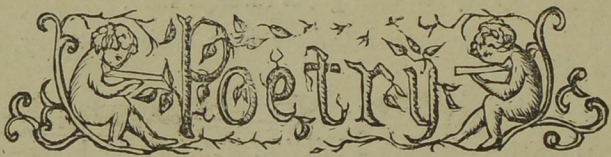


OUR PARLIAMENTARY PORTRAIT.



"The most incomprehensible man in the House."—*Nouveau Monde.*

"Let any man go to the Commons at Ottawa, and stand boldly forth for the rights of the Maritime Provinces and of St. John as persistently as I have done, and, depend upon it, he will be proclaimed a 'bore.'"



Another Postal Grievance.

The April snows were wasting fast
As on to Ottawa there pass'd
A man attired in garments nice,
Who bore a flag with this device—
Red Granite.

His face was pale, his eyes were wild,
He never paused, and seldom smiled,
A rock he carried in his hand,
Which now and then he sharply scanned—
Red Granite.

O! whither, cried a maiden fair,
Young man with neatly parted hair,
On what strange errand are you bent;
The youth yelled out as on he went—
Red Granite.

An ancient patriarch, standing near,
Cried—"Friend, come take a glass of beer;
The path is steep, your strength will fag,
With carrying that infernal flag"—
Red Granite.

He heeded not, but faster strode,
As driven by some maddening goad,
While all that saw him wondering gazed,
And read the words with eyes amazed—
Red Granite.

They saw him reach that building high,
Where Governments are born and die;
They heard him thundering at its door,
And shouting loud, "I have the floor"—
Red Granite.

They saw a hard faced man come forth—
Rude as the rocks that bound the North—
They heard him in a snuffle say,
"Gang oot, young mon, and tak awa—"
Red Granite."

"It winna do, ava, ava,
For that St. John Post Office ha',
I'm busy noo, so gang yer gait,"
The youth groaned loud, "Is this thy fate—"
Red Granite?"

He smiled a sort of sickly smile,
Although it was enough to rile
The best of fellows, just to hear
Such words of what he held so dear—
Red Granite.

"I hae na time, I winna do 't,"
Answered the sour uncivil lout,
When in the youth's most winning tone,
He asked to show the polished stone—
Red Granite.

And something strangely like a curse
Broke from his lips as off he burst,
And pale with anger homeward strode,
Bearing aloft his ponderous load—
Red Granite.

Flagrant infraction of law at Kouchibouguacis.

Last Saturday morning at the above named place, our special, whom we had sent to Richibucto to ascertain whether, as reported, there was a brandy famine there, (which we are happy to say was not the case) writes us as follows. "At half past six this P. M. I witnessed a most outrageous and glaring infraction of section 13 of the Surveyor General's Act, passed last session, whereby it is enacted that every chain bearer, before he chains, shall take an oath that he is not related or allied to any of the parties interested in a survey within the fourth degree, according to the computation of the civil law. In the case to which I refer, the great—great—grandfather led the chain, while he was followed by the grandson of the brother of one of the parties interested."

We are very much distressed at this evident infraction of a very important law, and hope that the guilty parties will be brought speedily to justice. As to the fact of relationship there is no doubt, and as regards the law, we find it laid down in Justinian's Institutes, Lib. 3, Titulus 6, that a great—great—grandfather and the grandson of a brother are within the prescribed degree of consanguinity. We could have wished that an additional section had been added to this excellent Act excluding all persons who were not free non-sectarian School men from the practice of land surveying. Our special is an artist of distinction, and he forwarded to us, executed in charcoal on birch bark, a masterly sketch of two of the wretched relatives. The enormity of their offence may lead them to attempt an exodus from the country. The Chief of Police will, therefore, thank us for re-producing the sketch. Here it is.

