

## THE PADLOCK'S RETURN.

### A TOUCHING SCENE.

Many of our readers will remember the sudden and mysterious disappearance of Padlock, an *attache* of the store of Messrs. Rice Lewis & Co., Hardware Merchants in this city. For two years the earnest and persevering efforts of Mr. Lewis to penetrate the mystery of Padlock's fate (to whom, it is said, he, Mr. L., was much attached) proved unavailing, and a settled melancholy, which threatened to be attended with serious results, took possession of Mr. Lewis in consequence. Fortunately, however, recent events have dispelled Mr. L.'s anxiety, and restored the portliness and rotundity of his noble figure.

The following deeply-interesting sketch faithfully illustrates the course of those "recent events" to which we refer:—

SCENE 1ST.—[Mr. Rice Lewis seated alone in his private office, soliloquising.]

Sure I such is life, its thinnest visions fade,  
Its brightest hopes beneath the gloomy shade  
Of unforseen misfortunes wither, die,  
And leave the heart a prey to hopeless misery.  
I once was happy—gayer of the eye,  
But, sure! they stole my sweetest life away,  
My darling Padlock, source of all my pride,  
So firm he stood, so stately by my side,  
Why was my very heart thus foully tried?  
Why do I live? Why aint I long since died?

(He bursts into tears.)

Enter Master Charles Lewis exclaiming.—Oh, Pa, he's found!

Mr. Rice Lewis (mournfully).—Who's found, my pretty son?

Master Lewis.—Why, Padlock, Pa!

Mr. Rice Lewis (starting up).—Padlock! my Padlock, run, bring hat and coat. Where is he? quickly fly;  
Let me once more behold him ere I die;  
Once more enfold him in my tender clasp,  
Ah! me, I faint, this—ha!—ha!—ha!—is quite too much.

[He falls senseless to the floor, but is quickly revived by the tender attentions of Master Lewis, and conveyed in a cab to Upton's wharf, on which Padlock has just stepped from the deck of a "Propeller."]

SCENE 2ND.—[Mr. Rice Lewis and Padlock.]

Mr. Rice Lewis (falling tenderly upon Padlock).—

My brave, my beautiful, my Padlock, am I then permitted to embrace you once again?  
To fondly clasp you to my yearning heart;  
My pride, my joy, my never more will part—  
Come to my arms! here shall thou flourish rest  
In pillowed softness on my loving breast.

[Padlock, we presume, was too much affected to speak, for he uttered "never a word," but fell heavily at the feet of Mr. Lewis, to the evident detriment of the latter gentleman's long-lost "charming" to notice what, under other circumstances, would have proved a painful infelicity. Not long, however, was Padlock allowed to retain his humble attitude.]

Mr. Rice Lewis.—Help! I raise him up, 'not would I welcome thus

My Padlock home. Friends! I come rejoice with us,  
The lost is found; quick let us bear him hence,  
And celebrate the day with joy intense.  
Home, to the word, and hushed every pain,  
For Rice's Padlock is himself again.

Master Charles Lewis.—Pa! I shall I fetch a Cab!

Mr. Rice Lewis.—Cab, we no Cabs, rash youth;  
Shoulders, shall bear my Padlock hence, forthwith;  
Shouts shall be raised, and we with joy will sing,  
'Till great Toronto with our triumph ring.  
Friends bear a hand, or if I may make bluster,  
To carry Padlock home, please load a stouider;  
Thanks, noble friends, now march in Hue d'iercet,  
Until you reach the centre of King street.

[And march they did with Dear Padlock elevated, upon the shoulders of four stout Policemen. In touching and respectful silence they wended their way until King street was reached, when the Royal Canadian Rifles' Band, summoned hastily by

friend Lewis, struck up "See the Conquering Hero comes," to which soul-inspiring tune Mr. L. improvised and sang the following appropriate Lines, a multitude of voices swelling the chorus:—]

See the long lost Hero comes,  
Sound the trumpet, beat the drums;  
Padlock's rescued from the bay,  
And no more shall run away.

See the long lost Hero comes,  
Sound the trumpet, beat the drums;  
Shouts be raised, and banished pain,  
Padlock is himself again.

Thus with shouts and songs of triumph, was the long lost Padlock welcomed home.

SCENE LAST.—Is required to complete the picture. Mr. Lewis standing at the door contemplating his returned "charming," is good humouredly rallied by a friend.

Mr. Party, [to Lewis].—You sly old fox, I guess this flimsy stuff Banaboozes some, but Pshaw! I'm up to snuff, I'll take the odds, man, that the Padlock's been Down in your cellar for these long months seen.  
Ha! ha! you rogue, I scarce know where your mate is,

For deep laid schemes for advertising gratis.

