

# The Gathering of the Magi.

THE

## Meeting of the Magi.

11th APRIL, 1872.

PRICE 10 CENTS.

## The Meeting of the Magi.

There's excitement in the Capital, wild rumours fill the air,  
And staid and solemn Senators have met together there,  
And many an anxious face is seen, and many a heart beats high,  
For the long expected oft deferred Last Session's drawing nigh—  
And pale and anxious Grits are seen with faces long and wan  
Resolved to make one last attempt to circumvent Sir John,  
And from East and West and North and South "the cry is still they come,"  
And they stand around the corners, and they look uncommon glum—  
But cool and unembarrassed quite, and plucky as old "Pam,"  
SIR JOHN awaits the coming strife,—and doesn't care a d——n.

2.

And now the lists are opened and the members take their seats,  
All quivering like high bred nags just entered for 'the heats'—  
There's grim *Mackenzie*, Lambton's boast, with gnarled and rugged face  
(Who ever failed by day or night to find him in his place?)  
And *Blake*, the pride of Durham, like a well fed Durham steer,  
Whose broad sombrero scarce conceals his proud disdainful sneer—  
And *Holton* takes his final puff, and throws the stump away,  
And enters with his noiseless tread, all eager for the fray—  
While JOHN A. looking just as meek and quiet as a lamb,  
Surveys them all with placid smile,—and doesn't care a d——n.

3.

In soft well padded easy chair, his head upon his hand,  
Long *Sandfield* sits with moody look, and anything but bland,—  
Shunned even by his fellow Grits, all friendless and alone,  
He sadly thinks of other days, alas! now past and gone—  
While further down, "remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,"  
The icicle *Macdougall* sits, and thinks of long ago,  
Of long ago, when he and *Sandfield* battled side by side,  
And when their names were breathed with awe throughout the country  
wide—  
But he who sucked them in, as old Silenus would a dram,  
Feels he no qualms of conscience? no! he doesn't care a d——n.

4.

Anon with downcast thoughtful look of wisdom most profound,  
Comes *Huntington* of Shelford, with his eyes cast on the ground,  
And as with solemn heavy face he sinks into his chair,  
One sees indeed "an orator and essayist" is there!  
And softly gliding past him, with a sleek but troubled look,  
Comes *Galt*, and seats himself among the friends whom he forsook  
Not long ago, and as he takes his seat he winks his eye  
Across the floor at Lucius Seth, his trusty, true ally—  
For both are heart and soul, so rumour says, with Uncle Sam  
And JOHN A. grins and wags his head—and doesn't care a d——n.

## 5.

And now see *Dorion* approach, all ready, as of yore,  
 To wage a hopeless strife, and as he looks across the floor,  
 And sees his old antagonist, he mutters "sacré bleu!"  
 While *Cartier* laughs and smacks his lips, as only he can do,  
 And looks around in triumph, with a thrill of honest pride  
 On his ever faithful followers who gather to his side—  
 He sees the trusty *Robitaille*, the pliable *Simard*,  
 And *Blanchet*, *Caron*, *Bellerose*, and the rough and ready tar  
 Bluff *Fortin*, fresh from Gaspé—(sleeker porpoise never swam!)  
 And *JOHN A.* looks with listless air,—and doesn't care a d—n.

## 6.

And there sits *Jones* of Halifax, with angry, sullen scowl,  
 And *Anglin* too from Gloucester, looking wiser than an owl—  
 While by his side—in sooth a sleek and cosy looking pair!—  
 Is *Smith* from Westmoreland, securely wedged into his chair—  
 While not far off, and vainly trying to look dignified,  
 Sits "honest Joe" from Wentworth, with his jokes all cut and dried,  
 And ready-made on any opportunity to crack,  
 (The drollest dog is Joseph of the whole entire pack!)—  
 And, ready with a joke as he, or well turned epigram,  
*SIR JOHN* still sits with half closed eyes—and doesn't care a d—n.

