

POOR PIGGY'S PROTEST.

Upon a bright and sunny day,
A pig was trotting on his way,
Along back stims :
A practice with the gentle creatures,
To improve their very handsome features,
And clean their gums.

While slowly trotting on the street,
A porcine friend he chanced to meet,
Who after sundry greetings,
And answering kind, enquiring questions,
He noticed, by his friend's long face
That something direful had ta'en place ;
"What ails my friend," he kindly said,
"You look so like a porciner man !"
I'm grieved to see you in this plight,
Your toilet seems neglected quite ;
Come, cheer my friend ! for care a fig
Act like a man !—not like a pig."
"Ah ! my friend," the other cried,
(The tear was trembling in his eyes),
"Your happy looks too plainly show,
That 'Ignorance is bliss' with you.
Have you not heard the dire message,
Our quondam friends have on us made ?
How with spleen and spite pronounce,
Our heads they've taxed at fifteen pence ;
If we venture for a walk,
To see the fashions they talk !
'Tis true ! but what I say to you
'Is true, and pity 'tis, 'tis true !'
I almost lose my self-respect,
At th' ingratitude with which 'tis deck'd.
Call them our friends they do not shrieve,
I thought more highly of them late.
They seem to forget our daily round,
For all the effort to be found,
What cash, in scavenging, we save,
That they may have it all more to shrieve.
Man's ingratitude to man ! by Jove !
'Tis nought to man's ingratitude to pigs !"
"You surprise me !" quoth his friend—" 'tis sad,
But that you've told me I am glad.
Last night in council we did meet,
You took the place—near Stanley Street.
The fact is, it came to our knowledge,
That the members of the Civic College
Would meet, for th' City's special boon,
In future, in the afternoon ;
Knowing our civic friends were kind,
'And to our faults a little blind'
We resolved upon a demonstration,
To give them a porceline ovation,
To attend the City Hall en masse,
And grant our vitas as they'd pass ;
But now, since we see thus smug,
We'll raise our nose, and shake our tail,
And by our actions, show that we,
Canadian porkers, will be free !

DID HIS MOTHER KNOW HE WAS OUT ?

SANDWICH, APRIL, 1858.

To His Honor Judge Chacewell.

Having been appointed Recruiting officer of the Amherstburg district, I beg respectfully to request your Worship to permit me to be examined early, as I have particular orders from my commanding officer, not to be absent more than twenty-four hours from my post (Amherstburg) in the present disturbed state of my neighbourhood.

R. DONALDSON, Major & Staff Officer

Did the veteran Staff Officer expect internal commotion or external attack? Had he been dealing in second sight and thus caught a glimpse of those three suspicious looking vessels hoisting no flags; or what the mischief did he mean by falling into such a nervous state of excitement about the "disturbed state of Amherstburg," which was to be saved from destruction only by his presence? Had Mr. Rankin hoisted the black flag and threatened to lay the country in ashes unless the inhabitants fell down and worshipped him? Or did the worthy Major mistake the time of the year and imagine that it was the first of April? We are at a loss to comprehend what this very heroic officer meant— if he meant anything more than mere bombast— which after all, we suspect, is the exact thing he did mean. But perhaps the Amherstburgians are a very quarrelsome race of men—and to prevent any further disturbances, we intend to send a couple of thousand GRUMBLANS to be distributed among them, which will more effectually put them in a good humour than a bushel of staff officers. But as to the commanding officer—ha! ha! ha! ha!

CANADA INVADED!

The following startling telegraph was published throughout Western Canada on Wednesday morning:—

Rivizet Du Lour, April 27.

"Two inward bound ships and one barque in sight. They have hoisted no flags and we cannot make out their names."

