

WHAT ARE THE WILD KNAVES SAYING ?

Dust, between Charles Edward Romain and Rowland Burr

Chas Edward—What are the wild knaves saying,
Rowland, the whole day long.
Do they 'bout betting and playing,
Still slick to the same old song ?
Not in the Leader only,
Are the ravings wild and free,
But in streets and taverns loudly,
Queer mutterings are still with me.

Rowland—Charley I fear no raving,
Be hanged to such stupid stuff.
Eyes right I never shrink from braving
An Atlas or Leader "rough."
'Tis but the dirty water
They each delight to pour ;
If they don't know better they oughter,
Who cares for an "organ's" roar :

Charley and Rowland—No ! It is something worse,
'Tis "ALLAN" 'whore or roamer,
Oh ! he hanged to the ship, yes came her,
That safely brought him home.

Chas. Edward—Yes, sure the knaves are over
Shouting that self same name,
Till vala is my weak endeavour
To get a "hip ! hip !" for Romain.
Still are the crowd repenting
"Allan" by night and by day ;
Confound such a senseless greeting,
Why the dence did't he stay away ?

Rowland—Charley, this Allan mounts,
Is an ugly case for you,
Dangers flow like a fountain,
No wonder you look so blue.
Soon on its lofty steep,
The avalanche will form,
And by jingo, sir, 'twill sweep
You off in the coming storm.

Charley and Rowland—Yes, that will be something worse,
Be hanged to old ocean's foam,
For traucing this man, oh, cuss her !
To the York Division home.

THE PENNY TRUMPET.

This music made me, let it sound no more.—RICHARD II.

During one of those false alarms of fire which fun or mischief has made so frequent of late, our delicate sense of hearing was terribly offended by the occasional or rather frequent flourishes of an inequipt instrument somewhat akin to the penny-trumpet. This little minister of torture, though at once the solace and safety-valve of childhood, and comparatively harmless when the vehicle of juvenile expirations of breath, becomes decidedly objectionable when introduced on an extensive scale, and put into active use by adult pulmonaries. The bell is tolerably annoying, the gong certainly atrocious, but this wind instrument innovation execrable.

We at first entertained the idea that these ana-tours were in training to celebrate Mr. Romain's election when secured, but on investigation we found that it was fire company, and that the use of the unmelodious trump was a matter of necessity rather than of choice. A sound of some sort is indispensable during the confusion resulting from an alarm of fire, both as a warning to the public and as a call to the members of the company, and as the Chief Engineer positively declines to supply a bell for this portion of the Brigade, they have been compelled to provide a supply of noise at the cheapest rate, and hence the trumpet grievance.

If Mr. Ashfield is not too much engaged in the study of hydraulics or hook-and-ladder ology, perhaps he will be good enough to purchase the requisite amount of bell metal for this tubiferous company, and thus relieve at once their lungs and our ears from unnecessary annoyance.

THE ATLAS TURNS OVER A NEW LEAF.

We are always happy to see signs of amendment even in the most incorrigible. The prosy *Atlas*, conscious of his besetting sin of dullness, has at length secured the invaluable services of an extremely high-flown correspondent at Guelph. We confess that his first effusion leads us to expect much in the future, and we would fain hope that practice and a little genial criticism will go far to rub away any of those extravagancies of style to which the literary tyro is so prone. In saying, therefore, that A. G.'s poetic fire splutters so wildly that we must consider it to have been kindled among green wood, we feel sure that a little seasoning will ultimately secure regularity and perfection.

And first of all let us urge our young friend never to give a Latin quotation so prominent a place as the head of an article without ensuring its correctness; a peep into Horace would in this case have saved a misquotation and the poet's metre into the bargain. The writer laments the absence of the Great Mogul in Guelph at the Grit discomfiture; we have no doubt that he would have added lustre to the other *Gulls* present, but how he would trouble himself so much merely "to see a fine illustration of Cymbeline," which it would employ all the eyes of Argus to detect, we are at a loss to know. But not only would he have seen this "fine illustration," but he would have cried out "I am not their father."

