

## AN HEROIC POEM.

Written by a Horse Marine of the Kingston Field Battery, on the late occasion of its being ordered out for inspection by Brigade Major Shaw.

(Air.—*John Gilpin was a Citizen, &c.*)

Our valiant chaps turned out to-day,  
And true it has been said,  
More gay and festive cusses  
To battle ne'er were led.

With gallant Drummond in command,  
A dog of war let slip;  
"Hurrah! my bully boys," says he,  
"Keep a stiff upper lip."

"I'm going to raise the devil! Lads,"  
Says he, "there is no law  
That submits us to inspection  
By such a thing as *Shaw*."

"That's so," quoth bold Kirkpatrick—  
And a comely youth is he,  
No fairer is there to be seen  
In all our company.

"As sure," said he, "as this bit glass  
Is stickin' in my eye,  
There will be dirty work to-day,  
And we maun do or die."

"This fellow *Shaw* would be our boss;  
But even that's not all,  
He tried to boss the riflemen  
Below at Montreal."

Whereupon our Ebenezer riz,  
We gave a thundering yell  
In approbation of the words  
That from Kirkpatrick fell.

But *Kirk* fell too, for his war steed,  
Affrighted at the sound,  
With a sudden start, a rear and kick,  
Pitched *Alick* on the ground.

Quick then jumped up the *Beauty* bold,  
Beameared with mud and dirt,  
"Have no concern," said he, "brave lads,  
The devil a bit I'm hurt."

"But grope around among the dirt,  
And see if ye can spy  
The wee bit glass that, when I spoke,  
Was stickin' in my eye."

So soon was *Alick* put on top  
His battle horse again,  
He sat uneasy in his seat,  
As if he were in pain.

The vicious horse, impatient grown  
Of rider, spur, and rein,  
Set off in furious mad career,  
And scoured along the plain.

In vain the bugle called him back  
In vain our Captain swore;  
Away flew *Alick's* riding cloak,  
Yet onward still he tore.

In vain poor *Alick* tugged the rein,  
And muttered many a curse;  
The more he pulled, the more he went,  
It made the matter worse.

Away went *Alick*, and away  
Went *Alick's* head-gear rig;  
Away went scabbard, pouch and sword,  
They were not buckled trig.

So, stooping down, he clutched the mane,  
It was a comic sight,  
Bare-headed, without coat or sword,  
He roared with all his might.

And at poor *Muggy* many a joke,  
The jeering crowd let fly,  
For scampering off without cap or sword,  
Or the bit glass in his eye.

"Stop him boys! stop him boys!" *Alick* roared,  
Still the uncompromising jade,  
Regardless of her riders screams,  
Quick, tracks for the forest made.

And the devilish brute, with *Mug* aback,  
Was observed in the distance to fly,  
The last that was seen of our brave horse-  
marine,  
Or the wee bit glass in his eye.

## CITY COUNCIL.

CONCERT ROOM.

MONDAY EVENING - - - NOV. 1st, 1863.

LAST NINE WEEKS OF THE TALENTED TROUPE.

*New Songs, New Dances, New Everything.*

## PROGRAMME.

*My poor old horse* ..... Coun. Baxter,  
*Orange and Green*, (for this occasion  
only) ..... Medcalf & Hynes.  
*I wish I had a fat contract* ..... Ald. Strachan,  
*I would I were a boy again* ..... Ald. Carr,  
*I will be an Alderman* ..... Coun. Boxall,  
*I don't shave on Sunday* ..... Coun. James,  
*Evening Hymn* ..... Ewart & Dickey.

Fancy Dance - - - - - Miss Mitchell.

The performance will conclude with the laugh-  
able farce, entitled

## PUTTING THE STREET RAILWAY IN ORDER.

*Clever* ..... Ald. Jarvis,  
*Olly Gammon* ..... Mr. Bowes,  
*Humbug* ..... Ald. Love,  
*Dead Head* ..... Coun. Baxter,  
*Tim Ware* ..... Coun. Boxall.

Prices as usual.

J. G. Bowes,  
Manager,  
Jno. Carr,  
Treasurer.

## CORPORATION RELICS.

The following relics can be seen in the Member's  
Room, City Hall Buildings:—

An excellent photograph of Councilman Baxter's  
horse, phaeton, and crutch.

A picture of Mr. John Bagg and his man Friday,  
attending to Corporation contracts (1854).

A fair picture of Councilman Dickey, with Cor-  
poration funds for excursion, in his hand, and, at  
the same time, refusing to hand the same over.

The identical pen-jacket that Captain Moodie  
wore at the Mayoralty contest of 1856—also, the  
piece of silver paid the City Bellman, for crying  
him round the ward.

An oil painting of W. H. Boulton, as Mayor,  
prior to his leaving Toronto, and his creditors  
behind him.

## Council's Proceedings.

MONDAY EVENING LAST.

Ald. Strachan contended that the Finance Com-  
mittee had the appointment of all the clerks, and  
the Council had no right to make any appointment.  
He was of opinion that Coun. Boxall was trying to  
fleece the city and the Council, and hundreds of  
dollars were lost to the Council by Coun. Boxall's  
carelessness.

We protest against Ald. Strachan bringing such  
charges against Coun. Boxall. We cannot agree  
altogether with Ald. Strachan in this matter, but  
we do object to Coun. Boxall carrying the papers  
and letters belonging to the Wharves and Harbours  
Committee in his pocket, and refusing to let the  
other members see them. We don't object to Coun.  
Boxall getting a fat contract from the Grand Trunk,  
for which, no doubt, he will be well paid, but it is  
too bad Strachan was not allowed to divide in the  
profits. Boxall, don't keep all the pickings; give  
poor Strachan a little, if only to keep him quiet.

That \$190.

Will John Ritchey, Jr., and "Cheap Tra-  
velling" Henderson, bear in mind that our patience  
is nearly exhausted. Will you let us know about  
the \$190, or must we call a public meeting upon  
the subject?

Mortimer Smyth, Esq., M.P.P.

We are happy to inform the public that by  
the wonderful exertions of Mortimer Smyth, Esq.,  
M.P.P., while in Quebec, we are likely to have  
Church Street macadamized.

Query.

Can Councilman Baxter inform us as to  
where all the old carpets and coal-scuttles, which  
have been used in the City Hall, are put to?

Wanted.

Wanted, by a young gentleman, whose  
present engagement will soon terminate, a situa-  
tion as lackey in some respectable family—a coun-  
try engagement preferred—unexceptionable refer-  
ences—address, Box 170, Kingston Post Office.