

aesthetic outline of that description of unwhisperables. Now Mr. GRAMBLER, let me observe, that if this snob of ours had applied to Dr. Wilson of University College, Toronto, he would have learned that the soldiers of the commonwealth filled out their gigantic trunk-hose with a stuffing of bran. He might—but let us not hunt the subject to death.

The summer-coat above mentioned, although sanctioned by the approval of our friend's sweet-heart, presents a monstrously formidable exterior in respect to pockets. It does not like giant Blunderbuss present two, nor like the infernal Cerberus, three gaping mouths for the engulfing of stray articles, such as snuff boxes and pocket-handkerchiefs, nor like the Lernæan Hydra, before being decapitated by the son of Jove and Alomena, only nine, (?) but an innumerable number of apertures, yeelpot pockets. If the coat were not an ovescent twweed of summer, I should suppose that each pocket represented a particular day of the year of grace 1858. At any rate, I would recommend him to let all the superfluous pockets as Post Office boxes. He would be a formidable rival to the great Sidney Smith and his subordinates.

But the covering that tops the apex of our young snob really "caps the climax." Blue and green, red and white cross each other in bewildering complication. The peak projects like one of the late prohibited King Street awnings. The cloth of the cap has been drawn to the front evidently by hydraulic power. It is so tightly stretched that I always think, when I see him, of the little dog whose tail was curled so tight that he could not put his hind legs to the ground.

Ha! there he is, he is getting his deserts. A young lady has just cut him dead. One of his male acquaintances has pulled his nose in return for some piece of impertinence. There he is sneaking off and will make his appearance at his office for the first time to-day. I can now subscribe myself with much satisfaction.

Yours, very truly,
 SOLON SNOBOMASTRIX.

Grant.—In the Council the other night, some foolish Alderman, named Ewart, brought in a motion, that no circus be allowed to exhibit within the city this year. This motion was very properly repudiated by every sensible member, except that pink of morality and strict Sabbatarian, Alderman Moodie, who, in order, we suppose, to correct some person or persons of greater misconduct than he daily commits himself, gave vent to a great deal of cant and lies on the occasion.

Insolent Correspondence.

TORONTO, 21st June, '68.
 dear grumbler—Will you please put this in your paper and oblige yours, affectionately,

PETER FONK.

(Dis)Respectfully dedicated to GEO. BROWN.
 Why is the Leader called the Leather Organ? Because it hides the sins of the ministry—does it's best to heal their wounds—waxes wroth when they are attacked—and seems determined to l(c)ather with its whole soul their opponents to the last.

P. S. if you don't put this in your paper, you may tell me why—because I might send you any more.
 P. F.

THE BUDGET

Scanned from the opening debate, with much of its actual coarse-ness carefully excluded.

Mr. Cayley—I, too, no reason, Mr. Speaker, why we should regard with half an anxious eye, or dread alarm our future prospects. None! Save from the poisonous streams which swiftly run throughout the land from that dark fountaine head, The venomed Globe. Industriously are spread Broadcast its fensidish lies [sensation] with foul intent.

Master to devil down, 'till establishment la be a monstrous and cantankerous lie.
 (Uproar and loud cries of order! order!)

Mr. Brown, to the Speaker, (slightly excited)—I ask you, sir I ask this House, must I. Whilst that execrable old humbug there sees fit to rafe and blackgue of me, in meanness sit! No sir! 'till see him hangod first.
 (Loud applause.)

Mr. Speaker—Sir! I do not intend that honoured gentleman will be more guarded in their language!

Mr. Brown—Does he mean to assert the Globe, or could it would be seen Aught but the truth to speak! The hedgehog vile! I'll smoke him yet. By heavens! each tricky wile, Each unwholesome job our Committee shall bare— We'll reach the great Ebro and drag him from his lair. What right had he to lend the public cash, That two just bankrupt roads might cut a dash? What right 't'allow Jim Snooks a Snubs & Snipes, And all the catalogue of Snobs and Snipes, To plunder at their will the people's purse!

Mr. Cayley—(in a pucker)—That's false! a stinking slander, sir, or worse; I never did.

Ator. Gen. Cartier—Of course, just put it down, A dirty, stinking slander, done up Brown.

Mackenzie—Look out, old cock! The chances seem to say, You'll be 'done Ebro' in many a day.

Mr. Brown—And then again that burning, black disgrace— That horrid bangle of the Railway case, Some twenty thousand of Debuterous flow— Paid by the great Pac-fa-tum Railway down As interest to the state.

Mr. Cayley, (vehemently)—That's false again.
Atty. Gen. Macdonald (aside to Cayley)—Sit down, you Jackass!

Mr. Brown—Sir, in very plain These shafts hit home. And then forthwith, sir, next On some absurd and miserable pretext, "The Globe his credit swamped," he's bound to swear!

When had he ought to loose except it were The doubtful one of being, sir, the most Confounded muff all Canada can boast.
 (Loud cries of hear! hear! hear! hear! hear!)

