

THE LAST CABINET COUNCIL.

The entire gang discovered sitting at their Christmas Eve Celebration—The Yule log which is a roll of abortive bills, flickers ghastly; deep draughts of vassail and huge puffings of smoke occupy the vacant hour. The ministerial heads are filled with the fumes of the Council room beclouded with the latter.—Cartier, Galt, Macdonald and Smith are just finishing a game of euchre.

Macdonald.—My soul grows weary of this joyless spot;
Lotus have done; ye had the bowers both,
And so'ra' jolly trumps to boot, so Windsor
You and Sidney here have won the game.
Let us give o'er. 'Tis now a brace of moons
Since first I warned you of the dread Phillippi,
Which scowls so weirdly in the cloudy future.
What's to be done? We have no English acts
To copy; no more Procedure acts or County Court;
The Henry fight is o'er, nor would it aught avail,
That we should touch again the Aboriginal Indians,
Or any of those last resorts we keep in store,
Against the stormy day. 'E'en Cartier has failed,
The eternal judicature bills come in no more,
And nought seems left us save "give up the ship."
But say, my Scootle of the Public Works,
My only colleague burdened with much brains,
What's left us now?

Smith.—Du tell I want to know.

Macdonald.—Silence, rude murderer of your mother tongue,
Base country lawyer, keep the peace or go;
You've had the bust full fifty times or more,
And if you dare to open your mouth again,
Pack up your traps and pettifog once more.

Scootle.—My Kingston chum, Ulysses of the gauge,
Deem mo not churlish; if I wore to hang,
I could not give a hint, not one, indeed,
One faintest glimmer in this darkest hood.

Cartier.—If you shall listen vera patiently,
I tink I toll zo way mon cher ami,
Von I vas at zo Windsor vid zo Queen,
Such one big tall reception no'or was been
Before, nor never sall be no more I bot,
I have not tell you half zo wonders yet.

Macdonald.—Dry up, old Windsor; at it, once agate;
Pity royal favours make such fools of men.

Cartier.—You notaro mind, old Mac, you are jaloux,
You would be too much glad to get them too,
L'ouvie is bad in ministaire of state;
So keep zo naughty words into your pate.
Bient la reine, also say to me, my friend,
Mon Cartier if you have one little ear to lend,
Give him to me!" "Your Majesty" I said,
I have two long big ear upon my head,
I wish that they were longer for your sake—
More worthy as a present that I make.
She laugh, and say "you are zo noble knight,
You have zo Norman blood—so much polito."
"Vous avez raison my liege," for I may say
"My great ancestor was Jacques Cartier;
At least if he was married he might be,
Which was a fault, the old stupidity."

Macdonald.—Alloyn let's take a nip and go to sleep.

Cartier.—Such black ingratis as you will make mo weep;
How sharper than zo serpent's tooth day say
It is to have a boy, or girl, maurnal,
But, Sacre bleu, 'tis zo much greater pest,
Ze thankless bad Attorney General West.

Scootle.—Go on, old Georgy, let us hear you out.

Cartier.—Well, then, I will, but what was I about?
"Oh oui! zo Queen ask me if I forgot
Old "Thirty-seven," when I cant my lot
Along with rebels whom I rashly led;
Till zo big sum was offered for my head?
'Tis true; I weeps my illog to own it too,
But since I've got in office I'm more true;
I've learned at last to know the time of day—
Rebellion's very bad and doesn't pay.
I've got a dozen hundred reasons now and more
For giving all that wicked treason o'er.
She then impose as penance for my sin,
That I should urge (do stop that drunken din)
Ze Royal decision on you, spite of fate
Or never more pick bone on royal plate;

So "Ottawa and Windsor" be the cry
By which zo Government shall live or die;
What'or they ask those woly men of law,
Have but a single answer—"Ottawa."

Scootle.—No my dear Georgy, I can't stomach that,
I'd sooner leave the Cabinet, than that's flat.

Smith.—Now, you, don't be cantankerous; 'twont do
Such tricks aint to be stood by e'en from you—
Cartier's quite right,—how ugly you have got;
I suppose you're kind of rited a bit, Scootle.
Cool off, old Public Works, for peace or war;
'Lo! about like all possessed for Ottawa.

Macdonald.—(Wakes up)—

'Tis now, at least if I can see aright,
The witching hour of half-past midnight,
When poets sleep and drunken rowdies brawl,
And some there are too drunk to shout at all:
Now could I do, what rascal couldn't I do?
To Brown, McGee and all the British crew,
The roaring traitors: Soft, now, to Sir Edmund,
Perhaps I'll stir him up a bit; and make
Him send the House about its business,
Who can tell! Well Cartier, what's the row,
I thought I heard a muss kicked up just now?

