

OCCHONE! OH DEAR!

The following lines in manuscript, were picked up a little below the St. Lawrence Hall; from internal evidence we firmly believe them to be the production of the Editor of the *Leader*:

Ochone! oh dear! what the dices can ail me,
That I quiver and quake at that fellow McGee,
That I feel like a criminal suing for mercy,
Whoever I hear but a whisper of D'Arcy?
I ain't cut his throat and I ain't picked his pocket,
Nor knocked nary eye of his out of its socket.
I ain't writ so bad of him, yet, as of Brown,
But thunder and turf, oh I he shall be writ down.
What business has any old Paddy McGee,
To come here and get himself made an M. P.,
To be fomented and flattered, confound him I whilst I,
But plain "Editor" still, in my sanctum must sit.
I'm quite as good looking as he is, by jingo!
And can spout a more high sounding, sonorous jingo.
I ain't never yet been no rebel like he,
(Take that you old rascally Dogan McGee.)
I ain't and I won't—but by thunder I'll make
If I can—the Brown-Dorlon nincompoop quake,
I'll rake up the fyles of the *Cell* and the *Nation*,
And breed a real burning hot, high inflammation.
I'll mount on my stool with my arms a la Nap,
And dictate such gall as I ne'er did for pap.
My scribbles shall be startled with lary and fire,
As I dub this McGee with his black hearted mire,
Jack Mitchell once patriot, now dealer in sigger,
With O'Brien the cabbage-ground here shall figure.
And the burden of each morning's *Leader* must be—
Gavan Duffy, O'Brien and Darcy McGee.
Be hang'd to a delicate sense of propriety,
By fair means or foul he shall gain notoriety.
I'll rake every scrap up, no matter from where,
Can make D'Arcy feel sore, for in fighting all's fair.
I'll teach him confound him to poke in his nose,
And stand in the place made for better men's toes,
I'll hound him, I'll scratch him, O! rabbit the man,
By jingo I'll bust him to death if I can.

We are the more confirmed in our belief that the above lines should be affiliated to the Editor of the *Leader*, from a cursory glance over the last four issues of that veracious sheet. We find that they contain no less than seven editorials dedicated to Mr. McGee, that his name is mentioned in the first lines of twenty-seven paragraphs, and is repeated in the whole no less than fifty-seven times.

DIARY OF A MONKEY.

Most of our city readers may have noticed at our street corners a man with an organ, attached, by a long string, to a rakish looking monkey, who among other peculiarities, was attired somewhat unfashionably, and had, for a monkey, rather a long tail. To the casual observer this gentleman might not appear to merit any distinction; but from personal acquaintance we can assure our friends that he is a very clever fellow; and has already achieved the feat of writing his own autobiography. We have been favored with a sight of his diary, and take the liberty of publishing a few extracts:—

Sunday.—Had a desire to go to church to see the girls, but was so much afflicted with *cunui*, that I gave up the idea, and stayed at home to crack nuts and sleep.

Two p. m..—Horrid bad dinner. *Mem.*—To steel enough over Saturday to make up for deficiencies on Sunday.

Five p. m..—Hung for one hour from the kitchen rafters, in order that I might enjoy a little quiet meditation.

Six p. m..—Had the curiosity to measure my tail

and found that I had stretched it the thickness of a nutshell.

Monday a. m..—Showed myself in my most captivating attitude to half the ladies in St. George's Square, but without success.

An hour later.—Tired and hungry, and glad to partake of a cold lunch from an ill-favored old maid. *Mem.*—Wonder how old the bread and butter was? Six weeks at least.

Four o'clock.—Stood at the corner of King and Yonge streets to see the ladies. Day blustery and ladies' ankles distinctly visible. Rather flattered myself that I made an impression on the belles.

Half-past four.—Was the admired of all admirers. But unfortunately received a severe kick from a long fellow with a spy glass who did not see me, which put me out of sorts for the remainder of the day.

Tuesday.—On analyzing the receipts of the day found one-half spurious coin. *Mem.*—Got the greater part from fashionable-looking houses.

