

THE GALLANT HIGHLANDER.

(AFTER TENNYSON.)

We are informed that during the night the *Zimmerman* was detained at Niagara, after the Mechanic's Institute excursion, the Highland Company of this city occupied all the berths in the Ladies' Saloon, leaving the women and children to make the best of it on the floor of the cabin and deck.

Into bed, into bed,
Into beds quitted,
In all the berths below
Went the short-kilted.
Strip, was the sergeant's cry,
They stay not to ask him why,
They pause not to make reply,
But quickly the gallants fly
Into the berths below
Noble short-kilted.

Women to right of them,
Women to left of them,
Women around them,

On the floor gathered,
Imploing with look and sigh,
Some where to place to lie,
But vain their to-recting cry
Into the berths below

Roll the cross-gartered.

Weak lay the women there,
Chilled by the evening air,
Seeing the gallants there
Sinking to slumber, while

Others apprised,
But firmly their purpose keep,
Though all the women weep,
Fiercely they rush to sleep
Tired and jaded !
They snored till the morning light,
Gallant Scotch plaided.

Honor the Highland men,
Loag be it said of them,
Yea whom our boys so men,
How bravely they acted.

THE NOMINATION.

The reader is assured that all these accounts are equally true—First version: The most triumphant and overwhelming success ever gained at a nomination, fell to the lot of Mr. George Brown, yesterday. A vast assemblage of three thousand intelligent electors, eager to exercise their constitutional rights, crowded about the west side of the city hall. Mr. Cameron brought down from his Committee Rooms about 100 of the worst-looking loafers it has ever been our lot to see. Mr. Brown was proposed and seconded amidst deafening applause, but the appearance of one Medcalf to propose the Government candidate, was the signal for universal disapprobation which prevented our reporter from catching his remarks. Mr. Brown came forward amidst the most prolonged applause and waving of hats and was heard in an eloquent speech which we insert in another column. The two or three dozen blackguards below made a feeble attempt to drown the people's man, but without success; and at the conclusion of Mr. Brown's speech, the applause was absolutely overwhelming. Mr. Cameron's appearance was the signal for another volley of hisses, in the midst of which he gave way. The Sheriff then asked for a show of hands, when 50 to 1 were given to Mr. Brown, who then retired at the head of an imposing procession, which reached from the market to the *Globe* Office.—*Globe*.

Second version—The nomination came off yesterday; about 1,500 people assembled in obedience to the proclamation. The candidates were proposed and seconded amidst great noise, but when Mr. Brown came forward to address the meeting, the groans were so tremendous that even his brazen face grew pallid with fear, and after stammering something we could not catch, he swooned in the arms of his proposer. Mr. Cameron then presented himself and was very well received, except by a score or two of noisy people, whose rodyinsu is worthy their master. His speech told wonderfully and was listened to with awe even by the other party. The sheriff called for a show of hands, when we are sure two to one were for Cameron, but as the sun was shining in Mr. Jarvis' eye at the time, we believe he did not see the whole assemblage and so decided for Brown.—*Atlas*

Third version—Yesterday the nomination for a member in place of Mr. Brown, was held on Front street. Very little interest was taken in it, and its results are therefore unimportant whichever way it might have gone. To our polished feelings and distinguished sensibilities, the crowd were very offensive, and the near proximity of the Fish Market so added to our discomfort that we retired to Lyman's for a supply of Frangipanni. We understand that no body was heard at the meeting, and that a small majority were for Mr. Brown. *N'importe*, as we used to say in Paris, it does not make the slightest difference, Cameron is quite safe and to have 1500 majority in despite of this packed affair at the nomination—*Leader*.

TALES, SKETCHES, AND LYRICS.

We must apologize to the talented author of the interesting work bearing the above title, for deferring so long the brief notice it is in our power to give it. The Rev. R. J. MacGeorge, its author, has been long and widely known as the genial editor of the *Streetsville Review*, in whose columns, for many years, the only touches of Canadian humour, were to be found. The work is filled with short stories and lyrics, sacred and secular, written with the well known piquancy and dry humour for which Solomon is famous. It is a debt which the people of Canada owe to Mr. MacGeorge for his prolonged labours in the editorial chair to give this his first work a hearty reception and a heavy sale.

The Charivari.

—We are happy to welcome the appearance of a witty little periodical bearing the name of the "Charivari." We trust that its first effort which is a most creditable one has not exhausted its infant energies, and that the brilliancy of the first number is not merely "a lighting up before death"; the continued existence of the young Hercules will be a valuable accession to Canadian Literature.

A Joke from the *Globe*.

—In a magnificent account of the discomfiture of "the Captive," the *Globe*, by a typographical error, omitted an "n" and thus made a splendid joke—" *Sic transit gloria mundi!*" (*Moodie!*)

THE LEADER AND THE CELEBRATION.

We were greatly amused by the glowing account which the *Leader* published, of the Atlantic Telegraph celebration. The first thing which struck the Editor as worthy of remark, was the "beautiful, sun" which shone upon the occasion; further on he tells us that white is "emblematic of purity and innocence," and after perpetrating this startling piece of information, he goes on to announce, in a melo-dramatic manner, that two innocent cherubims held a flag daintily in their "finger-ends." This delicate pencilling seems to have given the Editor an idea of what he could do, for immediately afterwards describes the artillery as being "ready, prepared" to fire the salute, and upon this event coming off, he compliments "the artilleryists" on their promptness.

But it is when he alludes to the torch light-procession that he dazzles us. The bon-fires, he tells us, "appeared a perfect flame from end to end." The flames "parted off in the wind in tongues of crimson light," and presented "a fine appearance dancing on the adjacent buildings." After proceeding in this excruciating style for a short time, the Editor winds up by a libel on the fair sex, which is as vulgar as it is untrue. He likens them to a "pilo of millinery in the shape of woman!" This is the last classical allusion which we have the heart to quote from this magnificent description.

Served him right.

—Tom Fergusson, the "broth" of South Simcoe, has recently become incorporated with the Gowan family, and has proved himself a remarkable adept in the piratical tendencies of the illustrious head. His brother-in-law, Naesau, contested the North Wellington seat a few days ago, but was left free to wade in his accustomed mud. Tom took a polling-place in charge and managed for some time, by his system of organized ruffianism to carry things just as he wanted, every one who didn't say Gowan, had to keep a respectable distance from his "lambs," whom he had gathered about him ready at command to administer to the Allan intruders, any quantity of Tipperary knock-downs. Tom retired from the scene with great glee, armed with a gun, and arriving at another of the polling-places, found himself among Allan men, with whom, instead of being judiciously silent, he commenced a squabble, and even attempted twice to fire his destructive weapon into the crowd. This was too much for human patience, and accordingly he was set upon, and only saved from getting his deserts by the interference of some of his fellow-members. As it was he got well polished off, what he most wanted, and probably will not again trouble the electors in that part of the country.

Alliterations.

—Alliterations now are all the rage. The *Globe* has sent us two remarkably bright ones, "Brown, Baldwin, and the British Constitution," "Cameron, Charley (Romsin,) and Canadian Literature." We beg to append an original one, the best of the season—"Tully and the Tallygraph." Also, one to apply to all parties—"Lies, Liquor, and Legislators."