# CAIBOLINA N AMCHMLAN. 

BX HANIMHPON c.doNuS.

## (5) <br> POETRY.

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THE COUNCLLOF APPOINTMEN
Shakespe,
There's magie in the robe of power,
lispell is like the $\mathrm{pupa}^{\prime}$ bower

That Turkey's three-tailed bash
wear
And hallow, Clinton's levee dress,
Cut by the classic shears of Baehr.
Our proudest politicians trembled;
When the five heads that rule the state
Around the council board assembled
Then artiter of fates and fortunes,
Of trains it well supplied the loss,
Gare Bates and Rosencranzz importan
And maie gehleman of Ross.
Without some proof of having been on
Vide Jack Ketck and Mr. Clinton!
Our oouncil well this path have trod, Honour's immortal wreath securing.
The patriot their hatchets in the bloo
The of Mat. Van Buren. Te bears, as every hero ought,
The mandate of the powers that rol
He's higher game in view 'tis thou't Aes higher game in view 'tis thought,
All in good time, the nmin's no fool,
With him some dozens prostrate fall,
No friend to mourn, nor foe to flou They die unsung, unwept by all
For no one cares a sous about

## gain, Eor them best exchange we make, Ve've dignity in Ned M'Garraghan : And ve every thing in Jerry Deake. That late wreath of withered leaves Twined Van Buren's bro Oakley's pure spotless hand receives, Hes earned it tis no niatter howLet ofice holders cease to weep, And put once more their gala dress The council's closed, and they may, sle Singquiet till the winter session. lit ours theiry ups cloak for for folty's feath And laugh at ins and outs together. <br> outs together Cوoaker




