

THE LITTLE CUR BARKS AT THE MASTIFF.

A hot debate the House had warmed,
The Rose had blown, McDonald stormed,
McKellar truths unpardonable
Had spoken to the member able,
And learned from West Middlesex,
Who looked as though he fair would vex
Kent's chief with Talionis Lex.
When up jumped little shaky Alleyne
To give the Gritty chiefs a mauin',
Full fierce he looked, full fiercely funny;
No trace he bore of milk and honey,
But wrath enthroned on his pale brow
Courtied a fierce and wordy row;
Slap dash the little barker ran
'Gainst Atkins, Brown and Halton's man;
Slap dash—till growing fierce and frantic,
He left his usual style pedantic,
And aiming at a regular riler
Painted the Gritty members viler
Than black St. Nicholas, or rather
Old Nick, well known of lies the father.
Of course, as usual, Brown came in
For his share of rasping din.
Of course, as usual, Brown was scolded
By this small cur by nature mounded
In form unique and funny, very;
Or, as poor Sambo would say, "berry."
At length Brown thought he'd heard enough
Of Alleyne's would-be heavy stuff;
So up he rose to his full height,
To put the little barker right.
But still more pale and ghastly white
Turned Alleyne at the mastiff's sight.
Sit down! Sit down! SIT DOWN!!! he cries,
With paw upraised and flashing eyes.
Sit down! Sit down!!! SIT DOWN!!! again
He thundered out with might and main,
The House with roars of laughter shook,
To see his fiercely comic look;
And drew a lively picture thence
Of "Dignity and Impudence."

THE FASHIONS.

IMPORTANT DEBATE IN THE HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY

Toronto, March 20th, 1859.

The Speaker took the chair at three o'clock, and after balancing it for some time on the point of his nose, sat down in it.

PETITIONS.

The following petitions were presented:

From a bankrupt husband, praying that a bill might be passed to restrain his wife from the use of more than six bonnets in one season.

From a jealous husband, praying that it might be made a felony for a bachelor to ask a married woman to dance.

From a fidgety husband, for an Act to declare the rearing of parrots and lap dogs a capital crime.

From a distracted husband, for an Act to prohibit the squalling of babies.

From an injured wife, demanding an Act to prohibit the use of cigars and brandy.

From an old maid, for an Act to make marriage compulsory at a certain age—to extend to both sexes.

From a young lady, inveigling against the length to which moustaches have grown of late.

From another, praying the Speaker to marry her.

From another, asking for a lock of Mr. Hogan's hair.

From twenty-five ladies, complaining of being unduly stared at in the street.

From twenty-six ditto, complaining of being over-looked when out shopping.

NOTICE OF MOTION.

Mr. HOGAN gave notice that it was his intention to introduce a bill to make it compulsory on all young ladies to learn the manly art of self-defense.—(Hear, hear.)

HOOPS AND CRINOLINE.

Mr. ATKINS moved the second reading of the bill to prohibit the use of hoops and crinoline by that portion of the human race known as females. (Hear, hear.) Hon. gentlemen might sneer, hear, hear, but such gentlemen were not married—such persons had not daughters—such individuals had not sisters—such persons didn't go to balls—such traitors to their country didn't happen to have any feeling either in their hearts or their shins—such assassins of domestic bliss—such midnight conspirators—such—

Mr. MCGEE called the hon. gentleman to order.

Hoops were not to be condemned in toto. For his part, he looked upon a hoop as a "thing of beauty" when encircling in graceful curve the fair proportions of a beer barrel. As to use of hoops by a lady—it was a subject he never could get round.

Mr. DRUMMOND was an ardent admirer of hoops, from childhood. He was born with a love of hoops. When he was a chicken of tender growth, he used to trundle his hoop, all unconscious of the destiny that was in store for him. Later in life he had swallowed a ring, which resulted in a hoop-in-cough; and even now the sight of an empty hog-head brought tears into his eyes.

Dr. CONNOR thought the hoop a great institution. It gave grace to the bandy, symmetry to the shapeless, fascination to the ungainly, and beauty to the deformed.

Mr. BROWN complained that it was impossible now to choose a wife, since her defects were so hid by hoops, and enveloped in crinoline, that the naked—

SPEAKER—Order.

Mr. BROWN—Mr. Speaker—

SPEAKER—The hon. gentleman's out of order.

