

## The Tax Gatherer.

I saw him in the street,  
His book beneath his arm;  
Oh! how my heart did beat!  
How great was my alarm!  
I saw him coming near,  
Oh! agony intense:  
His book betrayed no fear  
Of modesty nor sense.

He looked just like a *dun*,—  
You saw it in his eye,  
A veritable son  
Of scheming Mercury.  
And then that dreadful book,  
Dreadful it seemed to me;  
My frame with terror shook,  
Yet 'twas no use to flee.

I thought me of the day  
When Tyler led his band,  
Refused the tare to pay,  
And spurned th' unjust command.  
Could I not do the same,  
Refuse to pay the tax;  
And when the hireling came,  
Go meet him with an axe?

Ah, no! it would not do,  
My courage it might fail,  
And very likely too  
I'd find my way to jail:  
That would not suit my case,  
I had to go to work;  
Perhaps, I'd lose my place,  
For I was but a clerk.

Nearer the being came,  
He now approached the door,  
It seemed to me my name  
He was pronouncing o'er.  
But ah! he's going past!  
He isn't going to call!!  
Another look I cast,  
It wasn't him at all!!!

## The Weekly Comet.

Such is the name of a sublunary stranger that has just made its appearance in Montreal. So long as it keeps to its own orbit, we shall be glad, with others, to gaze upon its course; but should it ever needlessly come in our path we shall, according to our nature, give it a hit. By reason of the greatness of its parallaxes we judge it is a sufficient distance from us for us to give it a wide berth. Let it take us for its sun, and let its path be curvilinear and concave towards us,—the orbit of course being in such case parabolical. Though not at present particularly bright, we indulge the hope that it will improve as we, the sun, drive off the clouds which now surround it.

## Mrs. Blunt.

On Thursday evening, we were present at the reading of this talented and estimable lady. She, under the auspices of the Canadian Institute, read in the Theatre of the Normal School, to a very fashionable, large, and intelligent audience. We need not say that she was well received. The frequency of the plaudits, which greeted her from an audience so well able to judge of her pretensions, is the best testimony that she can have to the good opinion entertained of her.

## University College.

MR. POKER,—Having received a neat piece of pasteboard with my name inscribed thereon, and informing me that the convocation of the University College would take place on Monday, Oct. 25th, at the hour of 2 o'clock, p.m., I resolved to grace the Assembly with my presence. I accordingly sallied forth, decked out to my own satisfaction, and, as I thought, to that of all others in like case offending. After crossing sundry fields to the dissatisfaction both of my inside and outside, I found myself in the renowned College Avenue; and after using my poor legs until they were tired, I found myself at the door of a sort of dwelling house, the walls whereof are very shaky. After looking about me to see where I should enter, (for there was no one near,) I entered one of the numerous doors, and was astonished to find a group of the porters talking in a corner about the question of Representation by Population, in which talk I joined. When our conversation had finished, one of the white choker's of a tremendous size—a huge piece of white calico,—offered very politely to conduct me to a seat in the "Hall," to which I bowed assent. He and I proceeded up an endless flight of stairs, and after a long peregrination we arrived at our destination. When I peeped in, what was my astonishment instead of seeing the grave and reverend sages that I expected, to see nothing but tents with poles stuck up in them called ladies! I thought I would be able to get in; but when I looked about me, I found that the seats were all occupied, and that certain new arrangements were taking place, in the form of putting little boys out of their seats to make room for more ladies, to the great disgust of said little boys, whose loud lamentations of "What business have the women everywhere where the men are. Wherever we go, whether in the parliament house or elsewhere, where they should not be they are found, and where they are wanted they cannot be found." Then came a rush of young Shavers up the stairs, kicking up such a rumpus that much interrupted Mr. Moss, Mr. Herschfelder, Mr. Foneri, and others who were holding a confab in the French, German, Hebrew, Italian, Spanish and Syriac languages; all of which I, like the speakers, pretended to understand. In I went and got a seat. But presently a regiment of "tents with poles in them" came up the stairs, and one of them took my chair, and spilled me down stairs. Such roars of laughter I never heard. I picked myself up, and amidst cries of "Presento vobis hunc vios," "Ita do fidem," &c., and other exclamations of rage, resolved to go home, which I did in disgust and vexation of spirit. YOUR REPORTER.

## The Musical Trumvirate.

The musical world situate, lying, and being in the city of Toronto, has three leaders of of Oratorios, each with good points, as the following shows:—

The most insolent is Mr. Carter.  
The most savoury is Mr. Onions.  
The most poor is Mr. Lazare, (anglice Lazarus.)

## The Floral Concerts.

Anything more beautiful or more chaste than these concerts we have not for a long time either seen or heard. The novelty was much heightened by the pleasure which we derived from the really excellent manner in which the young ladies acquitted themselves.

The opening chorus "We are the Flowers," together with the semi-chorus "Rest thee here"—which, however, we believe, was performed as a chorus—were almost perfect. Then followed the Duet between the Rose and the Lilly—the Lilly being taken by Miss Clara Hamilton, and was rendered with much taste and feeling. The solo following "O! Gentle Peace," by the Recluse, which part Mr. Hickok took, was well performed. We may mention also the duet by the Heliotrope and Mignonette "Tis not beauty," and that by the Violet and Lilly "Sister Flourets," as being worthy of commendation. The song by the Rose "The balmy odours which we bear," was, like all Miss Wright undertook, performed in a manner that would have done no discredit to a professional singer. We cannot refrain from mentioning especially, however, that the interlude consisting of a song by the Rose, with a flute accompaniment to represent the Nightingale—went beautifully—played by Mr. Schenk, whose powers as a flutist are so well known. The Touch-me-not, by Miss Brocoski, excited great admiration. The song by the Rose, "Filled with gratitude and love," so deservedly encored on both occasions, and the duet by the Lose and Recluse, "I bless th' land," were gems. Other pieces which much pleased us were—The Chorus of Heather Bells—the Semi-chorus of Poppies—the Chorus and Echo "Long live our beauteous Queen," and the Semi-chorus "Receive thy Crown," in which the principal part—evening—was performed by Miss Hamilton.

Such performances are calculated to do good in a mixed community. They soothe and they please, and they in no wise offend the taste, even of the most fastidious; but on the contrary, delight all lovers of the truthful and the beautiful, whether fastidious or not

## Judas Maccabæus.

On Wednesday evening last, the laudable attempt of the Rev. Mr. Onions to popularize music for the million eventuated. The performance took place as previously announced at the Crystal Palace. The audience numbered probably 1,500, at quarter dollar tickets. We should have liked to have witnessed a greater attendance, for the sake of the public-spirited conductor; but hope that he will not suffer any loss. The Oratorio was well performed, and reflects the greatest credit on the conductor and all who took part in it. The Reverend conductor deserves the thanks of the community.