

JUDGE LAFONTAINE DREAMS A DREAM.

Chief Justice Lafontaine undoubtedly reads the newspapers, but whether he has seen a report of the speech in which Mr. Attorney General Cartier threatened to "strug his shoulders and commiserate the ignorance" of certain Lower Canadian judges—or whether having seen it, it would produce the following remarkable dream, we are unable to determine. Our readers must decide upon the balance of probabilities for themselves.

Midnight has thrown its solemn gloom around,
Lafontaine sleeps a broken, troubled sleep.
Through his still active brain with awe profound,
Dark and mysterious visions slowly creep.
First through the solemn darkness of the night,
A gloomy mass looms up,
Dimly distinct and threatening to his sight,
As though it came to sup
And gobble quickly poor Lafontaine up.

Floerer the phantom grows,
Taller still—well, heaven knows
It seems a double Sampson in its might,
A son of Anak in its towering height.
When lo! a pale and flickering ghostly light,
Reveals the features of the monster there.
The Cartier's phiz,
Adorned I wiz,
With Cartiers brushed up—very brushed up hair.

One forward step the grizzly phantom takes,
One single step—the very chamber shakos.
Then slowly places sturdily a kimbos,
Its arm gigantic and looks stornly grim, though
A gheastly amilo
As if the thing were bored with too much bile,
Broke o'er his features gloomily the while.
Lafontaine looked,
And perhaps he thought his passage hence was booked.

Be hushed each breath—the dark mysterious phantom
Looks very much as though it meant to rant some.
Slowly it points,
Its massive finger joints
To where Lafontaine on the bed lay quaking,
Then shaking
With frown most ominous, 'tis frizzly head,
It raised its shoulders with a mighty shrug,
And said
In squeaking tones that pierced the chamber through,
"Poor wretch, I pity you."

No sooner had the squeaking phantom spoken,
Than straight the spool was broken,
A laugh rang out, a merry laugh and clear,
For judge Lafontaine even in his dream,
Know well that scream,
Could come from none but Efficence Cartier;
But when he burned to take a closer look,
In vain he searched each nook,
His pitying visitor had left the coat quite clear.
But perched upon one corner of the bed,

He saw instead,
With hair brushed up and eyes and mouth agape,
A little ape.
With features that the judge could swear with ease,
Were like to Cartier's as could be two peas.
It chattered loud, incessantly and long,
But still its song
Bore but one burden all its chattering through—
"Poor wretch, I pity you."

Aused the judge looked down,
And saw the little thing attempt to frown;
Then with an effort strug his shoulders high,
So fanily,
That once again Lafontaine's in his dream;
Laughed clear and high,
When Presto! fly!
The little ape had vanished with a scream,

Just such I deem
As Cartier gives when he gets up the steam.
But still the dream was not yet quite completed,
For seated
On the same spot with impudenco profound,
A terrier hound,
Dressed out in Cartier's flashy features too,
Kept up the cry
"Poor wretch, I pity you."
Accompanied with shrugs so monstrous high,
That Judge Lafontaine deemed he'd really die
Laughing.
So loud, so hester wern the peals that broke
From the Chief Justice that he soon awoke,
And pondering o'er his three-fold funny dream,
The strange, the ditty, the Cartierian scream,
Was fairly lost,
To say which of the pitying phantoms three,
In his degree,
Resembled poor George Efficence the most.

THE TARIFF.

