

Moodie.

I won't, I won't and now, I'll add by jingo,
(The strongest oath that ever stains my lingo)
I'll work like tiger preys for a week,
Each street I'll scour and every vote I'll seek;
And "the low herd" (*canals* the Frenchmen say)
Shall show your lordship what's the time of day;
Good bye, John B. just keep your spirits up,
I know you're drinking down a bitter cup.
Now to the contest, fight's the thing for me,
Moodie, McDonald, votes, and victory.

Exeunt ambo.

*Bob perhaps means *canaille*.

The Wrath of Foley and McGee.

Sing to us, *Grumbler* impartial, the terrible wrath
Of Mike Foley.
Sing, said the stout jolly stranger, immortalize
Foley in verses,
Sing, said his friend, a Milesian, forget not the
Celtic docile D'Arcy.

This is the song of the *Grumbler* rehearsed in
the ears of the stranger,
Commenced after due invocation of Spirits and
Aries and Muses.

Why is the stout Michael filled with wrath?
Therefore does he of the unruly tongue refuse to
be soothed by an Office?

Why disclosest he to the *Leader* the dire tale of
corruption indulged in by the Clear Grits? And
by both the Milesian, D'Arcy, matter in tones in-
dependent?

Alack! lend your ears to a story that is mellow-
somatic and brimful of sorrow.

Down in the ancient capital with Wilson, Mc-
Dougall, and others, sat Sandfield of the slender
opus, erect, looking angry. The clement Celtic
was absent, Mike the portly and D'Arcy, professor
of blarney.

"Why be these seats unfilled," cried Sandfield the
leader; "whither wander in times of peril, two of
my pole-jumping lambskins? Know they not that
the wolf is abroad now, prowling and howling
around us—us folio have fattened in Office? Twig
they not the designs of the Dodger—the wiles
of McDonald the artful. Ho Rykert of the hun-
gry ear, come forward my precious. What news
from the caucus. Say you, O Rykert, assembled
with Tories in Caucus. Mike the portly or D'Arcy
professor of blarney! No! they've escaped them
the net of McDonald, McDonald the artful."

Dark was the brow of Sandfield; Sandfield the
slender was wrathly.

Down sank he, exhausted with fury, muttering
words of ill omen.

"Tell me O ye my companions: resolve me
this riddle perplexing. What shall we do with
the Celts. Sphinx like I proffer the riddle; who
shall be *Œdipus* for me.

Nothing was vouchsafed in answer, all his
companions were silent. Naught was now heard
but the rattle of brains in the various caputs.
Dreadful was the puzzle; awful the ominous si-
lence.

At length on the back stairs a footstep re-
sounded like the tread of Titan. Terror was in

each face, pallor spread over each frontispiece.

The door slightly creaked on its hinges, and
admitted a mighty proboscis.

Surely 'tis the book of Brown, aye, 'tis the
nasal ornament of the great Orentio. Thus ran
the thoughts of Sandfield, thus cogitated Mc-
Donald the slender.

"Let the Celts be discharged, O McDonald,
give their places to others more worthy. Take
Moyatt the prim and the natty, and Wallbridge
the wondrous amalgam. Let these be installed
in the places of Celts who have forfeited favor."
Thus spake the voice through the portal, 'twas
the voice of George Brown the destroyer.

Again the door creaked on its hinges, and
quick disappeared the proposers. Silence supreme
for a moment reigned in the Executive Chamber.
Vox et fraterrea nihil, save a mighty proboscis!
Well might they all look astonished, well might
they all quake and tremble.

At length, up rose Sandfield the slender;
Sandfield of the slender form was the first to
get over his terror.

"Accept, O my comrades, the omen—let us
give this our greatest attention.

All clustered round him and listened, till mid-
night closed in on them talking.

At nine in the morning, precisely, the ele-
ment Celtic was walking. Foley of the manly
chest, D'Arcy of the roguish eye and unruly mem-
ber. Arm-in-arm were they walking together, de-
termined to stand by each other.

Suddenly the General-Postmaster was handed a
strange looking letter.

Quickly he opened and read it, read it aloud with
an effort.

