

The Meeting of the Magi.

There's excitement in the Capital, wild rumours fill the air,
And staid and solemn Senators have met together there,
And many an anxious face is seen, and many a heart beats high,
For the long expected oft deferred Last Session's drawing nigh—
And pale and anxious Grits are seen with faces long and wan
Resolved to make one last attempt to circumvent Sir John,
And from East and West and North and South "the cry is still they come,"
And they stand around the corners, and they look uncommon glum—
But cool and unembarrassed quite, and plucky as old "Pam,"
SIR JOHN awaits the coming strife,—and doesn't care a d——n.

2.

And now the lists are opened and the members take their seats,
All quivering like high bred nags just entered for 'the heats'—
There's grim *Mackenzie*, Lambton's boast, with gnarled and rugged face
(Who ever failed by day or night to find him in his place ?)
And *Blake*, the pride of Durham, like a well fed Durham steer,
Whose broad sombrero scarce conceals his proud disdainful sneer—
And *Holton* takes his final puff, and throws the stump away,
And enters with his noiseless tread, all eager for the fray—
While JOHN A. looking just as meek and quiet as a lamb,
Surveys them all with placid smile,—and doesn't care a d——n.

3.

In soft well padded easy chair, his head upon his hand,
Long *Sandfield* sits with moody look, and anything but bland,—
Shunned even by his fellow Grits, all friendless and alone,
He sadly thinks of other days, alas ! now past and gone—
While further down, "remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,"
The icicle *Macdougall* sits, and thinks of long ago,
Of long ago, when he and *Sandfield* battled side by side,
And when their names were breathed with awe throughout the country
wide—
But he who sucked them in, as old Silenus would a dram,
Feels he no qualms of conscience ? no ! he doesn't care a d——n.

4.

Anon with downcast thoughtful look of wisdom most profound,
Comes *Huntington* of Shelford, with his eyes cast on the ground,
And as with solemn heavy face he sinks into his chair,
One sees indeed "an orator and essayist" is there !
And softly gliding past him, with a sleek but troubled look,
Comes *Galt*, and seats himself among the friends whom he forsook
Not long ago, and as he takes his seat he winks his eye
Across the floor at Lucius Seth, his trusty, true ally—
For both are heart and soul, so rumour says, with Uncle Sam
And JOHN A. grins and wags his head—and doesn't care a d——n.