

RYMES.

Addressed by our newbory to the honourable members, who boasts so much of his birth-place.

Come, tell us, John B.,  
Why away did you flee,  
From the rote on the motion of McD. the Gritty?  
Why away did you bound  
At the division-bell's sound,  
Quite forgetting the claims of "your own native city"?

You supported Cartier,  
When he said "Ottawa,"  
As you would if he'd appointed quite.  
Or any one plan  
On the wide world's place  
Except the right one, "your own native city."

Of course we all know,  
That the last year or so,  
Has proved you to be neither wise nor yet witty;  
One session's sufficient  
To prove you deficient  
Of brains and of sense in "your own native city."

GRAND AUCTION OF TICKETS.

It is said (the *Globe* and *Leader* to the contrary, notwithstanding, for who would ever believe them?) that there actually was an auction of Piccolomini tickets held in Nordheimer's on Wednesday last. Mr. Neil Cameron McIntyre who is reported to have proposed to the fair cantatrice, and to have been accepted by her, officiated as auctioneer. Among the most anxious bidders, we noticed the Hon. George Brown, M.P.P., Mr. Stokes, Dr. Connor, M.P.P., Mrs. Biltoa, Hon. J. S. McDonald, M.P.P., not to mention a large number of the upper tendom, who behaved with their usual affability towards those of their less aristocratic citizens with whom they happened to come in contact. Young Mr. Jones happened to tread on Mr. Eustace Fitz Chiblain's toes, and begged his pardon for it, whereupon the aggrieved one instead of annihilating the plebeian with a lordly frown, actually said "don't mention it." A subscription is now on foot among the middle classes of Toronto, with a view of having the physiognomy of this unusual example of condescension preserved to posterity.

At half-past 10 A.M. the auction fairly commenced. Ticket No. 1, front seat was run up very high by Mr. Brown and Mrs. Shong, but finally snatched from their grasp by a bold-bidding and sentimental young clerk from Hutchinson's establishment. Geo. Brown finally secured No. 2, when Dr. Connor begged to have a double ticket put up, to accommodate himself and Mrs. Biltoa, but he was cut out by Mr. Benjamin, who bought it for his own exclusive use, at \$30. No. 3 was disposed of to Mr. Stokes, who soon after (we had it in confidence,) disposed of it at half a dollar profit to the Governor General, who intended to go there in disguise, because, as he said, he didn't like his excessive popularity to be the means of withdrawing the attention of the audience from Piccolomini.

John Sheridan Hogan bought a place in the midst of a row of boarding-school girls, because, as he said, when he got among the men, there was always sure to be an odious scent of tobacco smoke which it took two days to get out of his hair. John A. McDonald bought seats for himself and several of the dubious opposition members who voted for the removal to Quebec. Speaker Smith

bought a ticket on the chance of being able to get away from the house on the plea of indisposition. He is said to have written a valentine to the enchanting songstress

Sweet Piccolomini  
You've stole that heart of mine,  
I beg you on my knee  
To be my valentine.

But this is nothing to D'Arcey McGee's billet-doux, a composition full of the gallantry and wit which distinguish that gentleman.

I am no base mean speaker,  
I love you like a streaker;  
You have made my heart grow wonker,  
God be praised.

But we are off the track. The sale went on briskly till all the tickets were disposed of, and Mr. McIntyre sought his beloved with the proceeds.

PRESENTATION OF THE ADDRESS.

Mr. Editor,—

I saw the quarest site I ever clapt eyes on last Friday. I was goin' along to the Parliament House intindin' to get a mouthful o' larnin' to tie to the affairs o' the nation, when I met Larry O'Neil, an' "Hould on, Paddy, avic," ses he, "an' I'll go wid ye." "Certainly, Larry," ses I; for you see, Mr. Editor, Larry was one of the right sort. I remember as well as if it was yesterday, the day he bate the two peelers in Bally Shaanon, just to take the gloss out o' their coats, an' to keep his hand in practice. But God be wid ould times; Paddy got tired batin' the peelers, an' came out to this country, an' he's now batin' his brains to find somethin' to do.

Well, Larry an' I jogged along until we came to the House, when he ses,

"Paddy," ses he, "what's that?"

"That's a woman, Larry," ses I.

