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Having a fling.

The Hat Case.

One of the most heart-rendering circumstances arising out of the late political changes—because it involves a serious domestic calamity,—is the affliction recently sustained by the Hon. William Morris. We allude to the fact of his having, in eager but honorable anticipation, ordered the Official Hat—the badge of legislative supremacy—to be manufactured for his venerable head, by Henderson, Brothers. In the simplicity of his heart, and with an entire regardlessness of expense, did the impetuous old Caledonian dash his order at the head of that respectable manufacturing firm—and how has he been rewarded for his too-confiding rashness? Led by the intrigues of political deceivers, to the reckless expenditure of cash, he is now taxed with the maintenance of an article useless in itself as a portion of modern costume, and totally impracticable as a subject for commercial speculation.

It can be no light matter which would affect the mind of William Morris; but even now, whilst we write, is there a hinge unscrewed in that powerfully constituted fabric.

Last night, when the moon was high, there was a sound of wild melody upon the Champ-de-Mars. A solitary reveller was there, who like a tartaned Gesner, circled madly around a hatted pole; executing as he moved a wild measure to the lilted strain of a melancholy strathspey.

The reveller was William Morris. The hat was the one for which he had paid Henderson, Brothers.

The Widow's Friend.

We understand that all the grass widows of the Province intend bestowing upon the Solicitor-General West a Batchelor's Button each, as a mark of their esteem and gratitude for the untiring efforts of that gentleman to break down their dowers, and encroach upon those rights which have hitherto been enjoyed under the sanction of the law. A "wisdom cap," ornamented with bells, will be added, and, over this, a "rich lacing," the work of their own active and practised hands.

Although unsuccessful in his object, it is satisfactory to know that many other gallant spirits supported the Solicitor-General in this his most liberal view of the "Rights of Woman,"—a view which, were poor Mary Wolstencroft alive, she would certainly propose to have repaid with an embroidered petticoat, rather than the tribute now intended.

The Attorney-General West and the Receiver General, not having the fear of disunion before their eyes, were of opinion with the majority, that such violence ought not to be done to the wishes of the women. On the votes being taken, the numbers were 34 to 14 against the meditated spoliation, so that the Solicitor-General stands nearly alone in his glory, and, with the golden chained member for Toronto, so well known for the closeness of his attachments, will reap the chief reward.