

WAR IN THE WIGWAM.

By the lake of blue Ontario,
Near its banks of mud and gravel
Stood the wigwam of the nation,
Where the Sachems of the people
Talked of battles and of warfare,
Warfare of their growing nation;
That is they would have talked so
Had there ever been occasion
For their talk about such matters;
But they never found occasion,
But instead they talked of sugar,
Sugars coarse and sugars bastard;
Brandy also did they talk of,
And they put a tax upon it;
Talked they also of the dylog,
How they left their kinsmen nothing,
Gave their war clubs and their wampum
To the men of other nations;
And the Sachem he the tall one,
He the Gili, the great Onontio,
Talked of men who came about them,
Clothed in black with muslin chokers,
Prowling round for holy pickings;
Said "twas bad and very wicked
That the squaws should be deprived
Of the beads for their papposes,
When their chiefs were dead and buried.
Thou the little chief the barkor,
Wearer of the Terrier totam,
Yelled and shrieked his little whistle,
Made his ugly puppy faces,
Barked away at the Onontio
Till he made him riled and angry,
Very angry at his barking,
Till he told him tales to slant up,
Wipe his snaty mug and dry up,
Slumber down and stop his conscience,
But the little Terrier would'nit,
Said he'd fight the Clear Grit chiefstain
With the sword he wore at Windsor,
In the house before the Spentor,
Or with pistols on the common,
In the yard or any place else.
Then the Sachems laughed and sniggered,
Held their sides and burst out laughing
At the savage little young'un,
At the great big Gritly chiefstain,
Who could chin him up and eat him,
Eat him without salt, for breakfast.
He would not fight because he durst not,
And the little one he knew it,
Or he would not have talked so;
And they knew they both were cowards,
Who would'nit fight because they durst not.

WOMAN-HATING.

A stupid correspondent of the *Leader*, whose shame we spare by concealing his name, writes a senseless tirade on "Men's Rights." He hails from Cooksville, and we sincerely hope that all the girls in that little "clearing" will forthwith horsewhip him into mental sobriety. He thinks it a horrid hardship that a man should have to pay for monopolizing a lady's time and affections for several years, and then sending her about her business. We hope he has been made to smart for his own trifling, though we certainly cannot compliment the young lady who brought the action for "breach of promise," on her taste in choosing such a mate. Marriage, he tells us, is man's "ruin in time and perhaps in eternity." Ten married women out of a dozen, he tells us, are "useless, expensive, domineering, and tyrannizing toys." As a special favorite and admirer of the fair, we repel the brute's accusation with scorn, and it did not need the request of our fair correspondents, "Julia," "Chloe," an

others to remind us of our duty, though we feel proud of their high opinion of us. Let us hear a portion of the complaints of this Cooksvillain:—

"In fact she is all in all over her husband, she can go to bed when she likes, she when she pleases, and where she listeth, and come home when she has a mind, dress as she pleases, &c.

Well, and why shouldn't she, you old Bashaw? you? Upon our word, things have come to a pretty pass, indeed; not only is the aid of the law invoked to prevent a young lady extending the diameter of her skirts, but it is a crying evil of the time, that women are allowed to go to bed when it pleases them. What next? we wonder. But that is not all, this Algerine monster, usurping the editorial "we," in order to cloak his brutal opinions, goes on:—

"We might refer to the wife's power of binding her husband over to the peace, and that in order to get more scope to carry on her own brawl, &c., or of sending him to jail, whilst she hops the twig with another, which, by the bye, has been done repeatedly."

