

**We Think He'll Do.**

DUMMER STREET, TORONTO,  
April 13, 1875.

MR. GRIFE :

HONoured SIR,—Knowen your kindness of uman nature, and swaviti of temperament, and the vast infloozinz U have bi means of your abel and hexilleratin journal with the govment and settera, i tak up my pen open this wil finde U in gude calth, as it wil leave me pressintly wen itt his poot in the Poste. i av long bene deesirous ov hexetern mi umbel habititudes, and sacrificing mysel, and serven me Adopted cuntry bi fillin the hard-uous and nobel position ov *Hemigrating Agent*, and as I was goen 'long Keeng Strete yesterda i met a man bi name ov REECHARd DE DEEK, who his i beleev a member ov your surprisin and intellektial Staff. So i mad Bold to ask im wot woude bee the beste Plane to bring myself Before the Executive and smoothe away difficulties, and REECHARd laffed and sed, "O rite tu GREEP!"—so i rites haccordin; has DE DEEK says U Hooverfo with the milke ov uman simpates an the maple sirrup ov sumthen itherwise or korrespondin and wich as now sliped out ov mi memmorec. onoured SIR, i enclose A spessimen ov mi idees Ilin the lecturin line, wich i think wude go down with the pceples ov grate old Briton, ireland an the isle ov man, an his bi your Hinfloenza an rekimmendashun with the rite onourablest an most worshipfull A MAKELLIR i kan get the hap-pointment i shall bee reddy to giv U a commission on The celery an perqueesets. yures respekfoolly.

WILLIAM WONTWORK.

p. s.—the henclosed U Wil understande is only a negre houtlying; wot i think the parsons kall a silly-buss or a skelleton—it woude bee fkd up, an expanded on the platforn—haccorden too the reckwire-mints ov the sitUation, and the amount ov the celery and allowanses.

## LECTOOR.

THE hextraordinary virtues ov a change ov air av freqintly been deescribed bi physicians, and political ecconomists, an sertified in the ritins ov mr. Jenkins and the most rite honorabest mr. Makellar, a distinguished Orator, and the formostest publik man, and Statesman in in the grate and universal Dominion ov ontario—[Mr. GRIFE, *private*. this is too fetche Makellar, U see; but U ar at libberty too poot it stronger hif U think i av drawn it Too milde].

## KLIMATE OV ONTARIO.

i kan sertify too the Klimate from personal hexperiency, has an hagr-evator ov digestion, huppette and the moral virtues; and also a soverin extinguisher of art-burn, konsumpshun, gout, lumbager, chik-ken-pox \* \* \* chilblanes, scrofula and diseases ov the lymfateek aquidux. it is marked bi a pleesin and uniform variety highly condusive To health and longevity—there is no klimate hin the face ov sublimest nature where as Keeng Solomon is traditioned to av Testeeded the rate ov mortallitee is so lo, or where U kan poss so menny daze in The opin air, as in the vaste an remarkable klimate ov ontarios stoopendous dominion. [We have been obliged to curtail W. W's list of diseases].

## HOW TO GET TIHERE

The rout is bi water, wich enables the emigrants to behold the wonders of the mity deep, ware the rollin porpoises dodge the over-whelmin whales & sea serpints behind the towerin hicc-bugs; and the fresh breezes blowin from the United poles, joined to the balmy atmosphere and the roomy steerage with swandown feather-beds, and ampel and luxurious diet brought round bi the courteous stewards, and attentive Jack-tarrs, sooprintended bi the haffabel Captin, an the invigorate the constitution ov the harde pionneer, and fit im for His approachin proude and appy kareer hin the busy marts ov commerce, or the Primeval forests. [Mr. GRIFE, *confidenshal*: i fetch the Captin, *het settera*, becos, like Orrocks, i shall go fur a free pass, and save the govment allowin].

