

## WASHWOMEN STORM!

Jones is a literary man; but Jones' wife studies economy, and wouldn't on any account "put the washing out;" in fact, Jones' feminine ha'f is rather partial to the smell of "soap suds," and glories in marshalling her noisy forces when "washing day" comes round. Jones, shut up in his study, poor fellow, of course is soundly snubbed if he ventures to complain of the "clatter of Babel" down below 'T' other day, in a fit of desperation, he murdered Tomnyson's latest effusion in the following manner:

There's a sound of squabbling fair,  
Row in the kitchen that lasts all day,  
Storm and squabble, and clatter and war,  
Oh! that it would not roll my way.  
Storm, storm, Washwomen storm,  
Go it, ye cripples, both night and morn,  
Washwomen, madwomen, washwomen storm!

Would I were deaf to the sound that warns  
Of clatter for breakfast, and clatter for tea;  
Are figs of thistles, and grapes of thorns?  
How should these washwomen sleet be?  
Jaw, storm, washwomen storm,  
Go it, ye cripples, in regular form;  
Washwomen, madwomen, washwomen storm!

Can't some reform be thought of? No!  
Each to be loudest and shrillest noise.  
Better a dirty collar or so  
Than the clatter and din of these ancient dames.  
Jaw it, storm, washwomen storm,  
Go it, ye cripples, in regular form;  
Washwomen, madwomen, washwomen storm!

Storm!—yes, of course they will, till they die,  
Clatter and storm; for their tongues are free.  
True that they have a faithful ally,  
The devil himself must a washwoman be.  
Jaw, storm, washwoman storm,  
Go it, ye cripples, in regular form;  
Washwomen, madwomen, washwoman storm!

## THE UNION TO BE DISSOLVED.

MR. ADAM HOPE TO HON. GEORGE BROWN.

LONDON, June 9, 1859.

HON. SIR:—

I cannot imagine what the plague I have committed to subject me to the infliction of some six columns of a letter from you, and a threat of more. I assure you, sir, that I am in no way ambitious of the honour you confer on me. If you want some person to write to there is Crooked Andy, the bell-man of our town, who, for a trifling consideration, will allow you to write as many letters as you like to him. A peculiar advantage you would have in writing to him would be that he can't read, and is very deaf—so you might fire away for ever at him, and he'd never be the wiser, as long as you paid him.

Regarding the Repeal of the Union I do not know much. Repeal was never my forte—theo' my parents used to say that music was—and I scarcely know what it means. But if it means canals, meads, snake fences, or other metaphysical subjects, I have no hesitation in saying that I'm dead against it. On the contrary, if it simply means pigs, potatoes, and polemical politeness, I go in for it strong. The principal reason I've for requesting you not to bore me with any more letters, is that I don't want to be laughed at all over the Province. I'm a plain man, and if I did allude to you at a meeting, dear knows I have been well punished for it since.

I have had no peace or quietness ever since your first letter appeared, and, really, sir, if you persist in writing me to death as you have done, I shall be forced to have you bound over to keep the peace.

— Hoping to hear from you no more, I gladly take my leave of you, by subscribing myself

Your obedient servant,  
ADAM HOPE.

## A MAD CRITIC.

The *Streets-ille Review* would seem to have fallen into the hands of a very illiterate school-boy or a mad man, if we are to judge by the dreadful nonsense which appeared in the last issue of that paper. The Editor, it appears, was at the Royal Lyceum, and he tells us what he thought of the acting in the following incomprehensible manner:—

"Shakespeare should never have engorged his brains, if his plays could not gather at one time a larger audience than what inspired the few who witnessed the performance of some of his crack dramas."

Mark how the clown takes the name of Shakespeare in vain! The sentence is profoundly obscure. The only part of the sentence on which a little light shines is the insinuation that a *large audience* can inspire a lesser one! The idea is novel at all events.

After this mysterious introduction, the critic confidently affirms that—

"If not the inimitable, certainly, we may confidently say, the unexcelled Grecian classic play of Medea was performed in grand style by Miss Davenport, an ambulating *artiste* of first-rate abilities."

