

THE TWO GREAT MORAL EXHIBITIONS.

The following report, from our irrepressible Special, was crowded out of our last impression, through the pressure of special necessity:—

September the 27th.—Went in the afternoon to the great moral show in St. Catherine Street. As there were no vulgar clowns to mar its morality, by bandying stale jokes, and the "free list was (not) suspended;" there were a number of divines in their ministerial capacity to give a claw (*clât*) to the lionizing of the lion; the monarch of the forest not being hungry, gave incontestible proofs of his appreciation of the excellent reproductions of Gustave Doré's Biblical Illustrations by which he was surrounded. The hyæna checked his risible propensities, as he saw nothing to laugh at, though it was evident he was tickled by the shew of some handsome, juicy, juvenile limbs, that had not been marred by the Leggotype process; still, as he looked at their fresh and chubby outline with a longing eye, he seemed by his restless manner by no means reconciled in his cage, by distance lending enchantment to the view. The tiger, knowing he was in respectable society, did not venture to wink, or look lovingly at his mate, as he had not procured a license to permit him to indulge in connubiality; he, therefore, assumed a virtue if he had it not. The leopard, that in his native state may be presumed to have somewhat confused notions of the rights of private property, looked as honest as a city-missionary collecting funds for benevolent purposes, with no check on his proceedings to render him accountable. And as he looked at his keeper with a somewhat sinister expression, one could not help indulging a lurking suspicion that he was honest, not so much from the abstract love of the thing, as from the practical fact that honesty was the best policy. And the elephant imbibed a Puncheon—not Morley,—of pure water, and although a grainivorous animal, abstained from rye, acting on temperance principles, much to the edification of the *Witness*.

We left the Great Moral Show with our morality considerably elevated, and proceeded to join the other happy family, at the other Great Moral Exhibition—the Flower Show at the St. Lawrence Hall, where only one solitary Rose exhaled its dewy fragrance. But then, it was such a Rose, that no "Rose by any other name could smell as sweet;" and although it was about being transplanted, it did not cease to blow, and well it might, seeing that so many shrubs of minor merit had come to testify to its value. A sturdy flower, remarkable for its tenacity, and that in stirring times has been known to Holdon to principle, was there, but took no interest in the proceedings. This flower would have felt no reluctance in lauding the private virtues of the Rose, had it been left to "blush unseen;" but as a financial flower it was not the Rose for his money. Moreover, it had bloomed so luxuriantly on both sides of the fence, that it was difficult to find when it was wanted, and as this did not tally with his idea of morality, and as he could not, like the flower of the evening, speak for, and vote against, he was silent, on the principle that least said was soonest mended. There was a sprig of Penny Royal in the collection; but as that flower is known to be of retiring habits, it had no desire

to be *Heralded* to the world as an admirer of the odor of the Rose, in its public capacity; and as its private virtues were never called in question, it took no part in the drama of "Much Ado about Nothing." After a few of the small plants had displayed their flowers (of rhetoric); the great Rose itself rose and shewed itself equal to the occasion. It was refreshing to behold its variegated tints, with its blushing honors thick upon it, as it gave out, in feeble and feeling accents, that it was not like—

"The last Rose of Summer, left blooming alone,
For its lovely companions were still holding on."

While it was budding it was rather independent of atmospheric influences; but it had long since discovered that it would not pay to be rooted to one view. In its habits it was somewhat versatile; and, although it was not a creeper, it had clung to other branches, without much regard to their quality, so long as they were strong and vigorous. The fact was, that its own branches had to *bough* to suit circumstances. It was so variable in its hues, that it might be called a monthly Rose. When free trade was in the wind, it bent before the blast, and when protection was in the ascendant, it crouched like a tender exotic beneath its sheltering influence; and when it was difficult to tell which was which, it bloomed one way and blossomed another. This drew sympathetic tears from some of those who had been a thorn in its side, and brought to his feet Field-Marshal Sir George the Carter, who had so lately been made a Baron Knight by his fond and forgiving Sovereign. He, with much sentiment, sang the following stave amid rapturous applause:—

Air—"Gentle Mother Dear."

"Though in my youthful folly, I used to jeer and scoff,
Yet gentle Mother England, she has not cast me off;
I was once a shrinking rebel, but I now have pleasant pay—
Ah! I was not in the clover, when I hid amongst the hay,
I shrunk from Independence. The *Times* has made a stand
Against my calling Albion my own Dear Mother land,
But now my bread is buttered, my loyalty is clear,
And I shall call Old England my gentle Mother dear,
My Mother dear, my Mother dear, my gentle Mother dear."

This effusion from the Military Chief of our standing Army, with a very imperfect understanding, caused so much sensation amongst the assemblage, particularly on a very respectable French plant, that it began to wilt. (As a public flower it had long been in the sear and yellow leaf.) It no doubt thought, if consistency was a jewel, it was one of small value; it, therefore, threw consistency to the dogs, and in its praises of the public career, which it formerly condemned, laid it on so thick that the remaining guests were sent to sleep by that, and other soporific influences, long before the conclusion of the speech, and we, who were wide awake, left the happy family and sauntered home, ruminating on the great moral lesson we were taught, by seeing two collections of otherwise wild animals, that in their natural state fight for their prey, softened and tamed into unwonted tenderness by the interchange of kindly sentiment and good feed.

A MARRYING PARISH.—A country paper, lately received, contains the following advertisement:—"Four joiners wanted." A capital chance for clergymen, we should think.