

Hail, noble park, amid whose shady bowers,
Toronto's donzans spend their leisure hours;
Hail, College Avenue, that leads thereto,
Thy sylvan path must also lure its due;
Hail, waving pine and chestnut trees in rows,
That do this stately avenue compose;
Hail, lawlorn hedge, whose prickly thorns immense,
Prevent our youth from climbing o'er the fence;
Hail, fence itself of rough pine boards unplanned,
Unwhitewashed oak, unpainted and ungrained,
Thy use to please not, but to keep out cows,
That on the hedges, trees, or grass might browse;
Hail, great park again, and thy environs;
Hail, great Russia's captured shooting irons,
Whose dangerous nuzzles point towards the town,
As if you'd like to blow the whole place down—
To raise your killings, for our brave militia's
Honour so truly, bravely, expeditious,
That ere an enemy could say be blowed,
From out your mouths they'd draw the deadly load,
Hail, three militia, our best thanks receive,
That thus you did our trembling fears relieve;
But spoke I not of guns, of Russian guns,
The sport and playthings now of all our soon—
See how the younger's gambol o'er the breach,
And in the bore adventurous arms down reach;
Precocious youths that leap to man's fourth age,
(As 'tis described in Shakespeare's classic page),
Thrusting their heads in muzzles pointing south,
Seeking the bubble reputation o'en in the cannon's mouth.
Hail to the Council, hail councillor Fell;
Hail, music soft, resounding thro' each dell;
Hail, rifle band, that instruments do blow,
From whence this rapturous harmony doth flow;
Hail, Jack Wooten, with the crockery jar,
Who gives us drink to those who thirsty are;
Hail to the crowd, who loiter o'er the grounds,
Hail o'er to those without its grassy bounds;
Hail to the rich, who come with coach and pair,
Hail to the poor, who come on shanks his mare;
Hail to the buller, who lead the beaus a race,
And make their poor hearts flutter like their face.
But hail, thrice hail, the chief of all this crowd,
Hail, thy huge peg tops, and thy dress so loud,
Praised by all the town, thou standest ennobled
Of all the nobly swells, the loudest dressed,
May the just gods thy growing fame extend,
Wide as the "peg" in which thy knees now bend.

Knock it down.

—Describing a "scene" at the Police Court, the *Leader* employs the following expressive expressions. Somebody rushing to assault somebody else, knocked against somebody else's child. Our queer friend says:

"This roused Catherine's ire; her maternal pride was aroused and making a dash at Mary Cantwell knocked her completely at sea."

To be simply "knocked at sea," we would think bad enough. But to be "knocked completely at sea" must be the deuce entirely. Now to be "knocked at sea," every one will admit: it is requisite that the knocked, at least, should be at sea. The knocker might be anywhere he pleased, provided he could only reach the party of the second part. And as it is a trifle over six hundred miles to the sea from this, we cannot understand how the party of the first part could knock the party of the second part at sea. Then it could be equally absurd to imagine that Catherine Blank could knock Mary Cantwell to sea from Toronto. If such a prodigy of strength could be accomplished, it would be the best *cant* Mary ever got. On the whole, we must conclude that the only one at sea, was the writer of the "scene" in question.

A COOL WAY OF OBTAINING ONE'S CONSENT'

To the *Colonist* belongs the merit, among other important discoveries, of finding out that the man who is politely required to deliver either his money or his life, acts with his own consent in parting with that which he thinks least valuable. Ridiculing the rumour that the American Government had been asked to demand the surrender of Dr. King on the ground of his having been arrested in the States, our venerable friend says:—

"Besides it was his own act to return under the fear of his brother-in-law, who held at him a loaded revolver, and was brought away with his own consent—thus obtained."

Somebody remarked that the use of words was to hide one's ideas. But the *Colonist* seems to think that the use of words is to show that it has no ideas to hide. Supposing that some infatuated highwayman was to meet the editor of *Old Double* some night when he is going home late, and holding a loaded revolver to his head, was to commit the egregious blunder of remarking that he would blow out his (the editor's) brains if he did not instantly promise that he would reform, and write none but sensible articles in future. Now in case the editor should be weak-minded enough to give the required promise—would he imagine for a moment that he was acting with his own consent, and of his own free will? If he would—he has the strangest ideas of coercion and intimidation, that it ever entered into the heart of man to conceive.

