

The Maine Law Touch.

Mr. Aikens, M. P. P., or as Powell not unaptly called him, the "aching void," resolved to achieve immortality in some way or other, introduced into the Election Law last session the clause which was intended to shut up the saloons on the polling days, but which didn't. However this was not his fault, and as his intentions were good all the Temperance men owe him thanks; but what will be said of the conduct of his political chief, who, for the purpose of exasperating the Tavern-keepers and Cabmen placarded the city with a bill intended to create the impression that the said clause had been framed by the Hon. J. A. McDonald—thus appealing to what he, (Brown), has all along professed to regard as an immorality, for political support—the protection of the trade in Alcohols. Will Aikens forgive this foul apostacy, in addition to the barefaced attempt to swindle him out of his just honors, as the author of the clause in question? To be sure he will. Do you suppose he has pluck enough to run the risk of being pilloried thus—

"A Traitor to Upper Canada,
mark him well,
JAMES C. AIKENS!!!"

No, not he, or we are greatly mistaken.

A Funny Fellow.

The editor of the *Freeman* is awfully anti-Brown (perhaps) and still more awfully anti-Cameron; indeed it appears he had resolved that both candidates would be defeated, for he not only did his best to prevent Roman Catholics from voting for either of them, but insisted that even Orangemen should not vote. As the Orangemen were divided just in the same way as the Roman Catholics was it not a little singular that this gentlemen should feel an intense interest in their welfare, even to the extent of abusing the Grand Trunk for carrying them? But let us ask does the *Free (?) man* suppose people don't see the Maggeeman in him? If he does he is just very slightly mistaken. Stop your nonsense Pat.

What's in a name?

Why did the Government in the recent Middlesex shrievalty appointment, act as inebriates?

Because they took a *Glass* too much.

How did the Government by the Norfolk shrievalty appointment, pull the wool over the eyes of the people?

By the appointment of a *Mercer* (dealer in wool.)

Why is the Court of Common Pleas a place for good and bad *habits*?

Because it is presided over by a *Draper*.

More Correct Decidedly!

The Kingston *Whig's* motto is "Opifer per orbem dicor." The *Poker* begs to suggest two amendments: the motto ought to read "*Stupidus per urbem dicor.*"

To such people as you doctor we would just say on our own behalf, "*melius non tangere.*"

John Holland's Oration over the defunct Premier.

After Shakespeare, with slight liberties in the text.

Friends! Torontonians!! Clear Grits!!! lend me your ears,

I come to palliate George Brown's proceedings, and not to praise them

The evils that men do, live after them, the good is oft forgotten with their power.

So be it not with Bothwell. The noble Hillyard doth tell you that Geo. Brown was too ambitious.

If it were so, it was a grievous fault, And grievously hath poor Brown answered it,

Of place—of power—of seat at once bereft,

But still he's now an honourable man.

So are they all—all honourable men.

He is my friend, faithful and just to me;

But Hillyard says he was ambitious

(And Hillyard is an honourable man).

Bothwell did promise many great reforms,

Whose action would our emptied coffers fill

Did this in Bothwell seem ambitious?

You all do know that many a time and oft

He stated 'twas impossible he could

Be officer of Government—was this ambition?

When that the Grits have lost, Bothwell hath wept,

Ambition should be made of greener stuff,

Yet Hillyard says he was ambitious,

And sure he is an honourable man.

I speak not to disprove what Hillyard speaks,

But I am here to speak what I do know.

You did support him once—not without cause,

What cause withholds you then to vote for him?

He at the least did promise me a berth

And I am bound to work for his return.

Oh judgment! thou art fled to niggers dark

And whites have lost their reason. Bear with me friends,

My heart is in the levy room near the Bay,

And I must pause till it comes back to me.

[Becomes affectingly overpowered.]

But one short month ago—the word of Brown

Did sway the opposition—now lies he here

And none so poor as do him reverence.

O! Clear Grits—if I were disposed to stir

Your hearts and minds to rowdyism and rage.

I might do Hillyard hurt, and Moodie hurt

Who, o'er the left you know, are honourable men.

I will not do them hurt—I rather choose

To hurt the Clear Grit cause, myself and you

Than I will hurt such honourable men.

But here's a policy with the black seal of Bothwell.

I found it in his sanctum—'tis his platform

Let but the electors hear his liberal views

(Which pardon me I do not mean to read)

And they would go and kiss George Brown's great toe,

And dip their bread into his temperance—

Yea, buy a—of it for memory,

And dying mention it within their wills.

