

DIALOGUES OF THE DEAD.

NOT BY PENELON.

Dialogue between the spirits of two departed Indians, who, several centuries ago, "fought, fit, and died" among their aboriginal brethren. One of them having absented himself on parole from the shores of the Stix, for the purpose of visiting Toronto, and having just returned home after a week's stay in that city, relates his experience to his shadowy acquaintances.

HIAWATHA.—Iago, you're soon back. You're shivering, Iago!

IAGO.—I should rather think so after being burnt out three times in Toronto, and coming down to this place all of a sudden. I would have made a longer stay, but, as Cassidy says, it was "hot as blazes;" so I thought that *ceteris paribus* a steady climate was the best.

HIAW.—Well, I suppose that you had something to amuse you for a short time at any rate.

IAG.—O yes, I was in the great Council Chamber, and at the Governor's house, the house of the Great Shalananil. There are three Chambers of Council—one under ground, where the pale faces smoke the pipe of wisdom, and swallow the fire-water. This is the most numerous of the three. In the second is worshipped the evil spirit, "Miching Malicho," whose image is at the east end of the Chamber, and the pale faces have artfully enchanted it, so that it uncrosses its legs and crosses them every five minutes. Then one of the pale-faces stands up, and nods his head, and waves his hands, and utters prayers to "Miching Malicho," and his brethren make music from red boxes, and make fetish noises to please the idol, which smiles when the noise is loudest. In the third Chamber, called the Upper Chamber, sit a number of devotees, who have vowed to sit without moving or doing anything for eight years.

HIAW.—How do the pale-faces treat their squaws? I am told that they let them live without working.

IAG.—By no means. When the warrior goes forth with his squaw, he makes her bear his wigwam along. The wigwam is of many colours and is stretched upon basket-work, and I suppose, when rain comes on, the warrior and his squaw retire beneath its shelter.

HIAW.—Indeed. Why, my Minnehaha would never have condescended to such a thing. There's the gong sounding for supper. Let us go.

Advice.—Mr. Rankin should ponder over the verdict in *Beatty vs. Anderson* before he proceeds to prosecute any newspaper for copying from another. The revelations brought out against Mr. Anderson are enough to make a sensitive man commit suicide. **No Quorum.**

—Our precious legislators who have been in session now for over fourteen weeks, and passed one paltry measure, an amendment to a former act, were compelled to adjourn on Thursday evening because a quorum was not present when the Speaker took the chair. Cool, rather. Only, think, my Masters, fourteen weeks of spouting at the rate of \$2,000 a day, and the real work of the session before them yet. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." All spouting and no work bring upon some one hundred and thirty M.P.'s the richly-merited contempt of all sensible men. Fough! no quorum forsooth! they can't even spout now for their money.

A LEGEND OF TORONTO.

A DEED OF BLACKNESS CONFESSED BY THE PENETRATOR.

Some scamps had the audacity a few months since, to paint a Gigantic Fallock on the private residence of our respected fellow citizen, R. Lewis, Esq., and a correspondent residing at Niagara Falls, has sent us the following ballad, found in an old black bottle on Table Rock, from which it is surmised the unfortunate Giles in a fit of remorse cast himself. "The corpus" has not been found as yet:—

The night was dark and gloomy,
The soaking rain came down;
With Mr. Morpheus slumbered,
The good folks of the town.

When from an open door way,
Three gloomy figures stalk,
In silence deep and rattle,
They take their midnight walk.

The flickering lamps uncertain,
Show each face in naked in craze;
Long cloaks conceal their weapons,
And hide their ruffian shape.

Past doorways in which slumber
The Charlies on their post;
They glide with careless motion,
As free as churchyard ghost.

Till they reached the stately shadow
Of *Le domino* the pale,
Whose kindly turret glister
In Italian villa style.

Then paused beneath the building,
These shrouded figures three,
And quickly raised a scaffold
Most wondrous to see.

Giles climbed the lofty structure,
As a "brave" to the breach might rush,
And said in a hollow whisper,
"Hand up that pot and brush."

