

A Little Song for Little Lawyers.

Robert M., short and small,
Robert M. had a fall;
Not all the wisdom in the land
Could git R. M. upright to stand.

Robert M. is too light
To use his fisticuffs in fight;
When he holds a steady hand,
Only then can R. M. stand.

Robert M. dreads no fall,
Leaning 'gainst Terrapin's wall;
Wait 'till he is sober grown,
Then once more he'll stand alone.

KINGSTON CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR GRUMBLER:—

"Come Warwick, come good Warwick go this way,
I have great matter to impart to day."

The indifference of the denizens of the Quarry to the drama is historical, but how could the basest of groundlings fail to be moved to take a furtive peep into the mirror of nature, when the redoubtable John Townsend, late Member of the British House of Commons, held it up? Certainly he could not. So that John Townsend, late Member of the British House of Commons, played to a crowded house last night. Against this I utter no remonstrance; if I could persuade myself that the liberal patronage of the fossil population was induced by sheer love of the soul inspiring play alone. But the predilection of the natives for nigger shines, circuses, phrenological lectures, and mountebanks in general, is so notorious and unswerving; that the fact cannot be received unquestioned, as evidence of the dawn of an improved taste among our petrifications. In fact, observation and experience justify a contrary belief. The announcement that a late Member of the British House of Commons was to appear in a performance was a well judged appeal to the snobbery and hero worship of the upper, and the frivolous curiosity of the lower ten of our citizens. John Townsend, late Member of the British House of Commons, in this has shown a correct appreciation of the genius of our people. The bait took, and a large, it can't be said thoroughly appreciative audience, rewarded his skill. But what went the people out to see? I'll bet a sowers oath their expectations of a late Member of the British House of Commons were not realized. To the intelligent student of Shakespeare the "Gloster" of John Townsend was disgusting for its extravagance. He altogether oversteps the modesty of nature, his rant and strut upon the stage proclaim him a humbug, he cannot have read Hamlet's instructions to the players, although I don't know that they furnish any authority exactly in point, against a peculiar twitching of the mug during the personation of "Gloster," with which the late member seems to be afflicted. John Townsend's representation of the chief character of the play was a vicious compound of extravagance, conceit and folly. Yet because he an-

nounced himself in the bills as a late Member of the British House of Commons, the cores of the groundlings were touched, and their applause was involuntary, it had to come; because John Townsend was a Member of the British House of Commons.

"O, worthy thou of Egypt's wise abodes,
A decent priest where monkies were the Gods."

But its scarcely fair either to judge the learning, wisdom, and appearance of the British Commons by such a harsh criterion as Jack Townsend. Have we not Townsends in the Canadian Commons? And what Canadian would suffer the learning and ability of our House of Assembly to be measured by such things as veterinary Rymal Bricks, Morton Mackenzie, Bantam Chambers, Moustache Wall-bridge, and L'Enfant Terrible, the victims to a mad ambition, and members by accident, like Jack Townsend. It may be, though, that the undignified Jack never was a member of the British House of Commons; but if he ever was, alas! how are the mighty fallen, when he has to become his own bill-sticker, and scoot around, hat in hand, forcing his programme upon people; always, of course, taking care to point to the place where it says that he is a late member of the British House of Commons. This is a filthy piece of snobbery. What do proper 'thinking' folks in this wooden country care about late M.P.'s? Why they don't command common respect here on that account. The man least thought of in this section is a late M.P., and a Knight at that; and he's the meanest man in a mile square. Besides, ex-M.P.'s are too thick here to excite much curiosity. A man lately, at one of our Provincial shows, threw a stick at a dog and hit seven of them, all men of superior intelligence to Jack Townsend, and never apologized a bit for it. What would be thought of Purdy and Gould, for instance, announcing themselves as late members of the Canadian Commons? I might as well dub myself late a Major in the Militia, and with more right to the affix than Jack Townsend has to his, as the Governor permitted me to retire retaining my rank. John Townsend, then, in assuming himself as late Member of the British House of Commons to gull the codfish and gudgeon here, is guilty of an exceedingly dirty and disgusting bit of snobbery and flunkiesism, and must be told so.

Old Flynn. This old cheat, who robbed you of \$30 worth of Grumbler's, has got the sack. Justice, though tardy, never fails to overtake the villain. During the reign of the incapables, the old scamp was appointed caretaker of the arsenal and arms here for the Volunteers. It is needless to say that he knows as much about a musket as a dog does about Sunday. He got office like the most of the Sandfield Government nominees, for lying and obscene ruffianism against the Conservatives, without reference to his fitness. He has been properly kicked out for incompetency. His lamint has been mislaid, will be sent you next week.

Yours, &c.,

KELLY.

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