

ALFRED AND ISABEL.

One cosy eve, in a cosy room,  
(To know where, don't insist.)  
Papa, Mama, sweet Isabel  
And I sat playing whist.

Not my Papa, but sweet Isabel's,  
Nor my Mama, though I  
Have often wished they might be so  
To Isabel on the sly.

We sat, we four, in the cosy room,  
Isabel opposite me;  
Papa and Mama, with the table between,  
Were also vis-a-vis.

Dear Isabel charmed my very soul,  
She looked and smiled so sweet,  
I'd have pressed her hand but Papa was there,  
So I merely pressed her feet.

Loro filled my heart and I silently sat  
In a bright and blissful dream,  
When oh! good heavens, with a hasty start  
Dear Isabel screamed a scream.

A piteous scream, 'twas uproar all,  
In that bright and cosy room,  
It thrilled my heart with a fear as dread  
As the sounding trump of doom.

It thrilled my heart, for fair Isabel  
Sank fainting on the chair,  
Her eyes were closed and her bosom heaved  
As though deadly pain were there.

Salts, sal volatile, cologne,  
Cold water, all were tried;  
At length, with many a piteous sigh,  
Dear Isabel revived.

She slowly op'd her large blue eyes,  
She slowly glanced around;  
Papa, Mama, I, questioned her  
With interest profound.

"What was it, darling, are you ill?  
Our hearts with grief are torn;"  
"Oh no! 'twas only naughty Alf,  
He trod upon my corn!"

GRAND GAOL BALL!

It is said that our benevolent Turnkey, Charles Allan, has given his sanction to a grand entertainment, to take place in his Boarding House, the object of which is, to show the salutary effects of prison discipline on the appearance and demeanor of his unfortunate but interesting lodgers. Invitations have been issued to the members of the Corporation, to our leading criminal lawyers, to the Judges, and to many other citizens of Toronto. We understand that it was at first proposed to make a musical party of the thing, but many of the "birds" voted musical parties a "boro." It was therefore determined that the entertainment should commence with a concert, in which only prisoners should perform, and that a dance should follow for the amusement of the young people. There was at first considerable difficulty about the choice of a patron; but, when the matter was put to the vote, Dr. Tumbleby distanced all other nominees by a large majority. The Benicia Boy, and three Lazaie, will be present. The lately indicted members of the Cartier-McDonald Government will be invited, if their trial results unfavourably, but otherwise not.

The prisoners are expected to bear the entire expense of the entertainment, as they have every opportunity of reaping a rich harvest by picking pockets.

OUR CORPORATION BLOWERS.

Two meetings have our City Blowers had this week; upon their wisdom not upon their defects would we now comment.

Who so fit to preside over them as the walking Gentleman who takes the part of—Clown—little Davy Read; to wit? He is just the man for the place. A stranger to order; of which he knows no more than a cow does of mathematics; he will be the joy of the Craig's, the Ramsay's, and the Purdy's. Three or four orators may speak together; Davy will not care; rather indeed will he join in the fun.

Perched on the mahogany, he looks as dignified as a frog on a chopping block; or so he would look if he could be but seen. No small difficulty is anticipated from this defect, to mitigate which, as much as possible, we hear it is the intention of Alderman 'Boomer, (who, self-denying man, is so happy at Davy's success,) to supply each Blower with an opera glass. Mr. Ashfield, too, has promised the loan of a speaking trumpet; so that "His Worship" may make himself heard, when Alderman Carr is pitching into Alderman Boulton. It will be a fitting emblem also of the Mayor's office as hoard man among the Blowers.

We have one serious objection to Mr. Read; it is perfectly impossible for him to fill the chair. The idea that he can fill it with dignity, is quite as absurd. We need not point out the reason, it must be apparent even to the understanding of Councillor Craig. In all kindness to our little friend, we would suggest to him the propriety of doing something to increase his size." He has before him Councillor Sprout; what a fine looking man he is!

