

Mr. Blake was one of the few members of the House of Commons who pronounced with any great degree of accuracy. He always said that a question would take precedence of all others; yet even he would speak of the fertile or sterile lands of the "Great North West." Speaking of the House reminds me that *government* is always called *government* in the Chamber, while among some of the

attachés it becomes *govahment*. These young gentlemen must love to converse with the young ladies who talk so delightfully about their *vawzes*.

But I see THE OWL is getting drowsy—one word more. My name is not only mispronounced but frequently misspelled, so I write it very distinctly and mark the accent.

PÂTHESON (a long).



THE MAN IN THE MOON.

HY not? His titles to distinction may not be in the eyes of mushroom-society, those which merit celebrity. In fact I fear my hero would cut but a poor figure in a drawing-room to say nothing of a dining-room, nor would he redeem himself on the 'diamond' still less on the field yonder, where the nimble footed fifteen have covered themselves with glory.

We certainly have no records to prove that he is even a very far off scion of royalty. There is nothing in his aspect to permit the assertion that blue blood runs in his veins—has he any veins at all, this much gazed at but little known man? Has he even a vein of humor that will warrant the pursuing this subject from any other point of view than the telescopic? The owl, since the earliest ages, has been considered a votary of the moon; now can THE OWL not throw some light on our queries concerning this lunar character? Perhaps the 'Bird of Wisdom' may wax confidential some day, and then—what? why we'll know a thing or two. In the meantime, not feeling equal to an epic on the subject, no, nor even to a sonnet, this random 'small talk' can harm no one, set no one a thinking, and may serve as a bond of sympathy between the small talker and some other sages who are tired of being always wise—in a word a bit of lunacy is an actual relief to a hard student. I'm of a Republican turn of mind in a few things any way, and a man's ruling principles are what raise or lower him in the scale of my estimation, *ergo* I per-

sist in saying the 'Man in the Moon' is a man of distinction. His first title to said distinction is conferred upon him by his age—and consequent experience. He is two days older than Adam. For we must credit the story of *Genesis*, must we not? and take it for granted *this* man was called into being at the same time as the moon? In all my acquaintance with him, and that is going on well-nigh eighteen years, I have ever found him to be a most trustworthy old fellow, the very soul of discretion. He doesn't tell all he sees; he evidently bases his actions on the eleventh commandment, viz, "Mind your own business." Candor compels me however to confess, I have sometimes, in fact oft times, wished he would tell some things, but this hazy old chap resists all pleadings with a placid but firm silence.—His dignified manner should be commented on were this a full biography, but in this brief notice I can no more than hint at his various claims to regard. Though it is true he can not boast much in the line of personal charms, yet no one can say that his *mien* is other than lofty, nor has he ever been approached by his earthly admirers with anything bordering on the 'Hale fellow well met,' familiarity unless by some college somnambulists mistaking him for a fellow somnambulist, when they are trying to see who can step the highest and the lightest. The old man *looks* on but doesn't *let* on, bless him! He has his various moods and tenses so to speak, but we must conclude he is a very moderate man, no myths about his delays; he can give an account of them without hunting up a new theory every time—what about some of his satellites on that point? He