

REPRESENTATION BY POPULATION.

Certainly not! We could not think of it. It is absurd. How, in the name of the eighth wonder of the world, could any one, three degrees removed from lunacy, lay the flattering unction to their ignorant sons that we would stand forward the able champion of Representation by Population. No, we flatter ourselves we have more regard for our character. Just think of it! Of all the men in Canada that the senior member for Toronto should be the defender of the Representation by Population faith—He who, although "the glass of fashion and the world of form," has never yet taken unto himself a wife. He who, although the tallest Norwegian pine would certainly more than suffice for his walking stick, yet would nevertheless have won the longing approbation of the cross-grained Frederick. He who, if not downright handsome, yet can "smile and smile, and smile." But we big his pardon, we did not mean it. And then who is the member for Middlesex that he should advocate the Propagation Principle? Why, he is only a curly-headed bachelor; and although he might say in his defence that his "love was all crost like a bud in the frost," yet he is bound to practice the doctrines he preaches; so we hope he'll take our advice and marry. And of the many members who on the "floor of this House" nail their principles to a weather-cock, and unhesitatingly stand fast to them, how many are there whom the irrevocable link has given the right to advocate this principle? Well after due calculation we find there are perhaps one and a half for every ton.

Women's rights we avoid as we would a projected brick-bat; but in this instance there is no help for it. We must confess that this is an invasion of the woman's rights. For if the ladies advocated the principle, it could not be taunted on them that there was nothing in what they said; for we believe in spite of all that was ever written, that no common sense lady would say "no," if asked in a proper manner by a proper individual. Whereas we all know that if the men do not marry, it is their own abominable fault.

Therefore let us hear no more of Representation by Population from bachelors. For as we previously intimated—without any sinister motive however,—we are enjoying the miseries of single-life; and consequently feel ourselves bound by all moral ties, to raise our voice against the long and the short bachelors now advocating representation by what they have nothing to do with.

A Change of Feeling.

— A conviction that George Brown is more of a hypocrite than a bigot, is rapidly gaining ground among the Roman Catholics; that he seized the cry of "no Popery," to make himself and party popular; but now finding that it is impossible to obtain office with this plank made so prominent, he is trimming around, coalescing with the like of T. D'Arcy McGee, Joseph Cauchon, &c., &c. Catholics begin to look upon George as not such a bad fellow after all, and we should not be surprised, should he run again for Toronto, if he were to receive many votes from that party.

INTERCEPTED LETTER

FROM

BISHOP CHARBONNEL TO T. D'ARCY MCGEE.

VATICAN, Rome, March 1st, 1858.

O ripest of Papiests, my well beloved D'Arcy, Though a personal stranger, I love you by hearsay! I own myself quite overwhelmed with delight, To see such a Catholic come into sight. And in Parliament too! Ah, what ever could cope In "blarneying potences" with "Irish soft soap?" I read to the Pope at his Holiness' court. (And the *Citade* gives by far the most decent report) The stave you made when you bubbly arose, And trod on the Gritty Onontio's toes. The Pope rubbed his hands, and with holy emotion, Said "let's look this McGee for first chop Church promotion; He's the very best man to accomplish our wish— Vix, the Protestant cause in the Province to dish." Now D'Arcy, (my object in writing to tell) I've got a pet project that promises well, Of a cargo of thorough-bred Jesuit friars, Some fat, and some lean, some honest, some liars, A hundred I'll send into Bas Canada, To quell all the "montons" that dare to say haa. A hundred 'mong Orange Societies fuse, To stir up discussions and tell all the news. You know that the split between Bloody and Brown, Was opened by Jesuits just come to town, Who made the poor sailor half drunk with ambition, On a pint of bad rum and a sham requisition. Twice fifty we'll send through the Protestant clergy, To make them build altars and chaunt the Liturgy; Already th' Episcopal pulpits are full Of our wild beasts in High Church and Puseyite wood. Twice fifty with hogs "McGee's beaters" let loose, To burn Cayley's Bibles in Huron and Bruce. And what's more we'll establish a grand inquisition, To take care of crimes done by men in position. Viz, first, when a Papist the Orangemen cheers— (But D'Arcy you need have no scrupulous fears, Altho' the great Grit you applauded indeed, 'Twas done for the good of our thrice holy creed.) Or votes for Episcopal Boverly's son, (Unless 'gainst him piping-hot Calvinists run) On these and a few more heretical faults, Courts will sit in assize in the under-ground vaults, That Emsley, for penance, now digs 'neath St. Paul, While you sit Inquisitor over them all. To conclude, when arrive those pious and jolly days, When the feasts of St. Patrick are Government holiday's, When Fechan's a Colonel and I am the Pope, It will not be giving our fancy much rope, To imagine you wearing a Cardinal's hat; I can insure it in fact. Address Box 7, Vatican, Yours in the faith, MARY D. CHARBONNEL. P.S. If you're married, oblige me and tell, If your spouse and the olive McGees are quite well.

