

THE M. P. P.'s SOLILOQUY

AFTER THE DEBATE ON CLOSING THE SALOON BELOW THE HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY.

To drink, or not to drink, that is the question,
Whether 'tis nobler in a man to tipple,
Glass after glass of heated whiskey-toddy,
Or shut one's mouth against the "morning dew,"
And stick to toast and water? To drink tea hot,
No more, and by this wisely-wasdy drinking,
And all thoughts of head-ache, and the thousand botherations
That drunken flesh is heir to; 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To drink, yes, drink,
To drink, but what to drink? ah! there's the rub;
For tea can't bring those luscious dreams which come,
When we have tipped off a dozen horns
Of whiskey punch; there's the respect
That makes just all the difference in life,
For who would bear to sit here half the night
While Goran bores, while Cartier barks and snarls,
While Atkins slops, and Yankee Sidney bawls
In office insolent? Yes, who would bear
Rose's flat nothings with a patient soul,
When he himself might all unconsciously
Through a bare bottle of real "morning dew";
Yes, who indeed would grunt and sweat through all,
From the mere dread of something coming after—
Some precious head-ache, or a furry tongue,
Puzzles the will. Nay, rather let us risk
A neatly morning cocktails may revive,
Than bear those thousand ills weak tea insures.

THE CORPORATION BLOWERS.

We begin to fear that like Othello "our occupation's gone." The new council have gone so bravely and thoroughly to work that we are doing them a manifest injustice did we do other than commend them. The last two meetings have shown them very desirous of carrying out much needed reforms, especially with reference to the License-law and the Police. But unhappily they have accomplished but little, for with the inexperience and want of legal lore, for which they will become proverbial, they have most of the time been legislating in the dark, and what they had done at one meeting, they had to undo at the next. The mayor—who by the way is the only lawyer in the crowd—is surprisingly slow in pointing out the law of the case, and until the whole question has been fully debated, much eloquence wasted thereon, and on the eve of decision, does he rise and explain that the motion is illegal. If he would only give each subject his attention as it came up, he would save much unnecessary talking, and business would proceed more rapidly. The city is fortunate in having a gentleman with so much ability and urbanity as the Mayor, and we know that it is only necessary to make the suggestion, to have it acted upon.

The new members of the council, take very kindly to their duties, and were we to judge from their appearance while in session, we should conclude that no place is so full of pleasure to them as the council chamber. To loll back on their red cushioned seats and gaze upward to the ceiling, and occasionally to look out upon the "great unwashed," who gather so largely outside the bar and reciprocate their admiring gaze, is to them delights unknown and unfeared before. Certain members of diminutive stature, are noticed to have considerably increased in size, and many who before were remarkable for their resemblance to a whipping post, begin already to assume aldermanic proportions.

It is very amusing to watch the new members while being delivered of their maiden speech. Like

the first dip in cold water, their breath leaves them, then they flounder and plunge about, making fearful havoc of the Queen's English, the perspiration starts from every pore, their knees knock together, their hands tremble, and then the expression is pitiful to behold. It is soon over, however, and after one or two attempts, they succeed in saying something to the point.

On the whole, the proceedings of the three last meetings have very favourably impressed us, and if the council continue to act as they have commenced, we shall bespeak for them the thanks of the community.

OLD DOUBLE.

We beg to correct the editor of the *Colonist* and *Atlas*, in regard to the statement that the *Old Countryman* was the first god-father from whom his paper derived its present popular name of *Old Double*. It was THE GRAMBLER who first performed that kind office for him; and editors of this journal beg to state that they feel keenly this black ingratitude in giving to another journal the credit of bestowing on *Old Double* all the popularity that it ever will enjoy.

A MYSTERY.

"Gulls and boobies" at this season of the year, resort to the northern shore of the Bay of Toronto, and of an evening may be seen there sitting in rows and looking to the setting sun."—*Old Dulness*.

