

DR. EYERSON TO D'ARCY McGEHE.

You think yourself a poet, don't you?
And you'll be made immortal, won't you?
You're no wile and lasso self-seeker,
With the meekest you are meeker—
Ala! you? God be praised!

You ne'er made a brother weak;
Did you, you black, confounded snek?
How dare you tell such lies, you wretch?
I'll bet some day you're neck will stretch
For this, Sir. Fate be praised!

I'll bet you, rebel scoundrel, there,
I'll see you dancing in the air,
An Irish jig from a tight rope,
Until your short thick neck is broke,
You rascal. Right be praised!

You Irish blackguard, up to snuff,
I guess I'll give you jaw enough;
I'll make you cry and sob for mercy,
You rascal, rebel, scoundrel D'Arcy.
Look out, then. Fate be praised!

Yo Poet, D'Arcy McGehe, to ye Reverend Scribbler, Dr. Eyerson.

You Reverend knave, how dare you look
An honest man, Sir, in the face?
How dare you show your laughy phiz,
And brand your calling with disgrace?

How dare you live, you scribbling knave;
Confound you, Sir, your sinus confus,
Explain that cool six thousand unal,
Mon have been scragged ere now for less.

THE LEGISLATIVE BORE No. II.

THE VULGAR BORE.

The times have been
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end.—*Macbeth*.

Whether the appalling and alarming state of things disclosed by the throne of Cawdor was really correct or not, we cannot say.

We can easily imagine that if Charon was really so faithless to his charge as to give return tickets to the shades to revisit the glimpses of the moon, no slight inconvenience and agitation must have resulted to the philosophic mind of that worthy Scot. Like many politicians of a later day and of a then unknown country, he disliked agitation; his nerves were delicate; his mind was refined; and his ideas moderate and stable, and we can well understand that so novel and dangerous an innovation on the Cawdorite constitution must have produced almost as great dismay as the continued demands for Representation by Population have on less noble minds, and in more recent times. Be this as it may, the movement of that day has apparently ceased, and unless we are disposed to credit Judge Edmonds and Mrs. Hatch, the vexed question has been set at rest by the obliging disposition of the agitators. But, unfortunately, political ghosts are not to be persuaded so easily. Brains are by no means essential to the political bore; he comes into the world without them, gets on swimmingly in their absence, and, although killed over so often, he will not stay dead; he is a sort of political cat, with about nine times the nine lives attributed by a playful tradition to that singular domestic mammal.

Take Gowan for example. There is no killing that man. He has been politically butchered time and again; once he committed suicide and yet he

is as lively and bedious to-day as ever. Who forgets how patiently he underwent the political suttee and sacrificed himself like a devoted Hindoo widow upon the funeral pile of the defunct British American league? yet, like Macbeth's victim, his marrowless bones will obtrude themselves upon public notice till we all shudder in our shoes at the sight. But we have forgotten ourselves, we were going to illustrate another species of legislative bore,—the vulgar type. We have two splendid individuals the representatives of two families of the class. Take the honourable and classic member for South Smoor, Tom Ferguson, the "broth of a boy." He kills himself at least once every session, and unfortunately he is so sanguinary that he will not die alone; he regularly murders his mother tongue at the same time, and yet he too lives again notwithstanding that the brains are unquestionably out of him, if indeed they were ever in, which is to say the least extremely problematical. Even his venerable papa-in-law is alarmed by the periodical outbursts of his relation, for whenever the *lamb rises*, he looks *sheepish* and retires from the House. Ferguson is a "janius" in his way. He is gifted by a bountiful nature, with most attractive exterior; his voice, is deep and sonorous and his action Demosthenic. If he is not very correct in his language, he is singularly lavish of what he can command. Verbs of the most singular character follow nouns, whose plurality must be offensive to them; adjectives are powerfully dislocated; prepositions jostle one another in undignified proximity, and participles kindly undertake duty as verbs without regard to their qualifications. Words Webster never dreamed of, dazzle the hearer; pronunciations Walker never attained drop musically on the ear. The nine parts of Speech were never thrown into such commotion before even by Sidney Smith. So perfect an adept at verbicide never appeared on any stage.

