

MEDLEY.

BY PHIL. GRADY.

[Ain—"Spring of Shillelagh."]

Ah! then here's to the priests and the bishops, I say,
And the Paddles that understand Patrick's Day,
For the way that they're all sucking up for the Pope.
And here's to Tom Barry that's ready to swear
That the rickety legs of the spiritual chair
Should enclose the Romagna and all common sense;
Making reason shell out, to the last, Peter's penance,
Or touching it up with the flumm-screns or rope.

But, bad cess that D'Arcy McFee, there below—
Tho' he lately made Brown and Mick Foley, we know,
With the orange and blue wipe their Protestant shoes.—
For when his constituents met one and all
To deplore, in long speeches, the Vatican's fall,
Sure he never came forward to open his lip
In defence of a Pope that he once gave the slip,
But went off on his rounds to appease Bishop Hughes.

And here's to John A.—with his wonderful pie,
Whose birds picked the mote out of many an eye
That was struck with the "some joint authority" plan.
Though the devil himself—and they say that he's cute—
And his mother—if ever I e had one—to boot,
Are not half smart enough for that slippery chiel,
If they don't sand their paws when they grab at the col,
And fry him until he can't jump off the pan.

And there's Adam Wilson, that found the innere's nest,
Conscientiously doing the worst for the best,
Since he backed from the guggle right into the house,
Though some people might be inclined to declare,
'Twas to shew all the Province he shouldn't be there,
And to get an occasional touch on the ear
For dealing too largely in Chancery law.
When he ought to exhibit some practical nousie.

But now I am done with them all kin and kith
As I find I'm as far down as Sidney Smith
Who was asked by Lord Elgin so often to dine.
For I cannot describe what he said to the Queen,
Or the way he discussed Lindly Murray I woen,
When Her Majesty coaxed him one evening to tay
And a piping hot musk rat was placed in his way
For the genius he showed in the Post Office line.

A CHRONOLOGICAL BIOGRAPHY OF THE HONORABLE GEORGE BROWN.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO HIS ULTRA-ENTHUSIASTIC ADMIRERS.

- 1546.—George born.—It is not improbable that this "Jove-born" one first saw the light on the day in which the satellites of the planet Jupiter became known to men.
- 1570.—Like Hannibal, he is taken to his country's altars, where he swears eternal enmity to "corruption," and the French.
- 1604.—Manifests his love of justice, by denouncing another youth who had taken a smaller boy's marbles, and would not share—as per agreement.
- 1645.—George being now a comely youth, his father invents for him the "swallow-tailed" garment afterwards so well known in history.
- 1690.—The *Globe* established; and the name of which was suggested by the globular creations of some children who were seen blowing soap bubbles.
- 1718.—George—now Mr. Brown—takes under his protection one Hincks, but "amusing corruption afar" leaves him to his fate, and when last heard from, he was wandering a forlorn creature among the Atlantic Islands. A remarkable instance of the certainty of rewards and retributions to political men.
- 1730.—Loses an election to Parliament because he cannot ride on horseback. *Vide* Parl. Reports, speech of W. L. McKenzie.

1760 to 1800.—Mr. Brown gives his time chiefly to the consideration of a succession of new phenomena in political science, which he calls "Political Crises."

1822.—Mr. Brown, Mr. Robert Moodie and Mr. John Stokes unite in a trime hug, thus reviving in modern times the beautiful idea of the Three Graces.

1826.—Strength of the embrace grows unaccountably weak.

1858.—The introduction of a new dance, called by some the "Double Shuffle," in which Mr. Brown fails but receives the title of Honorable for his exertions.

1860.—*Dreadful confusion in the country; Political lights bobbing here and there, and upon the whole so confoundedly dark that Mr. Brown and the rest of us better "take heed lest we full."*

1885.—"Confusion worse confounded."

1910.—Mr. Brown learns French and defeats the "Government," and for the first time in his life asks "their intentions."

1935.—Sends all the French to France by his friend Sidney Smith's postal arrangement, concluded between the "English and French Governments and myself."

1950.—Succeeds in swallowing J. A. Macdonald.

