

A CURIOSITY OF A CURE.

"My cure, who is a man of talent, has often repeated to me during the time I endeavored to explain the strange alliance which existed between Napoleon and Victor Emmanuel:—'don't go too fast my son, Napoleon wishes to gain the friendship of Francis Joseph, that he may better thrash that rascally England.'"

The above is the commencement of a leading article from *L'Ordre*, a French paper in Montreal—and to say the best of it, it is highly amusing. The Editor, Cyrille Boucher, knows a Cure, a very talented fellow, well skilled, no doubt, in the noble art of curing, or more commonly speaking, saving his own bacon. This Cure and Mons. Boucher often take the Italian question into their serious consideration, with a view, no doubt, of satisfactorily solving it, and thus saving aspiring politicians a world of trouble.

Mons. Cyrill may easily be supposed squatting on a low stool at the feet of the Cure, trying to explain the strange alliance between Napoleon and Victor Emmanuel somewhat in this manner:—

Mons.—By, the way, my dear, Cure, pass the jug if there is any more beer left.

Cure.—It seems to me, my dear, Cyrille, that you've had more than your share already.

Mons.—Well, let's talk of European matters.

Cure.—That's a sure sign, the beer is doing its duty.

Mons.—I hardly imagine that the report printed in some of the papers that the war originated about lager beer, correct.

Cure.—Perhaps not.

Mons.—But then Napoleon is fond of beer.

Cure.—So are you.

Mons.—By the way, is Villa Franca in Spaa or Germany?

¶ Cure.—It is a part of France, as the name indicates, Villa of Franca.

Mons.—What a queer fellow Nap. is to associate with a chap like Victor Emmanuel.

Cure.—Wait till you see.

Mons.—Is Victor Emmanuel any relation to Queen Victoria.

Cure.—You've hit it old cock.

Mons.—And Nap. is going to play Vic. the odd trick.

Cure.—Wait till you see.

Mons.—I'll toss you for another quart of beer.

Cure.—Done. Heads for me.

Mon.—Lost. You may as well send for two quarts.

Cure.—You'll get drunk.

Mons.—I'm never worse than I am at present.

Cure.—That's true.

Mons.—What's your candid opinion as to the merits of Napoleon and Victor.

Cure.—They are both scoundrels.

Mons.—But we must uphold the French one.

Cure.—Certainly. Go and write a furious and ridiculous article,—something like what the French said Colonels to Napoleon. Anything that will cause a sensation.

Mons. Cyrille filled with beer, and the inspiration he drew from the Cure, accordingly goes and produces the ridiculous article in question.

THE NOR' WESTER.

Messrs. Buckingham and Coldwell, two gentlemen of acknowledged energy and ability, connected with the Toronto press, are about to establish a newspaper in the Red River Territory. The efforts being made to open up those valuable regions would be imperfect and incomplete without the aid of the press. The *Nor' Wester* will serve to inform Canadians of the nature, resources, progress, and prospects of the Red River settlements. It will be an invaluable assistant in laying before the world in an impartial and truthful manner, the most correct information in reference to these fertile lands.

Attached to no particular party, the organ of no class interest, it is to be devoted solely to aid in the great work of civilizing and peopling what must soon be the great highway to the Pacific.

Messrs. Buckingham and Coldwell's movement is bold and enterprising. It will require the aid of everyone who feels an interest in the progress of civilization. Our merchants and politicians are particularly interested in this matter, and we trust that a patriotic desire not to be out-stripped by the Americans in the settlement of the great north-western territories will induce them to give a liberal support to those who are anxious to disseminate of correct information for the 'migrant and the trader. The *Nor' Wester* will be issued at the end of September at Fort Garry, and will be published fortnightly till next Spring, when it will appear weekly. We wish every success to its enterprising proprietors.

THE ESPLANADE.

Volumes perhaps would not contain the amount of correspondence sent to us, complaining of the unfinished state of the Esplanade. East and west—with the exception of the little piece opposite the Union Station—it is in a most forlorn condition. And yet a little further trouble and outlay would make it one of the loveliest and most healthy walks about the city. What is the reason of this everlasting delay? Even the Yonge Street paving was finished at last. It is expected that the rascals who are delving into the bowels of the earth, on that part of Yonge Street near the Collego Avenue, will also finish their job in a reasonable time. The Esplanade, however, has remained in its present unsightly state so long, that it has come to be looked upon as a recognized nuisance. We hope that the matter will be taken up, and that the Esplanade will be finished with all convenient speed.

THE EVENING EXCURSION.

The Sons of Malta excursion on Wednesday evening was an extremely successful and satisfactory affair. The rain which poured so incessantly during the day, very fortunately did not again necessitate the postponement of the trip. Messrs. Carlisle & McCoukey provided the orbits in excellent style, whilst Mau's band played for the dancers. The Bowmanville was crowded with excursionists, and the party separated at one o'clock, exceedingly delighted with the evening's entertainment. Mr. Taylor and his fellow members of the order, deserve every credit for the excellent arrangements made for the accommodation of the party. We understand that a real "moonlight" excursion is contemplated by the same association. It will be announced at an early period.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT FROM EUROPE.

(Special and exclusive.)

We have the pleasure of laying before our reader a letter received by the last steamer from no less a distinguished person than Mr. Speaker Smith. He gives us an account of his doings with the Court and Government of England:

MONLEY'S HOTEL, LONDON, }  
August 6th, 1859.

Ever attached Grumbler:—

Remembering what an interest you have always felt in my welfare I hasten to give you some account of my present visit to England. Of course it is unnecessary to state that Mr. Belleau and myself were well provided with Provincial funds to enable us to preserve the dignity of our mission, but *entre nous* Belleau is so wanting in elegance, I feared much for it at first, a few lessons from me, however, did much to modify his awkwardness in a Court dress.

Previous to our presentation at Court, we visited His Grace of Newcastle, who by the way is rather inferior in personal appearance and stately bearing for a Duke; having but little advantage in *physique* over Ogle R. Gowan, or Cartier. The importance of our mission ensured us a favorable reception, and His Grace discoursed much of Canadian affairs and Canadian politicians; and I took every opportunity to speak of those who had received honors from their Queen. His Grace's comprehension was very acute, and I could see that the probability of my returning *Sir* Henry Smith was very strong, for he surveyed my not inelegant figure with a palpable eye of approval. I drew myself up with a consciousness of the new dignity that awaited me; I revelled in anticipation of being addressed as Sir Henry—I was a knight in everything but name, but vain dreams, vain hopes, that unlucky Belleau dispelled them all. By addressing Monsieur le Duc at this critical moment, the eyes of his grace turned immediately to the little Frenchman, and I observed that the smile which played upon his countenance while surveying my portly person changed to a frown when he perceived the *outré* appearance of my colleague.

I do not yet despair of success could I only keep Belleau out of sight. Her Majesty received me very graciously, and I doubt not that when I make my appearance fully robed, and with my new wig and ruffles as I intend doing at next reception, she will confer the long cherished distinction.

Till then au revoir, yours,

HENRY SMITH.

P. S.—I practise Belleau nine hours every day in deportment. I shall make something of him yet.

H. S.

Game of Foot Ball.

—A grand game of foot-ball is, we understand, shortly to be played between the members of her majesty's present ministry in Canada, and the members of the two days government. The ball to be used on the occasion is that famous ball which the *Globe* says is always rolling. Correction.