

### The Old fashioned City Council.

Attend all ye who wish to hear our City Council's praise,  
I sing of the thrice famous deeds they did in other days,  
When they another manner had and walked in other ways  
From modern councils, whom their plans would wofully amaze—  
Such councils as we've lately had, all of the modern time.

In ancient days our city work was done in houses small;  
But now we have an army got crammed in our City Hall,  
Which for a vast amount of pay does fiercely yearly call,  
Till how we'll keep the thing at work we do not see at all—  
We tax oppressed citizens, all of the modern time.

The Mayor got nothing for his work—the Treasurer got less;  
Eight thousand dollars now they draw, most awful to express.  
There's more to do, of course, we are all ready to confess,  
But still not so much difference, GRIP feels inclined to guess,  
As to excuse this awful grab, all of our modern time.

We had a Mayor in former days, who handed over free  
A city Garden for our folks in perpetuity,  
But if a Mayor of modern day gives anything, we see  
Him look to be recouped next year from a big salary,  
Which may explain the fountain dodge, all of the modern time.

We had another Mayor who drew no salary at all,  
Yet entertained our Governor, at an expense not small,  
Within his private mansion, nor for city help did call.  
We send the G. to Rossin House, the bill to City Hall,  
Now that we've improved councils got, all of the modern time.

In ancient days, if councils felt that they had got too poor,  
To buy macadam for the streets, you may be very sure,  
They would not still an engineer with mighty staff endure.  
They would have said, "Our work is out; elsewhere you'll jobs secure."  
We don't do things so sensibly, in this our modern time.

In ancient days, if Aldermen had efforts dared to strain,  
To spread the city, and make streets out of each country lane,  
Where they'd bought land, and go to work improving round a main,  
At city cost, folks would have seen they did not do't again.  
We take it very easy now, all in the modern time.

Now GRIP likes progress, but not such as goes a useless way,  
And he'd like much to see here now, that rule of ancient day,  
Which thought that a good conscience did its owner more repay,  
Than all that contracts ever gave, or could in bank vaults lay.  
Perhaps it might—by way of change—work well in modern time.

### The Premier's Progress Through the Provinces.

*Train stops at Summerside. Premier and Secretary looking out of car windows. Twenty-five inhabitants visible.*

PREMIER.—There's mony mair abint the logs; they're ay vara modest  
at Summerside. (*Gets out and bows profoundly to supposed parties  
behind logs, in all directions, finally to visible inhabitants.*)

FIRST INHABITANT.—It is with feelings of profound gratification and  
respect that I have the honor of greeting the respected premier of Can-  
ada. As the representatives of the importing interest, (*they're all store-  
keepers, clerks, and dead-bats*) we pledge our continued support to a  
Free-Trade Administration.

PREMIER.—I hae nae doot the ither interests are weel representit  
(*busp to logs*) Free trade is the guidin' star o' oor lan'. We wull stan'  
or fa' by't. My Admeenistration is determinit to uphaul the interests  
o' Summerside (*three men cheer, and Premier gets on train again; train  
leaves*). To, secretary—Pit doon we were receiptiv by an enthusiastic  
meelyan.

SECRETARY.—Received by who?

PREMIER.—A meelyan! Div ye no unnerstan' English! A meelyan  
o' folks!

SECRETARY.—Oh! a million (*Writes furiously to the "Globe" till  
train stops at Souris.*)

### Reflections on the Life of the Premier.

(*From the Toronto Venerable.*)

When the Radical organ in this city indulges in eulogy of Mr. MAC-  
KENZIE, it should remember that there is a newspaper published in Tor-  
onto it cannot deceive in Canadian matters. We do hear that Radical  
organ occasionally sneer at the age which should be our security against  
the attacks of infantile journals like the Radical organ, (a bantling of  
scarcely thirty.) But we are not senile—we scorn the imputation. If  
old, we are vigorous, and our memory has not been impaired by our  
added years. That memory is, we have reason to believe, the Terror of  
the Radical organ in this city. Let it praise the Premier,—let it exalt  
MACKENZIE to the skies because now in power he can give the road con-  
tracts to its friends and fill its columns with advertisements. But WE  
remember! Why, it seems to us but yesterday when SIR FRANCIS BOND  
HEAD offered a thousand Pounds for his apprehension dead or alive! Did  
he not lead an armed procession down Yonge street to attack the

