

East Somerset-a Knatchbull sends,
 South Devonshire a Buller;
 West Norfolk likes a Bagge that's full,
 East Sussex one that's Fuller.

The North is charmed by Oxfordshire,
 By Winchester the East;
 A Sotheron aspect Wilts prefers,
 Deubigh secures the West.

A Freestun, Kirk, with Bell, and Vane,
 A Freshfield, Baring, Rice;
 A Carrie-powder, Lemon, Peel,
 Coles at a free-trade Price.

A Butler in his master's Hall,
 Invites a friend and Guest;
 Two Butts of New-Port, just come in,
 To open, try, and taste.

A Lincoln Trollope, with a child,
 Beau-mont, and one Camp-bell,
 Grace from Roscommen has arrived—
 From Devonport, Tuff-Nell.

A Morrice dance and Somerset,
 French, Foley, and Lowe plays;
 A Mundy in the mouth of March,
 With East wind and a Hayes!

There's Knightly Jocelyn in the House,
 And Deedes of dark intent;
 Though Jones declares and Johnston swears,
 No-el nor harm is meant.

The House is well defended by
 The Thicknesse of its Wall;
 Within it has reliance on
 Its Armstrong and its Maule.

Disraeli, with his Winnington,
 Contrives ten seats to Wynn,
 And some few odd fish have been caught,
 But neither Roche nor Phinu.

Reverses sore the Whigs have met
 In Buxtons, Greens, and Greys,
 In Stewarts, Pagets, Ebringtons;
 But all dogs have their days.

A fearless Horsman has been thrown,
 A Tory Horsfall mounted;
 But Derby chickens ere they're hatched.
 Had better not be counted.

Wyse men of Marylebone elect,
 Brave Hall and noble Stuart,
 Whilst dolts at Liverpool reject
 A Cardwell and a Ewart.

We've lost a Barron, Clerk, and Craig,
 A Spearman, Young, and Wyld,
 A Palmer, Perfect, Birch, and Coke;
 Their Best Hopes are beguiled.

A dozen railway potentates
 Have managed seats to gain,
 Resolved a foul monopoly
 In traffic to maintain.

To crown this medley, sad and strange,
 A host of Lords are sent,
 As if our House were not enough
 To sate their Lordly bent.

Protection's dead, its grave is dug,
 The House provides a Coffin;
 A Packe of Fellows, Young, and Hale,
 Rise up, and Rushout, Laffan.

GEORGE WEBSTER.

THE INDIAN CATAMOUNT.

THE Wild Cat is one of the most ferocious brutes which haunts the American forests. It is rarely met with, but when encountered is more to be dreaded than a jaguar or a bear with cubs. It is popularly and significantly called "Indian Devil." The Indians themselves regard it with immense horror, and it is the only animal which roams the wilds of which they stand in dread. Speak to the red man of the moose, the bear, or the wolf, and he is ready to encounter them; but name the object of his dread, and he will significantly shake his head, muttering, "he all one debbil." Mr. Springer, in his *Forest Life*, gives the following account of an encounter with the ferocious catamount. An individual, of the name of Smith was on his way to join a crew engaged in timber-hunting in the woods extending on the Arromucto, and he had nearly reached the place of encampment, when he fell in with one of the animals in question. "There was no chance for retreat, neither had he time for reflection on the best method of defence or escape; as he had no arms, or other weapons of defence, the first impulse in this truly fearful position, unfortunately perhaps, was to spring into a small tree hard by; but he had scarcely ascended his length, when the desperate creature, probably rendered still more fierce by the promptings of hunger, sprang upon and seized him by the heel. Smith, however, after having his foot badly bitten, disengaged it from the shoe, which was firmly clutched in the creature's teeth, and let him drop. The moment he was disengaged, Smith sprang for a more secure position, and the animal at the same time leaped to another large tree, about ten feet distant, up which he ascended to an elevation equal to that of his victim, from which he threw himself upon him, firmly fixing his teeth in the calf of his leg. Hanging suspended thus until the flesh, insufficient to sustain the weight, gave way, he dropped again to the ground, carrying a portion of flesh in his mouth. Having greedily devoured this morsel, he bounded again up the opposite tree, and from thence upon Smith, in this manner renewing his attacks, and tearing away the flesh in mouthfuls from his legs. During this agonizing operation Smith contrived to cut a limb from the tree, to which he managed to bind his jack-knife, with which he could now assail his enemy at every leap; he succeeded thus in wounding him so badly that at length his attacks were discontinued, and he finally disappeared in the dense forest. During the encounter, Smith had exerted his