

and being deceived is the nature of their cat and dog life. [Laughter.] He [Mr. Buchanan] had tried hard to think of any description that could be given of the respective positions towards each other of Mr. George Brown and Mr. Sandfield Macdonald. Their positions seem not unlike those of the great rival simulators of nature of old whom we read of. Zeuxis of Heraclea, the great artist, painted himself with a tray before him, on which were grapes; and so well did he simulate grapes that the birds flew at the picture to eat the fruit. His rival, Parrhasius, of Ephesus, to his chagrin, suggested that Zeuxis could not have painted the man [himself] very truly, otherwise he would have frightened away the birds. Still Zeuxis, confident, [Mr. Brown to the life, if he supposed himself rivalled] called upon his rival no longer to delay to draw aside the curtain and show his picture; but the picture of Parrhasius [Sandfield] was the curtain itself, which Zeuxis had mistaken for real drapery. Zeuxis lost the day, for he had only deceived the birds, while Parrhasius had deceived Zeuxis. [Laughter and applause.] A newspaper had just been placed in his [Mr. Buchanan's] hand which stated that he had in Parliament called Mr. Brown a lineal descendant of his Satanic Majesty; the person handing it requested that he would explain about this dreadful imputation. [Laughter.] He had never said any such thing. The report arose from a mis-apprehension by a reporter in the gallery of Parliament. He [Mr. B.] was merely showing that a politician being *popular* did not make it plain that he was *good*. He did not adduce the most memorable of all instances where the crowd cried "away with him, away with him; crucify him, crucify him." All he said was that it had always struck him that Mr. Brown must be a lineal descendant of that personage, regarding whom it is related that to him the people all adhered, from the least even to the greatest, and yet he was a deceiver, [sorcerer] the strength of his character consisting of nothing innate, of no strength of his own, but of the weakness of the character of his dupes.

"Indeed the pleasure seemed as great  
Of being cheated as to cheat;  
As lookers on feel most delight,  
That least perceive the juggler's slight;  
And still the less they understand,  
The more they admire his slight of hand."