city and proclaim his intention of putting to death all loyal inhabitants?  
Of course he did. Does the radical organ published in this city think  
WE are forgetful of these facts? What if he be now in Ottawa, rioting  
among the purple and fine linen of a growing land, is he any better  
than he was bombarding Canada from Navy Island, and hiring the *Car-  
oline* to bring munitions of war from the States? Not a bit better!  
All honor to the loyal Sir ALLAN MACNAB, whosent her over the Falls,  
whom we are to visit next week at his magnificent seat, Dundurn Castle,  
Hamilton, (and we beg him hereby to accept our excuses for not sooner  
acknowledging; the card of invitation had been mislaid in our overcoat  
pocket till to-day, but as it is for Sept. 22, we are still in time, and shall  
be on hand. An odd mistake of the printer's, by the by, has dated the  
card 1850.) Yes, when we remember the infamous associations of the  
present Premier—his connection with BLAKE, CAUCHON, LOUNT, MAT-  
THEWS, and GIBSON; his infliction of a free trade policy on the country,  
and his treasonable connection with PAPINEAU in 1837, his deliberate  
murder of Colonel MOODIE, and his destruction of the Administration  
of SIR JOHN and CARTIER; his league with MONTGOMERY, and his  
compact with McMULLEN, WE are compelled to consider the Radical  
organ in this city as engaged in the support of a most diabolical and  
even improper person. But let not the Radical organ imagine us  
Senile. We shall give proof to the contrary. Daily our subscribers  
coming in uncounted myriads from the East, and from the West, and  
from the North, and from the South, pouring downwards in balloons,  
and tunnelling upwards from the Antipodes, are proof of the estimation  
in which we are held throughout the country, and afford convincing evi-  
dence of our green—our remarkably green—old age.

### Consolation for the Poverty-Stricken.

POOR in wit:  
You may suffer a bit,  
But you give more mirth to the world than any  
One else in it.  
Poor in ability:  
Call it debility;  
You'll win some pity for pain, a great deal  
For inebrility.  
Poor in sense:  
'Tis your best defence;  
The thorns that wound must can't pierce  
Your armor dense.  
Poor in fame:  
What's in a name?  
Lightning (that shows your defects, then leaves you  
In dark again.  
Poor in purse:  
One thing's worse;  
Go in debt to buy stamps to pay postage on  
Unpublished verse.

THISTLE.

### The Person Wanted.

(*From the Globe.*)

Concerning the question of protection, it is evident that people ignorant  
of political affairs are thrusting their advice on the country. It is abso-  
lutely necessary, (and the experience of all history bears out the accu-  
racy of our statement) that before a Canadian ventures to consider himself  
capable of judging whether the entrance of foreign goods into Canada,  
(whereby he has been out of work two years, and had all his property  
sold out by the Sheriff) has done him any harm or not, he must at least  
have read the original folios of Sanscrit history, be perfectly familiar  
with the lost books of LIVY, have squared the circle, discovered perpet-  
ual motion, and found an intentionally honest statement in the *Globe*.  
He must have served an apprenticeship to the farming, weaving, hat-  
making, carpentry, blacksmithing, tailoring, grocery, dry-goods, shoe-  
making, carriage-building, bricklaying, and at least six other trades.  
He must be a competent surveyor, and have studied the COPERNICAN  
system. He must be familiar with every method of political economy  
ever introduced, its results, and its introducer. He must know precisely  
the day at which each final alteration was made in every tariff in the  
world, and must know as near as possible the moment and circumstances  
at and under which it was first thought of. He must, in addition to this,  
have a complete knowledge of the classics, be a good swordsman, a  
crack shot, fair at rowing, good at base-ball, an excellent rider, a pro-  
found judge of horse-flesh, and an affecting and powerful local preacher,  
a barrister, and a physician in high practice. It will also be absolutely  
necessary that he shall have taken degrees in at least seven universities,  
and a *sine qua non* that he is of Scottish ancestry. In addition to these  
he must be a good cook, and have taken a prize at the Wimbledon range.  
When such a person presents himself, and declares his opinion that our  
tariff needs alteration, that Protection is necessary, and that the welfare  
of the country demands restrictions on the importation of foreign goods,  
we shall consider the matter; until then, it is mere waste of time for  
other people to demand a Protection which their education does not  
qualify them to understand, and of which they have no means of know-  
ing how much they require.