

Extraordinary effects of the Ministerial Crisis.

Passing down Church street on Friday morning, at 20 minutes to 10 o'clock on our way to Wellington Street, as we neared the Crown Lands Office, we heard sounds as of lamentation and woe. It seemed as if hundreds of Thomas Cats were holding a concert in the Department, with the accompaniments of hand organs and Highland bag-pipes. Having a partial acquaintance with one of the deputy messengers—the fetcher of beer—we took the liberty of going in to enquire into the cause of the uproar, and the sight we beheld, will not be soon forgotten. Our susceptible heart could never stand a woman's tears, indeed, if ever we should commit the indiscretion of taking a wife, we believe that whatever cause of anger we might have with her, the first symptoms of moisture in her eyes, and the first quiver of her lips, would disarm us; but if she were to throw her lovely white arms around our neck, *Poker* hearted as we are, we should at once forgive the offence and seal the pardon with a kiss on her beautiful coral lips. We can't even bear to hear a child cry, and when "pop goes the slipper," pop goes the *Poker*; in a word, we cut and run. Our sympathizing readers will then be prepared to estimate the shock to our feelings, when we beheld forty-seven grown up men, some of them with the frost of years upon their venerable heads, bowed to the earth in unspeakable anguish, and which found vent, in most cases, by loud wailings, and on the rest by a low moaning sound, very much like the Irish wail over the dead. One single sentence revealed the cause of all this sorrow. *Monsieur Cauchon* was to resume his place as Head of the Department; ; — This was a disease for which we knew no cure, and with sad heart we went on our way, brooding with excess of melancholy over the sorrowful changes in this weary world.

We then went round to the Post Office for our letters as is our usual custom, and thence into King street, when we observed a crowd opposite the *Colonist* office, and sad, as we were, our curiosity was excited, particularly as the crowd shouted by fits, as if something very amusing or very clever was being enacted. Well now, dear kind sober reader, what do you think the fuss was about? Do you give it up? Well, it was this: George Sheppard had lost his mental balance, he was drunk with joy, and for an hour he danced and capered about like a wild Indian. Sometimes he would throw a forward somersault, sometimes a backward one, lighting sometimes on his feet and sometimes on his head, and between every freak he sang

John Macdonald, my Joe, John,
When we were first acquaint,
You were a Minister of State,
But now, Cracky! you aint:
And John Macdonald my Joe!
I've helped to do you Brown,
As I suppose you know,
'Tis known all over town!

Hip! Hip! hourrah!

The same day in the afternoon we went to take our lunch at the Terrapin, but we could hardly proceed three steps without meeting excited people from Kingston, Hamilton, London, Brantford, and ever so many other places, East

and West, who shook us by the hand, slapped us on the shoulders, poked us in the ribs, and in a variety of other ways demonstrated their rapture at the long desiderated chance of thrusting their sticky fingers into the Public Chest. How many bottles of champagne they had quaffed in prospectu, it is not for the *POKER* to say, but we would advise our friends who deal in the article, to keep a good stock on hand, for so soon as Messrs. Brown and Cauchon are installed there must be a series of glorious jollifications.

There is another side to the picture, sad chop-fallen faces, aerial castles in ruins, endorsements not worth a rap, promises demonstrating their affinity to pie crust, curses not loud but deep, trimming of sails and a tremendous lot of lies in explanation of past anti-Brown opinions and speeches.

"But all those things you know, must be,
After a great victory."

The way our Fisheries are Ruined.

An enthusiastic old friend, deeply versed in hooks and lines, bobs and sinkers, landing nets, flies, minnows, &c., sends us the subjoined log of a ten days' fishing by a young friend. We gladly insert the statement since it affords us the opportunity of calling the attention of the Hon. the Commissioner of Crown Fishes to the reckless war upon the finny tribe, now waging by these gentlemen, and especially upon the most valuable of them all, the Cat Fish. While we cannot fail to admire the skill and success of Bill Snob, public duty, that most sacred of all duties, compels us to enter our protest against the wholesale slaughter, and to ask, with a respected cotemporary, "Whither are we drifting?"

