

THE NUPTIALS OF YORK DIVISION.

RECITATIVE.

Signora Yvonna Cantat.

High ho! my wedding day draws nigh,
And numerous mortals round me sigh,
And ecstasies and bliss my pretty nane,
And every excellence I have proclaim,
Swearing with amatory oaths to serve
Most faithfully, and my commands observe,
But soft they come, imploring train,
I'll draw them near with music's strain.

Air—(Soprano.)

Cease, cease, my beating heart,
Thy throbs my bosom rend,
And anguish to a fore impart,
That threatens to be my end,
Cease, cease, then,
Peace, peace, then.
But vain, vain, is my cry to above,
For Cupid's dart
Has pierc'd my heart,
And I feel 'tis the quiver of love.

Enter—Cuthra, Rutherford, Cameron, &c.

What sweetness to the heart that voice doth bring,
Reply to it Rutherford, for thou canst sing.

Air—(Basso profundo.)

Oh chose, as thou wert wont to chose,
Before the Clear Grit Brown
Had crushed thy power, and gained his own
Election for the Town;
Some votes perchance I woe best to lay,
Some have a conscience free,
And if their votes we can control,
He may elected be.
He may elected be, he may elected be.

York singing—

There was a time when Tory votes
My very soul-strings aw'd,
When Compact's staunch Conservatives
Gave me their serenade;
When Radicals, with burning breasts,
Did arm in fierce array;
Oh sigh not for its loss, my friends,
Each dog must have his day.

RECITATIVE.

*Enter Romain—Now then Charles Edward go in and win
here the loveliest creature you've ever clapped eyes on, and
the hull kinnimuly anticipates that you're to go in like a
streak, turn on the last extremity of the Infernal Family Com-
pact and arrogate yourself and the York Division in the
bosoms of your enlightened countrymen, surrounded and sup-
ported by the Clear Grits and a blaze of Fireworks.*

Air—(Falletto.)

Oh I've come out, my pretty miss,
To sing my little song,
It's all about my darling self,
And will not keep you long.
Then rots for Romain, lady,
Oh do my lady York,
I'm just the man to suit ye,
With my hifalutin talk.

(Dances round.)

I'll back the Opposition
Against Macdonald's crew,
And if you like to take me up,
I'll bet you five to two.
Then vote, &c.
My principles in progress,
I know you'll think them right,
I'll knock the Tory Compact
All higher than a kite.
Then vote, &c.

Hallo! who's this tartan critter comin',
With bow and smile a banjo thrummin',
I'll stop aside to see what he is arter,
If he's a lover too, I must be a trifle smarter.

Enter Allan, singing.

Oh I've come across the sea to be by your side,
I've crossed the briny ocean's fiercely rolling tide,
And all my sweet love, to win you for my bride,
Then come dearest lady with me.

Tra la, la, la, la, la, la, Tra la, la, la, la.

The ship was delayed, but now I've arrived,
All dangers of the deep, love, I have survived—
[Voice without]—Ho Lemon! Ho Lemon and Vanilla too,
Lemon Ice cream.

Enter General Stokes.

Now then Sally put on your fixus and come along.

That voice—it is.

York.

Allan (peevishly)—The swarthy moor.

The young lady descends from the balcony and elopes with
Lemon John—exount singing

Fare ye well my turtle doves!
I've g'one ober de mountains.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

The latest phase in election contests, is the intro-
duction of the "human face divine." Formerly a
candidate for Parliamentary honors instead of stand-
ing for his portrait when about to "run," was con-
tent to stand drinks all round; but now he has to
do both—and the result of this taste for the Fine
Arts, is that we already have a gallery of the public
men of the day, intellectual enough to cause the
fastidious editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, to recant
his present erroneous opinions of Canada: although
we fear that at first sight he would mistake Speaker
Smith for a Canadian bear dressed up in robes.
For our part we do not admire the new features in-
troduced by this innovation on the ancient practice.
We admit that a love for the Fine Arts, gives a pol-
ish to a community, which for brilliancy and en-
durance, can compare favorably even with the latest
patented paste blacking. But suppose all candi-
dates for city honors should follow this example—
and "what for no," how delightful then it would be
to see the portrait of Paddy O'Shaughnessy, candi-
date for the office of dustman, in a striking attitude
of tossing a shovel full of dust into his waggon.
Or, would it not be captivating to see an Apollo of
the City Council in the impressive position of pick-
ing his neighbour's pocket.