Cartier.—It's only Scootle kicking o'er the traces,
He seems to think he keeps us in our places,
I gave zo policy "the Queen's decision,"
By gar, he treats it avee great derision.

Scootle.—John A. I did, the truth I'll not be biding,
I think such stuff is only worth deriding
Rather than be again the old scape goat
I'll quit you all and don a browner coat;
Where will you be when I give you the slip?
Answer me that, and drop your curling lip.

Macdonald.—Well, be it zo I care not—not a rap,
If you're prepared to lose your share of pap,
Resign your office, sir, if that's your mind;
Cross the Assembly, sir, and go it blind.

Smith.—Nuff said, it wouldn't be much loss,
Give him his walking ticket now, old boss;
Nottin' shall hinder what we've got a mind to,
And that, I guess, Scootle 'll find too.

Scootle.—You are resolved then? oh you senseless muffs,
Have you forgot those terrible rebuffs
You got last session, and forgot the way
We pledged ourselves on this the other day.
Enough of this; my day of peace is o'er,
And I shall sip its pleasant sweets no more,
My share of pap is sopped; O, no! for ever,
Farwell twelve hundred pounds; farewell to tricks;
Farwell the purchased votes, the *clageurs* all,
That make a fool of virtue, O farwell!
Farwell, the braying ass and the scraped desk,
The member's pony whistle and the letter clip,
The noisy Powell and all the train
Of quorks and bribes of our administration;
And oh you Grand Trunk engines in whose cause,
I've often unaged truth to counterfeit,
Farwell! poor Scootle's occupation's gone.

(Sings agonizingly, *spifantic*.)

When their tongues and other lings,
Your spouting stories tell,
In tones less scrupulous, perhaps,
I know they'll suit you well.
When once the Coon my place shall fill,
Or Ferres here shall be,
In such an hour, I'll take good care
That you'll remember me.

When Brown and Foley rule the roast,
And I their cause embrace,
Perhaps the thought may cut you up,
When they shall fill your place,
When Cartier's power is shattered off,
And Galt shall withered be,
In such an hour, I'll take good care
That you'll remember me.

Smith starts to an operatic air:—

You'd better go back, old boy in a crack,
To St. Hyacinth, once more,
You've lost your place, so back in disgrace,
To St. Hyacinth; once more.

Scootle exit wildly;—Tableau—Galt and Ross are asleep; Cartier throws up his hands melodramatically,—Smith sits back in his chair with his legs on the table and puffs his cigar; Macdonald pledges his colleagues from the vassail bowl, and curtain falls.

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

DEAR FRIENDS,—We wish that we had a thousand hands that we might shake hands with you all, and can we forbear also from repeating the wish that the dear ladies had but one mouth that we might kiss them all? We do not mean to make a speech or deliver an address on this occasion. We are rather inclined to be censorious.

New Year's day is an occasion in which custom allows great license to the young and old of both sexes. But there is a boundary line that must not be overstepped. Therefore we charge ye, all ye old men—disturb not the harmony of pleasant visits by remaining at home all day. Be gone, make yourselves scarce and do what you like, but do not obstruct yourselves where it is evident you are not wanted.

And ye old women, ye hard-hearted mothers and cruel aunts, take care how ye conduct yourselves on this day. If the ladies are kissed—and such things do occasionally happen—you must not see it. If sweet things are said, be deaf and heed them not.

And oh ye, young ladies—ye who are a source of the greatest joy to us, take heed to what ye say; Do not let any impatient or rude fellow come near you; if such call, and call they will, treat them as they deserve. Neither do you allow your most intimate friend to kiss you more than once, and then, after a good proference at resistance. We need not tell you not to take too much wine; your good taste will guard you in that particular. What more we have have to say may be summed up in this—do not offer any gentleman coffee, it is an abomination.

And now, ye young men—ye who will drive fast horses, and luxuriate in neat cutters on this great occasion, take care what you are about. Do not be extravagant. Eschew dullness. Avoid making asses of yourselves. Visit every lady you know—but do not drink too much wine, nor let your horses run away—for in such cases you will be invariably laughed at.

Complete Letter Writer.

—Just published, A Complete Political Letter Writer in a perfectly original style for the use of young beginners; with perfect instructions in the art of abuse by Rev. E. Ryerson, D.D. References kindly permitted to Rev. Mr. Bruyere, Geo. Brown, &c., &c.

N.B.—Although the author is a clergyman, a proper regard to worldly tactics is observed and a profusion of slashing Christian epithets introduced in telling places. The writer will not be responsible for any dislocation of the jaws caused by reading unweidly sentences or endless parentheses. The Pot calling the Kettle Black.

—The *Globe* of Thursday calling the Ministerial organs to order for using strong language.

The Greatest Event of the Year.

—The Birth of THE GRUMBLER.