

THE MCGEE BANQUET.

Yes, sirs, it was a great affair. Such eating and drinking and speaking, for 75 cents a head was never heard of before. And such fine company as was present. There was Tim Mulloy in the chair, and Paddy Gollagher in the Vice chair. At the chairman's right was Father Rooney, with a bran new waistcoat on; and Father Walsh, Heaven be good to him when he dies—sat on his left. To say nothing of the Vicar General Bruyere and Vicar General Gordon, and a hundred other clerical gentlemen—all excellent hands at whiskey punch and knife and fork exercise; besides the Lower Canadian ecclesiastics that eat frogs and drink uequebaugh like natives.

Heavens, how they ate. Mr. McGee was astonished, and said he never saw such execution since '48. No, nor he never will again.

And, mind you, the banquet, was not religious nor political, nor social out and out, it was a sort of mongrel, made up of all three. And then to hear Mister McGee speak! How he raised the dander of the Irishmen; and wanted to stop, by the way, when he was only half done—and the b'hoys wouldn't let him, but insisted on his "goin' on." And he went on—which gave the company time to drink the punch and order more.

And then there was Mister, no, Father Bruyere, who responded to the toast of the Church—drinking long life to the Holy Roman Catholic and Apostolic Church, with a hip, hip, hurrah. It's a good joke. And singing "For he's a jolly good fellow," immediately afterwards perhaps. But to hear the Father lay it down to his sons—not carnally, but spiritually—telling them that the way to Heaven was to obey the Church in all things, and may be insinuating that Mister McGee would one day arrive there, because he was a great favourite of the Church entirely, and a most exemplary and obedient son. The good Father, however, did not petition Heaven to send the Church many such sons as Mister McGee! Not a bit of it.

Ab, but the letters of apology! The Bishop himself, the great Charbonnel, could not come, but he sent his Vicar General to eat and drink his share, and say how very much beloved a son of the Church—Mister McGee—was, and that he was in fact a host in himself, to say nothing of his 300,000 mel.

And the one from the Mayor! How frank and straightforward. He was afraid to come, or else he would have great pleasure in being present. Whiskey punch did not agree with him. If they had some hot Scotch, and so on.

And old Orl. Baldwin was too old to come. Good old man. Heaven that took away his strength seems to have left him his good sense.

The McGee Banquet—Ho! ho! ho! Ha! ha! ha! Brandy and water instantan.

A DISTINCTION WITHOUT A DIFFERENCE.

A correspondent of the *Guardian* named Johnson, makes a distinction which we are scarcely acute enough to understand. He says that Victoria College is "denominational" but not "sectarian." The only reason why he does not like the latter term is, that it does not sound agreeably; in other words,

he wants some gentler term than the one which the opponents to the monstrous pretensions of that institution employ. He thinks that if you only call it "denominational," they may run a chance of being permitted to plunder the University funds; but call it "sectarian" and the game is up. There is a delicacy in the style of this tactician, exceedingly common in the world. Even the drunkard can substitute "shot," "slewed," "half-sprung," "half-scas-over," and "jolly," when describing his vice; he is never *drunk*, that is too harsh a term. From similar motives thieves have a vocabulary of their own.

But after all, does this effect the object sought? How does it concern the people of Canada that an institution repudiates the term "sectarian," whilst its rulers, professors, and controllers are appointed and dismissed by a sectarian and exclusively clerical conference, when its rules are framed by them, and when it forms part and parcel of a religious organization? Why, if the institution is not "sectarian," these district and circuit meetings of a sect?

Why are not Baptists, Presbyterians, and members of the Church of England called to aid this new agitation? Simply because the promoters know that they are merely trying to hoodwink simpletons by raising a false issue, whilst the money they would, if successful, obtain from the University of Toronto would be spent by a sectarian body in sectarian service.

