

"NAIL'D, SECURELY NAIL'D."

Nail'd fast to the counter, nail'd, nail'd,
 All your wholesale lying has failed;
 You find yourself now degraded, G. S.,
 Where the lowest cad wouldn't be, I guess.
 The vilest loafer would feel disgraced
 To have himself placed as you are placed;
 Cribbing your smoke—what a nasty job,
 For a fellow who thinks he's a city nob.
 You who roared and ranted and raved,
 Of five cent pieces, which should have been saved,
 To be caught in the act of petty priggling,
 And you a rich man—'tis past forgiving.
 It proves your blowing and spouting and rant
 Was merely a blind to cover a plant:
 Your empty gab pleased foolish folk,
 Who did not know they paid for your smoke.
 But "Deus vult," you well know, my boy,
 Whom the gods would, they do destroy.
 Your brain they muddled, your skull made thick
 When you dared to quarrel with "English Brick,"
 Who thinks you even too mean to kick.
 The Fates, as you see, have clearly will'd,
 Such pure rascality, well distill'd;
 Such an out-and-out, above proof article,
 Should have no honour—not a particle,
 But they gave instead, a peacock's pride,
 A venomous heart, and a donkey's hide.
 Your meditations upon yourself,
 Devoted your *sole* and *hide* to pelf;
 This being your faith, to save your coppers.
 What matter to you, a thousand whoppers?
 Cents make dollars you say, by gosh,—
 While honour and truth and virtue are bosh;
 Yet, one who, like you, can thus day after day,
 Lie, and then lie to explain lies away,—
 Who can go to a simple old maker of pies,
 And get him to make up a compound of lies:
 Then dub your poor dupe, the Council's "Bayard,"
 Whilst playing him off as a very sure card,
 In the hope that with gammon, and G.S.'s cheek,
 You might slide away, like an area sneak,
 From "Public Opinion," as well as "the beak."

DARCY OUT COLLECTING.

The following purports to be Darcy's account of the trouble he had in collecting some of the \$10 subscriptions to the dinner to the Mayor:—

An' shure, sur, Mистер Glackmire tould me to go around an' colliect thim tin dollars from the Councillors for their dinners, an' which I thowt an' awful price for one man's dinner. An', shure, I wint to say Mистер Forcips, an' says he, "Darcy, my boy, I'm out of funds, but I know you have money—savings an' parquisites—I'll give you a new set of teeth if you'll pay for the ticket." I thowt to meself that this was a good bargain, an' so sez I, "I'll pay the ticket, you make the teeth." I thin wint to Mистер Rotten, but I found him "not at home;" but I thowt I heard his vice up stairs, an' so sez I, a little loud, "Mистер Rotten, I've come to pay a little bill." Sez he, "You're a foine fellow." I said, "Mистер Rotten, I've caught you,—give me tin dollars for your dinner to the Mayor." He offered me

silver, but I tould him Mr. Hogin wanted bills, an' so he said, "Call again." This colliecting is an awful business. I looked in upon Alderman the Baker, as I came along Notre Dame Street, an' found him atin' a hot mutton pie. He axed me to join him in atin' one, an' I said, "I can work two." After this I had a glass of wather—bad scran to him. He said he didn't believe in "hard stuff;" an' thin we had a shmoke. The segars was delightful—regular Corporation ones,—but I was to say nothin' about this. I axed him for his share of the expinses of the dinner to the Mayor. He said he had no ticket, an' wasn't going to pay for one. He disapproved of public dinners teetotally; but if, whin all had paid, there was a deficiency, he would give his mite to mate it. I tould him that was mane, an' that whinever his Worship—blessings on him—gave a dinner, he was always presint. He said that was quite a different affair. Thin I wint to say Mr. Devlin—ah! he's a regular broth ov a boy—he paid the money without any trouble, an' gave me \$1 for meself, an' said he was sorry I had to come round. He's the sort of man I like to dale with. All this work took up nearly a day, an' by the time I got down to the City Hall, the ould woman was swaping out the building, an' she made me shtop an' help her. I intind to call on the others soon, but the Frenchmin frighten me, an' I don't think they'll pay me, for they have nothing, an' divil a ha'porth I'll git for meself.

SECTARIANISM NOT YET DEAD.

Professor McVicar, at the meeting of Presbytery in Coté street church, when the debate was anent the sending of the Rev. A. Young to Europe, said that a new stone church had been erected at the corner of St. Joseph and Seigneur streets. It is most unseemly of our friends, the Methodists, but we must contest the ground.

"There's a little stone church *au coin de la street*
 "Where St. Joseph and Seigneurs together meet;
 "And opposite this an *eglise presbytere*,
 "Which has of the Methodist church a great fear.

"Said McV., the professor in *theologic*,
 "This is not the thing, and before long you will see
 "That our Methodist friends, if you do not beware
 "Will uproot from the street our *eglise presbytere*.

"'Tis conduct unseemly, the ground we'll contest,—
 "The pastor there stationed must work and not rest
 "Till the stone church is shifted by foul means or fair,
 "And remains there alone our *eglise presbytere*."

How is it unseemly—is there not a good field
 For Arminius and Calvin a good influence to wield?
 Then let both churches flourish, what need then of care,
 For the Methodist church or *l'eglise presbytere*?

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SHYLOCK.—Thanks for your communication.
 C. H. S.—We hope you will continue to favour us with contributions.
 E. J.—Your letter and the advice given are very acceptable.