

## ALMOST AWAY.

Scene.—TAVERN AT DRUMMONDVILLE.

Lord Elgin and his Private Secretary.

LORD E.—Any thing new in the papers this morning, Major Campbell?

MAJOR C.—Oh yes, my Lord. There are a few articles in the *Montreal Gazette*, the *Hamilton Spectator*, the *Toronto Patriot*, and the *Brantford Courier*, in which allusion is made to Your Lordship, in rather disrespectful terms, however—

LORD E.—Do you call that “any thing new,” Major? I had hoped from your affirmative reply, to have heard of something laudatory—something in which “due consideration” was shown to those eminent qualities in which I so far excel all my predecessors. Well any thing else?

MAJOR C.—There are a few more addresses to Mr. Gowan, with his replies thereto. Shall I read them, my Lord?

LORD E.—No, no! Confound the fellow! it's well for me he has not the *Canada Gazette* at his service.

MAJOR C.—Then there is a very interesting account, of the negotiations with the Indians of Lake Superior. Your Excellency would perhaps relish the natural eloquence of these children of the forest?

LORD E.—Never mind it just now, Campbell, I had enough of their “eloquence” at my last interview with the rude rascals. They had not a shadow of respect for constituted authorities, and treated the Representative of the Sovereign, like any common man. Well, well! I see there is nothing new this morning. By-the-way, how's Exchange? Look at the Broker's Circular.

MAJOR C.—[Reads] “Heavy as quoted; tendency downwards.”

LORD E.—Just like my luck! If we had not been in such a deuce of a hurry, with that last couple of thousands I sent home, I might have made some ten pounds more out of it. But it can't be helped now. Hand me a paper, Campbell; let me try if I can't find something interesting. [Reads in silence for some time, occasionally shaking his head despondingly; but suddenly starts up, with an illuminated physiognomy.] Why, bless my soul, Campbell! Look here! Only read that paragraph! There! Amongst the “Miscellaneous.”

MAJOR C.—[Reads.] “The Lord Mayor of London has an allowance of £8,000 per annum.”

LORD E.—“Eight Thousand Pounds!” Sterling, too, my dear fellow! Only think! Eight thousand Pounds Sterling—how much is that in Currency?

MAJOR C.—At par, my Lord! [Lord E. too much agitated to speak, nods assent. The Private Secretary calculates.] £9733,6,8, Halifax Currency, my Lord.

LORD E.—All that amount to a petty London tradesman, while here they grudge the paltry sum of £777,15,6, to a man of my descent,\* title and talents. Campbell! I shall no longer honor, this remote and benighted Province, with my dignified presence. I had hoped to have witnessed the great consummation of Annexation—but duty calls me to another field. Write to Lord Grey, my dear Campbell, a “private despatch,” recollect! Tell him that the state of Her Ladyship's health will probably prevent my longer continuance in the highly onerous and responsible office, which Her Most Gracious Majesty has been pleased to confide to me, and hint that the medical men recommend the climate of India. You can enquire, incidental, in a Postscript, whether a Bill to secure the dependence of the Corporation of London on the Crown, and to throw the appointment of the Lord Mayor into the hands of the Government, might not be quietly slid through Parliament, at the next Session. I would be happy to undertake its introduction into the House of Lords, if His Lordship should consider that there would be no impropriety in my afterwards accepting the office of Lord Mayor. Tell him I can furnish him with precedents from this country—that Chancery Bill, you know, Campbell. Say that in that case it would gratify my strong feelings of family affection, to obtain an appointment that would retain me near so esteemed a relative as himself. Put it strong, but

\* His Lordship's descent during the last year certainly has been very great. Note by Toby.

mild—you know how, my dear fellow. But, for my sake, not a word of this to Hincks or Lafontaine!

MAJOR C.—Will your Lordship excuse my suggesting that it would be as well before proceeding further to look at the remainder of the paragraph?

LORD E.—Oh! “free house, coal, candle,” and so forth, Let me hear what they say.

MAJOR C.—[Reads.]—“He,” that is, the Lord Mayor, “is not considered to support the office with becoming dignity, unless he spend £4000 in addition to his allowance of £8000.”

Lord Elgin subsides in calm rigidity into the nearest chair; the Secretary hurriedly places a glass of water at His Lordship's lips, who, slowly reviving, murmurs in despairing accents—something about “gazelles”—“dark blue eye”—“know me well”—“sure to die.”

## A FRAGMENT.

His eye was stern and wild,—his cheek was pale and cold as clay; Upon his tighten'd lip a smile of fearful meaning lay; He mused awhile—but not in doubt—no trace of doubt was there; It was the steady solemn pause of resolute despair.

Once more he look'd upon the scroll—once more its words he read— Then calmly, with unflinching hand, its folds before him spread. I saw him bare his throat, and seize the blue cold-gleaming steel; And grimly try the temper'd edge—he was so soon to feel! A sickness crept upon my heart, and dizzy swam my head,— I could not stir—I could not cry—I felt benumb'd and dead; Black icy horrors struck me dumb, and froze my senses o'er; I closed my eyes in utter fear, and strove to think no more,

Again I looked,—a fearful change across his face had pass'd— He seemed to rave,—on cheek and lip a flaky foam was cast; He raised on high the glittering blade,—then first I found a tongue— “Hold madman! stay the frantic deed?” I cried, and forth I sprang; He heard me, but he heeded not! one glance around he gave And ere I could arrest his hand, he had begun—to shave— To shave—yes gentle reader—to shave his grizzly chin; He flourished 'round his razor and gave a crazy grin, I looked at every feature—and then I knew the face Yes—yes I'd seen it often in many a funny place; 'Twas that grey-headed man, the Editor of Punch, Preparing for his mornings walk—to Dolly's for a Lunch; And when that meal is eaten—his Castor he will don too H'll bolt from all his creditors and mizzle to To-ron-too.

## MINOR MISERIES.

Shaving on board a ship with an unsteady hand, and a cross sea running, in consequence of which you get more skin than hair off.

Six hungry fellows dropping in to dine just as you have finished your own chop; and are about to emulate the kitchen fire, which has gone out for the evening.

Laying long odds on a horse, which you discover next day, has been dead for a week.

Trusting your washer-woman with your only shirt to wash, who won't trust you, in return, with the unattainable price of the washing.

Riding a runaway horse, who will get in among the dogs, and become a whipping post for the hunt.

Leaving your purse in a cab, mentioning the circumstance to the driver the moment you alight, who whips his horse into a gallop, and wishes you may get it.

Lending your nag to a friend, and receiving a polite note from a Veterinary Surgeon, stating that the beast has been placed under his care, with a reference to you, which, if satisfactory, will induce him to undertake the cure of his broken knees.

## UN CALEMBOURG NONPAREIL.

Pour quoi est-ce que le nom familier en Anglais de Sarah revient, à une contradiction en Français?

Parce que son nom qui est propre est celui qui est Sal.