

DIALOGUES OF POLITICIANS.

VO. II.—MON. G. B. AND MON. W. M'D.

"If thou best he; but O how fall'n! how chang'd!"  
—Mittos.

McD.—Comment vous portez-vous, mon cher  
Geordie?

G. B.—Good heavens, Mac, you surely have  
not been studying that barbarous dialect down  
at Quebec.

McD.—I'll tell you what it is, Geordie; I be-  
gin to think French a much sweeter and more  
expressive language than our own, barring Gaelic.  
Besides it is so *distingue*, you know, and as  
Foley, Howland and Wilson are taking lessons  
from Sicotte, I can't afford to be behind. I have  
got as far as the verb "to have," and I intend to  
hold on to it.

G. B.—Shade of the late lamented Arthur,  
Duke of Wellington, Waterloo is indeed avenged  
when even an aboriginal Clear Grit can unblush-  
ingly boast his knowledge of the frog-eaters'  
lingo. But, worse than that, I have heard that  
you have been seen at high mass with Tessier,  
and that you have actually been making free  
with the holy water.

McD.—Of course, "when you are at Rome,"  
you know the rest. But I plead, "not guilty,"  
to the holy water.

G. B.—Can you deny that you were seen com-  
ing from mass, with a pint bottle filled with it?

McD.—Whisht! let that flea stick to the wall;  
I don't mind telling you that it was a bottle of  
Loehnsagar that I bought before I went in, to  
treat Foley and McGee. But what about joint  
authority and the convention?

G. B.—Ah! you may well ask that. Did you  
not propose the joint authority? Did you not  
quote Lord Durham to back your resolution? And  
was it not carried in that erudite and patriotic  
assemblage in the St. Lawrence Hall? And yet  
now you sacrifice popularity, consistency, peace  
of mind, and the rights of Upper Canada, for a  
mess of pottage, Clear Grit Esau as you are.

McD.—Joint authority, indeed! You ought to  
be ashamed to look me in the face when you  
utter those words. Do you think I'm a fool?  
Didn't we perfectly understand that joint autho-  
rity was to be a mere *ignis fatuus* to lure a few  
Lower Canadian supporters, as unreal as the  
sea-serpent, Barnum's woolly horse, or your own  
consistency?

G. B.—But when we got into power, we could  
have insisted on justice to Upper Canada; we  
could have removed the yoke of the oppressor  
from the neck of our enslaved and down-trodden  
country.

McD.—Good for you. Put Ireland for Upper  
Canada and a dash of the brogue, and one would  
think it was Murphy the cooper talking.

G. B.—Ireland's wrongs are imaginary; alas!  
Upper Canada's are too real.

McD.—To my thinking its about six of the  
one and half-a-dozen of the other. You and  
Murphy ought to go into business together under  
the name and style of Brown, Murphy, & Co.,  
Merchant Demagogues, Grievance-mongers,  
Wholesale and Retail.

G. B.—You are trying to shirk the joint autho-  
rity question; you can't deny that you proposed  
it, so you don't want to hear anything about it.

McD.—Faith it's mighty little anybody would  
hear about it, if you were in Howland's place.  
But here's at you. Stay, pass the rosy: as Ho-  
race says: "*Sicetis omnia dura deus proposuit*,"  
the meaning of which you don't remember, be-  
cause you never knew it. It signifies: "Tectot-  
tallism's a hard road to travel."

G. B.—Well, here's reformation to you. That's  
not bad, taken in moderation.

McD.—It's like your *Globe*'s editorials; a little  
goes a long way. But, George, answer me a  
few questions, for like yourself, I'm fond of the  
Socratic mode of disputation. Didn't Sheppard,  
yourself, Gordon and I concoct all the conven-  
tion resolutions together in the editorial room?  
Didn't you give me a had copper to toss with,  
to decide which was to take Rep. by Pop, dissolu-  
tion of the Union, or Joint Authority? And  
didn't you and Sheppard both cry head, and  
lead it was? Didn't you want to saddle me with  
Dissolution which would have kept me forever  
in opposition? But I was too cute, for on look-  
ing at the copper, I found that both sides were  
heads and nary tail.

