

A MAD CORRESPONDENT.

In last Wednesday's *Colonist* appeared an article "Agriculture and Agricultural Wants," which was so ridiculous that it was headed "communicated," to show that none of the editors would be responsible for it. The writer of the article in question, who uses the editorial *we*, says that "we have just visited the new University," in which journey, as objects worthy of remark, he noted that the day was bright and that the trees were gorgeous. "Their leaves," he says, speaking in the present tense, "are brilliant with colours that might embellish the wings of the morning angel, and these bright colours are all harmoniously blended by tints as delicate as those of death." The manner in which the leaves are dealt with, leaves no doubt that the writer should at once turn over a new leaf, or else he will shortly be in the mad house. But he goes on—"Hail passing year!" he says. As to that, there is no doubt that the passing year will *hail* some before its departure.

After this imperative demand, the writer becomes fearful lest the passing year should take umbrage, accordingly he assures it, that "when winter's fleecy mantle shall enshroud it, we shall dwell with pleasure on its graceful preparations for departure." Of course this is mere buncomb, and won't hold water. Passing from the leaves, the writer comes to the trees. He calls up images of rural beauty:

"Around the trunks and through the branches of the beautiful trees, the squirrel crept fortively, evidently believing that he was unseen."

We have not time to remark on the stupidity of the squirrel, in harboring the absurd idea that he was not seen; or in the penetration which could not be bamboozled by the devil-may-care air to which the squirrel no doubt resorted to effect his escape. So we shall hurry on to the wood-pecker, the eccentricities of which are next related:

"The small wood-pecker glided head-foremost down the boles of the largest trees, apparently preferring that mode of travelling."

Talk of ring-monkeys preferring to hang by their tails, barn-door fowl insane enough to go to sleep on perches, ducks rash enough to attempt to swim, fishes sleeping with their eyes open! Here is a wood-pecker so lost to common sense that the young rascal actually glided down the highest trees head-foremost. Why could he not come down tail-foremost, as any rational bird would have done? Tail-foremost is the proper way, and thank our stars in a few years more we shall have a breed of horses trained to supercede the present ridiculous fashion of going head-foremost. But this is a digression. We meant to have remarked again on the outeness of the writer. He saw at once through the infamy counterfeited adopted by the pecker. And although the pecker might be a very clever bird, he could not disguise the fact that he preferred the head-foremost mode of travelling. Such an unusual freak of insanity on the part of the pecker could have formed food for serious reflection to any one. But it is hardly possible that the same just conclusions as the following would have been so soon arrived at, but by a clear-thinking, far-sighted person, such as we have seen the gifted writer is:

"We thought," says he, in reference to the

pecker's progressing with his head where his tail ought to be, "that if he (the pecker), could find a tree *high* enough, he would never go in a *contrary* direction!"

There are two ways of reading this paragraph—First: If the pecker could find a tree high enough he *never* would go in a *contrary* direction—that is, he would continue to ascend until the top of the tree was reached be it ever so high. Second: The pecker finding a tree suited to his fancy as regards height, would never travel in any but a downward manner. The last, is of course the proper reading. But some of our readers are ready to exclaim in their thick-headedness, how is the pecker to get to the top of the tree if he ever travels in a downward direction? Simply enough. As most of our readers are aware the earth turns upon its axis once in the twenty-four hours, so that at a particular hour in the night, all the trees on one side of the Globe must stand up-side down. Now at this particular time or thereabouts, the pecker who is at the foot of the tree, and who as has already been shown, knows a thing or two, commences to travel downwards head-foremost to the top of the tree, where he sits until he can again indulge once more in his downward journey.

We must conclude in the words of our friend—"other birds, says he, flitted across our way, and all was bright and gay." All serene! we say.

A Discovery (Patented).

