

**Why Atlas Holds the World.**

In ancient days, when Jove the Mighty reigned,  
 HERCULES the world upon his back sustained.  
 For years he bore the burden up with ease,  
 But then, becoming shaky in the knees,  
 His aching shoulders bent beneath the sphere.  
 He looked for needful aid both far and near,  
 But all in vain, until one lucky night,  
 Stout ATLAS, in the distance, hove in sight.  
 "Halloo!" cried HERCULES, (the cunning codge  
 Not wishing to expose his little dodge,  
 "You are the very chap I looked to see!  
 I wish you would a service do for me;  
 But you will let me first enquire, perhaps,  
 How's Mrs. A. and all the little 'Maps?'"  
 "First rate," cried ATLAS, very pleased to hear  
 Such interest taken in his family dear.  
 "But what's this favor that you want, old man,  
 I promise you I'll grant it if I can."  
 "Well, then," said HERCULES, "since you're so kind,  
 Just step this way a bit if you don't mind;  
 I wish you'd hold the ball up for a wink  
 While I step down the street and get a drink;  
 I feel so very warm, and p'raps the heat  
 Will justify us if I stand a treat;  
 Besides the hefty thing is slipping down,  
 And if I let go, woe betide my crown!  
 I'll spit upon my hands, for when they're moist  
 'Twill easier be to get a firmer hoist."  
 Good natured ATLAS, ever glad to please,  
 Advanced right readily and bent his knees;  
 He braced his muscles firmly, set his teeth,  
 And HERCULES slept out from underneath.  
 "Good bye," said he, "I hope you'll like your load,"  
 And leisurely departed down the road.  
 "But aren't you coming back?" poor ATLAS cried,  
 "Not if I know it!" HERCULES replied.

NEW MUSIC.—"I'm not myself at all" by HON. ALEX. MACKENZIE, with variations by HON. GEORGE BROWN and HON. E. BLAKE.

**Hard Lines.**

Oh! GRIP, now poorly on his bed  
 Your RICHARD, he doth doleful lie;  
 Damp is his nose, and stuffed his head,  
 And water trickles from his eye.  
 Moreover every one the same  
 Or nearly so, he's told, is found,—  
 In fact some sort of "what's-its-name,"  
 So people say, is "going round"—  
 And doth upon its victims steal  
 And makes them quite all-overish feel.

He has a tickling kind of teasing,  
 Which brings on many a snort and sniff—  
 He bursts out in incessant sneezing,  
 Taboo'd is his tobacco whiff—  
 And in its stead there's horehound-tea,  
 Cayenne, and vinegar and gruel,  
 And other things all said to be  
 Correct as heat-providing fuel!  
 But not a drop, alas! of sweat  
 These sudorifics bring him yet!

Wet feet? the weather? or in draught  
 Cooling too rapidly when hot?  
 Cold water, when perspiring, quaffed?  
 Or atmospheric change? or what  
 Of ailment's incident beside  
 Has brought on this unpleasant touch—  
 He speculates, but can't decide,  
 And truly it don't matter much;  
 The real thing is to know, you see,  
 Not how it came, but when 'twill flee.

Our old-school doctors are so slow,  
 He went to Dr. BROWN, of King—  
 The great free-trader medico,  
 To do for him the proper thing,  
 But B. must surely be a quack;  
 And did not right his ailments probe;  
 He merely thumped him on the back  
 "Go north"—says he, "and read the *Globe*!  
 Muskoka, and the *Globe* together,  
 Will keep you sound in every weather!"

**Croaks and Pecks.**

CHISHOLM'S PROGRESS.—From Peel to appeal.

CLOSING THE PARK QUESTION.—Alderman *Close's* report.

MUCH NEEDED.—The *Mail Co.* has imported a filter for its editorials.

MR. CROOKS is much more calm in spirit. He says GUTHBORD is the only one out now.

WOULDN'T it be correct to call Oxford, CROOKS-ford, for he waded through it into Parliament?

