

## SIDNEY SMITH, HYS TRAVELS.

"I've ben to Akes to Chapel."—*Sidney Smith.*

You may talk of your Parks and your Bruce,  
Your Livingstones, Pfliffors, and Cooks;  
But I've travell'd a night more 'n them did,  
And yet never writ any books.  
I've seen Pompey's Pillar in Turkey,  
The Promian Colonius as well,  
Thopot whar Napoleon killed Cesar,  
And the ruins of Akes to Chapel.  
I seen Shakespear's study in Venice,  
Milton's grave at the top of the Alps,  
The villa of Cato in Ireland,  
And the Tower whar they keep Rossian scalps;  
I dined with the Archduke of Matia,  
Play'd poker with Bomba the Great,  
Hunted deer in the forest of Etna,  
And drank at the pump of Aldgate.  
I saw the wild Indians in Egypt,  
Exit'ng raw blubber out of a whale,  
And the Hotentots teaching Algebra  
To children, both male and female,  
I've seen the great Sultan of Poland,  
The Shah of Australia; also,  
And the Rhine from its source in the Highland,  
To whar it runs into the Po.  
I've saw the Mohomedan Cossacks,  
In the pride of their wealth and their rank;  
Supped buttermilk with the wild Arabs,  
And climbed to the top of Mount Blanc.  
I've been to the village of Java,  
In the cold plains of old Afrikee;  
And now, honest gentlemen, I've arriv'd  
Back to teach you in old Canadee.

## PANDEMONIUM COUNCIL.

### BY INFERNAL EXPRESS.

Great was the stir in Pandemonium, when the inhabitants of that region were acquainted by an extra of the *Brimstone Gazette* that the Ministry were about to resign on the Goose and Peg Top Question. All day long gentlemen bearing huge dispatches, carefully rolled up in their tails, might be seen hurrying from the Royal Palace to the Executive Council—from the Executive Council to the Parliament House, and from the Parliament House to the Terapia Saloon. Carriages drawn by fiery horses might be seen going at a devil of a pace, ever such slight obstacles as mountains and rivers. And devils of all sorts and sizes might be seen running about like dogs that lost their tails.

As the hour for the meeting of the House drew near, a dense crowd assembled in the passages leading to the galleries. The heat and crowd were tremendous. The police tried to preserve order in the ladies gallery, but without avail. Several devils lost their tails in the press, and the Chief of Police had his whiskers and moustaches singed off, owing to the heat of the atmosphere.

At midnight, precisely, the chair was taken by Hon. Mr. Pluto, who wore his tail in rather a dejected manner, and seemed more morose and pompous than usual.

The Ministry were all in their places. The opposition looked fiery red. The debate soon began and waxed warm.

### GOOSE AND PEG TOP QUESTION.

Hon. John Rhadamanthus, who was neatly singed for the occasion, commenced by enquiring of the Princes and Potentates present whether they desired the question to be discussed on its merits or not.

Hon. Mr. Brown.—Certainly, sir. None of your confounded nonsense. But fire away.

Hon. John Rhadamanthus.—Hollo! Where do you hail from, sir.

Hon. Mr. Brown explained that he was one of a deputation from the Canadian Legislature, deputed to watch the important question before the House.

Hon. John A. Rhadamanthus.—Trot out your deputation. But stop! are they fire proof?

Hon. Mr. Brown had no doubt they were, and immediately introduced Speaker Smith, and Messrs. John Cameron, Hogan, Cartier, Gould, Gowan, J. A. McDonald, Morin, Sidney Smith, Connor, Dorion, McGe, and Piche.

The latter gentleman was turned out for laughing immediately upon entering the House. The robes and ruffles of Speaker Smith caught fire immediately in being ushered in, but his person was found to be fire-proof. J. S. Hogan's curls frizzed up like powder the moment he entered, and were all consumed except one curl, which, at the urgent request of Mrs. Proserpine, was sent to her to the gallery. The only other casualty worth mentioning is, that the Hon. Mr. Cartier's pocket handkerchief was instantly consumed the moment he took it out to blow his nose—upon which the House was immediately filled with perfume of "Old Windsor." An obliging devil, standing by, offered the hon. gentleman the use of his tail, which was indignantly refused. A stand up fight thereupon ensued, at which the obliging devil was considerably worsted, and Mr. Cartier's eye-brows were singed off. After order was restored,

Hon. Mr. Beelzebub, said that of late a most ridiculous fashion had crept into the country of his adoption—he alluded to the "Peg-top Institution." The "Goose question" was nearly allied to this institution—since none but geese wore peg tops.

