

"In the Multitude of Counsellors there is Safety."

The Mayor's always ready,
The founder of the feast;
Adamson's always steady,
Ardagh's a dirty beast.
Baxters's fat, fair and forty,
In stomach he's a snell,
But best of all the party
Is a clear sounding Bell.
Bennett, is much too noisy,
With peace he seems at war,
Puffing his own integrity,
Blows loudly Mr. Carr.
Dickey shelves the eight commandment,
And Dunn's a dunderhead,
Edwards votes for an amendment,
Dow's ale floods Ewart's head;
If Farrell is Demosthenes,
And Godson deuced sly,
Greenlees naught but a carpenter,
What's that to you or I?
Hynes plasters well his outer walls,
(Though not for council meant)
And slow coach James his pocket lines,
With two and-a-half per cent.
The low bred Jarvis proud is he,
A beggar on a horse;
While Love improves his property,
From out the public purse.
A horse marine is Bob Moodie,
O'Connell is an ass,
And J. E. Smith, sweet modestly,
And Tom Smith takes his glass.
A model counsellor is Spence,
Sterling drinks on the sly,
Officious Thompson still must have
His finger in the pie.
Strachan is wrathful, that I know,
And this I know of Tuning,
He murders the Queen's English so,
He always set one grinning.
Of Yappe I really can't say much,
And now there all before ye,
Save Wallis, who, the best of all
And so I close my story.

MOTIONS.

Mr. Scoble.—That the coloured people of the Dawn Institute be clothed, fed and instructed at the public expense, and that he, (Scoble,) be appointed Treasurer.

Dr. Parker.—A motion to allow the Member for North Wellington to retire from this House in disgust, and to have a separate Legislature in the West, with Parker, Statton, McFarlane, McKenzie and McKellar as its members.

Hon. Mr. Currier.—That my 17 hours speech shall be published in pamphlet form and distributed throughout Canada, and more particularly amongst the codfish in the County of Bruce.

Mr. McConkey.—That the Members pay do not exceed \$4 00 per day, and that the amount be handed over to the member for

North Simcoe, to get silver for sauc to pay members.

Hon. Mr. Foley.—To limit the strength of old rye whiskey and to change the name of Connestogo in North Waterloo.

Hon. Mr. Brown.—To enable the Hon. Mr. McDougall with the Hon. Mr. Mowatt, to act as pall-bearers at the burial of Rep. by Pop,

Hon. Mr. Mowatt.—To expedite the elevation of A. T. Galt, Esq., to the office of Minister of Finance and to banish Mr. George Brown to Bothwell.

Aw. M. Smith.—To exempt members of Parliament from the rules of Lindley Murray in certain cases, and to have the wood-market in Toronto removed.

Mr. John McDonald.—That Parliament shall meet one week during each year, in Toronto, and that said meeting shall be held in the building known as McDonald's folly, Wellington Street.

AMUSEMENTS.

The "Varieties," with a team of new talent still goes "marching on" in public favour. Miss Lizzie Elsworth, as a danseuse and balladist, is a good "card," being a very graceful and clever danseuse. Miss Kitty Shiner, in "the Rattlesnake Jig," brings down frequent plaudits; while Mr. T. G. Wilson is decidedly the best banjo player that has graced the boards of the "Varieties." Fanny Archer, Jim Campbell, James Carlton and John Croshier still belong to the "happy family," and make general mirth and fun abound when they put in an appearance on the stage. Mr. James Day, the youth whom poor Mulligan "pulled," is still at the "Varieties," and sells nice cartes of himself, in female costume, at a very low rate, and, we tell you, he makes a "purty girl." Buy one, stranger.

"Even Reverend Age shall bend the willing Head."

We were agreeably surprised, the other day, whilst standing at the just then debouchement of the classic Stanley, into Church Street. We were a little inclined, (as the best of men and Grumblers will be occasionally,) to carp and cavil at the shortcomings of our fellow-citizens. "And why," we exclaimed, "these hideous monticles of dirt and snow lying about, half and half like Alderman-grog? Why not cleanse? Why not absterge? Why not purify?" We were running on thus, and several respectable citizens had passed us in a hurried and alarmed manner, as who should say, "Mr. Grumbler is wrathful, *caud canens*, the dog with the sharp tooth," when a benevolent looking gentleman accosted us: "Sir," said he, and he raised his hat with all the grace of Lord Orville himself, "I have listened to your reproaches, your lava-like satire, allow me to meet you. These hillslopes of dirt are

left purposely. The City Council, ever on the watch to ameliorate and civilize, *nece sinit esse feros*, the jovial and well-meaning (though haply something wanting in polish) denizens of Stanley Street, have determined here to sacrifice to Flora. Arbors are to be here erected, and neat trellis-work will extend from one bowler to another; the most lovely parasitical creepers will embrace these supports as closely as—to use a powerful comparison—John Sandfield hugs office; rustic benches will be placed at intervals, and in the gorgeous summer sunsets, immortalized by our own wondrous Thornton; the smoke of the haunest duudeen will ascend to Heaven, blent with perfume of the aristocratic Habana. Does this explanation suffice?" said he. "It does, it does," we exclaimed, "would, venerable man! that a solitary Yorker yet graced our pocket, *de profundis* it should not long cry in vain, speedily, should you boast of having partaken of the Grumbler's wine-cup." "Sir," returned the old gentleman with a hesitating reverence, "would that I might supply the refractory yorker, so that I could make it my reasonable boast to my descendants, that I had once shared in the festivities of one so admired, so celebrated." He paused as if in doubt of our acceptance of his modest proposal. "Lead on," we said, and he obeyed.

NECESSARY QUALIFICATIONS.

Some of the members of the City Council are agitating the question of a new Chief of Police, and propose to publish the qualifications necessary to fit a man to occupy that distinguished post. We give a few of them as obtained by us from a private and authentic source.

1. He must be of plebeian extraction, must in no account wear peg-top trousers or kid gloves, or conduct himself as a gentleman, and must be perfectly prepared to be on terms of equality with Ald. Baxter, Moodie, and others of that ilk.

2. He will not be allowed to frequent the club or to drink champagne there, but will be permitted to get periodically drunk on long-leg whiskey at Bob Moodie's tavern, Tom Cornell's, at the market; Frank Maton's, York Street, and a few other respectable shebangs.

3. He must treat the constables and sergeants of the force with deference and affability and may ask them to take a drink or play bagatelle when he meets them on their beat.

4. A respectable retired pugilist will be preferred.

N.B.—No Sunday School Teacher need apply.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

MEDIUM.—Will insert balance next week.