

produced that of Mr. DEROCHE's *verbatim*, only I know that there is not a sufficiency of capital i's in our font. The member for Addington claims Sir BOYLE ROCHE for an ancestor. I wonder whether Dr. CLARKE does also. The last named gentleman favoured the House with a temperance lecture. As an advocate of temperance he is a tetotal failure, being intemperate in language, metaphor and opinions.

Monday, Nov. 29.

This day was occupied for the most part with hearing new members repeat their campaign speeches. It was very interesting, no doubt—to them, but I went asleep. Happening to be roused for half an hour, I thought the Address must have been carried, as it appeared to me that the member for South Simcoe had become the subject before the House. Mr. Speaker assured me, however, that it was all right, and on that assurance I went to sleep again. I awoke, just catching the words—"do now adjourn".

"RUPERT," said I, "is the motion for the adoption of the Address carried?"

"Yes," said he, "without amendment."

"Then there was something in it after all."

One thing about this debate struck me very forcibly. Member after member, on the one side of the House and the other, deprecated the extremes to which party spirit led. "Can it be," I mused, "that all of these are sound on the Goose Question?"

Ode to the Speaker.

(With the congratulations of Sorrowful Sam.)

All hail, thou justly celebrated WELLS,
SPEAKER WELLS!

What a world of dignity the epithet foretells!

In your hat like a triangle

You sit in solemn state,

While all the members wrangle,

While the noisy members jangle,

While they jangle and they wrangle

And their mother tongue they mangle,

You sit as dumb and motionless as Fate,

And you never try to strangle

The debate.

Noble WELLS! A burning sense of justice me impels

This fact to indicate

That when the stream of oratory wells

When it swells, swells, swells

When its dreariness repels

And in dullness it excels,

You sit a mild and easy-going Fate,

And you never try to strangle

The debate.

And thou shalt tinnabulate the bells,

Dinner bells!

What a hope of cookery the pleasing sound foretells,

What a wealth of savoury smells!

And the members

The lean and hungry sages of the county

Who to nothing base would truckle,

They will chuckle,

They will chuckle, chuckle, chuckle,

As they eye the steaming knuckle

Of the lamb no more to suckle,

The tender lamb that never more shall suckle!

And they'll say it's "ow'er muckle"

To their taste, as straight they buckle

To the hasty demolition of thy bounty

Genial WELLS!

When the flowing bowl its generous fumes expels

Speaker WELLS,

And the patriots discern its potent spells,

When the mind its influence feels

And it steals, steals, steals

On the brain until it reels,

And truth compels,

Then you, my WELLS, will loose your tongue and "blow";

You will tell in words that glow

How once audacious HODGINS did aspire

In Speaker's robes to go:

And you impelled him higher

Than a kite:

How you elevated him beyond his own desire,

Not into a cocked hat

(In truth he longed for that)

But higher, higher, higher, higher,

Far beyond his own extravagant desire:

Even higher than the heaven-aspiring flight

Of the kite!

Queer Poetry.

In the December No. of the *Canadian Methodist Magazine* Mr. JOHN MACDONALD, M. P., has broken out in poetry, after this manner:

Autumn days are sombre

Autumn fields are sere

Autumn woods are changing

To crimson, gold and *cuir*!!

As *cuir* is the French for leather, its presence in poetry leads us to think that the muse must have been speculating on soul-leather.

In Rama Was There a Voice Heard.

The following appears in a late issue of the *Orillia Packet*:

"*Editor of the Packet*:—SIR,—I am told that a newspaper in Toronto called *Grip* offers prizes for the best poems on "Coboconk" and "Couchiching," the last word of the second and last line to rhyme with the whole word. Will you be good enough to ascertain for me whether competitors will be allowed to write in the Indian language?—A RAMA INDIAN."

The spectacle of the poor Indian, applying his untutored mind, as he wanders through the recesses of his native forest, to the composition of a poem on Coboconk "gets" us completely. We say unhesitatingly that our prizes are open to the red man. We are determined to encourage native talent, and we could not consistently exclude aboriginals. We invite poems on any subject from the Indians of this continent generally.

We shall give prominence to any composition in which we are able to recognize real merit, and provided it contains no word of more than seventeen syllables. O-GIBE-WAY, red-men, and while HURON it, give us a poem full of the wisdom of SENECA. ONE-ON-DAGGERS will suit as well as any.

Oysters and Shells.

While Yankee SIBLEY cooley nets

The whole of Silver Islet ore,

Canadian WILLIAM only gets

A silver shilling, nothing more!

Croaks and Pecks.

DOES Mr. Speaker WELLS wear pumps?

A SHREWD man. One who has a scolding wife.

ONE of the Islands lately in dispute is called Shangoniah Island. We suppose because Canadians shan't go near it.

WHAT is the difference between a stereoscope, and "a few glasses?" One makes two things appear one; the other makes one thing appear two.

MR. MACDOUGALL's son-in-law applied to purchase Silver Islet because he could SEY-MOUR in it than other people. Unfortunately he saw less of it than he expected.

"MACDOUGALL VS. THE GLOBE PRINTING COMPANY."—A facetious jurymen proposed to give the plaintiff a "quarter" damages. He was mistaken, the *Globe* gives no "quarter."

HON. J. H. CAMERON quotes FOX to the effect that as a Minister of the Crown a man can have no character at all. In Canada this distinction is the privilege of the humblest politician.

ESTIMATES.—Mr. MACDOUGALL must not aspire to be a Finance Minister. He is dangerously sanguine in his estimates. His estimate of the value of his own character was just \$49,999.80 more than he got for it.

Electors of Montreal centre,

In singular moods all now revel in,

Your Tories are in a bad temper,

Your Grits having gotten the DEVLIN.

It is understood that ACHILLES HODGINS has retired from the Grecian Councils, and is sulking in his own tent. He is justly annoyed at the prize having been voted to AGAMEMNON WELLS. Meantime AGAMEMNON is swelling with the pride of victory, looking more like the frog however than the ox which the king of men should resemble. Cheer up, swift-footed one! THIERSITES LAUDER will bring your rival to a sense of his true proportions.

COURT ETIQUETTE.—At the conclusion of the state trial the other day, Mr. BETHUNE (see *Globe*) "made the common motion for leave to move, which was granted," and he moved—out of court. Any man can get into Court, but it seems to be necessary to ask leave when you want to get out of it. But really we thought all this red tapeism was done away with by the late legal reforms. Is there nothing in the Administration of Justice Act to meet the case? There certainly should be, so that learned counsel, when they want to go home need not be kept fooling around making common motions.