

## BARNEY ON FORBIN AFFAIRS.

Arrah, Mike, but it's queer,  
Though myself doesn't care,  
Bein snugly ensconced in a wate oyster shop,  
With plenty to ate,  
Or pritties and mate,  
Begor I don't think wid a Prince I would swop.

But as I was sayin,  
'The devil sutes playin  
His adny-cum-dhravins wid the people of Franco;  
'Poor Liberty's sighthin  
Like a bed-bug a dyin,  
Whilist vagabond Tyranny leads off the dance.

Sure they cant say a word,  
But Napoleon the Third—  
May the devil admire his ogley mustache—  
Is seized wid alarm,  
So he sends the gidarmes  
To imprison the rogues and settle their hash.

I've been tould that its so,  
And that two weeks ago,  
An Editor count, Montalembert's his name,  
Got six months in the jug  
For not holding his mug,  
And fined he was too, now ain't that a shame.

Then there's quare things adoin,  
To work out the rain,  
By them 'Morican chaps—of poor Mexico,  
They take it in slices,  
Like ladies ate leas,  
Not grab all at once but they intend that you know.

They raise a great bluster,  
They call Phillybustler,  
Wid staunch outl Britannia the queen of the says,  
Cause she interfere,  
Wid the Phillybustlers,  
And won't let them just do wid small folks as they place

Their Chief General Walker's  
A mighty fine talker,  
Bout what he will do for poor Nick-arog-way,  
"The star-spangled banner  
I'll make float upon her,  
If them English," he says, "were just out of the war."

Tho' the chap's every knowin.  
Indood its all blowin,  
Divil a foot or a banner he'll e'er set in her soil;  
He once blow a drum,  
And the habits become  
Jant so strong, he must either keep blowin or spoll.

The infidolic grand Turk  
Has had terrible work  
To keep his bould'nythons in Jedda at pace;  
The ground sure was watered  
Wid blood that they slaughtered  
Of poor decent Christians in that dirty place.

Of the news of the Roosians,  
The Parstians and Proosians,  
Dear Michael just now I can't stop for to talk;  
Next week I'll write more,  
If I'm still to the fore,  
But Biddy and me nows goin out for a walk.

## Stupid as Usual.

— With its usual bad taste, the *Colonist* went into turned column rules—the usual way in which newspapers go into mourning—the day after that on which Mr. Baldwin was buried.—What motive could have prompted such a limping, pompous and pretentious make-believe respect is only known to the silly individual who hatched the project. In our opinion the becoming and journal-like manner in which the *Leader* and *Globe* acted on the occasion should have been followed by *Old Double* in this instance—even at the risk of, for once, acting in accordance with common sense.

## BROWN vs. RYERSON.

When we took up the *Globe* the other morning, we certainly thought we had got hold of an exaggerated issue of the *Message*. One side of the Gritsheet was covered with index fingers and quotation marks, old scraps from musty blue books and other stupidities of a similar kind. It was some time before we could tell the meaning of this outrageous box upon the purchasers of what purports to be a news-paper. We really felt that three halfpence had been filched from us under extremely false pretences, and we fervently trust that we shall have due notice of any future outrage of this kind.

Well, we found that Ryerson was floundering in correspondence again. We thought the Charbonnel and Bruyere series would have tired the worthy Superintendent. Not so; Leonidas buckled on his armour again for another Thermopylae; and his dislocated sentences drag their slow length again in the public prints. The worthy divine commenced by defending Sir Charles Metcalfe, continued as a Demotrius in defence of his craft against the Catholic Clergy; he is at last brought down to the defence of himself. This he does with great astuteness and ability, albeit more like a lawyer than a parson,—cute rather than scrupulous. The Doctor's letter is addressed to the Editor of the *Globe*, when out pops Mr. Brown with "that's me, Sir, how dare you Sir," and then we have columns of the old theatrical thunder rattling from the same old sheet iron that has been quivering for our amusement for some years. Mr. Brown's political correspondence always reminds us unpleasantly of an elephant trying to dance the polka; unwieldy and heavy-footed in style, he pirouettes awkwardly in the pumps of W. L. McKenzie. His tread is decidedly painful to his enemies' corns, but in a salt-atory point of view, somewhat clumsy and grotesque.

