

## Ministers in Ottawa!

### GREAT EXCITEMENT OF THE POPULACE!

(BY OUR SPECIAL REPORTER.)

No sooner was it rumored among the good citizens of Ottawa, that the Ministers of the Crown had arrived in their city, and had determined to hold a Council there, than the utmost excitement began to manifest itself, and it soon reigned paramount to everything else. Merchants left their counters and jostled each other in the streets, looking at one another with a wild stare of bewilderment. "Is it true?" "Can it be possible?" "Tell me, tell me! is it actually the case?" and such like interrogations, were hastily put to men on every side. Mechanics left their labor, and women their household duties, to see the elephants. In the hurry-scurry, children were knocked over in the streets; but no one paid any attention to their loud cries or their injuries.—Everybody was too much wrapped up in the great event to pay attention to minor considerations. On poured the stream to the hotel at which the Ministers were holding their Council. Soon the house was surrounded, and the doors were in great danger of being forced, so eager were the unwashed to see the "lions" of the Front Street Menagerie. His Excellency began to feel dubious of his safety,—not from the fierceness of the bad passions of the mob, but from the fierceness of their turbulent regard,—and ordered Major Turner and his militia to turn out and preserve the peace. The militia, who had been preparing for "training-day" (the 24th), turned out in force, armed with the sticks they had used in drilling. Soon ex-member Yeilding—puffing and blowing like a porpoise—presented himself on the gallery of the hotel; his appearance was greeted with a shout that made the welkin ring, a tossing up of caps, &c. As soon as order could be restored, he commenced: "Gentlemen, good and loyal citizens, ahem!—yes, good and loyal citizens, ahem!—His Ex—(loud cheers) cellency (loud and prolonged cheering) has determined to come and live amongst you (loud, prolonged, superhumanly enthusiastic cheering), because he likes you so well (ditto, ditto, ditto, in a higher degree). In a short time he and his Ministers will present themselves for your inspection (most distractedly, frantically, enthusiastic cheering).

In the crowd below, all was in a dreadful state of excitement; land-holders, house-holders, and all other holders, were indulging in the most extravagant speculations imaginable, on the rise of property and rents. Sparks (on Shingles) appeared Book in hand. "Five hundred pounds per foot I'll take for my property near Government hill!" shouted Alderman Rochester. "You are a dashed fool to do anything of the sort!" shouted Councillor Clemow. "I'll take—I'll take for mine," said Alderman Ring, "I'll take—I'll take—a drink!—come boy's let's liquor—three cheers for the Guverner,—hooray!" Terrible was the cheering—awfully deafening was the din of tumblers—gurgling of spirits from the neck of decanters, pattering of "muddlers," and clanking of spoons—never, in any era of the world, was such a scene exhibited. Long and impatiently waited the crowd, until the ministers presented

themselves—and here I was forced to retire, the scene was beyond description, and overpowering to my reason. But, before I close, there is one thing that I would earnestly recommend, that is: for the managers of the Toronto Lunatic Asylum, to prepare, with all despatch, at least two hundred chambers in their building, there is no telling how soon they may be wanted.

### Them Russian Guns.

In the City Council the Mayor made a speech,  
For as much as the guns were now in our reach,  
We should send Capting Moodie to bring them away,  
And have them up here for the Queen's birthday.

The twenty-fourth's came, the Mayor's at his post,  
With policemen a posse, and soldiers a host,  
But they can't move one gun, for each weighs a ton,  
And they don't know exactly what's to be done.

Tho' the Mayor is strong, as every one knows,—  
For he's four feet ten from his crown to his toes—  
Not a peg could he move them, alas! and alack!  
Tho' he forced till his back was ready to crack.

Then the worthy Mayor again made a speech.  
"Altho' these great guns have come in thro' the breach,  
"It is clear that first now we can't take them in tow,  
"Begone brave army and don't kick up a row."

Then Ensign Snook and famed Captain Brooke  
Made a bow to the Mayor and at once their leave took,  
For both they and the *sogers* and *Count* Hallowell  
Found out at the last 'twas a regular sell.

Them Russian Guns, them Russian Guns,  
Taken from Russia by Britain's sons,  
Were doomed to stay on the Custom House quay,  
If not to do duty they'll have some to pay.

