

THE QUEER OLD HUFFISH GENTLEMAN.

DEDICATED TO THE HON. MR. GAYLEY.

I'll sing you a fine new song,
Made by a Grumbling pike,
Of a queer old huffish gentleman,
Who stomped at a fearful rate.
He sat in the Front Street Mansion,
In a pesky fizing state,
Whilst they plucked his poor old heart-strings,
'Bout interest, loans and date.
Oh! the queer old huffish gentleman,
The sport o' the present time.

In that old Hall close placed around,
Were Smith, Scottle and Ross,
Alloyn and yelping Cartier,
With Mac of the "Jolly nose;"
And in their midst this gentleman
Was tweaked by all his foes,
Till he clutched a black old inkstand,
And swore he'd come to blows,
Like a queer old huffish gentleman,
The sport o' the present time.

Yes, though his locks were turned to grey,
He fized and banged at Brown,
And wiped the muckie rage and wrath
From off his shiny crown.
He swore, ah! no that wicked man,
With a most vicious frown,
Them chape with lies are popping up,
But heavens! I'll pop them down."
Like a queer old huffish gentleman,
The sport o' the present time.

Revenge though sweet is sometimes balked,
And hopes prove "all my eye,"
So like the falling autumn leaves,
This poor old man must die.
They'll worry him 'bout wasted cash,
'Bout loans made on the sty,
Till up he'll turn his toes and breathe
His last official sigh.
Oh the poor old huffish gentleman,
The sport o' the present time.

Yet surely this were better far,
Than all this dorned parade
Of credits to the asking fund,
Which yet were never paid.
I'm sick, upon my soul I am,
Of such a masquerade.
Let's have a real economist,
A man who knows his trade,
Not this poor old huffish gentleman,
The sport of the present time.

A PERSONAL DEBATE.

LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY, June, 1858.

A call of the House was made for Thursday in order that the members might have an opportunity of going into personal matters, and of blackguarding each other without stint. The House resolved itself into committee of the whole, and Mr. Benjamin was put in the chair, because it was understood that next to a good dinner that honorable gentleman loved a good row. The galleries were crowded, and great fun was expected, when

Mr. Hogan opened the discussion by remarking that only it was so infernally hot he would go over and violently assault the member for Middlesex, the tag-rag and bob-tail of a ministry who were continually cutting capers in the face of high Heaven. (Confusion.)

Mr. Talbot could safely say, that the honorable member for Grey was the perfectest bore in the house, except the junior member for Montreal. (Cries of go it, old horse.)

Mr. McGee drew a revolver, and fired at the Middlesex man, but only hit Mr. Alleyn, who happened to be asleep, on the head, from which the bullet rebounded, and knocked a glass of sherry out of John A.'s hand.

Mr. Burton suggested that the language used by honorable gentlemen was too mild. (Hear, hear.)

Mr. Hogan knocked the last speaker down, and being supported by the Chairman, challenged Mr. Angus Morrison to fight for laughing at him.

Mr. Talbot raised a question whether an individual like the member for Grey, who was ready to sell his body and soul for a consideration, (uproar,) had a right to be blown to blazes, like any gentleman. (Hear, hear; question.)

The Chairman decided that he had not. (Cheers.) Mr. Powell expressed an opinion that the member for Grey had no soul. (Vociferous cheering.)

Mr. Hogan drew a bowie-knife and went over to revenge himself on the members for Carlton and Middlesex, but, meeting with Mr. Foley on the way went and lickered.

Mr. McGee here enquired if the Provincial Secretary was in the House. (Sensation.)

Mr. Loranger replied by flinging an empty tumbler at Mr. McGee's head, and telling him that he had better keep his chat to himself. (Ironical cheering.)

Mr. McGee only wished to remark that the person he alluded to was no better than a ridiculous dancing master—"half minister, half monkey." [Loud applause.]