Leonidas, like his classic namesake, gets into a strait where he is pounded unmercifully. Turn which way he will it is of no avail; a sea of blue books meets him on one side, appropriated interest hems him in on the other, and between them he is pulverized on the epistolary Thermopylae in a truly elephantine style. Now all this would be very funny if it were not so utterly tiresome. "Brevity" is the soul of wit," but here we are treated to a feast of giblets, "tediousness" cooked up in all styles, but still nothing but tediousness after all.

We had written thus far when we received some unexpected light which we hasten to communicate. The following correspondence will explain itself:

CHURCH ST., Dec. 2nd.

MY DEARER EGGY,—I'm getting rather down the ladder of fame; will you give me a lift? Pitch into me and McGee like a good fellow, and let me have a good slap at you in return. You've nothing to fear, it won't hurt you a bit. I'll increase your salary to £1000, and give you all the interest, when I'm Premier in place of old Windsor. We know a thing or two, don't we Ryerson?

Yours, for a lark,  
GEO. BROWN.

MY DEAR BROWN,—You know I'm not mercenary; I never did look properly after the loaves and fishes of which I have had but a small share, which you know, and kindly offer to undertake my cause, in

view of the approaching Ministerial crisis which cannot be much longer delayed. I'll of course, write one of my inimitable letters, a short one, for I haven't much time. Don't forget the promise of increase of salary, not that I want it, but because I like folks to remember their promise. Tat a Georgy, Eyes right.

Yours, &c.,

EG. RYERSON.

## JAPANESE CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR GRUNBLER,—At length, after an infinity of trouble have the British succeeded in obtaining a commercial footing in Japan. It would have done your heart good to hear the hearty huzzinga of the British tars on board of our squadron when the Japanese Emperor, Ins-Aneg-Obus, appearing on the battlement of the highest tower in Jeddo, stood upon his head three times, and took off his diamond studded slippers, in token of his assent to the commercial intercourse of the two greatest nations of the world. Lord Elgin and I immediately jumped into a small jolly boat, and pulled to shore far in advance of the "mobile vulgus." On reaching the shore, we were accosted by a number of palanquin drivers, five or six of whom jumped into the boat and upset it. This incident so touchingly reminded me of my native city, Toronto, that I shed tears, and I don't think that Lord Elgin's eyes were very much drier than the rest of his person. We travelled on towards the city at a brisk trot. Lord Elgin had his head jolted against the top of our conveyance, and immediately turned to me and said, "by the bye, Styx, my boy, are the York Roads any better than they used to be." This incident may furnish philosophers with a remarkable illustration of the "Association of Ideas." At last we arrived at the centre of the Japanese metropolis, and were affected with further symptoms of *nostalgia* when our *Jahu*, so like our own dear "cabbies" at home, charged us an immense sum for our ride.

My noble friend and myself then stepped into a restaurant near by, and partook heartily of pickled lizards, and anaconda pie. The inner man being thus refreshed, we walked rapidly in the direction of a loud clamor in the chief street of the city. We found that Jack Billingsgate, one of the coxswains of our vessel, had been impertinent to a Japanese damsel, and that several Blub Ot Les, were attempting to take him into custody, but in vain. We got the unfortunate out of the scrape by playing on the universal venality of the Blub Ot Les; and then adjourned to the Emperor's levee. We were surprised, on an admission to the Imperial Presence, to find ourselves grasped by his Highness, by the hand and dragged, as if for execution, to another apartment, which, to our great relief, turned out to be not a chamber of torture, but a refreshment room. Said Lord Elgin to me, "I hear that one of my successors has the same ugly way of shaking hands." "Hush," said I.

Yours for the present,

OHARON STYX.

Swi Nde Lguest Hotel, Jeddo.