

Too Bad.

It is really too bad to see gentlemen led by their excessive zeal into the most extreme contradictions of character and conduct. All the world knows that the Member for Toronto is in general remarkable for his consistency, and the calm and dispassionate manner in which he reviews every possible bearing of a subject, before he commits himself into it; seldom pronouncing an opinion until he has dived into, and made himself familiar with its intricacies and its mysteries. His liberal views being therefore so well known, it could not fail to create the utmost surprise in the House, when, in the course of his opposition to Colonel Prince's Bill, he, a few evenings since, taxed the Member for Lincoln with his great partiality for American institutions and American commercial progress. This from a Member who is well known to have recently made a large investment in American stock, and is more than suspected to be even at this moment trading in American bottoms, does, it must be confessed, savor a little of inconsistency. True, the Member for Lincoln does not make this a matter of accusation, but, on the contrary, perfectly approves of a connection which promises the most fruitful results to the country; yet he feels at least that *merit* has not met with that support which ought to have been tendered by so acknowledgedly capable and liberal a dealer in international produce.

The O'Connell of Canada.

Filled with dismay at the indignation he has created in the minds of the outraged widows, by attempting to *infringe upon their natural rights*, the Solicitor-General apprehending an *appeal to arms* from some of the Amazonians, to whom he had rendered *any thing but justice*, has sought refuge from the peril, by making it murder to kill, in what is usually called *single*, but what we term *double combat*. We have no doubt the honorable gentleman would have the worst of it, in a personal encounter with even the weakest of these formidable widows, who, if we may judge from appearances, would soon leave him scarcely a leg to stand upon. But surely from him the proposal comes with any other than a modest solicitor's grace.

What a chivalrous body of men, to have supported this resolution almost unanimously! and what a heart-rending picture of their own dead bodies, mourning and frantic widows, ragged, bare-footed, and vermin-headed destitute brats, the Solicitor-General must have drawn, to subdue the souls of

eighty-four rough specimens of humanity to more than woman's weakness. Yet who shall say that there was no brow among that host obscured by gloom at the announcement of the abolition of that pleasant little morning's amusement, without which life is tame and uninteresting in its very security? Who then had seen the expressive glance exchanged between the eloquent Member for Megantic and the taciturn Member for Quebec, would have pitied the self-sacrifice with which they abstained from an opposition which they knew, alas! would *only end in smoke*.

The Bill is a wise one. When two men go out now, it will be no child's play. They will remain on the ground until, like the two *Killkenny* cats, nothing but their *coat tails* are left; for they will deem it pleasanter to be tucked in by the undertaker than to be tucked up by the hangman.

Putting in the 'Tin.'

We of the SATIRIST have discovered an excellent mode of apportioning our charity to the nature of the accommodation afforded us in Christ Church and elsewhere. We have had several pieces of rather dull looking tin *punched* to the size of sixpenny bits. These we carry with us to church,—the tin in one waistcoat pocket; *the tin* in the other.

As every thing in this best of all possible worlds,—even to the “human mending of our souls,” is paid for, we like to apportion our price to the value of the service rendered. If the seat given to us be a good one, we simultaneously open our heart and our left waistcoat pocket just below it, and give the *plate-bearer* silver! If, on the other hand, it be such a seat as we do not like, we slip our finger into that pocket which rests near our liver overcharged with bile, and though we still give our *tin*, we give it not of the same specific value, while we rejoice in the pleasing consciousness that we have sufficiently *paid the piper*, or, in other words the organ-blower, for the hours of *hard sitting* for which we have been *let in*.

We recommend our plan to all those who are desirous of obtaining *high seats* in an assembly in which *grace has latterly much abounded*, yet where the *Elect* of the *Lords* evince anything but that humility which *best becomes the Church*.

The thing is easily done. A *decoy note*, shipped into the silver by the churchwarden as he goes his *solemn* round, and looking exceedingly like a wanton,—that is to say, intended to allure into its toils,—offers every