

THE HAMILTON BURGLARY.

A BALLAD.

Mr. Mewburn awoke in a fright,
And he saw by the dim gas light,
A burglar with pistol so bright,
All ready to chaw him up quite.

Mr. Mewburn, as you may suppose,
Shook audibly under the clothes;
Says he, (thus deceiving his foes),
"Mrs. M., it is time we arose?"

So he quietly got out of bed,
To where he'd some lucifers laid,
Which he threw at the burglar's head,
And then—Mr. Mewburn, he fled.

The robber ran off in the gloom,
Mr. M. bolted to the next room,
Where he speedily clapped up the chain,
And then—he breathed freely again

Says he, "I've escaped with my life,
And am safe from a murderous strife,
I'll fire off a gun, 'pon my life,
But Lord—I've forgotten my wife."

Well, he banged off the gun from the windy,
And the neighbours, a hearing the shindy,
Repaired to the house in a fright,
Where they found him chained up all tight.

Quoth he, as they opened the door,
"Thank heaven! my cruel fright is o'er,
Oh! 'tis true, 'skin for skin, for your life,
Only think, I forgot my dear wife."

CONVERSAZIONE IN U. C.

This grand affair is at last accomplished, and the General Committee and Faculty have succeeded in once more making asses of themselves. We would have thought that the public debates before empty benches were sufficient monition to these worthies, but Solomon says, "Though you bray a fool in a mortar, yet will not his folly depart from him." We hope the society will either get a sensible committee or never again trouble the community with another *Conversazione*. Dr. Mc—, as usual, was on hand to receive the lion share of honour. He early occupied a front seat, and the sycophant L— to ingratiate himself into the good graces of our worthy Pris, was ready to do the bidding of his master, who had gained him the position of Mathematical Tutor. L—'s introductory address was very fine, one great beauty was that it could be heard at least three feet.

W. E. F— This skeinidder, so long desiring it, has at last exhibited his oratorical powers to the good people of Toronto. The great objection to the gentleman was the expression of his handsome face, reminding one of a hen on a hot gridiron. He evidently thought that he was doing something grand. We would advise him to bandage his face, put pebbles in his mouth and practice in a cave.

Mr. R— This gentleman succeeded, if his design in playing was to "bore the audience." He has a remarkable faculty for interpreting a cheer into a call for an *encore*. This gentleman might be said to consist of five parts of conceit, four of audacity, one of nonsense.

Mr. K— This young *Wilson* seemed highly

gratified with address. We might say "much said but little done." We suppose from the position of his hands during the barangue that he anticipated a "fire in the rear." It seems he has read Macaulay and wished to let the assembly know the fact. He was, undoubtedly, very graceful. We have learned that another chair is to be added to the University to learn the students to speak English. Prof. C— very kindly showed some experiments of the electric spark by rubbing the back of a black cat. The effect was considerably increased by old D— twisting the caudal appendage of the feline specimen.

An intermission of fifteen minutes was given to the wearied audience to enable them to undergo a general squeeze in the small room up-stairs and to view Prof. H—'s stuffed specimens. This was a great relief.

J. E. C— *alias* Ernie, —Did good service in the choir, in fact, no man appeared so self-complacent in the whole vast assembly as Mr C—, while he was stroking his magnificent beard and singing very bass. It is a pity Mr. C— does not use hair-dye for his whiskers.

Mr. T— This specimen of the *Asinine* order seemed determined to sing his part, and that well. We must say that his braying increased the melody. Mr. T— sings, *i. e.*, if a bull frog does.

The Gipsy Chorus was sung quite loudly by the Choir. Herr L— has not evidently had an opportunity to give the necessary training to the motley group, (all members of the Society.) The cheers by good musicians and the Professor himself were thought to be ironical or to show a depraved taste.

Mr. T— This gentleman is the boarding house candidate for the prize in reading, consequently, was put up to display his abilities in that department. The piece consisted of three parts. Mr. T— announced that he would read them all. He read two and left the stage. A tolerable spirited cheer from his friends Mr. T— had no difficulty in interpreting into an *encore*. His jokes were well received.

Mr. D— sang "Come to me." The audience would have appreciated him much more if he had gone away from them. At the solicitation of his worthy relative, (Dr. Mc—) he superseded Mr. C— when called for an *encore*. On the whole, it was a bogus affair.

Mr. C—, the pot of the Society, whose services seem absolutely necessary on all occasions offered and as usual acquitted himself to his own satisfaction. It is supposed, from the manner in which Mr. C— spoke his piece, that it was a big thing. It is true the audience could not understand a word he said, but as Mr. C— is proficient in German the impression went round that he was discoursing in that beautiful language. The General Committee were delighted.

Mr. C— sang a beautiful solo, "God save my head," "God save my civvnt," "God save my shirt." He made music as a "cornstalk fiddle" does.

Mr. F— This gentleman stood on his head during the entertainment for the special amuse-

ment of the audience. The symmetry of his feet and legs was quite marked. The effect was heightened by the jingle of coppers and ten cent pieces. So great a heap of coppers was collected, that we are authorised to state that this gentleman will open a broker's office in the city at an early day.

We understand that the performers were highly gratified with their own efforts. It is a fact that one of the principal performers made a speech congratulating the society on the success of his own and other actors performances. Such audacity it would be hard to equal. Folly, it seems, is not entirely without the walls of "University College.

Herr L— retired in disgust.

Odd, man! where's auld Gordie Brown?

Odd, man! where's auld Gordie Brown?
Is he dead, man, or oot o' town?
I'd wad ye a siller crown
The Grits is a' clean done brown—
The big anes is runnin' aroun'
Wi' skellochs, and cryin' on Brown,
And in corners is whisperin' loun',
Or is tryin' to lauch wi' a frown—
While they're speerin' a' gates for George Brown.
Oh, man! 'tis a terrible woun'
To the Gritties wha follow George Brown,
That o' Gordie there inn a soun
Sin awa frae the House he gaed down.
Au' there inn a Grittie auld clown,
A leevin' in this very town,
Wha keens, mair than the wind blowing roun',
Whatever come of big Gordie Brown.

Not an Uncommon Want.

"A sitting-room and bed-room furnished with meals in private." This want is by no means uncommon. All sitting-rooms, as a rule, are better furnished than others. There is a melancholy grandeur about an unfurnished room, and the echoes cadence mournfully, and, perhaps, sweetly, on the ear of enthusiasm; but the grandeur, however romantic, is by no means available, and a comfortable arm chair, a well stuffed sofa, are as much evidences of enjoyment, as the *utility* of human affairs perhaps will admit. Meals in private are good, as they are by no means to be understood as *privations*, although necessarily *private rations*, and as such, becoming a *rational* being. Sancho Panza expresses himself strongly, (as would be expected in the case of such *strong diet*), in favour of an onion and a crust behind a door, in preference to a public *festin*, or private *fasting*, although the honest squire was, as a rule, by no means *crustily* disposed. "Better," says the wise man, "a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith," but by no explication of this, doubtless, wise saying, would we be tempted to prefer turnip-tops, even were Alderman Love a participator in our Spartan meal; to Joe Gregor's goodly-bill of fare, should a Cardinal in a red hat, (guilty hatred, *oh!*) present himself as our *vis-a-vis*.

Quary for Sir W. Logan.

— If granite were suddenly endowed with sensation and reflection whom would it select as the exponent of its feelings? Glad-stone, of course.