

THE BISHOP AND THE GYPSY.

(A TALE OF THE 19TH CENTURY.)

I.

At Knock, not long ago,
A pious bishop said:
"In noble Toronto—(To-ron-to)
To miracles we're wed;
"For there they often are
Quite manifestly seen—
'Tis not so very far,
And there I've lately been."
Now, when the news did reach
This city, fair to see,
The fathers 'gan to reach
How well such things might be;
But knew not how to meet
The rather frequent sneer,
That Bishop's *sans pas* neat
Caused often to appear.

And so they cudgelled brains,
And tried plans to devise;
Unwonted were the drains
Upon these men so wise.

They could not well succeed
In working wonders rare,
Although they did, indeed,
Try all means, foul and fair.

II.

When home the Bishop came,
To meet him ran his flock:
"Alas! we're filled with shame
For what you said at Knock.

"No miracles, we find,
Are working here about,
And folks of every kind
With laughter at us shout;

"For you, they think, have been
A-stuffing folks at home—
Folks very fresh and green
To take such tales of Rome."

"Down on your knees," said he,
"Until I bid you rise;
Such words from you to me
Quite fill me with surprise.

"I brought a bit of lime
From off the blessed wall,
And, at this present time,
I feel no doubt at all

"That you'll be satisfied,
Within a month or two,
No range upon my side—
Yes, every one of you."

"Within that space of time,
Which soon away will speed,
The tongues of all will chime:
'Lo! miracles, indeed.'"

III.

Unto Toronto city,
There shortly after came
A dark-haired stranger, pretty,
Du Flot they called her name.

With horses gaily prancing,
With music of brass band,
Chariot in sunlight glancing,
She took her James-street stand.

To dulcet strains of music
She pulled out many a tooth,
The dentists quickly grew sick
To see both festive youth

And maid, with molar aching,
Go rushing to the van,
Where sat this money-making
Eke handsome charlatan.

The blind went up most blindly,
The lame and halt went too;
They were received most kindly
And "cured" without ado.

The crutches went a-flying
Into the gutter then,
And folk who erst were dying
Felt good as new again.

She was the great sensation,
September, '82;
Beneath her dispensation
Out the $\frac{1}{2}$ \$'s flew;

For just as farmer, cunning,
Doth fence the straw-stack round;
Aware that, swiftly running,
He cattle will feel bound

To eat that straw despised,
Because it's hard to get;
So Du Flot's mixtures prized—
The stand by crowds beset.

IV.

Ye Bishop looks on smiling,
(Within his palace walls),
And with a grace beguiling,
The faithful fathers calls:

"Now wist ye not that wisely
My time I bided well,
Knowing the time precisely
I could your laughter quell?"

"For spake I as a prophet
In Erin's hallowed land;
Not at the time I saw fit
To tell the pilgrim band

"That our Canadian wonders
Had not yet come to hand;
I don't own any blinders,
That you must understand.

"Now you have seen quite plainly,
In your own city streets,
The people rush, not vainly,
To a princess of cheats,

"And come away rejoicing
That they were cured amain,
Her praises loudly voicing—
(They'll ne'er do so again.)

"Not only faithful Roman,
But Methodists were there,
And other kinds, so no man
To scoff need now prepare:

And if the cures by plaster
From off the walls of Knock
Don't wear off any faster,
We need feel no great shock."

V.

Then out he bowed his retinue,
His tongue was in his cheek:
"Alas! your grace, how'tis frettin' you,"
His *secrétaire* did speak,

"To have to make out reasons plain
To send the Diocese,
So as to leave not slightest stain
Upon your scutcheon's crease."

"Well, truth to say, when I had told
About our wonders here,
I felt as one most cheaply sold,
And rather shook for fear.

"Twas but a *lapsus calami*,
Or *lapsus linguae* small,
But yet compelled you see an I
It something else to call.

"Ah! in my heart I much do grieve
That Rome, my mother dear,
Now teaches people to believe
Things new with every year.

