

Awake! ye Rip Van Winkleites, from your leaden slumbers and listen to the awful disclosures of this "Second Daniel come to judgment," who, not satisfied with attempting to discover grievances, has actually poked his olfactory organ into those vessels sacred to Clonoe, (with which the Toronto Gael is furnished), in order to record the fact, that an "abominable stench" issued from its corridors! No wonder that his dreams partook of anything but a roseate hue the night of his self-imposed incarceration, and that the wholesome matutinal meal of porridge was declined for want of some sugar-coating to neutralize the appetizing associations of his first evening's experience. With the verdant innocence of that class which is continually discovering "mares' nests," the "disguised criminal" of the *Globe* has been enacting a role in humble imitation of a London "Casual," not altogether unknown to newspaper fame in Toronto. But, bless his dear innocent little heart, not aware that every one, from Governor Allen down to Harry Henry was cognizant of the object of his mission, he performed his part as naturally as if he had been "to the manner born," hence they were determined to give him a "Roland for an Oliver." We do not blame the individual, who, to earn an honest livelihood, adopts the calling most suited to his tastes, his inclination, his early associations or education; the public, however, will discriminate as to the amount of credibility to be attached to the drivellings of a hired spy, whom the force of circumstance has made to view everything, literally, through a jaundiced medium.

With regard to the journal list that would inaugurate such a vile system of espionage to satisfy the prurient curiosity of his patrons, no language sufficiently strong can be used to paint him in his true colours. In the present instance, the individual who employed the "Casual" as especial Jackal on the occasion, has only followed his natural instincts, in returning "like a sow to his swallowing in the mire" to provide pabulum suited to the intellectual capacity of a certain class of his readers. As to the "obliging Alderman," who formed one the "Dramatis personae" in this one-act farce, and durst not "fret his little hour" any nearer the foot-lights, but kept aloof behind the scenes, we shall only say to him, at present, *cave canem*.

A Frenchman's Complaint.

A few days since an excited Frenchman appeared before the Police Court and complained as follows:—

"Monsieur Judge, I hat von tear little tog, his namo vas Bingo. My wife love him vary much; she love him as much as she love her life. Vell Monsieur Judge, I go to de market and puy—puy—puy—vat you call him? sassage meat, by gar! Vell I I take the sassage home, hafe him cooked, and have him fried. My wife cried out she hurt her toot; she spit out, and a big piece of brass come out. I pick it up, and it had B. I. N. on it. I know it rite away to be my tear little Bingo's necklace—you call it. I cry, and my wife cry. I go to de market—I see de man vat sell me de sassage—I ask him vat for you steal my little tog. A great pig crowd got around; he swear ho sue me for—vat you call it—"Slander," replied the Judge.)—Yes by gar! slander. He say, I suo you for slander! One man say, you go see de coroner. I go hunt him up. I tell him obeyting. He spit, and spit, and clear him trout, and say, you spoil mine breakfast! I say, vat you do. He say, clear out! I go, and come here. Now my tear Monsieur Judge, please, do please, have dat sassage man hung by de troat. "I am sorry," replied the Judge, "that you have failed to make out a case, and I can take no cognizance of it."

"O, vat vill I do. My wife vill go ebbor so mat, and vill vip me! I know very vell she vill. O, mine tear Bingo! Good by Monsieur Judge," and the Frenchman left the temple of justice, in anguish for the loss of his "tear Bingo."

Matter O' money, all (matrimonial) Pleasantries, specially inccribed to the ladies with best wishes and "many happy returns."

On hearing that a gentleman by the name of Wright was about to marry a Miss Wrong—Ah! happy maid, whose name has been all Wrong, To find, at last, that Hymen makes it Wright, And, as thy even course then glid'st along, Thy youthful follies are forgotten quite. Yet here we find a paradox involv'd; That wrong could ere be right is most absurd, And, (until now the mystery is solv'd) That right would cling to wrong, was never heard.

On the marriage of Col. M—to Miss —

The ladies fair in ev'ry grace abound,
But mute, alas! are rarely to be found,
More rarely still, when comes a gallant suitor,
Do we ere find the dears becoming *Muter*!

Suggestive of a "Coming Event"—

'Tis sweet to hear once more the joyous carol
Which merry Christmas wafts athwart our door,
'Tis sweet to hover round the sugar-barrel!
Familiar haunt our childhood knew before;
And yet not 'half so sweet as love's young dream."
When first the gallant lover of our choice
Flits 'cross our path like morning's sunny beam,
And makes an innocent young heart re-joice!

How he Died.