"As round as an apple,  
As plump as a pear,"

and all through drinking "pop." Suppose Davy were to order in a few dozen. Nauseous it would be at first, no doubt, but a little practice would accustom him to it. We beg leave also, to suggest to "His Worship," that an application to Mr. Fleming, the Nursery Garden Man, would be productive of good results. A layer of some nutritive substance placed in his boots; such as is used for the raising of pumpkins, for instance; might make him grow an inch or two. We leave these suggestions for his serious consideration.

One word as to poor Ald. Moodie; he is nearly heart-broken. When D. B. Read was elected Mayor, "Bob" shrivelled-up. His monkey jacket now reaches down to his heels, and henceforth, when he speaks, he will have to stand on a chair. Ald. Boomer helped him from the Council Chamber, proving once more that "a fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind,"—ahem!

We cannot close without first informing our readers that we have discovered the subject upon which Coun. Lennox is employing his giant intellect. The enormous consumption of gas in the Chamber has arrested his attention. Night after night has he sat during the whole year trying to count the number of jets in the chandelier. He gets as high as ten by the aid of his fingers, farther he has not been able to make his calculations. Coun. Purdy tells him the next number is fifteen, but Lennox is not to be gammoned; he says everybody knows that Purdy's a goose.

THE BROWN-DOEION DINNER.

There is something exceedingly ludicrous in a number of rational politicians travelling hundreds of miles for the sole purpose of gormandizing, retailing stale platitudes, and drinking dropical toasts in cold water. We wonder that the last feature, especially in this affair, did not throw a damper over the whole affair. How, for instance, could the late Solicitor General West be sufficiently inflated, or the wit of Mr. McGee fitly inspired, when the sparkling cup was banished from the board. Mr. Foley was nowhere among the orators, and he has informed us, that he has been suffering ever since from incipient cholera and water on the brain, caused by about a gallon and a half of water consumed on that occasion. The only advantage was, that Mr. Brown was a little more inflated than usual, and Mr. Drummond a trifle more pompous. Mr. Bernard Devlin's humor was in the right vein; and his flights of fancy were so exalted, that we cannot but think he owed his inspiration to something more potent than the malt liquor of our first parents. We did not wade through the dreary columns of vapid eloquence which filled the *Globe* of Tuesday and Wednesday, and we ask our contemporary if he thinks he is acting fairly to constant readers, by giving us such stale matter, and yet calling his journal a newspaper. We have received a number of letters of apology for non-attendance at this dinner, which were suppressed. Mr. Cauchon says that he would come, but he is just recovering from the Brown jaundice, and is indisposed. Mr. Robert Moodie "seen enuf of Brown which is not now my leader, so I cant come of which I regret to be yours &c."

Mr. Gould's is as follows:—

CHIP AWL, Chipvil.

DEER BRISTLEOE.—Wud lik to be present to homologate my denunciations of the corruptoral government which is bad and vile, but lave got to attend the piscatorial instruchuns of a grate lexicographical intooitioner wich gives me dietribeson grammair and inglish classification. You will se I ave some big words, and I an now learnin' french, wich is the finest of the ded languishes.

Bone matting, ma cherry Bristleoe,

Votel afeschinate amy,  
JOSEPH GOULD.

P. S. O refire!

THE LONDON PROTOTYPE.

Last week we administered to the London *Prototype* a little wholesome castigation; and he in return, has furnished us with a fund of amusement in the shape of two-thirds of a column of mingled threats and abuse.

Admirably well does the *Prototype* enact the role of the trounced schoolboy. Very droll is the admixture of whimpering and threats. But seriously, will the *Prototype* spare us? It would be too dreadful, to bear the brunt of that terrible pulling-to-pieces process he threatens to undertake. Perhaps, however, its only a "joke;" another of those exquisitely jocular effusions which are so largely increasing the *Prototype's* subscription list. If so, we beg of it not to continue the series, or we shall indeed be compelled to sigh for our departed glories, and to mourn that "Othello's occupation's gone."