

The Wagnermaniac.

My wife was the sweetest of women
Till she took a musical craze ;
But now she's a regular run 'un,
And my home is a horrible place !

She murmurs with rapture of CHOPIN,
BEETHOVEN'S her "darling adored,"
And ever her fingers are hoppin'
Con *energia* o'er the key-board.

But WAGNER's her musical hero,
She worships the cast of his head,
And she plays his "sweet jems" till I fear, O,
I fear she will WAGNER me dead !

I ask her in intervals lucid,
To play some old favourite o'er,
I tell her that WAGNER is deuced,
And I even prefer *Piaf*fore !

She says that my ignorance exhibits,
And she calls me a thick-pated loon,
Not to know that dear WAGNER prohibits
The slightest approach to a "tune."

She turns in contempt and commences
To hammer *Tannhauser* like mad,
Thus drowning my wretched pretences,
And making me feel very bad.

In the evening Herr ROSSINETHRAU comes
With some more of her musical "set,"
But I don't consider them *my* chums,
And I make myself scarce, you may bet.

In my distant and wall-padded study,
With cotton stuffed in my ears,
I gaze in the fire so ruddy,
And try to suppress my tears.

Yet I hear the piano and fiddle,
Like a duet of dog and cat,
And I try to guess the riddle
Of what WAGNER is driving at.

O, bachelors, my brothers,
You'll lead an awful life,
If you leave your doting mothers
For a WAGNER-loving wife !

Spelling Reform.**THE SCHOOLMASTER RISES TO EXPOSTULATE.**

I have been much grieved lately by seeing in several otherwise respectable periodicals articles on what they choose to call spelling reform. If they take the word "reform" to mean changes of form, they have probably some reasons for using it in this instance, but if the general application of the word, the application which has through the *Globe* been made general at least in Canada is to be taken, that of Progress, Improvement, Free Trade, &c., then the spelling reformers are far from being justified in taking that title. My experience in spelling is very great, particularly in bad spelling. I have been "plucked" several times on that subject, and have lost more than one situation by getting the wrong letter into the right place, and *vice versa*. It is, therefore, with much consternation that I now see those JOHN BILLIOUS reformers trying to level down the barriers over which I so often stumbled, and making the path of learning smooth for the rising generation. Who that has never been a bad speller and by constant perseverance and much suffering has acquired a proficiency in that art, will consent to see the rising generation gliding smoothly over the rocks on which he so often struck and so nearly foundered? Then, again, as has often been said, each word as it now is, is a monument, a history, a chronology—in fact one little word often contains volume of learning. To illustrate this let us take one word, a very striking word—I mean "Chillaley." What a storehouse of learning is that little simple word! Let us proceed to analyze it. In "chi," the student at once recognizes the old Anglo Saxon "chi," introduced from the Latin by ALFRED THE GREAT. At once a brilliant panorama opens to our view. We see our brawny Saxon ancestors, their hands reeking

with Danish blood, their huge battle-axes across their sturdy shoulders, as they return from victory, calling at every saloon on the way and quaffing flagons of amber ale and lager. We see their wise king burning tallow candles by the hour. We see—but stop, we must proceed with our analysis: "Li" next meets our view. What do the two l's tell us? One reaches far back to ancient Rome, the other informs us that the word has come to us through the French. In the one we see the patient ROMULUS ditching on the banks of the Tiber, we see the she-wolf, the forum, and CAESAR, with his mighty armies; the other transports us to the days of CHARLEMAGNE. We see knights in their armor, we hear the clang and clash of the tournament, we see gay ladies;—but stop, let us again proceed with our analysis: "Al" is Celtic. It is the real root of the word, the other parts being prefixes, suffixes, affixes, crucifixes, &c., &c. At sight of "al" the mind's-eye shows us the human sacrifices offered by the Druids; we see the white-robed priests cutting ox-gads from the sacred oak. The "ey," is different from all the other parts of the word: in fact it should not be there at all, it was put there by what is called false derivation. During that period in which some people thought they knew more than they did know, that "ey" was added. It is therefore a memorial of the age of confusion and ignorance. What a monument have we found in the little, simple word "chillaley." Shall the reformers throw it down? (I mean the monument, not the stick)—shall this memorial of past ages, this grand lexicon of knowledge, this—this *chillaley* fall to the ground without a struggle? No!! NO!!! NO!!!