—The following letter from Trinity Bay reached us last night just as Mrs. GRUMBLER donned her night-cap:—

"DEAR GRUMBLER,—I don't generally say much about this confounded cable of ours, but the fact is, yours is the only readable paper on this continent, and I'll let you in for a wrinkle or two. Last night a fisherman caught a mermaid, and what do you think the critter had been up to? Unwinding the wires of the cable to make 'hoops' of! Fact. The electric current in her petticoats sent her to the surface of the deep, and as she had hooked from us she got hooked in return. This accounts for the failure of the electric currents, and again testifies to the efficiency of 'hoops' in the prevention of drowning. This discovery knocks the submarine cable into a cocked hat. The poor d—l that invented it is nothing to the man who discovered why it didn't work, and that is

"Yours in extacies,
"DR. SANTRY."

On Dit.

—That the aide-de-camp of a 'distinguished personage' undertook last week to calm down an intoxicated personage who occupies a prominent position in this country,—imploping him "for God's sake to sit down," and receiving as a reply, "I shant sit down—hic—I'll stan' up allway—hic—to Kingston." We could not help thinking what a spectacle it would present if one of Her Majesty's household were obliged to mollify Lord Derby while in a similar condition.

Extreme Delight.

"It would delight us to hear and to read of more stall-feeding of cattle."—*Colonist*.

—It would delight us far more to hear that our salary had been increased.

AD TISEMENT.

Mr. James Soutton, Attorney and Barrister at Law, having much leisure time at his disposal, has directed his attention to the construction of MAN TRAPS on a large scale. He is prepared to fit them up at the shortest possible notice in any street or locality in the city. Warranted to break six legs a week.

Charges very moderate.

A splendid specimen trap is kept on view on the east side of Bay St., near Adelaide. Admission free. OCTOBER, 22nd, 1858. tf.

The Jockey Chief.

—That our model Chief of Police is a very fast man everybody knows, and that he is more clever at freeing thieves than catching them is well understood. But every one may not be aware that Samuel is "some punkins" at a 2.40 race, and that on Wednesday last, at about half-past five, he ran a neck-or-nothing race down Front Street with a man of kindred tastes, in the course of which he ran against a lamp-post, and barely escaped collision with two carters. He whipped his horse most unmercifully, and seemed furiously excited. What member of the police force was on Front Street at that time, and why did he not arrest Sherwood for the double offence of furious driving and cruelty to animals? We shall soon need a police force to keep the old set from breaking the law.

Watch! Ahoy!

—Drawing deductions from the late murder case, the *Colonist* says that the police force is not large enough! What stuff! The *Colonist* ought to know that to increase the police force would only be to increase the evils which it was meant to abate. Reform the police force! Let not every Tom Dick, and Harry of a tavern-keeper, whom bad luck drives into the City Council have anything to do with the appointment or conviction of any member in the force. Let the men be appointed by a magistrate whom the people can trust. Let him be responsible for his men. Let anything be done sooner than increase the force. Let's licker.

Squabbling.—Atlas v. Globe.

—As usual the *Globe* and *Atlas* are squabbling about trifles. Mr. *Atlas* copies an article from a Lower Canadian paper and credits it to the *Montreal News*. Mr. *Globe* calls the *Atlas* "stupid," and says there is no such paper as the *Montreal News* in existence. Mr. *Atlas* retorts, "stupid yourself," and says he gets the *News* and *Frontier Chronicle* every week, omitting to state, however, that the paper in question is published in St. John's, O. E.

Now, would it not have been better, Mr. *Atlas* to have "owned up" and confessed the trifling mistake? If you feel at liberty to substitute Montreal for St. John, should not we be equally justified if copying from your columns (which heaven forbid) to credit your misstatements to the *Hogg's Hollow Atlas*. We have no wish to enlarge upon the fitness of our supposed substitution, still we cannot help expressing a conviction, that some articles we read might not disgrace the columns of an obscure village weekly paper, however much they do those of the *Metropolitan Daily Atlas*.