

OUR HERO COMES.

(Mind, ye real hero of ye Legislative Election.)

Ho comes! he comes! our hero comes,
Herald his progress with beat of drums,
From street to street, without demur,
Rattle cheer upon cheer for Rowland Burr.

Who is the hero who comes! who comes!
To the cheering swell of the sounding drums:
Who is the dauntless Rowland Burr
We must cheer and cheer without demur?

Ho has entered the lists with C. Romala,
And Baldwin or Allan will strive in vain,
Nought can his speedy triumph deter,
For the man for Galway is Rowland Burr.
Cos why? He will build himself full soon.

A grand steam canal to the man in the moon.
He means to annex Mr. Mars to the earth,
Buy up Saturn and Venus for half 'rnt their worth.
Nor hero, will his glorious enterprise stay,
For its likely he'll charter the Milky Way,
And bind altogether in sweet communion,
With Railways, Canals, and a Federal Union.
And listen, Electors! the Government Set
For the whole—bless his heart—he will fix at your feet.
There still is one plank in his platform, good soul,
More lib'ral, more generous by far than the whole:
Each settler who comes to this mighty domain
Fifty thousand broad acres at once, Sir, will gain,
And the price? Oh! he has but a dollar to pay,
And if he can't spare it—Burr gives it away.

Still listen! supporters of Charles E. Romala,
And lie'n'ng desert to swell Rowland Burr's train,
Who will speedily leave you no taxen to pay,
For he'll give Governor Head but a dollar a day,
And the Speakers, a wig, with a suit of "old clothes,"
To wear whilst he's taking the "ayes" and the "noes;"
And in future all M.P.'s, Sirs, must pay,
Not receive from the state,—sixteen dollars a day;
Then herald his progress with beat of drums,
Ho comes! yes, our matchless hero comes,
And naught can his speedy triumph deter;
Three cheers for the unknown Rowland Burr,
The candidate scorning corruption and pelf,
And bent upon making—a fool of himself.

Letter from Henrietta Alexandrina Fitzgiddy,
aunt "Moving."

DEAREST GRUMBLE,—

WHAT a consoling thing it is to have
some one to confide one's troubles to. Since my
leaving London, where we (that is the people of *ton*
there) used to confess once a week, I have felt the
want of a confidant. I have been bored to death
by the bother of commencing house-keeping. I
freely confess I am no hand at auctions. Yet in
some infatuated moment, I purchased to the value
of £300 at a sale, where everything had been ex-
pected to go dirt cheap. I bought a splendid set
of window curtains, enough carpeting to cover the
floor of your crystal palace, of the best quality and
bran new, several beautiful feather beds, and a lit-
tle buggy, London make—as I thought. But
alas, the window curtains had been artfully draped
so as to conceal a multitude of gaping chasms; the
carpet did not survive the lifting from the floors on
which it had been exposed for sale, but came asunder
in convenient fragments from a square foot in
size upwards, and the little buggy showed such
gouty tendencies as soon as our blind horse (pur-
chased as sound from a family about to retire to the
continent) that I had little hopes of its lasting long.
Indeed as my daughter Tarquinia observed with
charming *naivete*, "the feather beds were likely to
be a little buggy long after the decayed vehicle should
be consumed for firewood," and so it turned out in

fact, for—don't mention this in the *beau monde*—
Susan Jane and I had a desperate hunt after
those bugs. For two hours we carried on a war
of extermination invoking the powers of vinegar
and bug *xerox*. Nor was this all. Those odious
men who brought in the kitchen stove, mis-
took me for the cook, and one of them hinted
with an odious wink that if my mistress al-
lowed any fellowers, he'd be most happy to pay me
a "visit," as he had been looking out for a "nice
girl to go with for some time." And then I was
bothered out of my life by such a set of impudent
milkmen and wood cutters and bakers, looking out
for my custom! Up comes a milkman ringing a
defeating bell, and shouting "ho-y a ho-y any body
here."

ME.—(Out of upper window) what do you want?

MILKMAN.—I guess you want some good milk
here?

ME.—I've got a milkman.

MILKMAN.—Who've you got?

ME.—Upon my word, fellow!

MILKMAN.—How much do you pay him?

I thereupon shut the window so violently that I
smashed three panes. There the milkman cried
out, *Aho-y m'm*.

ME.—Will you leave Sir!

