

THE SONS OF THE MANSE.

A NEW SONG.

AIR—*This Brown Jug.*

O! LAW is a trade that's not easy to learn,
 And a good many failures we daily discern;
 But, touching this matter, I'm anxious to mention
 A fact I've observed, that may claim some attention:
 If you look round the Bar you will see at a glance
 Not a few of the foremost are SONS of the MANSE.

Some glibly can *speak* what is not worth the speaking;
 Some can *think*, but they still are for words vainly
 seeking;

A young man's best prospects will likely be blighted
 If the tongue and the brains aren't duly united;
 But if men who have *both* are here asked to advance,
 You will find out that many are SONS of the MANSE.

In both Heads of the Court my assertion is proved,
For a Grandson is merely a Son once removed ;
Others' names I don't mention—the task would be
tedious,
And perhaps might be found not a little invidious ;
But I often have witnessed a gay legal dance,
Where the whole four performers were SONS of the
MANSE.

The Son of an Agent, his Son-in-law too,
May be certain at first to have something to do ;
Political friends may secure one a start—
Nay, a Clerk from an office may play a fair part :
But in time these will not have the ghost of a chance
With those dangerous rivals, the SONS of the MANSE.

I don't know how elsewhere these matters may be,
Though I daresay in England the like things they see ;
I remember at least that the race of the LAWS
Had both Bishops and Judges that met with applause ;
But in Italy, Spain, and in most parts of France,
They can scarce have *legitimate* SONS of the MANSE.

But talking of England, you'll keep it in view
That the Manse has sent thither a nursling or two :

Plain JOHN through high honours successfully passed,
And the Woolsack sustained his Fife "hurdiés" at last ;
While BROUGHAM, in his pride, loved to caper and
prance,
When, confessed, through his mother, a SON of the
MANSE.

I don't mean to say that these shoots from the CHURCH
Have left all their brothers-in-law in the lurch ;
Good Sons of lay Sires, not a whit behind these,
Have their share of the talents, their share of the fees ;
But all parties will own that my song's no romance,
And that both Bench and Bar owe a debt to the MANSE.

Such wondrous results there's no way of explaining,
If we do not ascribe them to Clerical training ;
The tyro begins with "the Chief End of Man,"
And "Effectual Calling" completes the great plan ;
Both Language and Logic his genius enhance,
Till he comes out a genuine SON of the MANSE.

Then here's to the MANSE ! both Established and Free,
And don't, I beseech you, leave out the U. P. ;
SECEDERS good service performed in past years,
Though I'm sorry they call themselves now Volunteers ;

At the old Burgher Sect I can ne'er look askance,
When I think ROBERT JAMESON came from that MANSE.

I'm bound, too, I feel, on this joyous occasion,
To remember our Scottish Prelatic Persuasion ;
And in justice, as well as with pleasure, to tell,
How our Law is indebted to GEORGE JOSEPH BELL ;
Though their Church was held down and was weak in
 finance,
BELL, SANDFORD, and ALISON came from the MANSE.

The MANSE and the PULPIT, the BENCH and the BAR,
With the same godless enemies ever wage war ;
They seek to subdue, by the pen, by the tongue,
DISSENSION, DISORDER, INJUSTICE, and WRONG.
How changed for the worse were broad Scotland's
 expanse,
If she hadn't the PARLIAMENT HOUSE—and the MANSE !