My eyes! what a strange transformation! what
anger, what passion, what fury! Torn was the
strange looking letter, plucked into the three sand-
pieces. Stamped upon, spat upon, jumped upon.

Dismissed, aye dismissed, were the Celts, throw
in their bars were the doughty Milesians. No longer
companions of Sandfield, no more the assistants
of Sciootte.

Great was their wrath and justly, terrible was
the shock of dismissal.

Hence, is the stout Michael, wrathly; hence is
independence on the lips of D'Arcy. Hence doth
Mike consort with the *Leader*; hence D'Arcy cut
adrift from the Clear Grits; hence this song of the
GRUMBLES, be it known to unborn generations.

Extremes Meet.

—It has often puzzled us to give a reason for
the name "extreme party," as given to the minist-
erialists. They seem to let all things remain *in*
status quo; they make and dole out fat offices and
in most other respects are similar to their fortorn
predecessors. It appears, however, that the com-
parative heights of the leaders is the only assign-
able reason. Sandfield is six feet two, and Dorian
five feet nothing, in his stocking feet. Hence the
name given to the party. In case of defeat, Bar-
num intends to engage their services under the
titles of the Glengarry giant and the Gallic
Bantam.

LOST.

25 CENTS REWARD.—An Israelite named George
Benjamin, of moderate height, cannon ball head,
Hebrew complexion and nose, measures 4ft. 6in
from nape of the neck to the heel and the same
across the shoulders. Generally wears specs and
talks of printing-contracts. As he is the only
man of weight in the whole Assembly, his loss is
felt.

10 CENTS REWARD.—A quantity of Morton's
Proof lost or stolen from the House of Assembly.
Used to occupy the seat of Sir H. Smith. Apply
to J. A. McDonald.

20 CENTS REWARD.—A gentleman of maly ce-
plexion named Carling. Although much given to
hops at home, he was as quiet as a mouse in Par-
liament, always voting with John A., and conduct-
ing himself generally with propriety. Although
Nature has been rather grudging in the matter of
beard, he is a tall respectable looking man. Apply
to Mayor Cornish, of London, or to the Editor of
the *Prototype*.

P. S.—This is withdrawn; Carling is so quiet
that we thought he was lost, but he is all right.

5 CENTS REWARD, for each of the following:—
Dr. Clarke of Guelph, a noisy gentleman, allopathi-
cally inclined; when last seen he was compound-
ing soporifics, in anticipation of the defeat of some
of his friends. Mr. Sherwood, of Brockville, a mild
easy, good natured sort of nobody; his friends fear
that, as he is easily led away, he may have gone
to Ogdensburg and enlisted in the American army.
Lastly, a *Bureau* used by the late government.
The Electors of Napierville will give 5 cents to
any one who will restore this piece of furniture.
It is supposed to be concealed in a Government
Office at Quebec. Several other parties are missing
and if they do not turn up before next week, re-
wards will be offered for their recovery.

A Question for Dr. Wilson.

The *Globe* has discovered a new English word
which rather puzzles us. It is "Scoto-phobia."
What is its meaning? To judge by the article of
which it is the heading we should be compelled to
find the *Globe* guilty of a gross offence against the
purity of its mother tongue. Is it possible that it
means to couple words of different languages in
one? *Scoti*, the Scots, a Latin word with *phobos*,
hate, a Greek one! Such a hybrid compound
would be almost as bad as the Yankee abomination
"lettergraph." We cannot entertain the idea for a
moment. The Editor of the *Globe* is too fastidi-
ous in his language and pure in his diction to be
guilty of such a monstrous crime. Still this is one
hour of the dilemma. The other is this. The
word may be derived from two Greek words, but
then our contemporary's English must be vindicated
at the expense of his political virtue. The Op-
position complain of underhand shuffling and
secret manoeuvring in the Government and "Scoto
phobia," as being drawn from *scotos* dark and
phobos. I hate, might be applied to their detesta-
tion of the underhand work of which Mr. McGee
complains. The word is none of the best even
then, but might pass in a daily newspaper.

On which horn will the *Globe* be impaled? We
hope the former, for we should not like it to be
said that it loves darkness rather than light, for a
reason we need not mention.