

A SOP FOR SANDFIELD.

"Flow Gently, Sweet Afton."

Blow gently, sweet Sandfield, the rest of thy days,
Blow gently, I'll sing thee a song of despair;
Mackenzie can't sleep for thy querulous scream,
Blow gently, sweet Sandfield, disturb not his dream.

To Stockholders, whose voices resound through the House,
Ye wild-chiselling members, the "Press" don't arouse;
Thou grey-crested terror, thy yelping forenoon,
I charge thee disturb not the *Colonist* there.

How lofty, sweet Sandfield, thy labouring stammer,
How marked with wild gesture, and ignorant clamour,
When nightly thou wanderest as midnight comes nigh,
With a dull fishy glare in thy oystery eye.

How pleasant thy ranks of Grit members below,
Where wild at corruption the Grit chieftains blow;
Where oft as the gasoller sheds its bright ray,
The Canadian Burke says, "I say and do say."

Thy muddy speech, Sandfield, how darkly it glides,
Defiling the sanctuary where Sheppard presides;
But do you not think it is going too far?
To summon the *Colonist* up to the bar?

THE FLOWER SHOW.

Who is it says that every rose has a thorn?
Well, no matter. The fact remains the same,
whether the rose be red or white, or a charming
girl of sweet seventeen. On Thursday evening we
went to the Flower Show, little dreaming what was
in store for us. The room was crowded. The music
was execrating if not enchanting. We stopped to
admire a beautiful flower, and were soon surrounded
by a dozen equally enthusiastic ladies. We blushed,
and endeavoured to make our escape. Horror of horrors!
we could not move. Hoops behind and on each side
of us,—the flowers before us! We endeavoured to
edge out of our terrible position but had to abandon
the attempt in despair. A crush came; our soul was
in agony, and our shins! Oh, good gracious! our
shins! The pressure increased! A little more, we
soliloquized in desperation, and our goose shall
be cooked for ever and ever, amen. We used frantic
efforts to avoid being precipitated on the flower-bed,
or into the arms of the surrounding ladies. "There
are but two chances to escape," we said, in the
bitterness of our soul, either by ascending or
descending. Yes, we would attempt it! No, we
wouldn't. We couldn't; we'll be hanged if we
could. Our strength was fast failing. We clung
wildly, as we thought, to the branch of a poplar
tree. Heavens! it was a lady we had clasped in
our desperate embrace! Oh! ye bright, particular
stars, what screaming and rushing. How our
understandings were assaulted by vicious hoops!
Pale, and gasping for breath, we reeled out of
the concourse, now stumbling over those—but we
will be calm!—those hoops! falling through
seas of crinoline, suddenly brought to anchor by
entangling hoops, parasols, and endless drapery,
until we reached the door. To rush frantically
down stairs, yociferate for all the cabs within hearing,
sing ourselves into the first which came, and record
numerous awful vows that we'd never go to a Flower
Show again in the whole course of our natural
existence, until hoops were consigned to—were
we afraid we did it this time!—was the work of a moment.
The next moment our cab upset, and we understand
that we were carried home insensible. Serving us
right.

We have been requested by the Committee to
publish the following Proclamation:

**ANARCHY AND CONFUSION!
Outrageous Interference with the Rights of the
People!!!!**

CITIZENS, TO ARMS!!!!

Citizens of Toronto: After having been allowed to
remain for years in a state of dignified repose, our
tyrant rulers, in the exercise of an overbearing
and insolent authority have demolished the Signs
and Awnings which graced our streets!!

Men of Toronto: Shall this outrage upon our lib-
erties be stood by? Shall our dearest rights, and
those of our children, be trampled in the dust?
King-Street and Yonge-Street to the rescue! Your
interests are involved!! How shall Walker remain
famous if the Golden Lion is ruthlessly compelled
to Walk? How shall Hats that are Hats be known
from Hats that are not Hats, if we submit to this
tyranny? Even the great *Globe* itself will be di-
vested of half its splendour, if we permit this wan-
ton and barbarous usurpation to pass unchecked!

Men of Toronto: We repeat, will you submit to
this outrage? Full well we know the British pluck
that slumbers in your bosoms! Even now we
think we hear an indignant and gigantic NEVER!!
bursting from your thousand throats. Rise, then,
in your might, and remember *Vox populi, vox Dei*:
The voice of the people is the voice of God.

