



"EVERY MORNING WHEN HE WAKES."

PREMIER NORWAY.—LET'S SEE; WHAT WAS MY POSITION ON THE PROVINCIAL QUESTION YESTERDAY?

THE PARLIAMENTARY SYMPOSIUM.

The near approach of the holiday season infused an extra amount of festiveness into the blithesome assemblage which convened in the spacious *salon* after the close of the debate the evening previous to the adjournment. The place of Symposiarch was occupied by Mr. Pardee, the Treasurer having desired to vacate the position in consequence of his retirement from public life. The first act of the new Symposiarch, was to liquidate, so to speak, an appropriation which will be found in the Public Accounts under the head of "Sealing-Wax \$24." The wax was of a green color, but that is no reason why any exception should be raised to the item.

"I shall proceed," said the Symposiarch, "to state a few observations which occur to me on this occasion. This is the proudest day of my life, and the honor you have conferred upon me will be remembered, to quote the words of the immortal bard,

"While men try holds her seat
In this distracted globe."
—(Sensation.)

No, gents don't misunderstand me. No pun intended."

"That a no-pun question," suggested Morris.

"I shall now," said the Symposiarch, "bring my remarks to a close, and call upon the gentleman who has just spoken for a song."

"Hear, hear!" said Bell, "A song and dance—a merry Morris dance, so to speak—seasonable and picturesque."

"As he pleases about that," said the Symposiarch. "Waiter sling Col. Morris the lute, and silence for the madrigal—(mad-wriggle.)"

Mr. Morris struck a chord or two on the weapon to see that it was in tune, and then seating himself on the back of his chair, in approved negro minstrel fashion, burst forth into the following strain of song:

THE IMPENDING CRISIS.

(Air—So early in de mornin'.)

Local Gub'nent ain't no good,
Not sence losin' Brudder Wood;
Him could cypher just so slick,
Ebery time he take de trick.

Chorus.—So early in de mornin'
So early in de mornin',
So early in de mornin',
Before de broke ob da'.

Oliver Mowat—bery bad man,
Fool de folks on de license plan;
Dem licent'ous schemes won't work,
Pull 'em up wid a lively jerk.

Chorus.—So early, &c.

Brudder Crooks, he runs de schools,
"Gardin' to de party rules";
Ebery time makes big mistake,
But de Marrison racket takes de cake.

Chorus.—So early, &c.

Brudder Wood he lead de way,
Now he's gone de rest can't stay,
Soon dey got to shut up shop,
Dey'll be bustle up save pop.

Chorus.—So early, &c.

Clar de track when dey ring de bell,
Vot'matters vote am a gwine to tell;
"Long come lect-ion—big defeat,
Grits broke up on de second heat.

Chorus.—So early, &c.

"Mr. Hay will now favor the audience with an impromptu joke," said the Symposiarch.

"Me?" said Hay, "why Mr. Speaker I never made a joke in my life. Indeed I can't, but I suppose I can do the other thing. Give your orders, gentlemen, Apollonaris water for me, waiter, with just a slight dash—a mere flavoring as it were—of Old Tom."

"Brother Rayside will now be heard from," said the symposiarch.

"Well, if I must I must, so here goes. Why does the Provincial Secretary at work on a public document remind you of a doctor performing a difficult surgical feat?"

After two minutes reflection they gave it up.

"Because he's performing a scissoream (Caesarean) operation," replied Rayside. (Aside.) "It's a trifle rough on the party, but then it would cost altogether too much to treat this crowd."

"If we had not just partaken of refreshments I should not let that attempt pass," said the Symposiarch, "however, you're a new member, so it may do."

"It is a cutting sarcasm," said McAllister. Bonfield was next called on. He thought intently for a minute, and then asked:

"Why did the Hon. Treasurer resign?"

"Well, why?" asked the Symposiarch after it had been given up.

"Casey Wood," replied Bonfield.

Cries of "explain!"

"Kase he would, d'ye moind."

The Symposiarch sadly smiled, and then slowly shook his head. It went to my venerable friend. It really won't. It isn't up to the mark. Waiter please pass round the cigars on Mr. Bonfield's account."

"And now," said the Symposiarch after a pause in the conversation, "we come to the choice *morveau* of the evening, in fact very much more so. My esteemed colleague of the Public Works Department will warble a son-

ata to the lascivious pleasing of a lute. Air—*Viva la compaignie*. The company are requested to join in the chorus *con expression*."

Fraser then, with a significant smile in the direction of Morris and Lauder, sang as follows:

THE OPPOSITION RING.

I'm going to mention a singular thing,
Viva la compaignie.

How the Tory lieutenants are all in a ring,
Viva la compaignie.

Chorus.—Viva la, &c.

They're of aid if new leaders the breach should step in,
They'd be left in the lurch if the Tories should win.

Morris, Lauder, Bell, Merrick, and Creighton they say,
Are thus giving their leader and party away.

To rule or to ruin they all are agreed,
How under the sun can they hope to succeed?

They'd greatly prefer their old places to keep,
Than that new Tory leaders the honors should reap.

Then why should we fight with such excellent friends,
Who would keep us in power to serve their own ends,
Viva la compaignie.

Chorus.—Viva la, &c.

At this stage of the proceedings our reporters left.



ART AND UTILITARIANISM.

ARTIST—I beg pardon, but really, sir, I cannot see that I am doing any harm, and I am sure you will—

FARMER (in amazement, stopping him short)—Well, I'm blowed, not a-doin' any harm; oh no, it won't, will it not? an' it won't be a-doin' any harm if you keep them sheep a-standin' all day a-starin' at you, instead o' fillin' up as fast as they can them bellies o' their' for me! Not a-doin' any harm, why—
[At this point Pingo packs up.]

CAROLLINGS BY A CRANK.

Woe'd he would to the wild woods go,
Heigh ho! says Hardy.
Whether his colleagues would like it or no,
With his Hardy, Hardy,
Hardy and Dardy,
Heigh ho! says Hardy and Pardy.

LINES BY A LUNATIC.

'Tis sweet to watch the rustic maiden stroll
Amid the shadowy cedar-shaded maze;
'Tis sweet to see her on the rising knoll,
With oxgoad whack the cow that round her plays

She pensive thinks of coming happy days,
With love's young dreams to captivate her soul,
When lo! the bovine on his horns cloth raise
Her form, and *chaiks* her in a musk-rat hole.

IDYL BY A TRAMP.

I sigh, I sigh for the sweet sunshine,
When I lay in the fair Queen's Park,
In the calm delightful summer time,
'I'd stay till the night grew dark!
When the cruel crushers wild "baroo,"
And terrible watch-dog, bork
Would hasten me off for pastures new,
Away from my best loved Park!