But to return! to the portraits of our representa-
tives, which may be seen any day in company with
a host of celebrities on King street. The most
prominent is—

J. H. CAMERON, Q. C. The likeness is exact—only
that the gentleman is nearly all chin, and looks at
first sight like a frog making an astronomical sur-
vey. On close examination it will be seen that he
is winking at the Empress Eugenie, who smiles on
him from a distance.

Mr. BROWN, M. P., claims our attention next. He
seems as if he were mentally praying that a kind
Providence would send the corruptionists about
their business. We failed to discover any tears;
but, as the honorable gentleman's eyes are turned
up in the manner in which weeping saints are re-
presented; and he holds a pen very feelingly in his
hand, no doubt he is supposed to be weeping and
shedding ink instead of tears.

Mr. G. W. ALLAN occupies a distinguished place
in the gallery of portraits. He is taken three quar-
ter face, and in a few days we shall see his entire
frontispiece. He is rouged as if he were going to
take the lady's part in a pantomime. Of course the
placing of the portrait for public admiration, is a
mere ruse to enable the *beau ideal* to get into parlia-
ment.

J. A. McDONALD, M.P.P., Premier, makes the

pleasantest picture in the group. It was evidently
finished before he took the pledge, for he seems to be
asking every looker-on to take a glass of wine with
him. We hope the honorable gentleman will keep
his temperance pledge as, it is said, he does all his
other pledges.

W. L. McKENZIE, M. P. P., is also among the com-
pany, looking as grim as if the Supplies were being
gone through with. The old gentleman seems as
though he knew that his neighbour was—

H. SMITH, Speaker. This likeness is rather cor-
rect. The contour of the face is as agreeable as if
the veritable Henry had swallowed a glass of bad
brandy, and, as we before remarked, the honorable
gentleman might pass in a crowd for a bear. Par-
ticular attention is directed to his dexter-hand,
which bears the closest resemblance to a paw
that we ever saw. With such a paw as that at the
purse strings, we would not give two-pence half-
penny for the balance.

D'ARCY MCGEE, M.P.P., looking as fierce as if
Mr. Brown had actually stood on his coat, stands
in a corner with his arms akimbo. From the grim-
ness of the honorable gentleman's features, and the
gloom which surrounds him together with his suit
of black, he reminds us of Satan peeping out into
Chaos.

CHARLES EDWARD ROMAIN is not among the col-
lection. If he has any scruples about appearing in
the company of respectable men, we assure him
that many M. P. P.'s are almost as bad as him-
self. Charley should come out in character as
Richard III., shouting for "a horse, a horse!" In
the back ground an ingenious artist might repre-
sent the senior member for the city, coming to his
assistance. We all know he's a great old boss.
We make a present of the idea to the very clever
'H. B.'

MOODIE'S RESOLVE:

AIR:—To sigh, yet feel no pain.

To work, yet get no pay,
To rote, yet scarce know why,
To sport with Georgies watch and chain,
Then throw them idly by.
To kneel to Georgio Brown,
And then to Cameron,
To serve all men about the town,
And yet to stick to none.

This is to be a thankless tool,
A cursed, cursed, cursed fool;
This is to be a thankless tool,
A cursed, cursed, cursed fool.

To stick to Charles Romain
Through all his weal or woe,
And be he peer, or not, remain
The same Bob Moodie, Oh!
To raise him at the polls
With such reduced excess,
That, though he can not pay for more,
He cant go in with less.

This is to be a cuter Bob,
And this will be a nenter job;
This is to be a cuter Bob,
And this will be a nenter job.

Timely Caution.

—The libel on humanity who horsewhip-
ped a little girl on Church St., on Thursday even-
ing, had better not repeat the experiment, unless he
desires further notoriety, and an acquaintance with
be police court.