

YE RIVAL BEAUTIES.

Or the song of triumph sung by Miss Ottawa when she thought she had secured Mr. Seat O'Government; and the reply warbled by Miss Quebec, who hasn't given up all hopes of the prize:

MISS OTTAWA.

I have won him, I have won him,
He shall soon be all my own;
I have won him, I will build him
In my heart of hearts a throne.
Stately mansions, noble mansions
For my love shall soon appear,
To my bosom I will clasp him,
Never maiden loved more dear.

I have won him, I have won him,
All my rivals are disdained;
Quebec grumbler, Kingston fumbler,
Montreal's thrown in the shade.
I have won him, fairly won him,
Oh! I my love will soon be here,
To my bosom I will clasp him,
Never maiden loved more dear.

MISS QUEBEC.

Cease thy notes of triumph maiden,
Other foras are fair as thine;
I am nobler, far more queently,
He we love shall yet be mine.
Belaths promised, often promised
I shall be his cherished bride;
Think not all your arts and datteries
E'er will tempt him from my side.
He is coming, mark it maiden,
Coming soon to visit me,
I will fascinate and charm him
I will love him tenderly.
I will charm him, he shall never,
Quit my fair and queently side
Go bewail then foolish maiden,
Thou shalt never be his bride.

THE ADVENTURES OF OUR JUNIOR EDITOR.

We have for the last few days been deprived of the invaluable assistance of our Junior Editor. Upon sending to inquire as to the cause of the young gentleman's absence, we received the following communication, which bears internal evidence of being intended for the public eye. It is almost needless to say that our Junior Editor is very young:—

That we are one of the most tender-hearted and susceptible Editors on the face of the habitable globe, is, we presume, sufficiently evident from the general tone of our remarks; and that we are infinitely sharper sighted than Argus is, we should hope, not less apparent. We have a case to quote, which illustrates the one quality, if not the other. Some ten days ago, as our Editorial head was reclining peacefully upon our Editorial breast, in a profound reverie—brought on by sundry pertinacious attempts to get through an entire column of "Old Double,"—our "Imp" startled us, by thrusting under our nasal organ, (which we assure our lady readers, in confidence, is by no means a "pug,") a perfumed, pink-colored note, directed in the most fashionably illegible hand. Impatiently, yet reverently, we opened it. After some patient disentangling of long-limbed letters, that were twisted together in the most extraordinary way, we deciphored the contents, and found that the fashionable Mrs. Snobington requested the pleasure of our company on a certain evening. As we felt quite certain that our absence would overwhelm that estimable lady with poignant grief, we resolved to accept. On the appointed evening we arrayed ourselves in our brightest patent-leather's (brightest because our only pair,) and in most immaculate kids;* and as we looked in the glass, we reflected with

quiet satisfaction that we looked very much like a gentleman, and not in the least like an editor. When we entered the brilliant assemblage, our eyes at once fastened on one fair form. Shall we describe her? Ah, no! words are far too feeble to do her the faintest justice. Just imagine—i'ts no use, even imagination falls far short of the reality. Our heart was in a flash perforated through "the windows of the soul." Our doom was sealed. For her sake, we would have braved anything and everything, even to exchanging places with Mr. Speaker Smith. We felt that in future we lived for her (and the public) alone. Trembling we asked to be presented to this divinity in blue silk. Presented we were. Our friend, who did the polite on the occasion, affects the exquisite to an alarming extent, and drew out our adorable's name in such style that for aught we knew it might be anything between Smith and Cholmondeley. This mattered little, however, as we were already speculating upon her probable willingness to assume the name of—wouldn't you like to know? We conversed, and in that too she was fascinating. Evidently she had a rich fund of innate humor, as she seemed to be continually on the brink of a laughing fit, although for the life of us we couldn't see anything to amuse her. Every moment our admiration grew more intense. We contemplated in our mind's eye (alas! it was all our eye) a neat cottage, a silver tea-set, and other concomitants of matrimony, all of which were to be ours and her's, as soon as our circulation reached 1,000,000, and our subscribers remitted their subscriptions regularly, the latter of which events, we have since calculated, may possibly happen in the year of grace, 2859. Our visions of bliss, to be sure, were somewhat disturbed by her easy familiarity with a tall individual in black moustachios, who with abominable vulgarity persisted in calling her "Susan."

