

"Think not "McCarthy" mean't to hit
 "T"was but the outcome of "*La Grippe*"
 "(The truth I own is oftimes sad)
 "McCarthy" had "*Grippe*" symptoms bad,"
 Nor "Wright" nor "Langelier's" sparkling wit,
 Could make him feel less badly hit.—
 Mitchell's! Mills! logic clear and mild,
 Its flavor hē could not abide,
 In vain "Cook" serv'd a sweet *grillade*
 "A six months hoist to thy new fad"
 "And what for no' McInnes cried
 "Official *Salio* with ye' abide."

6th. "Laurier! *mon brave!* Caron! *tous deux*
 "*Et* CHAPLEAU! *patriote surtout.*—
 "*Et tu* Blake! mighty *Solon* still
 "Thy shaft soon pierc'd the Dual Bill,
 "And thy move "Thompson" next was seen
 "To rend in two the Dual scheme
 "In vain, in vain "McCarthy" cried,
 "On! Charlton! O'Brien! 'gainst Time and Tide.
 [A "Flood" of wit, 'twas whisper'd here
 Submerged McCarthy with this spear.
 "Why take thy food upon the wing
 "Thy "flights" upon this house to fling?]
 "As well might "Charlton!" beat the air
 "O'Brien? FRIENDS, WHAT A FALL WAS THERE!
 "*Hors de combat* they lay full soon
 "As whizzing votes shot thro' the room!

7th. "And now "SIR JOHN" I must away,
 "Though fain, with thee, I'd longer stay.
 "The curtain falls—the drama is o'er,
 "E'en "McMullen's" voice is heard no more!
 "My reindeer waits upon the tower,
 "Why tarry here past midnight hour?
 "'Twould take me now to noonday sun,
 "To count the vict'ries thou hast won!"
 Thus saying, San Claus sped away,
 Nor will he come for many a day.

STADACONA.