

SHADOWY SCENES IN THE
COUNCIL CHAMBER.

After the minutes, seven minutes, forty-two seconds and a half, according to the Clerk's tally of the last meeting were read, the time approved of and ordered to be put on record: they went into committee of the hole the Mayor at the mouth and the last senatorial addition, rated on time record without reference to rank, a true democratic move, but then they are all democrats; so small blame to them, took up as easy and dignified a position at the bottom as space and pressure would allow: the rest, without reference to anything, larded themselves as best they could time being called, work begun. It was moved by the lightweight youngster from Champlain;—that it being universally admitted that no man is possessed of the power of omnipresence, — (A voice from the bottom, with the unmistakable squeak, here arrested the speaker,) "I call upon the mayor for protection and rule that Pat. Henchey is out of order, and should be hauled out, no man with bowels of brass or vulcanised lungs would split our ears with such thundering drum-crushers." St. Louis, in bitterly soothing tones; have you concluded my worthy senatorial dig, though unprovokingly assaulted, I scorn to touch with the majesty of my justly aroused wrath, such a common three syllabled chap." A fierce and violent struggle is evidently going on below as the huge mass of corporate flesh, breathes and pants in the throes of a death agony; finally the same gentle squeak resounds from below "Chap! aye, I'll chap him; — patience old sole." (Quiet being somewhat restored, the Mayor from his dignified perch majestically doled forth a crushing admonition in his Owen brief style, "three bye honors and a"—"Burns procede.")

The weighty youngster, nothing loath, then stated that what he wished to imply was; "not having the power of being in two places at one and the same time, he wished to have Professor Woods attend the Council on meeting nights in his professional capacity, so that he might not be any time in pursuit of that noble science; so that I could follow my love—St. Peter, a little lower down, sandwiched between Vallière and Peachy, "if that coon's mittens had but a small coating of his facial veneer, eh; Vallière old fellow! Biz, would be brisk you might wait for the plague." I second the motion, said St. Roch, "we want a highly developed muscle in our quarter, just at this time. The motion was carried unanimously and Vallière commenced measuring those near him, as he said, for a new suite which they would require, and had better have ready, for Burns and Woods would scald and switch them to death.

Moved by laughing MacLaughlin and seconded by Montcalm that, "as his toes were getting weak and he could not hold on any longer, this should be vacated and its other tenants

given a chance, for he could hear them clamoring for admittance. With a general cry of Rats, Rats, the meeting burst up. Time, two seconds better than last.

LATEST FROM BEAUCE EX-
POUNDED BY THUMBUS
TOOKES.

Bartley's defiance.

Let the P. P's have their say,
Sure they're working for their pay
And no fault it is of theirs if they're
gone wrong.
If they failed to find me out;
Or know what I was about;
There's a reason for their dullness.
pretty strong.

When their clever chief detec,
Left poor humdrum old Quebec
The news was wired to me without
delay.

Did I fall into the dumps?
No! I gathered up my stumps
And received him with a pyrotech
display.

He was glad to turn his back
And whip up his old hack,
For help, to town, he hurried you
can bet.

He told such a tale of woe
That the strongest men you know
Of the Prov's were forced to git up
then and get.

Well! I'm here at easy call
As the papers told you all,
Without fear or care for anything
I've done.

But unto the bitter end
I my freedom will defend,
And defy the force, to anything,
but run.

TOO LATE FOR THE BOAT.

The woman who arrived at the wharf just as the Montreal boat had a start of ten feet, didn't comprehend the situation for a moment. She didn't know but that the boat had a habit of starting off and backing up to keep the machinery from getting rusty. When she realized that she was being left, she jabbed a man in the back with her elbow, knocked a hat off with her parasol, and squealed at the top of her voice: "Hold on, there; you haven't got me."

"Make a jump!" screamed one boy. "Swim for it!" called out another, while the "left woman" fiercely shouted:

"Why don't some of you folks up there tell the captain!"

The people of the upper deck replied by laughing and waving on their handkerchiefs. The woman on the pontoon recognized only one among the crowd, and, pointing her parasol directly at her, and holding it extended, as if taking aim, she shouted:

"You want to understand, Mrs. Baker, that you can never, never borrow any more butter or flat-irons from me."

AN UNFINISHED POEM BY
OUR TRAMP.

Who's that rooster that sports in his
tail the green feather.

Whose war-note has hanged to the
hoot of the owl?

Once his sole cry was, "There's
nothing like leather,"

But now he's a draggle-tailed barn-
yard fowl.

For a handful of chaff
From the daft Telegraph,

His creed he reviles, on his friends
turns tail.

Sure he "drilled in the glen
With the true Fenian men,"

(He did in my eye!) "and was then
sent to jail."

Proud bird of the barn-yard, loud-
crowing Jimmy.

Who strutted the dung-hill with
such a grand air.

Whines, "I'd crow for old 'Nick if
he'd anything to gi'e me.

Whether "tin" comes from heaven
or from hell, I don't care."

This chicken was born
To blow his own horn

And barter his feathers for top-knot
and spurs.

But the old clocking hen
Will have them back again,

For both cock-a-doodle-doo, spurs
and top-knot are hers.

What a sad commentary on the eternal fitness of things, "no opposition to Mr. Richard Alley in Quebec West," is the sad wail extracted from the high toned literary expounder of Liberal "hog-wash;" if this be truth or mere conjecture, it matters not, Mr. Richard Alley may not wish for better success in his new venture, than that which awaits him in the other issue.

Whang the Miller—who has not read of Whang, and heard of all his rich and noble friends—his dear friend Lord this and esteemed friend count that. But what a sequel. Alas! poor Whang. Alas! poor Gahan.

The Peterstreet gent,
Who to burn went
Into Cotters the game for to play
Was mulcted in fees,
Settled, quite as you please,
And at home now sings dumb
all the day.

—In referring to a certain political party, we always take care to write the word *Rouge*; but many of our countrymen just as persistently pronounce it *Rogue*. For the sake of the inflexible Scotch jaw, our big brother, the *Globe*, might conventionally adopt the latter form.

—Office seekers will please take notice. It is semi-officially announced that Mr. MacKenzie will receive no more presents of old hods or trowels, in loving remembrance of his former occupation. The old statesman—mason's head is level. He doesn't require any more hods. He carries his bricks in his hat.

AMNESTY TO O'DONOGHUE.

Without any abstract reasoning, to go by, we were still of the opinion that the Mackenzie Cabinet had a small share of pluck; Their action on the "Amnesty question, on the eve of the Election, should brand them as political cowards incapable of guiding this young Dominion to a manly individuality. They deserve no recognition for the tardy grant. It is the straw thrown to the drowning Laurier. This cowardly submission which love could not buy, but fear has extracted, will fail in its intention and the WHITE FEATHER be wafted back to its nest.

"Put not your trust in Princes."

Our friend, J. M. Hainault, the engraver, Place d'Armes Square, must imagine he has fallen on a city of them, he gives such prominence to the trite saying "No trust: friend will not ask for it; strangers will not expect it."

THE SLAUGHTER OF THE
INNOCENTS.

Rock Valley and the Swamp have had a visitation and are not pleased therewith. They are overflowing with hospitality for their unknown guest.

His return is anxiously hoped for when they pledge themselves to make amends for former neglect. His non-appearance will bring sorrow to many a household where loving hearts will mourn. We can feel for but one: Knowing your *good intentions*, you have all our sympathy Mr. Huck; we have no stock on hand for others.



"Mr. Laurier has no axe to grind *vide Telegraph*." It is evident he has some saws to set. *vide cut.*