Solic. Gen. Rose, (aside to Sidney Smith)—That racial Brown has hit the right nail there.

Sidney Smith—Hush! I mean, I tremble for the mail bags seem Slip—slipping from me like a fading dream.

Mr. Brown—He swears the Globe compelled him next to sell Debuterous at a loss; but will he tell, With all his 'done Ebro' and grace, The date on which the sacrifice took place.

Mr. Cayley, (slyly)—No sir, I shan't.
Mr. Brown—Of course, his usual tricks, But by the blood of all the Browns I'll fix Him yet, and prove by witness to each man of sense, The cool deliberate humbug of the whole pretense.
 (Volucrant applause.)

Mr. Cayley, (Frothing at the mouth)—'Tis false as h—ll, there's no such witness—nay, There's not one word of truth in all you say. You—your's the blackest villain 'neath the sun.
 (Inconceivable uproar above which resounded from)

Atty. Gen. Cartier—HEAR! HEAR!!

[and from]
Atty. Gen. Macdonald—A lying thrice convicted one.

The confusion having subsided,
Mr. Brown—The Attorney Generals, Mr. Speaker, may Find I can blackguard, sir, as well as they.

There's better posings to lose their mouths shut, or They'll find some knotty arguments in store. Books may be lying if they needs must prate, And that as munitions, small each empty crate.
 (Tremendous cheers.)

Mr. MacKenzie, (to the Speaker)—My dear sir!

Mr. Speaker, (with freezing dignity)—ORDER! don't dear sir, me!
 I'm Mr. Speaker!

Mr. Mackenzie—Yes, I know you be. But don't you think those claps had better leave Their shining, sir, until some other eve; I liked a row myself for the last year.

And stuck to fun yebos folks were by the cars; You ken old '37 and Francis Head. But come, I'm tired now, let's home to bed.

Fortunately Mr. Mackenzie's resignation was shortly after acted upon, consequently the Attorney Generals still retain their original shapes, and Mr. Brown has escaped a couple of sessions for assault and battery, with damages laid at £250 and 12s each, being the exact relative value of the frontpieces of the two learned lawyers.

THE DOLEFUL HISTORY OF YOUNG SNOOKS.

BEING A SUMMER DAY'S EXPERIENCE.

Young Snooks lay tumbling and tossing in his bed as if he was reclining on a pan of lit charcoal. Suddenly all the bells in the city rang out, and Snooks reeled out on the floor, under the impression that the entire city had entered into the realms of blazes. But he was mistaken, for it was only the glare of the horrid, scorching sun, which he saw, and the noise of the fire-bells which he heard. Satisfied with his discovery he indolently poured the contents of his water jug on the carpet and lay down on it, fancying himself amidst the luxuries of an eastern bath. Luckless wight, the moisture soaked through the floor and fell on the nose of his landlady—for the poor devil was only a boarder. The landlady stormed; Snooks, sensible of his error, apologised, saying he believed he had accidentally spilled a spoonful or so.

The breakfast bell rang, and Snooks went down and nearly gasped out his existence over a bowl of hot coffee. The sun was getting up hotter and hotter, and Snooks seeking the coolest corner of the room, took up the Globe. He glanced at the first column, and was thrown into a fresh heat to see in glaring capitals—"Corruption exposed by Brown," "Astounding revelations, dragged to light by Brown," "Bathershir on the Pillory," put there, no doubt, by Brown, &c. Perspiring at every pore he turned to the second column, here he saw "Canada called on to stand it no longer, by Brown." Frightful had Ministry," "George Brown, the saviour of the country," &c. Pictures of bowie-knives and revolvers floated across his brain, and the unfortunate young man turned his eyes to the parliamentary speeches. Here he saw column after column of nothing but "Brown, Brown, Brown, Brown, Brown," from top to bottom, mingled with bribery and corruption, and "you lie," and "don't lie." Snooks had just sufficient strength to conclude, in his own mind, that the hon. member from the Globe newspaper, was "a clever spouter, or an out-and-outer," and to pick up the Leader and Colonist and temper his heated brain by a perusal of their cool impudence.

Snooks retreated to the Island to enjoy a mouthful of cool fresh air. He had scarcely landed when a ferocious bull-dog came ambling at his heels, and he, rendered nervous by the beast, lifted his boot and kicked the curious brute, whereupon his master, a more ferocious bull-dog still, stepped up to him and intimated that he must fight him right off—Snooks begged of him to keep cool. The human bull-dog swore dreadfully and made show of fight, but stumbled into the water as he made a lounge at Snooks. Satisfied that the luxury of cool fresh air was denied him, Snooks returned to the city and went to look at the girls, as he called them. He had just finished his forty-ninth tour up King st. under the broiling sun, and was about to sink to the earth from exhaustion, when two young ladies, of his acquaintance came up—"How was he?" "He thanked, them, he was extremely well, and was about to pass on. No, he must accompany them." "He was not tired?" "Certainly not." And Snooks endeavored to walk erect, but he was con-