

A LOST CHORD.

One morning we caught ourselves humming an old tune, which seemed to belong to the past, and which we had long ago ceased to practice. It was some minutes, before we recalled the once familiar air; it was the chorus of "Rule Britannia," and ending, as all our readers are aware, with the words that "Britons never, never, never, will be slaves!"

How was it, it may be asked, that this chorus, breathing the noble sentiment of freedom, had become a stranger to our voice and lips? Had we changed our nationality, or like Esau sold our birthright for a mess of pottage? Not so, the Union Jack is still the flag under which we serve, and the Queen, ("God save her,") yet remains our lawful sovereign. But many years since an invisible chain, was thrown round our once independent limbs, and the glorious chorus, after lingering for a brief space in the recesses of our manly bosom, finally took its departure declining to minister to a palpable satire.

We need not say that the chains, to which we refer, were matrimonial ones, and we are sure, that our fellow Benedicks will admit the truth of our inuendo, at least all those who do not belong to a class—a small one, we hope and believe,—each of which, metaphorically or actually has raised his hand not in "kindness" and whom therefore, "it is gross flattery to call a coward." With what gusto do we apply that stinging epithet, for like the fox who has lost his tail, we good-natured Benedicks must maintain, that chains are fashionable; and when we find ourselves in Cork we are far too discreet ever to pretend, that it was to Kinsale we had purposed to go.

The chains were not harsh or galling, but silken links which we hardly felt at first, or if we did, thought the touch rather pleasant. And so the net was wound about us until we were quite secure, and the struggle was over. What man is a match for a woman in the art of weaving? Hercules and Samson were strong as lions, yet the one sat down obediently to the distaff, and the other suffered his hair to

be clipped. The scissors are waiting for most of our sex, and perhaps we look all the better, for having our locks shorn. Let us put aside our sneer, and frankly allow that we prefer the chains of matrimony, to the liberty of single blessedness, and that no safer guide can be found for a man in this world, than a good wife.

There; we trust our fair readers will not only forgive us for the first part of this article, but will see that it was written entirely in joke. Dear ladies we honestly glory in the imprisonment; your arms are the sweetest fetters a man can have, and when the bonds are snapped—as for some wise end they are occasionally—which among us will not exclaim with Byron's Prisoner of Chillon

"Even I
Regained my freedom with a sigh."

CHARACTER SKETCHES.

No. 7.—OUR BULLY.

One of the most objectionable character you can meet is Our Bully. You doubtless know his loud voice for he never speaks to, but always roars at, you; his step also, is noisy and heavy; and he takes a pleasure in pushing past you, or thrusting you off the sidewalk; he thinks, in so doing, he is exhibiting a fine independent spirit, and will tramp into the chamber of death, without softening his tread, for he will tell you there is no sentimental nonsense about him. As he stalks into his office, his clerks cower before him, which is what he likes, feeling himself to be a walking Juggernaut's car, which requires victims to be crushed as it moves along. If he is pleased no genial smile lights up his countenance, but he gives vent to a harsh, discordant laugh, which has not a particle of good humor in it, whereas, ill betide the unfortunate wretch, who has been guilty of a mistake, for then he will thunder forth his wrath, as though he were an offended Jove on Mount Olympus. The meaner and more helpless is his antagonist, the more furious will be Our Bully's anger, since he has none of that consideration, for the feelings of others, which is the true mark of a gentleman, whatever his station in life.

When he goes home, his wife, on hearing his footstep, will say to the children, "Hush! there is your father," and immediately the infant laughter and prattle (than which there is surely no sweeter music) ceases, and the little ones tremble before him to whom they ought to run with joy and welcome.

You have seen him hectoring and domineering over those who are under his authority, and yet you feel he commands no respect. He may be wealthy but his brag, and bluster make him detestable, while the moment someone faces him and refuses to be ridden, rough-shod over, he invariably shows the white feather in a manner simply contemptible. for of course he is a coward, otherwise he would never be a bully.

Though a giant in commerce and enterprize, he forgets the good old adage

"it is excellent
To have a giant's strength, but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant."

THE DISAPPOINTED INTERVIEWER.

A famous author passed through our city the other day, but, as he was travelling in his private capacity, he did not desire to see any reporters or interviewers, and so gave strict orders at the office of his hotel, that he would receive no cards nor callers. This action greatly incensed one of those, who consider that there is no privacy, so far as the press is concerned, and that an author must always be at home to a newspaper representative, it being the height of incivility, not to say insanity, for anyone, whether a mental or a bodily gymnast, to deny himself to one, who believes he has the "open sesame" to the most private apartment, or to suppose that the gymnast has the slightest right to please himself. Therefore the foiled reporter set to work to describe the author, who would not be seen very much after the fashion in which the fox did the grapes, he found beyond his reach. That is to say, he sneered at the author's person, hair, and walk, and we are obliged to suppose that he, the reporter, must