

OLD DOG TRAY.

Sung with great applause by Samuel Sherwood.

My term of Chief is past
And Prince is in at last,
I've lost both my horse and my once handsome pay,
And the men I once did lead,
Giro now no daily feed
At my request to old dog Tray.

And when police we've passed,
His eyes were on me cast;
I know that he'd bite them if I would only say,
For these men I called my own
Have now no pompous grown,
They don't touch their hats as once was their way.

But now St. George's Ward
My merit shall reward,
An Alderman they want since Bruel's gone away,
Of course they'll put in me,
Then they'll represented be
By both Sammy Sherwood and his old dog Tray.

TEMPERANCE LECTURE.

BY PROFESSOR JOLLYNOSE.

Ladies and Gentlemen.—The subject of the present lecture being a dry one, I have provided sundry pots of half-and-half, and several bowels of that vulgar drink known as punch, in order that you may yet your thirsty souls when the heat of the arguments which I mean to advance against temperance,—I mean intemperance,—has dried up your intellect and scorched your livers to the dryness of Mead Dow's nose, which I learn, on good authority, has become so dry and hard, that one can strike fire from it with a flint. The evils of intemperance, ladies and gentlemen, are most awful, and if I were in the humour, which, thanks to the concocter of this glass of punch, I am not, I could give you many sad instances of the truth of what I say. I once knew a man—shall I call him a man—who drank himself out of house and home. Not that houses and homes have distinct meaning. But the circumstances are these. The unfortunate man, who was a distiller, had a wife, such an angelic being,—whose only failings were, that she had a deuced bad temper, and was addicted to sleep walking. Well, one morning the wife was missed—searched for, and found not. The husband bore his loss with christian resignation. Some time afterwards, however, the brewer was dining with a friend, and the peculiar flavor of a pot of heavy was the topic of conversation. It was from the brewer's own vat, and such was its excellent flavor, that even he was at a loss to account for it. He pondered long on its strength, sharpness, and body; and as if to get at the bottom of the mystery, several pots of heavy were emptied—without, however, solving the mystery.

Just as the brewer was about to give up the point and subside under the mystery and the table at the same time, the secret leaked out. The brewer had raised the heavy to his anxious lips, and was taking a desperate draught, when he suddenly dropped the precious liquor, and became pale—no, that was impossible—became dusky. To the anxious enquiries of his friend, he slowly took from his mouth a brocho, and enquired with a quaver of his tongue, what initials were engraven upon it. It is needless to dwell on the harrowing nature of the discovery—J. H." the initials of his lost wife, revealed a tale

of horror, and satisfactorily accounted for the strength and excellent flavor of the heavy. Walking in her sleep one night, the unfortunate female had tipped into the vat, where she soon imparted to the beer that strength and sharpness for which she had been noted through her life time. Man and wife, continued the lecturer, being one flesh, the bereaved husband had the melancholy satisfaction of "drinking himself," and this too, in a friend's house, and therefore "out of house and home." Let's drink to her memory, ladies and gentlemen. In the words of a great poet—

"She died, and now she's dead."

Another case that fell within the scope of my own knowledge, the lecturer went on to say, after he had hauded round several beautiful pewter pots filled with half-and-half, was that of a man who "killed himself drinking." He had a very large wife and family to support, and a devilish small salary to support them on. He was also a respectable man, and if he only had abstained from drinking, he might have attained a high position in society, and been one day gazed at, with wonder and awe, by the assembled thousands who usually frequent hangings. He took to drinking one night, and the next morning was found dead in his bed. The unhappy adult had got up in the night, and drank himself to death by imbibing one of his wife's cosmetic washes through mistake.

Take warning of these solemn instances, said the lecturer, and beware of drink. But if you must drink, and I confess human nature has a falling that way, as well as in the matter of hunger, take care what you do drink. One of the first maxims that should be taught to a young man is, "never mix your liquor," and the next axiom that should be instilled into the youthful mind is, that "half-and-half," and "punch" are exceptions to the general rule. With these remarks, ladies and gentlemen, I beg to propose your very good health, and confession to bad drink.

The toast was drunk with great applause, and the meeting broke up.

OVER THE WAY.

Perhaps next to being into for one's dinner, there is nothing so vexatious as to be crossed in matters of affection. It is true, that the sudden demise of a favorite lap-dog has drawn tears from eyes that wept not at the death of a friend, and the loss of a trinket, has caused more sleepless nights than the loss of friendship. But when a man is silly enough to fall in love, and then by some imprudent act, prejudice, or imagine that he prejudices himself, in the eyes of the object of his affections, then I say again, that there is nothing else in the world so trying—except to come late for dinner.

In my last, I told the gentle reader, and perhaps he told his belle, that I had made up my mind that I would go out and have a closer examination of the beautiful being who had enchanted me by combing her hair at an open window, on a particular Saturday evening, before mentioned. Well I did so. I am free to confess, that before I went out, I go into a pair of patent leather boots, after a great deal of violent exertion, which cost me one sprained back,

two swelled garters, a rent pair of trousers, and a decided loss of temper and perspiration. I also will not deny, that I became slightly excited, when I had tried on the tenth collar, without succeeding in hitting on the one. Nor will I attempt to excuse myself for putting the boot-jack into sudden motion as Jack, the man and boy of all work in our establishment, intruded himself with the evening paper. These events may have happened, and no looking back at them now through a long vista of years, my conscience tells me that they did happen. And furthermore, that on the occasion in question, I lost my temper with a waiter, who jostled me as I was going out, and boiling over at his impertinent remarks, furiously knocked him down, and after consigning the crowd who gathered thereupon, to a place which is rumoured to have an excessively warm climate, went on my way—but certainly not rejoicing.

To make a long story short, I did see a lady come out of the house which had lately ensnared in its two-pair-back, a lady—no, a being, I have a partiality to call the lovely portion of the sex beings—possessing, not probable a great deal of sense, but certainly a most fascinating manner of combing her hair.

I cannot say precisely how far I followed the lady in the hopes that she would turn back; and thus save me the pain—it certainly was a pain, considering the boots I had on—of walking like a two-forty horse, in order that I might meet her. But I thought her at the time the most remarkably long-walker I ever saw—not as to the size, however, but merely as to the length of ground she went over.

At last the lady stopped at the corner of the Parade ground used as a Promenade; and as, however I might wish it, I could not stop also, I was almost beside her in a minute. Just then a cow—I wonder ladies are so lost to common sense as to be afraid of cows—came trotting round the corner on the foot-path; and instantly the lady came trotting with a sudden shriek into my arms.

What could I do? Why hold her in my arms to be sure! I did so. I am not sure, but I have a dim recollection of murmuring something about "angelic cows" and "dreadful creatures;" for the occurrence was so sudden that it deprived me of the partial use of my senses. At the same moment, Young Jones of the Blazers stood before me—looking as wild as Othello when demanding the handkerchief from Desdemona.

"So," he exclaimed "I have caught——"

"The cow, sir," says a countryman running round the corner at the same time in pursuit of the animal who had caused the mischief.

"Look you, sir," says Jones to me, flaring up as if he had the whole fire of the Blazers at his command, "how dare you make love to that lady in that manner!"

"Says I," mildly, "Love is a flower of tender——"

"Stuff," says he, as he snatched the lady from me in such a rude manner, that I instinctively seized Jones of the Blazers by the collar, and propelled him through an apothecary's window near at hand, where he stuck fast, his legs protruding out, and looking extremely ornamental.

When I turned to the lady—she was gone.