

Miscellaneous.

The Polymorphian Association.

As the public has manifested some little curiosity with reference to the doings of the above named society, with a considerable amount of difficulty we have at last been able to procure a full report of their proceedings at a recent meeting. Our reporter states that he was at first very much taken aback by the appearance of the assembled members, but after a short scrutiny his equanimity returned, it being apparent that those personages, though malignant in language, expression, and gesture, were quite incapable of doing any actual harm. The chair was taken by Mrs. Gruel, who, in a short and elaborate speech, explained the objects of the society. In her concluding remarks she observed, that the great object in her mind was Church reform; that she had heard with sorrow that a certain parish in Canada was given to practices, to say the least, very far from orthodox, and, in fact, was going to—*to*—“The devil?” suggested a voice. No, you wicked creature; I was going to say to intone. Mrs. G. then went on to remark, that she had once con-acted a church paper, in which she had excommunicated all those who upheld Christmas trimmings and such like; that this paper had accomplished its mission, which was principally to maintain its editor, and that finally she had accepted the position of chambermaid, upon which she had retired from the literary world. Mr. McSticks, a dapper little Irishman, the Vice President, then arose, and after smiling benignantly on those around him, remarked that he was not a Fenian, that he knew more about statistics than any ten men in the world, and that he was very anxious to get to Canada cheaply, as there were some *divish* *fine* girls there, and he was doiced fond of ladies’ *society*. He concluded by narrating a little anecdote, with reference to his extensive public career, how, on one occasion, he had induced an audience to attend the Mechanics’ Institute, under the impression that they were to hear some remarks on the late census, when he had sold them so *wisely* by whispering over a piece of paper. The speaker then sat down amidst rapturous applause and shouts of laughter. An oily little fellow with a libidinous countenance ornamented by a pair of spectacles, then stood up, and in an exceedingly bland manner informed the meeting, that his principle object in joining the association, was to have a chance at pitching into the editor of the *Freeman*; he would also like, however, to get amongst the Canadian fellows, as he had a stock of choice little stories exactly adapted for them. One of the secretaries then took the floor, and remarked, “that he was not a d—d hanger-on like some people,” here he winked at several gentlemen near him. “But he’d be d—d if he’d work for nothing, that his lady had a little bill against him of some three or four hundred dollars, and that he should very much like to have it settled by the society.” To this request no one, at first responded, at length, however, a gentleman, with a muffled round his throat, rose, and in a husky voice stated, “that he would be setting a lot of notes afloat for elect’ meeting purposes, and would be very happy to endorse a note for his friend if he called up in the morning.” The secretary observed with an oath that it was very bad security, but that he supposed beggars mustn’t be choosers.

The chairwoman here observed that she had a special aversion to swearing, and that she should particularly request the members to abstain from such a puseycitical habit; that although she said *dooc* now and then herself, that was only because

the swells used the word, and that if she heard the secretary, who seemed to be a very wicked sort of man, swear again, she would certainly write to the *Church Witness* about it. for, in her opinion, a swearing secretary was almost as bad as a dancing Sunday school teacher.

The secretary was then directed to advertise for a Turk and a Jew, in order that the different religious creeds should be represented as fully as possible in the society. At the door, our reporter says, he encountered our vigorous contemporary, the *Telegraph*, putting on his coat wrong side out, of which he kindly informed him. the *Telegraph*, however, only smiled and said that his master, Mr. Tilley, preferred the other side, and then shaking his expanded pockets which seemed to be full of some metallic substance, affably observed, “it became him just as well that way,” and “what’s the *birds* so long as you’re *appy*.” We expect further particulars in a short while, as one of the members of the society has promised to copy all papers which he can lay his hands on, and is even prepared, in case of emergency, to pick the locks of the drawers.

The following report of the late meeting at Carleton, although to some extent burlesque, conveys, as we infer from statements made by gentlemen who were there, a much more correct impression of the meeting than the reports that have been previously published:—

McShamer’s Bundle of Sticks.

“UNITED WE FALL. DIVIDED WE HANG TOGETHER.”

According to orders from the fountain-head, an express was engaged to convey us to the great Western extension meeting in the City of Carleton. We proceeded to the Marsh Road, got aboard a bob-sled, and directed our course toward Suspension Bridge. On passing through the town of Portland, several small boys gave three cheers for King Tilley. We simultaneously waved our cap, lost our equilibrium, described a parabola, and found ourselves gently reclining on a snow bank. After serious delay the team backed up, we were placed in our conveyance, and “all aboard!” Again we started. Nothing of any consequence occurred until we arrived at the Lunatic Asylum. While changing our cattle, a colored gentleman enquired,—“Any a for dis Union?” “That so,” says we, and proceeded.

