height of Blindness:—Other people's esti-
mate of Mr. Drummond.

The Height of Gravity:—Mr. Benjamin after
dinner.

The Height of Purity:—Mr. White.

The Height of Folly:—Mr. Cauchon thinking
himself a statesman.

The Height of Tantrification:—Being treated
to a column of the "Chronicles of Carlingford"
once a fortnight in the *Globe*.

A Joke by Rymal.

—What is the difference between George
Brown and a cook? The one clings to the Joint
Authority and the other to his authority over the
joints.

School for Orators.

—Why ought the electors of Brock Divi-
sion become the best speakers in the Province?
Because, just now, they are studying Blair's
Rhetoric.

Shooking.

—Why may the member for Chicoutimi be
claimed by both the supporters and opponents of
the Government? Because every man of them
has his Price.

Russia and America.

—It must be extremely gratifying to our
Republican friends to remember that the Czar of
all the Russias expressed so great sympathy for
them in their endeavors to conquer their Southern
brethren. His liking for the North was very
natural, seeing that he contemplated following
their example in crushing unfortunate Poland.

IMPORTANT FROM QUEBEC.—In accordance with
an address from the Legislative Assembly, the
Premier laid on the table a copy of TUS GAULTMAN