

"The Chronicle" vs. The Bureau of Agriculture.

What is the matter with the *Chronicle*? Are the times out of joint? Is our friend unwell—billions? Perhaps he is disappointed—disappointed in his tenderest affections; his advances rejected; himself scorned. Such may be the *cause*; the *effect* is independence and patriotism. Natural enough, too. Not Liebig and Ude conjoined, could name a dish on which patriotism waxes so fat and lusty, as on one compounded from bile and disappointment.

A few days ago our august confrere was mercilessly severe on the Bureau of Agriculture, its illustrious chief, and its Annual Report. The Report recommends the culture of the vine in Canada. Why not, Mr. *Chronicle*? We know instances of turnips being grown on mahogany tables; and it is certainly possible to raise pine-apples at the poles. We vouch for the Bureau containing distinguished cultivators. We can point to one who, at this moment, has as fine a box of cress on his bedroom window sill, as ever flourished in St. Rochs. And to another, who, last year, had a field of oats in Beauport, so vigorous in their growth, that they retained the greenness of youth to the end, scorning to fall into the sere and yellow leaf. And why should not the *chef* be a good farmer? He who so well can chop logic, may be able to chop logs; he scatters chaff like a whirlwind, which implies that he can winnow wheat; and it is not unreasonable to suppose that one so clever at planting a period should know how to plant a potatoe.

We regret having to plough up the *Chronicle's* arguments; still more to harrow his feelings. But we will make atonement. Whenever we find our friend unable to thrash, we will take the flail and thrash him.

This mode of treatment will prevent a recurrence of his recent distressing malady, and maintain him in his pristine vigour.

Stanzas.

(From our Beauport Correspondent.)

I.

I took her ripe, red hand in mine,
With overwhelming glee—
Oh, dark the lowering moon did shine,
And tipp'd the azure sea.

II.

She said, "I love another man"—
I struck the hag a blow!
Out spouted forth, and o'er her ran
Her gore, as green as snow!

III.

Dark flashed the thunder from the earth,
And smote the paly sky—
The lightning sang, with vengeful mirth,
A soft, sad lullaby.

The Queen's Plate.

We are enabled to give the names of four of the horses entered for our Canadian Derby, next month:

CONFEDERATION, by J. A. Macdonald out of Crisis.

DEFENCE, by Canada out of England.

GOVERNMENT, by "No Means" out of Quebec.

CANADA, out of Pocket by Jingo.

A Subject for Debating Clubs.

Is the United States at peace or at war?

Our Municipalities.

"How few the ills that Kings can cause or cure!"

Most heartily we wish the same could be said of that many-headed monarch, a Municipality. The *Sprite* is not inclined to kick up a row with Municipalities about trifles; he will not quarrel with them because rain falls and wets our streets, or wind blows and raises a dust; or, still less, because they bestow their patronage on a short man in preference to a tall one, or, because the warm blood of Erin sometimes boils, or the fist of England comes into contact with a nose, to the serious detriment of the latter; no, he will take higher ground, he will assail them in their very Constitution; perhaps, it would be more correct to say that he objects to the laws under which they live and breathe and have their being. Every one knows, feels, that we are too much governed, and it is needless to say by whom. The *Sprite* objects to the laws which enable a Municipality (which all do as a matter of course) to run, senselessly and deeply, into debt. He objects to their power of unlimited taxation. He objects to their extraordinary, tyrannical and vexatious interference with business, with trade of all kinds, and even with amusement. He objects to their very democratic origin, and a good deal beside; but, as this is not war—call it, if you please, an armed neutrality—it would be folly to point out the vulnerable spots which may, probably, very soon be the objects of attack. All he can say is that, unless that same young lady, now so roughly repulsed, be admitted next time she calls, he will muster his forces and march on the *Hotel de Ville*.—Bravo, *Sprite*.

The Forsaken.*

What, not a kindly glance bestow,
Ere we for ever part?
Nor breathe a soft or gentle word
To soothe a breaking heart?

Remembrance of our happy days—
Is that, alas! no more?
All I have been—will that, too, fade,
When fades your native shore?

The sun will shine, the flowers will bloom,
Your wand'ring steps to cheer;
For hearts, crush'd down, no spring returns,—
My course is brief and drear.

Adieu: no more I bid you pause,
No more for mercy crave:
You may relent;—return, and find
Where we now part, a grave.

* To these verses—though they may be considered rather out of place—we could not refuse insertion.—Ed.

Mr. J. B. E. Dorion.

We have it from the best authority that the above illustrious gentleman will inaugurate the coming session by moving for a Committee to enquire into the cause of the Canadian delegates going home and returning in Cunard steamers, while Canada has steamers of her own.

The Politics of the Toronto "Leader."

The politics of the above paper may be ascertained by taking a copy of the Toronto "*Globe*," and reversing any opinion expressed by that sheet. This method is infallible—we have tried it.