LEGAL QUESTION.—The Chancellor's seat is the wool-sack; is the Vice-Chancellor's to be moss?

ARCHBISHOP LYNCH says there is a higher law than that of the State. He means, it is supposed, Lynch law.

NOÛTURA SOCIUS.—The *Globe* never so thoroughly revealed itself as when it took up the cause of the quacks.

ARE Sheriff MCKELLAR's late constituents afraid to trust him in Wentworth when they set a watch on him? (Patent lever.)

BARBER-OUS.—Disqualifying BARBER for promising to feed ROBINS. The society for the protection of insectivorous birds should attend to this.

The demoralizing atmosphere of Parliament must be very great when a bench of judges agree to accept the word of MRS. ROBINS rather than that of an M. P. and an M. P. P.

DAM-AGED TORCHES.—The torches used in the CROOKS' procession were hooked from Ald. FARLEY's old ladder concern, so Ald. STEWARD says. Was it the ladder they went to Port Huron to see? And did they require torches to see it? Was it one or two?

MR. MAYOR MEDCALF is exhibiting to wondering thousands in Toronto the scarlet robe in which he arrayed himself at the Guildhall dinner. It is not true that he made an exhibition of himself in London.

EXPURGATORIAL.—It is said that the Revising Committee of the Council of Public Instruction have placed DR. RYERSON'S books of Chemistry and Morals and DR. HODGINS' Geography in the Index Ex. Hence some tears.

THE ETERNAL HARMONY OF THINGS.—A much esteemed friend of ours, liberal in most things but decidedly ultramontane in his religious principles, speaking of this miserable GUTHBORD case, says that "the wretch died an infidel, and that it is only fit and appropriate that his friends should employ a doubter (DOUTRE?) to defend his memory."

The MAYOR of Toronto was much pleased with the compliments showered on his magnificent scarlet robe by his French brethren at the Lord Mayor's feast. They, according to MR. VANCE'S translation, termed it a great success, in fact "the robe of the night." The exact words used were *robe de nuit*.

"OUTRUNNING THE CONSTABLE."—The good Grits in Hamilton are feeling the times very hard just now; but instead of trying to outrun the constable, they have all been endeavoring to get into the Sheriff's office. ARCHIE has, however, taken the canoe couch and card table up there, and culched them all, being in possession. Hamilton isn't "WILLIAM'S, sure pop," these times.

THURLOW WEED, the veteran journalist, writing to the *N. Y. Herald*, says he can tell just how the Masons fixed Morgan. Go ahead, THURLOW; WEED like to know all about it. As to Masonic Lodges we thought them Morganized for charitable purposes, but if not—then we hope to see all Thur-low designs "exposed."

It is rumored that in order to reconcile conflicting claims, Brother H—DG—NS is to be appointed Chaplain and Assistant Speaker.—He is to take the chair when the chivalric W—LLS has played his little game in the speaker's room, and holds a good hand. The division bill is not to apply to these parties, and the Chaplain is to be sworn to make no unpleasant references.

"GRAMMAR vs. GALLANTRY.—When a certain chancellor, of some renown, wrote "*Ego et rex meus*" he proved himself, as every school boy knows, a good grammarian but a bad courtier; when one of our learned Vice-Chancellors mutilates an ancient proverb and says "*nemo repente fuit turpissima*" merely because he is speaking of a lady, he may be a good courtier, but he is certainly a bad grammarian.

CONFUSION WORSE CONFOUNDED.—The Rev. CASUAL ADVANTAGES having exhausted the patience of the Editors of the *Leader* and *Mail* has finished his course. The devoted heads of GOLDWIN SMITH and Dr. WILSON were not sufficient for his deadly purposes, so he divided his numerous letters into numerous heads; but, notwithstanding this division, notwithstanding this multiplication, he doubled on postscripts. The very first letter floored us; the effect of all the letters, on any rash reader, must have been fearful. If the Rev. CASUAL would now sit down, condense himself, and tell us what the row is all about, we promise to adjudicate impartially.