

ANOTHER TWIRL ABOUT OF THE COLONIST.

Not along ago Mr. *Colonist*

Would shake his head and double his list,
If any poor mortal dared express
A belief that the English press were less
Than Oracles unimpaired quills,
On whatever subject they chose to write.
His columns paraded the *News* and *Times*,
And his leaders rasped with the Thunderer's chimas,
And why? Just because they lashed into fits
That Seat of Government vote of the Grills.

Sero the *Globe* was lectured from day to day,
With a "hear what the English papers say,
You've insulted the Queen, confound you, quill,
Thus the *Times* declares, and it must be right.
Strike colors ye Grills, to the veridic low,
For you can't get out of the scrape "no how."
Thus Grandam spoke with her usual clatter,
And considered of course it settled the matter.

But time fled on, and over the dream
Of the *Colonist* came a changing gleam,
For strange to tell, no longer the tone
Of the British Press would square with his own.
The *Times*, the *News*, the *Standard* and *Star*,
The compass boxed, and were sundered far,
From the tack on which Mr. *Colonist* sailed;
So just for a change Mr. *Colonist* rallied.

They presumed—how dare they? to censure the "shuffler,"
So from lauding, good Grandam fell into a snuffler,
They pitched into Cartier & Co. pell mell.
So the once prized Oracles rapidly fell
From jaws, like the Medea, which alter not,
To a miserable, snobbish, and know nothing lot.

Dolans of the *Times*, since the change in the game,
Is dubbed "Paddy," by adding a "y" to his name—
And Mackay once fested and potted and patted,
To a stupid and "narrow mind" Scoteman is ratted;
Next with eloquent vigour though quite newly born,
Mr. *Colonist* asks in the height of his scorn,
"Must we stand by and tremble like pigs in a squeak,
When these newspaper Oracles think proper to speak;
Of course not, our people are all able quite,
To know when Sir Edmund's behaved himself right.
All their dicta about both the right and the wrong of it,
Is stuff, and that's only the short and the long of it.
All the sophistry coined by their ignorant spite,
Can't make us think wrong what we know to be right."

Mark reader, the latest and funniest twist,
Of this twirl about, twist about *Colonist*.
Once it hugged both the *Times* and the *News* by the
hour.
Now it fumes and it frots for the grapes have grown
sour.

Once, it made them the text for long lectures to Grills,
Now it stupidly strives to knock both into fits.

TORONTO UNIVERSITY.

The ceremony of laying the top-most stone of the new University buildings, was altogether unworthy of the occasion. Probably there were as many as fifteen persons, exclusive of the students and college men, to witness it. If it had been a bear-dance or a lady walking on a tight-rope, there would have been a large and fashionable audience, as the cant goes. But as it was only the finishing of one of the hand-

somest Universities on the continent, everything connected with it, except the champagne, went off as flat as possible.

The Committee who had the management of it, are perhaps to blame for most of this. They did not notify the public properly, and were even so stupid as to let the joyful occasion go by without a single strain of music.

THE GOVERNOR GENERAL AND THE PRESS.

What a delicious recreation it must be for his Excellency Sir Edmond Head to reflect upon the polite and courteous attentions which have been of late paid to him! Setting aside the frankness with which obscure journalists in odd corners of the backwoods, call the world to witness that he is the vilest Governor General that ever baulked the good intention of an aspiring Province, must it not tickle his fancy to hear of great dinners, smoking hot, being given to members of Parliament, and to read their speeches after the wine had circulated. How it must inexpressibly delight that fellow Head, as he is familiarly called, to study the ingenuousness, the straightforwardness of those men, some of them with honourable tacked to their names, who, rising up amid the cheers of their associates, calmly and deliberately give it as their opinion, that while the office of Governor General was to be respected, the man who at present held that office, for the express purpose no doubt of punishing the nation for their sins, was to be heartily despised! Into what transports of bliss must he not have been thrown on a late occasion at perusing an account of the war which was waged over the dis-hypocritical and anti-humbug spirit which prompted honourable gentlemen nobly to withstand the indignity of drinking his health; and he must likewise have pondered in raptures over the unflinching manliness of an honourable gentleman who, on the same occasion alone, had the honesty to show his contempt for him in the most marked manner.

And besides all this, His Excellency must be a very hard-hearted man if he is not melted into tears at the solicitude that is expressed for his health—the tenderness with which he is urged to betake himself to a milder climate, and the friendly threats that are from time to time held out, that if he does not do so willingly, his friends will have to do themselves the cruelty, the agony of having him recalled. Nor can he be anything but a monster of ingratitude, a man without a soul and utterly devoid of feeling, if he does not fail to appreciate the hisses which he is treated to on paper—the accounts of the hangings which are published for his edification and entertainment; and the profound respect and veneration with which a free and enlightened people are said to embalm his memory in the cores of their inmost hearts! But we cannot recollect half of the reasons for which His Excellency should have an exalted opinion of the respectability of a portion of our journalists, and the chivalrous and high-minded conduct of many of our leading men. And we should utterly fail were we to endeavor to bring to mind the sum total of the self-sacrificing spirit and steadfastness of purpose with which he puts aside all personal considerations of his own health and comfort, and maintains his post even at the risk of his—appetite.

MELANCHOLY BUT TRUE.

The writer of those gushing effusions of an overflowing pen in the *Globe* sportively called "Holiday Rambles," is a captiv'ingly tender creature. Having been at Abbots-ord the other day, he tells us that he examined Scott's library, and, in his opinion, the only thing that was wanting to make the scene a perfect little duck of a paradise, was the presence of the great magician himself.

Now overlooking the blunder which the writer has committed in confounding the poet with the predecessor, Michael Scott, the magician, it is unquestionable whether the presence of a man who was buried as long ago as Sir Walter Scott has been would make a paradise of any terrestrial scene. However, this is a mere matter of taste, and the Rambler is evidently fond of such grave subjects, for he goes on to express his heartfelt sorrow at the remissness of the dead in making friendly calls. In connection with this want of politeness, he says, "alas, this can never be again!" Now we are somewhat "knocked all of a heap" with regard to this piece of information. The philosophical writer surely meant more than merely to tell us such a new and startling fact as that it is not customary with dead men to do the civil thing to strangers in what was once their own libraries. No, no! We are persuaded there is a joke in it. One of the *Globe's* jokes. Too deep for ordinary intellect. If by any chance the holiday Rambler meant nothing more than to convey a piece of melancholy but true gossip, we think he is one of the most learned, and, in fact, the most profound thinker and arriver-at-just-conclusions-from-abstract-propositions that ever visited Abbotsford.

CHEAP MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENTS.

A very laudable experiment is about to be tried in the Crystal Palace next week. Rev. Mr. Onions, a gentleman of established musical ability, who presented Judas Maccabeanus with so much credit to his head, and so much loss to his pocket, is about to commence a series of cheap musical entertainments, the first of which is to begin next week. In these hard times, when most men are unable to give a dollar for an hour's music, this movement should be well supported. Let our citizens see to it that the experiment is at once successful, and at the same time remember, that they owe Mr. Onions some recompense for the shabby way they treated him before.

The Bands at the Crystal Palace.

—The admirable forethought with which the Exhibition Committee postponed the occasion on which the bands of Upper Canada were to compete for a prize, until the weather had become dreadfully cold, is beyond all praise. We will not say anything as to the inconvenience which it must have occasioned the bandmen to be delayed here so long, as we understand that they were at liberty to go home after the ceremony and come back again, and besides the best band is to get a prize. But on the whole, we are inclined to think that there is no music, as the *Colonist* would say, in the bosom of the members of that ere Exhibition Committee.