We arrived safely at the magnificent hall in Carleton. We entered, and the first thing we saw was the rueful countenance of the Solon of high degree. He was merely shedding tears, caused by the affecting manner in which His Excellency the P. S. was blowing on Western extension. This powerful speaker, the ablest in North America, said,—He had taken an immense amount of stock in the railroad, he was going to double that amount for the good of his audience, and as soon as he could set his now Assembly together, he would also go another million, therefore the Algerines might consider Western extension a fixed fact. Gasperaux had gone up four cents per barrel in consequence. The Quebec steamers were henceforth to take their departure from Sand Point, the British Government were going to spend one million dollars in forming Blue Rock, and Carleton was bound to be the Liverpool of New Brunswick.

In the midst of thundering applause, the Hon. S. G. and future A. G., came to the fore.

He made a very beautiful speech, announcing that Intercolonial and Western extension meant one and the same thing,—that one barrel of alewives would buy two barrels of Canada flour, and as for Canada whisky, why they would have oceans of it. He was the man that first told Burpee he had better start

for the Oromocto, &c., &c. The intended Auditor General was asked why Mr. Anglin opposed Western extension. He replied how should he know,—he supposed it was because he had no property on Mahogany Island, up the Amagance, or anywhere else. As for Anglin, the only stock he would ever take would be in the wheelbarrow line, and my bowld Smith had better dig oysters in Westmorland County, and *parley* *voit* to the Frenchmen in that benighted district. He would not say much more, as Wee Johnny was evidently very anxious to display his extraordinary abilities.

Sam. Mosher asked the Hon. speaker very impudently about the North Shore route, which Mr. W. could not attend to at present, but would see him in the Fall. Sam might speak for himself if he liked—he would say no more except that he had a safe position on the fence. The next speaker was Mr. Jonathan P. Shoemaker. He said,—Talk about Railroads; why, he was willing to build railroads everywhere. Brown & Galt would foot the bills. He had a scheme of his own which would astonish them at the hustings—that opportunity he would take to make it known. He would state confidentially that there would be branches to Pisarinceo, Loch Lomond, and the Milkish.

Your correspondent would take this opportunity of asking Mr. S. what he means by looking after the farming interests? The Constituency wish to know if, by the statement, he intends deserting the Common Council and returning to planting potatoes, &c., &c.

The last speaker was the Great Wee Johnny, who rushed on the platform while the audience were loudly calling for Squire McLauchlan. Of course, he was not prepared. His being there was merely an accident. Mr. McLauchlan was a very nice man, but he was no orator, poor fellow—and there was no occasion for *him* to make a fool of himself, therefore Wee Johnny would blow his horn. He began in splendid style:—Why Mr. Tilley was the greatest man—the most splendid orator the world ever saw. He was as far above Mount Blanc as he (W. J.) had risen since he left ould Ireland. He (Mr. T.) had been dragged from a business worth £12,000 a year (Has not Mr. B. made a mistake in his figures? *Eds. Patriot*), into slaving for the public. They wanted to drag him (W. J.) out, but no! he was not such a fool. Catch him leaving the needle and tape trade, “A Trip to Paris,” and “A Night in the House of Commons,” to make speeches before the public. At the same time, he had done more for Western Extension than all of them put together. Who was it obtained 1300 signatures to the Common Council petition in thirty minutes? and those signatures the aristocracy of King’s Ward. Wee Johnny did this, and Wee Johnny was the boy to sell their debentures in the English markets.

At this stage of the proceedings, your correspondent turned sick and made tracks for Rodney Wharf. He engaged a gondola to convey him across the immense harbor of St. John. After many dangerous adventures he arrived safely at Cork Point, entered the bosom of his family, and after a certain lecture from his devoted spouse, retired into the arms of Murphy, and has ever since remained,—  
GREEN TEA.

—S.—On dit, that the special correspondent for the Morning Daily has concluded his arrangements with the Financial Secretary of Canada, and from henceforth that sheet will be found on the right side.  
GREEN TEA.

THE PATRIOT,  
AN ANTI-CONFEDERATION JOURNAL,  
Will be published twice a week, (upon days which we will from time to time announce,) at the DESPATCH PUBLISHING OFFICE, Corner of Prince William Street, and Market Square. As we are in receipt already of large orders for THE PATRIOT, from different parts of the Province, it will be found an excellent medium for advertising. A limited number of advertisements will be inserted upon the usual terms.  
EDITORIAL OFFICE.—In Canterbury Street, over the Post Office, and near the office of E. Hunt, Esq. Post Office address, “Box No 71, St. John Post Office.”