

## CAYLEY IN SEARCH OF AN ORGAN.

ACT I.—*Roley Poley Campbell, solus, sitting in a thoughtful posture, in his hand a tin of subscribers for the Poker.*

It must be so. Poker thou biddest fair  
Of mighty hoards of pap to be the heir.  
My last born child! exulting do I set  
My eyes on thee, thou budding Pilotet!  
Loud in thy voice, and supple is thy tongue,  
Bolder it lies, most fierce when in the wrong;  
Though the foul budget in our nostrils stick,  
Though from such food the Press's jacksals skirtak,  
Yet thou my child with editorial slime,  
(Like the foul reptiles of a tropic clime,  
Anointing first the budget, in a trice,  
Will suc: it down and say the morrow's nice.  
Forthwith I bear thee to my loved John A.,  
No richer gift o'er saw the light of day.

*Exit.*

ACT II.—*J. A. Macdonald, Sicotte and Cayley, discovered taking a temperance hour.*

*John A.*—The fact is, Cayley, much rests in a name,  
And you and I would both be much to blame,  
If when we baptize this here periodical,  
We chose no better name than that ore, what d'ye  
call?

*Sicotte*—The Poker?

*John A.*—Yes. We want the name to fit;  
Our aims, to show both scholarship and wit.

*Sicotte*—I have a name would answer wondrous well.  
In your school-days no doubt you have heard tell  
Of that strong man who bore this world about him,  
Till Newton taught it how to walk without him.

*John A.*—By Jove your right. An Atlas from our head,  
Alone can turn the ruin that we dread.  
And were a Hercules his abaro to take,  
That bi—d budget would make both backs aache.

*Cayley* [weeping]—This, from my oldest friend, is scarcely civil.

*John A.*—I wish your [nose] at—

*Sicotte* [interceding]—The times are evil.  
Keep all hard words to rillyfy your foes,  
T'll not do good to tread on your own toes.

*(Enter Roley Poley Campbell singing.)*

*Roley P.*—“Won't you buy the Poker?”  
“Can't you buy the Poker?”  
Your chances, boys, are precious slim,  
Unless you buy the Poker.

*Cayley*—Who is this strange, this brazen-fronted knave?

*John A.*—Hush, tis a tool of ours—a faithful slave,  
Whose Pilot long has done us service.

*Cayley*—Gracious!  
Is that the man who comes with brow audacious,  
That cracked-brained Roley Poley, toilsome tool,  
Hired with much pap both Provinces to fool?

*Roley* [sings]—“Here's to the Pilot that weathered the storm!”

*John A.*—Don't count your eggs before the're hatched, my boy  
Restrain your premature and baseless joy;

We've tried you once, and more judicious judge it,  
To try if other hands can save that bi—[here Cayley  
pulls out his pocket handkerchief] eased budget.

*Roley P.* [distractedly]—Oh! Ah! Ho! ho! ho! Fire! Fire!

*Cayley*—The man is cracked, as sure as I'm a liar.

*Roley P.* [sings]—“Oh no I am not mad!”

*John A.* [consolingly]—There's good pap in the world as o'er  
was swallowed.

For many years is bounteous pap you've swallowed,  
For many years to come you'll do the same;

We have a Journal, Atlas is its name,  
The softest projection of Mercator.  
The fact is, you have come a little late, or,  
We should have been most happy to install  
You in the manum of this great Journal.

But a great Hunter from the west did come,  
And made an offer for a moderate sum,  
To keep us going till the session pass,  
If you are not content, then go to grass.

*Roley P.* [Exit] singing wildly,  
“Thou hast learned to love another,  
Thou has broken every vow, &c., &c.”

## IMPORTANT MEDICAL CONSULTATION.

An extremely important meeting of physicians was held in the Provincial Hospital, Front Street, on Wednesday last, to take into consideration a serious malady, which has for some years afflicted Madame Hart Canada, and which bid fair to baffle all the efforts of the faculty. The unfortunate matron's disease has occasionally shaken her reason, and her fits of violent frenzy sometimes alarm the whole neighbourhood. Mr. Jonathan, who lives next door, has taken particular notice of these distressing attacks, and says that she is in a “pesky tar-nation lather.” When the doctors arrived, she was tolerably calm, but we observed that the sight of the family adviser, Dr. Sangrado Cayley, caused a wild twinkling of her eyelids, and a feeble clenching of her wasted fists. She said that all her troubles were caused by paternal harshness. About 18 years ago, her papa, Lord Johu de Bull, had forced her to espouse Monsieur Bas Canada, since which event she had been in incessant trouble. She had reared a numerous family, and had laboured hard to amass a competency for their future support; but her vile father had wasted it all, as she learned from Dr. Brown, upon a favorite scarlet lady of Italian birth; she was thus reduced to the indignity of supporting her own constantly increasing family, her lazy husband, and his unworthy favorites. She had no doubt that these afflictions, together with the contemptible incapacity of her medical adviser, had reduced her to this fearful state of debility.

