

AT IT AGAIN.

Why will the editor of the *Colonist* (we don't mean the Magnus Apollo, but the paste and scissors gentleman,) be so atrociously funny? Not content with his exploits on "Autumn," he has got entangled with the Atlantic Cable, and seems to have been galvanized into a pitch of jollity quite excruciating. Hear him; "The Atlantic Cable is fast twined round the affections of the people." This beautiful and entirely original touch of rhetoric, would be more agreeable if the "twining" mentioned did not put one painfully in mind of the freaks of a box constrictor; moreover, twining the cable round the affections of some people, would be like winding a hawser round a knitting needle. He then informs us, that not alone the cities are in a state of "exuberant ecstasy," but "every little hamlet and all the pretentious towns" (where's the town in Canada that isn't pretentious?) "are going mad together." Now, in the cases of the cities where such spasmodic papers as the *Colonist* excite the public mind, the madness is natural enough, but how all these hamlets &c., are touched in the head, passes our comprehension. We know that it is an hallucination of the maniac that all are insane save himself, and it might be as well to keep a sharp look-out at the office of our contemporary. "Celebrations spring up in out of the way corners," an agricultural figure, suggestive of hosing and weeding, "our newspaper friends" in the interior, "give remarkable editorial articles." We could name some journals not "in the interior" which are addicted to a similar practice.

But then comes the finish, "The poets, too, have their word. Pegasus is up on the very peak of Helicon, and performs odd antics." The first sentence is slightly obscure, but the second sparkles with a brilliant combination of mythology, geography, poetry and horsemanship. We understand that Pegasus has, since we made his acquaintance in Lempiere, served an apprenticeship to a circus company, which will account in part for the agility he now displays. We venture to say, that the feat of the winged steed has never been surpassed, for he has not only got all four feet on the very peak of Helicon, but actually contrives, while in that precarious situation, to "perform odd antics," assisted, doubtless, by his rider, the editor of the daily which records its pranks. It is really wonderful how the brute creation are subdued by the power of man, and Rarey is now completely knocked in the shade.

The *Colonist* gives us a specimen of its antics, which, if it is to be taken as a fair sample, we must say are odd enough.

"Rhymes without reason,
And rhymes in season,
Curiously mingled;

To which he should have added to complete the stanza—

Rhymes without treason,
Rhymes made by squeezing
Wonderfully mingled.

The progress of journalism is truly astounding.

THE SPEAKERS'S WIG.

The public were not, we fear, informed in proper time, of the interesting and awful ceremony which lately took place in the House of Commons. The Speaker's wig arrived in Trinity Bay by the Sub-oceanic lightning rod, immediately after the first half

of the Queen's Message, and was the principal cause of the stoppage which made the message so much resemble, for the time, a "pig without a tail."—However the precious and sacred article arrived safely in town by the Atlantic and Montreal line, and Mr. Dwight procured Mr. Jones's large omnibus to carry it up to the Speaker's lodgings, not venturing, however, to keep the wig company, but preferring to deposit it within, as in a sbrine, and ride outside himself. Mr. Speaker almost burst a blood-vessel when the wig box was opened, and a profusion of silvery curls reflected the daylight which "danced" as *yo Leader* saith, "on the roofs of the neighboring houses." He had not yet broached his third bottle of port, but the excitement of the moment overcame the force of habit. He refused to try on the wig till he should arrive at the House of Assembly. But the robe? where was it? Mr. Dwight stated that it had been crowded out by a press of other matter, but that Cyrus W. Field had promised to have it in Toronto in the space of 11 minutes and 3 seconds. This was satisfactory. Away flew the omnibus. Old friends were admitted. Messrs. Moodie, Robinson and Cameron were invited inside, while Messrs. Brown and McDougall sat on top. The editors of the *Globe* and *Leader* also occupied a portion of the roof; the editor of the *Colonist* who has always manifested a fondness for our entertaining society had managed to get inside, and like a good fellow as he is, made us sit on his lap, taking the precaution first of all to place his lawn handkerchief on his knees. In these various positions we arrived at the house, where we found the "robe" awaiting us. Mr. Speaker seated himself in the chair, and placed the wig upon his brows after the manner of Napoleon I. A buzz of admiration spread through the Hall, but was suddenly arrested by the extraordinary demeanor of the great "Harry." One leg was jerked out spasmodically, and with such violence, that Banti Stayner, Esq., the Speaker's Secretary, was lifted into the reporter's gallery, and the Speaker's spittle was dashed into a thousand pieces. Meanwhile his face twitched so ridiculously that Mr. Cameron "begged aw, to know aw, if Mr. Speakaw was making gwimaces at him," and upon Mr. Speaker's only answering by another grimace, ran at him, tore the wig off, but immediately dropped it with a howl of anguish. Strauge to say, Mr. Smith became immediately tranquil. Mr. Dwight stated that the recent *embarras* was the fault of the operator, who had neglected to degalvanize the wig after its transmission through the wires; he then degalvanized both the robe and wig, which then re-appeared under more auspicious circumstances on the figure of the proper person. Mr. Smith stood up in his place and calling imaginary members to order, said in a jocular tone:

