

MEMORIAL LITERATURE.

I.—LEGEND.

(By a member of the Canadian Institute.)



N starting these historical records of Toronto, I have sent across the way three times asking our neighbor to straighten the blind on a front window. It has disturbed me for some time past, and forms a discord in the symphony of the street. On like principles I have not spoken to my adjoining neighbor lately, the front gate of his house being ruth-

lessly divorced from its natural supports. I want the poem to be complete. These trifling details will give the reader an idea how exact a record I propose my memorial volume of this city should be, and may possibly give an inkling of the poetic nature of its humble compiler.

Fifty years ago the street as well as the portion of the city which I am at present describing was entirely covered by a large oak tree—or, as some chronicles say, an oak and a maple: high mountains towered to the north and west, while deep lakes intersected the plains. Two-and-twenty windmills with several log-cabins of the early pioneers (of the wooden age) were artistically dotting the northern prospect. The weary traveller, seating himself on the southern shore of Lake Semi-Co could with difficulty discern the first windmill to the west, and with a sweep of the eye make the best way he could through windmills and log-cabins. All the east was confounded with the Dawn—since called the Don—he would gladly linger on the Dawn, but at the distant days of which we speak it was not a pleasant stream. Several Indian tribes had been beguiled to its sloping banks and had pitched their tents there in the twilight; alas! on the morrow they folded them quietly and stole away,—they stole whatever they could lay their hands on. Various were the pow-wows (now called In-



vestigating Committees) that were held as to the sanitary condition of the Don. One of these, published by the then Society for the Confusion of Knowledge, traces the curse that is attached to this fated stream. Ages ago, says the secretary, deputies from the Semi-Co and Musk-Coco tribes were summoned to the Councils of the Chief who resided in the

centre log-cabin before referred to, and about whose chimney smoke three windmills flapped their sails lazily in the zephyrs. The Chief dispatched a trusty warrior with sealed ballot-boxes, and in due time and to suit his purpose the ratepayers, permeators, scarecrows, dead men and duplicators were instructed in the great issues then before the people, and drawn to the polls in the private conveyances of the candidates. The returns were made by the trusty warrior, who brought back the ballot boxes unopened, and concerned himself merely with the name of the person duly elected. The case having been thrown from one court to another till the wealthy candidate became a pauper and his counsel retired into private life, the last court of three judges refused the unanimous findings of twenty-seven other judges, and directed a new trial on the open voting system; the trusty warrior to be flogged and ordered to collect all evidences of the said election and throw the same into the lake. After several months the trusty warrior collected all the had whiskey, electioneering fly-sheets, tin cans, spoiled ballots, dead pigs, etc., and on returning to the great chief was unfortunately capsized with his load and buried in the Don. At this point the chronicle and its entertaining secretary come to a dead halt, and what was done by his Committee, or what was the result of the accession to the River, is left in obscurity. He abruptly breaks off into a biographical sketch, which I will defer till later.

OUR LOCAL ROYALTY.

A POETICAL LETTER FROM MISTHER O'SHAUGHNESSY CONCERNING IT.

Oh! GRIP, oh! GRIP, upon my wurr'd wid' laughin' I nearly died!
At the openin' of the parlymint, an' I laughed an' laughed till I cried
To see the way thin folk went on, an' the way they bowed and scraped,
An' made a grand burlesque, bedad, of the Sassenach court they aped.
You'd think they was all gone mad,
To see such cuttins up,
An' their antics was such that they looked very much
Like those of a poodle pup.

The Lutinant-Governor av course was there, wid a beautiful gilt cocked hat,
An' clost to him was his aidy-cong, an' wasn't he cuttin' it fat?
He was dressed in a Hielan' kilt an' cap, wid a sword an' a skene-dhu line.
An' he put me in mind, for all the world, of a Yonge street tobaccy-nist's sign,
Wid his bonnet an' aigle's ploom,
An' his knife an' sword an' bilt,
An' his legs all bare to the cowl'd, raw air,
An' his tartan plaid an' kilt.

The Governor-Gineral's throops were there, on a horse each throoper sat,
Wid his sword in his fist an' a big white ploom a-top av his ould tin hat,
Or himit, that's the name I think, but it looks like an ould tin pot.
An' my! what a banging an' clanging they made when their horses started to throot,
Such a clatter I never heard!
But the band wasn't able to play,
For the bandsmin blew a note or two,
But the rest got froze on the way.

Oh my! wasn't it cowl'd that day, as sure as eggs is eggs,
And I felt quite sorry whiniver I looked at aidy cong Geddes' legs:
For it looks so quare to see a man widout his throwers, eh?
Especially when the air's as keen an' cowl'd as it was that day.
An' that bit av a pitticout!
It's a wonder he didn't freeze,
For so short 'twas cut that 'twas near a fut
From reachin' down till his knees.

At last they got to the Parlymint House, an' then there was lots of fun;
The Grimadiers dhravn up in line, an' each man armed wid a gun,
Printed arrums, an' the governor bowed from the carriage in which he sat,
And he put his fist up twenty times to the brim av his ould cocked hat.
An' the funkeys opened the dure,
An' down Misther Robinson stipped,
An' thro' the dure and across the dure
The Lutinant-Governor tripped.

The place was packed wid high-toned folks, Toronto' purest blood
Was riprinted, min whose kin was swells before the flood,
An' people, too, as thried to pass as English by their spache,
An' played the very ould Nick himself by neglectin' the letter H.

I could see wid half an eye
That they wasn't nobody much,
They wasn't nobility, or rele gintility,
But thry gools min an' such.

I don't intind to say much more about the things I seen:

There couldn't have bin much more display and poms if England's queen

Had done the openin' business and her faytures here had shewn,—

There couldn't have bin more bowin' if she'd bin there on the throne!

Such januflitions, too,
Such bendin' of backs, av'ck!

Such vain display as was made that day
Makes Misther O'Shaughnessy sick.

And now, dear GRIP, I'll say good by, an' I hope ye'll find a space

For this, for don't you think thin things is rather out o' place.

But what seemed quarest of all to me was the heaps o' goold an' gilt,

An' to see an Englishman dhressed up in a bonnet an' a Scotchman's kilt.

An' so I laugh an' laugh,
Till my breath is nearly spint.

When I think of the slobbery and empty bobbery
At th' openin' of Parlymint.



TEACHING WILLIE MEREDITH HIS CONSTITUTIONAL A. B. C.

Judged by his own public statements on constitutional points, Mr. W. R. Meredith has a good deal to learn about the principles of British Government, and a great deal of what he needs he might learn from the proverbial school-boy. Fancy a man holding a position of a party leader—and that party the one which claims to have most reverence for the British Constitution—standing up before an intelligent audience and saying that it is the prerogative of the federal power to take away any provincial right—however unquestioned—if that right is badly administered! He actually said this. He holds now that if the Local Government administer the license law of the Province badly, the Government at Ottawa may—and should—take the licensing power away from us altogether. Any intelligent boy could inform this brilliant statesman that neither the federal government nor the imperial government can—without outraging the constitution—lay a finger on a single one of our provincial rights, no matter how they are administered; that is altogether a matter for the people of the province to settle. Willie Meredith ought to learn his alphabet before he undertakes to talk about the constitution, or to lead a party.

We do not know whether Washington or Brigham Young was the father of this country.
—Pretzel's Weekly.