Mr. BROWN—But Mr. Speaker, the naked—

SPEAKER—Hold your tongue, sir.

Mr. BROWN—The naked—

SPEAKER—Upon my soul, Brown, cork up, or I'll have you arrested.

Mr. BROWN—Permit me to explain, Mr. Speaker. When I said the naked—

SPEAKER—(yelling)—Clear the galleries of ladies, Mr. Sergeant.

Mr. BROWN—In the name of the seven graces and the fifteen muses, Mr. Speaker—dearly beloved Smith—let me apologize then. I only meant to say that hoops and crinoline had reached to such a rotundency, that it was impossible to arrive at the naked—

SPEAKER—(Frantically)—Death and blue-devils! Stop, or I'll brain you with the mace. Consider the impropriety of—

Mr. BROWN—(Wildly)—Truth! Truth! Truth! Naked truth, was what I was going to say.

SPEAKER—[Subsiding]—Mr. Sergeant bring me a glass of cherry and a clean handkerchief, for I'm exhausted.

Mr. FOLEY, now that the row was over, would oppose the bill. Hoops were invaluable. The covered a multitude of sins! They were a perpetual

sermon to thinking young ladies—if any such existed in Canada—being typical of eternity. They—

Hon. Mr. CARTIER—As the hon. gentleman was getting prosaical, would sing
"Hoop-de-dooden-do."

Mr. GOULD begged to move that a tax should be imposed upon hoops. There was no denying that some restriction should be placed upon them; for at present in the business streets, men could not pass along the highway without being assaulted with them.

Mr. DUNBAR ROSS understood his hon. friend to say that people could not pass along the streets without being assaulted by highway men. Now, surely the hon. member for Lake Ontario, could not but be aware that the character of every member in the House was affected by such a dam—

Mr. TALBOT objected to such unparliamentary language.

Mr. ROSS protested against interruption. He was going on to say, by such a dam—

Mr. J. CAMERON—The hon. member should not swear in that dreadful manner.

Mr. ROSS—Wasn't doing anything of the kind; but would be tempted to do so, if not allowed to finish his sentence,—by such a dam—[order, order]—a dam—[confusion]—he would repeat it—by such a dam—[tremendous uproar].

Mr. WRIGHT stood up and moved amidst the wildest confusion, that Mr. ROSS be expelled the House for such awful language.

Mr. ROSS [black in the face] explained that dam-aging statements was all he meant to say when he was interrupted by the fool—

Mr. TALBOT—Who's a fool?

Mr. ROSS—Foo-lish ass—

Mr. CAMERON—Who's an ass?

Mr. ROSS [wildly]—Foo-lish ass-ertion of profanity.

At this point of the discussion a deputation of infuriated ladies with scizzors, and sharp nails was seen approaching the house, upon which the Speaker gave orders to bar the doors and suddenly vanished, followed by the members.

THE WEATHER.

DEAR GRUMBLER,—Lend me your lug and your sympathy whilst I grumble a bit on my ain account about the weather and the changes o't. I'm no lang frae hame, ye maun ken, an I'll no be lang, fer I neer saw sic a climate in a' my life, and I'm weel on for saxty. It's a temptin' o' Providence to bide here, for by haein naething to dae, and I'm gaun back agin, for I'll no dee here look ye. The kirk yard's a' in a much o' glar, the hale year round, I hear, for I was speeriu. It'll snaw and blaw the day, and the morn's mornin it'll be wat; at twa it'll, may be, be fine, and in the afternoon it'll be coorse, and in the coorse o' the night it'll may be thunder. Twa or three times a week, a body 'll be swatin like a race horse, and the rest o' the time shakin and shiverin w' the cauld past a' tholin. I'll no bide in this kintry see, and ye canna blame me, Mr. Grumbler. A man's no a beast that'll stan a' wather at a time, forby its no ay been convenient to start oot o' a mornin wi a big coat on, a beast's skin cap on your heed, and a bannet in your pooch, an umbrella under yae oter, and an ile skin coat aneath the ither, and yet a body canna tell hoo the day'll turn oot. So I'm gaun awa frae this, some ither gate, whar it's no sae wut an I'm no aye sae dry, and hae naethin worth drinkin, for the whiskey's no jist what I hae tasted at hame.

Gude day to ye,

Jock.