

BOB MOODY AGAIN.
INCREASING NOTORIETY.
The Balloon Boat Knocked into the Shade.
BLONDIN NO WHERE.
THE WATER DODGE.—WALKING ON STILTS.

Captain Robert Moody, who lately made a grand balloon ascension from Toronto, the details of which were fully published in a former number of our paper, has, we have been reliably informed, devoted his attention to the construction of an apparatus for walking on the water, which it is said will, in a few years, when its value becomes perfectly known, entirely supersede everything in the shape of water craft. The mammoth steamers, which the enterprise of England's Merchants is fast building up will become useless hulks. The "Great Eastern," the first of the gigantic class, will be the last. She may make a few voyages and be wondered and gazed at on account of her immensity, but when compared with the great invention of Robert Moody, this greatest achievement of naval architecture will sink into deserved insignificance. Utility is the grand desideratum in all modern inventions, and in this particular the *Aqua-pedo* surpasses everything yet invented or likely to be invented for the next century.

The apparatus is simple in construction, and when attached to the body appears like stilts. The stilts or leg supporters are made hollow, for the purpose of containing food for a long journey. By an ingenious combination of hardware in the shape of hinges, diminutive larder doors can be opened, and salt junk and other provender drawn forth *ad libitum*. The ornamental portions can be detached at the pleasure of the person walking, and transformed into a water-proof bed, the importance of this will be soon when we inform the public that a pedestriean can accomplish with the assistance of the *Aqua-pedo* the incredible feat of walking 60 miles a minute, a velocity never equalled by our swiftest race horses nor railway trains. The most boisterous waves will not cause any detraction from this swiftness, as the machine glides over the foam with as much ease as over the calmest water. A person living in Toronto and wanting to travel, may go to the uttermost ends of the earth and back within three days time, by purchasing one of the wonderful aquapedos. After adjusting the apparatus to your feet at Tinning's wharf, you jump on the water, make a few quick movements with the feet, and away you go like an antelope, through the eastern channel down the lake, drop in at Kingston, take a cocktail with a friend; then down the River St. Lawrence to Montreal, where you take a rest, and lay in provisions (for you can't get anything good at Quebec,) out through the gulf you go in the broad blue sea, and press on as swiftly as possible till you find the gulf stream, then detaching the still ornaments you unfold a water proof bed, and after hanging a light out at your bed head to frighten the sharks away, and taking a quiet horn you subside in the arms of Morpheus, and wake up in sight of Liverpool in the morning, having been carried straight to your destination by the currents. Thus the journey round the world may be accomplished with the greatest facility, and ocean steam-

ers run off the track, or sold to the Hottentot princes for palaces. Captain Moody will give a public exhibition of the powers of his *Aqua-pedo* some time next week. The Firefly will convey passengers to the island on that day for the last time on Moody's account, the Captain knowing the revolution in shipping about to be affected by his invention, cunningly sold his interest in steam-craft before announcing it.

THAT FLAG AGAIN.

Old Double is still harping on the flag! In yesterday's issue it again bursts forth in the old lament:—

"The Governor General" he says, "has struck his flag: No symbol of the Empire is left—the only one of the Province is at the Custom House! our higher orders are to be found in the meanest Corporation that ever got into the Council chairs of a City."

Poor old funkney! it cannot get rid of the sad theme; it has lost its sap, and refuses to be comforted.

Willing to spare the poor lady every unnecessary pang, we strongly urge upon the Mayor the propriety of positioning the Governor to leave behind him that precious bit of bunting. He can surely live without it; the *Colonist* will evidently never survive its loss.

But after all, it is not so much the loss of the flag which affects the *Colonist*, it is the "loss of society." The old lady with due humility, wants some one to look up to. She thinks a Government ball and the "fixings" of a vice-regal court "a beautiful and useful form of nature," and bewails the loss of them. We regret that we can devise no remedy. Common people will doubtless live and talk, and marry, and die much as they did before. The early train which carried off the glory of Toronto disturbed the slumbers of very few people in the city. But *Old Double* is by no means a common old woman; she has her pride and her little foibles to be pampered and satisfied.