"What's gone of your husband woman?"
"What's gone of him, your honour? Faith,
and he's gone dead."
"Ah! what did he die of?"
"Die of, yer honour? He died of a Friday."
"I don't mean what day in the week, but
what complaint?"
"Oh! what complaint, yer honour? Faith
and its himself that didn't get time to complain."
"Oh! he died suddenly."
"Rather that way, yer honour."
"Did he fall in a fit?"
No answer.
"He fell down in a fit, perhaps?"
"A fit, yer honour? Why, not exactly that.
He fell out of a window, or through a cellar
door—I don't know what they call it."
"Ay, Ay! and broke his neck!"
"No, not quite that, yer worship."
"What then?"
"There was a bit o' string, or that like, and
it throttled poor Mike."

LOVERS, OBSERVE.—Before a man can enter the abode of matrimony it is necessary he should ring the belle.

A THEOLOGICAL student, being urged by some young ladies to join in a quadrille, declined; and, turning to a lady near by asked with rather an imposing air—"Do you think, Mrs. L—that a man ought to dance who expects to fill the pulpit?" The lady replied—"I don't see why he should not, provided he have the grace for both!"

HOW TO OFFEND A HALTING RHYMESTER.—Pity his "poor feet."

Among the gifts to a newly married pair the other evening was a broom sent to the lady, accompanied with the following sentiment:—

"This trifling gift except from me,
Its use I would commend;
In sunshine use the brushy part,
In storms the other end."

AN IRISHMAN, carrying a heavy bundle on his shoulders, was riding on the front of a cart, and was asked why he did not set down the load upon the platform.—"Be jabers," was the reply, "the horses have enough to do to drag me; I'll carry the bundle."

The Future Hero of Kara!

Of all contrivances, devised by human ingenuity for the discomfort and inconvenience of the public, those caravans, or rather *cruelly vans*, which "plod their weary way" to Yorkville and the Asylum, deserve the palm before all comers. From its very inception, the Street-railway, over which these ill-appointed vehicles scrape their way backwards and forwards, have been a bone of contention between opposing parties. Private interests at issue with public convenience, the "dignity" of that enlightened body, the City Council, versus the "impudence" of an insignificant railway company, these form only a part of those antagonistic elements, by which the community has been defrauded of its "predestined dues" in the shape of comfortable transport from one part of the city to another, as we write, here comes one of the aforementioned conveyances. Let us first take an outside view of the imposing equipage, as it wends its laborious journey towards one of its destinations. Lots of time for observing its salient beauties and deformities, as it has run on the switch, by mistake, owing to the *instinctive obliquity* which the driver has drained out of the whiskey bottle this morning! (but these are Xmas times, and, alas! for the usages of society, he must, poor fellow, be excused, as he is only following the example of some of his (betters?) inside. Observe the two starveling horses, that, having been placed upon short commons, by their human masters, look as if they had surreptitiously betaken themselves to the first cooper's shop, and, to prevent a collapse of their sides, swallowed a quantity of barrel-hoops, or, mayhap a modicum of east-away crinolines!

Watch for a moment or two, the imploring expression of their bloodshot eyes, saying as plainly as words could ever speak; "Christian gentlemen! have the operations of the humane society not yet reached these Hyperborean regions? or has mammon taken such hold of your affections that ye will not give us more food, less work, and some relaxation of the raw hide?" But no—a slashing reminder from Jehu rouses them to a sense of their duty, and off they trudge with their ponderous load, at a slightly improved pace, which is greatly enhanced by a load of hay on the track in front of them, a sight to which their weary eyes and hungry maws have long been strangers. Come,—there is some hope that at this pace, they may reach Yorkville within the hour, including stoppages.

Having received impressions anything but favorable, on an outside inspection of the railway cars, including drivers and horses, let us sally forth and take a five cent drive to see if, peradventure, matters are better ordered inside. "So ho! stop the cars, won't you! but the more we cry ourselves hoarse, and beckon the conductor and driver to pull up, the more the vehicle, incontinently, pursues the even tenor of its way. Meanwhile the occupants of the platform behind, grin at our ineffectual efforts to attract the conductor's notice, and most unmistakably look as if to say, "Don't you wish you may get in?"

At last they pulled up to let an old woman, with a squalling baby, a large bundle and basket under her arm: we improved the occasion by making one or two bounds from the sidewalk to the car. Here we are finally embarked with half a dozen more on the platform, stuck together as close and immovable as bottles in a crock-stand; and some of us unused to the novelty of the situation, quiet as piquet, fully as sour! Patience awhile and we shall be rewarded by an inside seat presently, now we're managed it; but in such a shape! Our own maternal parent would hardly recognise us, for we have been kneaded like so much dough, squeezed and twisted in every imaginable form by the pressure all around, until we feel a Grecian bend in every joint of our back down to its caudal extremity.

To be continued.