

THE MINISTER'S LAST LAY!

The times are changed, support grows cold,
And Ministers prematurely old,
Mice's haggard cheek, and peepers grey,
Seem to have known a better day,
His Scento, not remaining joy,
Proves but a troublous naughty boy,
Thus, well-a-day! Mac's dust is dead,
His trustiest paler than three months dead,
And he, neglected and oppress'd,
Fears to be smother'd amongst the rest.

Where Halls Masonic grandly tower,
He passed THE GRUBSTEN'S cosy bower;
We marked his weary, battling pace,
His thin old men and worst-truck face,
And giving kindly feelings swell,
Just asked him in and used him well.
A flask of Bass's Pale, supplied
And smoothen'd the Premier's drooping side,
Till he began to talk, anon,
Of mail-lag Spence, now lost and gone,
And how full many a thing he knew
Were worth THE GRUBSTEN'S Hauling too;
And if we loved a song to be sung,
He could make music to our ear.
The bumble boon was soon obtained,
Macdonald's song attention gained,
The present none, his future not,
McGee and Dorlan were forgot,
Tall Foley, Connor's locks of frost,
In the full tide of song were lost.
Each blank in faithless memory void
The "Bass's Pale" is once supplied,
And as his head responsive awoke,
Thus his last lay the Premier sang:

AIR—"Jordan."

I am guine to sing a song, and I'll make it as I go,
The words you will like now depend on,
And if it doesn't suit you Grumbler, claps my boot,
And I'll travel to the other side of Jordan.

Chorus—I pull off my coat and roll up my sleeve,
Dile yere Parliament's a hard road to travel.
I pull off my coat and roll up my sleeve,
Parliament's a hard road to travel I believe.

MacNab played the big fiddle and well he kept it strung,
And ranged out the music according;
Tip-top he gived the tune "Pick up shiners while you young,
As they do it on the toder side of Jordan.
Chorus—Don he pull off his coat, &c.

Then ho and Monsner Tacho they both go out to fight;
Golly nu didn't I try to part 'em,
For I up stick with a stone and hit McNab's anelo bone,
And knocked him to the toder side of Jordan.
Chorus—Don he pull off his coat, &c.

Next I and Monsner Tacho we both did run a race;
Law asks warr't it fun to see the running;
Nigger came out a head, Monsner T, give up do chaso,
And hollered to the toder side of Jordan.
Chorus—Den I pull off my coat, &c.

Dat long winded Brown is kicking up a dust,
About do "want o' confidence" and so on,
Takes more nor I can do, to quiet his dang'd muss,
And ship him to do toder side of Jordan.
Chorus—For I pull off my coat, &c.

Hanson Massa Sicotta is acting mighty strange,
But with George Brown he'd better not keep fobbin';
I'll March him if he does, then I guess he'll take a range
In do vicinity of do oder side of Jordan.
Chorus—Don he can pull off his coat, &c.

George Brown is kind o' spunky and I glory in his gut,
Kase he's got do proper things to fight on,
He won't knock under, else he'd be do toder side a bit,
Till he leaves us on do toder side of Jordan.
Chorus—Don he'll pull off his coat, &c.

Do spirito of do Clear Grits cry out loudly for revenge,
And dile yere Upper Province does them laud on,
Straight off they'll turn me out, and my snubs and sneers
Avenge.

While they kick me to do toder side ob Jordan,
Chorus—Den they'll pull off their coats, &c.
Oh golly, let 'em kick and their cruet anger quenche,
Then their meals they will feather, tho' my word on,
But if they leave me up behind, praps I'll settle on do bench,
While they squabble to do toder side ob Jordan.
Chorus—So I'll pull off my coat, &c.

Flushed was the song, The minstrel gone;
But did he wander forth alone,—
Alone, unequal war he won,
While lingering out his pilgrimage?
No! I pitying Grumblers praised his chime,
And gave him heart and gave him time;
We pledged our influence to secure,
For Judgment fair an open door,
Till gratitude the minstrel woke;
To grasp as firm as Kingston oak;
And heedless of the bloom of day,
He cancelled lightly on his way,
And King-Street, as he rolled along,
Rung shiners to Premier John A's song.

OUR CORPORATION BLOWERS.

"Strow the streets with lavender, and sprinkle liquid sweets,
That no rude savour may invade the nose of nice nobility!"—
Cowper.

