



### "THE GLOBE" AND "THE MAIL."

A CONDENSED ACCOUNT OF OUR TWO LEADING ORGANS.

#### A DISMAL TALE

OF WOE, AND LOVE, AND MITERIE.

In the evening gloam I loved to roam beneath the leafy shades  
Of the forest trees so dark and cool: 'twas there I met  
my Fate,  
In the form of an airy feminine fairy in those darksome  
wooded glades,  
And my heart went out toward her, as I'm about to  
state.

And oh! she was fair to see,  
So shapely, slender and tall,  
And the delicate grace of her beautiful face  
Held my smitten heart in thrall.

Day after day as I went my way, I met her and passed  
her by,  
I dared not speak, for I knew her not, tho' Cupid's dart  
had sped;

Aye, his quivering dart had pierced my heart, and I could  
but look and sigh,  
As "she walked in beauty like the Night" with grace-  
ful, lightsome tread.

She walked for exercise,  
For the selfsame reason I,  
But I durst not speak though I felt my cheek  
Grow red as she passed me by.

So time flew on and well nigh gone were the glorious sum-  
mer days,  
And still I'd never spoken, though with love my heart  
was laden,  
And every day I would fondly say, "I will mend my  
bashful ways,  
And will tell the love that is in my heart to this most  
bewitching maiden."

But when once more we met,  
I had not the courage to stoop,  
For that courage high oozed out with a sigh,  
And my heart sank down with a FLOW

But at length one day as I took my way through the wood  
where I met my love,  
The fate seemed more propitious, for, before me on the  
grass,

On the greensward soft where we met so oft lay a dainty  
little glove,  
In the very spot where she always walked and I'd daily  
seen her pass.

With a bound I secured my prize,  
And kissed its finger tips,  
And I poured my love on that delicate glove  
As I held it to my lips.

Three days, I pressed to my burning breast that scented,  
perfumed thing,  
And at night, beneath my pillow I placed it as I slept;  
That glove my plea to speak shall be," I said, low mut-  
tering,

And on the fourth day's morning to the forest glades I  
crept.

And I saw her drawing near,  
And I bowed as we came abreast,  
And I hotly flushed as the maiden blushed,  
For my heart refused to rest.

With many a pause I pled my cause and told what I had  
found,  
And begged her to allow me to render her again  
Her dainty glove. I spoke of love; she smiled as she  
half turned round,

Half hiding those fair features which had overthrown  
my brain.

Then she spoke in accents sweet,  
So gravely and sedately,  
"I will take it, sir, to my aunt, to her  
It belongs, and she lost it lately."

Her aunt! that shady old maiden lady, I had seen with  
her sometimes;

Oh! heavens! I felt a weakness and a trembling at the  
knees;

Her aunt! oh! hard was the fate of the bard who writes  
these jingling rhymes,  
She took the vile old hideous glove and vanished thro'  
the trees.

As for me, I weep and moan,  
And I mourn my lost, lost love;  
And I think of the waste of the kisses I'd placed  
On her maiden aunt's old glove.

#### LATEST FROM RUSSIA.

A SHORT DRAMA.

Czar discovered sitting gloomy and morose  
in his bomb-proof suit, in his chamber.

"Ha! the fateful day draws near. I wish  
it was over. Oh! for the twenty eigh—"

(Terrific explosion heard in next room.)

"Heavings alive. Great sakes! what's that?  
Oh! how I shake and quiver, but methinks  
'twere best to know the worst, so I will 'een  
peep in and see what damage is done."

He cautiously creeps out and peers through  
the crack of the door. His most faithful at-  
tendant lies stretched upon the floor in the  
last agonies of death.

CZAR—"What do I behold? Chawmilugsoff  
gone! Oh! woe, oh! misery. What ho! there,  
Wienanwiski. Sucezipoff, Come hither to  
wont."

(Two generals enter running.)

CZAR—"See what the fiends have done?  
blown up my faithful Chawmilugsoff."

(The generals stoop over the prostrate man  
and then exclaim spontaneously):—

"I see, I see what 'tis. Lord Dufferin has  
lent his copy of GRIP to this poor fellow, and  
he has exploded in laughing at the jokes there-  
in contained. This accounts for the noise your  
majesty heard."

(All retire much relieved.)

A MAN overboard.—Ourself, by spring poets  
—Baltimore Every Saturday.

It is feared that the Brooklyn bridge will be  
a failure because the footpath is in the middle,  
and the American citizen is thus deprived of  
the pleasure of leaning over the outer railing  
and spitting on the ferryboat.

#### REMARKS ON PHRENOLOGY.

Right here and now we wish to put our foot  
down on these scientists who are going round  
endeavoring to scare us and other imaginative  
intellects into lunatic asylums, and premature  
sepulchres. Before us lies a work on phreno-  
logy, the frontispiece of which is a human  
head, the hair and skin having apparently not  
come back with the week's washing at the time  
when its owner sat for his picture, and the  
osseous formation which we have always been  
under the impression protected our brain from  
the prying inquisitiveness of peering world-  
lings being, as we suppose, temporarily mis-  
laid. We object, and refuse to believe that  
we are carrying round with us in our daily  
labor of enlightening the world, any such pic-  
ture gallery as this phrenological work en-  
deavors to convince us we are. How were  
those pictures placed on our brain without our  
knowledge, and what do these scientific gor-  
illas mean by springing such things on us at  
our time of life? Of what use, again, are  
these works of art, shut up between the pari-  
etal, frontal and occipital bones of our cranium?  
We should not feel so indignant as we do, if,  
conceding that these pictures really are to be  
found on our cerebral convolutions, we could,  
in our moments of relaxation and idleness,  
take our head off our shoulders and contem-  
plate the engravings, with a view to obtaining  
amusement or instruction, but we really fail to  
see what good end is obtained by a man wan-  
dering about with his brain beplastered with  
cuts and engravings like a screen in the child-  
ren's ward of a hospital, or a dead wall ex-  
tensively patronized by bill-stickers, and un-  
able to view these same embellishments with-  
out first removing the bones and other opaque  
matter which so jealously guard this fresco  
work from the eye of the owner of the brain  
on which these scientists endeavor to convince  
us that the said embellishments exist. Can  
we say more? We think not, unless it be to  
explain that the charts to which we refer are  
those which any observant eye may "spot"  
in almost any bookstore.

If you want to see a man indulge in the  
maizey dance, tread on his pet corn.—*Ec.*



SIX O'CLOCK, A.M.

SCENE.—Garner House, Chatham. (Fact.)

HOTEL PORTER.—(Arriving at 115 in re-  
sponse to the bell.)—Are you the gentleman  
that rung for me to wake yez to catch the  
train?