

S M I T H .

Oh hush, ye gentle winds and zephyrs soft,
That whistle softly through the waving tresses
Oh hush, ye cartwheels and ye bulgiao snorters,
While I my lofty theme do celebrate
Solicitous. O Smith, O John Smith, James,
O William, Joseph, Tom, Dick, Harry,
And all the various Smiths how best are ye.
Beyond the common lot of mortals that ye bare,
No matter what your Christian names, a surname,
So artfully made up of consonants,
Vowels, and mutes, and liquids, till the whole
Strikes the ear like sound of saron song.
O seek ye not of titles, orders, medals,
All are but vanity and empty wind !
Ye have a name that circles all the globe,
That's borne by ruffians, scavengers, and kings,
That flies through post upon the best cream lard,
That's seen upon the hoary pyramids,
And haunts less dignified, but more frequent.
And thou, O greatest of the living Smiths,
Returned from the British Isles—a Smith,
As thou departedst from these shores—a Smith,
And thou transmittest to thy heirs that name
Thou hast long endeared to glory. Thou
Wilt long outshine all in Spectatorial Chair,
Naught but a Smith. Think not we seek to taunt;
Thou canst not into the world a Smith. Within
The stern recorder's book all sins are writ,
Blackly alike, for loafers, lords, and peers,
Seek to adorn thy name with sweeter fragrance
Than that of sounding titles. So that when
At last you're summoned from this world of woe,
We may give you a decent epitaph.

THE BALLOON ASCENT.

[Being the only true account of that wondrous sight.]

The Grumbler's special reporter was one of the tremendous crowd which assembled around the Revere House to witness the performance of Mr. Steiner and his marine comrade of the Fire-fly. We confess that it was anxiety for the safety of the latter worthy, which principally urged us to dispatch our most graphic representative to the scene of action. From the subjoined report, which we give in his own words, it will be seen that he did his best to "see justice done in the premises :"

At half-past one o'clock, I arrived at the spot chosen for the display of aeronaution. On entering the ground, in obedience to my instruction, I made at once for Captain Moodie, whom I discovered reclining at full length in a quiet corner of the Revere House, earnestly studying "Hervey's Meditations among the Tombs." He hastily dropped this work at my approach and picked up "Draw's Meteorology," which he opened at a description of the trade winds. I took the gallant Captain by the hand and encouraged him by several cheering observations and one quart of brandy.

He produced from his pocket his will, almost identical with the one published in our paper of last week, and insisted on adding a codicil, witnessed by Mr. Riley of the Revere, and Adjutant Gull, bequeathing to me free liquor at his snoon during the term of my natural life, and his interest in the votes of his friends in St. John's ward. After receiving several scraps of advice, which Bob gave as the

results of his chequered political career, I accompanied him into the enclosure.

Steiner received me with great cordiality, and urged me to accompany him to take care of Bob, whose valour he feared would prove more than a match for his discretion. Feeling every confidence in the gallant fresh water salt, we, of course, declined. I left the aeronauts to their business for a short time, and entered into conversation with Mrs. Grundy, who seemed very much astonished at the inflation. To several inquiries she put to us, we answered that gas is used to inflate the balloon, because it is lighter than air, as she had probably observed that those who gave forth the most gas are invariably light headed; that Steiner could steer the balloon which way he liked, that if he choose he could keep up in the air forever, and that he had had some idea of living in the moon, but that provisions were so dear up there, that he had "concluded" to make the best of it on terra firma. The old lady wanted to know if he would be able to see her sister-in-law, the English Mrs. Grundy, starting in the Great Eastern? I replied certainly, for on the last voyage, Steiner distinctly saw Garibaldi eating macaroni in Tuscany, and espied one of the members of the Zurich Conference making a quill pen, and thinks he distinctly heard another call him "Colloredo." Leaving the old lady in a state of bewilderment, I found Bob Moodie mounting the fence to address the great unwashed. In obedience to my instructions "to see justice done in the premises," I followed and took notes of the last oration of the great captain :

