

OH! MY EYE!

When you see a young man with an eye-glass and  
And a muslin wisp round his black hat; [cane,  
Dressed in peg-tops and tight-fitting boots, it is plain,  
If you never should see that young "gemmen" again,  
That he does not believe he's "a flat."

Oh! my eye! see him strut up and down through the  
In the hope of being seen by the fair; [street,  
And mark, when a lady he happens to meet,  
In what a strange manner he lifts his "poor feet,"  
When he'd bow, or he'd simper or stare.

Poor fellow! he puts on so queer a grimace  
While keeping one visual glazed,  
That a body might fancy one side of his face  
Was by some means quite suddenly knocked out of  
Leaving t'other one somewhat amazed. [place,

Oh! my eye! what a bow! what a hoist of the tile,  
That, no womankind ever could pass;  
Ah! no, she must frankly accord him a smile,  
Though his poor addled brain never fancies the while  
That she laughs just because he's an ass.

MORAL.

Then remember, young men, as you're walking down  
Just to go, if you can, in plain clothes, [King,  
Nor be shambling along, like that dandified thing,  
That moves with a shuffle, a halt, and a spring,  
And thinks that "he's some" as he goes.

ON SAVAGES.

Society, constituted as it now is, has become  
such a bore—so really oppressive, that we begin  
to doubt the wisdom that first instituted it, and  
subsequently planted it among what are termed  
civilized nations. Under the existing regime,  
most of the peoples of the earth are engaged  
in a daily conflict with fortune, with a view to  
realising those baneful luxuries which transcend  
the items of food and lodging, and which may,  
in a philosophical light, be termed the battle  
field of the masses who are not content with  
the simple productions of nature. A ring through  
the nose, or a few feathers stuck behind the  
ears, are quite sufficient to mark the highest  
grades amongst what are designated savage  
nations. While we, for the purpose of sustain-  
ing the blaze and glitter which characterize  
modern and civilized royalty, are kept with our  
noses to the grinding stone from year's end to  
year's end, and are constrained to witness the  
glorious effects of our unwearied labours at a  
very humble distance indeed. If we are to  
have grades, let us have them on an inexpen-  
sive scale. Let a Knight of the Garter appear  
as such, with a plain bit of list tied around his  
leg; and a Knight of the Bath be entitled,  
only, to walk the streets bare-headed when it  
rains. In like manner, let a Knight of the  
Thistle wear a pair of long, false ears; and  
those of St. Andrew and St. Patrick alone pos-  
sess the privilege of standing in "the presence,"  
with their legs and hands extended to represent  
their respective crosses; and let the Sover-  
eign unreservedly possess the right of indulging  
in any of those forms or usages as the spirit

moves him or her, as the case may be. Society  
means dress, locomotion, food, and house rent.  
Consequently, those who are satisfied with the  
minimum of these, are, literally, the happiest  
people and the most independent. When we  
speak of locomotion, we mean that which is  
accomplished through the medium of horses  
and carriages, as well as through other appli-  
cances used as a substitute for feet. In this res-  
pect see, then, how infinitely inferior we are to  
savage nations. Fourpence hapenny worth of  
calico makes two ample dresses for a Hottentot  
lady; and a few ripe fruits from a neighbouring  
tree, without money and without price, furnish  
her with a hearty and delicious meal. The  
murmuring rivulet is her mirror, and some shady  
bower her dressing room and shelter from the  
noontide heats or the chill dews of night. Here  
is independence for you—here are the original  
luxuries which so characterized the early days  
of our first parents. Shall we, then, call the  
people who are thus blest, "savages?" No!  
We shall rather apply the term to the modern  
beaux and belles, who so perplex their finances  
and disfigure the human shape divine with  
crinoline and peg-tops, &c., as to make the very  
angels weep. These are the real savages, who  
have made such fearful inroads upon nature, as  
to banish her completely from the face of  
modern usages, and set up a most expensive  
and barbarous standard in her stead.

