

THE SKELETON AT THE FEAST.

After Longfellow.

Speak! speak! thou fearful guest,
 Who with such talent blest,
 Drinks with the drunkard's zest,
 Till thou dost show it.

Think that this nation fair
 In thy disgrace must share:
 Why not the cup forswear?—
 "N—not if I know it."

Thou who so long hast sate,
 Honoured 'mid wise and great;
 Guiding the barque of State
 Safe on its road.

Why on this regal day
 Cast all respect away?
 What will the papers say?—
 "Papers be blowed."

Think when across the line,
 One, who, with lust like thine,
 Filled high the ruddy wine,
 Was made dictator:

Think with what scorn and pride
 We did their choice deride:
 Put then the cup aside,—
 "Here, I—I say, waiter!"

Think then how soon we'll learn
 They can our scorn return,
 Spreading the whole concern
 Farther and farther.

'Twas not for this, I ween,
 That thy most Sovereign Queen
 Cast round thy name the sheen—
 "Rah! for Prince Arthur."

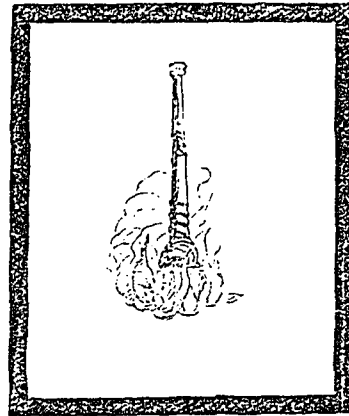
Right hand of justice, thou,
 What an example, how
 Do thy own laws allow
 Such conduct? say!

But of what use to talk?
 Thou can'st do nought but mock,
 "Tight" as a prison lock—
 Take him away.

"Who was his father?
 Who was his mother?"

The *Witness* of Tuesday mentions a man whose name was given as "Michael Farmer drunk in Colborne Street." Curious nomenclature for the nineteenth century.

According to the New York *Telegram*, one of the belles of that city is a "Miss Colin, daughter of the wealthy hoop skirt manufacturer in a white satin, with costly diamond ornaments." There's a *per* to be proud of!



DRISCOLL.

Alas! his light is extinguished.

THE PIANO'S LAMENT.

MR. EDITOR.—My sorrows have reached such a pitch that I cannot refrain from sending you this note, though I am in a decidedly minor key. I am more than an average instrument—7 octaves—and, though of long standing, can boast all the latest improvements. Thus I feel qualified to speak on behalf of myself, and of others lower in the scale. What we complain of is, that while human beings can protect their own rights, we are liable to be practised on daily. Not that we suffer in silence—that is not our wont—but our most thrilling shrieks and deepest groans are alike unpitied by our tormentors, who congratulate themselves on their skill in extorting them. What grieves us most—it sometimes makes our very heart-strings snap—is the consciousness that we are capable of better things. Surely it is against nature, which made mankind for our use, that we should be so degraded. If we were only tables, sofas, chairs, &c., to whom the noble faculty of speech has been denied, and who are incapable even of discord, it would be different. This is not all our grievance. The family with whom I at present reside, and who should be respectable, for they live on Beaver Hall Hill—I noticed this when I removed last May—actually grumble at the expense of having me tuned. Now, as you know, Mr. Editor, tuning is essential to our well-being, and it is the extreme of meanness to grudge us our tonic. I wonder whether they grumble at having their hair cut. They ought to know that, like Canadian statesmen, we can't do anything decent until we are properly "screwed." Till this is rectified, I, for one, will not give them anything beyond what they can shake out of me.

A STEINWAY.

My friend the Music-Stool, a respectable little fellow, though he has only one leg to stand upon, advises a strike. We might strike our hammers off, I fear, without exciting the sympathy our cases deserve.

The man who deserted his principles has since been apprehended. He is more guarded now.

Any one having a ten-horse power engine for cracking jokes, is requested to apply at this office.

Latest style in Grand Trunk suits. Strait-waistcoats for new shareholders.