His brazen brow was lifted,
No sign of fear was there;
He plied his brush unflinching,
And looked quite devil may care.

For hours he toiled unwearyed,
In a dreadful voice they roared,
Awake! Awake! friend Lewis,
"Your padlock is restored."

"Then devil take the hindmost!"
They shout as they run away
To wash their hands bespotted,
In the waters of the bay.

When with hairs all upward bristling,
Scrooges swore 'twas the very spot
Where the genuine old padlock
Is slowly going to rot.

Each listened to the splashing
Of the waves in their measured roll;
And Giles swore he heard them dashing
In and out the old key hole.

On moonlight nights, tis certain,
His ghost is seen to walk;
But though spoken by by numbers,
It was never heard to talk.

Here the doleful ballad ended, but the following verses scrawled on the table rock itself, may possibly have some connection with the ultimately fate of Giles.

Away! away! you monster,
I'm wild, I'm mad, I rave,
Thou awful goblin padlock,
Thou hast chased me to my grave.

Significant.

—The *Colonist*, the day after the trial of *Beatty vs. Anderson* had not one word of editorial on the subject.

Not in

—Mr Rankin called at our office, No. 21 Masonic Hall on Thursday last, when we most unfortunately happened to be out. What could he have wanted?

A Crumb.

—The *Oshawa Vindicator* lately contained the announcement of the marriage of Mr. John Patterson to Miss A. Crumb. Bachelor John must have experienced a very microscopic amount of hunger for the enjoyment of matrimonial felicity when his longings were satisfied with the possession of a Crumb.

DR. WIDMER.

Another of the ancient and honourable gentlemen, who compose the Legislative Councilors of Canada, has been taken from us. Every year we miss more than one venerable form from that chamber, and in a few years, we fear, that the last of the old *regime* will have descended to the grave, carrying with him the remaining vestige of the old constitution of Canada. We are sorry for the loss of Dr. Widmer, whose failings were few and easily forgiven, and whose merits we hope will last long after his bones have crumbled to ashes.

Foreign Correspondence.

—In view of the increasing importance of THE GRUNTLER, we have engaged a special correspondent to make a complete tour over the whole world. Before visiting Timbuctoo and other "firing" parts, Canada will come in for a share of his attention. He is at present on the *Fire Fly*, on his way to the Peninsula, of which a full and complete report may soon be expected.

A Great Want supplied.

—With an eye to the comfort of his patrons, our good friend, Manager Nickinson, is about to erect an enlarged seat in the Theatre for the loyal member for Hastings, Mr. Benjamin, whose growing rotundity and diminutive pedal extremities make it a physical impossibility for him to laugh while seated in one of the ordinary seats.

What's his Conscience?

—The little ferretty Cartier actually declared on his honour that he did not know that a single member of the Government belonged to the Orange Body; and this, too, after Ferguson's "six and brethren," and McDonald and Smith's admissions of their membership. Who is keeper of the ministerial conscience? and why isn't he brought up for embezzlement?

The Great Unprejudiced.

—In a speech on the Orange Bill, Mr. Cauchon made the following remark: "For his own part he was free from prejudices, as there was only one man of British origin in his country." Here is the secret of all our little difficulties and troubles, the presence of so many of the troublesome and factious British race. It is clear that the only way to make Canada a happy and contented country is by facilitating the immigration of the unrevolutionary Parisian population; turn the noisy John Bull out, and people the country with French frogs. Who can the unhappy Britisher be whose solitary state preserves the peace in Montmorency? Is his name Smith or Jones? Poor fellow, we pity him, he must be a sort of Robinson Crusoe cast away on a frog swamp; how in the world can he live there, and what does he do for a living? We trust that a special committee will be at once appointed to enquire into the condition of the British population in this country, with a view to their organization into a regiment of militia. A school might be opened also for his education, and a wife exported from the glutted matrimonial market in Toronto, to comfort and bless his present solitary condition. "Britons to the rescue."