A VOICE—Hear, hear.

Hon. Mr. Beelzebub heard some one say hear, hear; but would the impudent devil that made that disgusting remark hold his horses for a while until he got through, and then he might blaze away.

Mr. Connor, as one of the deputation, protested against any hon. gentleman being allowed to "blaze away." He came from a cold country, and the sudden change in the temperature did not agree with him as it was, without making it more hot.

The Hon. Peter Mammon returned to the question. Peg tops, in his opinion, rather became devils than otherwise—especially lame and deformed devils.

Mr. McGee remarked that that was a lame reason.

Hon. Edward Molock.—None of that, sir, remember where you are.

Mr. McGee had no doubt he was in bad company, when he stood so near a member of the Infernal Ministry.

Hon. Mr. Beelzebub, as a member of the opposition, wished to shake hands with the hon. member for Montreal for his first remark.

Mr. McGee wished to be excused. It was very hard—some of the hon. gentleman from Lower Acheron to wish to shake hands with him—but he was not a Shaker—in fact he was a Reformer.

Hon. Cerberus growled about this loss of time. The question was Peg tops. He had listened, with instruction to himself he hoped, to a debate on "hoops," in the Canadian Lower House.

Mr. Dorion insinuated that the term *Lower House*, as applied to the Legislative Assembly, was misapplied as long as the House, he had the honor then to address, existed.

Hon. Mr. Pluto explained that it was a misnomer. But as there was no lawyer in all the infernal regions when the statute was drawn, or since, the framing of the acts was faulty.

Dr. Connor would not stand by, and hear this. He begged to inform the Hon. Speaker, that he was a lawyer, and filled the office of Solicitor General for Upper Canada for forty-eight hours.

Hon. Rhadamanthus offered to make him Attorney General if he would stop below.

Dr. Connor would consider about it—as he had read somewhere that—

It was better to reign in hell than serve in heaven."

A long debate ensued on the question before the House, which resulted in the Ministry being defeated.

The result was received with great bellowing.

The following resolutions were then put and carried.

Resolved 1. That "Peg tops" are the most abominable, ugly, foolish fashion ever adopted.

2. That the use of "Peg tops" be prohibited in the Infernal Regions.

3. That those who wear "Peg tops" are geese.

4. That all geese found wearing "Peg tops" should be singed and imprisoned.

5. That the Canadian deputation be requested to publish these resolutions in Canadian papers.

6. That a committee of devils be appointed to wait on those persons in Canada—especially Toronto, who indulge in "Peg tops," and inform them that they are excessively foolish.

7. That the said committee be empowered to bring persons and papers—on their return to the Infernal Regions.

The House then adjourned, and the Canadian deputation were driven over to Canada, by way of the Hudson's Bay Territory.

### Glaring favouritism.

—Somebody wants to know why it is that while the corporation have destroyed without remorse the posts and awnings of common mortals, they have permitted the sentry box which is stuck up on Wellington street, to stand as a sign before the Governor General's shop. One of our correspondents suggests that it is really a metaphorical advertisement, which being interpreted signifies "Shrievalties, Coronerships and Magistracies to be had here." Not being a Grit, we decidedly oppose the idea of its removal. We should be very sorry indeed, if our mercurial neighbours, the Yankees, should come over suddenly and take the Government House by surprise. For purposes of defence, therefore, the sentry box is necessary; we feel sure that if a Yankee filibuster spied it from afar he would give up all thoughts of Canadian invasion. We think the complaint altogether unnecessary. If it be true that "divinity doth hedge a King," we see no reason why one sentinel should not be allowed to environ a Governor General.