"Oh! would the day might quickly shine
In which accretions should
Be swept from thee, sweet mother mine,
Leaving but what is good!"

VI.

Up the street went the fathers true,
They chuckled merrily;
"What of His Grace's tact, think you?
A cute old boy is he."

They did not think of the weight of care
Which pressed him heavily,
But each of the chance which he had to wear
The robes of Toronto's See,

Sept. 7, 1882.

J. A. MEBAG.

JUSTICE—HOW IT OUGHT TO BE DIS-
PENSED.

SCENE.—Court-house, consisting of a room, desks, table and two or three chairs, etc. Time ten a.m.

Enter Judge—public prosecutor and defender, and Constable "Boozer" (the latter still under the influence of his potations of the previous evening).

JUDGE.—(Taking his seat).—What's the first case on the list?

PUB. PROSECUTOR.—Your Honor, the court is not yet opened.

JUDGE.—Who told you that? It was open when I came in.

P. P.—You misunderstand, I mean that it

has not been formally declared that the Court is in awaiting for the procedure of business.

JUDGE.—Boozer! Open the Court.

(The Court being formally opened)

P. P.—The first case is one of drunkenness, and Constable "Boozer" stands charged with the same.

JUDGE.—Boozer, stand up! Is it true that you were drunk?

BOOZER.—Very possibly.

JUDGE.—Can you pay \$5?

BOOZER.—No, not even 5 cents. None of the prisoners had any money on them when brought in last night.

JUDGE.—Then hand me your watch.

BOOZER.—I haven't got one, yer Honor.

JUDGE.—What! You haven't got a watch. You can't have been long in the force. Never mind, then, your credit is good at this establishment. The next case, please.

P. P.—The next case, your Honor, is one of embezzlement.

JUDGE.—Boozer, bring up the embezzler—I know her.

(Enter "Boozer," hauling in his char. by the cuff of the neck.)

The P. P. having stated the case,

JUDGE (addressing the prisoner)—I say, boss, are you guilty or not guilty?

PRISONER.—Not guilty, sir.

JUDGE.—Then get out of here at once!

P. P.—Your Honor! That will never do. You must not discharge a prisoner merely on the strength of his plea.

JUDGE.—Dry up, will you. Didn't you hear the sod say he was not guilty?

P. P.—Oh! but they all say that.

JUDGE.—Well! would you have had me call the man a liar, eh? Bring up some of those daring cases of begging and vagrancy.

P. P.—The next case, sir, is one of assault upon the police.

JUDGE.—Boozer! produce the offender.

(Enter Boozer, with a boy of some seven summers.)

JUDGE (to boy)—This is a very serious offence you are charged with. It appears you in company with other desperate-looking rascals, waylaid Constable "Boozer," and inflicted on him serious bodily injuries, by throwing at him rotten eggs, snowballs, and other such dangerous missiles. You are found guilty on the clearest possible testimony, (simply "Boozer's" uncorroborated statement)—the dignity of the law must be upheld. You will be sent to penal servitude for life.

Boy.—Please, sir, it was not—

JUDGE.—You had bet'er hold your tongue or you'll get other six months. Next case. (A "seedy"-looking customer having been placed in the dock.)

P. P.—Your Honor, the prisoner is charged with bigamy. He has thrice been married, his former wife in each case having been then alive.

JUDGE.—You have three wives, eh? have you.

PRISONER.—Yes, yer Honor, and I wish I had not any at all.

JUDGE.—I think you had better make tracks home as soon as possible. It will take all your spare time looking after them, without "loafing" about here. Get out. (To Boozer) Boozer, adjourn the Court till I go and get a drink.

(Curtain.)

The "City Idyls" at present appearing in the *Telegram* are likely to convince the public of Canada that they have amongst them a true lyric poet in C. P. Mulvany. In average merit these contributions are far above ordinary newspaper poems, whilst occasionally we get gems that would do no dishonor to Tennyson, and are decidedly better than the Laureate's recent works!