(Printed by Request, for Private Circulation.)

10 DAYS CAT-FISH FISHING ON REES' WHARF, In June and July, 1858, BY BILLY SNOB.

No. of Days.	No. of Fish.	Weights.	Length.	Remarks.	
1st	1	1½oz.	3 inches.		
2nd	2	1, 1			
3rd	4	1, 1, 1½, 2¾*	3, 2¼, 3¼,	* This is the largest Cat-fish ever killed on this Wharf with the Rod.	
4th	3	1½, 2, 2½			
5th	4	1, 1½, 1, 1			
6th	3	1½, 2, 1			
7th	4	1, 2½, 1, 1			
8th	3	1, 1, 1¾			
9th	2	1½, 1			
10th	2	1, 1			
Total....	28	36½oz.			Average weight, 1½oz.

These fish were all killed on a single hair, and with Maggots after my own pattern, from Dexter, the Butcher.
W. AUGUSTUS SNOB.

THE SHANTY, July, 1858.

ARDENT YOUTH.—"Well now, don't you confess that the *Grumbler* gives evidence of considerable talent?"

OLD INCORRIGIBLE.—"No, I don't."

ARDENT YOUTH.—"But you know that the paper just now, is only in a state of incipency."

OLD INCORRIGIBLE.—"Ah! I go in for that; but you must spell that last word with an 's' after the 'in.'"

THEATRE ROYAL,

Parliament Buildings, Toronto.

THE PILGRIMS' PROGRESS;

Or, a to Journey from the Opposition to the Ministerial Benches.

Dramatis Personæ:

GIANT DESPAIR,.....GEORGE BROWN.
Obstinate.....W. L. MACKENZIE.
Pliable.....GEORGE SHEPPARD.
Feeble-Mind.....LEWIS WALLBRIDGE.
Presumption.....J. S. HOGAN.
Little-Faith.....DR. CONNOR.
Simple.....DUNBAR ROSS.
Ready to Halt.....J. SANDFIELD MACDONALD.
Carnal Policy.....D'ARCY MCGEE.
Self-Conceit.....J. CAUCHON.

The Delectable Mountains....The Treasury Benches.

Leader of Orchestra.....M. Piché.

Library of Parliament.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE RAT, A "COLONIST" OF CANADA; portraying its peculiarities, extreme versatility, and ravenous propensities. Illustrated by numerous cuts, (at conservatism and honesty.) By George Sheppard.

THE ARISTOCRACY AND RIFF-RAFF OF CANADA; Being the rise, progress, and decline of the Wallbridge family. Together with with a *fac simile* of the original sword with which Wallbridge *pere* fought his way to Canada, and also of the original tariff of Attorney's charges, with which Wallbridge *filis* fought his way to his large landed proprietors. By Lewis Wallbridge, M.P.P., "one of your most extensive landed proprietors, and none of your Riff-raff, d—n it."

PARLIAMENTARY ELOQUENCE: OR WHO TOLD THE LIE?—A collection of choice sayings and epithets, culled *all over the Globe*; with a short essay on the impropriety of duelling, and on the advantages of a devout mind, by "a Ravening Wolf," bound in *Sheep*. (Supposed Author,—George Brown, M.P.P.)

HOGAN'S ARBORETUM CANADIENSIS; being an original and succinct description of the woods and forests of Canada; the value of cord-wood; together with a scale of prices and statistical tables, showing the profits of wood contracts with Railways, or other public bodies,—By J.S. Hogan, M.P.P.

N.B. The Author vouches for this work as not of the same nature as his Essay on Canada, and really to be *original*.

EARLY PIETY—in loose covers, and adapted for general circulation at the Bar,—by Dr. Connor, Q.C. Second thousand.

N.B. This must not be mistaken for the old work of Mrs. Hannah More, being an original production of the learned Counsel, who evidently thirsted and drank deeply at the Pierian Spring, *with the chill off*.

RISE AND FALL IN PRICES; containing a curious dissertation on the contrast in the Government value of the Author's head, in 1837 (£500) and in 1858, (£ nil.) A rare work, containing an