

And quickest speed,
By word and spell,
That none may tell,
Reckless and mad, the sons of evil,
By a most unholy revel,
Are about to raise the DEVIL!

First on the Brussels carpet Mr. HINCKS
Traced the mystic circles bound,
And then with inkstands and crossed pens
Mr. BALDWIN fenced it round.
Next in the midst a potash kettle
Did MALCOLM CAMERON place
And VIGER filled it with hot embers,
Grinning with a wild grimace.
Then hand in hand the wizards twelve
Danced around in dreadful glee,
Singing to a dismal tune
A dismal melody.

"Oh! help us, good master,
"We're in a disaster;
"The Tories have burned down the Parliament House—
"EARL GREY's in a passion
"As is often his fashion,
And he swears that we're not worth "three skips of a louse,"
"If we don't find the rogue out
"Who kindled the fire,
"And we've searched all about,
"And are not a bit nigher
"To find out the man,
"Than when we began!
"As thou art our Father, the Father of liars,
"Oh! help us to find out who kindled the fires!
"If you are a gentleman, help us, ST. NICHOLAS,—
"For every Tory is getting a kick at us—
Come with thy horns, or come with thy tail,
"Or send us an imp, but send without fail,
"Or thy servants are smashed,
"Tee-totally crashed,
"And done so immortally brown,
"That we shall be laughed at all over the town."

Then into the kettle upon the embers red
A Bunch of bright red tape they threw;
Next several volumes of the Statutes
Done nicely up in covers blue.
Then TACHE' dropped in several pistol balls,
And PRICE a fragment from the ruined walls,
Those "Elgin marbles," which will stand
A Record to all time
Of the swiftly certain punishment

Which waiteth up on crime.
Then as the flame rose fierce and faster
Old VIGER fed it with a new shin plaster;
And ever they sang
As the old walls rang—
"As thou art our Father, the Father of liars,
"Oh! help us to find out who lighted the fires!
"As we are thy children, due tribute we pay,
"If you are a gentleman, help us we pray!"
Just then a sweet and tinkling sound
Did through the chamber pass
Like that which fingers wet produce
Drawn o'er a finger glass.*
And bright flames shot
From the seething pot
And misty clouds floated round the room
And very queer shapes through the darkness loom;
The light from the kettle grows so very bright,
That the wizards themselves look on in affright—
And Mr. LAFONTAINE shivering with fear
Catches HINCKS by the button-hole and says in his ear,
"Oh, HINCKS! I'm afraid
"That he'll never be laid,—

"We shall ne'er get him back to the place whence he came,
"For he'll haunt us for ever with madness and shame!"
Just then MR. CAMERON stalked to the pot,
And, by this time, be sure, 'twas most precious hot,
And dropp'd in the flames the two last lying batches
Of the "DIGNIFIED NEUTRAL'S" wicked despatches;—
And then the flame shot fierce and high,
And then arose a wild unearthly cry—
And a mocking yell
'Twas the laugh of hell,
Peal'd through that chamber wide;
And the wizards all,
Both great and small,
Waited to see
In dread agony,
What then would next betide.
Fainter and fainter waxed the flame,
But thicker grew the smoke,
Until at length a human form
The column dense it took
And an awful voice rang through the room—
"I could not come myself, so I've sent you "PETER GROOME."

*The sequel and the moral for another week,
Punch in his wisdom thinks will well keep.*

Vide accounts of Schmpfer.

AFFECTING INCIDENT ON BOARD THE "HIGHLANDER."

The moment Lord Elgin set his foot on board the Highlander, he descended with eager haste into the cabin; but, finding himself pursued into that sanctuary by the light of day, which he seemed particularly desirous to avoid, he addressed the steward in melancholy accents, enquiring whether there was not "in the lowest depth a lower still." The steward rather shortly replied that, he hardly thought his Lordship could get any lower than he was, but, if he particularly wished for privacy, the pantry was quite at his service; and into the pantry his Lordship accordingly went, where he was heard cleaning knives with hysterical vehemence, when our informant left. Subsequently we learned that, when the Steamer had gained a safe distance from Lachine, his Lordship ventured on deck; and there a most affecting scene took place, and one that will long live in the memories of those who witnessed it. From his seat, abaft of the binnacle, his Lordship suddenly started up, and before any of the people in attendance were aware of his purpose, he had gained the fore-deck, and thrown himself frantically upon the neck of the wooden Highlander, who, for many years, through sunshine and storm, has smiled down into the fore-castle of the good steamer which bears his name. The gentlemen of the Staff, who were in attendance upon his Lord-

ship, gently remonstrated against such a whimsical fraternisation;—but the eccentric nobleman would not be pacified. "He felt," he said, "beside himself, when in juxtaposition with that wooden Highlander,—he knew the people of Montreal said that nothing could move him, but what did the world know of him and his sympathies?—there were probably but two wooden Highlanders in Canada, and why the deuce couldn't people let them alone?" After much persuasion he was induced to go down to tea;—in a very maudlin state, however, and not until Captain Stearns had faithfully promised that the wooden Highlander should be "taken care of."

SONG OF THE ATLANTIC RAIL-ROAD

Steam up, my steady Engineer!	Boil boiler, sing for joy,
There's hope within my heart,	Stoke stoker, stoke!
The chink of gold is in my ear,	Heap on the fuel high my boy,
It rings for us to start.	Coal and cinder and coke!
Long sleep in silence slept have I,—	Let smoke-pipe blow & whistle play
Ho! raise me to my feet!	The coming day to greet;—
There's coming cheer the falling year	Hurrah, hurrah! with gold to pay,
To make the two ends meet.	We'll make the two ends meet!