Wednesday.—Lunched opposite to a boarding-house; but fared badly, as the butter and cheese were abominable. *Mem.*—To keep house as soon as my musical partner is dead.

Thursday.—Had a narrow escape from being choked by the straining of my own neckcloth. *Mem.*—To introduce a new fashion to supersede the dog-collar.

Friday.—Musical partner rather bad tempered, consequently got more kicks than half-pence. Afternoon wet; therefore went home, and read the newspapers. *Mem.*—Toronto dailies excessively stupid.

Saturday.—Discovered several relations and friends among the Torontonians—but on claiming acquaintance was decidedly cut—although the family likeness was undeniable. *Mem.*—To have a serious conversation with musical partner on the duties of the married state.

Pitching Latin at them.

—A student who supports Romain quotes Horace as an authority for the so called rowdies who attempt to crowd Mr. Allan's meetings. He thinks the Grit is perfectly justified in taking any step "*quo ne per vacuum Romain incurreret hostis*," (which he interprets, "that no moderate foe may come the double over Charlie through any unguarded loop hole.")

Single Speech Allan.

—We have observed that Mr. Allan invariably delivered the same speech on every occasion in which he addressed the electors in the different Villages in the Township through which he passed. Perhaps he thought that a good thing could not be repeated too often, or it may be that the singleness of his heart prompted him to stick to the old trick. But there is a charm in variety, and we therefore recommend him to say something with the gloss of originality on it—even suppose his second speech should turn out very bad.

Pons Asinorum.

—Why is a coquette like London Bridge? Because she has a great many arch ways (arch-ways) about her.

OPENING OF THE EXHIBITION.

Two programmes of the ceremony of the opening of the Crystal Palace, have been drawn up by the Committee, one of them has already been published; the other, which we need not say is the correct one, we give below:—

At an early hour on Tuesday morning, a valet will gently awaken his Excellency, and if he is in a bad humour, administer to him a glass of the best, soda water.

His Excellency will then join Her Excellency and Lord Napier in the drawing room, and if he is afflicted with the blues, abstain from wishing him lordship and the Exhibition to the bottom of the lake.

At ten o'clock, the Hon. George Brown will call upon his Excellency, but will be denied admittance, whereupon he will go home and write a furious article against the Head family.

At a quarter past ten, Mr. Charles Edward Romain will be announced, and his Excellency mistaking him for a Count, will receive him cordially; but on hearing Charles Edward say that "this are a very fine day," the cheat will be discovered and Charles will be kicked out by a flunkey.

The inaugural procession being organized, will start at three minutes to eleven, and drive over an old apple-woman at the corner of King and Peter streets. The Reporter of the *Globe* will be present to make a note of the barbarity of the Governor General.

At a quarter-past eleven, his Excellency will be internally swearing at the architect of the Crystal Palace for not erecting a more convenient stairway.

Half-past—His Excellency will pretend to be kneeling down while John Toronto will be praying in Gaelic for the success of the Exhibition.

Same Hour—Her Excellency and Lord Napier will go asleep.

Same Ditto—Pickpockets working double tides.

Twelve—Grand chorus from the orchestra. His Excellency and his party will offer to bet boxes of gloves that the music is somewhat like that of the Creation. The American Ambassador will remind lady Head that his nation could "lick creation hollow."

Three quarters past.—The crowd will begin to show symptoms of fatigue. Half of the audience will soon begin to yawn.

One o'clock.—A member of the Vice-regal party will ask Lord Napier did he see the comet. His Lordship will request the questioner not to "Kom it" (comet) over him in such a manner. A titter will run through the gallery, which will soon spread over the whole building—producing a most pleasing effect.

Half-past one. All over. Great crush. Torn dresses. Bruised hoops. Gentlemen indulging in swearing. Ladies looking for good opportunities to go into hysterics. Pickpockets going it strong. His Excellency and party make their way out with difficulty; and retire in disgust. Some Clear Grits attempt to get up a hostile demonstration; but are fired on by a body of the Royal Canadian Rifles, and put to flight.