

THE ROSE OF LAST SUMMER;

A CABINET SONG.

'Tis the Rose of last summer we look too alone,
To make up our number, now Siotie has gone;
No other would aid us, no other came nigh,
Though to aid much more welcome we're long had an eye.
Siotie left us poor lone ones to pine on our pins,
And we richly deserved to be left for our sins;
But the Rose has stuck closer though Siotie has fled,
Would the Rose of last summer had nuzzled instead.

Soon, soon must we follow—thus cabinets decay,
The last Rose won't save us from fading away,
They will scatter us soon like Rose leaves o'er a bed,
And the last Rose will with us be withered and dead.

BOOK NOTICES.

CANADIAN HOMER, OR THE MYSTERY SOLVED.—A Christmas Tale. By Maple Knot. Montreal, John Lovell.

We have not noticed this work, because we were rather prepossessed in its favour, and desired to give it a careful perusal before expressing our opinion on its merits. The announcement of a Canadian Christmas Tale by a Canadian author, was extremely gratifying and we expected when we took it up to find the good, genial spirit of Dickens's infused through its pages. We never were more disappointed; a greater humbug was never palmed off upon an intelligent people. Without plot, without taste, without talent, this book has nothing to recommend it to the reader. It is exactly what our contemporary, the *Leader* has described, it a miserable attempt to preach a dry political theory to the people under a fine name, and in a purchasable shape. With regard to the protective policy we say nothing; it is not our business to do so; but we do solemnly protest against the cruel deception, the barefaced imposition of this prosy fiction. If we are to believe this Jeremiad, all things are in union in this province, an Exodus is going on in the United States, the Canaan where alone the unprotected Canadian can get shelter and rest. It is an Elysium, Canada a Pandemonium; and all for want of protection. The poor clad in rags are represented as preaching protection; the workman clamorous that "foreigners are taking the bread out of his mouth;" the girl clad in rags, but of course a Venus in beauty, grumbles that 25 per cent duty is not placed on boots and shoes, and rushe. to prostitution a willing martyr on the bloody altar of free trade; the boy sets fire to a house because india rubber goods are admitted from abroad, and talks of "suicidal legislation" and bad tariffs. The dry goods importer is of course a base wretch; the free trade editor a regular scoundrel. The only philanthropists who drop their coppers in the beggar's, hat are portly and easy going protectionists. Sundry debates are carried on, in which conversational speeches fill pages of the driest fustian and bombast that were ever written. The whole dreary homily of 136 pages is perfectly stupid and insipid. We can only pity the man who can sit down while his neighbours are preparing for the Christmas festivities, and pen so tasteless and worthless an imposition upon their pockets as this; we trust few of our readers have been so gullible as to purchase this wretched outburst of discontent. It is untrue in fact, it is valueless as fiction, while as a Christmas tale it is high treason to the joyful time it pretends to celebrate.

THE NEW LEADER BUILDINGS.

(From the *Leader*.)

The new *Leader* buildings may be said to be the largest in the world. We say, *may* be said to be the largest, and we say it again boldly and without fear of contradiction. They have been erected at a cost which exceeds belief, and therefore we will not tax the credulity of our readers by informing them what the sum total is. There are several compartments in our new buildings—such as the composing room, the room for the compositors and the room in which the newspaper is "set up," to use a technical term. There is also a reporters' room, and a room set apart for the reporters to transcribe their short-hand notes in. Besides all these, there is an editor's room, and also a room for the editor. In the basement is a room of incalculable length, in which engines of incredible power print off papers of unrivalled size.

At the tip top of the buildings the roof is situated and the foundation, if closely sought for, will be found below the basement. Four walls, of immense thickness, surround the building. Windows for the accommodation of those who have eye-sight have been placed in the sides of the walls; and due attention has been paid to provide suitable accommodation for the infirmities of human nature.