"Star"-Gazing.

— Amos Wright, Esq., M.P.P., for East York, has assumed, in connection with his legislative burdens, the duty of Ass-tromical Observer to the Assembly. In the House, the other evening, the hon. gentleman made an observation through an opera-glass, with his eyes shut, directed, it was presumed, toward the junior member for Toronto.

Effect of Hard Times.

— We regret to learn that the depression of trade and the scarcity of money will postpone indefinitely the publication of the voluminous speeches of M. J. G. Aikins, M. P. for Peel, announced some time ago by our Streetsville cotemporary. The deferring of the publication will enable the compiler to include the speeches of the honorable member, delivered during the present session, which promise to be as rich and varied as those of previous sessions.

THE THEATRE.

We approach a notice of the performances at the Royal Lyceum with a great deal of caution. We are prepared to bear with a great deal, and to forbear from saying a great deal; but we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that our hero is at times found wanting; and that, notwithstanding the excellent manner in which the heroine may render her part, the chief points of the play are often missed by the blundering of inferior characters. Now, we wish it to be understood, that we won't tolerate such things. Our manager will perhaps plead a want of public support; but we mean to take this last excuse from him. And to effect this we shall state it as our ultimatum to the public—when we see existing evils rectified that—unless, they give all due encouragement to this Temple of the Muses, we shall cast our hostile thunder bolts against their pointed tastes, and condemn them for the remainder of their unnatural lives to listen to Parliamentary orations. Don't be afraid of us, however, dear public; we are a lamb when stroked and a lion when provoked.

There is rather a general critique and would have remained so, had we not received just cause to grumble at a monstrous insult lately offered to the dignity of the Lyceum: we allude to the recent exhibition on our boards of the "noble art of self-defence" by professional fellows. How was it that the manager allowed such an exhibition, we will not attempt to fathom; but were he ten times our manager we would not permit such a state of things to go unpunished. We are the more surprised at this, as the present stock company at the Lyceum is capable of achieving much in the higher walks of the drama. We will refrain from giving publicity to the fact that the boxing *fete* was got up expressly as a compliment to the junior member for the city, until we shall have smoked six cigars over the matter.

In the meantime we recommend Mr. Petrie to our numerous readers. Miss Nickinson is a host in herself: "good wine needs no bush!" Mr. Nickinson also is frequently on our boards, and on the whole the playing is excellent. Therefore citizens of Toronto, you have our permission to crowd the house every night. By all means go and see "Jessie Brown."

Recruiting.

— We have heard it said on good authority that the tavern-keepers of this city, having taken alarm at the spectacle of eighty of their best customers marching soberly along the streets, preparatory to their departure for India, were about to present a petition to Parliament, through Mr. Powell, the member for Carleton, when their fears were suddenly allayed by the report of the Army Surgeons, which informed the public that, fifty out of the eighty were like "whited sepulchres," full of rottenness, etc., and were thus doomed to remain behind to constitute on extraordinary occasions a body guard for the protection of the sacred persons of Robert Moodie or John Beverley Robinson, M.P.P., or to form part of the physical resources of the country in case of an American Invasion. Well did Goldsmith say:—

Princes and Lords may flourish or may fade,
A breath can make them as a breath has made;
But the bold peasant, their country's pride,
When once destroyed can never be supplied.