FELLER CITIZENS,

Previous to startin' on the adventurous voyage which is about to embark, and are now waiting for me, which is commanded by Professor Steiner, and I am first mate of which I desire to say a few observations, which is to be short and well ordered as Shakspeare says, in his Ootters' Saturday Night. Gentlemen, the mariner's compass is a fact, so is Captain Moodie, and when Columbus went to Ameriky and landed by Montreal, he could no more have done without the fust than Steiner kin get along without the last. The fust fairient that ever tried to go up in a balloon sailed somewhat about Crete, which I don't see in the geography and I don't believe that never was no such place, but he had no gas which you may see in our bladder raring and kicking like all possessed. So his son fell in the water and got drowned, which shows I'm an addicated man as good as Neil Cameron, McEntire, or any other scollard in Tarantah. People think I'm scared, but it's a darned — well seen as I'm goin' up in the balloon I'll forgive everybody, and wont use no harsh expressions about nobody. I'm glad to see the electors of the glorious Ward of St. John here in large numbers, and though that car should throw me out, I know they'll never do it. Gennelmen, I hope to discover many curiosities, such as the mermaid and say serpent, which Steiner says is in the lake, about fifty foot down. I'll make tis ghostly shade of the defunct and lamented Mr. Columbus blush at my discoveries; that's so. All I ask is, that you'll stand by, as a eminent friend of mine observes, and see justice done in the premises.— Gennelmen, you don't think I'm skeered, do you? No, poris! the insinuation, I feel as sound as a salt

at grog. Farowell, if I do not return, drop a tear on the grave of the helpless and smitherened remains of Moody. Farowell.

Our reporter was so much affected by this speech that he fainted, and was taken home in a state of unconsciousness.

OFFICIAL GRAMMAR.

In an official notice issued from the Provincial Secretary's Department, we find the following lucid paragraph :

"NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT the Offices of the Executive Council, of the Crown Law Department, and of the Provincial Secretary, will be closed for the transaction of business on the 15th INSTANT."

We find that the above specified offices are to be closed for the transaction of business on such a day. What in the world were they ever OPEN for? For the non-transaction of business? For the purpose of trying "how not to do it." Is the devil here speaking truth by accident, and taking off his patent leather boots to show his cloven foot, or has some Clear Grit forged the above notice for the purpose of opening the way for the damaging insinuations of the Grumbler's pregnant wit? Perhaps the paragraph is authentic and reveals for the first time the true course of affairs in the government offices. Up to this time the clerks have been merely playing; on the 15th day of September they will put their Herculean shoulders to the wheel, and between the hours of 11 A.M. and 4 P.M., satisfactorily clear away all arrears; on the morning of the 16th cry out

"Now my work is lightly done,
I can fly and I can run."

and remain in this happy state of leisurable hilarity till Providence sends another such 16th inst.

We don't wish to be particular about minor points, but we find the subscriber of the same notice requesting that all communications to the Provincial Secretary's Office, may be sent, etc. Why doesn't the Provincial Secretary ask some Upper Canadian subject to revise his notices. If he were to do so he would not grind out such inharmonious sentences as he does. If he doesn't do something of the sort, there will be an indignation meeting of English particles, and he will hardly get out of the scrape without being tarred and feathered by a troop of wrathful prepositions.

TORONTO NOT A METROPOLIS.

The *Colonist* of Tuesday last, in a miserable wailing article, dares to assert that so soon as the Governor General leaves Toronto,—

"We Torontonians shall have to get into the fact that we are not a metropolis."

Hold, old mother *Double*. Toronto is, was, and will be the metropolis of Wester Canada as long as grass grows and water runs, the *Colonist* to the contrary notwithstanding. The abominably silly trash that has of late appeared in the *Colonist*, can only be attributed to the fits it has been frightened into by the approaching loss of the seat of Government. Let us all hope that the Government will have mercy upon the miserable state of the *Colonist* and take it with it to Quebec, or to the other place,