Each of the doctors then felt the lady's pulse, looked at her tongue, which had an Orange tinge, that seemed to indicate yellow jaundice, and applied the stethoscope to her chest; they then nodding oracularly, retired into the adjoining apartment for consultation. During the whole of the conference, Madame H. Canada was incessantly troubling the learned gentlemen with messages which they styled petitions and ordered to be received, and that was the last heard of them.

Dr. Sangrado Cayley said he felt persuaded that nothing could cure her but a continuation of the lancet treatment. He had been bleeding her for four years, and felt assured that she could stand four years more of it, if necessary. He proposed to try cupping (we suppose he alluded to the crockery tax) which he knew would cure her speedily.

Dr. Brown, a graduate of a Scotch University, said, that it was quite clear to him that Sangrado's treatment had brought the patient to the brink of the grave. He thought that the increase of her family, and her domestic cares had caused the distemper, and proposed his renowned Representation by Population Pills, which would reduce the inflammation and purify the blood. He thought also, that a walk to the St. Lawrence Hall, on Friday next, would be beneficial; her lungs were weak, and a little shouting would do her a world of good.

Dr. Langevin who seemed to be a very talkative person, bored the meeting with a three hours' speech in bad English, after which he repeated it in French; he was understood to propound the Double Majority Ready Relief, as the only safe and efficacious article in the political pharmacopoeia. Doctors Sandfield McDonald, Thibaudeau and Cauchon agreed with this opinion.

Dr. McGee, who was a very sleek, winning sort of Hibernian said, that for his part, he differed with his brethren; he thought that there was an internal cancer, (we understood him to call it an Orange malady,) which he would undertake to uproot before they could whistle the “Sprig of Shillelagh.”

Dr. Galt, a portly comfortable looking man, who boasts a very large practice in the East, ventured to suggest a few bottles of a new specific, which he felt sure would be a perfect pnuance, he referred to his Patent Federal Union, anti-Brownite Refribuge, this, together with a persevering course of chalybeate water from the Grand Trunk Railway iron springs, would put her in a convalescent state in a week.

A Mr. Sidney Smith was about to offer his opinion but the meeting refused to hear him, because he had obtained his diploma from some unheard of Yankee College, and when asked to write out a prescription, did it in the Michigander dialect.

Dr. Buchanna advocated large doses of inconvertible paper, and also prescribed some mineral water, but would rather have it taken from the Great Southern springs than the Grank Trunk.

A great deal of discussion ensued; all the patent medicines were successively rejected, and Dr. Sangrado was left to bleed his patient to his heart's content for another year. A fearful fit having come upon the patient, the doctors took to their heels, and the meeting thus broke up in confusion.

Good for a 'Atter.

—A young friend of ours entered the other day into “Hats that are Hats” for the purpose of purchasing a “Palm Leaf Hat,” as it is called. He laid his hand on one that fitted him to perfection, and requested a short credit. Mr. Coleman looked distrustful, held out his hand indignity, and said, “Palma non sine Pulvere.”

**A Hairbreadth Escape.**

—We were the other night forcibly reminded of what slender threads hang the destiny of nations. The hon. Mr. Alleyne, in advocating a bill to amend the present loose system of selling poisons; stated in order to strengthen his arguments, that once upon a time, he himself had nearly fallen a victim to the present system! Let our readers just think of the loss the country would have sustained if the Hon. Commissioner of Public Works had kicked the bucket in the flower of his youth?

**A lick for Lanark.**

—A scribbler in the last number of the *Ferth Courier*, makes an indiscriminate attack on a recent School Exhibition in that town, because the Principal read an imaginative Essay, written by one of the boys, on a cruise in the *Ægean Sea*. Our rustic Thersites, ignorant that the “*Ægean*” was yet navigable, and that the fancy-cruise might have taken place a week or fortnight ago, as easily as in the era of Themistocles, sets down the whole as a “cogg” from Euripides or some other Latin (!) author. Certes, the viperous envy of this Bob's Lake manipulation can only be equalled by the immoderate ambition of the two young men who advertised in the *Globe* last fall their successful debut before the Homeromastix of Orgoode. We leave Joe to his merited obscurity.