

THE MARRIAGE OF JOHN SMITH.

(A PARODY.)

Not a sigh was heard nor a funeral note,
 As the man to his bridal was hurried ;
 Not a woman discharged her farewell groan,
 On the spot where the fellow was married.

We married him just about eight at night,
 Our faces paler turning,
 By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
 And the gas-lamp's steady burning.

No useless watch-chain covered his vest,
 Nor overdressed we found him ;
 But he looked like a gentleman wearing his best,
 With a few of his friends around him.

Few and short were the things we said,
 And we spoke not a word of sorrow,
 But we steadily gazed on the man that was wed,
 And bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we silently stood about,
 With spite and anger dying,
 How the merest stranger had cut us out,
 With only half our trying.

Lightly we talked of the fellow that's gone,
 And oft for the past upbraid him,
 But little he'll reck, if we let him live on
 In the house where his wife conveyed him.

But our heavy task at length was done,
 When the clock struck the hour for retiring ;
 And we heard the spiteful squibs and puns,
 The girls were sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we turned to go,—
 We had struggled and we were human ;
 We shed not a tear, and we spoke not our woe,
 But left him alone with his woman.

—“ De white folks may court the nigger, and hug the nigger ; but I tell you, friends, bofe parties are gwine to go for deyselves, ebry time.”

—There is the biggest kind of a devil in a quart of whisky.

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