

AN ESCAPEDE.

'Twas morn—the sun shone bright and warm,
And nature smiled in gentle mood,
O'er earth and sky, and lent a charm
To river, meadow, hill and wood.

'Twas morn—but not the early dawn,
For old and young, and grave and gay,
Were onward by the Church bells drawn,
"To read, to mark, to learn, to pry."

When, lo! appeared upon the scene,
Near Moira's banks, in wondrous guise,
A hatless man in silken sheen,
Of lady fair—a needed prize.

Many an eye was enger bent,
Many a nod, and wink, and stare,
Many an observation lent,
It's said, the luckless wight to scare.

Oh were he in the classic hall,
Where lately praised in accents trim,
He heard his patron blandly call
On list'ning throngs to honour him.

Where is the sage's mantle now?
Thou said, his youthful form to grace,
The laurel crown which on his brow,
That patron claim'd the right to place.

All vanish'd like the past years snow,
Naught left but the conviction drear,
That time on neither would bestow,
Titles which they've no right to wear.

NO MORE OF GOULA.

We read somewhere the other day an account of the "Fenian Brotherhood" we fancy, (but will not be sure,) in our sprightly contemporary, the *Irish Canadian*, and we were both edified and enlightened. But a new haze has arisen before our mental vision. We had shelved the question and had assumed that the F. B., in due time, were to become, possibly, the regenerators of Ireland, and so on. Well, what do the F. B. mean by their proceedings at the Rotunda, Dublin? What do they mean by driving The O'Donoghue, the truculent Editor of the *Nation*, &c., &c., out of the meeting. We had always imagined the O'Donoghue, though a little man, to be great in "Ireland for the Irish," "Erin go bragh," "The Emerald Isle," &c., &c., and surely the *Nation* man is strong enough to please any Saxon hater. But the great war cry of the enraged meeting seems to have been "no more of Goula," whatever that may mean. Surely, not our old friend Colclanmon in an Irish dress? Has T. D. Sullivan, of the *Nation*, formerly committed himself by recommending this dish, or what the devil has he done? Why, "no more of Goula?" Does a horrible suspicion attach to T. D. Sullivan that he is a Goutle, like the fair *Amine* in the *Arabian Nights*, and feasts on disinterred corpses by the light of the moon, as she is said to have done? We know he disinter's festering memories, and mutual wrongs, to sell his paper, but that is natural enough, though not proper. But is the man a Goutle, or is he a Goutle suspect? Answer some one, for our mind is ill at ease.

Wanted.

A statement of the casual advantages of the Registrar's Office of the Court of Chancery for the last five years.

THE CITY COUNCIL.

BY OUR OWN REPORTER.

Alderman Jarvis moved, that the clause struck out of the report relative to the appointment of assessors and collectors during good behaviour, be restored.

Alderman Baxter objected, and was prepared to speak against time and eternity also, if needful, to defeat the motion. It was one of the glories of the British Constitution, and one in which the British Constitution exactly resembled his (the worthy Alderman's) own constitution; that it required a good deal of beef with its bread, and a great deal of bread with its beef, now this was exactly in accordance with his own.—(Cries of "spoke ten minutes.")

The Mayor—The worthy Alderman will keep to the question, as I wish to read a letter from Mr. R. Van Kunnick, Esquire, about some lots of water, or, leastways, some water lots.

Alderman Jarvis—I rise to a point of order, Mr. Mayor, it is too bad to allow the member for St. Patrick's thus to detain the Council.

Alderman Baxter—That is your opinion, Jarvey, but I shall occupy a seat here, or rather two, when you will be singing your penitential psalms in *Ilades*, and wandering in melancholic mood by *Black Avernus*.—(Laughter, and "sit down Baxter.")

The Mayor—I hope members will keep in order.

Alderman Baxter (patting his stomach)—Your worship will please observe that I am in very good order, excellent order.—(Laughter.)

The Mayor—The suspension of the rule for adjourning the Council at eleven o'clock is carried by a large majority.

Councilman Bell—Mr. Mayor, I protest against your ruling. Where is the majority you speak of?

The Mayor—I am the majority, and I will teach you that I am the minority also. Majorea, Minorea, and Iteva, don't try to impose on me, you thought I knew nothing of jography, but you see different.

Councilman Bell—I move, Mr. Mayor, that this Council do now adjourn.

The Mayor—I should like to know who has the adjourning of this Council if I haven't? I, who may be said as the head, to be the *founder* of the Council.

Councilman Bell—Oh, yes, Mr. Mayor, we acknowledge you are a founder, and that you are often founded in the bargain! "Gravelled for lack of matter," as Rosalind says, in "As you like it."

The Mayor—That is a false statement. I have never had any contract for graveling any road, so your remark "as you like it" is entirely thrown away.

Councilman Bell—I was merely saying what Rosalind said, Mr. Mayor.

The Mayor—Well I adjourn the Council; but what Rosy Lind, or Jenny Lind either, has to do with me I can't make out.

The Council then adjourned.

NIGGER DISPUTES.

As the *Grumbler* was taking an evening promenade along that fashionable and classic street yecept Sayer Street, overheard the following conversation between two "men and brothers," and considers it too good to be "unhonoured and unsung."

"Look here! you d—d black nigger, what you do dat for, sar?"

"Iloo you call black, sar? I'm as white as you, sar, any day, sar, you nigger, sar!"

"Look here agin, don't you call me nigger, sar; now don't you do it."

"Why not?"

"Neber mind; I've told you on it, so don't you do it any more, you mighty low black, cos, if you do put my dander up, and make me wraffy; I rader guess I'll smash in your niggers head, like a bust-up egg-shell. I'se a ring-tailed roarer, I tell yer!"

"Reckon I'm a pottamus. Don't you go to put my steam-up; d—d if I don't bust and scald you out. I'm nothing but a snorter—a pretty considerable long team and a couple of horses to spare; so jest be quiet, I tell yer, or I'll use you up uncommon sharp."

"You use me up! you! you! You an your wife and some nigger children was sold for a hundred and fifty dollars less dan dis nigger afore he come to Kinnady."

"Look here! don't you say dat agin; don't yer do it; I tell yer, don't yer do it; or I'll give you sich an abnighly everlastin stinking, dat you shall pray for a cold ague as a holiday. I'm worff considerable more dollers den such as you is worff cents. Didn't dey offer to gib you away, only you such damn trash, no one hab you, so at last you was sold to a blind man."

"What's dat! Here! Stand clar down dar behind, and get out ob de way in front; I'm just g'wine to take a ruu and butt dat nigger down to Queen Street. Let me go, do you hear? Golly, ef you hadn't held me, he'd a been berry small pieces by dis time. I'll break him up."

"You! You! Your low back-shins neber carry your black head fast enuff to catch dis elegant nigger. You just run. You'll find I'm nuffin but an alligator. You hab no more chance dan a black slug under de wheels of a plunder-train carriage. You is unnotisable by dis gentleman!"

We left.

"ENGLAND EXPECTS THAT EVERY MAN THIS DAY WILL DO HIS DUTY.—The Hon. John Young has had duty refunded to him by the Customs Revenue, to the amount of \$153 75. The Hon. John lost his kit in the Anglo Saxon, and imported articles to replace the same. The Custom duties thereon were remitted to him. He was the only passenger so favoured. The excuse would be, no doubt, that he was doing his duty by his country, and hence the allowance—we have not a word to say—he has very successfully done his duty.

Con.

What difference is there between a farrier and a doctor? Why, of course, because one is a horse-shoer, and the other is a cow-shoer (ac-coutchur).