Mr. Loranger could not find words to express his contempt at the presumption of such a cheat the gallows, escaped convict, unburnt rascal, as the member who had just spoken. [Rapturous applause.]

Mr. McGee drew his revolver again, was about to shoot down the Provincial Secretary, when, seeing Col. Playfair dozing, he changed his mind and blew half of the gallant colonel's ear off.

Col. Playfair demurred against being shot at without notice. (hear, hear.)

The Chairman considered such conduct out of order.

Mr. Gowan said that no well educated gentleman could stand such a decision from the chair. [Cries of hold your prate.] He'd be hanged if he would.

The Chairman threw himself on the house to sustain him. [Cries of chair, chair.]

Mr. Brown persisted in saying that the Chairman should be thrown out of the window.

(A general rush was here made on the members for Leeds and Grenville, and as no one would take his part, he was promptly kicked out.)

Mr. Brown rose and informed the house that he considered these proceedings mere child's play. He was going to astonish them now. In the first place, the Inspector General was a liar. [Sensation.]

Hon. Mr. Cayley would like to know how?

Mr. Brown replied that it did not make the slightest difference how. The Inspector General was born a liar. (Cheers from the opposition.)

Mr. Wright wished to impress upon the House that that was in accordance with Scripture. (cries of "you don't say so.")

Hon. Mr. Cayley had only one reply to make; and that was this—(Here the hon. gentleman flung the inkstand at Mr. Brown's head.)

Mr. Christie, who was also baptized with the ink, roused himself and made his maiden speech in two sessions. He said very languidly "Hear—hear—hear!"

Mr. Hartman, thinking his silent friend had gone mad, threw a glass of water in his face, when a general row ensued on the opposition benches in which nobody was killed, much to the disgust of the ministerialists.

Mr. Brown continued: Next, the Attorney General had the foulest and filthiest mouth of any man this side of the pit of bribery and corruption. (Warm cheers from the opposition.)

Hon. John A. Macdonald was obliged to his polite and courteous friend.

Several members here grew indignant and protested that the language used by the Attorney General was unfit for the house. (Loud cries of hear, hear.)

Mr. Brown had not done yet. The member for Carlton was a pimping, lying, talebearer.

Mr. Powell responded that the senior member for Toronto lied up hill and down dale, and he challenged him to mortal combat. (Cheers.)

Mr. Brown was happy to say that he never so far forgot himself as to "go out," as it was called. [Silence.]

Mr. Powell begged to assure the member for Toronto that he was a coward—(cheers.)

Mr. Foley—to Mr. Brown—Blow up that drunk-en supporter of the Government in the *Globe* tomorrow.

(Mr. Ferguson came over and broke Mr. Foley's spectacles on his nose.)

Mr. Powell—The *Globe*—a ruffian paper, hounded on by a ruffian mind—has no terror for me. (Hear, hear, and immense applause.)

Mr. Brown would like to know how dare the member for Shefford say "hear, hear."

Mr. Drummond did so, because those were his opinions too. (Ironical cheers.)

Mr. Powell would not sit down without challenging the entire opposition individually and collectively.

No one accepting his polite invitation, the member for Carlton went down, and scorning to attack a single man, pitched into Brown and McDougall with the utmost vigour.

Mr. Folly suggested that Mr. Powell should be "rid on a rail," but receiving a blow in the paunch from J. S. McDonald, who mistook him for Mr. Benjamin, he lay down and became speechless.

Solicitor-General Rose strode across the House and seeing a suspicious-looking member asleep, knocked his hat clean over his eyes, before he discovered that he had assaulted the Postmaster General.

Hon. Mr. Smith, without clearly comprehending what was the row, laid violent hands on McKenzie's wig, which he was about carrying off in triumph, when the entire opposition rushed to recover their ensign. Bags was on the point of being did for, when the ministerial benches precipitated themselves on the opposition, and a bloody battle commenced, which lasted two days and two nights, after which both parties separated, buried their dead, and claimed the victory.