## 7.

And now, with thoughtful mien, and with a look of anxious care  
 And sorrow on his face, see *Joly* comes from Lotbinière,  
 And softly glides into his place, while close beside him sits  
*Macdonald* from Glengarry, wildest, rabidest of Grits—  
 And *Scatherd's* there from Middlesex, a trusty Grit and true,  
 With others at his back, in sooth a strange and motley crew—  
*Macfarlane* too, the chosen one (God save the mark!) from Perth,  
 (If he's their choice I wonder what the rest of them are worth!)  
 And yet they come, and ever yet, and hustle crowd and jam  
 Each other, while *SIR JOHN* looks on—and doesn't care a d—n.

## 8.

With head filled full of strange fantastic notions of finance,  
 Sits *Cartwright*, deeply pondering, and gives a look askance  
 At *Hinks* by whom—at least at whom—each poor employé swears—  
 'Tis little he regards their fond entreaties and their prayers!  
 While yonder sits *Magill*, the very type of mute suspense,—  
 Uncertain how the cat will jump—still sitting on the fence—  
 And *Crawford* from Toronto's there—and *Burton* from Port Hope,  
 And natty little *Nathan*, from the far Pacific slope—  
 And here comes *Schultz* from Winnipeg—while quiet as a clam  
*SIR JOHN* sits by and watches all, and—doesn't care a d—n.



And now, with proud and martial look comes gallant Colonel Gray,  
 A statesman and a gentleman, whate'er the "Globe" may say—  
 While *Harrison* and *Beaty*, old Toronto's double choice,  
 Are there to help the Government with hearty vote and voice—  
 And *Hillyard* of the silver tongue comes all the way from Peel,  
 Prepared to back his party up—still faithful, true and leal—  
 And, with his bald and shining pate, and quiet as a mouse,  
 Sits old *Tom Street* from Chippawa, the Nestor of the House—  
 Regarding place and power as a vain and empty sham—  
 —And JOHN A. sits and sucks his cheeks, and—doesn't care a d——n.

But here's *Alonzo Wright*, with honest face and portly form—  
 He wants a large sized body for a heart so big and warm—  
 And *Howe* from Nova Scotia with his patriarchal strut—  
 While after him, "with eyes severe and beard of formal cut"  
 "Canonto" *Jones* comes in, with heavy look and solemn face,  
 And with a self sufficient air he slowly takes his place,  
 And gently strokes his beard and tries to look profound—but can't—  
 And, sneaking in with guilty tread, "Big Thunder" comes from Brant,  
 Filled full to overflowing with his vapid, empty flam—  
 And there SIR JOHN sits all the time, and—doesn't care a d——n.

And *Grant* has left his powders and his pills upon their shelves,  
 While his patients (pr'haps as well for them!) are left to dose themselves—  
 And *Amos Wright*, that silent man, with thoughts too deep for words,—  
 (Like Paddy's famous parrot—most contemplative of birds!)—  
 Comes in with grave portentous face, and slowly takes his chair  
 And looks around him solemnly, with dull and vacant stare—  
 And *Ferguson* from Cardwell's there, unwieldy and uncouth,  
 In his Brummagem magnificence, which seems to say, in truth,  
 "Now gentlemen produce your little measures, here I am—  
 And JOHN A chuckles inwardly, and—doesn't care a d——n.

At last the Speaker takes the chair in due and solemn form,  
 And a calm pervades the House—like that which goes before the storm—  
 The Ministers have gathered to the front and on the floor—  
 Stands Peter—(he's a fisherman, as Peter was before)  
 And watches—while the Opposition formed in close array  
 Prepare to spring upon their foes, like tigers on their prey—  
 But now we gladly leave them all contending tooth and nail,  
 As with every sort of wild abuse each other they assail,  
 From the furious invective, to the plain unvarnished *cram*—  
 And JOHN A sits prepared for all, and—doesn't care a d——n.