

ALICK AND POLYANTHUS JANE,

OR THE REFUSAL.

The amiable Alick having received the "mitten" poureth forth his soul's emotion in melting strains:

Farewell, thou knowest not
What pains my bosom rack;
Oh! dreadful is the lot
Of those who get the sack.

Imagining, in his innocence, that this was working on her phobinks, Alick proceedeth:

Another of your sex
I'll never, never love.
Strange thoughts my brain perplex,
Suggested by this "glove."

Alick wisheth to rouse pity by drawing her attention to the fact that he may have a bowie knife or a revolver in his possession. However he thinketh it better to go a little further.

My heart is split apart
By this here sudden wrench,

He thinketh he may now introduce a joke with propriety, and droppeth the sublime:

Now for the bar I'll start
And there sit on the bench.

Alick now getteth sarcastic:

And with some cheap cement,
I'll strive to join the parts,
As beer was surely sent
To heal up broken hearts.

His old liking for beer suggests this appropriate and touching reference to its very pleasing effects. He then becometh agitated again and getteth into heroics.

My feelings none can tell,
My soul is up in arms;
I feel my heart-springs agill
To think I've lost such charms.

This very poetic idea he fancieth will carry the day, and sayeth poetic license sustains him.

Polyanthus continueth unmoved, and Alick getteth still more sarcastic. He droppeth the sublime again and continueth:

But just a glass or two
Will set me on my feet.

There he introduceth a finishing touch of sarcasm.

And let me say to you
Don't bow when next we meet.

This last sally had the very opposite effect to that intended for the dear one's anger was roused, and she closed the painful interview thus:

Go 'way Sir, now you're told
And stop you're talking here;
Or p'raps I may make bold
To lead you by the ear.

Alick here swooneth and is carried off by the servant, and placed on the side-walk, where the cool air soon restores him. He then walketh away a wiser and better man.

Civio Curiosities.

An Irish Jaunting Car. The President, (Ald. Carr.)
A little Sully. Ald. Bob Moodie.

An excellent Cutter. Ex. Councillor Finch.

Aldermanic.

—It is said, with what truth we are not aware, that Ald. Strachan has learned the art of *compounding* so thoroughly, that he is about to turn apothecary's assistant.

Sports and Pastimes.

—Every day ladies and gentlemen may be seen on King Street, Toronto, walking and running in sacks.

THE GREAT FIGHT.

(Specially reported for the Grumbler.)

It is with considerable pride that we lay before our readers a complete account of the Heenan-Sayers fight two weeks in advance of the *N. Y. Clipper*. How we came by the report must remain a mystery, until the invention has been secured by a patent; meanwhile here is our correspondent's letter:—

(BY GRAND-GRANDGRAND.)

LONDON, 13th April, 1860.

Mr. Editor,—The fight is over. Heenan was knocked into smithereens in seven rounds. Sayers came into the ring at a quarter past 12 accompanied by his seconds, Lord Palmerston and Sir Chas. Napier. As Heenan could not get the American Minister, he was obliged to content himself with Messrs. John Ross and Sidney Smith, who did their best to keep him up to the scratch. Betting 245 to 73 on Sayers.

Round 1.—Upon entering the ring, Heenan was distinctly observed to give in the direction of his opponent, and I have it from one of his seconds that he playfully said to Sayers "Tip us your flipper;" an observation first employed by Richard the First when making peace with Hannibal the Moor, after the battle of Salamanca. Before coming up, Sayers imbibed a glass of half-and-half, and complained that it was not the stingo. After sparring round the ring for several minutes, Heenan managed to settle a small remembrancer on Sayers' brain-cruet, for which, however, he suffered by a return blow, which slightly dishevelled his sinister bean-catcher. After several other exchangles of this sort, Heenan went down with a rush.

Round 2.—Sayers came on with a snifle and after giving the "Boy" a swat on the lung-holder, napped it on his tobacco-chewers, said "scizzors" and subsided.

