

old gentleman, replenished the pot and the flowers drank their fill. But three sons of Belial were looking over the fence, and when they caught the fine old gentleman's eye, one of them very truculently said "Is that the way you keep the Sabbath you old ———"

Moral.—Example is better than precept.

P. S.—Since the above was written the bill has been hoisted up for three months, and the "venerable member" is therefore immensely disgusted.

The Fall of McMicken.

"Alas for Parliamentary frailty! Mr. McMicken came and saw and fell. He supported them at the outset steadily, as others did, we, ourselves, included, for the purpose of trial, and he supported them still," &c.—*Colonist*, 13th July, 1858.

We were so struck with the above that we thought we could not do better than commemorate poor McMicken's melancholy fall in a short Epic. Let future politicians take warning.

BOOK I.

Sing to me, Heavenly Muse, of him whose fate
It was to fall,—and tell how in the past
The Parcae watched his birth, and still untired,
Began to work out that sad destiny,
That now has been fulfilled; for when he fell,
The grand event that was to mark the life
To him allotted in this darksome orb,
Was then accomplished. Tell, O Muse, I pray,
How Clotho stood, the distaff in her hand,
And when 'twas known that one more stranger soul
Was born, subjected to a changeless fate.
She turned, and gazed upon her sister's face,
To see what destiny was his, whose thread
Was still unspun. But ah! a darkening shade
Reats on the brow of Lachesis,—one glance,
And Clotho reads his destiny is to "fall."

BOOK II.

Some years have passed, and still the sisters three,
Clotho, and Lachesis, and Atropos,
Preside in silence over human life.
Full half McMicken's thread has now been spun—
A few more revolutions of the wheel,
And then he falls.

BOOK III.

Descend we now to earth;—our hero stands
In Legislative Halls,—his voice is heard
Defending right, opposing what is wrong,
Whene'er his vote is asked, he quick obeys
The wishes of the country that he serves,
And votes as well as speaks for what is right.
Who will deny my statement, let him ask
The "Colonist," that herald of the truth,
That long upheld McMicken and the cause
For which he strove. Read o'er its sheets,
And you will learn he voted for the men
Who, then in power, ruled with sagacious sway,
And in their well-marked policy gave proof
Of honour, talent, and integrity.
McMicken had his friends—he was but one,
One single warrior in the noble host,
That followed in the Ministerial ranks;
Around him were companions he could trust,
Whose honour he respected, men of worth,
Who so had gained upon their countrymen
That they were sent as chosen delegates,
To give their counsel for the general weal.
McMicken felt, moreover, he was right;
And knowing this he ever was prepared
To stand or fall with those good principles
That common sense and conscience both laid down.
But he must fall,—the bright prosperity
He now enjoys, must vanish as a breath,
The smile of Fortune must too soon be turned
Into the blackest frown she ever gave
A hapless mortal. Nought will it avail
That he has friends who give him warm support,
Nor yet that he retains a conscious sense
Of his own rectitude; no, he might be
The brightest ornament that ever graced
A nation, or awoke the patriot's pride,—
He still must fall for fate hath so decreed.

List how—he fell! The mighty *Colonist*
(Whom late I called as witness of my truth,
And who indeed was no mean warrior
In that great cause McMicken had espoused,
Whose prowess every enemy had felt,
Whose dread attack shook all the hostile ranks,
And spread dismay in every truthless heart.)
This valiant warrior was found one morn
Waging fierce warfare 'gainst the very men
Whom late he had defended with such might.
Mute astonishment one moment seized
The Ministerial host; but was there one,
One recreant soul that thought 'twas best to flee
For safety to the Opposition ranks?
Not even one,—our hero stands as firm
As all the rest; but now his arm is nerved
With greater vigour for the coming fight;
Stern resolution settles o'er his face,
And in his new-born confidence he bids
The *Colonist* defiance.

BOOK IV. (THE FALL.)

O deed too rash! what tongue can well express
Its direful issue?—for when it was known
Amongst the enemy, that not one sword
Had followed after him whom they had hailed
As leader of a host, one who would bring
So numerous deserters to their camp.
That victory must soon benignly rest
Upon their banner! Disappointment reigned!
Then rose the *Colonist*, and in a voice
That much imported, thus addressed the host;—
"Fear not, men the fools who fondly think
They can oppose our might,—these same shall fall.
I say it!—'tis enough!—and never more
They rise,—their ruin is as firmly fixed,
As is the truth and honour of my soul."