P. F.

### Stray Leaves from the Portfolio of a Walking Philosopher.

#### NO. III.

#### TITMOUSE VISITS POINT LEVI.

MR. POKER.—One day—the day of the week or the date of the month, matters to nobody—I took a notion to fly the dust and smoke of this dull city, and for that purpose I was standing upon the pier waiting for the proper boat to convey me to point Levi, when my friend, Augustus Montagu Scroggs came along. "wapt in thought." I called to him a dozen times, and gave him half a dozen pokes in the side with my cane, before his mental wrapper fell to the ground.

"Ah, Tit," said he, "here is a work of mine, lately published; accept it with my compliments." On opening, I found it to contain a batch of verse, and on the first leaf was written, in a bold hand, "Tittlebat Titmouse, Esquire, with his friend, the author's compliments." Now, a very warm friendship subsisted between myself and Scroggs, and I was somewhat displeased that he did not submit me the manuscript before he ran the gauntlet of critics as an author. I always looked upon Scroggs as a moon-struck, love-sick, sort of non-descript, and I thought of the enjoyment I would have in reading over his themes of Poesy, on my return to my study. I hastily poked the book in my pocket for future examination, and turned my eyes towards the author, who was leaning against the steamboat office—his eyes were fixed upon me. From experience I well understood my friend's situation. I recollect my own emotions, Mr. Poker, under similar circumstances. I knew that poor Scroggs was clothed in fear and feverish anxiety. I knew his thoughts as well as himself, and I therefore appreciated the new Poet's feelings. Scroggs was distrustful of his own abili-

ties—Scroggs—poor fellow—was very sensitive. I was about to say a comfortable word, when he anticipated me by asking my candid opinion.

"Well, Gus," said I, "after examination I shall—hold on Captain! Adieu, Gus."

Saying which, I made a spring into the boat, and landed on a gentleman's foot. He gave a scream, and said something about corns. I sympathized. I was going upon the upper deck when the boat gave a sudden jerk, and I was unmercifully plunged into the arms of a young lady. Passengers began to scowl, but young lady, (oh, Mr. Poker, such a charming brunette,) accepted apology in a graceful manner, worthy of good Queen Vic. I succeeded in getting upon the upper deck, and was contemplating Cape Diamond in the distance, when a shabby lady, with a baby, tapped me on the shoulder, and asked me how far the Railway depot was from the steamboat landing. Would not answer that question, as passengers were observing me. I scowled and moved to the other side of the boat. Shabby lady growled out, "stuck up pride," or something to that effect. In my confusion I sat down upon a gentleman's new hat. He grew indignant. Passengers were amused. I apologized and made it all right. Sudden jerk poked my elbow through window of wheel-house. Heard shabby lady say that I was "intoxicated." Was going to reprimand her for such a remark, when I suddenly found myself in the hands of the Captain. He exclaimed, "For vot, Sare, you broke the vindo?" I remonstrated. Shabby lady said she saw me break it, and I was no gentleman or I would pay for it. Took the hint, and pulled out a ten dollar bill, which the Captain poked into his pocket, Gave me my change, which I subsequently found to consist of a bad \$5 note, two twenty-five cent pieces, and threepence half-penny in copper coin. Shabby lady's baby began to bawl, and she looked savage. I think she spoke to it in the Cherokee tongue. An Irish gentleman looks indignaut, and mutters something about "bringing young spalpeens into a boat to annoy dacrut rispictable folks." Shabby lady very near picks a quarrel with the gentleman from Ireland. Man comes round to collect fares. I handed him six cents. I get a glimpse of Irish gentleman sneaking behind the paddle-box. He evades paying fare. Shabby lady gives two cents. Says she has no more. Collector seizes an old cotton parasol. She endeavours to create a row. No go. Passengers all cry shame! Elderly gentleman in black kids tells another passenger that she is an "unfortunate woman." Shabby lady calls him an inhuman wretch—a brute. She said she was much better than he was, and so forth. He slopes. Baby cries, and lady accompanies it in an outlandish kind of weeping. Tears her hair. Passengers begin to suspect that she is drunk. They look disgusted. Hibernien roars to 'ould her prate, and make her mind aisy! Lady shakes her fist. Boat stops. Several boatmen lift up a plank, and in so doing knocks hat off gentleman in black kids and white tie. They don't apologize. Wind blows it into the river. Pious gentleman looks alarmed. A habitant rushes for a boat-hook. But, alas, tide has carried hat away, and pious gentleman demands satisfaction. Captain proffers him an old "jim crow," which was hanging up in the wheel-house. It is refused: Offers him his own old white hat, which is decor-