No sooner had the above extraordinary news reached the ears of watchful Canada, than she was thrown into the greatest consternation. A messenger, breathless and hatless, rushed to acquaint his Excellency, and finding that he had not yet risen forced his way frantically into his bed-room, where he saw two pairs of night-caps, but was prevented from telling his alarming story, by being immediately kicked down three pairs of stairs. Another messenger, spurred with desperation, from post to pillar, shouting "to arms, to arms, ye brave," until the sedentary militia turned out, and stood supporting their trembling knees with their muskets. Then was the valor of Feohan displayed. He waved aloft his sword, and swore by the good Saint Patrick, that the first catiff should pollute the Canadian soil only by stepping over his body. The doughty Nickinson exclaimed "My soul's in arms and eager for the fray," as he led his devoted followers to the lake shore, in double quick time. "Let's liquor boys," said the undaunted Smith, as he led his little band of heroes into his own store, prior to the possibility of his leading them into another place, where the spirits are said to be more ardent than those he usually deals in. "Odds, fat, fee and brief," vociferated the immaculate Brooks, to his eager company, as he marched to meet the foe men, "we'll dust the jackets of the daring invaders." "May I be eternally — if I don't chaw their tarnation souls up," said the highfrown Campbell, as he cut down imaginary foes in the air with his sword, and gave the word to advance. The fiery Goodwin smelt war from afar, and galloped from company to company, encouraging, cursing, and entreating, until he was near having a fit of apoplexy.— The forces, carrying liquor for six days, were at length drawn up at a convenient spot, and lo! the vessels hoisting no flags appeared distinctly in each man's eye.* Then the brave captains tugged vigorously at their brandy bottles and then at their swords. The hostile armament approached with a devil-may-care sort of an air, which was, however, all sham; and anchored in the offing. Now was the time; and with a cheer, the veteran militia sprang on board like the descent of a thousand of bricks. The conflict was short and bloody. The fleet was captured. The deed kicked overboard, and the vessels overhauled: when it turned out that they were loaded with—prize essays on the extinction of the weevil. Great was the disgust of the noble militia! Bitter the denunciations of the immaculate chiefs.

* On an average calculation, a man can see to a distance of 15,000 "is his eye."

† To accomplish this feat, they must have been horse marines; besides their horses must have had very long legs.

Doing Good by Stealth.

— A modern instance afforded in Mc-Oleನ್ನigan's attempt to purloin the Southern Railway Contract.

NORTH OXFORD.

Mr. Brown, spurred into action by his "spicy contemporary," has really, contrary to general expectation, thrown up Oxford; but in so doing, we beg to take exception to the propriety of "throwing his physic to the dogs"—McDougall and Morrison. In the case of the former, it will be well remembered how disastrous was the Ralph and Cameron physic he swallowed in Wentworth; and again how bitter the nostrums forced upon him in Waterloo—which, in the latter case, during the Maine Law mania, would have terminated fatally but for the well timed antidotes in the shape of strong potations of brandy and water. In the present instance we forbode his falling a victim to an overdose of Representation by Population. Morrison, poor fellow, is used to physic, and has been a faithful dog to every Government that has existed since he dropped into Parliament; confidently and oft has he licked the hands of Hincks, Macnab, Cayley, Tacho, and Macdonald, and is now consistently trying to bolt the opposition physic, and lick the palms of the perplexed electors of North Oxford. The third man, we should say is the man for Galway, and in anticipation of his early taking a seat in the House, we publish his name as Howell, so that the Speaker may provide a peg to hang his hat and coat on, which will be necessary, if not despoiled of these appendages by his canine opponents.

Juvenile Atrocity.

— Incendiarism is spreading like a plague throughout the whole Province. The fever of the public mind is so high, that several young men of talent, belonging to Mr. Baillie's school, in London, C. W., were arrested on a slight suspicion of a conspiracy to "set the Thames on fire."

Fire-Water and Gas.

— An anti-combustion meeting was held at Moodie's tavern this week. Our friend Robert, "always prompt" (as the *Globe* says), in extending his hospitality, had our Ward meeting in our tavern, and the oratorical gas was inspired by our best fire-water, in our best Protestant style. The next meeting will be held on board the Fire Fly, where a bar will be erected for the occasion.

To Poisoners and the Poisoned.

— Professor Croft has lately left Canada with the intention of spending some months in England. Permit us to give the following advice to the married people of Toronto:

Dear Husbands,—Now is the time to poison your wives; for, while the Professor is away, no one is at hand to examine their viscera for traces of subtle poisoning agents.

Dear Wives,—If you have reason to think yourselves poisoned, insist on having your "cold corpses" sent to Dr. Sutherland at Montreal.

The Agony is Over.

— We hasten to inform our readers that Mr. Howland's *début* in the House, which has been threatening for two months, was made this week, and the Hon. Member "still lives." We must do him the justice, however, to say that his speech was marked by sound practical sense, and its brevity must have put many of the windy gas-retorts near him to the blush; we may expect some really useful legislation from him in the future.