And thus he fell, and thus was fate's decree
Sadly fulfilled in his sad destiny.

TERESA.

Trying it on Jean Baptiste.

Hear the *Colonist*! Lower Canadian French
lend us your auricular organs!—"the liberal
minded French," "and in receiving simply
fair play from them, there would not be
a more contented community than Upper Canada
in the world"!!!! [Why the dickens were
not the Upper Canadians quiet then, when
the Parliamentary majority was a dual one
and they had not even ground for the ghost
of a complaint? Yet some of them howled and
yelled "No Popery," "To hell with the Pope." &c.
They characterized the nuns as prostitutes,—
see Mr. Joseph Gould's speech—and generally
did what they could to convulse the country?]
"The French race are regarded as proverbially
chivalrous, and taking a mean advantage is not
one of their characteristics;" very true, O
King! and they are always proving it to you
unmoved by the abuse of the *Globe*, as they will
be by your cajoleries. "They have odds in their
favour to the number of twenty," [now that's
a whopper.] Good Mr. *Colonist*, it is not much
worth your trying on the soft sawder, for Jean
Baptiste is not such an ass as all that comes to,
nor is it because you have ratted that he is
going to follow suit.

A BAD SAINT.—It is our impression, however,
that when all is known, the *Colonist* will be
found to be no Saint. To us, at least, sermons
from saints in crape have always seemed among
the worst exercises of pharasaical mockery.—
Such a sermon the *Colonist* in its last issue read
us. We cannot take it for gospel; and we are
certain that when the truth is known, the defec-
tion of this paper will do anything but harm
the Ministerial cause.—*Montreal Paper*.

Very Sad.

The friends of *The Grumbler* will be sorry to
hear that one day last week he had an alarming
fit of indigestion. Doctors Sheppard and
Hogan were immediately called in, but the
danger being imminent, they summoned the
physician in ordinary to the Grit body politic,
George Brown, C. G., Champion of B. P. P.,
when a consultation was held upon the case.
For some time it was impossible to determine
the peculiar nature of the affection under which
the patient was suffering, for he could only gasp
out "thep—thep—thep," every gasp being fol-
lowed by the most hideous contortions and
howls. The doctors were in despair. Doctor
Hogan at last made the sick man open his
mouth, when, sticking fast in the gullet he ob-
served something which elicited the exclamation
"the blasted little fool has been trying to
swallow *the Poker*!" How they got the poker
out we have not heard, but it seems they did,
and that, though much prostrated by the opera-
tion, there are some hopes of the patient's recov-
ery. Mrs. Sairey Gamp, albeit unused, as she said,
to attend upon crazy people, consented to look
after him, for she said "that he was but a baby,
a little baby, in fact, a very little baby after
all."

P. S.—We cannot excuse the profanity of Dr.
Hogan, but it is a pernicious habit he has, and
one of which, we are afraid, he will not be
cured so long as he consorts with the rabble.

"HOPE TOLD A FLATTERING TALE."—We hasten
to inform our respected contemporary, *The*
Grumbler, that his lamentations over our de-
mise were premature. We feel grateful, indeed,
that our reported escape from the trials and
afflictions incident to this wicked world [pro-
cured us the honor of his notice; and especially
pleased are we that so humble an article as a
Poker should have waked up his slumbering
harp in *memoriam*. As a *quid pro quo*, we would
gladly celebrate the virtues of our *confreere*, but
we fear that the evil company he keeps will
thwart our good intentions.

EXPLAIN WHO CAN.—Our attention being at
the time the Western mail came in on Wednes-
day otherwise engrossed, we over-looked the
leading article in the *Toronto Colonist* of that
day, with the ominous caption "*Whither are we*
drifting?" At the earliest opportunity we gave
it a careful perusal, and regret to discover that
our able contemporary has been all through the
session, and, in fact, ever since it "Jumped Jim
Crow," laboring under a somnambule delusion,
and has just now only realized that the country
is going to ruin—and that Macdonald, Cayley
& Co. are nothing more nor less than what
Brown and the *Globe* "cracked them up to be,"
—i. e. "not a bit better than they ought to be."
The sudden, startling evanishment of the *Colo-*
nist's fitful dream of ministerial infallibility is
marvellous in the extreme, and gives rise to the
suspicion that the hallucination must have been
interrupted by a smart thump upon its back
from ministerial "maulers."—*Kingston Daily*
News, June 2.