

### SCREAM! SCREAM! SCREAM!

Poor Stiggins is decidedly benepicked. Listen to one of his pathetic effusions, as he perambulates the bedroom with a juvenile Stiggins in his arms who refuses to be comforted:—

Scream, scream, scream,  
Till your black in the face, lady,  
And I would that my tongue could utter  
Some threat that would frighten thee.

Oh! woe that your mother's asleep  
And there's only one shrill voice to scold;  
Oh! woe that she's snoring loud,  
Though I shiver and shake in the cold.

And the weary night goes on,  
As the longest and darkest will;  
But oh! for one hour of good sound sleep,  
With this little rascal still.

Scream, scream, scream,  
Till your black in the face, lady,  
For the peaceful dreams of the nights that are past  
Will never come back to me.

### AN ESSAY ON ETIQUETTE.

BY A FASHIONABLE MAN.

The most trying period in the life of a man of fashion—except when trying on a new pair of boots—is to be seated at a strange table, in the midst of a bevy of young ladies. If he is blessed with a flow of small talk he may get on very well, but if his forte does not lie that way he is in a truly pitiable position. It is to relieve such an one from the embarrassment of being set down as very stupid, as he is sure to be if he says nothing, that we indite the following hints:—

If any of the company is blessed with that vegetable sort of hair known as carrotty, our hero at once has a topic for some five or six minutes conversation. He can dissipate on the fact that red-hair people are always hot-tempered, and in some countries are thought to have an evil eye. If he has ever heard of a red-haired person having been hung he can adduce the fact to support the popular prejudice. If posted up in natural history he can allude to the morbid shyness with which turkey cocks and bulls regard the colour red. And finally, if at all facetious, he can wind up by enquiring why *Tus Gnummles* is like a boiled crab? The answer to which will come pat to the purpose and cause an intense sensation.

Next our hero would do well to observe if any person in the room squints. If so, he can dilate on the odd appearance odd eyes give to an otherwise odd countenance, and retail amusing anecdotes of squinting people. An enquiry might also be ventured as to how far it would be safe to trust any person that had crooked eyes?

A stammerer would be a capital subject—especially if our hero was a good mimic. However, it should be borne in mind that people afflicted with an impediment in their speech are often very passionate, and caution would be required that the subject did not overhear himself being taken off. An unfortunate occurrence came within the writer's knowledge of a stutterer, who, hearing himself being taken off in company, took the mimic off with a

cut glass decanter. The poor mimic would have preferred, no doubt, to be cut off with a shilling; but he was not the first victim of the bottle.

The colour of eyes and the beauty of a perfect row of teeth of dazzling whiteness, would make excellent topics to fall back upon, if any one present was suspected to have false teeth; or if there were a pair of weak, expressionless eyes in the company. A story about some one who had a pair of eyes "like two burnt holes in a blanket," would tell admirably in such a case.

Wigs should not be lost sight of. They may be dwelt on at great length. If any lady in the room had a weakness that way, her opinion on false hair should be asked by all means; and if there is a parson in the company he should be taken to witness that no one going to the grave with a "lie on their heads" could have the smallest chance of salvation. This sally will produce another unmistakeable sensation.

When all these topics have been exhausted, and our hero is in that position figuratively described as being "run dry," there are yet a thousand ways, in which he may maintain an almost endless conversation. Every course will afford him food for conversation as well as food for consumption.

To begin with the fish. If it be cod, he may offer to bet a pair of gloves with any lady at the table that it was caught not more than three years ago, and that after all it was a *flat fish* to allow itself to be caught at all. The latter remark will be received well, although not altogether original. If fried soles are the order of the day, and that a Catholic Bishop is at table, an excellent opportunity will present itself to make a forcible and pleasant allusion to purgatory. If our hero is dining with a snob, he will probably be treated to a piece of a whale; when the conversation will naturally turn on the story of "Jonah in the whale's belly." If any one present is named Jonas, a good opportunity to quiz him in a delicate manner will be presented.

The roast beef should not be allowed to depart in peace. "How many saw logs did the animal draw in its life time?" would puzzle the greatest mathematician present. It might also be surmised that the *bull* yielding the beef must have been Irish, because of its toughness. The ages of the fowl might also form a matter to converse on. If geese garnish the table, information can be sought as to whether they were the identical ones that saved the capitol. The *carving* of turkeys may be denominated a *fowl* proceeding, and totally at variance with the respect due to age, and the sauce the *gilding* of the pill. The carver may be wittily denominated the Czar.

To one of a fertile imagination a thousand other topics, equally elegant and appropriate, will present themselves. As a last resource he can allude to the uniform stupidity of our *weekly* contemporary.

### A new feature in Phonography.

—A New York house advertises Spurgeon's Sermons, "phonographically reported, revised and corrected by himself!" We should like to see Spurgeon phonographically reporting his own sermon!

### RYERSON AND THE UNIVERSITY.

When, in the name of goodness, will the restless Ryerson stop getting into hot water? Not content with having engaged in contest with every public man in Canada, and having written as many newspaper columns as there are hairs in his head, he next broaches a quarrel with the Toronto University. He cannot enter into the national spirit which dictates its non-sectarian constitution, he cannot understand the necessity of preserving it from the strife of religious controversy, he does not foresee the scrambling after the leaves and fishes that would take place, if anything like a partition of the endowment were attempted. But because he has exhausted every other polemical topic within his range, he next seeks to disturb the newly-found tranquillity and prosperity of the University. But he has aiders and abettors in these proceedings, the mere mention of whose names ought to put the Senate and the Government to shame. Among the Examiners at the University we find one who, a few weeks after getting his Examiner's fee, plans with this turbulent Moss-trooper, Ryerson, a raid upon the fat property of the University. What did the Government intend to the University when they placed in the Senate men who in the times of early adversity bartered their standing in their *alma mater* for a degree in the rival Institution, because rising brilliancy of the latter seemed for the moment to cast a brighter light upon its alumni than the one to which they owed their scholastic training. What did the Government mean by placing in the not very numerous ranks of the Senate a lost political star, whose aspect is known to be anything benign to the University? Shame on it! Are there not men of old King's College who have always shown a disinterested and sincere regard for the fortunes of the University,

Nuper sollicitum quem mihi fastidum;

but whose serener hopes now give rise to joyous sympathy, rather than to any gloomy, though praiseworthy anxiety. For Heaven's sake, let not the University, in addition to its late abundant tribulations, suffer the additional misfortune of having for sentinels over its fold a pack of ravening wolves in sheep's clothing.

### Malice beyond the Grave.

"DIED—In Cobourg, on the 9th instant, from apoplexy, Wm. Henry King, Esquire, Toxicologist, aged 26 years."—*Port Hope Atlas*, June 10.

Who penned those lines? Why did the editor or proprietor of the *Port Hope Atlas* publish them? We can scarcely believe that the editor knew of their publication. There is something so unnatural—so contrary, we will not say to honor and manhood, but to human nature, contained in them that we did not think the most malignant wretch on earth could have forced himself to indite them. Why not let the dead rest? Is there to be no respect or pity for the living? It was a heartless and unbecoming act to pen those lines. It was a cruel and a wicked thing to publish them.