

THE MYSTERIOUS MINISTRY.

Come, Mr. Premier, toll a fellow what the deuce to call you.
You're hated by Conservatives, and Grits would like to nail you;
You're neither Grit, Conservative, nor moderate Reform-er,
And rumor in this special case has not yet turned in-form-er.
Your policy, that legal fiction, no one seems to know,
In fact there's many a one who thinks it's yet in embryo;
However, we congratulate your friends upon their faith,
And we may too subscribe ourselves with safety—your's
all death.
You've got some very funny fellows with you in your set.
For instance D'Arcy with his blarney, and Wilson
George's pet,
And Foley with his jolly face and spectacles on nose,
Who talks as if we all don't know that Brown tramps on
his toes;
And Howland with his puckered mouth and little gimlet
eyes,
Whose energy is wonderful in striving to look wise;
McDougall, editor and lawyer, farmer, politician,
He's not so bad a fellow after all though in position.
It's not within our present scheme to trot out all the
others.
We leave them to the tender mercies of our larger
brothers.
Come, now, John Sanfield, tell us for at duty's call we ask
Why hide your policy's fair features beneath a Clear
Your Cabinet's arraigned on trial, the Country is the bar,
And Counsel has been fec'd by you, the Leader—wander-
ing star;
The Globe appears for plaintiff, and the issue to be tried,
Is whether you or some of you have not (excuse us)—jud-
The evidence is ready, and you have got the best,
That some old cries are smothered and Rep. by Pop.'s
suppressed.
So Sanfield come prepared to see your Wilson in the box,
With Foley and McDougall too, receiving some hard
knocks.
The Court will soon assemble—we know you understand,
That George too, will soon be here—his's sure to be on
hand.
'Twill never do to enter Court without a special name,
Or policy—for such a course will end your little game.

ADVANTAGES OF PAUPERISM.

BY MOUSER LATCHKEY, ESQUIRE.

Dato obolun Bólsariu,
Humbly Andy.

The lexicographers and scholars of every age, have invariably mistaken the true derivation of the word "pauperism;" and most, if not all, of the philosophers of the present day have seriously underrated the advantages connected with the term itself.

The first syllable, "pau," owes its origin, most assuredly, to the very ancient and popular custom of extending the hand or paw for alms; while the "per" assumes a definite mission when we come to understand that, in latin, it means "through," and that that tongue was, in the palmy days of Rome, written and read from right to left—a practice which, I believe, still virtually obtains in some of our schools. "Per-pau," then, or, through the instrumentality of your "bunch of fives," appears to be the correct arrangement and rendering of this compound; and what on earth can be more clear and significant? Surely the most adroit disciple of Bólsariu himself, could not object to a proposition so intimately sustained by profound learning, and blended with common sense.

The "ism" was, of course, thrown in by common consent, as having, from time immemorial, been incessantly identified with one sort of begging or another; so here, you perceive, we have the word, in all its parts, as complete as the triangular duel in "Midshipman Easy;" all the syllables nestling in the bosom of each other with the charming cordiality of three rival mannan who are endeavouring to work off their stock-in-trade at a fashionable watering place.

The true pauper, of the steady mendicant class, may live as happy as the dandy who is a bachelor with but simple

leg. As a starting point, he possesses the broad domains of freedom from debt, and is likely to enjoy them to the end of his days, as nobody will trust him. Here, then, is a fortune, at once; for I do contend, that this simple circumstance alone, without reference to his shoe leather, may be clearly rated on the bill of fare embodying his earthly happiness, as a knuckle of ham and a plump hen turkey of, say about seven pounds and a quarter. He never shies at a tailor's shop, or has a troublesome particle of dust in his eye, while passing his butcher or his baker. He never appears an approaching creditor, to be seized, until he passes, with an accountable desire to study the complex mechanism of a penny whistle in some neighboring toy shop window, if no other article of *virtu* is available at the moment. The streets are his, and he can walk them fearlessly at all reasonable hours; and when in a hurry to gain his humble lodgings, within a few hundred yards of him, he can do so, in a direct line, without making an interesting little circuit of over a mile in diameter, to avoid passing his grocer's, and to the very uneven amusement of his assorted pins.

He considers almost every man his debtor; and knocks boldly for admission at the door of almost every heart. To him all days are "pay days" alike, such as they are; so as that on the last of each month, he is not, as if influenced by the moon, seized with an insane tendency to start at every sound or wear out his eye at a key-hole whenever a step is heard on the verandah. Nor does he at this interesting period, through the lips of his servant, make an imaginary journey to some apocryphal aunt in the country; which affectionate pilgrimage is, through some strange psychical instrumentality, generally performed, in his own back parlor, with his excellent relative sitting beside him, in male attire, doing ample justice to a fragrant weed, and lifting, at a very acute angle, something like the third or fourth decanter of Morton's Proof.

