

THE FOOLISH CABMAN.

Upon his box the cabman sat,
Joyfully cracking his whip;
The reins were dang'ling from his knees,
And a quid rolled over his lip;
Right merrily flashed the cabman's eye,
For he carried not wealth nor rank,
Though sickly and wan, the gas-lamp shone,
And his garments were moist and dank.

The maid tripped daintily over the mud;
The beggar crouched close to the wall;
The newsboy stood shivering in the rain,
And the muffin-man ceased to hawl;
But allward the cabman's soul that night
No shadow passed, I ween,
For there to the wet he was counting the net
Of the profits that day had seen.

Warily back in his pocket again,
He dropped back his money in gloce,
His quid was tossed disdainfully forth,
And right down to his boots laughed he.
He rattled his cash till it chinked too,
And echoed his laugh in its way;
And there in the rain, people shouted in vain
"Cab! Cab!" and then left in dismay.

By and by the cabman jumped from his box,
For his throat and his coppers were hot;
So he quaffed his beer and lit his pipe,
And beck on his throne he got.
Over the dashboard he stretched his legs,
And thought how his darling May
Would open her eyes and gaze in surprise
On the gross receipts of the day.

He laughed till he choked himself with muck,
Laid his finger beside his nose,
Till wearied at length, in spite of himself
The cabman began to doze.
He dreamt of wealth, he dreamt of fame,
But he reckoned without his host,
For the very next day, he'd five dollars to pay
For sleeping upon his post.

A CANADIAN LORD IN QUOD:

Your office, serjeant, execute it.—Henry VIII.

The serio-comic drama of the session has just been enacted successfully by "Her Majesty's servants, the company" performing in the House of Peers. Hon. Mr. Patton conceived that a vote of the House censuring the appointment of the Election Committee rendered it a point of honour in him to resign his place thereon. When the time for sweating came on, the other gentlemen were there, but no Patton appeared to take the oath. One hour's space for repentance was given, but Patton was still contumacious; the porcupines began to bristle up, and Patton's doom was pronounced by Sir E. P. Tache. The gallant gentleman brought out his knightly spurs to goad the House into a sense of injured dignity. He moved that the Serjeant-at-arms be instructed to arrest the lost sheep.

Hon. Adam Fergusson seconded the motion, propounding reasons in his breeches' pockets and spluttering them out in a very dignified fashion.

Hon. Mr. Morris, and the father of the House, Hon. Mr. DeBlaquiers moved to excuse Mr. Patton from further attendance under the circumstances. Mr. Murney compared Hon. Mr. Patton to "Jephtha, Judge of Israel," and talked of a "rash vow," who the Jephtha's daughter in this case was we did not catch; we suppose it was the hon. gentleman's feelings and dignity, and if the injured daughter of the judge was not more estimable than those, her death would have been no great loss.

Hon. Col. Prince appealed very cleverly and elo-

quently for indulgence. As however "the quality of mercy" had to penetrate through such dry old sticks as Fergusson and Ferris, it was "strained" so horribly as to be utterly unavailable. It was like getting stir-about through a hair-sieve, or calf's foot jelly through a side of leather. So Patton's goose was voted a fit subject for the spit worn at the Serjeant's side, and was devoted to him accordingly. The country was saved, dignity was upheld, and obstinacy in the person of Patton summarily spificated.

Tache put up his specs, Fergusson rubbed up his bristles and coughed like a stentor, while Dr. Smith took three pinches of snuff unawed and unseezable. But then an awkward point arose; which should execute the dreadful sentence, the Serjeant or the Usher? The age and experience of the former would doubtless have broken the stubborn will of Patton and dissolved his inexorable soul in tears of penitence; but if sleepless vigilance and wiry activity are proper qualifications in the constable, the brisk automaton was the man.

His black rod was ominous of the council's displeasure, and when its effects overpowered the unhappy culprit, a neat pirouette by the Usher to the sound of a barrel organ would have worked him into cheerfulness again. But the House thrust the black rod by and selected the Serjeant with his silver-mounted skewer to finish poor Patton's hash. As we go to press, we have not learned the upshot of the matter. We have been favoured with the unfortunate man's diary, and from the extracts we make, his feelings are given to the world.