G. B.—Oh that was an innocent mistake you  
know, Mac; accidents will happen in the best  
regulated sanctum.

McD.—One of your mistakes, it was, troth.  
But to proceed. Didn't we send for some dice,  
and throw for it. You threw 38, I threw 32, and  
Sheppard 15; so you took the U. C. hobby-horse,  
I had to take up joint authority, and Sheppard  
had nothing for it but Dissolution. If I hadn't  
luckily found that passage in Lord Durham's re-  
port, goodness knows what would have become  
of my bantling. As it was, I would not have  
taken it, if you had not promised that Gordon  
would get it carried.

G. B.—That bit from the report was capital.  
The country Grits, like your full-blooded Yankee,  
will swallow anything from a Lord.

McD.—Yes, and your town Grits too, if place  
or pelf are to be made out of it. You'd better  
not repeat that sentiment of yours in South  
Oxford.

G. B.—But you have not yet explained your  
consistency in forsaking joint authority.

McD.—How can a man forsake what he never  
got hold of? I knew it was a shadow, and as I  
never grasped it, how on earth can I be charged  
with letting it go?

G. B.—Alas, Mac, I fear the unhealthy moral  
atmosphere at Quebec has entirely un-manned  
you. Leave your French taskmasters and em-  
bark with me in the Clear Grit scow.

McD.—I will—

G. B.—Thanks, you are saved.

McD.—Not so fast.—I will, as the rats do the  
ship, when it's going to the bottom.

G. B.—Then you are lost. [Exeunt ambo.]

A KNORRY POINT FOR GRIT M.P.'s.—Can a man  
serve two masters, G. Brown and J. S. Macdonald?  
The Easter recess may be profitably spent  
in thinking over this.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT.

"People say that matters have been accommo-  
dated. Is it not so. I tell you Mr. Sanfield  
Macdonald has fallen. Unfortunately for him,  
he found Mr. Sheppard on Sunday, and with him  
was closeted from eight in the morning till after  
ten. He was by him indoctrinated with all kinds  
of notions by which to overcome the blow he had  
received; and he went forth during the whole  
of the day to ear-wig his followers, and bring  
them to their senses. Mr. Sandfield Macdonald  
is no longer master but servant.—*Quebec Corres-  
pondent of the Montreal Gazette.*

This is nothing more than the Grumbler has  
been aware of for a long time. A Sheppard is  
the head and tail, the moving power of the  
Administration, while the members of the Cab-  
inet are the mere puppets of his will. Consider-  
ing the important nature of this fact, would it  
be out of place to consider the Administration  
as a lot of sheep?

A DISCLAIMER.

Toronto, March 28th.

DEAR GRUMBLER—"What's in a name," has been  
quoted from time immemorial, but I have found  
occasion within the last few days to believe that  
there is a good deal in a name, since I have had  
the honor of being addressed on several occasions  
as "Sister Monica," a title to which (as you are  
no doubt aware) I have no claim, and I take the  
present opportunity of stating that, having  
changed my name once "for better, for, &c., &c.,"  
I have no desire to do so again. Therefore, with  
your permission, I shall now, and then assist to  
"Paddle the Canoe," down THE GRUMBLER'S stream  
of mirth, and *without* a "nom do guerre," shall  
remain,

Ever yours,

NOT "SISTER MONICA,"  
BUT ANOTHER FEMALE GRUMBLER.

AN ANOMALY.

DEDICATED TO MAYOR CORNISH.

Tectotallers strive with all their might,  
To keep from whiskey, thirsty souls;  
But strange that one whom cups delight,  
Should show hostility to Bowl(s).

French Influence.

—Tom Ferguson objected to the U. C.  
Grammar School Bill because it had not been  
printed in French. We understand that the hon.  
member is studying "notre langue" at the Sem-  
inary under the immediate direction of the R. C.  
Archbishop of Quebec. He refuses to read a bill  
in English, and salutes every one he meets as  
"Mounseer." It is time George Brown was down  
there.

Pray, Excuse Me.

—We learn from the *New York Tribune*  
that some Federal naval and military officers in  
the vicinity of Vicksburg have declined to accept  
a ball intended for them by the Confederate  
forces now defending that city. It is thought,  
however, that they may yet be induced to relent,  
as the invitation will be pressed upon them in a  
more substantial manner in a few days.