N. B.—We have looked with utter detestation upon black moustachios ever since, and suspect them all of being dyed.

As the evening, and a most delightful evening it was, grew late, we determined to foil Mr. Blackmoustachios by a bold move. Accordingly with our most winning smile, and in our most honeyed words, we solicited the felicity of escorting her to the residence which was so blessed as to be her abode. Ye carpeted floors, why did ye not open and let us through? Ye chandeliers, why fell ye not—why crushed ye not our econome? Instead of a gentle remonstrance and blushing consent, she leaned towards us till we felt her breath upon our face, and replied: "Thank you, but I am in the habit of going home with my husband." We fainted at once, and were only revived by the application of the lit end of a cigar to our nose. Forgetting the admonitions of our maternal parents, we at once seized the vile compound of cabbage leaves, and puffed away vigorously, ever since which our stomach has been in a state of active rebellion.

* We presume that our J. E. does not mean that he went in this primitive costume alone.

The Difference.

—It is said that during the debate on Monday night, while the Ex-Premier was Brown, the Ex-Attorney General East was Blue.

GOWAN AND HIS BILLS.

From the number of Bills the honorable member for Leeds and Grenville has introduced into the Legislative Assembly, an unsuspecting person might be deluded into the idea, that the hon. gentleman was a legislator—and that law making was his peculiar forte. And from the frequency with which he brings the weight of his influence to bear upon hon. gentlemen who wantonly assail the independent members of the House, one might be induced to believe that the hon. gentleman was really independent—that he was never bought and sold—that he had no personal ends to serve—and that the six dollars per diem, members pay, was not a consideration to him. We do not say, that the hon. gentleman is not a legislator; the mountain of bills with which he has chequed the Province out of the Road to Ruin, prove conclusively that, if unmeaning pompous words are laws, he is a legislator. Nor do we assert, that the hon. gentleman is not independent; for the readiness with which he deserts his friends, and preys upon his enemies, shows that he is independent.

It is a pity that he came to the relief of Canada so soon. His character as legislator and an independent member, would have attained greater notoriety if he had waited until the Province had fallen down in the throes of commercial and financial agony; until, abandoned by the Brown-Dorion Administration to its fate, it was, figuratively speaking, about to kick the bucket. Then would have been the time for Gowan and Gouty Government to come to her aid; then would Leeds and Loud Legislation be synonymous terms; then would Grenville and Great Independence be the watchword of the day. The salvation of his country accomplished, the feathered songsters of the grove, actuated by uncommon feelings of gratitude, would warble the "Boyne Water" whenever the hon. gentleman would visit their hallowed groves; the branches of the waving oaks would bend down to kiss his lofty brow; the rivers would murmur his name, the rocks would retain the impression of his venerated feet. And, at last, in a good old age, the hon. gentleman would be translated to another, and we would hope, a happier world: like the great American Eagle, he would soar, and soar, and soar, until his mortal vision could follow him no longer.

A Word in Season.

—Not Hamlet's directions to the players, but Mr. GROMBLEE'S advice to Mr. Drummond:

"Speak the speech we pray you trippingly from the tongue; for if you mouth it as on Friday night we had as love hear Sid Smith's bastard English."

Not True.

—We have it in our power to aver that the statement is entirely without foundation that the Hon. Mr. Drummond has become Grand Worthy Patriarch of the Sons of Temperance.

Equally Groundless.

—That Mr. Drummond was intoxicated with success during the delivery of his three hours temperate address before the House on Monday night.