

SOLILOQUY.

BY A MEMBER OF THE TEXTOTEM SOCIETY.

Cant see!—My eyes have both drawn in their horns;
And so, by Jove, have those two tips of mine.
My head!—But, must expect to feel the thorns,
When thus all night I guzzo rosy wine.

Cant stand!—Upon the bright blood of the vine—
The glorious vino that ought to be yelet "Ino"—
The amarantnine fountain of the Ithine,
I've spent, I have, per Bacco, all my rhino.

Cant move!—My jolly brain begins to swim:
But still, if I this mouth of wine can find,
Although the last, long pull has "doused my stin,"
By Jove! I think that I can "go it blind."

EX PEDE HERCULEM.

Straws, it is said, tell the direction in which the wind blows; although, in our opinion, thistle down is a much more sensitive barometer. Be this as it may, the fact is undoubted, that through media the most commonplace we are often made acquainted with results, the most startling and disclosures, the most profound. Dr. Franklin, through the simplest means possible, was enabled to draw "heaven's vengeance" from the clouds and carry a phial of it in his breeches pocket; and, in like manner, every astute and careful student of nature, or of its unsubstantial shadow—metaphysics, may, through unwearied application, be able to cry "eureka!" in relation to almost any subject that comes within the range of his investigations.

"Ex Pede Herculem!"—For instance;—When you perceive a gentleman's coat and waist-coat cut in the extreme of fashion—when you observe him bedizened with jewellery and sporting a pair of peg-top pants that give him the appearance of an inverted cone—when you discover, that he is flushed about the gills, through the agony he suffers from his short, tight patent-leather boots—when, from the shattered palm of his small, "colored kids" you are aware that he had spent upwards of an hour and a quarter in vainly endeavouring to safely ensconce his substantial digits within them—when you are conscious that he displays the most dazzling linen, a tinted neck-tie, an eye-glass and a cane, and wears the smallest possible mite of a hat set jauntily on a glossy head, which, owing to a pair of huge pendent mustaches, seems perched on his shoulders, like a clucking hen with relaxed wings; you may, we are convinced, reasonably infer from all this, that that gentleman is neither Lord Brougham nor Baron Humboldt; and what is more, that, in all human probability, he has never heard of either the one or the other; or, that if the names "Brougham" and "Humboldt" had ever casually reached his ears, he instantly identified the one as referring to a certain fashionable vehicle, and the other, most likely, to some watering place in Germany.

There is much to be gathered from the hair, that is strongly indicative of the man. In most cases, a luxuriant crop may be attributed simply to the mellowness of the soil or the richness of the pulpy compost beneath. The mustache and beard, however, are a truer index to the real state of his garret, as they come within the easy

range of his vision and the influence of his silken manipulations. The brigand sweep of the former, which leaves his nose peeping over the apex of a tremendous hirsute triangle, invariably indicates that embellic ferocity which generally exhausts, itself on any cat or dog that may happen to pass betwixt the wind and his nobility, or intrude upon his operations during dinner. Nor do we find in any of the various shapes which the mustache and beard are forced to assume, much more agreeable grounds for gratulation. The gentleman who shaves his chin only, till it presents the appearance of a peach stuck in a robin's nest, has not advanced, we think, materially; while he who keeps his upper lip alone smutched, has, certainly, gone to infinite trouble in securing a lid for his mouth. In short, the perverseness which prompts us to handle the razor unsparingly, is more bearable than that which induces us to cut up our faces into fancy patterns caught from every grade between the owl and the swallow, and which absorbs so many of the precious hours that make up the sum of human life.

These extravagances, then, may be fairly set down to the existence of a mental locker without a thorough or effective shot in it. Ginger Pop or Champagne Cider it may possess of course, but as for one sterling glass of old port—aye, or even brown stout,—don't you wish you may get it?

IMPORTANT CORRESPONDENCE.

To His Excellency the Right Hon. Charles Stanley Viscount MORCK, Governor General of British North America, &c., &c., &c.
MY LORD.

