

## A ROASTER FOR ROBINSON.

Pray who is this with bran new beaver hat,  
And nice new coat, and neatly tied cravat?  
'Tis John B. Robinson, as large as life,  
Emerg'd victorious from the dreadful strife,  
In which, though fond of gambols, he consigned  
To shades below a Gamble unresigned.  
Promoted now from cricket, bats, and balls,  
To be a Daniel in the city halls,  
And there, for six good hundred pounds a year,  
(Ho always was, you know, a little dear)  
Profound advice and counsel to dispense,  
And long opinions write, without much sense;  
Now things in general properly to fix,  
And now mint juleps for the Mayor mix.  
Such legal light no city e'er possessed,  
With such a man no city e'er was blessed;  
With such a Solomon our city's sound,  
And twenty shillings will pay in the pound.

## HAMILTON CORRESPONDENCE.

Ma. GROWBEN.—I take my pen in hand to inform you that "things is movin'." Having a fare bank, but no brigade of coroners, nor no dead—except dead-boards, and they never die—the Easter holiday was quite dull here. But we've had a promotion in the family, we've got another honourable, and the way we are just now celebrating his return to Hamilton is to Quebec doubtful is gay and festive, I tell you. The Mayor and corporation have taken the matter in hand, with a will. They say Isaac's health's failing, that he's done too much, or too little, or something or nothing, and he musn't do it any more. Contracts for breaking stone enough to macadam all creation, can be had at the shortest notice—all to make the road good to Quebec—langer for the million, and licenses for nothing. Isaac thinks different. He says he can stand it yet awhile, if Foley and McGee don't urge him too much, and he's drivin' round like mad. He knows that port-folio will answer him very well in Quebec, but port-monaie is the only thing that can save him in Hamilton, so he's opened one of those "things"—"contents noted"—and the "free and independent," who "couldn't see it" before, are getting their eyes opened at a ruinous rate for corporation prospects. It rarely seldom fails.

The first "show of hands" (clenched) was at a Buchanan meeting on Tuesday, and was decidedly in favor of portmonaie. One John White, a lumberman from Milton, (said to be some on the muscle) was compelled, by force of circumstances, to "git back," neither a wiser or a better man but satisfied that Isaac has great financial ability. We had a visit, also, from three other "incendiaries," John Sandfield, McDougall, and McGiverin; but they applied their torches in so quiet a manner that, although there don't seem to be much flame, many people think Isaac will be "smoked out" to a certainty. Simoa reserves his opinion, but is inclined to think, that if the Mayor is not elected the Hon. will gain the day. Lots of work for to-night: double fore-and-aft clog dance at Onisno, for the championship; five political, and seventeen pecuniary meetings, also for the clompianship; special ovation at "the nigger moelin house," to

the "free and independent electors of African descent," (without any particular object in view) the Mayor in the chair; Pemberton's benefit at the theatre; and commotion generally. So I conclude.  
SIMON.

## Some Account of the New Ministry.

To those not behind the scenes, some short account of the most prominent members of the newly framed Ministry will doubtless be acceptable, and although the only Shakespeare has asked "What's in a name?" yet as men see occasionally in names an index to character, we give those of these gentlemen, explaining as far as our antiquarian resources will permit, the reason why they bear them. Captain Cuttle, it will be remembered, asked "Rob the Grinder;" as the third question of the catechism, "How he liked his name?" The worthy Captain's knowledge of the catechism of the Church of England being limited. We will not go so far, but give the names of these gentlemen, and our readers can determine for themselves whether the names and the origin claimed for them seem tolerably consonant. Mr. McGee's name is, strictly speaking, *Ghee*, that word being the Hindostanee for butter; so we have Mac, the son of butter or oil, the words identical in the Hindostanee, by a figure of speech "the man with the oily tongue," tolerative, our readers will own, of the peculiar talent of the Hon. President of the Board of Agriculture. Sir E. P. Tache's surname is, correctly, *tasche*; his famous ancestor being Claude Sabrotasche, a beau sabreur under the celebrated Henri Quatre. M. Langevin, originally a Scotch name, is derived from a celebrated Scottish ancestor of the present gentleman, celebrated for his thrift, who had acquired the rather singular cognomen of *lang in giving*, from the hesitancy he display when solicited for charity. Chapanis (also a Scotch name) transmuted by the Lower Canadians from "chappie," the original name of the founder of the family, who was found in the year 1720 wandering by the Tweed side in Scotland, and was called, in the *patois* of the kind-hearted Scotch, the little "chappie." This orphan sought and found his fortune in Lower Canada, in the year 1746, having been implicated in the rebellion of 1745. Escaping the ruthless conscription which followed the disastrous field of Culloden, he escaped to Canada, his only worldly possessions consisting of a small oatmeal bag, or poke, as it was called. Mr. Gall's descent from the famous musician, Terabosco, who flourished at Padua in the beginning of the 16th century, and who was commonly called Ginnit, is too well known to notice, and with this we close our trifling disquisition.

— Perhaps the greatest old slow coach: that could be raked up anywhere between John O'Groa's house and Penolauguisheno is that antiquated specimen of the "*gens homo*," Councilman James. He really does nothing at all at the Council Board but sits moping like an old stocking mender smiling in the hopes of catching some of the applause that is bestowed on his colleagues.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. J.—Yes, we believe Mr. John Macdonald, M.P.P., requested John A. to appoint him Chaplain to the Honorable House, with \$5,000 per annum. He can then explain all about "this unhappy and divided country."

J. K.—We don't believe the report that the amount collected to pay expenses of deputation to Quebec, about the seat of government question, has been handed over to the House of Providence.

HAND HEAD.—We have not heard how the Mayor is getting on with his studies at the Commercial College.

J. R. wants to know whether 'tis true the rate-payers of St. Patrick's Ward elected a dummy for Councilman, to represent them in the City Council. We are not acquainted with the gentleman referred to, but we believe they have Dunn (done) it.

LEX wants to know whether Mr. Doyle, barrister, in addressing Alds. Sterling and Baxter, who presided at the P. C. the other morning, as your "Lordships," meant an insult to the *Bench*, or merely used the term out of ignorance? We are surprised at Doyle's mistaking the pompous Aldermen for *puiss* judges, he must have been "blarneying."

INQUIRER.—We cannot say as to the exact price of a vote in the City Council; but it might be worth a cheque for \$100, or two hundred cord of wood.

G. DUNNVILLE.—Yes. Please do it yourself. For outside matter, ten cents per line. If you have anything, however, send along.

## "Vote for John Macdonald, and the Seat of Government at Toronto."

The above cry was all the rage about ten months since. Well, the people did vote for John Macdonald; but failed in getting the seat of Government to Toronto. Aw. M., did likewise, and both supported a Ministry that had only a majority of two in the House. Perhaps they'll try the cry a second time. Once, gentlemen, is enough; both will have a chance to stay at home next election.

— The *Dux* of the Police Force, Captain Prince, that dear "duck of a man," whose ducks of kids and "whiskaws" are the delight of all the dear little ducks in the city, has lately been going it strong on the duck question, shooting of on the Island, &c. When will the Captain cease his "Joe Hooker proclamations" on dog and duck questions? We fear, Captain, you have a weakness for seeing your name in "pwint."

## Mountebank.

— Is there no way of getting rid of the political mountebank, McKellar? We were in hopes that the Mormons would take him to Salt Lake. We have too many of his kind in Canada at present, and any person that can devise means of inducing him to emigrate, will have the thanks and gratitude of every decent man in Canada.