The number of hands employed in the establishment is truly astonishing. The composing room, if necessary, could accommodate a couple of hundred thousand, and the room where the type for the newspaper is "set up" could accommodate an equal number. As it is however less than half that number are employed. The other rooms are all proportionably full. The editor's rooms are always chuck full, and the doors of the reporters' rooms had to be taken off their hinges to allow free ingress and egress to the talented regiment of gentlemen who compose the *Leader's* corps. In conclusion, we must say that our grateful thanks are due to all those who had the honor of aiding in the raising of this wonderful architectural beauty. Jas. Malowny, the gentleman who carried the bricks, showed himself skilled in the mysteries of his science. Patrick MacWhackgan, whose industrious hammer was never idle, is worthy of all the honours which a grateful country could bestow upon him. We could continue the list till dooms-day, but time forbids; so, with these few and imperfect remarks, we must close our description of what may be called the greatest printing establishment above ground.

Great Blow-out.

—The worthy Councilmen elect for St. George's Ward gave a great entertainment at the close of the election on Tuesday last. The junior councilman, Mr. Finch, Premium Clothier, &c., provided a good supply of *goose* and all the last year's *cabbage* as his share of the feast. Mr. Pell contented himself with being *carver* for the occasion, and his fascinating deportment in that capacity *glided* over his other deficiencies. Altogether the *picture* was sublime, and though they had a tailor amongst them, we are happy to say that none of them was *served up* on the joyful occasion.

THE NEW COUNCIL.

LAWYERS EXTERMINATED.

Mowatt and Doomer and Hury are gone,
From the Council board at a sweep,
Printers and Tailors, and Joiners now,
A guard o'er the city keep.

Not a lawyer's found in the motley crowd,
Not a barrister young or hoary,
Save Monsieur the Mayor who stands alone,
In the pride of his legal glory.

THE NEW COUNCIL,

We are glad to see that the electors have taken our advice in the choosing of candidates for the offices of Mayor, Aldermen, and Councilmen; for although all those elected are not immaculate, yet on the whole the "ins" seem to be a more respectable lot than the "outs." However there is much truth in the saying that "We must not reckon our chickens before they are hatched;" therefore we will not speak all our mind now, as we fear we should have occasion to change it, next week perhaps. Of course we are not among those who place any reliance on the many promises made by the candidates prior to their election. We should as soon think of believing Marryatt's famous *Sau* Captain who died lying; if he could be brought before us, as in the least of the many promises made by a candidate to tickle the electors. But nevertheless there is still great room for the new Council to immortalize their year of office. We hope that none of our city fathers will take offence at our plain speaking. It is a weakness we have, and for the life of us we cannot get over it. The habit of promising is not confined to candidates for civic honors. All candidates do so—and we even hear old women say that so and so is a *promising* candidate for the gallows, not that we mean that any of our late candidates will attain to such an unenviable height above the "upper ten." But we mean to affirm our disbelief in all promises. "Promises, like pie-crusta, they say were made to be broken," and this is true also of the man who "promises and vows three things in our name," before we have a clear perception of what our name is.

In conclusion we must say that it gives us great pleasure to know that Adam Wilson, the new Mayor, has repudiated the attempt which has been made to make the late contest a party one. The figures show that it was not a party contest; and the longer politics are kept out of such matters the better. It is truly ridiculous to hear journalists pretending to common sense talking of the result of these elections as a mortal wound to Sir Edmund Head, and congratulating themselves that now the Governor General must respect public opinion or be forever lost. The public never thought of the Governor General in the matter, and it is excessively stupid for any one to say so.

An Old Proverb at Fanit.

Married by the Rev. James Smith, at the Parish Church, Barrow, Miss Julia Goodwine, fourth daughter of Mr. Richard Goodwin, of Stukely, to Mr. William Dean, Farmer, of Hinton Mills.

—We shall begin to lose our faith in Proverbs, and not without reason, for a very ancient one tells us that "Good wine (Goodwine) needs no Bush." The happy couple evidently quarrelled with the proverb, and we dare say they were right.