

THE BUILDING OF THE WIGWAM OF PEACE.

In the land of the Canadians,
 In the land of furs and beaver;
 In the land of wheat and pumpkins,
 Did the people build a wigwam,
 By the margin of the blue lake,
 On the common of the people;
 Built it up of glass and iron,
 Built it strong and fit for service,
 Covered in from wind and weather;
 And to make it good and lasting,
 To keep out the wind and weather,
 Did they take from out the forest,
 Trees of oak and trees of walnut;
 And they said unto the Forest,
 Give us of your trees, oh! Forest,
 Give your trees of oak and walnut,
 Give your trees of beech and maple,
 And your trees of pine and poplar,
 For to build our spacious wigwam;
 And to earth they said, oh, Mother,
 Give us of your ores and slims,
 Give us stone for our foundation,
 Give us stone to make it solid,
 To endure the test of ages,
 That old Time may not molest it
 With his sickle of destruction.

Give us of your iron, Mother,
 To secure its safe erection,
 To protect it in its weak place,
 To support its roof from falling
 On the heads of all the people.

Give us of your tin, oh, Mother,
 To enclose our peaceful wigwam,
 To keep out the rain and tempest,
 To prevent the snows of winter
 Drifting round our fires at midnight;
 And they said unto the Glass works,
 Give us of your glass, oh, Glass works,
 Give us of your crown and plate glass,
 To give light unto our wigwam.

Then they took from out the forest,
 Timbers of the proper nature,
 Cut them down with axe and hatchet,
 Put them in the mill and sawed them,
 Planed them down and made them handsome;
 Took from out old nature's mine pits,
 Ores of tin and ores of iron,
 Smelted them with fire of charcoal,
 Ran them into cunning models;
 Polished them with lead and blacking,
 Made them ready for the using;
 And they took from out the glass works,
 Crown glass clear and quite transparent,
 Placed it all about the building
 To let in the light and sunshine.

Thus they reared the mighty structure,
 Bound it tight and strong together,
 Braced it with the bands of iron,
 Made it handsome and enduring.

Then the people came unto it,
 Brought their mitts and bolts of wampum,
 Brought the buffalo and bear skin,
 And their implements of warfare;
 Curious sculptures also brought they,
 Wrought in many cunning methods,
 Many skins of picture writing,
 Hung they on the walls about them;
 And the sachems they the wise men,
 Read them to the assembled people,
 And the Squaws with modest bearing,
 Brought their work of beads and wampum
 To adorn the happy wigwam.

Then assembled all the wise men,
 All the sages and the sachems,
 And proclaimed unto the people,
 That no more should be divisions,
 No divisions in the new land.
 Hereforth love should dwell amongst them,
 And at each returning twelfth-moon,³

They should meet again to honor
 This, the building of the wigwam,
 Then should the people shout,
 Raised their voices in song and psalm,
 Of the peace amongst the nation,
 And the building of the wig-warm.

OUR CORPORATION BLOWERS.

On Monday evening last the men to whose care the gutters, drains, and ash-pits of Toronto City are confided, met once more in solemn conclave. Nearly all the members were present, and it was abundantly evident that some knotty question, which would puzzle the heads of the most sapient, was to be discussed. Frequent were the consultations held between Mr. Carr, Fox, and Charley Roman's English tutor. Mr. Councilman Ardagh, and Councilman Spratt looked ready to go up "bang," Councilman Lennox was as usual, studying that speech which he has composed and re-composed, but never yet delivered. Mr. Alderman Carr was conveniently absent; Councilman Mitchell looked vacant, and not only looked so, but was, despite the most strenuous efforts of nature, to fill up the vacuum, while Mr. Wilcock was occupied more of the evening in communicating, by the most dismal contortions of his countenance, his approval or disapproval of the sentiments enunciated by the various speakers.

