



"DE OLE MAN OB DE SEA."

Dis, sah, is de name ob a story I see a-been readin', an' I swar it is de mos' parabolical an' to de purpose I hab ober cum across. I found it in de 'Rabian Nights Entertainment, an' though I read it years ago when I was a little barefooted cuss on de sidewalk, still I neber saw de moral ob de tail till dis mornin'. It's all about a savidge sailor who am takin' a constitutional to himself, when all of a sudden like, he comes on an old man who am moanin' in very great distress by de wayside; his old limbs am given out, his stomach an' caved in, an' in fact he an' gone generally. Now most sailors an' Good Samaritans by nature, an' he couldn't play de preist an' Levite anyhow, so de po' unsoftikated Sinbad shivers his timbers, hitches up his tarry pants, an' swearin' like a trooper to hide de pity in his face, hoists him up on his back an' totes him along. It's all very well fo' a little, but by an' by de ole fellow begins to sit down awful hard on po' Sinbad's shoulders, he gets heavier an' heavier every step, an' shouts at him to "gee up!" for a lazy ole cuss, an' at last Sinbad discovers that it ain't an ole man, but an' ole monster he am tackled with, an' he can't neber get rid ob him any mo', no matter how he wriggles, an' shakes, an' lies down, an' rolls ober. Now sah, de bery just remark I makes when I reads all dis is—de writer ob dat ar parable hab been dere—sho, and he knows how it is himself. He calls dis heah monster "de ole man ob de sea." Kase why? dat am parabolical, an' means dat ole man brought po' ole Sinbad who was de real man ob de sea, into a sea ob troubles. But de real christian an' surname ob dat ole monster am DEBT. Yes sah! he am DEBT. An' de man who shoulders debt out ob pity fo' himself or anybody else, gets de ole man ob de sea on his back, an' by the time he gets through with him, he finds de best years ob his life am gone and he an' neber de same man again any more. Gettin' rid ob debt is like climbing up a greasy pole, but gettin' into it is like slidin' down de same. De easiest thing in de world an' mighty pleasant too. De ole Adam within you, po' weak soul, feels de want ob dis or dat comfort or what he calls necessities, but you haven't de stamps just den. Maybe it's something to eat, or to wear, or a house fo' to live in, or a subscription fo' de new church, or you borrow to extend yo' business, all very good in dere way if you kin pay fo' dem. But you can't; an' de old man keeps moanin', an' yo' has a mighty dou ob pity fo' yourself, an' you hab a fair income, an' de prospects are good, an' everybody is so accomodatin', an' so willin' to wait fo' de balance, dat you wilt under all dis sunshine, you am like de rat dat keeps smellin' de cheese in de trap, till he forgets all about de spring; and in a moment ob weakness you take de ole man on your shoulder, an' straightway you am a gone coon. De moment a man takes de future on trust, his prospects vanish, he gets out ob work, dere am a change

ob government, he gets sick, or de wife hab triplets, or his customers don't pay up, an' den de ole man gets lumpy, an' gibs him a prod now an' den kase his step ain't so springy, an' den dere comes a daily knoekin' at de do'. "Am dat you, Sam?" "No, it am de bill." "Well, I hain't got de money, so you can't come in." An' so on, et cetera, *ad repealatrandum*, as de purfessor would say. Just about dis time you come across a piece in de paper dat says, "De happiest man in de world is he who, when a knock comes to de do', can tip up his heels on de table, throw back his head and, conscious of owing no man, can sound the fearless clarion cry, "Come in!" Golly! how you envy dat ar man! an' you den an' dere register a solemn oath dat if you am spared in health an' strength to get rid ob dat old inky-bus dat am keepin' your nose to de grindstone all dese years, may the old debbil fly out of sight with you once an' forever, if you eber get into de clutches of debt again. S'help you Jerusalem! Tell you what, sah! its something terrible, de struggles ob a man wid de monster Debt on his back. He may as well try to run a race with a necklace of mill-stones round his neck, as try to get along any way at all. He is de Ishmael ob society, his hand is against every man, and every man's hand against him, and as dere am neber a good shower dese days but a possession of water carts is sure to follow, so every thing comes together to the man who is in debt; kase why? his arm am paralyzed, an' his back broke, an' his legs ready to gib out with the intolable burden he totes along, an' he am discouraged when he sees de swindler an' de criminal get mo' mercy from de crowd (an de man who is unfortunate enough to hab de ole man ob de sea on his back, 'Course all dis time I see understood to be speakin' ob de honest debtor. De dishonest man who takes de ol' man on his back a purpose, makes no bones about it, he doan hab no sich melancholy experiences. He stands straight up all de same, it don't hurt him any, an' where de honest man goes stoopin' an' staggerin' along with shame on his face, an' a burnin' pain in his heart, swearin' like de bery debbil at his own helplessness, an' only supported by his own integrity ob purpose, to sooner or later annihilate de monster an' become once more a free man; de dishonest beggar, when de ole man kicks, just squats down in his tracks, an' says, "dig away ole man, if you kin stand it I kin," an' dere he sits, and dere he rots. An' yet fo' de Lawd, as far as I can see, dat man am mo' respected by dis heah institution dey call society, dan de man who denies himself all he might enjoy in order to accomplish his grand aim, freedom from Debt. Now I knows bery well what you's laughing at. You is sayin' to yo'-self, dat ar niggah hab been dar. Ahem! Dat's so!