Having but few wants, the hypocrisy of the pauper is not extraordinarily prismatic; generally, therefore, he is but simply what he appears to be. For the purpose of "doing the thing" on King Street, he does not consider it imperative to work one of his optics into a deadly fit with a quizzing-glass, while the vision of both is as keen as that of an eagle; nor is he put to the inconvenience of cursing "that venison pasty" after having just finished the last mouthful of "a watch and chain"—vulgarily termed a sheep's head and pluck. In addition, he is never troubled with a stiff arm, when to raise it would make his coat grin like a kitten; and is not constrained to ink his seedy old trousers and vest until at night he comes out of them, a sort of impromptu African; while he views with the utmost complacency the accumulating patches on his solitary shoe, and the frayed wristbands of the best of his small stock of shirts. Besides all this, he is a stranger to pew rent, subscription lists, charitable bazars, where rival needles become daggers subsequently, and a thousand other ills that mercenary refinement is subject to; and to cap the climax, he is quite unconscious of the delightful effect of his washerwoman's voice in the hall, rousing out, "I'll have my one and tuppence ha-penny on the spot," and mingling in articulated thunder with that of his dulcinea within, who for the first time was delighting his ears with "Am I not fondly thine own?"

Secure from all such undesirable casualties, he is as happy at home as abroad, and presents the same simple appearance in both places; so as

tity, and appear in public, not even a thirty-first cousin of what he had been an hour before.

And farther still, on waking in the morning to grin, with a blunt razor, before a ha'penny looking-glass, the simple circumstance of his lady's lean pup having playfully abstracted his only shirt collar and one of his socks, would not enlarge the diameter of his eyes until they appeared like a bullock's: nor would he stare in like manner, if by some foppish acquaintance he was accidentally detected before breakfast hurrying barefooted into his untidy bachelor's room, with a brown loaf under his arm and a dingy coffee-pot in his hand, while his uncombed head, surmounting the slovenly column of his shambling figure, looked like an amazed mop or a gigantic teasel. Thus it is, that he has leisure to think soberly at least, and is not the victim of that eternal and unmeaning grin which evokes the idea that the wearer had breakfasted on a monkey; while his hirsute predilections are never so extravagant as to monopolize the whole of his features, and engender the fixed conviction that his face is invariably turned from you, and that he approaches with his eyes and nose stuck in the back of his head!

Birds of a Feather, &c.

—The N. Y. Tribune of Saturday last says that the English caricatures of the American character are all of a Southern type. The Northerner is not lanky and cadaverous; he does not wear long hair, talk slang, play the tyrant, break the laws, or trample on his neighbour's rights. The Federal animal is a lamb, the Southern a wolf, overbearing, sanguinary and brutal. *Quære*—If this be the case, why is the lamb struggling so desperately to keep the wolf in the fold. One would think that delivery from such a dangerous bed-fellow would be a priceless blessing. What would the Tribune think of a man who resorted to fisticuffs to keep a pickpocket, a burglar, or a murderer beneath the same roof? We know what common folks would say, but then there's no accounting for the tastes of some people, especially of philosophers like Horace Greeley.

Zulu Missionary Society.

—This institution, which has been established in Africa for the conversion of Great Britain from the degrading superstition entertained by its natives, will open its training school in London early next year, under the superintendence of Bishop Colenso's original Zulu. The whole bench of Bishops are already entered as pupils, and we have little doubt that the darkness which now envelopes that benighted island will speedily be cleared away by the superior light of the Zulu faith. The King of Dahomey has kindly consented to be patron of the society.—*Zulu Missionary Herald*.

For Sale.

—The property of a gentleman, now in Europe, a fine set of political principles warranted to keep, amongst which may be found the following: "Rep. by Pop.," a first rate article highly prized by the people of Upper Canada; not much used of late and in good preservation. "No Sectarian Schools," which owing to recent agitations by the Romish Hierarchy is likely in good hands to become very valuable and be a political fortune to its possessor. For further particulars apply at the Globe office.

Benjamin's Mess.

—Owing to the inclemency of a Toronto audience, Mr. Park Benjamin's lecture on Music was not delivered. By the small attendance, we should judge they evidently thought that music was not his forte. He piped but they would not come. It has been suggested that the next of a