



THE SLIPPER(y) WAYS OF OUR YOUNG LADIES.

The Decline of the Modern Pulpit.*By our own Reverend Political Editor.*

Upon the Modern Pulpit you may write up "Ichabod,"
 "Its glory has departed," and its power of doing good,
 'Cause why, it's brightest ornaments, the men who gave it tone,
 Have left it to its fate and into journalism gone.

For eloquence and genius in vain you now may search
 Within the sacred portals of the desolated church,
 For all the brain and learning (speaking figuratively)
 Have taken up their lodgings in the editorial "We."

The power with which we journalists did preach in days gone by
 Is altogether wanting in the present smaller fry;
 Tho' with the beauties of our style we still mankind do bless,
 For they all remain unblemished in our writings in the press.

The zeal with which in holy things we exercised our mind
 Is now transferred to politics, but has not changed in kind;
 It battles still for virtue, in the shape of ALEX. MAC.,
 And against the hosts of evil, namely, all the Tory pack.

(That is if it so happens that we ride the Liberal Horse,
 In case we're Tory writers, you reverse the terms of course).
 It's a pity for the Pulpit that the ablest minds should be
 Thus drawn away and gobbled by the editorial "We!"

The Preliminary Examination.

PROFESSOR.—You wish to become a Canadian politician?

PUPIL.—Such is my earnest desire.

PROFESSOR.—Are you aware of the nature of the studies? What branches do you wish to improve in?

PUPIL.—I wish to learn how, when out of office, to abuse forcibly those who are in.

PROFESSOR.—And when in?

PUPIL.—How to defend most plausibly the practices I abused when out.

PROFESSOR.—Any more?

PUPIL.—I must be able successively to persuade Orangemen, Catholics, and Prohibitionists, that I am a King Williamite, a Ritualist about to pass over, and a Total Abstinence.

PROFESSOR.—Anything else?

PUPIL.—Yes, it is necessary that I induce every one else to believe the opposite.

PROFESSOR.—Yes. What else?

PUPIL.—I must be able to convince the country at large that I will have nothing to do with paying for votes by contracts or places. At the same time, I must give all the contractors and place-holders to know I am the very man for them.

PROFESSOR.—I think I can do it. Next?

PUPIL.—When out of office, I must have the trick of teaching that the country is on the brink of ruin, and that I alone can save it. When in, that there are good times ahead if I am only left alone.

PROFESSOR.—We will begin with these. I think, in the present Cabinet, I can find you some excellent models for all,—people who have been something of a success in them. There are other branches, but we will try these first. Now, first we shall try a lesson on "How to Abuse and Use Coalitions," illustrated by Mr. BLAKE.—(Scene closes.)

The Political Pursuits of the Summer.

Oh, come, let us all now a picnicking go,
 Where strong ale and souchong shall unlimited flow.
 Where the cake and the buns shall profusely abound,
 And cold roast beef and mustard pass pleasantly round.

And how nice, while with these we our appetites stay,
 To enjoy keen MACKENZIE denouncing JOHN A.,
 Or if Tories, we can to their pic-nics repair
 And we'll find Sir JOHN doing the denouncing there.

With MACKENZIE's explaining, and very good tea,
 All his Free Trade mishaps shall obliterate be,
 And our thoughts of the Scandal, when JOHN A. we shall hear,
 Shall all vanish like smoke before speeches and beer.

And we all shall shake hands with these excellent men,
 And alliance shall vow to them once and again,
 And they both shall ask after our children and wives,
 And declare it the pleasantest day of their lives.

And they each shall wheel off his political show
 And to say the same things somewhere else they will go.
 And we'll go home and sleep, and when up we have got,
 The next morning, we'll ask, "Were we humbugged or not?"

Conversation at the London Clubs.

FIRST SWELL.—Going to that Amewican fellah's weception?

SECOND SWELL.—Gweat bah. But my Fohweign Office pawstition, you know. Must countenance fellah. North Amewican pwosessions—vewy pwecawious tenuah, aw.

FIRST SWELL.—What use aw they to any fellah, now?

SECOND SWELL.—Don't know. Must look it up. Send us ice, and fuhls, and walwusses' teeth, pwobably. But, not to compwomise ones'self—State secwets, you know—but I may wemawk that the Amewicans gweatly pwepondewate in Amewica, and might ovehwun owah colonies any time in wintah, cwossing the fwozen lakes on snow-shoes.

FIRST SWELL.—Fwozen, aw! Deah me!

SECOND SWELL.—Hawd it fwom SPWY—Colonel SPWY, Amewican Mawines—SPWY said in his bawbawous dialect.—"Jest mass two million men at New Orleans and San Francisco—them's jest south of Ontario; wait for a cold snap, over we go, artillery, cavalry and volunteers—down splashes the British flag inter the slush, and the Amerikin eagle shall drop kerwallop onter the battlements of Quebec, and scream her hereditary defiance ter European tyrants, in tones reverberatin' among the Rocky Mountains, an' dying gently away on the far Pacific waves."

FIRST SWELL.—Why not let the fellahs have it? No uthe. Meah baw.

SECOND SWELL.—Cawn't do that. Balance of powah, aw. Besides the colonists fawm an impawtant mawket faw Bwitamin. Sell them no end of goods.

FIRST SWELL.—Well, if they aw attacked, what will the Wah Office do?

SECOND SWELL.—Oh, aw, yeth. Well the Canadians aw doosid plucky fellahs; we'll expend them, aw, first. Then, pawhaps, we might have to go theah, aw. Muth take caaw not to get the Bwitamin fawces into a twap. Keep theyah line of wetweat to the fleet open.

FIRST SWELL.—Yeth, if we extend the Canadians owah pwotection they should do most of the weal fighting.

SECOND SWELL.—Oh, we should make that compulthow? Yes, must go and see GWANT. Does he weah hith—ah—wah-paint, aw?

FIRST SWELL.—Not heah, I believe. Dithcawded it for the pwesent, —by wequeth of the Queen, SPWY said.—(Scene closes.)

Nice at a Distance.

How pleasant, each successive day,
 To feast our morning eyes
 On fresh accounts of bloody fray,
 Or murderous surprise.

To read of many thousand men
 All lying in their gore,
 And think, "To-morrow we'll again
 Read of as many more."

So do the crowds with interest gaze
 At conflagration's glare,
 And rather like to see the blaze,
 If they've no houses there.

But soon the gazer may behold
 The flames at home appear,
 And soon the war-wave may be rolled
 Across our own frontier.