

## YANKEE DANDER.

When a Yankee makes a fool of himself he must always be a great fool; nothing in the ordinary commonplace style of stupidity will suit him. Sometimes he is clamouring after a great patriot, at others, nearly crazy in devotion to a famous singer or a renowned refugee; at others again he hunts up a great murder, or spends no end of expense on the filthy details of a swill-dairy; then he gets religious or speculative, and of course he must have his bottle-war mania when all these sources of excitement are exhausted. Some vigilant British cruisers are determined to stop the scandalous and inhuman traffic which, under the cover of the flag of liberty, (?) drags out the poor African to fill up the failing r.arket in human flesh and blood. They have, as might have been expected, mistaken vessels and boarded those engaged in a legitimate trade; Yankee blood boils immediately (like ether it does so at a very low temperature), and a naval war is demanded as one of those events by which an inscrutable providence is working out the destiny of this great Republic." Providence aiding the enemies of humanity, think of that, and then understand the piety of the land of swill-milk, vigilance committees and wooden nutmegs. Why don't you tremble, John Bull, at the fearful swagger of Jonathan? Don't you see the energy of the Committee on Foreign affairs, the indignation of Cass and the Senate, and the vehement appeals of the N. Y. Herald? John, however, is perfectly insensible to this bunkum, he knows that these fits will come upon his ill-fated off-spring occasionally, and that if the braggarts dared to start their puny armada against British commerce, "the quarrel just" could never fail England. Go on, Jonathan, you won't frighten a single member of our volunteer militia, and as for our sturdy old parent, he cares less for your buzzing than for that of a respectable hornet.

The N. Y. Herald seems fully to understand the nature of the folly, for it announces that "the war fever is abated;" we hope it will prove a warning to the fast young Jonathan, and that he will not again heat his blood by too high living.

Dear Murray—

—As Byron and you say, d—d the Mister. Between you and I, old chap, you were perfectly in the right when you characterized what fell from that fellow Simpson—who doesn't know B from a Bull's foot—as the d—st nonsense that ever was heard. But consider, like a good soul, that he never says anything else; and further, that if you call all that passes in the Legislative Chamber by its proper name, you will have to invent a new swearing dictionary. Therefore, old cock—excuse the familiarity—don't swear any more, even if all the Simpsons in the house should persist in talking "d—d nonsense" from morning to night.

Your watchful friend,

GRUMBLER.

Distance lends enchantment to the view.

—Verified by Col. Prince calling "his dear country-woman," Florence Nightingale, a beautiful girl. It will be a pity if she does not return the compliment to her dear country lad—Col. Prince. The Prince is only turned sixty!

## THE THEATRE.

The performance at the Lyceum on Monday evening last, was marred by a series of blunders, which would have been unpardonable even in a penny show. The drop-scene was let down in the middle of the act, and when the act was concluded, was, by way of atonement, not let down at all. The scenes were shifted at the wrong time, and when the right time came, the wrong scenes were moved. The actors did not come in at the proper moment, and those on the stage were left completely unsupported. A duel had to be fought, but the pistols would not go off, consequently the man who should have been bulletted, after waiting very complacently for the expected report, had at last to lie down and kick up his heels without being shot at all. A mob was to shout enthusiastically behind the scenes, but the mob would not do anything of the sort, even although we could hear the principal performer begging of them to do so. But we have no heart to finish the catalogue of wilful blunders, which rendered a miserable failure the last appearance of such artistes as Mr. and Mrs. Pauncefort. We want redress. The fault lies at the door of the stage-manager, and him alone; and we put it to Mr. Nickinson or Mr. Petrie, who, we understand, manages stage matters, whether it is for the good of the theatre to have a repetition of such disgraceful conduct.

While we are angry, we must also be just. The delay, which we complained of last week, has been in a great measure obviated; and we believe we owe this to Mr. Petrie's management. We hope that, if it is in his province, he will also work a thorough reformation in the matters which it is our painful duty to bring before the public.

