

## YE YOUNG MAN, HIS GRIEF.

All pensive stood poor Theodore  
The Terrapin before,  
And nad the furtive glances cast  
Within its spreading door.

And mournful was the look he gave  
Awoop upon the ground,  
And careless was the gaze he turned  
Upon the fountains round.

A gloom was resting on his brow,  
It inward sorrow spoke,  
And yet nor sigh, nor curse, I ween,  
From his heaving bosom broke.

While all the world around was bright,  
And other hearts were glad,  
Why did he silent stand, alone  
Of all the people sad?

"Why sigh'st thou, gentle Theodore?  
"Why fills that bitter tear?"  
"Is there no balm to ease thy grief,  
"No power to soothe thee near?"

Then calmly spoke poor Thee they then,  
"I ain't got any woes,  
"And that ere tear you saw was sweet  
"A-runnin' down my nose.

"And I was thinkin' madly  
"That I was dry as sin,  
"And wonderin' how I'd raise a drink  
"With nary cent of tin!"

## LATER INTELLIGENCE.

### FURTHER EFFECTS OF THE HOT WEATHER.

In order to enable your correspondent to make the necessary observations on the psychological effects of the extreme heat of the past week, he had himself carefully packed in one of Richey & Harris' patent cream freezers, and well bedded round with ice, so that neither the heat of prejudice nor of the weather might warp his imagination, or injure the frigid coolness of his judgment. At the very outset his frigidly was put to a severe test by a scorching paragraph in *Old Double*; but the freezer maintained its reputation, and the ice stood firm.

The Royal Lyceum and Barry Sullivan were the victims of poor granny's silly gossip. Hear all ye who attended the theatre last Wednesday evening. Listen ye favoured few who witnessed the brilliant rendition by Mr. Sullivan of the character of my Lord Cardinal. Listen, I implore, to the following: "This celebrated tragedian made his debut at a *fine house*. \* \* \* His performance was one continued triumph to the close of the play, when he was vociferously summoned before the curtain." Now this may be all very fine, but as it doesn't happen to be true, we are inclined to have a different opinion.

We grant Mr. Sullivan's *debut*, we also grant that as far as Mr. Sullivan himself was concerned, his performance was "one continued triumph," but we deny most emphatically that his *debut* was made to "a fine house." We may mistake what that is, but our conception of fine theatrical houses is something more extensive than an audience of fifty. As to the performance, we are sorry to relate that the appreciation of Mr. Sullivan's acting was not equal to its merits; and we have to deprecate the turpitude of subs who paragraph on speculation, write wordy, nay, learned articles on what never was; but as the weather is so fearfully hot, we need not be surprised

if *Old Double's* troop try to refresh themselves by doing cool things.

The great *Globe* itself, has its paragraphic dog-days, the Clear Grit penny-a-liner has been overcome by the weather. Speaking of the last performance of Mons. Blondin, he goes thus sublimely into the graphic—"Yesterday Mons. Blondin threw all his former feats on the tight-rope over the Niagara into the shade." The compositional beauty of this sentence is excessively obvious and complete, but an inquisitive reader might be justified in putting a few interrogatories concerning the number, size and weight of the feats so unceremoniously consigned by the skillful acrobat over the Niagara into the shade—of the depth and consistence of the shade into which they were consigned, and whether it required any superhuman strength to throw them far enough to make them go decently over without interfering with or interrupting the functions of the unajestic Niagara. These are questions, we say, that might be put, but whether during the present lofty range of the thermometer, it would be judicious to put them or not, we leave the cool ones to determine.

That outside the editorial sanctum, the effect of extreme heat is perfectly visible, is demonstrated to a dead certainty in the advertisement of a Toronto Brewer in Tuesday's *Globe*, desiring to prevent the public from being taken in and done for by persons not strictly orthodox in their views of revealed morality, he announces through the columns of the Clear Grit sheet, "that he will not be accountable for any debts contracted in his name unless under his written order." This notice of caution the malt-man subscribes with his *mark*.—*Verb. sap. sat.*

Truly, if the hot weather continues, we know not what will become of our people, we would advise an emigration to the arctic regions. Bring on your north poles.

## UNFORTUNATE INTELLIGENCE.

The latest intelligence from the Police Court being of a novel and startling nature, is, of course, inserted in the *Leader*. One day this week, according to this journal, there appeared at the bar "a respectable-looking, and intelligent, but unfortunate young girl, about sixteen or eighteen years of age." If respectability looks like that, now-a-days—what may it not decline to hereafter. And if that "and—intelligent—but—unfortunate" gal, was sixteen or eighteen years of age, what, we would like to know, was her weight and height? Do let an anxious inquirer know. This unfortunate female would farther appear to have been something of an eccentric character. The *Leader* says "she had a dignified hauteur about her countenance and a curl in her nose!" What sort of a curl was it, she wore in such an extraordinary place? Was it Auburn, or what was it? If it was a bright gold ring in her nose she wore, why couldn't the scribe say so? Again, it is said, "The young girl was silent. In fact she did not wish to speak at all, except when frequently pressed." The *Leader* appears to know all about her wishes. It does not state, however, who did the "pressing," it alludes to. Mr. Gurnett is rather to blame in allowing an unfortunate female to be pressed under his very nose, and this too, apparently, by one of the Press gang.

## DAILY vs. WEEKLY.

On the 12th of July last Mr. Daly, M.P.P., addressed the Orangemen assembled in the University grounds, during the course of which he classed the *Gambler* with the *Globe* and *Freeman*, as part of the opposition Press, fit only to be pitched to the devil, or otherwise summarily disposed of. Now, were it not impossible for us to be angry with Mr. Daly, we would proceed immediately to flay him alive for placing us in such bad company. The *Gambler* is not an organ of the opposition; and as every one of common sense knows this to be true, why should Mr. Daly effect singularity. There is not a fool in Parliament that has not made a similar mistake; and so we suppose that we must forgive Mr. Daly for his blunder. Mr. Daly may have heard or read that we are not a part of the opposition; but he may not believe it. If he does not believe it, he is welcome to say so. When a young donkey throws back his ears and plants his four legs resolutely on the ground, you may thwack his back and kick his shanks and swim round his tail, but the obstinate creature won't stir. The young donkey won't be convinced that it is better to move on than to stand and be cudgled; therefore we will not attempt to shake the belief of the member for Perth. If a man deliberately dons a coat of impenetrable ignorance, you may argue with him but you cannot convince him. If a man has made up his mind to tell a whopper, it is useless to repeat the seventh commandment to him; therefore we will not trouble the hon. gentleman with any quotations.

In making these remarks, we would not be understood to cast any reflections on Mr. Daly. His friends know perfectly well what he is. The public who have heard his thrilling eloquence, and watched his disinterested and independent conduct in the House, also know what he is. Not to have seen Mr. Daly is a great loss. Not to know him is little less than a grievance. He is evidently the coming man! The eyes of Canada are fixed upon him, and it will be a joyful day for our glorious province when he grasps the reins of government. Let us hope that when that day arrives, Mr. Daly will make a proper use of those reins, and that, with the aid of a running nose and a cross beam, he will exhibit himself, the right man in the right place.

### The "Poker."

— We beg to congratulate our cotemporary and rival on the increased importance it is about to assume. We trust that its enterprize will meet with the support of the public, and we hope soon to be able to announce a similar change in our own paper.

### A Chance for Husbands.

— X. Blondin has offered to wheel any woman in a barrow on the tight rope over the Niagara River from the American to the Canadian side. Any husband having a wife to spare, has now an excellent opportunity of handing her name down to posterity.