6 p.m. Was caught by the Serjeant eating a horse-cake at the bottom of my clothes basket.—Asked for time to bid farewell to my landlady and tom-cat; cruel Serjeant refuses the boon.

6½ p.m. In durance vile. Horrid subterranean dungeon near the main drain. Asked for the lust novel, and received Baxter's Call to the Unconverted.

7. Serjeant brought in my rations—sour bread and water full of decayed organisms. Shouted for brandy. Serjeant refused—violent dispute. Finally compromise on water-gruel.

7½. Serjeant expresses fears of my committing suicide. Removes my spectacles as deadly weapons under Prince's bill.

8. Take out pack of cards artfully secreted in my coat lining. Play at whist with three dummies. Lose game and pay stakes from my left hand vest pocket to right ditto.

9. Thought of De LaTude, and tried to scrape acquaintance with two rats. Friendship indignantly refused in the Canadian Bastille.

9½. Received visit from the Chaplain. Offers spiritual consolation and a pinch of snuff. Reject the former and sneeze at the latter.

10. Draw the diagram of the *pons asinorum* with blood from my forehead. Break down in the proof and tear my hair thereat.

11. Serjeant enters to point out my bed—a bundle of second-hand straw subject to a lively stable chattel mortgage. Take off my boots and philosophize.

11½. Take a turn at gymnastics and sprain my wrists thereby. Almost tempted to use profane language but forbear.

12. Retire to straw.

3 a.m. Wake up from nightmare. Dream that

Adam Fergusson and Tache were dancing a Scotch jig on my pectoral and abdominal localities.

The hon. gentleman goes on to relate other indignities to which he submitted with Christian resignation, and winds up with a reflection on human freedom and the avarices of the Serjeant-at-arms.

EARLY REFORM.

Gentlemen of the Corporation, do not make fools of yourselves. Gentlemen of the Corporation, the citizens of Toronto are not so lost to common sense, so biggleredly, so stupid, as to imagine that the saving of the paltry sum which you, in your foolishness, propose to effect by reducing the salaries of public officers, can be productive of ought but the greatest mischief. If that is the sort of Reform you have in store for us, then you are the worst body of men that ever met to deliberate on our city matters.

The reduction of the salaries of the Police Magistrate, the Chamberlain, the Mayor, the Engineer, and the salaries of other public officers, was the most injudicious step ever taken in the Corporation. The public want the best servants, and the best servants cannot be got to work for the public for a beggarly pittance, when they can get double the sum by working for private individuals. And then it is a pretty thing to reduce Mr. Gurnett's salary, the oldest, most efficient and faithful officer that this or any other Corporation ever had. The Mayor must suffer in pocket also, and this too, we suppose, because he is one of the best and hardest working that we have had for some time. The Chamberlain discharges his business in a manner that excites praise, and in return, he must be paid like a book-keeper in a small store. Verily, we have an able body of Reformers at the head of our city affairs! But would that Heaven would send us Aldermen and Councilmen of even average common sense.

APRIL FOOLS.

The following distinguished gentlemen were saluted with the epithet "April Fool," being "sold," in the manner stated:—

Mr. Vankoubnet, on coming to our office to demand a new hat which some one had promised him in our name.

Mr. Patton, when he woke in custody, yesterday morning, was called an April fool by the Serjeant-at-Arms.

Mr. Gowas, on going to the Post Office to look for a complimentary autograph letter from the Queen, which he was told had arrived for him.

Col. Playfair, after walking ten miles with musket on his shoulder, on being told that Mr. McGee was in the field at the head of his Luvicibles.

Mr. A. P. McDonald, when he came back from the Council Chamber, whether he had gone expecting to get another contract.

Mr. Councilman Finch, on returning from a search after the man who was said to have offered the Mayor \$20 more not to appear in Finch's prize coat again.

Mr. Hogan after complying with a forged request to send a lock of his world-renowned hair to the British Museum.

Mr. Gould, on searching the last number of the *Illustrated News* for a portrait and biography of himself.