

OUR POET AT THE COUNCIL CHAMBER.

Night spreads her sable mantle o'er the scene,
And round the board the aldermen convene;
The portly Manning takes the civic chair,
And looks around with self-complacent air;
The routine business needs but small attention,
So pass it by with incidental mention—
Though these officials, there is no disputing,
Are much like hogs—addicted so to *routin'* (routine).
Reports, petitions, and communications,
Having been read, commence deliberations:

Ald. Turner—I rise to speak upon a subject which—

Ald. Thomas—Please raise your voice, Sir, to a higher pitch,
The points are lost in your remarks appearin',
In short, Sir, we are exiles out of *Erin* (hearin').

Ald. Turner—Exiled from *here-in* you should be, no doubt,
But still I hope that you will *hear me out*.
Our dignity, I was about to say,
Has been infring'd on, Sir, from day to day.
The *Globe* has taken up this Cocker fuss,
And dared the subject freely to discuss,
Whether the Chamberlain's consent was gained,
Before a place for Cocker was obtained
Within his office—Monstrous! Goodness gracious!
Whoever heard of conduct so audacious?
Can such things be? by all that's good and great!
And overcome us like—

Ald. Hamilton— A whiskey straight?

Ald. Turner—A summer cloud, without our special wonder—

Globe Reporter—Bring on your red fire and sheet-iron thunder!

Ald. Sheard—Strip from my back this Aldermanic robe,
If I stand interference from the *Globe*!
The cause of all the trouble is quite plain,
Things aint looked after by the Chamberlain.

Ald. Thomson— f a loose system now we see the fruits,
That's what's the matter, you may bet your boots.

Ald. Hime—Thomson, of walks and gardens you've the bossing,
Permit me to enquire about that crossing
O'er Queen Street Avenue? The folks round there,
Would muchly like t' *'ave-a-new* thoroughfare.

Ald. Thomson—I guess, upon the whole, 'twould be as well,
If they made up their minds to wait a spell.

Ald. Turner—The Constable upon the Esplanade
A tavern keeps, your Worship, so 'tis said.

The Mayor—Will let him keep it. Why am I perplexed
With such like questions? Pass we on to next.

Ald. Turner—To-morrow, which means two weeks from to-night,
I'll introduce a bill you'll own is right—
To grant six hundred thousand dollars more,
For bringing water from the Island's shore.

Ald. Hamilton—I'm sure there's no one in the room but feels
Th' importance, sir, of having tires on wheels.
Here is my little bill—

Ald. Hime— 'Twould be a pity
To pass it now—send it to a committee.

Ald. Withrow—Sorry to see you this amendment pushin',
'Twill lead us to a tiresome discussion.

The Mayor—Amendment lost—bill carried—

Ald. Hime— Why this fooling?
I take exception to your Worship's ruling.

The Mayor—Well, take it if you like, but why prolong
This slow debate—suppose we have a song?
Alderman Henderson, I think you warble?

Ald. Henderson—As easy as the Tory papers garble.
If something gay and festive you require
List while I strike the Anacreontic lyre—

SONG.

I knew by the bloke who was rapidly hurled
From out of the door, that a bar-room was near,
And I said "if there's drinks to be found in the world
The throat that is thirsty may hope for its beer."
It was night, and the loafers who languished around,
In silence slept off the effects of a spree;
Every beat was at rest, and I heard not a sound,
But the bar-tender pouring out whiskey for me.

"And here in this lone little bar," I exclaimed,
"With a friend who with money or credit was free,
Who would treat when I asked, not the least bit ashamed,
How blest could I linger, till one—no, till three.

"By the side of yon bottles, whose rays might eclipse
The glare of the gas-light, how sweet to recline,
And to know that the straw which I put to my lips,
Had never been sucked through by any but mine."

Ald. Adamson—This council-room is very close and dusty,
That jocund strain has made me feel quite thirsty.
Suppose the cares of State aside we fling,
And cool our throats at this Pierian spring.

Ald. Mallon—But my constituents are much concerned—

The Mayor—Too late, too late! The Council stands adjourned!

THE UNCONSOLABLE MINISTER.

Lately, while taking a walk about ten years into the future—any person doubting the possibility of this can be at once convinced, on application at our office, by being knocked into the middle of next week—on arriving at a stony place, where had, we were told, formerly been a town called Kingston, we were aware of a melancholy individual, clothed in sackcloth, seated on a fragment of granite. We were told that his name was Macdonald, and that he had been a minister of something. He was singing a mournful ditty, the words of which we had the curiosity to preserve:

"Hearken to me, Christian people; while my sorrows I disclose,
While I sing in doleful numbers, all the story of my woes;
I, who once so gaily rolled up every large majority—
I, alas! am now no longer, leader Parliamentary.

Ah! how pleasant all remembrance of the jolly times of yore,
When I used each Grit opponent so triumphantly to floor;
When his hairs so logically, spiteful Blake would split in vain,
While Brown his so physically tore in sympathetic pain.

Carelessly, ah! Sir Hugh Allan! didst thou both of us betray;
Why concealed'st thou not those letters from the fatal eye of day?
Happy were those dark-age statesmen, who did never use to write,
Thou had'st roads built—I still governed—had we kept from black
and white.

"Thankless public, wherefore grumble, that I bought your members
good?
I but outbid other bidders, when they in the market stood;
Other bidders now have bought them, and have taught you since
my fall,
If I ruled by dint of money, that they cannot rule at all.

Though I gave the bribes demanded, I to take them still disdained,
You beneath my sway grew richer—I a poor man still remained;
Lo, the converse of the medal, now your opened eyes behold—
Cash is scarce, and times grow harder, but your leaders roll in gold.

All the country to the canines, now in rapid progress goes,
Brown has grabbed his final dollar, and in Scotland socks repose;
I in grief all unavailing, sing my sorrows far and near,
Give one obolus of pity to old Belisarius here."

JOKELETS.

THE man who was recently immersed in thought, has since been
drowned in reflection.

THE coolest thing we have heard of this warm weather is the
story of a young man having been invited to dine with a Methodist
minister, who upon being asked to accompany him to church,
replied, "with pleasure; but you couldn't lend me a dollar to put
in the collection plate, could you?"

SUMMARY VENGEANCE—The mosquitoes.

A YOUNG LADY, whose lover was not remarkable for speaking the
truth, requested a friend to "come where my love lies dreaming."

STOCK ITEMS—Bank reports.

INTENSE lovers of whiskey straight are noticeable for their crooked
ways.

A CLERGYMAN in Yorkville, wrote to the agent of the St John's
Gift Concert as follows: "I do not approve of *lottries*, or gift enter-
prises; I regard them as no better than gambling schemes. My
son bought Ticket No. — in your drawing; but, if it drew any-
thing, dont send the money to him, send it to me."

One of the *Mail* editors has a fine *barit-tone* voice.