

The Franchise in Exercise.

For the elections coming, now look out.
Then candidates, aspiring thick and strong,
Will take "the stamp," will slightly *spout*,
And, "glass houses" ignoring, dash along.

John, "come along," of money "we have lots"—
Will be the cry—like Neebing "lots for sale"—
And nothing daunt the Grits! They're hard as knots
Rhinoceros like, each wears a coat of mail.

They'll run in pairs too, each prefers a mate.
And like loves like. As copper melts to brass
The twins of SIAM shared each other's fate;
So will the men of complex gains, Alas.

Perchance like him of London—rich in oil—
A *brave*, who would throw stones in house of Glass,
Or mate with Huntington of mining toil,
Or Cartwright bearing "shield" reverse of Brass!

Fair to first-rate, ranks A. I. Candidate;
A choice of evils, brands the second class;
"From bad to damnable," the third estate—
And by Chicago's rule the fourth's an Ass.

If any make that interesting quest,
Who of G it heroes, is the *Boss* stump-talker
With but *one trivial sin*—set LANCE in rest!
The claquers of the crowd give answer—WALKER!

Local Lancelots.

Our Orchestra Chair.

ROYAL OPERA HOUSE.—Miss Genevieve Rogers opened an engagement here this week, with an exceedingly interesting drama entitled "Maud Muller." Miss Rogers is possessed of considerable dramatic talent, and her bright and graceful bearing naturally befits her for the character of *Maud Muller*. The play presents many lively and interesting features, and was very satisfactorily put upon the stage. The support was fully up to the mark, and was duly appreciated by good audiences. "Bona, or Love Works Wonders," was announced for Thursday. On Monday next, Miss May Fisk's grand specialty combination of English Blondes will appear, and a novel as well as interesting performance may be looked for.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—On Monday last Miss Charlotte Thompson closed a successful engagement at this theatre. Eliza Weathersby and her famous "Froliques" are announced to reappear on Friday and Saturday of this week.

Brevities.

A very neat imitation of Donnybrook Fair took place on William street, on Good Friday night. Stoning constables may be an exciting amusement, but it isn't exactly sanctioned by the law, as a few playful young men found to their astonishment. Reader make a note of this.... The noble Orangeman rises in lofty indignation and declares his fixed determination to pedestrianize on July 12th, in defiance of the Protestant clergymen of Montreal, or any other man.... The Roller Skating Rink rejoices in the possession of a brass band, and it is an interesting study to observe the countenance of Miserly Closefist, Esq., when, at the first sounds of the festive strains, his two daughters and three sons commence edging towards the door and suddenly make their exit.... Dexter, the License Inspector, is charged with taking bribes. Art thou, friend Thomas, *dexter-ous* enough to extricate thyself?... Our agony item: "General servant—at once; a good plain good; references required. Apply 157 Simcoe street."
—Mail, April 19. We thought we had a pretty good idea of the being usually termed a "general servant," but we confess "a good plain good" article is a little beyond us.... The Sunday orators (?) have returned with the fine weather, and visitors to the Queen's Park may now regale themselves upon platform religion as evolved by peddlers, tramps, &c., and yet there are some people who are not satisfied.... It is generally acknowledged that "music has charms," but in the case of the Queen v. Colwell, heard last week at the Assize Court, the vocal efforts of certain jovial individuals doesn't seem to have been duly appreciated. During their confinement several musically inclined jurymen whiled away the tedious hours by carolling forth, in loud but discordant voice, their favourite ditties to the great annoyance of the court,.... "Scribner" and "St. Nicholas" for May have reached us. Both present a varied bill of fare, and we commend them to our readers.

The Quebec Coup d'Etat—Mr. Hamlet-Blake's Soliloquy

To speak or not to speak, that is the question;
Whether 'tis better for my name to suffer
The bitter truths of foul outrageous Tories,
Or, girding up my famed Auroral loins,
By contradiction end them. To speak, to lie,
No more, and by a lie to say we loose
The galling chains of that great Constitution
That Grits are bound by. 'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To speak, to lie,
To lie,—but then how thin. Aye, there's the rub,
For though I oft have shuffled round the coil,
They still do think I'm a heaven-born lawyer.
That gives me pause. There's no respect for Grits,
Prevents me rising now and speaking out.
For though I've borne the stern commands of Brown,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud *Globe's* contumely,
The pangs of being ordered, driven, forced,
The insolence of Dymond, and the spurns
That men who see the truth have given me,
I thought that I might George Brown's quietus make
With my great intellect. I'd no more bear
To serve beneath Mackenzie, so beneath me,
But that the dread of something afterward,
The dark and gloomy ranks of Opposition,
The risk of losing power puzzles my will,
And makes me rather sit, despised by all,
Than speak up boldly for the cause of truth.
Thus power makes a coward of once pure Blake,
And so his pledges, vows, and resolutions,
His opposition virtue, fall to naught.
His glorious platforms, Purity! Reform!
For this poor bauble Place are turned away,
Are violated, broken. Soft you now,
I hear Brown's mighty step. No speech I'll make.
'Tis but another sin to be remembered.

BEY.

Notes by the Way.

An exchange says: "Patrolman Burns shot a dog at the Depot." Now we do like truth—the dog was not shot; he received his death from Burns.

"Young dogs have a tendency to Dog-mas."—*Ex.* "Now who'd perp-y-trate such a joke as that?"—*Com. Advertiser.* P'raps he couldn't yelp it.

"A bald-headed darkey was not elected a member of a Literary Club, because he was black-bald."—*Am. paper.* This is *e'-bony* way to act in a free country.

The Rome *Sentinel* thinks "an honest man is the most lonesome work of the Creator." We have known some honest men and they didn't loan-some worth a cent.

A request has been made to the Board of Works "to permit sphinxes to be placed on each side of Cleopatra's Needle." A very good place, the needle could have its eye on them.

An American paper says:—"Mrs. Cady Stanton rode 24 miles in a buggy to fill a lecture engagement at St. Charles." "An old bachelor says he would have preferred seeing her ride on a rail." The brute.

We hear that a Mr. McLennan, Soap Manufacturer, has been committed for trial for pawning his goods just before failure. He should have kept clear of the (m)ashes of the law. Will he be tried by a Bar of soap?

There has been a good deal of wetness in the atmosphere these past few days. We are not much on weather prophecy, or anything of that sort, but we fancy this wetness is owing to the rain. But then this is only guess-work.

There is said to be a remarkable scarcity of servant girls in the city. This scarcity is most apparent about eight o'clock in the evening when the weather is fine. Lots of people don't know where to find them about that hour. But their fellows do.

"A Chicago man is writing a novel with a pretty female barber as the heroine."—*Com. Advertiser.* "To be illustrated with 'cuts' of course."—*Bost. Globe.* We suppose this tale will be s(h)ingled out by the critic to vent his usual sham-pooch-poohon.

Hard Times—Charles to Alex.

If you have other contracts soon to give,
Leave Fairman out. He's had fair share of pelf!
Through hard times and elections one must live,
Then, let me be a *fair-man* to my-self!