

GOING INTO HIGH LIFE.

Few persons exist in this wide world of care,
 That do not possess of ambition a share :
 The dandified salesman to each King Street store,
 Long to see their own names figure over a door ;
 Placed students of law bow'd or slow their progression,
 Yet lope to win fame in their shabby profession.
 Curate's sigh to be rector, and rector's are sick
 Of waiting to fill up some fat bishopric.
 All pauper and tawny like a litter of rats,
 Submit to all manner of insults and cautions,
 To gain but one step to a better lot,
 Which attained, they find often, is too dearly bought.
 Let none think we swerve at an honest ambition,
 Every man has a right to improve his condition,
 But cringing and pandering to those in a candour—
 Sacrificing respect, friends, and true independence,
 Is placing us lower we fell and believe
 Than the useful position we're anxious to leave;
 So to prove the pursuit is with misery rife,
 Take a glance at the efforts to enter high life.
 Some twelve years ago, there arrived in this land
 A eckeye from London, by name Mr. Bland ;
 He did not bring wealth, that would warrant a start,
 With a residence fine, and an equipage smart ;
 But money and credit sufficient to stock
 A store which he rented in Brookington Block.
 Here he steadily worked, and some one thousands made,
 When his wife, a proud woman, grew rick of his trade,
 In Scotland argued he ought to retire,
 But Bland had to leave this inmost desire.
 Facing this, she declared " she would be quite contented
 With a suburban villa." To this he consented,
 And built a fine house, which the reader may still
 In spite of the pleasa, quite near to) own Hill.
 It was furnished with all that mere money could do,
 For there was a stranger that none of them knew ;
 To receive their old friend this fine house was fitted,
 Yet the first time they called they were fully admitted,
 Just to eny the " fixtures " within and about,
 But to all futuro visits, " the ladies were out."
 Unregretted the friends of old days departed,
 So in search of more noble acquaintance they started,
 Mr. Bland went to connect, though music he hated,
 And the old man with public dinners was rated,
 He had escaped acquaintance with men of the ton,
 Who lived in the street, spoke a word, and passed on ;
 But to Mr. B's chagrin and angry surprise,
 No notice was gained from their daughters or wives ;
 Despite in the heart of this lady was rooting,
 When she thought of a plan which might yet gain a footing.
 This was, that her daughters should leave their day school,
 And he sent to bond out " nenth a French lady's rate,
 Where the " young ones " (I fancy a poor wet and snob
 Were taught how to dance, to embroider and dand ;
 By mamma both the juniors were told to acquit
 The friendship of Misses a step or two higher,
 Make presents if needful, invite them if able
 To obtain a release, to their house and tea table ;
 The sons, too, were furnished with ample supplies,
 And were given their cue at all hazzrle to die ;
 The gentlemen found this a very light task,
 In the suites of young bloods it was easy to bank,
 As it only required a full purse and flask ;
 To friends frequent visits these gentlemen paid,
 (Not so with cash borrowed from fools of low grade,)
 And one of their party, a poor Fitz-poor,
 Excused Bland's daughters out each afternoon—
 Promon'ding till by the evening was fine,
 Returning to stay for his dinner and wine ;
 But the girls could not come, he, to try was to fall,
 The birds were too shy to get salt on their tail ;
 Advancers under schoolmaste's gown still more recored,
 So their magical circle was always preserved ;
 At this stage, invitations were gained by them all,
 With the promise co— to favor the Governo's Ball,
 Projections were made on a very large scale,
 When the bills were presented the odd man turned pale,
 And he spoke to his wife on the subject, but sloe
 To castal her expenses would never agree ;
 So dressed in the finest this tow could afford,
 To the ball went the daughters, sons, wife, and Hego lord ;
 The girls with their toilettes all others outdone,

While Storol and Duck made the boys No. 1,
 Though indeed the poor fellows were somewhat enraged
 To find all the swollish young lads " engaged ;"
 And if earnestly pressed, their reply as a rule
 Was, " too much fatness, or their programmes were full ;
 So they stuck to refreshments to keep up their spunk,
 Returning home early both foolishly drunk ;
 The ladies soon followed in staid disgust,
 With mortified vanity ready to burst.
 But things could not then a go on in this way,
 The club set in, Bland had large bills to pay,
 Unable to meet them or even gain time,
 And pressed on all hands he was forced to assign.
 The husband and wife kept, felt their disgrace,
 And hid in a village far distant their face,
 Where to follow them further is not my intention,
 So I leave all the rest to the reader's invention.

OUR CORPORATION BLOWERS.