Round 3.—Heenan, after shaking his capillary vegetation, made a dig at Sayers, but received a sweeper which effectually stopped up his dexter squinter and after making offensive advances at Sayers' olfactory nerves, he was planted by that worthy in the best horticultural style.

Round 4.—Sayers rushed up with a confident snicker and made some overtures which Heenan promptly declined. Tom got in one douser on the Denician osculator, but tripped up near the ropes and consequently went down.

Round 5.—The "boy" after an affectionate interference with Tom's handkerchief-employer got an eye-painter of a *mauve* tinge and wilted.

Round 6.—Heenan make his seconds hold his eyes open while he got a view of Sayers. Made a rush for his opponent's reflective organs but failing, received a rib-squeezer in return and after several blind onslaughts, went down to breathe.

Round 7.—One cheek-duster from Tom sent the "boy" on his knees; rising up he made a foul lurch but got an uncompromising brain-muddler on the organ of individuality and went down. After a good deal of sponging to bring Heenan to; his seconds projected the sponge and went off. I may add that Dr. Ryerson's bet on Heenan was taken up by Wiscout Williams. The fight lasted exactly forty-three minutes and thirty-five seconds by a stop-watch. As I write, they are firing off the Tower guns in honor of the victory and the Queen is giving a feast to the roughs at Buckingham Palace.

THE GLOBE IN A FOG.

In a late issue of the *Grit* oracle, we find the following ecstatic sentence:—

"The great territory of the north West, the birthright of Upper Canadians, from whose bosom ought to flow streams of wealth to sustain our railroads and vessels, our mills, factories and workshops, would still remain the forbidden land which Mr. Cartier has hitherto made it, because forsooth to open it, would deprive his countrymen of the control of Upper Canadian affairs."

Now not being gifted with more than ordinary curiosity, we should still like to be made acquainted with the meaning of this singular paragraph. From whose bosom ought these streams of wealth to flow? Is it from "the great territory" "the birthright" or the "Upper Canadians" or from all together? The source of the milky way from this mysterious "bosom," however, is not more singular than its mechanical utility. Its object should be "to sustain our railroads and vessels, our mills" and so on; as if the *Globe* were not already mysterious enough, without suggesting latent streams as the support of railways and flour mills:—But still unsatisfied with the Babel of confused ideas, it informs us that this curious stream from this still more curious bosom supporting vessels and mills, is "forbidden land," and that "to open it" would injure Lower Canada. Now, if any body but the writer *cui* gave an intelligent signification to this sentence, we promise to dine on our editorial beaver.

HORRIBLE IMMORALITY.

Some unblushing rascal advertized in the *Globe* a few days ago for a man, to attend to a country store, whose character must be *exceptionable*. Now, we are accustomed to see strange things in the *Grit*-Boanerges but never before have we noticed so shameless an announcement. The advertiser as our readers will see, is not content with being indifferent about the fellow's character, but actually insists on its being "exceptionable." We really think it is too bad in a journal so pretentious as the *Globe*, to insert an advertisement of this scandalous character. If the "want" be really a *bona fide* one, the Editor might easily have pointed out from among his acquaintances some one "exceptionable" enough for the bushwhacker, without permitting him to publish his own business so unblushingly. Besides have we not in Dr. Ryerson and the City Corporation choice enough for any reasonable scamp in Toronto. Any one who passes them by and wastes his money in advertising for a "exceptionable" character must be daft indeed.

ECONOMICAL.

The Legislature of New Brunswick, after considerable disputation on the score of *expense*, decided by a small majority to invite the Prince of Wales to that Province.

Blest, as is our delightfully governed country, with a host of the most accomplished politicians, we required fully fifteen minutes, fifty nine seconds and a half to conclude whether to be most moved by surprise or pity in contemplating the forlorn and old foggy characters of those benighted rulers. Verily, a live specimen of that super-loyal minority would be a curiosity in its way! As we are not troubled with such animals among our dash-the-expense kind of rulers at Quebec, we think some Canadian Barnum might make a handsome thing of the suggestion which we have just hinted at.