MILKMAN.—There's a son-in-law of mine down
street, who'll fix that window for yer if you'll promise
him yer custom.

My attention was luckily attracted at this juncture
by a ripping knock at the door, inflicted by a strap-
ping negro, who offered his services as a wood
sawyer.

ME.—Thank you, I intend to burn coals.

WOOD.—You aren't sure o' that.

ME.—What do you mean?

WOOD.—I saw your stove going into the yard, and
its a wood stove by gum!

ME.—You impertinent rascal, be off.

WOOD.—You're so flustered just now mim, that
you'd swear a hole through an iron pot, but I know
its a wood stove, and I'll come back to-morrow
and see if you've changed your mind. Good by
mim. I live quite convenient.

The ruffian, to my horror, disappeared through
the door of a shanty directly opposite.

But hark, another "rat tat." A flashy-slatternly
looking servant, the antipodes of "simplex munditi-
tis," urges her claims to employment.

SERVANT.—Arrah and its yer own sweet self I'd
be after serving mem, seven dollars a month, an
found in tea an sugar, and followers and country
cousins allowed.

ME.—I'm very particular about my servants.
Pray have you a character.

SERVANT.—Arrah an its character yed ask, after
mem living six months wid his Excellency as fam do
chambermaid?

ME.—And what was the cause of your leaving
the situation?

SERVANT.—I was mad wid the Governor for
thratin Brown in the way he did, and sez I to him,
"yer nothing but a rotten old fungus, and as sure
as there's a divil in hell!"

ME.—Upon my word your language is infamous,
you ought to be ashamed of yourself.

I hereupon shut and locked the door, and rushing
to my chamber, gave vent to my emotions in a flood
of tears.

Yours both in anger and sorrow,

H. A. FITZGIDDY.

BENCH AND BISCUITS.

A friend of ours told us the other day, that hav-
ing occasion to go up to Osgoode Hall—much
against his will, as he endorses the doctrine of the
Globe, that Lawyers are all going to a place which
we shall have no hesitation in mentioning if called
upon to do so—he was greatly concerned at seeing
the judges busily employed in eating a great num-
ber of briefs and judgment rolls; but that upon
gazing a short time in silent astonishment at this
novel method of digesting opinions, and arriving at
decisions, he found to his relief that instead of dis-
patching cases, the worthy judges were merely dis-
patching their luncheons, which being stowed away
in the bags—our friend is not a professionalist—in
which their lordships kept their legal papers, caused
our informant to commit the above mistake. He fur-
ther says, that some of the judges looked ashamed of
what they were doing, and one of them used to slide
a hunk of an apple, or a chunk of biscuit into his
mouth as cautiously as one puts down a large penny
piece on the poor plate on Sunday, for fear of mak-
ing a tell-tale noise. This was a dangerous experi-
ment, for, he said, he saw, on the occasion he refers
to, a lawyer, taking advantage of the fact that jus-
tice was now dumb as well as blind, set forth a
point of law in such an original light, that his lord-
ship forgetting his inability to speak plain, made an
awful splutter, and would have inevitably choked
himself, were it not that his fellow-judges clapped
him heartily on the back, and administered to him
several glasses of water—without brandy—for the
space of half an hour; at which our friend, singu-
larly enough, was greatly amused.

We confess, we are at a loss to tell why our friend
should be amused. Eating and drinking are not
very comical circumstances in themselves. If in-
stead of cracking a biscuit, his lordship had crack-
ed a joke, the same result would of course have
followed. It may be that our friend was under the
delusion, that, whereas it used to happen that the
bench was the seat of wit, now it is only the place
of hard, legal saws, and dry biscuit and wa-er.
If such an insinuation was levelled against the maj-
esty of justice in this covert manner, all we can say
to refute it is, that one at least of our judges is fa-
mous for his witticisms, which are by no means con-
temptible.

To Office Seekers.

In consequence of the Civil Service Bill,
his Excellency has found it impossible to give his
illiterate but often faithful friends, their due share
of the public offices. He therefore gives notice that
all Shrivaulties and Registrarships are at their dis-
posal; and in future no sheriff will be appointed
who can tell a *fi, fa*, from a nigger song, and no
Registrar who can write his own name. For ex-
amples of the right sort of men, pay a visit to Lon-
don and examine the officers of Middlesex.

N. B. One or two horsewhippings will enhance
the chance of any candidate.