1980.—Is himself seized by a conspiracy on the part of the Grand Trunk Company, who carry him on their railway, then extended to the Pacific, and "dump" him into their peaceful waters, producing an alkali *versus* acid effervescence.

1985.—His friends on the shore watch him as he floats sea-ward, and for the sad speeches of congenial spirits on that mournful occasion we refer our readers to the departure of Hiawatha, as narrated by Longfellow.

2000.—Political millenium.

N. B.—Mr. Sidney Smith's Biography will appear in our next.

WHAT AN EDITOR TAKES "IN TRADE"

Chancing over the columns of a little sheet, cleft the *Sentinel*, which occasionally sees the light in this good city of Toronto, our eyes happened to fall on the following announcement in a very prominent position:—

"Advertisements"

in this paper will be inserted at a reduced price for Cash or in Trade.

Well, what of that you say? Know then, you ten thousand and one readers of *THE GRADLER*, that the editor of the little sheet aforesaid is a reverend divine, entitled by virtue of a strict profession of adherence to the thirty-nine articles to wear a white choker. Turning to another part of the same paper, we learn the nature of the articles taken "in trade." There are "Alloa ale at the Vine," "Fountain Restaurant," "Oysters received daily at," &c. Enough that for the innum man. Then as regards the outer man we are informed, in addition to some tailor advertisement, that a certain "Hair-outer, wig-maker, perfumer, &c.," has removed to Yonge street. Brushing up, eh? Sly old divinity, we shall deem it necessary to have an eye on thy movements!

For the *Marines*.

—When is a ship a portion of fishing-tackle? When she's a *float*, or when she's a *sinker*.

THE REASON: WHY.

Of all greedy things, your greedy parsons are the most contemptible. Holding fast with one hand to the spiritual, they feel the better able to lay hold of the material; on the same principle that a child holds fast to the door-post to get a better kick at a passing terrier. The Methodist Conference have cast longing eyes on the University endowment, utterly regardless of a clause in the tenth commandment having special reference to one's neighbor's goods. They profess to believe that a student cannot be a moral or good man unless his tympanum is properly hammered with theology as taught, and we trust practised, by the officers of Victoria College. It is true that Treasurers of Colleges have been known to burn accounts to mask embezzlements, at least we have heard so, and it might be well before dismantling a free, noble, unsectarian University, to see how it has been with Victoria College. It might be useful too, to ascertain how the moral mentors of youth have conducted themselves. In some Colleges, they have become besotted and degraded; it certainly cannot have been the case in the course of religious training at Colouurg, but we could not possibly do harm by the inquiry. Some Colleges that we have heard of, have shown one face to a sect and another to the world; their temple of Janus is always open, and their warfare has been systematically waged by assuring the church that they are sectarian, and the world that they are not. The authorities of Victoria College, we doubt not, would scorn so pitiable and dishonest a course, but the subject is a fair field for investigation. These are some of the reasons why both political parties hesitate to raze the noble fabric reared by the wisdom of our fathers, and dole out its noble ruins to satisfy the exigencies of a sect. At the same time, we by no means blame the pious and influential body of the church these clerical schemers misrepresent. We have reason to know that they have not a particle of sympathy with the movement, for two good reasons; first, that they have too long aided to unsectarian learning and pour forth its treasures for all, to turn at the beck of these conspirators now to mar their noble work. And secondly, because they have believed, from doleful experience, that you cannot put money into the lands of priests, whether Methodist or Catholic, without ensuring its misuse. When they, in common with the people at large, learn to ignore the past and stultify themselves, they will demolish the noble University which sheds so much lustre on the country, scatter its treasures to propagate the dogmas of sect, and proffer premiums for mediocrity; but they will not do it one moment sooner.

BAD STATE OF MORALS.

We always knew that members of Parliament were a dreadfully bad set, but were not prepared for such a character of them as is given by one of themselves. Mr. Malcolm Cameron, a bright and shining light of the assembled wisdom, startled the weak nerves of the Christian Legislators the other day by declaring "If they all had justice done to them, none would see salvation, and this applied particularly to members of Parliament." Really this is a fearful state of things, and we would not be surprised if Dr. Cuninghams is right after all. But honest Malcolm is too desponding. Clear up old boy; remember, its never too late to mend.