"I don't mane that; it's the other?" ses he.

"That's a cow, Larry," ses I, quite serious, for I thought the poor boy was losin' his sivin sines.

"Oh! you stupid *onadaghan*," ses he, quite sharp, "who the devil ax'd ye to look in that direction. Look here," ses he, "at that furrin' looking chap with the cocked hat, and the crowd o' gentilem in black behind him."

"Bedad," ses I, "they're goin' to bury some one, so let's wait and see the funeral."

Well, sir, up they come; first, there was the little crathur wid the cocked hat, carryin' a thing like a brass poker in his hand, and lookin' mighty consequential; an' signs on it, where's the little crathur in the world, that doesn't make himself as consequential as if he were double his size. After the little chap came a lot o' dacent lookin' ould gentilem, as grave as if they were all goin' to their own burryin'. Then there was a clergyman carryin' a brass instrument that would be just the thing in a scrimmage, if it were only made of wood. Behind this brass shillelah came a quare-looking little gentleman, with a black petticoat stragglin' about his heels, and a caubeen, that had evidently been knocked into a cocked hat, on his head. But the sorra a corps could we see. After they had passed us, ses Larry:

"I'm thinkin'," ses he, "that there's somethin' in the wind."

"I'm thinkin' so too," ses I.

"It looks mighty strange," ses he, shakin' his head.

"It does so, too," ses I, shakin mine.

So we agreed to write to you to ax you all about it. We think, may be, that is part of Gindral McGee's 300,000 min.

Yours in doubt,  
PATRICK WHALE.

(From the *Globe*.)

MR. JOHN B. ROBINSON.

Mr. John B. Robinson, unfortunately our junior member, says, that he did not shirk his vote on the motion to carry the Seat of Government to Quebec for the next four years. But we say he did. He says that sickness in his family prevented him from being present. But what unprejudiced individual would believe that! Even if this excuse were true, what right, we should like to know, had any member of his family to fall sick on such an occasion, and what right had he to stop at home on that account; clearly none. The excuse wont hold water.

Again, Mr. Robinson is the cause of the failure of Mr. Sicotte's motion, regarding Ottawa, and clearly thus: The motion to carry out the Queen's decision regarding Ottawa was carried by a majority of five; Mr. Robinson was one of the five: therefore Mr. Robinson is the cause of the failure of the amendment. People of Toronto are you going to stand this? We pause for a reply.

Marriages Extraordinary.

From the *Globe* of Thursday last:

"In — on the 8th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Price, Mr. Geo. B. Fox, to Rebecca, second daughter of Mr. S. Miles Coon."

Foxes are proverbially sly, and Mr. Reynard in this instance has managed to catch a Coon. We trust, for the future, peace and quietness of — that she won't prove a *Tartar*.

"In — on the 10th instant, by the Rev. A. Kemp, William O. McBodie, Esq., to Ellen, only daughter of Capt. Crab, all of that City."

McBodie seems to have forgotten the usual cannie Scotch cautiousness. Does'n't he know that playing with crabs may prove rather rough work? Too much "claw" bodes ill for the future.

"In — on the 15th instant, at the house of Mr. Wm McKenzie, by the Rev. David Inglis, Mr. George Wilson, of North Oxford, to Christina Mary, youngest daughter of the late George Grievie, of Aberdeen, Fifeshire, Scotland."

Mr. George Wilson must be a bold man. Hasn't he enough "o' the ills of life" to battle with, without taking a real *Christian Grievie* (or 'grief) to hug permanently to his heart? Poor fellow! he must be touched with religious monomania.

Not Patented:

The new grapplings, designated, "The Brown-Dorion Grapplings," were intended to grapple first with Office and Income, and then with Population and Schools; but for want of chemical affinities, they broke after an abortive effort to retain their grip on the first for forty-eight hours. Failing in this, their power to grapple with the second, was not tested. The Grapplings were a decided failure, and the patent applied for was not granted. It is understood, however, that during the present winter, the Brown-Dorion Grapplings, while not attempting to grapple with Population or Schools, will try to grapple with the Treasury Bencles.

Fun Extraordinary.

Brown said to Jones, why Jones you're growing up like a mushroom; you'll soon overtake me—"Dear me," Robinson, "that would be a mushroom catch up (Ketchup.)"