Friend Lewis turned away, but whether to conceal a merry, conscious twinkle of his hazel orbs, or to veil his bursting indignation, we leave to be determined by our readers.

### A PLEA FOR THE POST OFFICE CLERKS.

We should very much like to know the utility of opening the Post Office at seven a. m. in the winter season. Very few persons enter the office before eight, and no inconvenience whatever would be suffered by any party if Post Office business were to begin at that hour. On the other hand, the present system is a serious hardship to the clerks and those with whom they board. Those living at a distance from the office, as most of them do, must be up at six, before the sun has risen; no time is given to them during office hours, so that they have the option of going without, or compelling the servants to rise in the cold at five or half-past five, to prepare their matutinal meal. Some of them are kept seven hours from the time they enter the office, without sitting down, going out, or resting for a moment; they then get an hour or so for dinner, and the morning's labour is then repeated for three or four hours more Surely, as a mere matter of common humanity, the Post Office should not be open till eight, and we feel sure, that if the merchants would only express their opinion on behalf of the Clerks, the authorities gladly comply with so reasonable a demand.

### MECHANICS' INSTITUTE LECTURES.

We have a bone to pick with the Managing Committee of the Mechanics' Institute. Why is it that year after year they persist in selecting subjects for their Winter Course of Lectures, which are calculated to frighten ordinary people into staying at home. Last year the Lectures proved a financial failure, and judging from the Bill of Fare for the present Session, we are inclined to predict a similar result. It is not impossible to secure the services of gentlemen willing to lecture on popular as well as instructive themes, a dozen might with ease be procured, who would not only fill the St. Lawrence Hall, but delight their audiences. We do hope that another year a more popular list of subjects will be brought forward, and our word for it, the officers of the Institute will gain by the change.

### FUNERAL ELEGY.

#### OF THE CONSERVATIVE CONVENTION.

The knell has sounded solemnly and slow,  
Great Gowan's mystery is known no more,  
Lifeless and cold its mouldering dust lies low,  
And hope-less mourners tears of anguish pour.

Slowly and sadly drooped the great departed,  
Heavily it struggled with its hastening doom,  
Hope fled aghast, and Crawford chicken hearted,  
The sufferer left to misery and gloom.

Great Platt looks on in deep and mournful sorrow,  
The Gowan's screeches its departure seal,  
Mordey—and Hope-less looks it for the Morrow,  
And sadly turns too late for life O'Neil.

Vainly it turns, the sands of life are flowing,  
Grim fate is hovering for its latest breath,  
Faint, and more faint, its painful gasps are growing,  
Flickers life's failing spark, then sinks to death.

The knell has sounded solemnly and slow,  
Great Gowan's mystery is known no more,  
Lifeless and cold its mouldering dust lies low,  
And hopeless mourners tears of anguish pour.

### THE THEATRES.

Theatricals at the Royal Lyceum have been kept up in good style by Mr. and Mrs. Chanfrau during the past week. Mr. Chanfrau, as the celebrated delineator of the *Moss Boy* is well known to our theatre-going community. We cannot say that we are enamoured of his character. It is so dreadfully real in Mr. Chanfrau's hands that it makes us uncomfortable. However, his role of comedy is not confined to this character, but extends through many of those pieces in which English stars are wont to shine. The fair Mrs. Chanfrau, who sings very sweetly, has an admirer in every person who has had the pleasure of witnessing neat and classical personations. Mr. Nickinson has also assisted during the past week with his accustomed success.

We perceive that Mr. Petrie, Manager of the City Theatre, has reduced the price of admission one-half; this, together with his very excellent Company, should secure him crowded houses. Mr. Hardenburgh is so well known in Toronto, that we need not do more than mention the fact of his engagement at the City Theatre, to procure him a hearty welcome from many old friends.

### Right.

— The Editor of the *Colonist* in describing the incidents that followed the recent shooting of a constable—a very laudable action we think—says: "Kane, the prisoner, was immediately apprehended, and it was discovered, that the unfired barrel of his gun was loaded; the other of course was not."

We should rather think not—if its contents, as the *Colonist* says, had just then been lodged in the leg and thigh of the unucky constable. However, it was not this sage conclusion that we would draw particular attention to; it is rather to the cuteness of those who discovered that the unfired barrel was loaded. If it was found that the barrel which had been discharged was loaded, of course no importance could attach to the discovery; but to find out that the barrel of a gun was loaded before it was fired—which naturally leads to the supposition that a gun barrel could be fired before it was loaded—is a discovery which beats those of Donati and Watt all to pieces.