Mr. Davidge, in common with most of the first-rate artistes, who visit us, has to complain of the beggarly houses which greet him night after night. To speak in praise of Mr. Davidge, would be as superfluous as to paint the lily, and the reception which he has met with shows too clearly the want of taste which exists in every part of the community, except among our friends in the pit.

The Slaughter of the Sciences.

—We verily believe it is the "manifest destiny" of this Canada to be the executioner of the whole circle of the sciences. Great progress has already been made, and while we give the present state of the butchery, we implore all the ignorant and self-sufficient to go on with their work.

GEOLoGY.—This met a violent death at Bowmanville, where they found coal in strata which existed before the vegetables grew out of which coal is formed.

POLITICAL ECONOMY.—Has been strangled by Mr. Isaac Buchanan, who has satisfactorily proved Adam Smith, Ricardo, and J. S. Mill to be humbugs.

OFFICES.—Mr. Brett, of the County of Peel, has done his business, in spite of Newton and Brewster. See *Colonist*, this week.

ETHICS.—The obligations of morality utterly destroyed by the present Parliament, in favour of Hobbes's system of match and keep.

NATURAL HISTORY.—Since the failure of the weevil essay, has been suffering from slow poisoning, and the rest of the sciences are following fast, and the paradise of fools will soon be perfected.

## OUR CORPORATION BLOWERS

Have given no account of themselves this week, giving rise, of course, to the gravest apprehensions. Whether they are seized with disgust, disease, or *ennui*, we know not. They were reported to us in jolly humor on board the *Fire-fly* on Saturday, making straight for the "Slough of Despond" at the Eastern end of the Bay. We hope Purdy and Carruthers was not guilty of a violation of the respect due the hospitable and gallant Captain Moodie by putting into execution the threats they officially indulged in at a recent meeting of the Blowers. We have too much confidence in the dignity of our Aldermanic gentry to entertain a thought that they would countenance the spectacle of a free fight, even if it were without the "limits." What have they done with themselves? is a question in the mouth of every citizen. Cannot our vigilant Sam relieve the suspense? What excuse has the City Clerk for not advertising them? All appears involved in strange mystery—there is something rotten in the civic state. At this moment, Thursday, five o'clock, a messenger entered, announcing that the Council were in full blast, and that the Blowers were displaying more than their wonted vivacity. We felt somewhat chop-fallen at the intelligence, as at once dissipating a most pleasing hallucination.

## THE ORGAN QUESTION.

A reverend logician, named Alexander Kennedy, moved the following amendment during the sitting of the Presbyterian Synod:—

"Whereas instruments of music are not essential to public worship, and whereas, their employment is deemed a serious impropriety by some people, therefore this Synod feels bound to disallow instrumental music."

We don't desire to canvass the propriety or impropriety of this opinion so far removed from his who sung off—

"Storied widows, richly dight,  
Casting a dim religious light;  
There let the pealing organ blow,  
To the full-voiced choir below,  
In service high, and anthems clear,  
As any, with sweetnotes, through mine ear,  
Disperse me into ecstasies,  
And bring all heaven before mine eyes."

But we simply mean to ask how many are embraced in that ambiguous "some"? Because it is contrary to the law of nature to expect that because some people are born without any music in their souls, the remainder should wear wool in their ears.

La Concordo parafite.

—We are happy to be able to announce, upon authority of the gentlemen themselves, that all personal differences between the senior Member for Toronto and the Hon. the Attorney General West have been amicably arranged. It is perfectly understood between the parties that anything the Attorney General may have said about Brown's Penitentiary schemings, his Scotch antecedents, and "all his other reputed weaknesses, is disavowed on the part of him, the Attorney General; while Brown agrees on his part to retract all he has said anent Macdonald's Hamilton debenture shave, and his selling the public offices, robbing the country, and betraying his friends. We believe the Hon. Dr. Rolph, from his experience in such matters, acted as the bearer of the flag of truce, and managed matters so adroitly that both parties think they have sold each other. For his success the venerable Doctor has been rewarded with a seat on the floor of the House, at the right hand of the Speaker, where he may be seen every night the House sits—a *chiselling*.