

ADDRESS TO THE COMET OF 1858.

Welcome, mysterious, long-tailed stranger,
So brightly shining in sweet eve-tide;
Hast thou been long amongst the Stars a ranger.
That now thou seek'st the sun as Bridegroom seeks his Bride?

Is the earth changed to thee, since last you viewed it?
Has the darning crisis made it look more gloom?
Yes, (though "hard times" for long months have pursued it);
Don't you still think our Exhibition's "a some?"

Of course you've seen them from your noxious bright,
The horses, cattle, poultry, sheep, and pigs;
Guess you peeped in, and wagged your tail for spite,
To see light-fingered gentry play their "rigo."

But you—confound you—say of what you've made,
Thy tail is thin, thy body all seems light,
Have you *pure spirits*, wine, and ginger-ade,
Or are thy children all teetotalers quite?

Thy politics—are they eccentric too,
To watch thy course, now here, now there by fits?
Ere thou thy Newspapers, both *Rouge* and *Bien*,
Those, hating *Moderates*, these reveling *Gitis*.

Yes, good Sir, do pray be warned by us,
Gat up some bosom and consume the whole;
Let them not brood the same cantankerous mune,
Of barefaced lies that vex our Grumbling soul.

We counsel you, from off your confines whip
Gloves, Leaders, Atlas, all such tasteful food;
Nef it you've owe too GRUMBLER—let her rip,
She'll cure your spleen and do you heaps of good.

Have you a telegraph electric laid,
'Neath your big ocean right from shore to shore;
Which just once six short messages conveyed,
Thee sulkily refused to carry more.

And say, oh Comet, can you furnish proofs,
That India in your circles of *haut ton*,
Lie just twice fifty feet of brazen hoops,
Or is the rage for ermine more stroug.

And once more, have your City Councillors run
Reckless and wild? Then ask them all to sup
Within one House, and as you near the sun,
Just let the shingles catch and burn them up.

THE THEATRE.

The Lyceum has been crowded to excess every night during the past week, by strangers who came to visit the Exhibition; and in honor of the occasion our manager got up several grand holiday performances, which, nearly all invariably commenced with the "Corsican Brothers." Why this piece was selected we cannot imagine, unless it was to astonish the country bumpkins who came to visit us. It may be that Mr. Nickinson had in view the bringing out of those stunning *artistes* who are just now rising into view. We mean the Masters, the Allans, the Frans, whose highest flights of genius have hitherto been confined to the taking of the important character of a private in any piece in which fighting was to be done; or the shilling of a scene on an emergency. We hope the manager will persevere in his efforts; and in future ages we shall be enabled to look back with fond regret at those days, and point them out to our offspring at the Augustan age of the Toronto drama.

We are glad to see that Mr. Nickinson has not forgotten his promise to give us a new Theatre. The four new lamps erected opposite the Theatre alley, being we suppose, the first instalment of it. Our manager is right not to commence such an undertaking in the dark.

WHAT BELLA THOUGHT OF THE EXHIBITION.

DEAR MR GRUMBLER,—I do not know what to think of you at all. Sometimes you are very kind to us ladies; at other times you are as cross as two sticks, and as impertinent as young Augustus of our place, who endeavored to kiss me this day week while coming from the ball. But, bless my heart, what am I saying, to be sure! It is all about the way in which I was treated at the Exhibition that I wanted to tell you. Well, you must know that on Wednesday I went to the York Street Station, where there was a great crowd of people waiting for the train; and as soon as it came up, all the big, strong men on the platform began to fight their way into the cars; and it was only when all those rude fellows had crushed their way in, that we that is the females, could get in; and then we had to stand, for all the seats were filled, and not one of those masculine creatures would stir to let us sit down.

