

5.

And now see *Dorion* approach, all ready, as of yore,
 To wage a hopeless strife, and as he looks across the floor,
 And sees his old antagonist, he mutters "saeré bleu!"
 While *Cartier* laughs and smacks his lips, as only he can do,
 And looks around in triumph, with a thrill of honest pride
 On his ever faithful followers who gather to his side—
 He sees the trusty *Robitaille*, the pliable *Simard*,
 And *Blanchet*, *Caron*, *Bellerose*, and the rough and ready tar
 Bluff *Fortin*, fresh from Gaspé—(sleeker porpoise never swam!)
 And JOHN A. looks with listless air,—and doesn't care a d——n.

6.

And there sits *Jones* of Halifax, with angry, sullen scowl,
 And *Anglin* too from Gloucester, looking wiser than an owl—
 While by his side—in sooth a sleek and cosy looking pair!—
 Is *Smith* from Westmoreland, securely wedged into his chair—
 While not far off, and vainly trying to look dignified,
 Sits "honest Joe" from Wentworth, with his jokes all eut and dried,
 And ready-made on any opportunity to crack,
 (The drollest dog is Joseph of the whole entire pack!)—
 And, ready with a joke as he, or well turned epigram,
 SIR JOHN still sits with half closed eyes—and doesn't care a d——n.

7.

And now, with thoughtful mien, and with a look of anxious care
 And sorrow on his face, see *Joly* comes from Lotbinière,
 And softly glides into his place, while close beside him sits
Macdonald from Glengarry, wildest, rabidest of Grits—
 And *Scatcherd's* there from Middlesex, a trusty Grit and true,
 With others at his back, in sooth a strange and motley crew—
Macfarlane too, the ehosen one (God save the mark!) from Perth,
 (If he's their choice I wonder what the rest of them are worth!)
 And yet they come, and ever yet, and hustle crowd and jam
 Each other, while SIR JOHN looks on—and doesn't care a d——n.

8.

With head filled full of strange fantastie notions of finanee,
 Sits *Cartwright*, deeply pondering, and gives a look askanee
 At *Hincks* by whom—at least at whom—each poor employé swears—
 'Tis little he regards their fond entreaties and their prayers!
 While yonder sits *Magill*, the very type of mute suspense,—
 Uncertain how the cat will jump—still sitting on the fence—
 And *Crawford* from Toronto's there—and *Burton* from Port Hope,
 And natty little *Nathan*, from the far Pacific slope—
 And here comes *Schultz* from Winnipeg—while quiet as a elam
 SIR JOHN sits by and watches all, and—doesn't care a d'——n.