

Pyrrho— Yes, of course, but first
Prepare the well, we'll pound them into dust.

Donatus—This ready, sir.

Pyrrho—Then quickly bring them in.

Enter *Dustibus* and *lanthe*.

Pyrrho—Who are you there!

Dustibus—A lowly usson and his only child.

Pyrrho—Ah! ah! of course most lowly mook and mild,
We'll try your coolness, you *Donatus*, say
Is it prepared.

Donatus— Dread sire, it's all serene.

Pyrrho—Then touch the spring and open a new scene,
For these most lowly subjects of my throne.

Donatus touches a spring, the floor opens beneath *lanthe* and
Dustibus, who sink into the *TYRANT'S WELL*.

Donatus—So perish all your foes, dread mighty sire.

Pyrrho—*Donatus* you must be a shameless liar,
To breathe out that, and let *Alaric* go!

Donatus—Conrage, my siege, I have him here also,
The guards have found him.

Pyrrho— Haste and bring him in.

Fetch me my sword, I'll tickle himself.

Enter *Alaric*.

Pyrrho—So, sir, you killed my servants and broke loose
From prison and perchance, Sir *Goose*,
Thought you'd escape me.

Alaric— Perhaps I did, what then?

Pyrrho—Oh! I only this, I'll see you don't again;
Bring in my guards, *Donatus*.

[Enter Guards.]

Pyrrho (to *Alaric*)— Now, sir, be pleased to kneel.
(*Alaric* kneels in silence.)

[*Pyrrho* approaches him, and with one savage blow cuts off
his head; the guards are then ordered to retire, and the head of
Alaric is pitched into the well, followed by the body, but
wonderful to relate, when they came together at the bottom of
the well, the parts fitted so exactly that the fresh warm blood
glued them together, and when *Dustibus* and *lanthe* who escap-
ed unhurt, returned from a trip up the secret path which led
from the well to the temple, *Alaric* is found breathing, and the
application of a precious balsam by *Dustibus* makes him as right
as a trivet.]

SONG LAST—A general fare up. The patriots secure by means
of the tyrant's well as shown to the Palace. *Pyrrho* and
Donatus are slain—*Alaric* is proclaimed King, and shortly after
lanthe joins him as queen.

[Curtain falls.]

OUR CORPORATION BLOWERS.

Right again! Are we not, "Your Worship." We said you knew nothing of order, and you don't. But it was too bad for Brunel and Boomer to laugh at you so loudly. Either of them might have been Mayor, and then,—we forbear to paint the awful consequences. Boomer knows no more than you, and Brunel's greater knowledge would have involved him in as inextricable confusion, as you do yourself and every one else, when giving an explanation. We beg to remind "Your Worship" that the following rules for the guidance of the Council are still in force, and should be applied, or no business will ever be transacted:

First—All motions must be written grammatically and spelt correctly, or they cannot be submitted.

N. B.—Conserve-it-tight members of the Council are specially exempted from the above rule, as should it be enforced, they would be virtually disfranchised. The "it" in the above compound word, in accordance with Canadian custom, means "plunder."

Second—Not more than three members may speak together, except upon a question of order.

Councilmen *Ramsay*, *Craig*, and *J. E. Smith*, are specially exempted from this rule.

Third—No profane swearing allowed.

Fourth—No member allowed to stigmatize another as "respectable," as the truth is always to be spoken.

Exception in favor of *Alderman Carr*.

Fifth—No personal allusions to be made; except with respect to the Mayor's "weight," *Moodie's*

jacket, *Craig's* grammar, *Ardagh's* brogue, and *Carr's* family influence.

Sixth—The existence of the public to be ignored; except that portion of them who pursue the high and honorable callings of tavern keepers, carters, and election bullies.

There are many other rules, but we care not to burden "Your Worship's" mind with more at present.

Notice of Motion—*Coun. Fox* gives notice that he will, to-morrow, move that a fire-engine be kept ready at the City Hall, to cool any member who may be either intoxicated or infuriated.

A SQUEAK ON NEWSPAPER REFORM.