Nonsense.**Mr. County Treasurer HOOPER**

A ministerial super,
Who was short in his cash
Now declares he was rash,
And has now become a recouper.

The Celestial Capital.

The little town of Fredericton, N.B., which is widely known as the "Celestial City" has such an affection for commercial travellers that she keeps an official solely for the purpose of watching for their coming and escorting them about town. He does not make known his office, but dawns on the traveller's horizon merely as a polite and attentive man-around-town, and accidentally, as it were, rushes into offices where he calls, happening to have business at the same places as the stranger. These accidental meetings result in the traveller being informed, after he has been seen to take an order for goods, that the city so loves him that it is ready and willing to accept about \$50 from him in aid of its finances. The \$50 is paid, and then the monthly arrears of the Police and Fire Departments are paid by the City Treasurer, and there is a surplus on hand for the payment of the Mayor's next quarter's salary.

Fredericton's other sources of revenue are the Legislature and the law courts. The meeting of the Legislature brings in some sixty young, middleaged, and old gentlemen, whose board bills for the six weeks' session, (this is the usual length) enrich various hotels and boarding houses. The profit on some of them cannot be large, however, if it is true they get boarded at \$2 50 and \$3 per week. It must not be supposed that they board at such cheap houses from motives of economy. Not at all. They learned by experience that the high living of the hotels and fashionable boarding houses

was bad for their health. The change was too sudden. Their digestive apparatus wouldn't stand it. From farmwork and farmhouse dinners to idleness and dainty food was not to be persisted in with impunity. But Fredericton loves them, notwithstanding the simple tastes of many of the number, and makes something out of them in the long run. A few of them flirt with the young ladies, accompany them on snow-shoe tramps, and skate with them at the rink. But the number of such is small. The venerable Legislative Councillors are famous for the forming of platonic friendships with widows and neglected wives, and are exceedingly useful in lessening regret for the absent.

The lawyers are a jollier lot. And why shouldn't they be? Can they help laughing at the folly of the litigants who give them five guineas a day to wrangle over technicalities? They go from St. John in droves, and have a gay time at the capital, out of the sight of their clients, in whose presence they speak of the issues at stake with faces as long as St. John's celebrated undertaker, POWERS usually wears.

Sounds from the Sea.

Mr. GRIP has received the following communication which he publishes, suppressing the somewhat objectionable expletives that the undersigned Captain makes use of.

Mr. GRIP:—

Dear Sir:—Who the (sanguinary blank) is this here FLIPPS or FRIPS, or whatever the (blank and blank) his name is, that is always writing about National Policies, Tariffs, and so forth? He means well, perhaps, but he don't know. I saw a letter of his in last Saturday's *Globe*. He says that "all that is required to make Toronto a great naval port, a harbor of refuge and a great distributing point," is to enlarge the St. Lawrence canals for the passage of 1000 ton vessels to the sea board. He argues that the vessel laden with grain will go to England, and return with "European manufactures of much smaller dimensions;" this homeward bounder, not being filled with cargo, will call at Nova Scotia and dump a lot of coals on her "rolling freight," and eventually arrive at the great naval port of Toronto. Now, this is what makes me mad. A ship from England don't want to go near Nova Scotia, if she wants to make a passage up the St. Lawrence, and if she did and was only partly loaded with manufactured articles, she could not pile coal on them without spoiling the merchandise. But of all things that seems so (blank, blank), queer about this here Mr. FLIPPS' talk, is, that Toronto should be the shipping place for Western products. Why, if we're a going, or any body else is a going to ship grain or any other Western produce direct to Europe, Chicago and Milwaukee will do the business, not Toronto. But it can't be done with profit. Sea-going ships even of 1000 tons (two small to pay in transatlantic trade), draw too much water, have too much out-rigging fixtures, and are altogether unsuitable for a chain of lakes and canals, which this here Mr. FLIPPS can see for himself by going to Buffalo, and viewing the vessels built for the Upper Lakes, in contrast with the canallers. Now see here, Mr. GRIP—I don't mind political fellers writing about Treaties, Tariffs, or anything that comes within their line of understanding, but when they touch upon nautical matters, they're all at sea—that's what they are.

Yours truly,
Captain BUMSBY BROWN,
Of Halifax.

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