Little Davy Read was made chairman of a committee of the whole. He had been previously speaking, had asked leave to "move" a petition, besides talking of various matters in rather a disconnected strain. The utter nonsense he spoke, however, is attributable to the promptness of Mr. Wilcock, who, until sternly rebuked by Ald. Dunn, persisted in supplying his friends with material wherewith to edify the remainder of the Council. Well! Davy, having been made chairman, asked leave to keep his hat on, but soon repented, for the brick in it was so heavy that he could not bear the weight. The subject under discussion was the re-issue of tenders for the construction of a model lodging house, something similar to that now kept by Mr. G. L. Allen.

In the exercise of that wisdom with which they are so plentifully blessed, our City Fathers had ordered new tenders to be sought. It may not be believed, but we give it as an indisputable fact, nevertheless, that the committee on police and prisons had the audacity to ask for a reconsideration of this resolution, never thinking for one moment that the determination that the Blowers may come to is so unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, of which fact let their pig and their pig and license laws bear witness! But what better than an act of such sublime stupidity could be expected from a committee of which Ardagh, Fox, and Strachan, form part? Much lowly language did they use in order to mollify the rage of the offended dignitaries; they thought "poor creatures," as it was a serious matter the subject deserved a consideration and had therefore ventured to ask as much. Solemnly was the decision affirmed, and one additional clause inserted, by which the Clerk of the Council was vested with power to carry it into effect, should the Committee again prove obstinate. Thus is the City again launched into a sea of law suits, thus again must the people mourn while the lawyers dance. Having accomplished such a successful morning's work, the *Blowman* adjourned as usual, to take a spiritual night cap.

THE MUSICAL PERFORMANCES.

The most successful musical entertainments ever given in Toronto, have signaled the week now drawing to a close. The inaugural performances of the Metropolitan Choral Society have been in every way satisfactory, and the patronage accorded by the public extremely encouraging. The conductorship of Mr. Lazare, the excellent orchestra under Mr. Noverre, (including the admirable flute playing of Mr. Schenck), the ability and taste of the solo performers, among whom we might particularize Madame Wookey, the Misses Scarle and Hickok, and Messrs. Humphreys and Briscoe, as well as the powerful and well trained chorus, are all worthy of more cordial commendation than we have space to give. On Tuesday next, Haydn's Creation will be repeated under the patronage of the Masonic fraternity, and we would strongly urge all to go, who were so unfortunate as to miss the previous performances.

We regret that Mr. Carter's rendering of the Creation did not meet the success to which his musical ability entitled him. He is all that can be desired in a leader, and with the very able assistance of the Misses Davis and Kemp, Messrs. Roche and Sugden, and a first rate orchestra, he certainly should have received a more liberal public support. Taking into consideration, however, that a series of rival entertainments monopolized the Hall during the Fair week, we are not so much surprised. We trust Mr. Carter's next performance will be more largely attended.

It is much to be regretted that all attempts to unite the musical talent of Toronto, of which we have good reason to be proud, have as yet proved unavailing; we know little and care less about the squabble between the two parties, but we do trust that the unseemly breach will be healed, and that the rivalry which now exists, may be amicably terminated. It would really seem as if Nature had decreed an eternal divorce between musical talent and sweetness and harmony of disposition.

A BACHELOR ON HOOPS.

MR. GRONBLER.—Why in the name of the seven plagues of Egypt, will the ladies persist in wearing hoops at all to assail our shins on the public high way; and why, in the name of all the furies, the gorgons, the satyrs and all the abominations of the river Styx, are they so insane, so stupid, so absurd so everything that is contrary to common sense and common humanity, as to bring those same diabolical contrivances, the invention of which must belong to the dark ages, into a crowded assemblage such as they must have known, if they are capable of knowing anything, would have been present at the opening and subsequent days of the Provincial Exhibition?

When I think of what I suffered on those occasions from being brought into violent contact with these hoops, from becoming entangled in them at every step, from having my corns—oh! good gracious, my corns! mangled, flattened out, pounded into mummy, I become incapable of doing anything, of thinking anything, of saying anything, of writing anything, but subscribing myself,

Yours in agony,
 CORRY CALORIC.