

The Wall of the Unseated.

How pleasant were the good old times, when votes were bought and sold,
And some would come up for a drink and some looked out for gold,
When we got supporters places in the service of the nation,
And there really was some meaning in the word intimidation!

Chorus.—Bow wow wow
There's nothing but vexation in the world just now.

Oh, those were glorious times! Now please, compare them with the present,—

Political *economy* is making things unpleasant;
Cheap seats our members look for, to increase their plunder's pile,
Not contented with allowances per session and per mile.

Chorus.—Bow wow wow &c.,

You may have a lot of money and it matters not a jot
To you, nor to the voter, be he venal, be he sot;
How can a man be liberally minded when he thinks
He may bust up his election by just setting up the drinks.

Chorus.—Bow wow wow &c.,

Oh! what promises we used to make in those good days of old,
Of places and all sorts of things from postage stamps to gold!
And we kept them too, *sometimes*, I am ready to avow,
But why talk of all these pleasant things, we mustn't do them now.

Chorus.—Bow wow wow &c.,

Oh, what a set of fools we were of Purity to talk,
When we knew that if it got around we must take our hats and walk,
And to raise about corruption such a senseless lot of jaw,
That the public they believed us and made us pass this law.

Chorus.—Bow wow wow &c.,

Oh those wicked, wicked judges, their behavior it ain't fair
To men who've bribed and treated (by their agents) on the square;
But it is worse to think that they a man, however high,
Who pays out his own money, will just disqualify.

Chorus.—Bow wow wow &c.,

The *Globe* sticks to us still as it did in ancient times
When bribery wasn't counted among the list of crimes;
It goes for those base judges, be it spoken to its glory,
For not doing of their duty and unseating every Tory.

Chorus.—Bow wow wow &c.,

Oh, how we wish we'd never brought about these days of shame,
But confined ourselves to Purity as just an abstract name!
How pleasant it would be if the people we could fool
Into bringing back such times, e'en if we brought back Tory rule!

Chorus.—Bow wow wow
We've sold ourselves most awfully we must allow!

A Dog-mat-tial Ode.

Prelude—

AN edict has lately gone forth which proclaims
That all puppies a ticket should wear.
Like old Saxon Gurth, their collars the names
Of the masters who own them should bear.

'Twere better a millstone were hung round each neck,
Than trust to the treacherous aim—
Of their vigilant foes, who would put a full check
To their foolishly played little game.

Then what will become of the crowd who have gone
In a mass long ago to the dogs?
Which were plunged in the black shiny flood of the Don,
That flows past the dwellings of hogs?

Tho' they cannot succeed their own bacon to save—
Which always is not G—D—HAM—
Their corpses, inflated by gas on the wave,
Will rise like a bright oriflamme.

Like otto of roses that perfumes the gate,
That is wafted from East e'en to West,
From dwellings so crowded there rises a wail
That may not be longer suppressed.

A surplus of wisdom 'tis said there exists
In counsellors hoary with age,
With action and voice may they enter the lists,
And battle against the dogs wage.

Then peace to their shades, (though a more shady lot,
'Twere hard for one ever to find.)
All useless in life till they're laid 'neath the spot
To darkness and dead cats consigned.

Antistrophe.—

Then let us hope all pups will meet—
An equal fate this Summer,
The pampered pug in Jarvis Street—
The half-starved cur in Dummer,
Let every worthless cur that roams
With limbs so slim and taper—
Who neither owns a friend nor home,—
Succumb to friend CHIEF DRAPER;

Who surely will interrogate
Each wanderer in doubt,
The homely maxim plainly state—
"Does your Mother know you're out?"
Nor suffer'd be on steps to lie,
All basking in the sun.
To snarl at every passer-by
Who must the pathway shun.

That sleepy folk will keep awake
Until the hazy dawn,
Who fain an extra dose would take,
Woke by the nigger-horn.
The farce again we truly hope
Will be no more repeated,
But round each scraggy neck a rope
By subtle hands be pleated.

The S. P. C. A. will receive,
In this material aid,
When starving curs the byways leave
And 'neath the sod are laid;
All equal by a common fate,
They rest there side by side,—
The feline race they did so hate,
Whom death could not divide.

On the American Centennial.

Ring out, wild bells! the tale report
Of many a bloody fray,
When we chased the flying British, or
'Twas we that ran away.

Let factions cease their valiant strife
To celebrate the route
Of mercenary foes, and then
Go back and fight it out.

Remember glorious Lexington
That spoke a nation free;
Careless of life, in firm array,
Each fought behind his tree.

But once they turned with dread intent,
The lion brought to bay,
From throats of steel a volley flashed,
Our men, O! where were they?

Then publish loud the struggle where
The eaglet left her nest,
She soared on high,—she's soaring still
Where shall her pinions rest?

Croaks and Pecks

JOHN BULL from a Lower Canadian point of view. See the *Canadian Illustrated*. The old man looks very unhappy.

"Toronto by Gaslight" has found believers. The *Canadian News*, published in England, says it is all true and that Toronto is a very wicked place. It must be. For the future we travel with an escort.

We congratulate the prophets and special correspondents on their universal failure to hit on the right man for Lieutenant Governor. The old pun on *telegram* and *tell a cram* will have to be revived.

The wise legislators of British Columbia have disfranchised all Indians and Chinamen. Well, the heathen Chinese and his capacious sleeves might be dangerous round a ballot box, but why deprive "Lo" of his rights? We wait to hear from that citizen of the world DE COSMOS.