

TONGUEGRASS.—So there is, MACGREGOR, so there is; but to see double is generally considered a pretty sure sign of being fuddled. LAUDER and his friends—MAT. C., don't you think, plays only a sort of second-fiddle—see things in ten-fold magnitude; 'tis but a mathematical calculation to determine the enormousness of their state of fuddledom.

SLOWCUM.—You did not let me finish. Sharp's always the word with you, TIMOTHY. I was going to say, if you had not interrupted me,—eh, where was I? There, I have lost the thread—

SMALLWIT.—Was it wound upon a spool?

SPEAKEQUEER.—Let us put this perpetually punning PATRICK into Parliament. Just punishment it would be for him, the sinner; while a thorn he would be in the sides of some more slow than SLOWCUM to see a joke.

TONGUEGRASS.—Have you reference to the Local House? In it no man was ever put to the test as to his apprehension of wit, small or large.

RUDGE.—Into Parliament PATRICK undoubtedly must go. There is a round hole there, and he is the round peg turned in nature's lathe to fit into it.

SMALLWIT.—My sin hath found me out. Pardon, I crave; or, if not full forgiveness, at least a more merciful sentence.

TONGUEGRASS.—Then would I suggest he be made schoolmaster to the School Board.

SMALLWIT.—You are making bad worse. I should be more bored there than even in—

GRIP.—Bind the wretch, and quickly gag him, and cast him into the den of—

SMALLWIT.—Stop, for mercy sake stop! Do not, do not order me to be thrown into the den of Aldermen. Never would I emerge alive.

SLOWCUM.—Why should you all be so hard on PATRICK? I scarcely ever enjoy myself so much as when I have an opportunity of listening to his drollery. Some people make what they call jokes, but I have to get them explained, and even then I can't always see the point; but SMALLWIT is a very prince of jesters, and if I can only take a little time to it, I always find out for myself where the laugh comes in.

TONGUEGRASS.—Well, well, we won't be hardhearted. SMALLWIT, you are not pardoned—you are too hardened an offender—but your sentence is commuted. Hereafter, your sole audience shall be SLOWCUM: on his ear alone must you hereafter dare pour out your baby jokes.

SMALLWIT.—Now am I forever dumb. Good heavens! live only to make jokes for SLOWCUM!

SPEAKEQUEER.—I am on the side of mercy. Give us, PATRICK, a story that shall make us laugh, and I for one will be ready to cry quits.

OMNES.—Agreed, agreed.

SMALLWIT.—No; you are too deficient in appreciation of the Funny. Even DON QUIXOTE would not tickle you into a right-down hearty cachinnation.

TONGUEGRASS.—You would have a poor chance, then; but I thought, you know, fools might be found to rush in—; you know the proverb?

SMALLWIT.—Thank you for nothing! But it seems to me you are becoming personal, and I must call you to order.

GRIP.—No personalities permitted.

SPEAKEQUEER.—Of course not. Leave them to parliamentarians and the journalists, who have jointly secured the Canadian patent for any personalities that are worth the name. Hawks must not pike out hawks' con—and abuses are abundant for us to fall upon.

TONGUEGRASS.—By the way, did you hear that LAUDER—this is strictly confidential—is going to introduce a bill looking to the union of the constituencies of Silver Islet and Algoma? The member for the latter is to give him all needed information.

SMALLWIT.—LAUDER's geography is not on a par with his descriptive powers, and the way the Algoma man opened on him was not bad. I call it primo Cumberland cut. If any of you are wise in the mysteries of pork-packing, you will appreciate the joke.

SLOWCUM.—I am ignorant, and unless you explain I shall never see it.

SMALLWIT.—Don't you see, when they anatomize hogs with a view to subsequently furnishing salted delicacies for the British palate, the packers follow certain boundaries in cutting up the slain animals to produce what is technically known as Cumberland cut. But, how it spoils a joke to make it legible to you! I thought you said my efforts did not need explanation?

SPEAKEQUEER.—Have you any idea, SMALLWIT, how tiresome you are growing? Some people might be willing to enlighten you on that point.

GRIP.—You are all dull enough to-night to qualify for the staff of any one of the leading dailies. So leave this, all of you. Get out, get out.

THE JOURNEY OF DR. SYNTAX JR., IN SEARCH OF THE ORIGINAL.

PROLOGUE.

WHEN the world was wise—in the latter day light—
Came the matter to pass whereof I would write;
(And whereof you may tell to your children by'moby
With a quivering lip and a moistening eye.)

CANTO I.

To begin this small narration in a systematic way
I must picture his appearance on that interesting day.
When, with sneer and imprecation on all "stale" and "hackneyed"
things,

He set out upon his journey owning no one's leading strings.
Anticipating wisely many dangers on his course,
He had borrowed for the service old *Don Quixote's* rawbone horse;
And, lest speed should not avail him, and his horse be brought to bay,
He had *Rip Van Winkle's* bull dog for to keep his foes away.
From his shoulders hung a mantle which had been the *Wandering Jew's*,

And one *Gulliver* had supplied him with a pair of well-worn shoes;
Rob'son Crusoe's rusty pistol was suspended from his neck
And good old *Doctor Syntax* had contributed his specs.

CANTO II.

The sun was shining brightly as he set upon his way
And the Mayor and Corporation had proclaimed a holiday,
With an edict vowing vengeance on that citizen who should
Refuse to bear him company as far as "Jones's wood."
So he slowly, sternly, rode away—nor looked around nor spake,
Though the whole population followed sobbing in his wake.
In reverie profound he passed full many a gaping throng,
Nor deigned a look—but merely punched his horse and said "g'long!"
Where pleasure had her votaries, where vice her victims stung,
Where sorrow bowed the sufferers down, echoed the lone "g'long."
His goal was in a far-off land—a real Utopian shore
Where things were said it every day, and never hackneyed o'er.

He reached that clime, in lapse of time,
Weary and travel-stained and weak;
Fed his horse, then took his course
To find what he had come to seek.

CANTO III.

Arrived where, through a lovely dell
Sounded the solemn Sabbath bell,
And saints went up with glowing face
To worship in the holy place,
He heard the sound and joined the throng
And with them meekly passed along;
And thus devout, began his search
Within the portals of the Church.

The sermon, on the Human Race,
Was very good, but commonplace;
And tho' it pleased the people well,
On one who heard it failed to tell,
For he passed judgment, as they fell
Upon each sentence in detail.
And muttered as he took his hat
There's nought original in that."
(To be Continued.)

AN INTERCEPTED LETTER.

To Mr. MOWAT, Premier of the Dominion of Ontario.

Dear and Respectful Sir,—

I hop you will pleas excuse me a writin this letter to you as you been a grate man an i am ony a servant girl but sir i want to give you and the other kind gentlem wich was with you my best thanks for you makin a law to make liens of gittin married cheeper i will also consider your doin of that a favour to me myself as JAMES—my feller—he is goin to fix our matrimonel business right away wich he wodent do it before on account of the six dolers. Deer Mr MOWAT sir you can bot yer bottom doler on Jrs vote wile you want it an he wil have a good vot becaus we are agoin to tak up hous on Queen street if you call to see us wen you have time we will be glad to see you From

yours respectbly

MARY ANN HOPTOP.

P S if you like you kin show this letter to Mr FRASER.