

BROWN'S LAMENT.

SEE BROWN'S "NUMBER ONE."

It's very hard and so it is,
This burning black disgrace,
By some strange haps those stupid class
Still stuck within their place;
Sure luck goes calling here and there—
Goes running up and down;
But though I've sought it long enough,
It won't seek Mister Brown.

I'm sick of all the mongrel creak,
Of Smith that horrid bore,
I'd like to kick him mells and bags,
Just slick across the floor.
There's Carter, too, a number two,
Should quickly follow down;
And Cayloy with his shining pate
Make room for Mister Brown.

Scotte, I hear, 'tis very clear,
Ain't easy in his mind,
I've tried to show him right from wrong,
But, Pahaw! the fellow's blind;
Leranger with his monkey tricks,
Deserves my harshest frown;
But smash the crew, with all I do,
They won't give place to Brown.

'Tis hard with good men at my back,
I can't just have a try;
Conner the bear, and Foley there
Wouldn't feel the least bit shy.
Oh I could I get across the way,
I'd make the Moderates frown;
But, la! if it seems luck lingers long,
'Fore reaching Mister Brown.

For sure I often work quite hard,
To clear myself a way;
And what a comfort 'tis to think—
There yet may come a day
When all the men about the House
Shall see me wear the crown;
Aid folks in wondering whisper say,
There I there I that's Premier Brown.

There must be hope! 'tis very plain
Macdonald's in a fix;
His crooked schemes some day must fall,
Before our vigorous kicks.
I'm sure he's often looked of late,
About the mouth quite down;
There must, there is, I'm sure there is
A chance for Mister Brown.

They thought they'd catch'd in Mister Rose,
A bright and shining light;
But, la! he ain't a Chatham yet,
Nor yet a Russell quite.
The man's soon whacked, they loudly cracked,
He might prawns wear a gown
And plead in court; but sure he's not
A match for Mister Brown.

But still it's hard, and so it is,
This burning black disgrace,
To see those chaps by strangest haps,
Still clinging to their place;
I'm sure sometimes it makes me think
While hangering for renown;
There is "Nao luck about the House"
In store for Mister Brown.

The Two Independents.

—W. Macdougall, Esq., M. P. P., for North Oxford, took occasion, upon making his maiden speech in the House, to say he was entirely independent of George Brown. And Ogle R. (in plain English, the *ogling rogue*), the very night he took his seat for Leeds, declared that he was independent of the present ministry. We are better off than we thought we were, now that we know we have two independent men in the House. But—Who would have thought it?

OUR CORPORATION BLOWERS.

We had hoped to be able to record some evidence of improvement in the manners of our awkward Councillors, but the potency of the *brute* element in some of the members will naturally disturb the harmlessly disposed, and cause frequent ebullitions of polite breeding; it is therefore folly on our part to harbour such expectations.

The position of Humphrey, Camp & Co., was brought up at the last meeting, as it has been at every meeting for the last three months. It is now very apparent these gentlemen are shrewd tacticians and play a game far above the comprehension of most of the Blowers. A few are, it is more than probable, directly interested in the schemes of Humphrey, Camp & Co., and have collusively aided in fastening the difficulties and perplexities of this Esplanade question upon the city. Its inception was the signal for unusual activity with all classes of jokers; in many cases, seats at the Council Board were obtained by them, with a view to encompass their design in this very matter; official position lent itself to the perpetration of a contract which gave, if not a direct, at least a collateral interest to them. The citizens, to be sure, have at various times taken the alarm, and demanded investigation, but with a result as fruitless as Saul's search after the lost asses. The game of the chissellers has been successful throughout; and, notwithstanding the abandonment of their contract, and the flight of the principals from the country, a more *ruse* to get their creditors to sign a bond of release, obtaining which, they again come back, resume work, and act entirely independent of the authority of the council. Their audacity excites our admiration, and challenge comparison with anything of the Rip Van Winkle character. We would suggest on the part of our citizens, more acute observation, and endeavor to fathom the undercurrent of some of their representatives. We do not impugn the usefulness of any single one of them in some capacity or other; but, we think, nevertheless, a lynx-eyed scrutiny over the Blowers would redound to the general advantage. Brunel's antecedents admirably fits him for dabbling; Boomer has a reputation for curious legal complications; and a number of the lesser fry are ever ready to be made use of for a consideration.