And then his gestures are so sublime. An attractive titillation of the nasal organ with the most tempting *mouchoir*, which is occasionally spread out as a sort of table-cloth for the "feast of reason," with which we are treated. But one thing we can say in the hon. gentleman's favour, he is always refined in his allusions, and correct in his arguments. He never descends to Billing's gate, never grows offensive by personality, is never rude. No he. Nature seems to have set her mark upon him as a statesman; she seems to have said, "I have taken uncommon pains with this gentleman; he is the Benjamin of the human family." But Art has done little; it has denied him the benefits of an early education; while nature seems to have made him her oracle on the school question, Art has enviously excluded him from the retreats of learning. He therefore becomes a vulgar bore, speaks two hours at a cost of \$500 to the country, and robs Mr. Rydal of his share of public attention. We think a little money might be advantageously spent in training members in the mysteries of Lennie. Mr. Ferguson would head the first class; A. P. McDonald would not be far behind, while Mr. Gould would come in a good third. A grammar school with, say Hon. M. Cameron, as principal. Terms \$2 a session. School hours from 9 to 12. What do you think of it?

GRAND LEGISLATIVE EXTRAVAGANZA.

(As performed by the Legislative Assembly of Canada, for 13 Nights in Succession, amidst unbounded Applause.)

This extravaganza has now had so successful a run as to merit something more than a mere passing notice at our hands. The Stock Company secured by the Manager on this occasion is large,—and so little expense has been spared in getting the piece up, that we are confidently assured that the mere salaries of the actors, figures up to \$1,600 a day; and as the players are pretty sure of being paid regularly by the public, they one and all evince such an intense anxiety to please, that each man in his time plays many parts.

In the first scene of the opening act, about a dozen performers execute some daring feats of grand and lofty tumbling, on a *tapes-de-roug*, beautifully and elaborately "checked." The performances of the hero was truly beyond all praise, and provoked universal comment,—being on an entire original and grand scale. The following two or three scenes, exhibit our heroes in spacious banquetting Halls, and here an innovation in all former stage tactics has been practised. No sooner is one banquet despatched by the principal performers, than the shifting of a scene finds them seated at another.

At these banquettings, much violent declamation and incoherent language is used by the performers. On one occasion, a performer used such incoherent and alarming language that the prompter at once ordered a flourish of trumpets and devil-tattoo to be given by the orchestra—thus drowning the voice of this man ("Afoley") who had evidently forgotten his part. Our notices of the remainder of the performance must, we find, be brief. The second act contains the most brilliant and bewildering tricks and transformations, and introduces the entire strength of the Company. The first scene rises in a chamber, at the head of which is a wonderful automaton, said to be the workmanship of a cunning Smith. It speaks at rare intervals, but one half the time its utterances are completely unintelligible. The performances here are, as we intimated, very varied. One of the leading players "opens the ball" by the almost incredible feat of swallowing 26 men, when, fortunately for himself, he is instantaneously, by a touch of the magic wand of the hero, transformed into "The Last Rose of Summer." An actor, to all appearance bespattered with travel, next rushes on the stage and snatching the wand from the hero, changes the Crown, into a mere sign-board in a trice, whereat the Prince appears sore dismayed and confounded; and is finally borne off the stage by a terrific army of 390,000 men, with the Wanderer at their heads. A Courtier and three or four others then dance a double-shuffle; after which a most Meritorious actor sails down an imaginary canal in a barrel of flour. The next and last act closes with a grand tableau, in which five of the performers are artistically grouped, to represent the Triumph of Ottawa. The whole concluding with a grand display of blue and red blazes, with a brilliant representation of the Shower of Gold, in the back ground.

As it is doubtful whether this piece will be produced next week, and the Company will shortly be transferred to Quebec, we could not let the present opportunity pass without noticing this great extravaganza.