

THE LONELY CABMAN.

The wind was driving wildly,
With dismal blast and moan,
As a cabman sat on his cheerless box,
Weary and wet and lone.
No friend was there to cheer him—
No cheerful accents rang,
As in piteous, cracked and husky voice,
This Cabman's song he sang.

"From morn to cheerless sunset—
From morn to gloomy night,
I've sat alone on this wooden box,
Moaning my wretched plight.

Wait! wait! wait!
"Till hope grows faint and bare;
Wait! wait! wait!
And all get nary fare.

"Till I'm ready to curse the hours that fly,
Or cut my throat if I dare.

Wait, whilst each lucky pal,
Has hooked a fish to his net;
Wait, while the rain is pouring down,
And I ought to be homo with Bet.

Wait! wait! wait!
From weary hour to hour;
Wait! wait! wait!
In wind and shine and shower.
And all for a quarter dung out with a curse,
Or a growl as sour.

Ain't there nobody wants a ride?
Ain't there nary a Chief of Police
Wants to take some unfortunate son of a gun
Up the Credit a piece.

Wait! wait! wait!
Oh! I weary world of care,
Wait! wait! wait!
"Till I'm ready to curse and swear.
Oh! its who would be stuck on a wooden box
To shout out in vain for a fare.

No! there's nobody wants a cab,
Not the ghost of a sound is here;
My pockets are minus the cash to buy
A pipe or a glass of beer.

Wait! wait! wait!
Still on the moments fly.

Wait! wait! wait!
No longer wait will I,
But I'll hurry off to the Bay and down,
Yes, I'll drown myself if I die.

NO MONOPOLY.

Not very long ago that atrocious Clear Grit journal, the *Globe*, stated that Professor Croft was about to deliver a "Chemical Lecture" on the *Centenary* night, under the auspices of some Yorkville Society or other, and at the same time, seemed to hint that the Society was going to outstrip some of our Toronto "an Societies" on account of the nest of *so-called* *vants* that infested Bloor Street. It's all nonsense. It's not because the Yorkvillians have managed to keep even Professor Croft away from Toronto on a festival night that they will be able to circumscribe the ambition of all the Literati of Bloor Street within the narrow bounds of a Yorkvillian sphere, and make them starve the intellectual appetite of Toronto, to pauper that of a wretched little village that doesn't pay any taxes worth speaking of. No, there are several of these professors who enjoy a Torontonian reputation which they would not sacrifice even for the consideration of free rents and no taxes, and whom the Yorkvillians could only keep among them by the inhuman threat of taking their pot dogs away from them. And we expect that Prof.

Croft will not be again entrapped by any Yorkville Association into surrounding himself with experimental smells and flames of the most infernal description, while his brother professors are mounting to the seventh heaven of intellectual pastime. We hear, however, that he made the best of a bad business, and that his audience was not at all diminished by the Centenarian Festivities. The report we have received of his Lecture is very characteristic.

(Enter Professor, surrounded by Blue Fires.)

Ladies and Gentlemen,—

Lectures are all "humbugs," (fizz—bang—shrieks from ladies) don't be afraid, it's only a compound of S₂ K₄ and L. H. Y., you will have something worse presently. Now, then, get out your scent-bottles, and take care of your eyes. (Bang, bang, bang) There is another experiment I'm going to try. I don't know whether it will succeed, but if it don't it will blow the roof off. There it goes delightfully. (Unknown compound ignites and fills room with thick vapour—cries of children heard.) Don't open the windows, the night air will spoil all the experiments. I now come to some interesting experiments on gun cotton. Gun Cotton is so called because it explodes as sure as a gun, which is only true of this peculiar sort of cotton. It always explodes right upwards, so that you can hold it in your hand and ignite it without danger. It is a very nice plaything for children. (Sensation.) I had prepared an experiment with some cotton and a rifle-barrel, but a gentleman I expected to get the rifle from, had lost the key of his gun-cose, and so I couldn't borrow it. But I could have burst the barrel with a very small piece of cotton. (Exclamations from married ladies, etc., oh, the wretch!) And now, ladies and gentlemen, I think I'll wind up. I am very much obliged to you for coming to hear me instead of paying \$5 for a Centenary Ticket. I don't think, however, that we are much worse off than the people at the Rossin House, for although we have no dinner and no champagne, we have had so much fire, flash, and at—(beg pardon—odour I mean) that we may be said to have had our *Burns Scent & nary Banquet*. (Immense applause.)

