

A THRILLING ROMANCE.

By JOHN P. WILLMORE, HAMILTON.

He dwelt, did Peter Walkshaw Blythe,
Among the forests of Queenhithe.
His patrimony was not large,
Consisting chiefly of a barge.

He loved, did Peter, this said chap,
The barmaid of the Blue Boar tap;
And, as of course you would infer,
He named his vessel after her.

By which my object is to say
'Twas after her—some little way,
The barge was as *The Polly* known,
The barmaid's name was Martha Joan.

"A rose with any other name,"
Was an excuse the youth might claim;
And Martha Joan, too, might demur
To coals, bricks, hay, on board of her.

[Here, you will please to pity me,
The author, for of course you see
I've heroine and hero got,
But, hang it! cannot find a plot.]

Sir Griffin Biggs who dwelt hard by,
Where Anchor Alley towers on high,
Looked downward from its topmost stone,
And caught a sight of Martha Joan.

But Countess Avarilla Butts
Upon Sir Griffin Biggs was nuts;
I think she chiefly loved his gold,
For Biggs, though rich, was somewhat old.

The Countess Butts, when it was known
That Griffin courted Martha Joan,
Sent for a wizard in Pall Mall
To come and poison that young gal.

She placed the message in the charge
Of Peter on *The Polly* barge:
And Peter, seeing the position,
Off Puddle Dock drowned the magician.

[Here, please congratulate the bard,
My task appears no longer hard;
A sort of subject now I've got,
And I can work it like a shot!]

The virtuous Peter Walkshaw Blythe
Woke the wild echoes of Queenhithe,
By telling how with skill sublime
He had averted sin and crime.

And consequently Martha Joan
Who never until then had known
She was Sir Griffin's heart's delight
Wedded at once the wealthy knight.

While Countess Butts o'erjoyed to find
She had no murder on her mind
To make her conscience madly writhe,
Set-to at once and married Blythe.

And Blythe in his eccentric manner,
First wiped his brow with his bandanna;
Then—being now with Martha cut—
He wedded with the Countess Butts.

And next he [Reader, I have done
For all my characters, save one,
No longer task I your endurance]
Scuttled *The Polly* for her insurance.

[Considering, when I began,
I'd not the shadow of a plan,
I think that I may fairly glory
In this most interesting story.]

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Hon. George Brown is off to Europe; he wisely chose to go *via* New York. Had he escaped the perils of the Grand Trunk, he would never have been allowed to cross safely over in the Allan line.—"De fust ob Augus" will be celebrated with much *ponp* by the darkeys of Western Ontario at Chatham. McKellar and King will be on hand.—The Pacific Scandal still rages, and more startling developments are promised.—Toronto is to have another Park in spite of the obstructionists Sheard and Carr.—It costs teamsters five dollars and costs, to build fires underneath recalcitrant mules to encourage them.—Canadian twelve have beaten an English team at cricket at Lord's, England. Let all the people shout "hallelujah."—Shah of Persia on the homestretch.—For balance of news see daily papers.

OUR POET AT THE COUNCIL CHAMBER.

In order to render every department of our journal an unparalleled success, we have secured, at great expense, the services of a brilliant, though hitherto unappreciated poetical genius, who will hebdomadally lucubrate in our chaste columns, in connection with subjects of public interest. Last Monday evening we furnished him with a clean paper collar, and a quarter on account of salary, to enable him to get his flowing locks trimmed, and procure the necessary amount of inspiration—(he takes it straight)—and started him off to the City Council. The following is the result:—

His Worship: The tocsin sounds the hour for Council gathering,
To do the usual amount of blathering;
I find, with eagle eye our numbers scanning,
We have a quorum,—*ipse dixit* Manning,—
Therefore to business let us now proceed:
I'll take a smoke—Turner, have you a weed?

Ald. Turner: Yes, here you are. If not too stale a joke,
I hope our business here won't end in smoke!

Ald. Carr: To get along with biz. is a good notion;
Let's read the *minutes*: who'll second the motion?

(Clerk reads the minutes.)

Ald. Turner: Here's the report of the Finance Committee—
Another loss inflicted on the City;
A clerk in Treasurer McCord's employ,
Cocker by name,—his boss did much annoy,—
Lit out with sixty shekels to the States,
Which muchly on our civic feeling grates;
However, that aint any reason why
The cow should leave her barn, the hog his sty,
And wander where they list, upon the loose,
And with folks' gardens play the very deuce.

His Worship: We'll try to stop the cause of such vexation;
Coatsworth shall issue one more proclamation,
Warning cows, hogs, and horses not to roam,
But stay, like duteous animals, at home.

Ald. Thomas: I have a by-law here, sir, which allows
Coatsworth and doctors to examine house,
Or vessel, which by them may be suspected
To be by dangerous disease infected.

Ald. Sheard: I must protest agin such heffy powers
Given in a country which is free like ours:
I guess a Briton's house, sir, is his castle,
Where he with fever and disease may wrestle
Just as he pleases. If he death endures,
Why 'tis his funeral, and none of yours.
Let this Committee rise, like sitting hen,
Report, and then return to sit again.

Ald. Turner: That man's a ignominious moral coward
Who won't accept that land from John G. Howard;
Acres one hundred sixty-five in number,
And situate contiguous to the Humber.
Allow me, sir, to venture the remark,
No one should quiz our project for a Park.

Ald. Sheard: A park! Quiz it I surely shall and may;
For *parquissites* you're all upon the lay.

His Worship: To think the man who'd perpetrate that ero
Vile execrable effort, once was Mayor!
But he to my posish no more returns;
He'll "gang nae mair to yon tonn," *vide* Burns.

Ald. Carr: I quite agree with Brother Sheard's remarks;
I don't see what the people want with parks.

Ald. Coate: Oh, unæsthetic cuss! with soul so dead
To nature's beauties, and un-level head.

Ald. Spence: Of all projected schemes this is my choice,
And for this purchase I record my voice.

His Worship: Let all in favor of the motion rise:
I now declare it carried by the ayes.

Ald. Davies: To settle this St. David's question, I—

Our Poet: Oh, this discussion's getting awful dry!
I would I had a genial claret cup.

Globe Reporter: Come on, old sardine, guess I'll set 'em up.

Exeunt; which means, "they left."