Read it again, and again, and again, dear reader, and see if it is possible for you to come to any other conclusion than that the writer was a "booby." The above paragraph in the last of a long editorial in *Old Double*, the meaning of which is buried in the depths of the editor's skull. We could cull many other equally incomprehensible paragraphs from our dull cotemporary, but we could not give them a place in our columns, the above, we think, being a sufficient example of the profoundly obscure style which is the distinguishing mark of *Old Double*. One would scarcely believe, yet such is the fact that the people "sitting in rows and facing the setting sun," above alluded to, are nothing more nor less than the apple women who "sit in rows" opposite the Parliament House, and face "the setting sun," in order that they may be warmed by its beams.

Unheard of Feat of Strength.

—We find the following extraordinary statement in the *Canadian Freeman*:—

"We are requested to state that Mrs. S. Crawford has taken the three north transept windows of the cathedral."

We are not told where Mrs. Crawford took the three transept windows to; but from the fact of her being able to take them any place she is evidently a second Sampson, though of a different gender. However, we should like to know whether the editor of the *Freeman* saw this feat performed; for, although the general accuracy of that paper is undoubted, yet when such an assertion as the above is made, we are justified in calling for some proof. If the incident really took place, we think the Ministry would do well to secure the services of Mrs. Crawford to move the Seat of Government to Quebec, and thus stop the howl which the Grits are making about the expense of that undertaking.

A RUNAWAY HORSE.

On Wednesday afternoon that old mare known as the Legislative Council, after standing quietly on Front Street for a couple of years, suddenly took fright, broke from her moorings, and dashed away at a devil of a pace, astonishing all beholders, and doing serious damage to life and property, which will cause its proprietor great expense and a dreadful amount of trouble. What notion got into this hitherto sensible old nag's head to cause it to play such an unusual prank, has not yet clearly transpired. Some attribute to a fit of the "staggers," arising from the unhealthy state of her constitution. Others say that she shied at a noisy brute of a fellow named the Legislative Assembly, who was calling her "a musty old Registry Office," and treating her with other indignities. Others again say that the old animal was bitten by a mad dog some time ago, in consequence of which she has gone hopelessly mad, and will have to be shot before any good can be got from her; while some say that the senseless creature was lately seen reading *Old Double*. At all events the animal started away very suddenly, and as always happens, when any every of importance takes place, our reporter was immediately sent for.

When he arrived, the ancient boss was in the act of dashing amongst a group of gentlemen who live in the Old Hospital, many of whom she overthrew and trampled upon. Some of them fearful of the consequences, seized her *en passant* by the tail, and manfully clung to it, but that appendage suddenly giving way, they could not succeed in stopping the enraged animal, who kicked and reared in a most frantic manner. Two gentlemen named Vanhook and Ross, assisted by a gallant knight named Taché, were conspicuous amongst those who bravely rushed to the rescue, and we regret to state that they are somewhat bruised by the encounter.

Breaking free from all obstacles, the old mare continued her mad career down the crowded thoroughfare, causing the direst confusion—knocking down various statutes and resolutions which stood in the way, and, as some assert, breaking in pieces that beautiful, yet delicate piece of art, brought at a great expense from the old country, and erected in the highway, known as the Queen's Decision. It is said in connection with this incident, that when the old mare came to this last-mentioned obstacle, which stood directly in the way, she made a spasmodic attempt to get round it, and failing in this, attempted to jump over it, both of which efforts failed from the feebleness of the animal's fore-legs. This is a curious instance of instinct in an old mare, which would have very much invested Goldsmith if he were now alive.

We have not learned the precise amount of damage done by this fractious mare. But when all the "little bills" have been sent in, we shall endeavor to give the sum total. The last that was seen of the animal, was in the House of Assembly, where she smashed a splendid vehicle called the "Quebec car" in return for which a gentleman called Mr. Lévesque, loudly protested that she should be muzzled when next caught, and her oats stopped. It is thought she will make straight for Ottawa—but it is very doubtful whether she will reach it alive or not.