Bequeathing it as a rich legacy

Unto their issue.

1st CITIZEN—We'll hear the policy, read it good John

Holland.

2nd CITIZEN—The Policy! the Platform! we'll hear

George's Platform.

HOLLAND—Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it.

You are not wood—you are not fools but bricks,

And being bricks, hearing the mind of Bothwell

It will inflame you—it will make you mad.

'Tis good you know not what he did intend,

For if you should, oh! what would come of it!

CITIZEN—Read the Platform! we'll hear it Holland.

You shall read us the platform! Brown's platform!

HOLLAND—Will you be patient, will you stay a while,

I have o'er-shot myself, to tell you of it,

I fear the action of the pack of chisellers

Whose daggers have stabbed Bothwell—

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this coat of many colours,

I do remember

The last time Bothwell put it on,

'Twas on a Sunday morning in his house,

The night before he called his cabinet together.

Look, in this place ran Dallas' dagger through,

See what a rent the envious Hogan made,

Through this the well-belov'd Moodie stabbed,

And as he plucked his tarry hand away

Mark how the form of Brown did follow it,

As rushing cross the street to be resolved

If Moodie so did rat or no—

(For Moodie, as you know, was Bothwell's angel,

And did secure his last election.)

Judge, oh, ye Grits! how dearly Bothwell loved him,

And spent ten bob upon a pinchbeck chain

Which he did give to Moodie.

This was the most unkindest cut of all,

For where the noble Bothwell felt his stroke,

Ingratitude more strong than *mouton* votes

Quite vanquished him—then burst his mighty heart

And in his great *Globe* muffing up his face

'E'en at the feet of Bishop Charbonnel

Who all the time did wink with his left eye.

Great Bothwell fell—Oh! what a fall was there

My Clear Grits! Then I and you and all of us

Fell down while *CARRUS* treason flourished over us.

Oh! now you weep, and I perceive you feel

The pains of hope deferred—these are gracious drops

What! weep you when you but behold

Our Bothwell's fair fame wounded. Look you here

If he be not returned Toronto's member

By a majority at least of two to one

Then we are lost for ever—

I come not friends to steal away your votes,

I am no orator as Hillyard is

But as you know me all a plain blunt man

Who looked for a Collectorship and didn't get it.

I love my friend, and know full well

That if he once had power I'd got a berth

Though I have neither wit nor words, nor worth,

Action nor utterance, nor the power of speech

To stir the city. Your customs I'd collect

To give great George the means of feathering's nest

And making snug Gordonius and the rest.

Thereupon return him, and you may depend

Something will turn up for you in the end

Mr. Dorion.

We admire Mr. Dorion very much. We admire his face, and we are sure no one will dispute him the glory of being the handsomest man in the House. (We beg Mr. W. F. Powell's pardon.) However, we are bound to say that it is not his fault if he is so ravishingly beautiful. We admire his voice which, to our ears, has all the soft liquid music of a cart-wheel wanting grease. We admire his elocution, steady, continuous, smooth and persuasive as a parrot's. We admire his logic, especially on the Seat of Government question, for he tells the people of Montreal that he voted in their interests when he voted Nay to the respectful motion of Mr. Dunkin, to request Her Majesty to reconsider her decision and to name Montreal. We admire his candour when he says that the Ministry voted twice for Ottawa, because they simply opposed a motion to heap "coarse and brutal insults on Her Majesty" as Mr. Patrick asserted Mr. Dorion and his friends were doing. We admire his frankness when he declares he did not recede from his principles, though he and Mr. Brown agreed, like thieves, upon questions on which they had all along been at variance. We admire the minute precision of his explanations when he unfolds the very satisfactory policy of "constitutional checks." We admire his loyalty in abusing the Representative of Her Majesty, because he refused to be bullied. We admire his truthfulness when he ventures to affirm that the McDonald-Cartier Government intrigued against the Brown-Dorion Government and procured a vote of want of confidence in them, and indeed we think Mr. Dorion a real admirable Crichton, only we would be sorry to find him a minister of the Crown, unless all these admirable attributes were exchanged for the vulgar common quality of honesty.

HAIL FELLOWS WETL MET.—The Member for Russell (Fellowes) and Casselman under process of arrest for Conspiracy.

Why are the Grits like so many sheep?

Because they are driven by a Shepherd (Shepherd.)