

NATURAL HISTORY SERIES.

No. 5.

That statesmen have the worm is seen
By all their winding play;
Their conscience is a worm within,
That gnaws them night and day.—POPE.



THE next species we have to consider is that known as Politicians.

All statesmen are politicians, though all politicians are not statesmen, just as all flesh is grass, but all grass is by no means flesh. Of this fact the bard was, no doubt, fully cognizant when he wrote the above lines.

Politicians, like poets, are made—not born.

The name is compounded of French and High Dutch, as follows:—*poli*—polite, and *schune*—to shun; hence *politshun* or politician, signifying an animal to be politely shunned or avoided.

This species has been well known in all ages,—in fact rather too well known. It was first discovered in the Garden of Eden, by Eve, and can, therefore, boast of a long line of ancestry.

It is capable of undergoing transmutation to any infinite extent, and appearing in various forms and colours under different circumstances. It will, for instance appear to one person as *blue*, and another *red*, and many are the vexatious, though bootless, disputes which have occurred as to its red colour.

It appeared to Eve in the form of a serpent, and persuaded her to eat of unwholesome and forbidden fruit; for which act of transgression, she and her family were ejected from the garden, without any reference to the question of "Tenant Right." It is from this disgraceful incident that the species derives its name, it being to this end that the serpent beguiled her, in order to deprive her of her natural rights.

The world has ever since been very careful in dealing with it; but owing to the remarkable power it possesses of changing its appearance, many are, nevertheless, deceived.

This species abounds in great numbers all over the world. The best specimens are, however, to be found in the old country, where they have been, in some measure, cultivated, and consequently brought to a state of great perfection. In many respects it resembles the jackdaw, being very fond of talking, but very much disinclined to work, and much given to speculation and petty knavery of one kind and another.

In its habits it is found to be as changeable as in form and appearance. According to Brown (the greatest of living naturalists, and author of a work on geology, entitled, "The Superiority of Clear-Grit over all other Minerals," and several other valuable works), who has exhausted the *Globe* in his researches after the different varieties of this animal, it will at one time be found living only on the choicest of game, which it has hunted down with the greatest perseverance, or fought for with

enduring courage, and at another, revelling amid the foulest corruption.

Like the mud-turtle, it is covered with a large and horny shell, impervious alike to stabs and blows, and which enables it to undergo considerable abuse without injury, and on which it can carry a burden of surprising weight. On account of this shell, it is often made to serve the same purpose, as was the turtle, on whose back a man mounted, who found himself inextricably bemired in a mud bank, and rode safely to *terra firma*. But it is only those who are well acquainted with the habits of the species, and know how to manage them, need venture on this achievement, as otherwise they will inevitably fail.

There are a great many specimens of this species in Canada; but as they are well known here, it would be a work of supererogation to describe them more particularly.

As a rule, they live as long as they can, which is frequently to a great age, probably on account of their general inutility, as they are not worth the trouble of *huntingdo(w)n*.

In disposition they are as changeable and uncertain as everything else, being docile or dogged, fierce or fawning, according to the circumstances in which they find themselves placed.

When fully developed, they are very powerful, and it is not considered a pleasing or safe experiment to rouse their animosity or place oneself in their power.

Altogether they are one of the most remarkable species of mankind, and serve to prove, as the man said when he was examining the skeleton of a jackass in the museum, "how fearfully and wonderfully we are made."

THE NOMINATIONS.

These annual gatherings came off with due pomp and ceremony. This man promised that, and the other one this, well knowing that his promise could not be kept. But little recked he, if they'd only elect him, of what came. Time will show whether these present-time-servers will serve their constituents well. The Mayor seemed likely to have a rival. The plot seemed cut and dried, and the prime actor was present, but, seeing it was "no go," he betook himself to his judicial chambers. The venerable "Father" then had no trouble in walking in. In the East a *Bez(o)urney* was returned; and, like a rock, stood the little Centre Ward representative, whom "Fred." had not the courage to face. St. Ann's did well in again accepting the offer of the Water Works man, who will yet do good service. The most curious election was that for St. Antoine. A *weaver* presented himself some time ago with a flourish of trumpets, but was driven out to the hum and drum of a loom, worked by an Aldermanic butcher. The prowess of David was such as to frighten away other people, even though they might be Sons of Anak. By dint of malt, &c., a *tailor* again got in the St. Lawrence. There is to be fun in St. James', St. Mary's, and West Ward, which will be duly chronicled. GRINCHUCKLE can't say how they'll go, but pretty close runs will be made.