The Blowers last Monday evening gave a great entertainment, illustrating how appropriate is the title which we have given them. The whole evening was devoted to the discussion of some very rival matters, which for aught there was to talk about, might have been decided in ten minutes; but not so,—it was a subject relating to the police, the granting of four men to St. David's Ward, and the appropriation of some money for the settlement of claims on the force—and our Society must grow eloquent and exhibit how much nonsense they could put together in the hours devoted to the meeting. The subject was one which the great minds could grasp—one on which they could deliberate with that perspicuity and eloquence generally attributed to the council chamber, and they succeeded in making as big fools of themselves as the time and opportunity would permit. The debate reminded one of the palest days of the old council when Craig, Ramsay, Carr, and gentleman of that ilk, were the leading spouters.

The Council were favoured with the presence of Mr. Ald. Sherwood, late Chief of Police, and were electrified with his eloquence and logic. We congratulated the city on the accession of Mr. Cameron to the Council, but what shall we say of Mr. Sherwood! The man in which he led off the debate against the Police Commissioners the other night, howed how mistaken had been the opinion formed of him—and how cruel fate has been to deprive the city of his ability in the Council Chamber. We were prepared for his purity of expression and the gracefulness of his gestures, but we confess we were stunned by the arrangement and force of his arguments. Nothing could finer than the peroration with which he wound up his speech. So impressed were we and were, so wrapt in admiration, that quite a pause elapsed before the applause broke out.—Certainly Sam has been underrated. Nobody hereafter will accuse him of common sense—and we may safely assert that he has already found his level in the council.

What is to be done with Griffith? Cannot somebody take him down a peg or two and thus relieve the Council from his weary Essays on Nothing? We have a great liking for the young fellow, we doubt a promising boy; but what will become of him if somebody don't take charge of him? O. for another Smead.

We were rather pleased than otherwise to see the energy displayed by Ald. Smith, who begins to hate

great influence in the Council, and deservedly so too. We understand he is to be the Conservative candidate for the next Parliamentary election, but we hope, out of merrry to other members of the Council, he will refrain from making the Council Chamber the place for practicing orations for the contents. We have no objection to an occasional treat in the shape of a speech from the worthy Alderman, but we do protest against seven speeches in one night. A good thing, you know, Smith, don't bear repeating too often.

The presence of Mr. W. W. Fox and Mr. Robert Mitchell in the Council next Monday night will be occasion for much congratulation; both are known to be gentlemen, scholars, and good judges of liquor.

THE PROROGATION.

THE FOLLOWING SPEECH WILL BE DELIVERED BY HIS EXCELLENCY AT THE PROROGATION.

Gentlemen of the Assembly and Council :
 When I summoned you, some three months ago to discharge the amusing and profitable duties of legislation, there was nothing for you to do. It was acknowledged on all hands that there was nothing to do; and it gives me unfeigned pleasure that you succeeded in so short a time as three months, in discharging that onerous duty.

I have some important measures in my eye which I will propose at our next meeting—the principle of which is one "to fence in Canada." This will at once settle the Hudson's Bay question, by ascertaining the exact boundary of our Province.

Another measure I have in my mind is one "to whitewash said fence." Printed contracts will be received, and the contract given to the highest tender.

As the militia are becoming a useless burthen to the country, I propose to distribute them round the province to keep it from being broke down by timorous politicians, who have a disagreeable habit of "riding the fence."

Gentlemen of the Assembly :
 As your name rightly proclaims—you are asses.
Gentlemen of the Council :

So you won't go to Quebec! He! He! What a stupid mass you made of it! However, you are all in your dotage, and those of you who are, not have got such odd, crotchety, narrow-minded, juvenile notions of things in general that I never thought you worth your salt.

Gentlemen Asses and Councillors :
 The Queen's coming over to fight you all—and the one of you not found worthy of being knighted, will be huge; so you had all better pay attention to your latter end, which is in a parlous condition. As a great number of you will swing, Her Majesty I hope, will be graciously pleased to bring Calcraft along with her. Gentlemen,—Git out.

Were it not established beyond a shadow of a doubt, that Mr. Spooner at the Toronto Station, is the best Tailorcut in town, we should immediately proceed to prove the fact, but knowing it to be generally admitted, we think it unnecessary to say any more to his favour. He has, however, recently received a new stock of cigars, and we should be a willing party to purchase some, and we fail to inform the readers of the East Hill Chronicle, we say without fear of contradiction, are superior to none, and are persuaded that his articles are of the best quality. Besides this, it is a pleasure to attend with Mr. Spooner, who is ever anxious to oblige and give satisfaction. Go and see if we are not right.