At the Exhibition, I need not tell you, there was a great crowd; so much so, that all my hoops were smashed to pieces. After a great deal of work, I succeeded in securing a good place in the gallery, and I thought how lucky I was, when a big fellow crushed himself before me, and it was only under his arm that I could see the opening ceremony, which I declare was not worth looking at. First, I could see a man shaking hands all round, and I thought his hand would be wrung off, and then there was a great deal of dumb-show speaking, that did not look half so well as the pantomime at the theatre; and then we had the singing, which was of course very good; and then it was all over. I do declare, Mr. GRUMBLER, that the only objects worth looking at were the cocked hats and uniforms of the soldiers; and what brought any body there, I am sure I do not know.

On Thursday I was in a pretty state. When it came on to rain I ran to the nearest shelter, but could get none, there was such a crowd before me, and then to the next, with the same bad success, and in fact, I thought I would have had to run about for a week before I could get a place to shelter myself in—and this too, with my light slippers on, and my dress tucked up, and of course every body laughing at me. At last I got shelter, and as soon as the rain was over, I picked my way through the mud, and went home as fast as I could.

Now, do you not think I was very badly used, and that the rudest and most unfeeling creatures on the face of the earth, are to be found among the male kind?

BELLA BUTTERCUP.

GROANS OF THE FAT SHEEP.

Exhibition Fair Grounds, Wednesday.

HUMANE MR. GRUMBLER.—Nino is a heavy case, and I claim all your sympathy. You must know that I am the fattest sheep in the "bull crowd," as I hear the damned Yankees say. But, dear knows I pay enough for my distinction. For as sure as any body comes to look at me, if I am lying down, I am poked up with walking sticks, umbrellas, and things of that sort, and then by way of seeing how much wool I have on, I am pinched and pulled about until I am black and blue; and finally some farmer is sure to wrestle with me until he throws

me down on my back, as helpless as the lambs unborn, in order to see whether I am a sheep or not, I suppose.

I struggled hard against the first farmer that came to take the legs from under me. "No you don't," says he; straining at me very hard. And seeing that I was determined to stand it as long as I could, he kicked my shins, telling me that "it was no go, old feller!" until at last I lay panting on the broad of my back.

Now, Mr. Editor, such treatment is not to be borne by any body, much less by the sheep, who, although they are very patient, have their rights which must be respected; and I hope that you will use your influence to bring in a bill at the next session of Parliament to disfranchise those farmers, unless they use a little more tenderly. How can the public expect tender and juicy mutton after we are dead, if we are to be treated in this way when living.

Yours respectfully,

BAAH.

WISE SAWS BY A SAWYER.

Never go to a Provincial Exhibition with \$100 in your pocket.

Never wink at a pretty girl, when a fierce-looking savage is beside her.

Never spend five dollars, when a York shilling will do instead.

Never kick up a row when the odds are two to one against you.

Never walk when you can ride.

Never commit suicide.

Never go to sleep on the railroad track.

Never speak well of any one, especially if you owe him anything.

Never put the lit end of your cigar in your mouth.

Never make love to a girl until you have seen every other girl in the neighborhood.

A JOKE FROM THE GLOBE.

In the *Globe* of Thursday last we actually found an attempt at fun. "Mr. Wm. Cook, of York Township, had nearly all the game fowls to himself, and he crowded not a little in consequence." Do you take, good reader? surely you cannot miss. You don't? Don't you see the connection between "game fowls" and "crowing"? Of course you do, and isn't it really good for a first beginning? The *Globe* will soon be equal to the *Colonist*, and reading the daily papers will be perfectly suicidal at breakfast time. The *Globe* speaking of one of these fowls, says that he is likely to stand there a long time before he finds an opponent so *timorous* as to enter the lists with him." That beats Dogberry's "flat burglary" out and out. *En passant* we may mention a rumour that the owner of these valiant birds, who has a vote for next Tuesday, has sold them at a high price to Charley Romain, and that if the "valiant chanticleer" is whopped by Sam Sherwood's gallinaccos biped he will vote for Charley. The fight is to come off on Saturday, so as not to break up the City Council on Monday night.