

THE WONDROUS TALE.

Said my love to me one day,
As we sat in the summer air,
"Some wondrous tale of the sea,
I prithee to me declare?"

"I have seen where the clustering pearls,
In a coral casque lie hid,
Between two coraline walls,
But none dared open the lid."

"Above were twin diamonds set,
And they were as seas of light;
They were arched, and fringed with jet,
And shone as the stars of night."

"Adown from the diamond caves,
Far, far beneath the pearls,
Hipped a thousand waves,
Of jet in a thousand curls."

Said my lady love to me,
And she raised her little hand;
"These are no tales of the sea,
Nor yet of a foreign land!"

"Thou art right, my love, my love,
I tell of no foreign shore;
I speak of my own sweet wife,
Of my darling, evermore."

"Thy teeth are the creamy pearls,
In the coraline glaucous white,
The jet, thy clustering curls,
And thine eyes are the stars of night."

NO ROSE WITHOUT A THORN.

Or Rosedale, either. The late disastrous affray at the Pleasure grounds of that name was one of the most fearful riots of modern times, and we are assured by a very intelligent contraband, Sip. Batters, who made his escape from New York during the late draft riots there; that for unbridled license, demoniac cruelty, loss of life, and the most wanton and lavish expenditure of soda-water bottles; the riot at the German picnic at Rosedale, exceeded the fearful scenes lately enacted at New York. Sip. Batters' testimony is clear and decisive, and we wonder why the master fend, the arch demon, the Abaddon of Toronto, the true lager beer Abrahams of the West, should yet, by an extraordinary oversight on the part of those who pretend to administer the laws, stalk with bold front through our yet palpitating city. We propose giving a slight sketch of the antecedents of this German Mephistopheles, who "rode on the bottles and surveyed the storm." We name no name, but if we utter a warning voice in vain, we have done our duty as a public Warner. Mephistopheles was born at Juggledunck, a village on the Pumpernickel River, October 11th, 1760, now nearly 123 years ago, but he still retains all the vigour of youth. Passing over his childhood, we find him at eleven years of age, the Captain and Leader of the most notorious gang of robbers then infesting the celebrated Black forest. His career, however, was cut short by his capture at the celebrated "bloody fight," at Juggledunck, his band being surrounded and completely destroyed, with the exception of their leader, by the celebrated Carl Grabenhaus, the Jonathan Wild of that day. Mephistopheles, our readers will know whom we mean, was condemned to be broken on the wheel. The sentence was duly carried into

effect, and the mutilated corpse (as was supposed,) of the young bandit, was thrown forth to the dogs and wild gazelles. But the extraordinary strength of his constitution, carried him through this fearful ordeal, and we next find him, ever foremost in daring wickedness, leading the wildest excesses of the mob in the famous 1780 riots, known as the "No Popery Riots." He it was who fired Newgate on that occasion, in order that he might as he jocosely observed, "hat goodor lights for jims pipein." Escaping to France, we trace him as the sanguinary leader of the famous "Rouge Culotte," band, during Robespierre's reign of terror, and there is every reason to believe that Danton, the giant and leader of the "Mountain," party, was betrayed by this bloodthirsty wretch, in revenge for refusing him a small portion of plug tobacco. "Gibia me blug, or I will you denounce," said this arch, villian to Danton. Danton, unfortunately, (the scene took place as a Restaurant,) dashed his plate of bacon and spring cabbage, in Warn—, Mophistopheles' face. Three days after the head of Danton rolled on the scaffold. His betrayer coolly drinking lager beer at the window of a cafe, in the disguise of a roasted chestnut seller. But our pen sickens and turns pale as we read the foul monstrosities of this arch fend. We trust we have, in happy unison with our larger cotemporaries, contriuted our share to the exposure of such a busting villian. May his lager beer turn sour, his glasses be broken, his picnic be massacres, (as the last was,) the songs of his fatherland fall spiritless on his ear. Let him be Anathema, Naranatha. May the dullest dogs avoid and contemn him. May he be even forsaken by Jones and Robinson; and, lower depth still, may he be abhorred even of Brown.