AVOID HIM.

When you meet with a man who is always  
dealing in innédoes, and speaking compassion-  
ately of others, with a slight prick of a pin here  
and there, open your memorandum book and  
write him down legibly—a scoundrel. There  
is a class of persons in this world, and many of  
them wearing superfine broad-cloth, too, if not  
filling some important offices in the State, who  
ought to be whipped at a common cart-tail.  
Always smiling, and cautious and cat-like, a  
member of this disreputable brotherhood pro-  
fesses to be the essence of honour and exalted  
feeling; and that, too, at the very period he is  
taking your measure to do you a deliberate  
injury. He is never in his element until he is  
pouring "in confidence" into the ear of a super-  
ior some little morsel of information, which he  
regrets, of course, and which he hopes will go  
no farther. Possessed of not one feeling of  
manliness, all his transactions are in secret;  
while his cunning, generally, enables him to  
bury every trace of his misdeeds. If detected  
in any particular case, he assures you, "my  
dear fellow," that he had no intention of doing  
any body an injury; and that he had only just  
mentioned the circumstance to a friend depre-  
catingly, and intended that it should go no  
father. Such a man is always guilty of false-

hood, and is a coward. The only remedy for him  
is the horsewhip, or his utter rejection from  
society.

CONCERT GOERS.

A talkative man or woman with a bad ear  
and worse taste for music is always the curse of  
a concert room. Quite irrespective of the  
comfort and enjoyment of others they make their  
pilgrimage to the shrine of Orpheus to see and  
be seen—not to listen—and to keep up that  
brainless fusillade which is a characteristic of  
the monkey tribe. This class of pests is a  
nuisance in the most extended sense. While  
delicate and finely strung natures are bending  
every nerve to catch the beauties of some fine  
andante or brilliant allegro, these gabbing ma-  
chines are constantly interrupting the perform-  
ance with their vacant giggling or the continuous  
clatter of their tongues. So clogged and be-  
mired is the passage to their shrivelled and  
worthless souls that every note, no matter how  
delicious, falls dead at the entrance of their  
long, dull ears, unable to make its way through  
their unmitigated leather. Such people ought  
to be brought to their senses by a direct appeal  
to the audience; and without respect to crino-  
line or the muslin hat wisp, be taken to book  
by some authorized person from the platform.  
The frequent annoyances growing out of con-  
duct of this description here, has become quite  
unbearable. Let, therefore, all concerned in  
the premises take heed for the future; for should  
we witness any more of this vile nuisance we  
shall not only make our teeth meet in some  
portion of the body of the culprit, but we shall  
publicly name her or him as the case may be.

The Hon. Mr. McGee, &c.

— It will be noticed that, for the last two or  
three weeks, the Province has enjoyed unusual quiet.  
The various conjectures put forth as to the cause of  
this circumstance appear to us to have fallen com-  
pletely short of the fact. A single sentence may  
explain the whole secret: Mr. McGee, and several  
members of the press have, for the period alluded to,  
been out of the Province. We learn, however, that  
they are now on their way back to us again, when  
things will resume their usual, disturbed state.

Risley's Panorama of the River Thames, &c.

Those who have witnessed this magnificent work  
of Art now on exhibition at the Music Hall, nightly,  
must confess that its equal has not been met with by  
them on this side of the Atlantic. The far famed  
Thames, from its source to the Pool below London,  
with all its crowded shipping, is so magnificently and  
truthfully depicted that those familiar with its cities,  
waters, towns, villages, and delightful scenery, re-  
cognize each well-known spot, and absolutely revisit  
it again. London, too, and all the splendid bridges  
and approaches to it, are so exquisitely portrayed,  
that there is thorough education and virtual trav-  
elling realized, while dwelling upon them. Young  
and old, rich and poor, should visit Risley's Pan-  
orama of London and the Thames.