## SIZE OV THE DOMINION.

i av never meazzured the hextent ov the Dominion, but I beleev it ma troothfullee be described as hamazingly boundless; it elongates itself from hoshun to hoshun, and itherwise upwards and downwards in the moste indescribable hexpansiveness. i can konsheintiously affirm that it affords at leaste 384,869 7-8th achers ov hinxhaustlessly fertile and saloobrus soil to hevry man, woman and childe hin the crowded and contranked countries ov European lattitudes, with a lot left on hande for Asians and Haffricans.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

The work is Light but the crops r hevvy—more partikularlee in Muskokia—which latter as been called the garden ov the Dominion, i av seen pertaties in Muskoka and pumken as big as cannot be described, or imaginated in the kompass ov a single lekture \* \* \* the time ov putten in the krops varies in different places and years, but the yield is always regularly astonishen. Wages cannot be exactly stated, as tha r always goen up, but generilly speakin the new comers get more pay and less work than the old settlers. The price of the beste kleered farms is about 25 cents per acre. \* \* \*

Ah! beloved canada! glorios canada! where the son ov the Shoo-

makyr and the Labourer has The same chance as the son ov the Guv'nor general, or ov the chief-Justice! [Mr. GRIFE, *sacredly Confidenshal*: i crib the abov to finish mi lekture off with, from a resent address bi Doctor Taylor, ov toronto, at Salford, england, becos it has a good twang: the honourablest Mackellar won't kno it isn't mine if U don't split. W. W.] \* \* \*

**The Patriotic Parties.—Operatic Performance.**

A TRAGICAL CONEDY ACTED WITH GREAT SUCCESS AT OTTAWA,

*Dramatis Persona*—Members, Editors, Supporters, Contractors, Placemen, Reformers, Tories, Liberals, Conservatives, *et hoc genus omne*.

SIR JOHN sings:—

Fat collectorships are here,  
Judgeships of so much a year,  
Places good in all the land,  
Railway contracts to your hand,  
Richer far than e'er before  
Only let us in once more.

Conservative chorus.—

Oh no, we nothing want of him—not anything at all  
Our public spirit's very great—our private wishes small.  
We only wish him in that he may do the country good  
We'd all refuse gratuities—oh yes, of course we should.

MACKENZIE sings:—

A' he promises to gie,  
I hae dune, and do for ye.  
A' that he has coonted there,  
I hae gien ye muckle mair.  
Care na hoo his tongue he wag,  
Ken ye no wha hauls the bag?

Reformers' chorus.—

Happy is the land whose rulers ever-great MACKENZIE sways,  
Every patriotic spirit pours disinterested praise.  
Never, never cursed lucre shall our free devotion win.  
Nothing, nothing, do we ask for—only, only, keep him in!

## General Chorus.

Was there ever such a jolly place for politician rule?  
Was there ever any people whom 'twas easier to fool?  
Shout Reform, or yell out Tory—they will follow you like sheep;  
Then at Ottawa you sell them, and your cash and counsel keep.

Great is the Canadian Donkey, may he flourish evermore.  
Still his noble breed, increasing, swells our still increasing store,  
Easy beast is he of guidance—pile the burden on his back.  
We'll have time to cut our lucky ere his spine completely crack.

**Croaks and Becks**

Is IT right to pass over Ritualism byspeaking of it as a clerical error?

WERE any of our readers present at the Primitive Methodist concert announced by the London *Advertiser* as about to come off in Toronto?

AN eminent statistician has calculated that "could the bones of all the slain" on the Carlist side in the Spanish war be gathered together, they would cover the entire Peninsula to a depth of three feet.

M. CAUCHON has placed himself under the tuition of a well-known street musician and expects to be able to enliven the proceedings of Parliament next session with solos on a hurdy-gurdy, after the splendid success of his jews-harp and tin whistle performances.

ON Manitoulin Island a culprit lately objected to the jurisdiction of a magistrate on the ground that he could not read the statute and could not understand it if he did. We are not sure about the first as a disqualification, but if every magistrate is to be expected to understand some of our statutes, we don't see how the bench is to be kept filled up.

"ANY PORT IN A STORM."—The *Liberal* of late date gives the astounding information that the ice at St. Thomas has broken up and an early opening of navigation is expected at that Port.—Taking into account that that Sainted town is inland we were surprised at the above item—but it only proves the truth of our statement last week, about the rapid degeneracy of those *Liberal* fellows—under city temptations. Like produces like.—A *liberal* allowance of *Port* has produced a *Port*—We advise the re-*port*-ers of that paper to *port* their helm—and steer clear of such un*port*-ed statements.