As the representative of Her Majesty in this Colony, it must be to you a source of pride and gratification to perceive, that, during the administration of the Government of this Province, Canada is to be made by the United States, the first stepping stone towards the return of "Brother Jonathan" to his ancient allegiance.

The action recently taken by the Legislature of the State of Illinois in determining to send us two or three quasi members of parliament, is evidence the most conclusive that the "Union" has gone to the dogs, and that the age of wooden nutmegs "green backs," whittling and tobacco juice," is about to be numbered with the things that were. Men of means and of common sense are, my lord, now struggling to disengage themselves from the slough of republicanism, where Silas Slick—after having gauged his distance from a neighbouring spittoon—disposes of vegetables with his knife at the Presidents' table, and plays with the weapon like a Chinese Juggler, regretting only that his fork is not two pronged for the supplementary purposes of a tooth-pick. Yes, my lord, men of means and common sense are beginning to comprehend, that "order is heaven's first law" and that the quadrennial revolutions which prey upon the vitals of the Commonwealth and convert their country into a dice-box to be seized and shaken by a scething mob—by the unwashed rabble, are to be met effectively only, by a wise, humane, and hereditary monarchy and nobility, flanked by a loyal, moral and efficient standing army, and a State Church—for the state per se ought to profess one clearly defined and inextorable creed. These, my lord, are the bulwarks of a nation. In every age the

masses, when unrestricted, have assumed the character of a mob, and thus it is that the State of Illinois now makes its first step in the direction of dignified and intelligent freedom.

It is to be hoped, however, that the delegates about to visit us, will, if at all practicable, be kept beyond the range of the influence of Hon. George Brown, and that of the Hon. John A. Macdonald, as both those Scotch gentlemen, are I understand, determined to intrigue respectively for the new throne of Illinois, if the state be erected into a monarchy irrespective of Great Britain. Now my impression is, it is time to have some Irish in our Kings. The Scotch were a failure from James VI., downwards; and we all know, that although the English are decent enough in their way, there is a good deal of the stolidity of the German about them, and that they are deficient in that brilliant sparkle and quick perception which characterises the sons of the Emerald Isle. Give me a king that is able to say a witty thing over a glass of potticren at night, and, with the utmost sang froid take the head off a refractory courtier in the morning. A monarch of this style is to be found in Ireland only, or amongst the sons of that beautiful land. Consequently, a draft upon Perth or South Simcoe would, I am satisfied, be more in accordance with the aspirations of our neighbours and the genius of the age, than any other disposition that could be made affecting them; reserving of course to the Hon. the President of the Council, the throne of the whole Yankee Empire when perfectly consolidated.

I trust my lord that I have not wearied your patience through my diffuseness upon this subject, and I hope, with equal sincerity, that any little awkwardness that may be anticipated in relation to the dinner habits, &c., of the delegates in question, may be removed by such private hints as your lordship may think proper to convey, either *vis voce* or by illustrations in the pantry; bearing always in mind—if I may be permitted to counsel your lordship—that Mr. Powell and Mr. Daly—two incorrigible mimics—are not to be of your first dinner party, or permitted to hold any conversation whatever with the distinguished Americans who are about to pay us a visit of such importance.

I have the honor to remain, with the most profound respect and admiration.

Your Lordships
Most Obedient Servant,

Britannia Cottage,
Dummer Street, 19th Feb. 1863.

The Ministry Dissected and Anatomically Arranged.

- Mr. John S. Macdonald..... the Head.
- Mr. D'Arcy McGee..... the Tongue.
- Mr. Lorranger..... the Mouth.
- Mr. Foley..... the Back-bone.
- Mr. Howland..... the Chest.
- Mr. Morris..... the Hand.
- Mr. Bureau..... the Foot.

Their supporters form the tail.

Shakespearean Illustration.

—The corpulent member for South Hastings excuses himself for accepting the late Government's crutches in the words of Falstaff—"Thou seest I have more flesh than other men; and therefore more frailty."