We have read the context over several times, and it puzzles us immensely to decide whose paternity he would have denied, whether that of the "ridiculous mouse," Cymbeline, "Brother d'Arcy," or all the Guelph Grits together. In either case his majesty would doubtless waive his defence till he was troubled with an accusation, which, though it might bear strongly as against a polygamist, has not yet been preferred.

The writer goes on with the frank admission that "there are a few obscure individuals" who will "rise and fall with the great Mohammed of their faith," (mark the Mogul peeping in again) and of these "a few," a herd mustered last evening in the market square.

This reminds us of the Irishman's "herd of swine," which consisted of one superannuated hog and two chickens. This "herd" met "with the loyal and disloyal intention" of burning the Governor's effigy. Macbeth posed Macduff by asking "who can be loyal, wise, neutral," &c., in a moment? but the Grits have surpassed Macbeth's proud imagination by being "loyal and disloyal" in a breath. Dame Rumour then comes on the stage, like Minerva in the *Iliad*, to defeat the Barbarians, and then we have the solemn announcement in the impressive words of the night watch, "nine o'clock and all's well." We think the introduction of the clock here is very fine, but its effectiveness might have been enhanced if it had been placed at the beginning, and the writer had been induced, like the playwright of the "Critic," to "open with a clock."

The appalling effigy of the "neighbouring clock" as it gave its hourly admonitions to the watchful Grits, is very good, except that it topples slightly over the line which is said to discover the sublime

from the ridiculous. The chronicler proceeds to record how the effigy "slumbered for more than ten days" without food or motion in a "tinker's shanty" till the wicked Grits, on the memorable night, intended to raise the "flame of effigy." This is a bold metaphor; other tamer spirits have told us of the flames of love, jealousy, genius, anger, and a variety of other mental pyrotechnics, but A. G. transcends them all, he has absolutely invented the "flame of effigy." There is after all, something new under the sun. The Grits were scared however; the flame was still restrained in the "rancid cells of *Globedom*," and the Governor was unburned. The writer triumphantly asks why they were afraid? why they had not "dared to perfect a design which cost them so much pain (pricked their fingers in sewing up the effigy, we suppose) anxiously, and trouble?" Why indeed? One Grit is "introduced" to the Sheriff's "unpoetic cell," and "this was carried in face of the muttered disapprobation of the rowdy party." What was carried? The Grit, the cells or the disturbance? A. G. doesn't tell us. But the Grits are going to try it again, and then ironically exclaims the writer, "kingdoms will crumble to dust," (we should like a little of the pulverized article when it is ready), "and all dignities" are to be finally extinguished.

"Sir Edmund will say" (and here he flounders into Latin again,) "*nunc opus est mimis*," (now there is need of pantomimes); if he should, we would recommend the Ravel troupe, who are excellent in that line, though in good sooth, such excellent farces have been performed for Sir Edmund's amusement lately, that we cannot see the necessity.

Then comes the finishing touch, in which A. G. (Anas Guelphinus, the Goose of Guelph?) gives the reins to his imagination in good style. "And even now methinks I hear in the lone watches of the stilly night, the incarcerated image in the shanty, soliloquizing in the words of Cleopatra" &c. The image not only talks in its sleep, but quotes Shakespeare glibly with an accuracy marvellous in an effigy. If the Grits will only send a few of these ingenious contrivances here during the fair, they will make their fortune instant. It is no wonder that the *Colonist* quotes the bard, and substantiates his statements by pedantic references to Plutarch, when a bundle of rags at Guelph has done so much while asleep in a tinker's shanty at Guelph.

Thus ends the first letter of A. G.; we shall watch with intense interest his onward career; which must inevitably lead to notoriety if not to honor and fame.

To Country Organs.

— Purchased at Sheriff's sale after the late Election, the *Globe's* entire stock-in-trade of No Popery cries and Anti-Doganism. The editor of the *Colonist* will retail the article at reasonable rates to country papers opposed to the "McGee Cabinet." The following specimens we extract from that journal of the 21st: "Shakespeare's plays are the text book in matters of morality for Canadian *Dogdom*;" there was "an older and wiser book, which the lecturer appearing in the *petticoated company* he did, would hardly be permitted to name."