

## "THE COSMOPOLITAN EXILE."

There came to our door a poor exile from Oxford,  
Wayworn and gruesome, dojected and pale;  
"My days now are numbered, oh, GRACIE!" he whispered,  
And deeply he sighed as he told his sad tale.

Forsoaken by those who his friendship first courted,  
I've wandered through Oxford, Ontario, and Peel;  
And like Noah's dove, found no dry soil to rest on,—  
Heart-broken, dojected, and weary I feel.

Sad, sad, sir, it is to be bantered and laughed at,  
Sad, and to be snuffed out by such a mean fool;  
By that rascal, McDougal, so sneaking and treacherous,  
To be snuffed out by him, oh, by heavens! I'm a fool.

In the spring time of life, when fortune smiled blandly,  
Of time-scarred friendships I had my full share;  
Then the great *Globe* himself, who now struts out so grandly,  
To me for my smiles and support would repair.

Tis past! and I crave, ere my failing breath leave me,  
One plea at your hand, don't the favour deny;  
Pleaze got me an Epitaph, carefully "chiselled"  
On the stone o'er the grave where my ashes will lie.

We complied, and wrote out the following skeleton draft as a commencement:—

Alas! alas! here rests poor Joe,  
The *Papa* mitro laid him low,  
And soft as mummy left him so.  
With talent average, or more,  
Well skilled in dead and living lore,  
His mind, by nature, free to soar,  
We fear he felt it quite a bore,  
To stick below.  
*Requiescat in pace,*  
In which all will no doubt agree.

## CRITICISM RUN MAD.

The late visit of Thalberg and Vieuxtemps to our city, was productive of the most melancholy results to our critics. The *Leader* gentleman flapped his wings and strove desperately to rise into the sublime, but failing in that, he quietly sunk into the ridiculous. The *Globe* never attempted to rise, being quite content to flounder in the mud. But the *Colonist* critic sprang on his Pegasus and soared off to the moon; from whence he rained cascades of diamonds, showers of pearls, glittering strings, flashing bows, Heaven, Hell and bad French upon us. However, with these things we have nothing to do. They are incomparable in their way—except the bad French, which is the fault of the devil—and are the outpourings of a poetic mind. But when he suddenly exclaims while speaking of Vieuxtemps' performance—"what miraculous execution and stopping!" we cannot help calling to mind *Nail's* sage reply to her adopted fathers:—"I like Tom best when he begins to talk; and I like 'Arry best when he leaves off!" And then when he speaks of the harmony bringing the audience "on their knees," for the life of us, we cannot help laughing at the ridiculous picture which a full dress concert company would make down of their marrow bones, while the fiddler was going it over them. Again, what are we to understand by this—"Vieuxtemps' pizzicatos were magnificent." What his pizzicatos mean we don't know, but if they were his gloves the critic is certainly wrong, for Vieuxtemps did not wear any.

Thalberg is also treated of in the same incomprehensible manner. He is "gigantic in harmonies." Now in or out of harmonies, every one knows that Thalberg is by no means gigantic, being in point of fact a small man. However, let that pass. The critic might have forgotten his spectacles. But there is no excuse for the following: "Strong men wept at Thalberg's prayer, and were foolish enough to smile at their weakness when he moved off into the Allegro Moderato." We swear that we did not see

a single person, strong or otherwise, weep during the whole performance. Indeed, the contrary was the case: for we were three or four times on the verge of distraction, by several ungodly persons near us, tittering and laughing. As to the strong individuals smiling through their tears when Thalberg moved off into the Allegro Moderato, we can safely say that the only place he moved off into, that we saw, was the retiring room. Why the deuce are not places called by their proper names? But here comes the greatest stunner from the critic. He says—"In the dolce passages, Thalberg held a nightingale in his right hand and an Aeolian harp in his left." The idea is absurd. It bears a lie on the face of it. How in the name of all that's wonderful, could he play the dolce passage, if he grasped a nightingale in one hand and clutched an Aeolian harp in the other?—"May it please your Majesty" wrote the Mayor of Cork on a momentous occasion, "I write this letter with a sword in one hand and a pistol in the other!" But even this was possible compared to what Thalberg did. Besides, as we said before, we were there, and can safely aver that there was neither a nightingale or a harp in the room. "His fortissimos were harmonious, thunder hurled about in every direction," says the critic. Come, now, we like that! If there is anything to which we have a greater aversion than another, it is a thunder-bolt of any kind, and the idea of us sitting in a hall with such delicate playthings sporting about, is what we flatter ourselves, we would not stand; and then Jove himself could not toss thunder-bolts among a promiscuous crowd of a thousand persons, without killing some one, and we are confident that no one was even scorched on the occasion alluded to. We have done. To use the words of the critic, we have followed him until our "sensations became agonizing."

