

Neither is it very easy to ascertain their social standing, few being men of family, and most having acquired their seats by talent or impudence, the first quality being one considered superfluous and low by all the Tomnodods, and the second, one which may cause such people, if your acquaintance is too easily made, to consider themselves—to use their vulgar phrase—just as good as yourself.

I might give you a list of those whose advances you need not repel, and shall do so at some future time.

Till then be very cautious—know HINCKS, if you choose; his family was very distinguished, and, at any rate, his title confers much distinction on the man;—know BLAKE, a very decent sort of person, indeed;—eschew GEORGE BROWN lest he lacerate your susceptibilities by some breach of etiquette;—cultivate JOSEPH RYMAL, a man of exquisite delicacy and tact;—and patronize which of the Frenchmen you please, say DORION, ST. JUST, or DE SALABERRY. MACKENZIE, of course, you will not think of recognizing. Against this man I cannot too often warn you. No doubt, by much mixing with the world, he has acquired an address of most delightful sauvity, an accent which Colonel GRAY might envy, an air of respectability to which BEATY can never hope to attain. But his escutcheon is defaced by the mallet and chisel of his youth; long use of the level has imbued him with democratic tendencies, and I, for one, can never look upon the man, without thinking that he is truly on the square.

Adieu, ADOLPHUS, it is time that I show myself on the genteel side of King street.

You shall hear from me again, next week.

Your admirer and friend,  
DEMOS MUDGE.

ADOLPHUS TOMNODDY, Esq.,  
Russell House, Ottawa.

#### THE WAIL OF THE CONSERVATIVE.

The day of my destiny's over!  
The days of our power are past—  
What then? though we've all lived in clover  
For years—but 'twas too good to last.  
But though with disasters o'ertaken,  
Though they think that we're going down hill,  
Although by false friends we're forsaken,  
We'll show them we've fight in us still!

It's true that we've lost some elections,  
Are driven they say to the wall;  
It's true that most sombre reflections  
Are roused by the thoughts of last fall.—  
A FALL that has ne'er had an equal  
The Grits say, (and they must be right!)  
It may yet be proved by the sequel,  
We're ready as they for the fight!

Then come one and all! we are ready!  
And fully prepared for the fray;  
Let our motto be "Steady boy's, steady!"  
Unite and we'll carry the day!  
But thinking on all that JOHN A. did,  
My principles crumble to bits,  
(Though he didn't act wrong I'm persuaded.)  
Oh! WHY WERE THERE SUCH THINGS AS GRITS?

#### Our own Medium.

NO. VII.

#### THE SHADOWS.

DEAR GRIP,—I have been paying particular attention to your Local Legislature during the past week, watching with interest the variety of character there presented to view, and the skillful manœuvring indulged in to entrap the unwary,—and in the course of my pursuit no one character so amused me as that belonging to an honorable member representing a constituency just north of your city. I soon found, on watching him, that we were old acquaintances, although unconsciously to himself. Many a time had I heard him, and admired his tact and volubility; whether it was at a club, at an agricultural dinner, or at a ball, it was all the same, he made the most of it, and always took care to be of the same opinion as the majority of the company that he was conversing with. Now a Tory at one time in one place; now a Liberal at another; anon a BALDWIN Reformer, and then a Liberal Conservative, and yet without the most amusing character one could meet with. I happened to be watching him during the debate on the Address, and saw, on examining his mind that he was going to try one of his odd tricks, so I settled myself down to watch. The result quite equalled my expectations, and I have no doubt your readers, who are only fam-

iliar with one side of the picture, will be amused at seeing the other—one being his words as repeated in the daily papers,—the other, the thoughts running through his mind at the same time.

The Hon. member thinks: Well, am I to move this amendment? Why could not LAWDER do it. Hang it! I voted against the confounded Bill last year, and how am I to do the opposite now. Oh! well, never mind; I have nothing to lose, and I can make black seem white, so here goes. *Honorable gentlemen rises.* Mr. Speaker:

"I charge the Government with having acted in a most strange and unconstitutional manner in connection with the Orange Bills. The Hon. member for Grenville attacked the religion to which I belong in a most malignant manner during the debate of last year.

"I am surprised that the Government has again brought this question up, and thrown it as a bone of contention between the contending parties, and giving rise to that acrimonious feeling which it could not fall again to do.

"The Government in rescuing these Bills had done wrong; and if allowed to do this sort of thing would be establishing a precedent which I affirm there is nothing equal to since the days of the Stuarts.

"Such a precedent would enable the Government of the day to burke any legislation which it might seem good to the House to pass, provided that legislation were not in accordance with the views of the members of the Administration.

"I condemn the conduct of the Government as truckling to both Roman Catholics and Orangemen. I have much pleasure, therefore, in moving the following address to the speech from the throne, and feel the same will be sustained."

The honourable gentleman ceases and retires, amidst the plaudits of the House, closely followed by the Speaker thereof, on "leave of absence." Now, dear GRIP, if, in the multitude of councillors there is wisdom, surely we ought to be the best governed people in the world, for who has been a *Daily Spectator* of such a gathering as your Local Legislature but feels with awe the sense of wisdom and intelligence that seems to fill the Chamber. But wise men have their faults, and party strife sometimes runs high; be it your task, GRIP, to remind them in words long since spoken, "that whatever faults either party may be guilty of, they are rather inflamed than cured by those reproaches which they cast upon one another," and that so long as your representatives act on the principles of truth and honour, whatever party they may belong to, they cannot fail of being good Canadians and lovers of their country.

YOUR FAMILIAR SPIRIT.

#### CITY ELECTION NOTE.

JOHNNY ROBINSON has been selected to ride Mr. BICKFORD's favourite nag in the forthcoming West Toronto handicap. It is well known in sporting circles, however, that the animal has by no means recovered from the blemishes that led to his defeat on the last occasion, and betting hearts are not high in his favour, although money is offered in some quarters.

MR. JAMES BEATY has bequeathed his mantle to a well known gentleman, and it is quite possible the Party will get their coats' worth. (COATSWORTH.)

\* This is original.

LOST CENT.—There was a fellow not one hundred miles from Des Joachims, P.Q., who took a post card and wrote on it "Enclosed please find."—