A lady performing a play! and this in grand style! and the lady an *ambulating artiste*! What! shift the scenes, play the hero, the heroine, the attendants, the minor characters, all herself! Surely no one ever heard of an *ambulating artiste* performing such a prodigy before.

Determined not to be outdone by the theatrical critic of *Old Double*, who is only let the public know that he occasionally did that sort of thing for the *Morning Chronicle*, the critic of the *Review*, proceeds to inform us that

"The first, and the last time, we had the pleasure of seeing the impersonation of Medea was in Dublin by the excellent actor Mr. Rybson, but what a burlesque on such an interesting piece, was it to witness a man, ever so feminine, usurping the exclusive place of a woman, is *truly ridiculous* for all the refinements and sweetness of a female character, was completely lost."

There is a sweetly put together sentence. Punctuation and all the rules of syntax annihilated at one swoop. It is quite evident that the first and last time he saw "Medea," was the first and last time this critic ever was inside a theatre. In burlesques, the majority of play-goers never look for sweetness and refinement.

Mr. Marlow is complimented with the assurance that he sustained *Alister Walter* "almost equal to the author." Mr. Nickinson is playfully nicknamed *Old Nick*, and is assured that in Irish characters he was in his "native element."

In conclusion, we advise this critic to go back to school and learn to write the English language, before he presumes to give an opinion on what he knows nothing about.

## OLD DOUBLE ON PLAYFAIR.

We would willingly have left Colonel Playfair to settle his little matters with his constituents and ecclesiastical superiors, had not *Old Double* rushed to the defence of the erring ex-person. As usual, however, with that unfortunate journal, zeal and outran discretion; *Old Double* blundered into a bog, and in its painful efforts to extricate itself gave utterance to the following elevated sentiments:

"But as the matter is now bruited before the public we beg to say that the Colonel did not take me a liberty in the case alleged in such unfeeling privacy to give no real cause of offence to those who maintain strict views."

Poor *Old Double*! what need of such excessive candour? So the venerable Colonel did "do it with sufficient privacy?" He did creep into St. George's Square as stealthily as a pickpocket sidles up to his victim, did he? He didn't wish it to be known in Lanark among the lambs of his flock, didn't he? and—because he did not, the lambs have no right to be offended. Bravo! *Old Double*. Admirable morality! Do whatever you please—go wherever you choose, only keep dark and it's a j serene; *Old Double* says so, and isn't *Old Double* an authority? Of course the poor benighted old creature practises the morality she preaches. It's a provitable code, and permits granny to grab all she can, with this one limit, "sufficient privacy."

Verily, *Old Double* is welcome to promulgate its system of ethics, but we question if it will induce ex-Rev. Playfair's superior to reinvest him with his forfeited dignity.

Neither we should think will the hoary-headed hen of the Sunday feast be particularly grateful to it for the line of defence it has taken up. "Sufficient privacy" is too suggestive. "Right, because done in the dark" is far from self-evident, and if *Old Double* could find no better apology we fancy in this, as in hundreds of other cases, "silence" would have been its best policy.

When did it attempt to defend a position without leaving the breach larger than it found it. Good reasons have its favorites from Monsieur Cartier down to Colonel Playfair to exclaim "Save me from *Old Double*."

## Exceedingly Cool.

—The following deliciously cool piece of impertinence appeared in the *Leader's* leading article on the 9th:—

"The public will always be safe in taking it for granted that if any unusual announcement is made, and is not to be found in the *Leader*, it is not reliable."

It is quite refreshing to meet with such coolness, now that the hot weather is about to set in. The *Leader* will become quite a refrigerator by and by, and those who escape being petrified at its audacity will be effectually chilled by its coolness. We hope that our contemporary does not mean by the "public" the whole world. Let us hope that the organ only means the people of Canada, the Americans, and perhaps the inhabitants of the Timbuctoo Islands. If the *Leader's* "public" will not be circumscribed within these bounds we will compromise the matter by throwing in the Fingee Islands, and perhaps the Island opposite Toronto.