

It is a well known fact that in every Roman Catholic Church in the Province, arms, ammunition and "Pikes" are stored ready to be brought forward when John Mahoney the "Great Centre" of Fenianism will give the word of command. The *Irish Canadian* is too communicative, it admits too much and shows the weakness of its own cause; the zeal of the Editor has made him forget that discretion is the better part of valour. Rage and disappointment blunts the senses of the writer, rage at being caught napping and disappointment at not being able to "slaughter the innocent." Let the Editor of the *Irish Canadian* think what he is to lose or gain by the advocacy of the uprising of the Fenians and the inauguration of a system of bloodshed and murder. He may get the so called absolution from the priests, but will the absolution of the priestcraft avail him anything when he is knocking at the door of purgatory seeking admission to the seventh heaven.

PORTRAITS OF PUBLIC MEN.

Sir Henry Smith.

"A despot big with power, obtained by wealth,
And that obtained, by rapine and by stealth."

The career of this person affords an instructive lesson to those philosophers whose peculiar humour it is to maintain that mankind are rewarded and punished here below according to their deserts. The scepticism implied by this remark will of course, provoke from the gentlemen the hackneyed argument in defence of their favorite system—"All is not gold that glitters," and we will straightway be admonished against the danger of judging by appearance. "Appearance may deceive thee,—understand, a pure white glove may hide a filthy hand," "the highest hills are miles below the sky," "condition, circumstance, are not the thing," "virtue alone is happiness below," and a hundred other apophthegms in the use of which the disciples of this theory are so skilled, will be discharged at you, and an unconditional surrender demanded. If the judgment yet haits it will be assailed with illustrations, cases will be cited which viewed from the standpoint of these dogmatists are parallel to Sir Henry's, and the rubbish of the tomb will even be raked among for examples; there was so and so, they'll exclaim, who in his lifetime was clothed in purple and fine raiment and fared sumptuously every day—the pet of fortune, the shrine of sycophants, the envy of the crowd and withal as big a villain as ever the grave yawned to receive, selfish, unscrupulous and cruel, without a single generous impulse, suffering no impediment to intervene between himself and his avaricious schemes, not even the corruption of witnesses. What has the recording angel to his credit, no ray of charity ever illumined the clammy corridors of his sordid heart, he never tickled the palm of want with a sixpence, or soothed the bed of sorrow with a sigh. When his own poor old Mother-in-law was seized upon for taxes and had to pledge a dozen of silver spoons to propitiate the forbearance of a city catchpole, he heartlessly refused to advance a few beggarly dollars to

redeem those cherished relics of better days, and sowled the poor old lady from his door. It is even said that by an act of forgery, he deprived his own Brothers and Sisters in law of their property, and drove them to a life of infamy, and death of shame and disgrace, his deeds of wrong have made his fame as a rascal, imperishable, and raised a monument to his name more lasting than *Brass*; mark his end, his family scattered to the four winds of heaven, loathed by decent people, deserted by his former sycophants, without a kind hand near to apply the cooling lotion to his frenzied brain maddened by the rushing memories of his crowding villainies, attacked by a noisome disease, bereft of his intellects, he died like a dog. With a facility of comparison, Sir Henry is compared to such a one, and his end prophesied to be as this man's; we are assured further that it is not only the short period of physical suffering, felt at the departure of the vital spark which constitutes punishment in the creed of these philosophers, but the mental anguish incident upon the commission of heinous sin. Wealth they say is not always the sign post of happiness, but death is the end of sorrow and its manner the measure of it. But suppose that to be true, and that beneath all the glare and glitter of Sir Henry's dazzling wealth, a worn canker deep within his breast, underlying the lappets of his superfine imported West Yorkshire, a watchful sentinel keeps guard, a never silent accuser, perpetually does cry, goading him with the sting remorse. What of it? unless Sir Henry has a conscience and hears its reproof. It is apprehended that a man's heart may become so perfectly seared with crime that the reproaches of his conscience pass unheeded, or its warnings from long neglect cease to be made. The other day in France a criminal went to the scaffold singing irreverent songs and uttering blasphemous jests, would the manner of that man's death taking place as it did in a few minutes be the measure of his sorrow?

(To be continued.)

For small favors we are truly thankful.

To Macdonald, Cartier and Brown we owe our best thanks for not disgracing this country by making any of the Rymals, McKellars or McKenzies, Post-master-general. It is certainly bad enough to have these men in the House without making them Honorables "We did not expect much" from this Coalition, and leaving out these men please us. It is enough to have McDougall in power without having anyto assist him in abusing and villifying their betters. Of Mr. Howland we know but little—he has the credit of not having any great amount of brains—but we suppose the ministry with McDonald, Brown, Cartier and Galt can afford to have small fry like McDougall, Howland and Cockburn. At all events—Howland is much superior to the brawlers, who should have been left to attend to their ploughing.

A PICTURE.—The race between Baxter's horse "Lightfoot," and Tim Finn's "Kentucky"—"the best horse in Ameriky".

The Swell Mob of Toronto.

Look at this jolly old swell in the green satin dress and coal-scuttle bonnet, a well known old girl is Mrs. S. All the swells in Toronto are on good terms with the old lady, and "thereby hangs a tale," hard up swells fly to her arms with their half-worn clothes—many of them still unpaid for—and they drive a hard bargain with the old woman before she parts with a dollar, second class swells buy the garment again after they have been polished up by the madam's lesser half, but never get credit, a wide-awake old coon, she buys any thing does Mrs. S. from a broken tea-pot to a mangle, and from a pair of pataloons to a petticoat, anything there's money in does not come amiss at that shop—Mrs. S. is a Hibernian Lady strongly suspected of Fenian tendencies, indeed it has been hinted that a good many of the pikes came to her care in the case of an old piano forte. Yet she is on friendly terms with the Protestants and especially with the clergy. As we may presume that they recommend "her shop," all weddings and auction sales are favored by her presence and patronage, it will be remembered that she was a distinguished guest at the Royal Wedding in this city, and when the Royal family became extinct and their appurtenances fell under the auctioneers hammer. She seemed to be the presiding genius, and looked as happy as she did at the Wedding. Had she been called on to participate in a wake at the same place, I do not think she would have lost her serenity.

Now if I had gone a hundred miles, I could not have found a better match for the old woman than the distinguished Alderman and Magistrate of the City of Toronto, who has just emerged from the shaly old buggy which stands at her door, to look at him one would imagine that in his younger days he was a butcher, but had now taken to the bar trade, for a more interesting looking mixture of beef and beer it would be difficult to find, he is said to spend much of his time in driving bargains like the old lady, a puffy old coon is alderman B., and if Toronto desires to shower Aldermanic honors on a specimen of good feeding and vulgarity, we should recommend his re-election: he is very ambitious is the fat alderman. The only wonder is that he is not a candidate for the office of Mayor, except that he and Square-toes are nearly a match; sleepy looking old boys both of them, whom everybody can tell, have been fated at the City expense, an ornament to the City is B., he looks so well by the side of statesmen and judges upon great occasions, and reflects such credit on the City. Alas poor City!

L. ONTHEM.

Please don't throw Stones.

It is really amusing to read the *Barrio Advance*, trying to raise the laugh against Toronto because our members did not take a prominent part during the visit of delegates here,—well suppose we acknowledge that our members are totally unfit for the positions that they accidentally occupy, suppose