

THE LAY OF THE (WOULD-BE) REVISING BARRISTER.

THE poor forsaken barristers are left out in the cold !
Sir John was forced to tell the House the county judges bold,
Should be the men to run their noses through the voter's lists
And smell out Grit intricacy wherever it exists.

The judges, too, are poorly paid, their whiskey bills are long,
And, would you think, on *poker-sly*, some go it pretty strong ;
When darkness o'er Ontario her friendly mantle flings,
They seek the secret room, and there do most mysterious things.

And so their little earnings of \$3,000 go,
If not to paint the town, at least their noses sometimes show
A reddish tint, and trembling limbs declare the effort made
To do their best to give the city that peculiar shade !

But now they need not stint themselves so very close, you know,
As erstwhile, when to watering places they could rarely go
To spend vacation ; for the future this will all be changed—
Sir John, for them most lovingly the matter has arranged.

And when the little "plumb" gets ripe and falls into his lap,
"His Honor" can bet high, you bet ! and never care a rap !
And drink the best of ale, and sip the brightest of champagne,
And order salmon from the Gulf to feed his active brain !

But, what about the barrister that for so many years
Has faithful to his chieftain been, and midst the jibs and jeers,
And taunts, and insults, and abuse of Gritdom's growling throng,
Has fought his chieftain's battles, and sustained him all along !

Must he go unrequited, while the undeserving take
From out the pantry of Sir John, the biggest kind of cake ?
And shall his chief ignore his rights, and with the Grits, oh fudge !
Proclaim him less trustworthy than a common county judge ?

Oh, wise Sir John ! Oh, dear Sir John ! think well what you have done ;

'Tis death to us, to you and Grits it may be jolly fun ;
By your own act have you not now endorsed what they have said,
That Tory barristers by you too surely would be led.

To make the list effective for your own side of the House ;
One would have thought if you had had the spirit of a mouse,
You would have spurned indignantly the imputation cast,
And stood by your true friends, as they stood by you to the last !

But now, alas ! the dream is flown, your selfishness supreme
Dictates that for your safety your friends must kick the beam ;
You join with foes to cast a slur on those who were your slaves,—
Beware, Sir John ! we are not yet at rest within our graves !

JNO. QUILL.

MRS. SNOGGLETHORP'S SALON.

II.

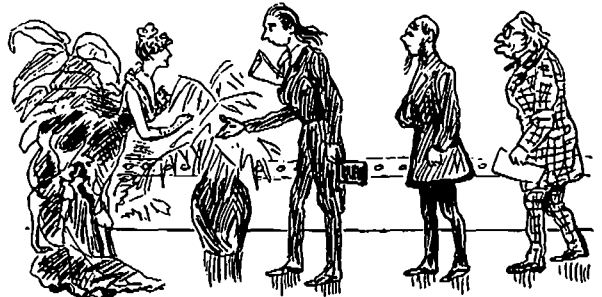


HE staid little community of Barkerville was thrown into a ferment by the announcement that a Parisian *salon* was to be held in their midst by a lady of hitherto irreproachable reputation. Fully nine-tenths of the public fell into the same unfortunate misapprehension as did the worthy Mr. S. when the proposal was first broached to him. The religious and

temperance world was horror-struck. A saloon—and in a Scott Act county, too ! Of course no reputable person could countenance the proceeding for an instant. The impression was heightened by the indisputable fact that Mr. Snogglethorpe, after some remonstrances, had acceded to the wish of his better half and ordered a couple of dozen bottles of champagne. This was strictly necessary, Mrs. S. averred, in order to impart a Parisian *vraisemblance* to the proceedings. The matter was made the

text for a thorough denunciatory sermon by Rev. Dr. Whanger, who forcibly depicted the horrors of the French Revolution and prophesied that the introduction of Parisian manners would certainly pave the way for the orgies of the Commune and the establishment of the guillotine.

The result of all this agitation was that when the eventful evening arrived, the Fakersons, the McSorleys, the Jimplekins, and, in fact, nearly all those constituting the local aristocracy were conspicuously absent. Only some three or four ladies, whose curiosity was stronger than their dread of public opinion, ventured to countenance the innovation by their presence. The masculine portion of the community, however, who were considered sufficiently *elite* to be honored by invitations were most of them on hand, including all the notabilities upon whom the hostess especially relied for the intellectual portion of the entertainment. Among the first to arrive were the local editor, Mr. Jinks, and Reginald D'Evelyn, who had managed to procure a swallow-tail coat for the occasion, from the breast pocket of which bulged a roll of manuscript.



"I am glad to meet you, gentlemen," said the hostess graciously. "Our society here is so dull, so formal, so lacking in the *esprit*, the *abandon*, the light and airy *persiflage* of French social life."

"Yes, ma'am," replied the editor, "I have often thought so myself."

"We want to dispense with some of the conventionalities," continued the lady, "while we seek a higher mental atmosphere and bring into play those intellectual forces which should ever give tone and elevation to social intercourse."

"That's so," emphatically remarked old man Hendershot, the Rag Baby philosopher, seeing an opening for the introduction of his favorite topic. "Them's exactly my principles, Mrs. Snogglethorpe. The great curse of modern society is a gold basis which enables the usurer and the monopolist to rob the toiler. Do you know that two-thirds of the farms in this county are mortgaged ? So long as men are slaving and scraping to pay tribute to the bondholder"—etc., etc.

"Will you take some wine, Mr. Hendershot ?" said Mrs. Snogglethorpe when the speaker had paused to take breath. "John, please open the wine."

"Let 'er go, Gallagher !" remarked Mr. Jinks. That was his idea of the light and airy *persiflage*. Mrs. S. looked excessively disgusted, but said nothing.

SIR CHARLES TUPPER is preparing a Bill, which will be passed at the approaching session, making it a felony for any Grit to offer himself for election in any constituency where a Government candidate can be got to run. The success of his late letter to Macdonald, of Victoria, N.S., suggested this useful measure.