

LETTER FROM JOSEPH GOULD, M.P.P.

TO ARTHUR R-N-K-N, PENAL SETTLEMENT, AUSTRALIA.
 ROSSIN HOUSE, Feb. 30, 1862.

DEAR ARTHUR,

I suppose that in yare pakuliar situation you do not here mutch noos. O since that time in 1838 when you took your first pleasure trip at the expense of the Government how mutch has been going on in these 4 cars. Canady has bekum Independent. In June, 1858, T. D'Arsey McGee and Geo. Brown were in pour. Kapten Moody was riled with Brown, bekaus he would not put him (Moody) in for North Oxford, and raised a Revilition, with Dempsey and the Orange Party, and Mr. Stokes the Lemon Ice cream negro. So the great man Moodie bekum Gavnor, wile Mr. Stokes bekaime Primeer, and spekes fine, mutch better to my i than J. A. McDonnelle, or Brown, or any of them former primeers. All those persons that used to hold their heads so hi are' down now, all the Gabmen, and Carters, and domestics made a grand riso and took all the houses and furniture, and rains of Government. Mason Yellows Revilition was 0 to this. All those who were gentily and could spel wel his Excellency, Mr. Moody said should be cast down, but when he turned all the others out of the House, he forgot me, and then he said as I was edicated he would make me Queen's Printer, *viz* Derbishire and Desbarats who are rejected to be Corporation Fiders. I saw Mr. Boughs lately, he is one of the Tipstaffs of our new Bankrupt Court, and as the 91 claws is a grabin at his purse strings, he is compelled to pay \$3 per mo. out of his wages, till he pays up the £10,000. He seems to like the neighborhood.

Robert Spence has taken up the okshioneering business and has succeeded Malichi O'Donohue but even now he is not half so noysy as when he was in Parliament. We had a grand Cricket Match the other day on the Toronto Cricket Grounds, and subsikently a lunch in Mr. J. Beverly Robison's saloon which is just by. You may ax how he kaue to sitch a thing when the Old Man was there to stop him. He was let remain in Parliament by his Excellency, and sez he "let him keep hisself off ducksbootin and sitch like." Wel the first speech he made was about Cricket and ducksbootin, "Wel the first sez Bob (his Excellency, I mean,) "just resign yourse sete Robbison or ill darken your daylight." Wel, Robbison, howsome a bit of a bull dog, backed out and resigned, and hung about the Cricket Ground to improve his British Vigour, till at lust his father (who by the way lives like a country gentleman having been kicked out of the Chief Justiceship to make way for Neil Camron Maccintire) bought him the Saloon, where generally you may see him any day setting within the Bar with his hat on and his knees up as he used to do in the House.

Praps you may want to know what became of the Gavnor. Wel soon after Bob (his Excellency I mean) overthru him, he got the Sichwasheen of teacher of English Grammar at the Normal School, where he makes them perfik in Shall and Will; and tho' his Pupils say Wont sometimes, when he says Shall, he gets on tolrubble. Mr. Henry Smyth is French teacher in U. C. College, he got wopped the other day by the majority of the boys who said he didn't behave fair. They all wonder why sitch a man was made a Speaker, but I think he served

them well who put him there. Mr. Kayley is tax collector, and some difficulty has arose about his accounts. J. A. Macdonnie is wholesale ag't for the Grumbler, witch is a good paper having made the fortin of its interprising conducters. Crittic Geordie is at Bothwel, where he attending a muley saw, the only Grity part about him now is his nails and knuckles. His excellency Bob never forgave him his neglect in not giving him Oxford, and the Globe has been given to Mr. Primeer Stokes, Lemon John that was. I will rite again, keep on your good conduct and you may return before your time is up

Yours till deeth,
 JOS. GOULD.

FALSE REPORTS!

Being anxious to disabuse the public mind of any scandalous and malicious reports, we proceed to cor tradict some of the most unfounded.

It is not true that Mr. W. F. Powell has joined the Sons of Temperance, and has pledged himself to vote for the Maine Law.

It is not true that Mr. Gould was recently caught attempting suicide from mental depression brought on by excessive application to Murray's Grammar.

It is not true that the Post-Master General has taken his illustrious namesake, the Rev. Sydney Smith, as his political and oratorical exemplar: the hon. gentleman prefers patronizing native talent.

It is not true that Mr. Robison is about to publish a work entitled—"The Legislator's best qualifications, an Essay on Cricket, Duck Shooting, &c," much less one on the "Nature and Habits of the Bull-Dog."

It is untrue that the Hon. Malcolm Cameron ever read Burke's speech to the electors of Bristol, and stole from it his dissertation on the duties of a Representative.