Poor old lady, she "wants somebody to look up to." With what a greedy eye she looks upon the improved fortunes of Quebec and Ottawa. There will be a court and government offices, and pap flowing into the hungry maws of ignorant and unappreciating Frenchmen. Still, grateful for past favours, she is anxiously looking like a faithful dog for the stray crumbs from the Lower Canada tables. The Governor General's good parts are so delicately portrayed, his purity, elegance, truth, honor, dignity, refinement, &c., &c. Even the spies of the *Globe* have not discovered a spot in the vice-regal sun. The most astonishing feature in the Governor's character, is that he surprises old acquaintances with *further developments*, a peculiarity which we thought pertained to the "New York Herald" and other American papers, after a great Bardell or DeMorbais case. But the *Colonist* is not alone in its funkneyism, "all classes of politicians in Britain" have been dazzled by the sagacity of Sir Edmund Head, and everybody here is confidently expecting that he is to be the recipient of a peerage. Why in the world do not the proprietors of the *Colonist* get rid of the old fool, who is making himself and the cause for which he writes, a laughing-stock wherever the paper is seen. Why James himself would be ashamed of such miserable and humiliating trash. The man who can degrade himself below the funkney, must have lost the last vestige of all that is manly and dignified in our nature.

TO ARMS! TO ARMS!

With trembling hand we snatch up the pen to announce the terrifying intelligence we have just received from a highly respectable source. The invasion of Britain which has caused such a panic among the people there, is about to take place if it has not already been consummated. The army of the Frenchmen with whom we have fought and bled on the Crimean plains, our informant tells us, are about to land on the shores of England. We have no doubt that the Duke of Cambridge is in a perfect fever of excitement, and telegraph messages are being despatched every moment to Baron De Rottemberg whose valuable assistance would doubtless be indispensable. The invaders were expected to land at Dover and march forthwith upon London, which they felt confident they would take in twelve hours from the time of disembarkation.

They appear to have escaped the vigilance of the channel fleet, much to the disgust of Sir Charles Napier, who was last seen swearing and jumping about, like an inmate of Hanwell.

We have no doubt that the calamity would have been spared our native land, had old Charley been the Admiral of her channel fleet. All that is left to us now, is to hope in the valour of Englishmen to beat back the tide of invasion. We have no doubt that every Kent and Sussex ploughboy will rush with pike and pitchfork to repel the invaders. We always thought it would be so, we always said to our most intimate friends, that before three months as sure as pea-pods are not crocodiles, Louis Napoleon would be playing the deuce with the navies of the north of England. With a sagacity characteristic of us, we felt that no confidence could be reposed in Louis Napoleon. His conduct on the Italian question proved this; and if we had any doubt it was removed by a private autograph letter we were favored with from Victor Emanuel. Addressing the *Grumbler*, he told us that "Hooley Walker was going his rounds," and he implored us to send a hint to Palmerston "to pay attention to his oculars," or as we say in the vulgar tongue, "to mind his eye."

We were true to our country, and urged the matter on Pam without success, however, as it has unhappily turned out. Well, we shall hear by the next steamer how the Duke of Cambridge has acted, and how near to the Bank of England and the Mint the French had reached.

Let us hope for the best, but in the meantime, we have every reason to fear a similar assault on our own shores. The arrival of a new French Consul, and the shout of acclamation with which he was received from this. We must be on the alert. The Court must be put on a sure footing; the Highland regiment must be scoured and polished up a little; and Captain Brooke had better send his sword to be sharpened, that the enemy take him unawares. Everybody should be trained to war, for we know not how soon we may called to fight for our beef-steak and cordwood. Every one to the muster!

P. S.—Since writing the above we have received a note from an informant to say, that he had been sold and had unwittingly sold us. The invasion forer of which he heard so much in France, was caused by the unwelcome departure of the renowned inventor and agent of Dr BUNIONSTRA'S PATENT VERGEBEL UNTOUCHABLE, NEVER-MISSING CORN, AND BUNION EXTERMINATOR. They are the only invaders of England at present, and Sir Charles Napier was merely wrathful because he could not find them to extract a corn on his little toe. That, being the case, the highlandmen may leave their kilts in lavender till they get further orders.