## "Errata."

—The sudden interruption in the Hon. Col. Prince's great speech, in favour of the Total Abstinence bill, which he is again about to introduce, did not, as the *Globe* stated, proceed from serious indisposition, but was owing to the chamber-maid of his Hotel having sewed up his pantaloons pockets, when his hands having gone vainly in search of those necessary receptacles, he was consequently unable to assume his usual dignified attitude while addressing the House—became speechless, and resumed his seat, overcome with confusion. A restorative in the shape of a glass of brandy and water, promptly administered by the Hon. Mr. Simpson at once elevated the "Old English Gentleman" to his feet, and wonted hilarity.

Those 'Orrid Cabmen again.

—During the severe gale of Tuesday last, as the frail and gentle form of the Honorable Member for North Hastings, was seen in a distressed condition, endeavoring to double a corner near the Rossini House, the musical voice of a compassionate but vulgar cabman, was heard exclaiming above the storm—"Brother Bon, jam-in; unless my cab bursts, my horse is bound to carry you home." Such important language addressed to an honourable M.P. is quite unparliamentary; and calls for interference.

## A FRAGMENT.

DEDICATED TO THE SPEAKER OF THE ASSEMBLY.

"Confusion seize your lousy souls," vociferated the Speaker to the underlings who had mislaid his cocked hat and upset the inkstand among his kid gloves. "Adjust my gown you lazy vagabond, and hold the glass—not that one, you blockhead, until I see if my rosette sits with dignity on my noble shoulders. Yes; that will do; now give me the other glass, menial, and stand aside while I imbibe." The Speaker drinks and calls the little messenger of the house around him. "You slinging young vagabond, why have you not got on a white choker, like the rest of your tribe? Don't presume to answer me. All of you, be sure and leap to your feet when you see me stand up in the chair, and keep your eyes attentively on me. Mr. Sergeant, what the devil are you laughing at? Don't laugh, sir! I hope that you have not forgotten my injunctions. Ah, you mounted your rosette? That's right. Ha, clerks! Turn round. Junior, your cockade is all of a heap. Stop your grinning, you parcel of fools, and lead the way into the house. Mind where you are tramping, you rascal, you have soiled my boots."

Speaker enters the house majestically severe, and ascends to the chair, upon which he sits down, and crosses his legs. "Order!—order!—order! Sounds and the devil, gentlemen, don't you see that I'm in the chair!" "Mr. Speaker, I rise to a question of privilege!" "Sir, you are out of order." "Mr. Speaker" — "Hold your tongue, sir." "But, Mr. Speaker" — "Sit down, sir! You won't? Mr. Sergeant, take that member into custody. What in the name of the seven plagues do you want, sir? Only a few tickets! Take them, and mizzle. Will any one tell what that French blackguard is saying in the corner? Can't hear you, sir! but have no doubt that you are out of order. Do you hear? Shut up, I say! Now, don't bother me any more about those infernal Reporters and Press men! I'll see you and them hanged, as you all deserve to be, before I'll give them the accommodation they seek for. Hold your prate, I tell you! It's a lie. Reporters are an intolerable nuisance, and may go to perdition. They'll leave the gallery? The sooner the better. Sergeant, go up stairs, and barricade the door leading to the room which I have assigned to my Secretary. What? They'll throw my Secretary over the gallery? They may throw him into a warmer spot for all I care! Will that member mind his own affairs? What? I tell you it's not an affair of yours! The Editors shan't have free access to the Library. It's not true! I despise them all. I'll not be bored for a reason. Sergeant, open the doors, and be d—d to you!"

## A Phase of Orangeism.

—A notorious scoundrel named Coulter, who, if thrice hanged, could not expiate the crimes he is guilty of, lately added another murder to his bloody catalogue, by brutally slaughtering a man at Angus. At the trial, just closed at Barrie, the evidence adduced fully established his guilt—the judge charged especially upon the irrefragable nature of the testimony against the prisoner; but, to the general amazement, a verdict of acquittal was rendered. Coulter is an Orangeman—the jury were all Orangemen, save one. What is the deduction?