A very good suggestion was thrown out, to purchase a piece of land, ten feet in width, to make uniform the Post Office Lane to Colborne street. It is a prominent thoroughfare, and the leading avenue from King street to the Merchants' Exchange. Mr. James Beatty, the proprietor of the required land, generously offers to sacrifice for the public good. The matter got the go-by, for the reason, we suppose, of its bring urgently needed. On a still higher ground we advocate the purchase, it is to give an opportunity to Mr. Beatty, who never yet made a sacrifice for anybody's good, to prove his beneficence. Councillor Oraig is entitled to a compliment from us for stepping out of his ordinary ludicrous position in this matter.

The spirit of Carruthers was nervously buoyant during the whole evening, terminating at last in a complete overflow. His victim was a kindred spirit from St. Patrick's. For a season it was Carruthers vs. Purdy. The former insisted on "scissoring" the latter, while the latter threatened a "pasturing" of the former. Purdy's pluck appeared equal to Carruthers, and gave due notice to his intention to demand reparation.

OPINI

ESS ON THE DR. RYERSON CASE.

"Dr. Ryerson has been appointed visiting Chaplain to the criminals confined for embezzlement in the Provincial Penitentiary. It is hoped that the precepts and *example* of the Rev. Dr. will be productive of beneficial results. Some persons, have suggested that his permanent residence in the building would be of advantage to society. We think the idea worthy of consideration."—*Colonist*.

"A Dispute" is now raging between Mr. Anderson late D. R. General and Dr. Ryerson, with regard to the copyright of the Back Interest Tables lately published by the former gent: D. R. informs us that he was the first official who developed the the system practically, having received £1375 from the Bank of U. C. for the work, which is now in press, and will shortly be issued, under the title of *Pocket Interest Calculator*. We recommend the the perusal of all self-interested individuals."—*Globe*.

"Dr. Oadwell is about to attempt a very delicate ophthalmic operation for the purpose of straightening the moral vision of the Rev. Dr. Ryerson, now distorted to such an extent that his oldest friends have difficulty in recognising him."—*Leader*.

The Greatest "Sell" of the Season.

The public will regret to learn that the excellent and efficient Water Works which have hitherto supplied the City with purest and most limpid *aqua vitæ*, have been sold by Mr. Fruiiss; (whose name so aptly expresses the place where the righteous indignation of the citizens have long ago consigned him,) to that most righteous, honorable, and patriotic corporation,—the Metropolitan Water Works Company composed of Messrs Beatty, Ca-preol, Killaly, and others of a like kidney. The transaction has been further enhanced to the public by the purchase of Aid. Brunel; who, we understand, will soon make a proposition in the Council to buy out, with a large advance on the original cost, the said enterprising Metropolitan Company. Fight it out.

Two hot headed Irishmen, Darcy McGee and Marcus Talbot have entertained the public during the past week with a piece of paper war. Now as the genius of Irishmen delights in the smell of blood, we humbly suggest that they are placing themselves in a false position. Why not resort to pistols, or better still, to the good old fashioned "Shillalegh," and fight it out. Dame Hiibernia would look on with a smile of approval, and decorate the Victor's brow with a wreath of Sham-rocks. We of Tam GAMBLER would add our mite in the shape of a triumphal ode, bound in *calfs*, as most congenial with the figure head of the combatants.

Extraordinary Escape.

That much persecuted and injured individual, with the euphonious cognomen of George Byron Lyon Fellowes, has escaped expulsion from the House for high crimes and misdemeanors, by an overwhelming majority of One. The Hon. gentleman has every reason to congratulate himself on the high estimation in which he is held by the people. His escape is second only to that of the man who missed hanging by the breaking of the rope.