

## JACOBS' POETRY.

*Dedicated to Wizard Jacobs.*

A new style of making poetry has been invented and the patent taken out by Prof. Jacobs. The manner of it is thus: Given by the audience, a certain number of miscellaneous words and sentences, to be written down as soon as heard. Required from the Professor an elegant poem, containing an allusion to every word and sentence above given, the moment the echo of the last given word dies away.

The following production is from the pen of our devil, who never could write poetry before, he says. This is a conclusive proof of the value of the invention.

The following words were propounded to our devil to work upon:

Humbug.  
Whiskey.  
Does your mother know you're out?  
The Great Eastern.  
You don't say so.  
Shut up.  
You're a goose.  
You're another.  
Noah's ark.

The following is the poem, which our devil spoke right off, the moment the last syllable of "another" died away in the distance:

The first word with which I have to tug  
Is nothing more or less than "Humbug."  
Humbug is a good thing,  
It is better than matton pie or chicken's wing,  
It fits the pocket, right fol-de-dol-de-dol-de-ding.  
China is a place not far from Sing-Sing,  
There the people dine on strabout and sup on ling,  
Which brings me to the second word "whiskey."

Whiskey is supposed to have been invented before the flood.

It is an excellent beverage, if it didn't make you fall in the mud.

Row de dow de dud-ud-ud-ud-ud.

Whiskey is a great drink,  
It was quaffed by ancient gods I think.

They were jolly dogs I rick;  
And never was out of rino and chink.  
Bow wow wow de wink-ink.

Which brings me to the third word,  
"Does your mother know you're out?"  
Now personalities I hate and utterly scout;  
And I'd give any fella a douse in the snout,  
That would throw a doubt

On the orthodoxy of my being out  
Without my mother being aware of the fout,  
A high datch word, rhyming with route,  
Which brings me to the fifth word "The Great Eastern."

"The Great Eastern" is a fine ship,  
I never saw her, but I believe she sails,  
And rides on the water like several great whales,  
And doesn't look a bit like dogs that had lost their tails,

And goes somewhat faster than ah-ah-ah-snails,  
And couldn't be rid on-ah-ah-ah-ralls,  
And very likely will carry the mails,  
Which brings me to the fifth, no the sixth word,

"You don't say so!"  
Much might be said on the subject on both sides,  
But my conscience very much me chides,  
For delaying you with these-ah-ah-mides-es,  
So I will pass on to "shut up."

The observation is testy;  
It was first used by Nero, a nasty  
Ragamuffin who sold pastry,  
And was skilled in necromancy,  
And a member of the "fancy."  
And his wife's name was Nancy,  
And she was saucy,  
Which brings me to "your a goose."

A roast goose isn't bad,  
But if it's not well done, it would make me mad,  
As it always did my respectable dad.  
The goose has a great enemy in the bad-ger,  
A beast which would run up a ladder if he saw a policeman coming.

"Your another" is the second last word. Its meaning is diversified and chaste. It is a pity that a word couldn't be made into a mast. Next week or so we shall have a fast Thanks to a pious Government,  
Which brings me lastly to "Noah's Ark."

The ark was a great institution.  
It was originally built in a great park.  
And was for the most part finished in the dark  
By men in that degree of nakedness called "stark."  
It was heated by chark-

Oal, some of which fell on the floor, and made a mark  
One day when the cook was out on a lark.  
I dont think the ark took fire.  
But if it did, the combustion would have been dire.  
And hoping now that you I did not tire,  
I take my leave. Ahem! Au-re-fire!

## SCRATCHING POSTS.

TORONTO, Sept. 23, 1850.

DEAR GRUNBLER.—Observing that the various city organs, in their accounts of the great Gathering of the Canadian Highland Society on the 14th and 15th inst., have omitted the most interesting part of the performance, I wish to supply the omissions through the medium of your valuable journal.

I have been greatly concerned for the honor of Scotland to observe that no mention has been made of the prize given by the "Duke of Argyle," to the person who should show the best ability in using the scratching post so liberally erected by him at his own expense; it was certainly one of the most exciting scenes ever witnessed in this city. The contest in the novel performance being remarkably keen, but at length the palm of victory—a handsome leather medal, with appropriate figures and inscriptions, viz., on the obverse a pole with a portrait of the generous giver, and on the reverse "God bless the Duke of Argyle," in Roman characters—was awarded to N. C. Mackantare, who was borne off in a state of great exhaustion by his admiring friends, who had to administer seven tumblers of pure mountain dew, before he was himself again.

Yours truly,  
VERITAS.

## JACOBS, THE WIZARD.

The St. Lawrence Hall has been crowded every night since the first appearance of the Wizard, by what the dailies tells us, was an admiring audience. We beg to dissent from being included as one of the admiring audience. We certainly did admire Mr. Jacobs' manner of performing some tricks, and had every desire to be pleased with Mr. Sprightly's so-called comicalities. But after all we must confess that we were only comparatively pleased. To our mind both the Wizard and his man Friday over did the thing. Mr. Sprightly tried to be too funny, and Mr. Jacobs lost too much time in drawing out Mr. Sprightly's funny points.

We are the more astonished at the Wizard's conduct, from the fact, that before the performance commenced, he impressed upon the audience that all his tricks were so many optical deceptions—a confession which with other bombastic and equally well known statements, had led us to expect something smart. Whereas every trick of the night was delayed to a most unconscionable length by the so-called comicalities of Mr. Sprightly, and the laborious efforts of Mr. Wizard to bring him out.

We wish Mr. Jacobs would remember that Mr. Sprightly is no wit. He has a certain amount of humorous action, and in his way says some funny things. But he is continually putting himself, and being put forward, by reason of which he soon degenerates into a bore—a character which he certainly does not desire to bear. Mr. Jacobs should also remember that a Wizard should never be undignified. A Wizard should not be too colloquial even with Mr. Sprightly, when a great trick is pending before the audience. For in such a case, an unfavourable conclusion is apt to be drawn as to the capabilities of the Wizard to perform the trick in an off-hand manner. In saying this, we would not be understood to depreciate the tricks which the Wizard performed. It is only to the tedious manner in which they were rendered that we would be understood to object. A little care will remedy this defect.

## EARLY CLOSING ASSOCIATION.

We regret to learn that a selfish pig-headed linen draper of King Street is endeavoring to subvert the utility of this benevolent association by persisting in the imprisonment of his clerks in the shop after seven o'clock.

We cannot conceive how any person with pretensions to honesty and morality can take advantage of the humane conduct of his fellow merchants, and keep his shop open to catch a few coppers to add to his sordid gain. Such avarice we deem compatible only with the character of a shebeen proprietor; indeed we fear we wrong the latter, he ought to have credit for more humanity and be exempt from a comparison so derogatory.

To Correspondents.

—Counterhopper. We cannot inform you whether there is any truth in the report that John Charlesworth is a candidate for the Presidency of the Early Closing Association. Enquire round the corner.