

SONG.

TUNE—"West Middlesex is vacant, Dad."

Good master Macdonald, don't frown such a frown,  
You'll ne'er get a sorrant mero, tisor, [town,  
Should you search through the country, or look through the  
Thau mo, Johnny Carling, the Bawean.

Though the stout that I brow, sir, you know bears the palm,  
"Pon my word, sir, my faith to you's stouter;  
You have knowed me a long time, you know what I am,  
But you can't say you knows me a Srouzan.

The spouting and printing, I leave for that lad,  
The uto Irish lad of our county;  
He'll print ye a speech, long, short, good or bad,  
And spout on all sides for a bounty.

But from me, dear Macdonald, here's stout that's not pale,  
And beer you know none can surpass;  
Come, whelp the hour, when Shrivvally ALE,  
Shall be drunk to your health, in my GLASS.

THE POLITICAL PHANTOMS;  
A TALE OF BLOOD AND THUNDER!

BY SYLVANUS COBB, SENIOR.

CHAPTER I.

THE NIGHT OF TERROR.

It was night on the dreary waste of Slobdowsky. The sun, false prophet, which, descending like a red hot cannon ball through the light snowy masses of fleecy clouds, sizzed sweet music to the sable goddess who was about to relieve his weary watch, gave sweet promise of a balcyon night. False prophet, we said, gentle reader, for, as if emulating the example of Doctor Harriet Hunt, the sable goddess aforesaid, seemed to prepare for scholastic duties by enveloping herself in a college gown of unmitigatedly black clouds. She appeared to be consuming the midnight oil without a wick, for ever and anon murky flashes of light flickered fearfully through the gloom. If our reader had been astronomically inclined, he would certainly have been disappointed, for not a single luminary was visible; no star winked through the ethereal canopy, and the wind howled hideously like all possessed, muttering amidst its sighs the word "Beware!" without condescending to indicate the person addressed, or the danger he was required to shun. If, laying aside his scientific spy-glass, our reader had made a proper use of his natural optics upon terra firma, he would have espied a band of crouching figures keeping warm a feeble fire of fagots, and sheltering it from the impending storm. Start not, they are neither celestials nor infernals, but a band of those roving and marauding Bohemians, vulgarly cyept gipsies. The tallest of them has a haggard look, betokening either intense care, or reckless dissipation; he is engaged in smashing an ugly-looking Hollands bottle, and hark! he mutters something about an "invisible spirit of wine," which the shrewdness of the reader will already have remarked, evinced a profound knowledge of the immortal and super-sensual bard of the river Avon. Another, with a bald head, guarded on each side with a fortification of stiff grey bristles is making sums in addition and subtraction with his fingers in the sand. The others sleep around these two with their tattered garments unwrapping their heads, so that until Morpheus breaks up his conference with them, we cannot determine who they are. At length,