We, the undersigned, have been appointed a Vigi-
lance Committee, and we call upon you to aid us in
the defence of our rights; and, if needs be, to seal
your love of liberty and hatred of tyrants with
your blood.

GEORGE BROWNE!!!!
GEORGE KOLEMAN!!!
ROBERT WALKER!!!

A slight misunderstanding.

—We understand that the reason John
Sandfield thought to summon G. Sheppard, Esq.,
Ed. Col., to the bar of the House, was as follows:—
Sandfield met Sheppard in the lobby—

"Sheppard, you dog, how the devil did you get
that infernal report?" says he.

"Don't call me a dog, sir," says Sheppard.

"Oh! that makes no matter in the world," says
John S. "Let's go down to the bar and lickor."

"I'd see you crammed, rammed and jammed into
a place which it wouldn't be polite to mention, first,"
responded George

"You don't," says so," answers Jack. "But if you
don't come to the infernal bar," says he, "by the
blood of Macs, you shall appear at the supernal
one." And so Mac's blood being up, he went and
made a fool of himself.

True, upon our soul.

Circumstances alter Cases.

—The other day the *Leader* was extremely
surprised at the motion that the innocent Fellowes
should be expelled from the House; it was perfectly
unprecedented (what a fearful word that is on a bad
side), and the fraudulent member was retained in
his seat. But when the Essex election is discussed,
and a railway chiseller wants a seat, "it becomes a
subject for consideration, whether the seat of Mc-
Leod should not be declared vacant." Where's the
difference between the cases?

JUDAS MACCABEUS.

This Oratorio was announced under the patron-
age of the Bench, the Ministry, the so-called aris-
tocracy, and a dozen other prominent names. But
scarce a single patron was present at the perform-
ance on Tuesday evening. This is as it should be.
If the patronage was solicited, the slight was de-
served. If bestowed unsolicited, the neglect shows
how heartless and contemptible are those whose
patronage was thought indispensable to the perform-
ance. The public are the only patrons, in our opin-
ion, whose patronage and presence should be solic-
ited, and in order to secure that, let the programme
be good, the price of admission placed under ban
by no humbugging or jugglery, and we will any day
insure a full attendance of enthusiastic admirers.
We do not intend to criticise the performance in
any particular, but, considering all things, it was
the best got-up Oratorio of the season, and we hope
that the Rev. Mr. Onions—seeing that he is so wor-
thy to hold the baton—will still further, deserve our
thanks by continuing his exertions.

The Oratorio will be repeated to night. Those
who have not heard it should not miss this oppor-
tunity.

A Glass too much.

—Mr. Carling, the hale (alo?) member for
the thriving city of London, is making desperate
efforts to secure the shrievalty of Middlesex to a
man whose very name is suggestive of the hon-
member's beery occupation, Mr. Glass. We trust
the mischief this gentleman is brewing, may not
prove a glass too much for the government, the
Premier especially, who is a teetotaler. The aspir-
ing Talbot, on the other hand, though he utterly
repudiates the glass, has no objection to a man who
is always Cornish.

Dr. Ryerson Vindicated.

—Blackstone says that "Occupancy is the
taking possession of those things [as interest on
public money] which before belonged to nobody."
And, again, "But when once it was agreed that ev-
erything capable of ownership should have an owner,
natural reason suggested that he who could first
declare his intention of appropriating anything to
his own use, [as the Doctor did], and, in conse-
quence of such intention, actually took it into his
possession, [here, again, the Doctor carried out the
law], should thereby gain the absolute property of
it."—Vol. II. Cap. XVI. 258.

Our Whereabouts.

—As many thousands of our admirers
have experienced difficulty in making out our
whereabouts, and desire particular and precise in-
formation as to where we may at all times be seen,
we feel it necessary to be more explicit, if possible,
than we have hitherto been as to our location.
Our office is 21 Nordheimer's Buildings, Toronto
Street, as stated in all our issues, where we may be
seen, talked to, and shaken hands with at all hours.
We make it a point to be punctual; we are never
absent, unless on Council days, and in cases of state
emergency, when we may be seen either at the Ex-
ecutive Council Chamber, or in Sir Edmund's
private study. But should our friends not be able
to see us (and nothing but their own blindness will
prevent them) at any of those places, why then they
must look for us somewhere else.