

THE HOUSE.

"THIS IS THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT."

Once there lived—as old histories learnedly show
—a
Great sailor and ship-builder, named Mr. Noah,
Who, a hulk put together, so wondrous—no doubt
of it—
That all sorts of creatures could creep in and out
of it.
Things with heads and without heads; things
dumb; things loquacious;
Things with tails and things tailless; things tame;
things pugnacious;
Rats, lions, curs, geese, pigeons, loads and donkeys,
Bears, dormice and snakes, tigers, jackals and
monkeys;
In short, a collection so curious, that no man
E'er since could with Noah compare as a showman.
At length Ch-r-y M-u-e-k with that very cute
head of his,
Designed a much stranger and comical edifice;
To be called his "New House"—a queer sort of
menagerie,
To hold all his beasts—with an eye to the treasury.
Into this he has crammed such uncommon mon-
strosities,
Such animals rare, such unique curiosities,
That we wager a pound—not to speak it unwill—
This wonderful house beats the ark to the d—l.
Lest you think that we bounce—the great fault,
we confess, of men—
We proceed to detail some few things as a specimen
Of what are to be found in this novel museum.
As now it is open you may all go and see 'em,
Two woods, of two shades, grain and polish and
gilding,
Are used, this diversified chamber in building;
Not a nail, bolt or screw, you'll discover to lurk
in it,
Though of Smiths there are plenty every evening
at work in it;
With "sons of the plough," who, their wisdom
ne'er keep scaled,
Yet allow in their midst a profitless Sand-field;
A leader whom nobody follows, a pair o' Knight's,
With courage at ninety degrees of old Fahrenheit's;
Full a hundred "Jim Crows" wheeling round
about—round about,
And many a "Turner" is this house to be found
about.
Of Hogs-heads, Lord knows there are plenty to
spare of them,
Yet many a Cooper is kept to take care of them.
Two "preachers are kept, holy men, in this ill
grim, age,
To make every night their pure Radical pilgrimage.
There are more—but enough!—if you're a *virtuoso*,
You'll see for yourselves, and just now you may
do so;
And if you don't say this new house is a wonder,
We're Dutchmen—that's all—and at once knuckles
under.

— By what great feat did the Opposition snuff
out the Ministry? De-feat, of course.

LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.

TORONTO, June 16, 1864.

MY DEAR GRUMBLER:—
I think it was very naughty of your correspon-
dent not to see that the *Estinguisher* was in work-
ing order at St. James' last Sunday evening. I am
afraid his proposition is impracticable, and, for the
sake of something new, I would suggest that a
moveable bottom be prepared to the pulpit, which
should (any at the end of twenty minutes) gradu-
ally descend, giving his reverence sufficient time
to pronounce the benediction before he was lowered
to regions below.
If any of our influential parishioners will take
the matter in hand, I shall be most happy to ten-
der for the contract.

Yours, truly,
ANGRY BESSIE'S HUSBAND.

A General burst up.
— We see that some Canadian gentleman has
given Mr. Morton Edwards, the sculptor, an order
for a bust of His Royal Highness the Prince of
Wales. It is to be presented to the City of Toronto.
The Prince of Wales is a Colonel of some regiment.
Would that he were a general; and in that
case, when we loyally set up the graven image,
we should have every excuse for a *general bust up*.

Fortifying the Lakes.
— "And what may you be at?" we enquired
(this broiling morning) of a jovial looking son of
Erin, who, in spite of the blazing sun, was busily
engaged on the roof of his cottage. "Is it what am
I doing, you're axin'? Faith thin, sir, I'm just
doin' the same as I seen the Yankees is doin', for-
the lakes (leaks)."

Genuine Singer Machines.
— We would'nt, for the world, call our charm-
ing *cantatrice*, Miss Kate Macdonald, a machine;
but she is a *genuine singer*, though we don't think
the advertisement we see is hers.

Mr. Coun. Edwards.
— The worthy Councilman, assisted by Ald.
Sterling and 2½ per cent. James, are about holding
Temperance meetings on Stanley Street. Could
they not get John Mr. McDonald to do the pray-
ing? He is a poor Member of Parliament, but
they say good on a long prayer.

Kingston.
— We see by the *British Whig*, that some
Bombastes Furiosos of the County Council have
threatened to summon us before the bar of the
Council Chamber, for some remarks we made re-
garding them which they did not relish. Well,
we don't mind going if they *treat us well*.

— Young Simpkins having kept late hours
during the last week or two, received a short cur-
tain lecture from "the dear, good old lady," wind-
ing up with the glowing peroration, that "She
could not help wondering that young men will
continue to divulge in such recesses of desertation
when they must be aware that they are repairing
both body and mind."

Pedigree Wanted.

— Why does Francis Moore advertise "War
ballads, North and South; rebel rhymes and rha-
psodies, and *Lyrics of Loyalty*?" We suppose the
Liarics of Loyalty are his own composition; but
Francis Moore should speak more politely of the
war ballads of the South. If the rebel rhymes
have animated the Southerners in the heroic re-
sistance they have made, we should be very apt to
think the "rhapsodies" more spirited productions
than even the "loyal effusions." *En passant*, may
we ask, is this gentleman a descendant of old
Francis Moore, the English almanac-maker, whom
his *confessers* used to call the *Molian Harp*, or *won-
drous lyre*?

Awful Demoralization.
— We learn from Northern sources, that *now*
"General Imboden's command is thoroughly de-
moralized." These successive accounts are really
fearful to think of. General Lee's army was de-
moralized some time since; yet, singular to state,
their deplorable state of demoralization—although
it may "point a moral or adorn a tale"—has not
by any means pointed out the way to "Richmond oh!"

"They made a calf (Medcalf) in Horeb."
— We understand that our worthy Mayor was
jesting with the Common Councilman who slept
on his post Monday night; and, as the Mayor is
as well posted in Biblical as in English History, he
accosted him pleasantly as "Eutyclus." "Ha!
Eutyclus," said the Mayor. "As much like Euty-
chus as you are like Saint Paul," responded the
Councilman; "when the citizens elected you Mayor,
they did as the Israelites did in Horeb." "Did in
Horeb?" returned the Mayor, "what d'ye mean?"
"Why," said the argute Councilman, "they made
a calf (Medcalf) in Horeb, and worshipped the
molten image." His worship vanished.

Globular reformation.
— We hail with joy an announcement in the
Leader of Wednesday, "Globes of a new pattern,"
are advertised. This, indeed is cheering. We
suppose that Mr. Brown's retirement from political
life has something to do with this notice; be that
as it may, "Globes of a new pattern," which are
thus promised us, we are quite sure will be duly
appreciated by the public.

Can any good come out of Galilee, o?
— Who is the *Leader* Galileo? In that great
print we find a short article on the abolition of
religious tests at the University of Oxford, (lately
carried in the British House of Commons), opening
with, "The world moves! Who will say, there is
nothing new under the sun?" Why, of course the
world moves. If it didn't, it wouldn't *follow my*
Leader; and as for new things, why we see there
is a new clothing establishment, and it is very
probable we shall have a new Ministry, or "as
good as new," as the ladies say of their turned silks.

The Review.
— Not a bad idea, that. Reviewing our
"bold soger boys" at Niagara Falls. Maybe Cor-
cob-and won't tremble in his skin. We expect to
hear of a diplomatic correspondence on the subject
shortly.