Reductio ad absurdum Tariffico.—Horace.
Notwithstanding the turmoil and agitation in Europe, which threaten terror, war, and other things hostile to the whole world—hostile more particularly to one's feelings, as fighting is sore upon the eyes, we think the favored citizens of Toronto might not only contemplate complacently the aspect of Poruvian domestic affairs, but even rejoice in that perfect bucket of security and happiness which has like a bucket of water been thrown around them. What though the rugged Russian rides his rough-ribbed rackers to the raid; what though the sledged Polack, whom the ambitious Norway slew, should from the basty deep arise, and ope his ponderous and marble jaws to bellow forth revenge; what though Napoleon, like another Marinnon rushing furious through the fight, should cry "give me another horse, bind up my wounds, my name's Micawber;" what though all this should occur, have they to fear? Aye more:

Should assault hurt our brain new chief,
And battery soil the gold-laced coat of Prince,

We still might live content under the protecting shadow of the deputy, seeing our vices and fixteens supported by his tall trunk, for he it knows, the tariff is reduced, and brandy's once more cheap.

Hail Galt! great whiskey's champion robe thee in the mantle of thy fame, and while the merry god doth weave thy chaplet, we'll sing the Chorus—

Fill up ye gods his cup of joy,
Heap blessings on the brink;
Oh, may his bliss ne'er know alloy,
The cove what cheapens drink."

Symbolic Name.

—The Hon. Mr. Morris has been puzzling his brains and moving, if not heaven and earth, several addresses to the Queen, praying that the name of the honorable body to which he belongs may be changed from "Legislative Council" to something else,—he does not on the present occasion say what. As we always sympathize with struggling genius, and are ever ready to help out a bright idea, we beg to suggest that the name of the "Legislative Council" be changed to that of "Little-to-do Convention." The appropriateness of this name is unquestionable; while it has this advantage, that the abbreviations "M.L.O." will not require to be changed.

JAMES FLEMING.

We regret to observe the course taken by the Rev. Mr. Marling in regard to the fate of this unhappy youth. We are disposed to speak with due forbearance on a delicate matter of this sort; particularly as we know Mr. Marling to be a good-hearted, earnest, and pious man. At the same time we must remonstrate with that gentleman on the extraordinary procedure of this week. He may, indeed we believe he did, disavow the desire to minister to an improper curiosity, but we know very well it was only to gratify that curiosity that so many crowded the Temperance Hall on Wednesday evening.

If they received little satisfaction they only retired disappointed. If it is to be established as a rule that the struggles of a guilty man are to be paraded in a popular lecture; that not even the prison walls are to cover one single word of conversation; if the poor culprit's movements and words are all to be laid bare to the eyes of the curious by him who should be the first to reprove their morbid inquisitiveness, we shall at any rate protest against it.

Mr. Marling has a congregation of his own, and he, in common with his fellow clergymen of Toronto had a perfect right, indeed it was his and their duty to impress their warnings upon the young; but the idea of issuing placards with the name of the boy in flaming capitals, and making a hero of himself for an hour, was beneath Mr. Marling's position and unworthy of his sacred calling. It was virtually exclaiming to the people, "I am the man who converted Fleming, I know all about him, I watched his every sigh, caught up every secret prayer; come to the Temperance Hall and I'll tell you all about it." We have too much of this minute photography of criminal life already. The N. Y. Police Gazette, Frank Leslie, and the American dailies are not the best examples for a minister of the gospel. These papers are full of the most particular descriptions, and they are as careful as Mr. Marling in warning the people against the criminal's course, and disclaiming a desire to gratify curiosity. A thought should also have been bestowed on the poor heart-broken father who must have already suffered sufficiently for his son's notoriety; and the pain of such prolonged reference to his lost son might have been spared the poor inmate of the House of Providence.

Mr. Marling must excuse us if we fail to see the advantage of such an extraordinary course. If he is to be justified, why should not the hangman reveal to us Fleming's last prayer, and expatiate on the agony of fear to which guilt had reduced him? Why not hear the governor of the jail who had more intercourse with him, and knew far more of his antecedents? Our convictions on this subject are confirmed when we see a "Committee" advertising the repetition of this *ad captandum* *exposé* at the small sum of 7½d a head. Serpentine-halfpenny for a full account of Fleming's crimes and repentance by a minister of the gospel!

Erratum.

—The last number of THE GOSPEL was by a typographical mistake numbered "50" instead of "61."