

THE "HAMILTONIAN" CHARGE.

John H——'s shoulders are terribly broad;
He is stalwart and mighty of limb;
His paunch *prononcé* testifies that no fraud
On his victuals is practised by him!

Enamoured of candlesticks, crosses and rites;
Possess'd of a mighty digestion,
He thought of a Canon to make but two bites,
And digest him right out of the question.

His teeth were well filed by his Lordship of O.,
Who rubbed them with venom both certain and slow;
A blessing then gave him, and told him to go
And chaw up to pieces his reverend foe!

No fear of his Lordship the Canon doth feel;
He laugh'd at his foolish abettors;
He's sheathed in stout mail, from his head to his heel,
By the late Metropolitan's letters!

John H—— issued, both pompous and proud,
And, gnashing his teeth, madly ran on;
He flew like a boar-hound, with growls fierce and loud,
And snapp'd at the breech of the Canon.

Oh, horror! his grinders are shivered like glass;
He roars like a bull in a passion,
And swears that the Canon is founded in brass
To ruin his teeth in that fashion.

A DISPUTED ACCOUNT.

It appears that the "St. Patrick's Hall Association" are at loggerheads with a G. T. R. official, who gave his gratuitous opinion as to the roof of the Hall, and now wants "taching" for it. Law is thought to be their ultimate course, but will it pay either plaintiff, defendants, or lawyers? The contending parties may not prove such fat "wethers" as they are supposed to be, and then who'll pay expenses?

WATER! WATER!!

A story is told of a "barnacled" City Councillor who made it his business daily to go down to Lachine to measure, with a long pole, the depth of "frazil." His appearance in this "pursuit of knowledge under difficulties" can be better imagined than described.

McGILPIN LATITUDINARIAN SOCIETY.

At the last regular meeting of this Society, the following subject was debated, viz:—"What is the pleasantest season of the year—Winter or Summer?"

Mr. McMOONSHINE occupied the chair.

Mr. GANDERLONG was called on to open the debate, and support the winter side of the question. He arose and said:—"I never prayed for the gift of eloquence till this evening. This subject demands our closest study and most careful attention, and I trust that it will be discussed in that calm and dispassionate spirit which its importance deserves. I am fully convinced in my own mind that winter has much the better claim. In

this delightful season we have pleasures without number. We have sleigh riding and tobogganing, with their charming associations, skating and snow-shoeing;—while summer fails to furnish us with any sport corresponding to them. On the other hand summer has many disadvantages not to be met with at this season of the year. For instance, mosquitos are very numerous, and extremely annoying and dangerous. I have known persons so reddened and raised in lumps by the sting of these poisonous animals that one might suppose they were smitten with leprosy.

Mr. WOODLES—I have no doubt the gentleman has mistaken chicken-pox for mosquito bites.

CHAIRMAN—Order; no interruptions.

Mr. GANDERLONG—Then again, we have the sun pouring upon us his burning beams, parching us with thirst, scorching our faces, and melting our brains——

Mr. BUBBLETON—(interruptingly)—I protest against this last remark, as it does not apply in the gentleman's own case.

CHAIRMAN—Order! order!

Mr. GANDERLONG—There is dust flying about in every direction, filling our eyes and loading our lungs, and rendering us uncomfortable and wretched. (Applause.)

Mr. BUBBLETON then spoke on the opposite side. My worthy opponent has undoubtedly made the most of his subject; but that he has been guilty of gross exaggeration, no person will deny who is happily possessed of brains, and capable of distinguishing chicken-pox from mosquito bites. Would any person of judgment hesitate for one moment to decide in our favour if asked which he preferred—perpetual winter, with snow and frost, icicles and icebergs, meeting the gaze on every side; or perpetual summer, with its beautiful green coat covering the landscape; fruit and flowers in abundance, to gratify the palate, and gladden the eye; birds singing merrily on every hand, and the balmy breeze, laden with rich perfumes, fanning the cheek and refreshing the senses?

Mr. ADDLEHEAD—The gentleman's *common* sense must have been exposed to a northern climate. It is evidently frost-bitten.

CHAIRMAN—We cannot have any caustic remarks during the debate. It is quite unparliamentary.

Mr. BUBBLETON—I think that my opponents feel the force of my remarks, and the weakness of their own position; and as there are other gentlemen to speak on this question, I will refrain from saying anything more.

The gentlemen, when called on, said that the subject had been so ably discussed, and treated in so exhaustive a manner, they were left with nothing to add to what had already been so well said. The Chairman then summoned up the arguments, congratulated the speakers on the amount of study they had evidently given to the subject, the able and eloquent manner in which it had been discussed, and gave it, as his opinion, that the weight of argument was slightly in favour of the affirmative.

The subject for next debate is: "Whether the man that owned the dog, or the man that owned the goose, should be held responsible for the payment of a pig killed by the dog, but hissed on by the goose?"