

THE LONE ONES.

"Now Parliament's prorogued, my boys,
Why are you wandering here?"
"We're thinking ob! that we had seen
The Government bier."
"Now Parliament's prorogued, my boys,
'Tis no use here to stay."
"We know it, master, yet we can't
Quite tear ourselves away."
"Now Parliament's prorogued, my boys,
Your chance is past and gone."
"We know it, master, and our grief
Would melt a heart of stone."
"Tell me your names, ye doleful ones,
Men full of mystery?"
"You know them, master, Ah! too well,
Galt, Cartier, and McGee."

The History of Sol and Jonathan.

Concluded.

Jonathan was certainly a little out of elbows with luck this last bout; and as they say it never rains but it pours, another thing fell out, which 'riz his rilin almost to bustin,' as he used to say, and this was how it was. Directly Jonathan had got a pretty decent family, and a few helps, and things pretty comfortable about him, he began to get bumptious, and used to say that no one had a right to make a settlement in all the whole country unless they chose to acknowledge him as Lord of the soil. People used to grin and say, but who gave you the right? You didn't discover the land you are settled on, or the country round? You came here because old John kicked you out. To all which Jonathan would reply, squinting a jet of tobacco juice on his interlocutors' boots, "you be darned, never you mind whether I disliked the country or not; and as for old John kicking me out, I kin tell yer I darned soon kicked him ef I had stayed at home; but, wal, I kinder thought 'twas more decent to let the old feller stay whar he been now some good few years, for whar had been my dooty towards my father? a darned bad father at that; but I'm all for them notions—whar on the hull yarth will you find that reverence for parents and gurnors, and wery a feller cussin the hull day? No sir'ee, blisphemious discoursin aint one of the faults of the Jonathan lot; we may be teebly, and a leetle touched with the alligator and tiger eat, but them things I mentioned we are pertikler free from; and for the hull of the country, 'tis ours, and ef any one sea *No, darn 'em, let 'em try it.*" To back Jonathan in this opinion, one Munro had helped a good bit by his talk; and though he had long gone where the good niggers go, yet Jonathan always was saying, "Munro said this, cuss me, he knowed; no caving in about that chap Munro, sir, that's the sum tittle of it," till at last one would almost fancy they believed in Munro; for they, that is all who wanted to curry favour with Jonathan, if they thought 'twas likely any chaps from Europe wery were thinking about making a settlement along shore there, would sing out, "Come, this is right squar agin the Munro doctrine, you'll hev to clear out of this," till it grew into a regular pass word. Singing out from

morning to night that Mahomet was the only true prophet, don't make it true; and swearing Gog and Magog you can lather all creation, don't make that true either; folks would still be saying, but Jonathan swore he could lather all nations, and that Munro was right. And so matters went until this row came about with Sol, when lo and behold! what does Nap, who was head man of the Lily-boys over in Europe, close against old John's farm, "but," says he one day to a smartish young man of his, "say nothing," says he, "but go right over to Mexico,"—this was a large farm a long way from Jonathan's, but still in the same country, (and, according to Munro, Jonathan's when he liked to take it)—"they are playing the devil over there," says he, "so pitch into 'em and establish a bit of decent law and order, and we shall get a footing there, which, may be, will improve a little bye and bye." Yes, sir," says the chap, whose name was Forey.

