

LOST! LOST!

A what-d'ye call'm, on the untimely departure of Alderman Sheard and his faithful follower, Councilman Drummmond, from the Valley of Corruption, the City Hall.

Rule Blowers ceased to speak,
And Wilson left the chair;
Out came their pocket-handkerchiefs
For tears of deep despair.

St. James' Ward lamented,
Toronto wept and sobbed,
For two peerless city blowers,
Who, 'twas said, had never jobbed.

With deepest of emotion
They marked the noble pair,
In silence heard their footsteps
Descending down the stair;

And did they thus depart,
And did no blowers tongue
Call for the City Bellman
To have the lost bell rung?

"Strayed two middle-aged men
From near the city hall,
One is middling short,
The other rather tall.

The hair of both is fair
With beams inclining to red,
Cash in their pockets sought,
Ditto of brass in their head.

Whoever shall the same return
With due and proper care,
Shall be handsomely rewarded
With a locklet of their hair.

God save the Queen!"

OVER THE WAY.

CHAPTER III.

His legs looked quite ornamental, as I said before, as they protruded from the apothecary's window. Of course I mean Jones of the Blazers. It is needless to detail a street row. On the occasion in question, there was the usual excitement among the shopmen and the old woman, and as usual, a vigilant crusher appeared at the corner, after a proper interval to allow all angry feelings to subside. Jones being caught in the act of breaking the window, was pounced upon by an army of apothecary's clerks, and I, not feeling particularly anxious about his welfare, got into a cab and drove home as quick as possible.

Next day, as I expected, a heavy villain called upon me, who, after understanding that my name was Brown, and having the honor to insinuate that his name was Captain Stock—how I wished he was in the stocks—in short demanded of me a written apology, which was to be printed in all the papers.

To this demand I offered him a flat refusal, upon which the Captain said that,—

"Upon his soul and conscience I must give Jones of the Blazers satisfaction."

"Not being in the habit of using strong language," I replied, "I will content myself by remarking that I will see him hanged first."

"Sir," says the Captain, drawing himself up as if to frighten me, "will you, or will you not, refer me to a friend?"

"Certainly," says I, as a thought struck me, "to fifty, if you like. There is Major Chaff, in the third pair front, round the corner, who, I am sure, will act as my friend."

"I have the honor to take my leave then," says Stock.

"Pray leave me a lock of your valuable hair, captain," I responded, not too loud, however.

"You shall hear from me soon, sir," says the noble captain.

"You will be heard all over the city I doubt not," I replied, shutting the door.

Now this Major Chaff was an old militia officer, who had lost his wits, if he ever had any, at the battle of the Nile; since which time the mention of powder was enough to throw him into the most violent rage. I had had an introduction to him once at an evening party, when we almost came to blows, on my introducing the battle of the Frogs and Mice, as a subject of conversation.

Not to lose the fun I expected would result from the interview, I stepped over to my friend Smith, from whose windows an excellent view could be had of the Major's sitting room. I saw the Captain enter. For a time all was quiet, but presently symptoms of hostilities began to manifest themselves. A boot-jack suddenly came flying through the window, upsetting a couple of flower-pots, and causing a dreadful sensation amongst the foot-passengers. One boot, and a china ornament came next. Then there was sounds of a serious combat, with chairs and tables and fire-irons, and I could hear the Major's shrill voice invoking all sorts of maledictions on the Captain's head. A precipitate rushing down stairs followed, when the Captain bolted into the street, halless, his clothes torn, and a door-mat in his hand, which doubtless he had used as a shield in the affray.

The Captain led down the street, and the major, with an empty error in one hand and the leg of a stool in the other, gave chase for a considerable distance, when, finding that he could not come up with the enemy, he discharged the over at his retreating form, and returned home, brandishing the leg of the stool in a triumphant manner.

You may be sure the matter caused great excitement in the neighborhood; but as the eccentricities of the Major were well known, the whole affair was looked upon by some as an excellent joke. While others inclined to the belief that the Captain assaulted the Major. I took care, however, to spread my version of it.

The next day the whole matter appeared in the city papers, with various headings, such as, "Strange Occurrence," "Brutal conduct of a Captain in Her Majesty's service," "A Lunatic assaulted by Captain S——k of the Blazers." An indignation meeting was held in the vestry the same day, at which I got a Smith, a professional man, to make a speech, which did the job for the Captain. Indeed such were the conclusiveness of his arguments that, for the time, I actually did believe that the unfortunate Captain was the aggressor; and the general feeling outside ran so high against him that he came within an ace of being cashiered.

The Blazers fell into great dispute after this occurrence. Street rows were continually being got up between them and the towns-people. Every night half a dozen heads were broken, and the whole time of the police magistrate was taken up with cases arising out of fights either between the soldiers and the citizens, or the police and the soldiers. At last there was a riot, at which a couple of dozen citizens and soldiers were seriously wound-

ed—when word came down from head quarters for the regiment to go to the West Indies.

I saw Jones and Stock from a window the day they marched, and I never saw such a broken-hearted pair. Indeed I began to repent that I had been the cause of their banishment.

T-O-D-A-Y O-R-T-O-M-O-R-R-O-W.

Yesterday the House had a lively discussion as to whether Friday was to-day, to-morrow, or yesterday. The Speaker contended it was yesterday, in proof whereof, he quoted the rules of the House. Mr. Brown would have it that it was to-day—that is, reader, that Friday was Friday, and not Thursday. Mr. Gowans, being an independent member, had a right to think that Friday was not to-day, and that to-day was yesterday, or in other words yesterday was not Friday, but that to-day was yesterday.

Several members contended that to-day—that is Friday—was to-morrow; and one member waking suddenly up, protested that "he'd be giggered, if it wasn't next week." The affair is no laughing matter. It involves serious questions: Is to-day yesterday, or is it not, and if it is not what was yesterday? Was yesterday to-day, or was it Thursday or Friday? Was there a Thursday in the outgoing week, and if so, when was it? These questions remain to be answered. If yesterday was to-day, and to-day was no day, what is to become of the new breaches in the Island we should like to know? They were made on Thursday, but if Thursday was yesterday, and if yesterday was to-morrow, these breaches can not have yet taken place—clear as mud, certainly not. We and Speaker Smith are great people!

Friendly Advice.

—We recommend the intelligent editor of *Old Double*, who, after an attentive study of two weeks, did us the honor last Monday to misunderstand one of our jokes, to read "Gulliver's Travellers." For being a "gull" himself, he will not fail to appreciate the facts there set forth. Let us caution him, however, that the enemies of that work are eternally attempting to ruin its circulation by hinting that it is fictitious, in fact only a satire on the men and manner of the times; of course, the Editor of *Old Double*—we beg your ladyship's pardon, *Old Double*—will see through the dodge at once.

We and Lord Brougham.

21, Nordheimer's Buildings.
April 10, 1859.

MY DEAR LORD BROUGHAM,—You are really very kind. But we think it too far for your Lordship to come to Toronto in your present state of health. Besides we have engaged capital counsel—and the poor creature is really daft.

With many thanks for Your Lordship's kind offer, we remain,

Your Lordship's
Lord Brougham, &c., &c., Most obt' serv't,
London. GROMBART.