Some day last week the respectable *Colonist* expired, and immediately thereupon "old double," which we must call the new *Atlas* and *Colonist*, was published in a new shape, with new type, and under a new editor, who, like another *Palladium*, has fallen from the skies, to secure our liberty as a people by teaching us all sorts of reform. His first essay was in a formidable-looking editorial, headed "newspaper reform," which, although not deficient in courage, we could not make up our mind to wade through. His second attempt was altogether a brilliant affair, and has, we understand, quite revolutionized the Press of the Province. We have it on very good authority that on reading it, the Editor of the *Globe* was so conscience-stricken that he put on a suit of sackcloth and sprinkled ashes brought expressly from the furnace by the devil of the establishment, over his wretched person. The editor of the *Leader*, we are told, no sooner perused it than he weeped and wailed and tore his beard out. The editors of the *Weeklies* and minor *Dailies* west of Toronto, it is said, have been plunged into the depths of dark despair. Several of them have gone hopelessly mad, and eaten up all the files of newspapers containing their own editorials. Scores of "saucy boys," who had had the audacity to meddle with pen and ink, are related to have swallowed arsenic on reading Wednesday's *Colonist*. Numbers of "felton-faced" wretches, "returned fugitives," "liars," and "triflers," who have hitherto stood high in the Fourth Estate, have gone, it is affirmed, into voluntary exile.

We would altogether fail were we to attempt to describe the sensation which was produced on the public by the publishing of the articles in question. The beauty of style, the elegance of diction, the massiveness of sentiment displayed by the writer, was the universal theme. "Who he could have been, were a question that puzzled the most profound thinkers. Some thought that *Lord Bury* was the person, others pointed out—the *Lord-knows-who*—as the proper individual. *John A. McDonald*, aided and abetted by the whole talent of the Ministry, was frequently set down as the source from whence such ideas could alone emanate; while again, it was confidently affirmed that *Lord Brougham* had written both articles at the request of the proprietor of the *Colonist*. However, there is no use in dwelling upon rumours, all of which cannot by any possibility turn out to be true; therefore, we will confine ourselves to stating, that from whatever pen those strictures on the Press have proceeded, they stamp the author as the first man in the country—a man

who will prove a superabundant blessing to his country, and of whom we should all be proud.

In conclusion, we must say, that in our own humble opinion, the new Editor of the *Colonist* is the gentleman who alone deserves the palm on this occasion. But the difficulty is to find out who this illustrious stranger is.

"Who was his father,
Or who was his mother;
Had he a sister,
Or had he a brother?"

are questions easier asked than answered in this case. And as we think it a duty which we owe to the public, we shall, if not anticipated by the Editor himself, give the name of the greatest newspaper Reformer which the world ever saw; together with another notice of his productions, on the very next occasion on which he again does the subject of newspaper reform.

THE BOW-LEG CORRESPONDENCE.

IMPORTANT FOREIGN GOSSIP.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDER.)

LONDON, Nov. 4, 1858.

I met a man walking down the strand, having on a large surtout coat, cut in the *Tagliioni* style, into which his hands were thrust as far as his elbows. I could not see his waistcoat, by reason of his *Taglioni-cut* topcoat being buttoned over it, and therefore cannot affirm whether it was black, blue, or dun-ducky-mud color, or whether it was single or double breasted. His trousers were of excellent tweed, and as to his boots and hat—such covering a never adorned the extremities of human nature before or since.

I walked on very fast, and he walked on much faster.

I met another man. As to his dress, he was ragged—as to his physiognomy, it was bad—and as to his accent, it was a great deal "worse than an old tin kettle."

He walked on very fast, and I walked on much faster.

I met a third individual. Light and airy as any fairy. He was a gentleman. His clothes displayed neatness without primitiveness and elegance without "loudness."

We walked on at a temperate pace.

There were a great many shops on the strand and I went into one of them, and bought several cigars and lit one.

I walked on very musingly.

Several gin palaces stood open by the way side. I went in and inquired.

I walked away in a profound reverie.

I walked home, and wrote my usual bushel of news, which you will find above

Never mind the Morrow.

—At the last meeting of the Conservative Convention, a Mr. *Morrow* "pu'd the Gowran fine," so that the great *Ogle* felt decidedly ill at ease. Let us remind the Mayor-maker that "sufficient for the day is the evil thereof," and that it will be better to let the *Morrow* alone next time.

Right, Mr. Leader.

—The new *Solon* of the *Colonist* must certainly be a superannuated parson. He has all that conceit and pomposity which the oracular and didactic style of the pulpit produce in weak men. He is evidently intent on making a journalistic revelation, and proving himself a second *John of Patmos*.