So over he goes, and, after a bit, writes back Nap, to say that he had got hold; Nap writes him to hold on with both hands, as he thinks he knows a young man, one Max, he'd send over there as head balliff. Jonathan could do nothing but grin and bear it, for he had always been very civil to Nap, far more than he had ever been to old John. "But, damme," he said, "as soon as I have whipped this cussed Sol, I'll walk into you, like a bear into a berry-bush." But Sol wasn't easy whipped, and Nap, in consequence, didn't get any interruption. So Jonathan, who was a cute chap enough, says he, "cuss me if I don't make friends with Alick of the North." This was the son of a chap old John and Nap had wolloped a few years before, for attempting to steal a Turkey. Well, Jonathan and Alick should have been bad friends, by right, for Jonathan said that all men were free and equal, and one man was as good as another, and better too; whereas Alick held that was bosh, that there were porcelain vases and earthenware pots in humanity, as much as in crockery. However, Jonathan counted on the old grudge betwixt Alick's father and old John and Nap, and he sends over a loose-living, disreputable chap, half bully, half picaroon. One night Clay was playing at all-fours with Alick, for brandies round, says he, "Your Majesty, you was saying you thought you might be late another row with old John and Nap; and that they might tie up your scows, as they did when your father, of blessed memory, tried to bone the Turkey. I would say, tried to obtain his lawful rights." "Well, that's true," said Alick, who was about half drunk, "I'm High, Low, Jack," says he, "Clay;" "And your Majesty will be the game," says Clay, "if you'll send over a good lot of your best scows our way." "You're right," says Alick "give me your hand, Game, by the big bolt of Moscow;" "I'll stand the brandy," says Clay, "throwing down a quarter magnificently, and next day Alick sends off the scows; and if you go and look in New York harbour, don't credit me."

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.—The shaving shop of Coun-
cillman J— has been removed from the old stand
to the Court House, up stairs. Terms is usual,
2s per month; No shaving on Sunday.

The Athenæum Concert Hall.

This popular place of amusement has been re-opened, under the able management of Mr. L. M. Bayless, and has every evening since attracted a crowded auditory. The pretty and vivacious Clara Day, in her charming songs and versatile acting, displays infinite ability and proves fully deserving of eulogy. M^{lle}. Lisette, the pretty and fascinating French danseuse, calls forth an encore "every time," and Mr. James Leon, in his sparkling serio-comic songs is A. I. Mr. Harry Butler, the negro delineator, and Mr. James Clarke, who is excelsior on the banjo, and who brings down the house nightly, deserve praise.

Last, but not least, comes Mr. Charles Gardiner, who is some on the "burat cork." We shall speak at greater length when we become better acquainted with the performances of the artists.

BOOK NOTICES.

We hail with delight the receipt of a new book by H. Vardon, "The Pleasures of Hope." It is a small 8vo. vol., elegantly got up in scarlet, calf, and mounted; it will be reviewed in our next. The *Globe*, we apprehend, is mistaken in saying that the author is an obscure American. Mr. Vardon is a British subject, and not unknown to fame as a writer—he is the author of "Nothing to do," "A Town Loafer,"—and has not, as the *Globe* says, been pitch-forked into public favour by the Press. The mechanical execution of the book reflects great honor on the publisher, Mr. Keeley, who resides in Kingston, as does Mr. Vardon. Bully for the old Limestone City!

"A Season on the St. Lawrence" is the title of another book just received by us from Kingston. The author is A. Deacon. The typography on this little book is inferior, but that deficiency is amply atoned for in the contents. The author is a philosopher, and seems to have successfully solved the problem as to whether the "Sponge" is a member of the vegetable or animal kingdom. We congratulate Mr. Deacon on the success of his work, and predict his excellence,—notwithstanding that the *Globe* designates his style as thinner than skimmed cat's milk.

Rams and Lambs.

The two Rams composing Mr. Laird's small flock are seems to be stopped. Mr. Laird is rightly named; a Laird in Scotland is a small landowner, and of course a small landowner couldn't keep a large flock (of sheep at least, although he might of geese.) We read that an ill-judged Scottish divine, with we presume decided Southern tendencies, has instituted a comparison betwixt the poor man who, in the parable, was deprived by the rich man of his one ewe lamb, and Mr. Laird's case, in the worthy divine's comparison, Earl Russell of course figures as the rich man, but we would respectfully suggest that there is a very great deal of difference betwixt one poor ewe lamb, and a brace of truce-lout steam rams.