JAY K. WASHINGTON WHITE.

THE SENATE.

We have good authority for stating that there is not the least foundation for the report that D. Sheppard (commonly called among his friends "Doc Sheppard") has been offered a Senatorship by Sir John Macdonald.

It is needless therefore to contradict the statement that the honor was declined in consequence of the recent appointment of Mr. O'Donohue to the Senate.

The report must have originated with some malicious Grit who is obstinately blind to the merits of the high principled, cultured, and eminently loyal gentleman who has recently been added to the Senate.

"There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip." Quite true, but it is just as true that putting the cup to the lip is the cause of many a slip.

THE NORTH POLE'S REVENGE.

(An extremely long metered version of a pertinent fact or two bearing upon Arctic explorations.)

The Pole expeditions have caused the globe's axis its former position to shift, and sent the once firm-rooted flag-staff of winter and darkness adrift! So Poles have been shy of the Russian inquiries, historians say, Avoiding Siberian mines, with the Czar and the devil to pay. The pole can't be found, that's a fact the more evident, obvious and clear, As from expeditions in search of it always the statement we hear; Beyond Norway's pineland there grows neither tree nor substantial shrub, (All, ages ago, pined away) for to stick as a peg in the (hub). Thus, further on North, he must needs be a very dull confident soul Who looks at the ninetieth degree for a flag-staff or even a Pole (The Poles were cut up and divided as long as a century ago, By Austria, Russia and Prussia, as every school boy must know.) The place of the pole is deserted, yclept, "Arctic region" of yore: The axis ran out, o'erheated and worn at the never-greased bore. As seen in the light of the 16th of April's aurora borealis, Since when, by mad Boreas bored, we can tell what a boreal gale is. The waters have lost their staid level, the river its bank overflows, And man's habitations are swept by cyclones when old Boreas blows. The ice-bergs of pole-land and Greenland's dread glaciers, vast ice-fields, high steeped, With numberless sea-dogs—and ice-bears and walrussees peopled, Are decking the ocean, and earnestly bent on a tropical move, Which Arctic migrations the polar environs untenable prove. If bound for the Mediterranean lands, the old classical soil, These Normen might kindly therein a most serious and sanguine turmoil; And many a Spaniard, Italian, a Turk, or a Klepht of new Greece May look for a bite, or a hurt, or a squeeze, or a scratch in his fleese. Those birdings of prey with two heads and with beaks most rapacious, Who swallowed the Poles and the Jews in their stomachs, so wondrous capacious, Will find to their sorrow that preying on nations will nevermore pay. And rush into annihilation in utter despair and dismay. The people aroused, while protecting themselves from some more deprivation, Will send them to Greenland's congenial climate for 'cool contemplation, Thus rid ding their countries of every ruinous, useless contrition, The nations will crown their good work by a great Monopole-expedition.

C. P.



DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

The Robinsons, having determined to act upon the *Globe's* suggestion—that while the price of butcher's meat is so high, prudent families should endeavor to get all the sustenance they can from the inferior cuts—determine to test the stimulating qualities of a horn.