Kalico, the arithmetical individual with the bald head, addresses his tall companion thus: "Muck-donell, fiery destiny is enmeshing us, what can we do to avert the dreadful wind-up? (denouement would have been better; but of course he was not a French scholar.) The bottle-smasher sighed, but only muttered something about "Brown;" we suppose he referred to the blackness of the superincumbent firmament; if so, we think black would have been more appropriate; the poor fellow was, however, probably afflicted with Daltonism, or colour blindness. Both sank despairingly on the sand, which alas! was as barren as the blasted soil of their hopes, on which their seared eye-balls dropped scalding offerings of a lachrymose nature, by way of manure. Again the wind weirdly whispered the ominous "beware;"—the lightning flashed so vividly that its forked shaft was visible in the glazed eye upturned by the oinophobian; the sea (which we should have mentioned; for it is an indispensable part of our machinery) foamed and effervesced like a gigantic Seidlitz powder, and a supernatural commotion boiled around this sublunary sphere like the aqueous fluid in a pot containing the Christmas pudding. We left the gipsies in a state of ocular fluidity, but the thundering *réveil* of the firmamental concave aroused them all. There was Smeech, apparently a Yankee pedlar, who carried a bundle of letters under his arm; Lozenger, a sort of broken down dancing master, bearing a number of tattered parchments with a royal seal upon them; Seeoot, with a chain of cat-fish round his neck, marked "bowtany;" Cartyea, who seemed to be a modern Proteus, for he changed from a gipsy to a terrier, and then to a hyena, and back again, but he had the same saw-sharpening voice all the time. The rest were supernumeraries; and formed the file of this awkward squad. But now, reader, prepare your hair for a sudden erection, if you have a respectable beaver on your cranium deposit it on the table. Amid the caterwaulings of the heavens, up from the sand, black as if they had come through the Downmanville coal, and with a stench of sulphur springs, arose a numerous band of frightful phantoms. "Ah!" said Kalico "those are our murdered bills." Whatever he meant by his Bills, it is evident the murdered innocents were by no means sweet Williams. The first wore the garb of a Jew, molten gold oozed from the rents in his scathed garments; his beard had been frizzled by the heat and he had a generally forlorn and crisp appearance. He spake in fearful fashion, "Pase men, pe sure I will visit you, yesh, you promised to lower the interest, and by Moshes, you shall do it, good pye, till do-morrow." He turned about, in a Jim Crow style, and on his back, in fiery characters, was written "Usury Bill;" he sank into the arenaceous soil like the American eagle into a war mania. The next was a Puritanical gentleman, a Roundhead whose gaping wounds, received from friend and foe, opened and closed in mockery at the gipsy throng. "Tonight, base and impious, I visited the Brutus of your gang, Brown, whose treacherous hand too ably seconded your assassinating digits; tremble, shrink, shiver, squirm, you are sentenced to work eternally in a canal boat on the roaring Erie, Sundays included." We turned, and his inscription read, "Sabbath Labour Bill," and down he dropped also,

to use a vulgar but expressive phrase, *kerflumux*. The tribe gathered round the third, and it was evident that they who were merely private persons, private bills, we suppose, were preparing to take their sandy dive. This third, ghostly, orator was covered with J O U's, and accommodation bills, and his chains clanked to the tune of the "Rogue's March," which the howling hurricane was incessantly performing. "I am the wretched bill to abolish imprisonment for debt; alia! you twist in serpentine convulsions, vile spifficators of innocence, shudder, for an awful doom awaits you." The whole crowd sank with a gurgling splurge which raised a sirocco over the sandy heath, and all was over but the fierce tempest which still played its unearthly symphony.

The morning dawned; the sun again shone as if its face had been anointed with Rowland's Macassar oil; the birds chirped gaily as ever, but there still lay the trembling gypsies, kicking upwards, as if they were making a bayonet charge against the azure sky.

For the continuation of this exciting story, see the *New York Dredger* of next week.

A SNOB FOR A SNOB.

MY DEAR GRUNDLER.

In my peregrinations through the famous city of Toronto, I have met with a strange unaccountable being, part Puppy and part Snob. He belongs to a Law Office, the discipline of which is relaxed by the hot weather, so far as to permit him to cultivate the grasses to some extent. It is his practice I understand to fall in love in the Spring, because he considers it good for his constitution, and because without the stimulus of the tender passion he is too indolent to attend to the trifling details of summer attire. But when he has bought on credit a summer coat at an extravagantly high price, say five pounds, he watches his opportunity, and just as his sweetheart issues from Flimsey and Flaw's Dry Goods store, displays himself triumphantly to her, and finding her opinion favourable, buys ten pair of gloves and about fifty silk neck-ties to harmonize with the said coat. By the time that he has sacrificed so much to *la belle passion*, his enthusiasm becomes uncontrollable. He visits King Street and sidles up to every fair acquaintance of his, and favours her with his company till she leaves the street or enters a Dry Goods store. But even the plate-glass portals of Biddle and Kettle, Meretric Brothers, or Hokeye Waker and Son, do not always afford a puppy-proof protection, (Mr. Grounzen if you are reading my letter to your wife skip the next sentence.) The atrocious cur once pursued a party of young ladies into Simper, Oabrage and Co's, and with a hideous leer offered to treat to HOOPS ALL ROUND!

The same young man has experimented to satiety on pegtops. He has found them unsuitable to his Belvidorian proportions, and lately called a meeting of young men of *ton* at his rooms, to deliberate on the expediency of using crinoline, or cane, steel, lead, copper, brass, bronze, tin, sheet-iron, porcelain, brick, hemp, composition or any other of the numberless varieties of hoops now in common use, to support and sustain the noble and classically