Now, this is really past endurance. As our fair correspondent "Julia" remarks, "I would not blame a woman if she did run away from such an odious, horrid creature. It's a pity that they let such unfeeling bears go about, to abuse our sex; they ought to brand their cheeks with a big B, so that they might be prevented from doing further mischief. Ugh! the brutes." What injured chickens we men are, to be sure. For ourself we never had an idea of it before. Our first wife, the primeval Mrs. GUMMLEN, (be von rest her soul!) was a little tetchy and cross, but we never had any trouble. It's all in the way you manage them; if like the Cooksvillain you try to curb them with rules for eating, drinking, sleeping, and shopping, you'll get a sound dressing, and, if you meet your deserts, a good scratched face. But that's not the right way to go about it at all. We'd tell you, gentle youngster, trembling on the brink of matrimony, how to make your life happy, if we could write in a whisper, but that brutal correspondent would hear, and we want him to be worried out of existence. But look at the other side of the picture. Think of the wife-beating, wife-stabbing, wife-poisoning, wife-forsaking which are always before our eyes in the daily papers. Talk of female liberty, look at the drunken brutes whose wretched partners carry about a canker in their hearts where they had vainly dreamed of perennial joy and happiness. And this Canadian Bey talks of shopping and gossiping as counterparts to the story of female sorrow, one title of which has never reached the light of open day. Let us hear the creature again:—

"Now, sir, whatever is (sic!) or has (!) been the rights of woman; * * * whatever has been the amount of evil flowing from the unreasonable, unscriptural (!) and ungodly (!) usurpation of the wife over her husband; I say whatever has been the amount of drunkenness, idle, dissipated husbands, created by this power and usurpation, all is lighter than vanity when compared with the evil workings, effects, and consequences of that base, abominable and man deprecating act now pending over our adopted country, viz: an act to "secure married women."

The gallantry and humanity of this lucid sentence are only surpassed by the correctness of its grammar and the purity of its diction. We thought that perhaps the whole letter was a clumsy attempt at a joke, but the hoof comes out too plainly here to be mistaken. It's the old story over again: Adam casting his sins on Eve's back;—"The wo-

man gave to me and I did eat." The difference is this—that man transcends the lessons of his erring progenitor, and lays all his sins to her charge. To this Graud Turk and all who admire his philosophy (we are surprised at the editor of the *Leader*, he at least ought to know better,) we have one word further: don't get married; preserve your boasted freedom, and leave the ladies to those who are willing to enslave themselves to bright eyes and true hearts.

If this gynophobic wretch is not married, we charge our lady friends to hunt him into eternal celibacy; if he is married we trust his life will be a real exemplification of the foul slanders with which he has aspersed the female name.

THE THEATRE.

The performances at the Lyceum during the past week have been good, inasmuch, as in addition to the new company, whose faces have as yet a certain amount of gloss, we have had Mr. Bass, whose *Sir John Falstaff* was one of the best renditions we ever saw. Mr. Bass dressed the character admirably, and gave the text in true Shakesperian spirit.

Before alluding to the new company it is proper to notice a marked improvement in Miss Glenn, who is in some danger of being spoiled by the flattery of the audience. We trust in her good sense, however, and pass on to Mrs. Marlowe, who, together with Mr. Marlowe, we are glad to see are getting free from stage mannerism and acquiring an easy and perfectly-at-home style on the boards, which is a delightful contrast to the stage-abyness which afflicts some actresses and actors.

With the *danceuse*, Miss Hughes, we are pleased. Her style at once recommends itself to the audience, and we should think one of her brilliant little dances enough to draw a crowded house of itself. On second thoughts we will not say anything about the new company—as although there are some of them good, there are others who halt miserably; and we would like to give the latter a chance of sudden improvement. Mr. Den Thompson and Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Hill of course will know to our playgoers. However, we have no hesitation in saying that the present company at the Lyceum have even now furnished a Shakesperian cast that could not fail to please the most fastidious of our theatrical friends.

NEGRO MINSTRELST.

The admirers of the melodies of negro minstrelsy will be gratified to have the opportunity of witnessing excellent delineations by Birch & Donkour's Troupe in St. Lawrence Hall on Saturday a Monday night. The press in various cities of the United States and Canada speak in high terms of their singing.

Ungentlemanly.

One of the most ungentlemanly and uncalled for paragraphs we ever saw in a Canadian paper, appeared in the *Globe* the other day, with reference to the member for Elgin, Mr. McBeth. We do not think that the Editor of that paper could have known of the insertion of the paragraph in question, and rather attribute it to some small-minded being, whom we should be sorry to claim as an Editor and a gentleman.