

A LAW STUDENT'S SONG.

Written after seeing Chief Justice Draper at the Assizes.

A Judge's chair! a Judge's chair!
The devil take me, if I should care,
To be seated in it.
From nine in the morn' (till six at night,
He sits and hears them growl and fight,
Who 're paid for doing it.

And after six, instead of "hum,"
He hungry sits attending some
Dozen yawning clerks,
Who at that hour expectant wait,
With papers there, eager to state
Their case, with bows and smirks.

Fine times, folks say, the judges have,
A better life, I'm sure I crave,
Though I'm a careless student.
For he who spends in this sad way,
Judge as he is, the live-long day,
Will very soon repeat.

Thinking on this, who will desire
To leave the desk and get up higher
In the mysteries of the law.
More got for thanks, and work to do,
More than enough to murder two,
And then the pay's no more.

A chamber judge! a chamber judge!
The obvious barrister may grudge,
But I'm less greedy;
Rather than burn life to the socket,
I'd still attend the Queen's Bench Docket,
Though I look sassy.

Who will, may waste life's feeble taper,
In toil and glory with Judge Draper,
Upon that lofty seat;
A quiet life, cigars and ease,
My unambitious will please,
Till death I meet.

[Here the student faltered.]

THE ENGLISH ELEVEN KNOCKED.

Reversing the old description "Jack of all trades, and master of none," our American friends have come to the conclusion that those who are Jacks of one trade must be masters of all. A variety of challenges have been sent to the English cricketers, to play all conceivable games, and all inconceivable antics. Mr. Parr—the captain of the Eleven—has very kindly sent as a few out of the many letters he has received, of this character. It will be observed that, with that versatility which is a well known characteristic of the American people, the challengers go into all possible subjects for rivalry. The Philadelphia base-ballites are quite thrown in the shade by some of these doughty champions of American superiority:—

Prig's Den, Five Points, N. Y.

Dear Sir,—Being as you may observe from the directions a Society of cute uns which are established in New York City, we begs to challenge ye to a trial of pickpocketing; we backs for \$1000, five of our swells agen you eleven—you to be on one side of Broadway, we on the other. Four hours picking pockets, Mayor Tiemann to be umpire and no goug-ing.

Yours and so on,

JEMMY TWITCHER.

To Mr. Parr, Esquire.

VanBurenburg, N. Y.

Dear Parr,—School ma'm says that you ain't no good if we 'Merican gals tried you at a game. We believe, and no chors about it, neither. Which, being the case, we challenge you to have a game at the skipping rope or hop-cotch as you like, and by scizzors we'll show you what Yankee gals are made on.

Yours,

SALLY SCRAGGISH.

To Ole Parr, &c.

Cocktail City, Mo.

October 1st, 1859.

Sirree to you,—

You think you're the very devil to play, don't you? Well now the Swigginton Club have concluded to put you on your grit. These presents therefore air to inform you that We Us & Co., is up far a reg'lar pitch-in at Brandy Jupels. If you drink more within half an hour these eleven of us we'll give you \$500 and vief vorey.

Yours in liquor,

SAM SWIPES.

Taranto, October 6th.

Dear Sir,

As bein' a pupil of professor Stainer the aireynaut, I makes bold to throw down the gawlet as a ballonist to the English 'leven for to sale against us for a thousand dollars. Them as gits drowned first to win the mach, wich I will boet u in as shoore as mi name it is

BOB MOODIE.

Jarsey Flats,

October 9th.

Sir to you,—We the united and associated society of venerable clam diggers, makes bold to speak with you. You appear to think you're some punkins, but we'll show you, you be noib'g of the sort, I backs my men against you for clam digging, for 50 cents a side. For further prutiklers apply to the Clipper office.

Yours, and setery,

JIM BIVALVE.

Taranto, Oct. 4.

To the English Elivin,—Gentlemen,—

If yeas will jist be kind enough to thrail the ind of your coat round Taranto, yeas 'ill find elivin boys from the auld sod will thread on it for a game of fut ball, we whacked all the English that live here, and we're blue mowldin to have a scratch with a few immigrants.

Yours, ma bouchals,

TIDDY MULLOWNEY.

Secretary.

P. S.—The convaniences from punishin whiekey is as good I'll be bound as any in Ameriky.

Ma braw cheils,—

Nae doot but ye're unco smairt folk doon amang he Yawkeys but ma broeks we's up to ye the day in Cabanadah. Jist cease yer blethering, an ef we canna leave ye aint us at tossing the cawber, I's no the maun my father was afore me. Send a scrawl to Tom Sellar the Sacratary of the Committee an a hunder dollar 'd be plauked in a twinkle.

Yere's for a lairk,

SAWNEY.

Amo'gst many others sent us by Mr. Parr, we have challenges from Sidney Smith for an examination in English grammar, one from Henry Smith to a contest for the championship in snarling, and to cap the climax, one from Petah to dress for a prize, to be given to the most effeminate specimen of peg-topped and scented male biped. We bet on Petah.

FAREWELL

TO

21 Northheimer's Buildings.

Delightfully-situated rooms, fare thee well; not a last farewell. We will meet again. We will meet when the Grits shall have all gone to smash, and when the poetry has been eternally knocked out of the corruptionists. We will once more be happy in the company of each other, when Sidney Smith is roasting in everlasting purgatorial fires, and the postage tax has been kicked to fathomless perdition.

In at that creaky door have passed many strange characters in our day. Out at that broken window have passed we won't say how many stranger characters. 'Twas here the great Ministers of State used to congregate to hear their fate and the fate of the Province. 'Twas up those stairs a hulking vagabond once came to beat us; 'twas down those stairs he went in a trice, hatless and head-foremost. 'Twas on that sofa dear Kate used to sit and illumine for a while our sanctum with angelic graces. Dear Kate, here's your very good health in the last glass of the last dozen of ale sent us by the last sensible man in town, on tick, and drank out of the last whole tumbler in the sanctum, as a last resource to make us jolly.

Dear old associations, good-bye for the present. Thou well-worn* duddbeen, let us give thee a last embrace. Thou dear old black jack, let us kiss thy cold lips once more. Thou basket, once well stocked with sparkling champagne—now stuffed with a thousand nondescript materials from torn letters down to worn out boots and neckless bottles, let us give thee a parting kick. And thou comfortable old arm-chair—worthy to be sung of by latest generations, in whose cosy embrace we have slept off many a headache and dreamed many a bright dream, to say nothing of the millions of bright ideas we have put upon paper while reclining in thee—fare thee well too. 'Tis melancholy to think of the vile uses to which you yet may come. Like the resurrectionised mummies of the ancient Egyptians, you may yet warm some shop-keepers coffee!

Dreadful thought. No, by Heavens, a more noble fate shall be thine, take thy death wound from the hand that loves thee, and do as little damage as you can in your hasty passage down to the street. Don't mind putting your foot through that window pane; the room is about to be given up, and 'twould be a pity to let that solitary pane bloom alone. What! somebody's head broken! Pedestrians are so careless. A row! a policeman coming, is it? Well, it is time to say good-bye. Off we go to Merrimache!

Measure for Measure.

—When a man says he is "in a measure unprepared," does he mean that he is under a bushel? or, is he involved in a great point [pint]?