Has any body Read my Book.

—A man signing his himself Henry Taylor (who it appears wrote a book) writes a letter to *Old Double*, on the subject of the "Federal Union," in which he sagely observes, "that the Atlantic Telegraph will soon be in operation, and in that case the British North American colonies would be brought so extremely nigh to England that a representation of them must soon take effect."

If it would not be an impertinent question we should like to enquire of Henry *how nigh* would the colonies be brought to England in the event of the Atlantic cable being laid? His mode of expressing himself is like that of the country man who avorted that the telescope he was looking through, brought a certain church so nigh him that he could hear the congregation singing the psalms.

A queer place to plant grapes.

—Speaking of the Provincial Exhibition Building at Montreal, the *Colonist* of the 1st inst., has the following nonsense:—

"There is a fountain within the building, and the whole circuit of the interior has been dug to a depth of two feet, and a width of about three feet, as a preparatory step to the planting of grape vines."

Whoever heard of planting grape vines in the interior of a fountain! Probably the committee who are responsible for this original idea, imagine that by planting the vines in the interior, the fountain will throw up jets of wine; thus realizing *Volstaf's* dream of "Brooks overflowing with sack." If by any chance the above quotation means that the interior of the building—and not the fountain—is to be planted with grapes—why the deuce did not *Old Double* say so.

THOSE RUSSIAN GUNS AGAIN.

To Triumph! genious as triumphed! A second victory less glorious perhaps than the storming of the Malakhoff, but decidedly unequalled by Alma or Inkermann has been achieved by a Chief of Police, two constables and fourteen R. C. Rifles.—At three, the obstinate ten tons of Russian iron yielded to the Canadian tackle, and British *mettle* again vanquished Russia. It was three on a bright afternoon.—Captain Prince walked round the ordnance like a chaig of life. Serjeant Major Cummings, the silver banded gazed benignantly on all. The swarthy Rifleman, with the sleeves of their undergarments rolled upward to the elbow, hauled majestically, at the ropes. *Actum est*, it was did. And as the evening bells chimed seven hours after noon, Shedden's wagons bore the precious trophies up the dusty hill. Oh! if Nicholas Czar late of St. Petersburg, Esquire, deceased, could have gazed on the Custom House Wharf, how his Russian soul would have shivered with anger, at the victorious Britishers. Six richly caparisoned steeds, gaily decked with flowers and mounted by several galliant blue coated purchasers of soap-grease drag *ye* trophy-laden waggon through the town.—The gallant Captain of the Zimmerman with trustful soul lendeth the flag and staff doomed to the early scarpeth. No strains of martial music charm the sorely baited nationality of the heavy ordnance, Russia was insulted through her iron, but no provoking brass roared out a British triumph as they bore them to their last abode. And oh! that we should tell it, no Holliwell, no Count Holliwell adorned that dismal cortege. Haply the favours shown by the Czar have tamed his gorgeous British spirit, why, why, did he leave the vicious horse to Sergeant Cull? Surely treason has not found a harbour in his Countship's breast? Perish the thought! it cannot be; and yet he was not there.—Like Achilles he stood far aloof and gave his trappings and his *hoss* to his Patroclus. And now the guns rest in the Park. Gone is the flashing equipage that bore them thither; but they shall stand a noble monument of Prince's skill and Holliwell's high dudgeon.

THE DONKEY AGAIN.

Since the close of last session we have diurnally encountered in the advertising columns of the *Globe* an engraving of a man holding up to view a square picture of a donkey. The features of the biped are unmistakable. The broad nose, and the twinkling eyes can belong to nobody but D'Arcy McGee; and the donkey is of course the junior member for Toronto. The whole thing represents the satirical triumphs of Mr. McGee over the donkey; his continual holding of him up to ridicule; and the deplorable aspect of the donkey under the cruel infliction. Why can't the *Globe* let the poor quadruped be. He can never enter Parliament again, and no doubt does not wish to do so. Let him crop his thistle quietly in his paddock. If the gibing little Irishman interferes with the animal he will find himself kicked over the fence, for even asinine endurance is not eternal.

A False Imputation.

—It is utterly untrue that, as our correspondent *Quiz* would insinuate, that the written constitution the *Globe* advocates, is a written summons from the Governor General to Mr. Brown to form a new administration, and a *carte blanche* to do as he likes.