Scene at a Committee Meeting of the City Council.

PRESENT, STERLING, BAXTER, MOODIE, HYNER, DICKER.

Bell in the chair.

The question was brought forward as to who should accompany the Mayor to Quebec.

The chairman said that having received the contract from the School Trustees to paint the School houses it would be simply impossible for him to attend his worship on his voyage to the Lower Regions. The necessity of painting was admitted by all. The most virtuous practised it, he might instance Doctor Ryerson—the most vicious delighted in it, he might instance Jezebel—Leaving, however, the modern and ancient example as perhaps triflingly irrelevant—the question before them, was, who should they send to Quebec?

Baxter, Sterling, Moodie, "Send me," "Send me" "Send me."

"Order being restored, Alderman Sterling proceeded to say that he belonged heart and soul, liver and lungs, ahem, to the noble and disinterested party; ahem, known as the "Clear Grit" party. He had never been to Quebec, and thought that fact, together with his well known Clear Gritism should entitle him to the pas (the worthy

alderman pronounced it paws) on this occasion, ahem. He went on to say that he had supported A.W. M. Smith, and that Brother John McDonald preached in their Church, ahem. Two more reasons he submitted why his claims were paramount. There were five Scotchmen in the Cabinet, and as the laborer was worthy of his hire so he who had worked like a wiredrawer for his party, ahem, ahem. He should also have as well as others a chance of obtaining a fat situation and how could (this be effected if he were kept ignominious at home like a cat in a cupboard. Brunel got his expenses paid to Quebec and got a situation, ahem. Glover men were wanted, ahem; men who understood soles from eels, gentlemen would excuse the joke, ahem. He was born to be an upper leather and feeling such was his destiny he would now propose that they offered up a short prayer, ahem—for his safe return, or leastways, a good appointment, ahem.

Baxter wished to ask why they should pray for Sterling's safety—Sterling's claims were all bosh and so were his prayers—why should Sterling be sent indeed *pro bono publico*? He (Baxter) had imperilled his life even for the privileges of the Council by breaking his leg in their service.

Sterling.—You were drunk, Mr. Baxter, and disorderly, and wrestling furious—

Baxter.—"Do not interrupt me, Mr. Sterling, or, perhaps, I may ask you how you reached home after a certain supper? Did not brother Edward's and Love carry you, and did I not bring it before the Church, Ante-Ecclesium? Ain't that so?"

Sterling.—"They couldn't have carried you, Mr. Baxter."

Baxter.—"Gentlemen, I demand as a right, *fat justitia ruat cælum*, that I should be sent,—I should do credit, I trust, whilst Sterling can only get credit and use it in guzzling another man's champagne. I want to assist in the displacement of the present ministry, *de profundis clamavi*, I will call out of the deeps, and teach them to slight, as they have done this, the Capital of Canada, and may I add, gentlemen, the birth-place of John Baxter, *ubi lux, &c.*; and so, gentlemen I leave my case in your hands."

Dickey—"before commencing this important business let us sing a hymn of praise. Brother Moodie will please commence, and afterwards let him acknowledge his weakness and pray that he may be forgiven his frailty in giving out painting to a friend and getting his own house decorated gratis. 'If a man provide not for his own house he was worse than an infidel,' we are assured, but Moodie had stretched that injunction."

Moodie.—"Belay, belay, stopper your jaw, stow that; let's have a guinamer. Brother Sterling here will join us, I know?"

Dickey.—"Moodie, I cannot drink with you, you are yet burning bricks in Egypt."

Moodie.—"Pshaw! Brother McDonald has promised to now reve my rigging and make me as taut as the fore-top-bowline; so, if you like, we'll bowse up our jibs first, and have a spell of prayer after."

Dickey.—"No Moodie, you must obey the chair,