

THE GRAVES OF A MINISTRY.

They sat in Council side by side,
They drew their pay with glee,
They now are scattered far and wide,
The Cartier Ministry.

Our late Attorney General West—
The jovial Kingston blade—
Now meekly lies among the rest,
In Opposition's shade.
The Court of Common Pleas hath one,
(To our and his surprise,)
He was the loved of all yet none
So left no streamlet's eyes.

Another on the Bench finds rest,
At least from faction's throes;
In Chancery, marked on his breast,
Protects him from old foes.
But one, the neediest of all,
Was foolishly advised,
His future's not in Osgoode Hall,
Ah Smith was victimised.

And parted they the rest who ruled
For nearly s
Some tho' illustrious
Lio in the
So now this
To chuckle
And thus end
Survives th

THE D—L AND THE LAWYERS.

A LAY OF OSGOODE HALL.

Old Nick once came up in a terrible stew,
To capture some folks who were then overdue,
Their cases were on in the court (down) below,
And Mins was waiting for something to do.
Old Nick was well dressed, it's scarce needful to say,
For he'd some very fashionable visits to pay.
He walked along King in his spit of sky-blue,
And nodded and winked at his friends—not a few,
But failing the overdue No's. to find
Osgoode Hall next suggested itself to his mind;
So either he went, laughing loudly to think
How some lawyers would look when he tipped
them the wink.

He entered, but hadn't walked in very far
Before he'd bagged three of the common-law bar.
The fourth one he met was the well-known B—
H—,
But, on hearing him s—peak, Nick slunk off to
leeward,
And muttered, "B—'s sure, so there's no need to
hurry,

He serves to keep every one here in a flurry."
This he thought would suffice for the common-law
side;
So at once into Chancery gaily he hied,
First taking good care that his hands were well
cleaned—

Which is all that's expected from even a friend.
In passing he looked in the rooms down below,
To hand them his card as a friend just, you know,
And left, though in want of supplies of dry fuel.
After shaking the hands of both H— and B—,
Next he went to the Registrar's office above
And leered all around him, the knowing old cove,
Some spirited words then addressed unto each,

And kindly-remarked "they knew all he could
teach."
While coming down stairs, he extended his thumb
in a manner, at least, exceedingly rum.
Lo! that thumb on his nose-tip he slowly did
place
And the fingers twirled round as if tightening his
fuc.
" Oh, ho! what a fool I had been to forget
A. G— my old friend—one to whom I'm indebted
for services rendered in many a way
Which gratitude only can never repay."

In less than a moment alone in G—'s room
He seated himself, feeling so much at home,
And waited an hour—(which I think is a fable)—
Inspecting the papers which lay on the table.
Then started to seek the invisible mortal,
And passed in his searching through many a portal
He found him at last in a dark, cosy nook,
Which he couldn't escape from, by hook or by
crook—

At least so Nick thought, yet while turning
around
A. G— had slipped off and could nowhere be
found.
" What is 'protege' that," said the wily old elf,
" For dodging he beats even the d— himself."

Nick thought it was time to select his assort-
ment of Chancery men, so he stepped into court,
And, tapping the shoulders of T—, and S—
F— and R—, it was not very long,
Before he was out in the hall with his men
Explaining to all that he wanted them then.
The quartette protested and cited some cases,
And argued till Nick had to yawn in their faces.
They talked the old gent into such a mixed state,
That, at last, he expressed himself willing to treat.
They saw their advantage and R— with a sigh
Said, " Nicholas, wait till we've eaten a pie
Which we four have our fingers in; do please to
wait.
As now we're enjoying a nice tele-a-tete;
The suit has been in but a couple of years,
And soon will be ended"—(here he burst into
tears).

Nick saw 'twas no use and to wait he agreed,
As the whole of the four were retained and well
feet.
A deed-poli was drafted on F—'s head,
Which recited the substance of what R— had said.
So the old gent agreed his demands to relax,
Till the last bill of costs in that suit they should fax.

As soon as the victimised Nick had sunk down,
The four laughed to think they had done him so
brown.
S— looked very pleasant, R— called Nick a muf,
F— danced round and old T— took snuff.
Then all entered court and proceeded to bother.
With arguments prolix the bench and each o-

At times since, his Majesty's often ascended
To see if that suit has been settled and ended.
But always returns with the same, now come
" When the suit shall be ended we'll go
fail?"

His Majesty's often ascended to Equity
with his agents.
From personal enquiries, we find that the suit
is still progressing favorably. Originally there were two
parties to it, but now we are reduced to the latter's
alone. The bill was amended so times, to the relief of
the latter's claims, and retained back so times, to
the benefit of the former. The parties have distributed
it equally. As bills of costs have been taxed, and the
debts have been made during its progress. The costs now
are to be paid in full, as the value of the suit is
multiplied by six. It is said that it will be a sealed, no
matter how decided.

THE JANUARY RACES.

1. The Mayorally Steeple Chase.—\$1,600 with
pickings, and a slim chance of a Knighthood.
Entry: \$5—(to be invested in tea-meetings and
orphan asylums). Entered: 1. The iron-grey
Mayor, John G. Boves (Irish thorough-bred), and
winner of 1861 and 1862. Beaten in the celebrated
Chancery Handicap by the City of Toronto; in
1859 by the Caledonian colt, Wilson; also, in
1860, by the cream-coloured nag, Robinson.
Bets even upon him.

2. The Clear Grit pony, W. Henderson, formerly
winner of the Alderman's Trotting Match. He
has been out of training for some time, but will
make a good show in the hands of the Globe
jockey. 3 to 2 against, freely taken.

3. The old race-hat, Orange Billy. Has run in
almost every race for the last fourteen years with
varied success. Has been badly beaten lately,
and said to be politically spavined. 1,000 to 13
offered against him.

4. The Registry pony, Sam, who will make a
fair race, though he is apt to shy when it comes
to the scratch. His friends say he is in primo
condition and perfectly manageable. Betting 2 to 1
in favor.

The Aldermanic Trotting Match and Council-
man's Hurdle Race are not yet fully made up.
We shall give full information to our sporting
readers in future numbers.

Beaty versus Lincoln.

"We beg to take issue with Mr. Lincoln.
We assert most unhesitatingly then, that it is not
easier to pay nothing than it is to pay something.
Pray, how can you pay nothing?"—Leader.

We beg to call Mr. Howland's attention to this
paragraph. Mr. Beaty has been "paying nothing"
for the York Roads for some time past, and if it
would be just as easy to "pay something," why
does he not do it? If it is all the same to him, it
is far otherwise with the public treasury, which is
considerably "easier" when debtors "pay some-
something." "How can you pay nothing?" do you
ask? Why, what on earth have you been doing
for the last ten years but "paying nothing," with
interest on nothing, for public property on which
you expend nothing, and which, as far as the
owners are concerned, is good for nothing? "No-
things," like the U. S. postage-stamps, is "a very
valuable circulating medium," we advise you to
stick to it as long as it is available.

E WELL!

on is on the bills for a benefit
with Brogham's sterling Comedy
in" will be produced, in which
character of Teddy Murphy,
with much applause during his
Mrs. Stevenson has kindly
will appear in a popular farce;
one of her favorite songs.

The Crown Land and Society.
—It is said that Hon. W. McDougall, Man-
aging Director of this Institution, is engaged in
disseminating information among the benighted
Indians of the Manitoulin Islands, by distributing
his old stock of Agriculturists at 50 cents per copy.