They work in vain, however; cunning as clerical agitators generally are, the people of Canada have learned by the struggles of years, that the only safe basis of state education is entire freedom from the shackles of sectarian control; and we fancy the subtle distinction Mr. Johnston seeks to make, will be of little avail to them, in their war upon our great National University.

HISTORY OF CANADA.

BY BUTTERFIELD BEESEWAX.

No. III.

The fur trade, as we have already stated, was in full blast. Without suffering any severe check, it began to assume a different commercial aspect. Instead of cash and promising hopes, rum of various degrees of badness was offered to the Iroquois. This unfortunate tribe became suddenly very *rummy*, and their natural ferocity hitherto productive of so much discomfiture to the Europeans, was turned to mutual destruction. The Indians were compelled to agree with the well-known proverb: "when we are at rum we must do as rum does," and Canada very often launched into a series of very *rum* antics which were interrupted by the troops of Montmany with a general musket discharge, that before an alarm could be sounded, the spirits had left the bodies that had been lately so much overstocked with it.

Pugs of tobacco consisting of beautifully adjusted proportions of molasses and cabbage leaf, assisted the Colonists to *plug* the Indians as they wished. In a short time the haughty Iroquois, begged for peace, and the work of civilization was allowed to progress without hindrance.

To make up for any apparent want of principle

in the employment of narcotics as a means of conversion, the government issued a decree forbidding swearing and blasphemy, which had the effect of *darning* the torrent of immorality which was fast sweeping away all vestiges of the Christian religion in the transatlantic settlement.

The prevalence of the beverage mentioned a few lines above was by the way the origin of the celebrated Indian gloo *rum-te rum-te deo*.

About the year 1663, a tremendous earthquake occurred on the banks of the St. Lawrence. To this geological revolution we owe "The Thousand Islands." On the 6th of February the earth began to heave, and a vast number of rocks were pitched clean into the water, much to the astonishment of the funny inhabitants of the stream.

About the year 1690, the first native production of a nautical character, that Canada ever saw, was manufactured a short distance above the Falls. The Indians were at the time sufficiently versed in *craft*, they believed in witchcraft, but all the *craft* they had ever been *taught*, was not sufficient to prevent the *taut craft* in question, from astonishing them considerably. They had been up to a good many *rigs* in their day, but the *rig* of this craft was too much for their equilibrium. Their open mouths assumed the shape of a *round O*, when the mariners sang a *rondeau*, and navigated the vessel safely into Lake Erie. From Lake Erie the vessel went to visit Lake Huron, and there met with the same description of adventures as befel the Ploughboy, and their safe escape was perhaps more to be wondered at, considering that the courageous and skilful marine Sergeant Blazes, was not yet born, and could not of course lend a helping hand in the case of disaster: She perished in Lake Huron, on the return trip, being manned by no more worthy personages than a blasphemous pilot and five seamen. If she had on board such a worthy assemblage as thronged the decks of the Ploughboy, she might have been spared to the present day, and Bob Moodie might have been running her in our bay as a ferry boat.

TORONTO 29th Sept. 1859.

DFAR GRUMBLER,

Can you inform me if the approaching annual elections have anything to do with the removing of the rubbish from the excavation of a cellar on Queen Street West, by the carts employed by the Corporation, and laying down the stuff on the streets where there is no earthily use for it; thus saving the worthy proprietor the cost! Perhaps the worthy Alderman for St. Andrews Ward can say whether the weight an "Earl" can bring to bear at the polls in January next, be the cause or not.

Ever Yours.

ARGUS.

We strongly deprecate the impertinent inquisitiveness of our correspondent, he ought to be more respectful to our intelligent and dignified municipal legislators, than to impugn the purity of their motives. Are not they the model reform Ouncellors, the patient Hercules who cleanse the Augean stable of Municipal corruption; and are they to be called to account by a prying public? The thought is monstrous, Argus must remember that the maxim "no one can touch filth without being defiled" does not apply to the members of a corporation though they do dabble in mud.—[Co. G.]