

### MR. GOULD'S FIRST LETTER FROM TOWN.

The hon. member for N. Ontario has "arrived" and settled down to his weighty and serious duties as a statesman and legislator. We give the following as his first impression of things:—

ROZIN ROUSE,  
27, JANUARY, 1850.

RESPECTIT FRENDS,

as shakespear says in *Illis* "jerusalem Despattered," a Man's a man for a' That, wich thow misterous lyke semes 2 mene that 1 man's As good as a nylker. Wen i arrove at the deopo, I disclosed the site of a grand scellebration wich consisted of The city band and numerous citizens wich had came to welcome Your umbel servant. When There fireworks wuz awl played off, they put me on a *chevaux de Jreeze*, and druv me up to the bordin house amid the vofisirations of the rocks poperli, wich was mutch To my taste and *Dilly compus mentis*. i next took dinner (Beefs take an inguns) and got some Spring Water wich they call o deo veo In french. i alays studdy for on howr in Filosofy. i think i told you that i wuz 2 goin to rede lock in The uman Understaudin, wich i thaut wuz a book on The stocks, or Someother fetter for The feet, But i sea that it is awl about innit ideers, And awl that wich is not as good as i seen, wich was a Druuk man a tryin' to walk, wich i thout a finer essay on the uman understandin than lock's, which is not as good as the articles In the *Globe* on the "sinews before the people," or "isews," i forget wich.

Wal, the fust em pe I saw was Ogan and by the old steem Saw-mil if he aint as gray as my tom cat that was used to eet out of My plate on grate occashuns, such as Kwiltin bees and them sort of things Sea I "Ogan things air not now As They used To be. "Ala ah!" ses he in a sepulkeristic Tone, "They air not" touching his locks As if He was a jokin. brown is Ripish and Winks Mischeevous as Much as to say "We air a goin to do em, Gold, aint we?" an i winks "so we be George."

McGie has got quite stout an in bong point as the gallibers say in french. e as ben lecturarin on "More Burns" in allusion to A lait Conflagration in Mountreal. macDonal ses i am gettin 2 larned bekos I coated from Kertiles pomes about Swete Hoam an i droo Tares from awl his eyes.—we air Goo into power An we shal Act with loobricity and Tergiversashun wich The present disonest government ave not Done.

They say that Hed will not send fur brown wen the ministry ak defeated, so i expect to ave a hand in it. i am gettin up my speech on The address wich is To conclud as follers:—"no, mister specker, things is com to a bad pass. Rather than This hear government shud contioner, Away with everything; Phil up Ontarier, make a Kanawi thru awl things; annihilate time and Space, and let awl things unanimoosly be squashed fur ever.

May the Lion bilde his nestes in The yaller pine, and the chipmonk Lay his eggs where youre a settin, And the Wevil suckel her offspring in yer wig; Then yo Need'nt look To me for assistance. You'l kaw! Gold, but gold will be on his metal an wont yere ye's." And wen i set down they'l bust their selves with aclemifeshuns as u will wen you rede this frum

yu're's til eksturminated,  
Jos. Gorb.

### MR. LACHLAN'S LECTURE.

We trust that the lecture to be given by Mr. McLachlan on Wednesday next, will be as successful as was Mr. McGee's, of Thursday last.

Mr. McLachlan belongs to a class of men who have a right to expect the public support and recognition. Rising from among the ranks of our population, he has by his own persevering application stored his mind with the literary treasures of our language. He is eminently liberal and generous in his views, and being himself a poet,—the author of an excellent volume of poems—he is well qualified to speak appreciatingly of the great men who have enriched the pages of our English literature. Mr. McLachlan's address at the Burn's Centenary Festival was very successful, and although he was previously unknown to many of our readers, we trust they will be ready to extend a generous support to a man who is really worthy of their favour. We are informed that Hon. J. H. Cameron has consented to take the chair.

### THE EMIGRANT SHIP.

James Malcolm should be careful how he mistakes such "stuff," to use his own expression, as that which was published on the backside of the *Leader* on Thursday last, for poetry. Here is a specimen. He is describing the feelings of a girl whose lover had set sail in "The Emigrant Ship":

"The feelers of her heart extend  
To find her lover and her friend."

