

Phrenology.

It will be observed by an advertisement in the *Colonist* of the 20th, that the Mayor has invited Professor Fowler, of New York, to lecture on Phrenology. This he has promised to do in October next, after he has fulfilled some pressing engagements. It is evident that there are many *fossils* in the Council which Sir E. Logan would call pre-adamite; and the Mayor, with one or two others, having discovered in the Council a great want of brains, they imagine themselves to be overburdened with the same, they have thought fit to invite Professor Fowler to decide the matter. It is to be hoped the Professor will press lightly on their *craniums* as he may put his fingers through and discover the vacant places in the skull where brains are supposed to be.

His Worship could not have chosen a better man than Professor Fowler, for a *fouler* set of birds were never congregated in a coporation nest before. We hope that the people will cleanse the augean stables next January.

There is no doubt but the Professor's examination will bring to light much secretiveness, selfishness, &c., and as Sandy terms it, "they will be found to possess a large amount back-head," or in other words the intellectual developments will be found to exist behind the ears. Veneration and love of mammon must be large. Brunel will be discovered to have some very large bumps, like the paving-stones he put down on Yonge Street, Others of the members whose sanctimoniousness at camp and class meetings for some years past, which by some were considered sterling, will now be discovered to be mere affectation. The bird that *carroll'd* over the College Avenue, will be silent, and loose his *notes*; he will find out that *plain dealing* and honesty are the best. Dunathan John, with all his pluck, after he has taken sundry horns, will not be able to stand the scrutiny of the professor of phrenology. He will be shown to be a bigger calf than any he has slaughtered for some time. The great Bell Ewart will be immortalised; but Bugg, O dear! Professor, do tell us about Bugg; has he got a peculiar liking for making side-walks, drains, and other jobs, which he understands. Sprout! does he froth over at times; we know his motto is, "Ginger! Pop goes the Weasel." The great O'Donogoo, no doubt, will be discovered to be always ready for *a(u)ction*. But this is sufficient for the the present; we may return to it again.

Query by Quid.

Mister Poker, Sir, why does seem' a man what's not more flat than another remind me of you?

Ans.—Because he's no Flatter-er!—R. H. POKER.

An Episode in Canadian History by Aboyz.

AND it came to pass that in the year A. D. 1858, there were assembled in Toronto, a great city in Canada, all the great men of the nation, and behold the "Great Council," (as this assembly was called) was divided into two factions, the *Goths* and the *Vandals*. But behold the Goths were the "ruling power," and among the Vandals there was a certain (would-be) great leader, who was a giant in stature with a great nasal organ, and behold! this great leader was one of those *odd born* individuals who never thinks anything is done right, unless it is done by himself. Well this remarkably great leader had a large number of followers; and behold [it] came to pass that a great Revolution took place in which the Vandals took part against the "ruling power," and after a great [amount of] skirmishing, in which no blood was spilt, but a great deal of *gas* was wasted, the Goths were beaten, and behold to the great leader's and all of his party's great joy, the Vandals took upon themselves the government of the country. But lo! in the midst of life is death. So in the midst of their rejoicings came destruction, after only having the government of the country for the short term of two days, the Goths finally triumphed, and immediately recovered their former power. The Vandals were completely beaten, and having no chance of doing anything to better their condition, immediately swore *allegiance* to the Goths. The country is now in a most prosperous condition; the great Vandal leader is now earning his living by the "sweat of his brow," having been made a present of a certain "dried up swamp," called "Bothwell," by a number of his former associates, where he sows his *corn* and *wheat*, and reaps the value of his honest labor. He regularly repeats the following lines from Byron's *Lament of Tasso*, which greatly eases him:—

I have been patient, let me be so
I had forgotten half I would forget,
But it revives—oh! would it were my lot,
To be forgetful as I am forgot."

ABOYZ.

The Pleasures of Hope.

OUR friend the *Old Countryman*, Mr. Hope, gave his Ball and Concert minus the Concert, on Wednesday evening. A portion of the profits of the entertainments—the admission being only one British Shilling—were to be devoted to the erection of a public drinking fountain. It was not intimated whether the drink was to be lemon nectar, sarsaparilla or ginger pop, at all events, many of the dancers after exercising at the rate some of them did, would have been too happy had the fountain been introduced into the St. Lawrence Hall

that evening. The Canadian Rifles, played some of their best selections which was worth the money without the dancing. Gaily dressed ladies, with wreathes of roses, joined in the polka, with youths with long coats and heavy boots, who did their best to put the fair ones through.

The pertinacity with which the *Old Countryman* acted as master of ceremonies was much to be admired.

He said a public fountain was a laudible object, and should meet the support of every citizen, whereas many had opposed him and some of the Corporation, that motly crew, tried to throw *cold water* on it; nevertheless, he *Hope-d* it would succeed. One of the members of the civic body deserved to be *Pell*-ted with sods off the walks and gardens. Dancing was kept up for some time. One of the ladies present concluded the evening's entertainment by singing, "*Hope* told a flattering tale."

An appeal for Young Artists.

THE Reverend Superintendent of Education has done much for the young people of Canada, and Mr. *Poker* knowing his willingness at all times to aid those seeking information, makes this appeal to him on behalf of our young artists. The Normal School is well supplied with many excellent busts, statues and models, and we know many who would gladly avail themselves of their use had they an opportunity to do so. These young men are busily engaged during the day, and they cannot reap the benefit of Dr. Ryerson's kindness in opening the rooms during the afternoon, as it is by the midnight lamp they seek for that knowledge which they desire to possess. Will Dr. Ryerson take this matter into his serious consideration, and should he decide to have the rooms opened for an hour or two during each evening, he will do much to aid meritorious young men, extend the love for the fine arts among us, and win the good wishes of many a hard working student, as well as the golden opinions of Mr. *Poker*.

The First Newspaper at Red River.

We have received from Messrs. Buckingham and Coldwell, the prospectus of a newspaper to be published at Fort Garry, Red River Territory.

"The *Nor'-Wester*" will be issued early in September, and from the well known talent of its publishers we can bespeak for it a deservedly prosperous career.

We wish these enterprising gentlemen every success.

Very Necessary.

Under Romulus, the having (by either the husband or wife) false keys was allowed as a ground of divorce.