It is not true that Dr. Connor fainted after his attack on Mr. Speaker's decision on Monday night last.

It is not true that Col. Playfair took any part in the storming of Seringapatam.

It is not true that Mr. Hogan disciplines himself for Parliamentary debating, by opium-eating and the study of Faust and Festus.

It is not true that Mr. Patrick was detected repeating Macbeth's soliloquy to a latch-key previous to his great Shakspearian quotation in the debate on the Address.

It is not true that Mr. Foley has been generally accused of excessive silence—Mr. Galt of independence—Mr. Ferres of modesty—Mr. Pope of common sense—Mr. McKenzie of practicability—Mr. Cayley of financial talent—Mr. Angus Morrison of conscience—Mr. Church of loquacity,—or Mr. Speaker of impartiality.

It is not true as has been asserted by several rampant Clear Grits, that the Hon. Inspector General, pledged both himself and his Colleagues to fix the seat of Government at the Village of Renfrow.

The Donkey Brays.

—The want of oxygen was so apparent in the House of Assembly last week, that the Donkey made several spasmodic efforts to bray, which had the effect of retarding the debate on the Address for fully fifteen minutes.

A MODEL M.P.P.

To sacred nine, whose glowing inspirations
 Wake plodding souls to nice discriminations,
 And theme most high, THE GAUZEYAN socks your aids,
 Whisks to a model M. P. P. parades.
 Behold him, then, with graceful ease reclined,
 The pure, severe, unoblation of mind,
 Twirling with dainty (such his pet moustaeh),
 (Fo' deus the act unastuteasun-like wore rash),
 Eyebing the galleries with a vulgar stare,
 Of course that gives the model *member* "an air."
 Strutting, anon, the floor with measured pace,
 Ho'z grand, how large, what elegance and grace.
 Then comes a change, he understands it fully,
 Just gets the wink and lestes to play the bully,
 With sheer impertinence and puppy bark;
 But aims too high, and oversteps the mark—
 Gets somnily snub'd, but pockets the affront,
 Content—y'ea quite content—to bear the brunt,
 If but rewarded with his "leader's" smile,
 And—*and!*—(oh! matchless purity,) his pay the while.
 Be lushed each breath, the model member speaks,
 And plays with sense and truth astounding feaks,
 "Sir! Mr. Speaker—I at once declare
 Unbounded confidence in members over there;
 I shall support them, be they wrong or right,
 And vote down Brown & Co's fanatic spite."
 Oh! wonderful logic, worthy sure to be
 Propounded by a Model M. P. P.
 Oh! I decuss sublime of generous "Mountain Dew,"
 Of "Eau de Vin," and "Bottled Porter," too.
 Say ye, *pure spirits*, is your kindly aid,
 Invoked to swell his senseless dull tirade;
 Ye liquid genit lead ye, ye so ill,
 His strange impertinence of would be wit,
 Art deaf? art dumb? or would the bold avowal
 Not suit exactly model member 1—1.
 I charge you then, begone to *Maine* or *Thibet*,
 And let our Model M. P. P. exhibit,
 Of ample sense a slightly less deficit; for
 THE GAUZEYAN means to make him General West Solicitor.

WHERE WILL THEY STOP?

A party man stabbed an Irish Catholic on Wednesday. It is said that another insulted a Priest on the highway. On the same night an armed band of Orangemen attacked the Hotel in which the Irish Catholics were dining together, smashed the windows with brickbats and stones, and fired shots in at the windows. The patched windows of the Roman Catholic Cathedral attest the intemperate zeal of Orangemen on a former occasion. We turn away with loathing and horror from the picture, and strive to forget that the Capital City of Western Canada harbours such scoundrels. In Heaven's name let us have no more such scenes. Let Orange as well as Roman Catholic processions be put down by law, and let Mr. Brown, and men of his stamp, forbear to bar the gate of Heaven against their own entrance, by raising a religious hue and cry.

Parliamentary Etiquette

—Has been presented with a new phase by the present Moderate Government. At the suggestion of Bishop Charbonnell, the leader has instructed his subordinate supporters, to preface the titles of the various members of the Government, with Brother, in deference to the Orange element in the Cabinet. The "broth of a boy," sent from South Simcoe, practised it the other evening, much to the satisfaction of Bros. Sidney Smith, Cartier, and Alley, and several of the Catholic Clergy in the gallery. An invitation has been extended and accepted by the Government, *en masse*, to attend St. Michael's next Sabbath, for the purpose of chanting "We're a jolly band of Brothers, &c."