Does the man mistake a woman's heart for a crab or a lobster—that he talks of its "feelers?" Again he says—

"All ties of home and fatherland,  
Aro snapt in twain like ropes of sand."

How could a rope of sand be snapped? What rope maker would undertake to epiu such an article? The middle of the poem, although the baldest trash we ever read, is safe from criticism, owing to the sacred sentiments with which the poet blunders. Passing this portion of it, therefore, we come to a "blus look out":—

"The sea is blue—blue is the sky,"

Further on we have the "glorious sun shining"

Upon mid-ocean's murmuring blue."

What color is a *murmuring* blue? Our poetaster is decidedly long-winded. He gives a slight sketch of the occupation of the passengers—

"Some breast-idea each doth hoard,  
Disimilar to all else on board."

It is rather a novelty to be told that a man's ideans are lodged in his stomach. If our poetaster is correct, what an immense number of ideans must have been buried with Daniel Lambert! After this, our author becomes sportive, and addresses the winds—

"To western winds; will, will ye blow,  
And keep us tossing to and fro."

This brings to our mind that sublime fragment so familiar to all our readers—

"See how,—Maggie Daw  
Sold her bed and lay upon straw  
Wasn't she a dirty slut  
To sell her bed and lie in the dirt!"

But our poetaster has got into a moralizing strain, and informs us that—

"Man's still man on sea or land,"

After this piece of information, he goes on to say

that "all eyes are turned to gaze on Newfoundland's rocky shore, looming through the haze"—

"But cover not its dreary soil,  
Nor yet its waters filled with cod."

The sod and the cod having no charms for "all eyes," the ship goes on its way rejoicing. But audently we are told—

"An accident has damped the crew,"

The damping is only a figure of speech, and has no reference to salt water. The fact of the matter being that some one had started on a voyage—

"Whence voyages again no'er set sail,  
Concerning it to toll a tail!"

The voyage is now concluded—

"Mid cheers the harbor now is reached,  
For smuggled goods each one is searched."

Such is the wind up of an immense long poem which Jas. Malcolm was so obliging to the public, as to put his name before, and also the words "original." We hope the lesson we have read him, will have a salutary effect, and that in future he will keep his "original" compositions for purposes which will conduce to his own comfort.

### BEAUTIES OF TELEGRAPHING.

Between the telegraph operator and the printers devi—the Chayybidis and Seylla of modern authors, the public are often puzzled to guess at the meaning of information published for their edification. As an instance we will, as published in the *Leader*, select a line from the poetic greeting sent from Chicago to the Toronto Burns' club, which attributes to Burns the remarkably attribute of

"Wearing all our hearts in thyme."

"Wearing a heart in thyme" is not a brilliant idea—nor a very sensible one. The writer, one would think, was a green grocer. The *Globe* prints the herby translation too. The *Colonist* discards the "thyme," and has it

"Weaving all our hearts in thine."

This is more like it. Burns, according to his cotemporary, the Hon. Adam Ferrie, was a weaver therefore weaving hearts, although not the best illustration of a poet's abilities that could be hit upon, has the merit of being appropriate. But our venerable friend, *Ancient Double*, is not the last authority. The *Hamilton Spectator* has a new version of this mystic line, as follows:

"Weaking all our hearts is thyme."

This version has most decidedly the great merit of originality. "Weaking hearts," is a novelty till now unheard-of; and in "thyme" too. There is yet another candidate for the honor of the best translation of this line. It is the *Hamilton Times*; it prints it—

"Wearing all our hearts is thine."

This is decidedly the best. There is some sense in a man having a large heart, although the "wearing" of hearts in it spoils the idea intended to be conveyed, inasmuch as it suggests the image of a clothes press hung around with *wearing* apparel. We have not seen all the versions of this famous enigma of a line yet. Very probably in other newspapers, Burns will be represented as

"Breaking all our hearts with rhyme."

Or perhaps as

"Breaking all our heads with thine."

Or

"Eating all our hearts with thyme."

In the multitude of Telegraph operators and Printer's devils there is wisdom!