Although in times past you have not,
Exactly done your duty,
And though rebelliously you've fought,
And raised quite an commote,
Vainly the reason I have sought,
I'rafs 'twas my want of beauty,
But now I've got my wig and gown on,
I'll keep you quite subordinate,
For humbious members I am downson,
'Tis my House, I am Lord in it,
Looking with wig, robe, and a frown on,
Well as I can afford in it.

Satisfied with his performance, he committed his robe and wig to the aforesaid Banti Stayner, and adjourned to the dwelling of Mr. Natter, for his diurnal lecture in elocution.

THE THEATRE.

In assuming once more the management of the Royal Lyceum, we hope that Mr. John Nickinson, with his accustomed energy, will insist on a few improvements; the first of which must be the hiring of a good prompter—a ventriloquist if possible, then as by substituting a respectable looking automaton, he may dispense with half a dozen Heavy Villains, Captains of (black) uards and Gsueh nuisances. In the next place he should make it capital punishment in any actor to delay the audience more than a quarter of an hour after his part is called; and lastly, instant death should be the doom of any scene-shifter committing more than twenty-six blunders during a single performance. When those improvements are made, and the foundation stone of the new Theatre laid, the "good time" shall have actually arrived.

Miss Sallie St. Clair, who has been playing during the past week, is as great a favorite with our audience as her celebrated namesake who resided "in our alley," was with the great musical world some time ago. It is a great pity that her stay here was so short.

The Atlas and the Atlantic Telegraph.

The following item in the Tuesday's news columns of the "Atlas," somewhat startled us—

CORRESPONDENCE

BY THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

The Inauguration of L. O. L. No. 657, Duffin's Creek, Pickering, county of South Ontario.

(Here followed a lengthy account of the ceremony.)
Pot for one moment would we doubt the veracity of our younger brother of the *Atlas*, but still it does slightly perplex us to conceive how he could be indebted to the Atlantic Telegraph for Duffin's Creek, Ontario County Intelligence, nevertheless from our experience of his *perfect reliability*, we are convinced that he can explain the seeming difficulty, and vindicate his enviable character for truthfulness and impartiality. Mr. Atlas, please explain, how was it?

BUSINESS NOTICES.

We wish we could for one moment gain the ear of the listless crowd of men who wander nightly upon King Street, pining for some amusement or device to make the evenings pass less heavily upon their hands. To them and all others we would say, go to ROBERT STORV'S OXENBURY ROOMS at the Apollo, and time will no longer pass wearily away. For 12½ cents, you may pass a pleasant evening, and enjoy your cigar or glass of beer in happy forgetfulness of time and its concerns. Glee, molodtes, dances and good instrumental music are provided, selected with the best possible taste: and performed in the best style every Tuesday, Thursday and Friday. Give STORV a call, and you will not regret it.

We have great pleasure in drawing the attention of the public to Mr. Gluckmeyer, a gentleman who intends to turn to advantage his knowledge of the English and French languages (an accomplishment of which so few Upper Canadians can boast) by giving lessons in French to all that are desirous of profiting by them. By a system of his own, which will in most cases ensure to his pupils a proficiency sufficient to enable them to report French Speeches in the House after one writer's instruction, he hopes to afford perfect satisfaction to all who may put themselves under his charge. Address—Mrs. Green's Boarding-house, near the corner of Wellington and Simcoe Streets.

Letters addressed "THE GRAMBLER," Toronto, containing \$1, will entitle the sender to this paper for one year.