All honor to the philanthropic efforts of Councilors Purdy and Ardagh, in denouncing the "arbitrary" features of the Pound Law, submitted to the Blowers on Monday last. Most graphically did the former gentleman portray its crushing effects on the "poor" of the city; righteously did he battle for the frugal Dairy-women of St. Patrick's Ward, whose cattle now grow fat on street garbage, and by this means are enabled to supply the milk-consuming community at three-pence a quart, what under the proposed law, disallowing this running at large, would be charged ten-pence. Painful, indeed, was the picture he drew of the result of any curtailment of the lactie liquid in his own case, and that of his family. Powerfully did he appeal to his colleagues, with family incumbrances like himself, to resist any interference with the present policy of the milk-producers; finally pitching upon Ald. Carr to vindicate their claims, as owing not a little of his Aldermanic proportions to one of the fraternity in his own Ward. Mr. Carr confessed to many indulgences received by the kind-hearted milk-women hinted at; but urged, in extenuation, that he had out-grown his early tastes by a fellowship with the Council. He waxed "indignant" at the aim of Mr. Purdy to fasten on him a weight of consideration for the poor—he came there to legislate for all classes, and considered the proposed Pound Law met the general want. Councillor Ardagh pounded the Pound Law as an attempt of those possessing "broad acres" to crush the poor man, by compelling the latter to keep their cattle out of their neighbours' flower-gardens, and was about to give our quotation from Cowper, but the length of his speech unfortunately produced a low form of fever, and was obliged to cool himself at the Corporation fount. Councillor Carruthers objected to the law on the ground that cows and pigs were an "ornament" before a man's door. Alderman Bugg was mute, but seemed to sympathise with Councillor Ardagh. Councillor Sproatt spoke loud, but said nothing. Captain Moodie forgot the cows, and descanted on the liberties of the people. Councillor Craig was absent, but is known to favour the toleration of swine. J. E. Smith staid at home to prepare a speech on the next reading of the bill. Alderman Dunn exploded while discussing the Report of the Committee on Fire, Water, and Gas, and was rendered useless for the Pound Law. Councillor Upton was oblivious of his presence at the Council Board, apparently absorbed in a severe scrutiny of his watch-chain. Councillor Fox rose to express his views, but became embarrassed because of not having read the bill. Alderman Boomer made several efforts to raise points of order, but in no case succeeded. After two hours of severe blowing, the Mayor, who took every side of the question, was at last sent back to his chair, with a report of progress, advancing the Pound Law so far as to refer it to the City Solicitor.

We commend Councillor Purdy to the consideration of the patrons of THE GRUBSTEN; he deserves the special notice of the philanthropically disposed. Indeed we are advised by a cow-keeper that a movement is on foot in the Ward of St. Patrick, to procure him a leather medal,—the inscription on which is to be on one side a roll of butter, and on the other, the words "May your cow never go dry."

THE MODEST MAN!

"There is another side to the picture, (meaning the dark side) Mr. Morrison's best friends must admit, and we should ill sustain his cause, and that of the party to which he belongs, by counselling it,—his modesty amounts to a fault!"—Colonist.

Blessed Morrison to have such a failing, and blessed cause to have such a Morrison. Is the late Receiver General then a bashful, blushing, blubbery baby, or is he a bearded man, who has been engaged in a hand-to-hand contest with the world for nigh fifty years, and all to attain wealth and power? Is he "a cream-faced loon," or is he the man who was thrice rejected by his constituents, and is now seeking to attain once more parliamentary power—and who has, moreover, the modest reputation of knowing as much of the world, and driving as hard a bargain for plunder as any other man? We suppose the fact is, the *Colonist* is at its old trick of word-mystification, and that *modest* Morrison has had good reason to pray, "deliver us from our friends." We have already an *honest* Iago—now a *modest* Morrison is bung up to dry in a Canadian atmosphere!

THE BALL.

The St. Patrick's Society gave a Concert and Ball on Easter Monday, which were successful. The Concert was indeed a ladies' triumph. But the Ball was what we went in for; there was such good humour among the company, such fine music, and such charming ladies. We had not intended to dance, but when we saw the floor crowded by smiling faces, and had our forlorn breast pierced by bewitching glances, we resigned ourselves to inevitable fate, and went to look for a partner. We don't at all mean to insinuate that we are irresistible, but, for all that, in five minutes we were engaged for all the dances on the programme, and making our best bow to the belle of the room. It might tire our fair readers to be minute, so we will only say that we—that is ourself and our beautiful partner—danced jigs, quadrilles, reels, cotillions, and a hundred other dances, until, what between the influence of killing smiles, the excitement of whirling—turning always puts us in mind of pancakes—our partner, for the thousandth time, the music, and the boisterous pleasure, we were half in Elysium, and half in confusion. This accounts for our having to gaze intently on the dial of our repeater half a dozen times in the half hour to get a faint idea of the precise hour, and our having also to maintain a constant reference to our programme to fix in our memory what we were dancing—which, after all, we often forgot, and found ourself cutting elaborate figures alone, when we should be attending to our lovely partner. This may be in part owing to the fact that we had not an enchanting polka, a dreamy waltz, a startling schottish, or a dashing gallop the whole night. How we longed for one and all of these is known only to ourselves and dear partner, into whose sympathising ear we poured our sad complainings, and had the satisfaction of knowing that the heathenish practice of excluding those boatic dances met with her decided disapprobation. At six o'clock we found ourselves at our habitation, mystified by the rain endeavour to open our door by means of an old clay pipe.