Chicago Drunk.

—The *Leader* says that Chicago sent a message to the Burns' Club, Toronto, on Tuesday evening, which, on perusal, we found to commence with—

"Robert Burns is passing by,
Hearts of lead can this be dying?"

We have no hesitation in responding—certainly not. If a man passes by the window, that is no reason to jump at the conclusion that he must therefore be dying. If Robert Burns were really passing by the Chicagoes at the time, it was really very ridiculous for them to ask such a question—unless he might be uncoo dry, and consequently be dying for a drink. If so, it was rather ungenerous in the Chicagoes not to ask him in to have a wee drop. However, passing that, we should like to know who are meant by "hearts of lead?" We strongly suspect that there is a typographical error somewhere, and that the poet on this occasion used the expression "heads of lead," in reference to the recumbent position of the heads of the guests then celebrating the festival in Chicago. In that case, the censure conveyed in the expression was, we must admit, just as weighty as the company was dull.

THE UPPER TEN-DOM.

What is it? The *Leader* of Wednesday says that on the occasion of Burns' festival a banquet came off at the Rossin House, "which was attended by a large number of the upper ten-dom!" and also, that at the same time a ball was given at the St. Lawrence Hall, "for the less aristocratic admirers of the poet Burns."

What is the "upper ten-dom?" Who compose the "upper ten-dom" in Toronto? Is the Hon. Mr. Fitzbeggar, whose father sold green groceries, a member of the distinguished circle? Is Mr. Macpuppy, who never had a father that he is aware of, one of the *elite* of Toronto? Is Adolphus Obeathegallows, Esq., whose mother, rest her soul, was an honest washerwoman; is he an ornament to our Canadian aristocracy? Is Timothy Sneak, Esq., who came from the lord-knows-where, a leader of the fashion? Are the Shanghighs looked upon as the "upper ten," and the Workhards classed among the "plebians?" Will it make no difference in the case, that the former are a drivelling lot of impertinent idiots, while the latter possess all the qualities which are necessary to adorn the most refined society. Are the MacSnobbs to be looked up to as of gentle blood, and the O'Pinches to be looked down upon as unaristocratic? By what right are the MacSnobbs to be set over the O'Pinches? Where did the MacSnobbs come from? Who was their father, or their great, great, great grandfather? Pah!—a tailor, a carter of dung, a rogue, a rap-paree, a resurrectionist, a hangman! any or all of these perhaps. Is it because the Skinfinits, who left their country for their country's good, by some fortunate speculations, the honesty of which is a tender point in their family history, managed to amass wealth in a few years that they are to be dubbed by a respectable Press, as brilliant luminaries in the firmament of "upper ten-dom?"—*Chaque à son gout!* Some people were born to be the toadies of toadies—the lickspittles of vile loafers, the worshippers of a dirty crew of self-important, ignorant upstarts. The upper ten-dom! Great is the upper ten-dom of Toronto, and great were their parents before them! Great is the good that they are doing for their country—and greater it will be when they are leaving it! The "upper ten-dom!" What is it? What is the animal fed on? Is it on

"Sugar and spice,
And all that's nice,"
or is it on

"Rats and snails,
And puppy dog tails?"

The aristocracy! Ha, ha! The descendants of the small shopkeepers who burrowed in the slime of muddy Little York! Renowned is the aristocracy of Toronto! Its members can trace their family back to Adam! The beauty of their palaces might excite the envy of kings! The retinue of their servants would make a prince stare. The magnificence of their equipage would cause a Nabob to wonder! The number, breed, and symmetry of their horses would cause a Caliph to tear his beard. Their jewels eclipse the splendour of the richest oriental courts! Their revenue would ransom a thousand kings! They always have \$8 in cash to pay for a pair of ready-made breeches! Great is the aristocracy of Toronto! Trot them out, good Mr. *Leader*. Trot them out! The "upper ten-dom!" Ha, ha, ha! The less aristocratic! He, he, he!