



THE BISHOP "IN A HAT."

'Twas surely an unhappy day, I trow,
That placed the mitre on my harass'd brow;
For never since, on this, my lofty throne,
Have I one hour of peaceful leisure known:
And what annoys me most, 'tis my own fault
In flinging that erratic somersault,
When I deserted, in an evil hour,
The very men who placed myself in power.
They say I even broke my pledged word
(Implicit faith in Bishop's really too absurd)
When I, so foolishly, essayed to rule
Blake—Howland's P. E. D. (confound it!) school,
I burnt my hands,

And now I've made a slip
With this exasperating Rectorship;
Carmichael's, so they say, too high in tone,
Pearson would quite imperil Sweatman's throne.

And, sounding loud, I hear St. Peter's voice,
"Nobody here will cross the People's choice."
E'en Sullivan, it seems, prefers to stand
Head bottle-washer in Algoma's Land.

But two are left, Kainsford, the people's man,
And Baldwin pining (?) 'neath his Bishop's ban,
Which of the latter couple shall it be?
(Though neither course commends itself to me)
Of those two evils I, (or I'm undone)
Shall certainly accept the lesser one.
Which is the lesser? That's what bothers me,
There's not a pin to choose 'twixt R. & B.
I give it up. 'Tis too abstruse a theme,
And INDECISION reigns once more supreme;
Yes wavering indecision, friends! and that
Is what has placed me in this wretched hat.

PORCUPINE.

Our Irishman Heard From.

(Concluded from last week)

ERINGOBRAUGH TERRACE,
May 15th, 1882.

"A splendid idea," says I, "it's bright an' early I'll be up in the mornin', an' nobody 'll be the wiser." Wid that she fowlds up a quilt, an' we goes down shtairs, an' she shpreads it on top av the pianny, and throwin' me a blanket, she says, "good night, an' take care av the lamp." Sure I laughed to meself whin I luk't at me musical couch, but I stript, an' wid the aid av a chair I blew out the light an' got on top av the pianny. The bed was hard, but musha! what beautiful dhramas! I was in grate shpirits over the purchase av me beautiful lots, an' to-morrow mornin' I was to pay the money cash down, an' thinkin' av all this I fell ashlaps. I thought it was 1889, in the month av June, an' I had sowld all me town lots for twenty-sivin times more than I paid for them, an' Misthress O'Hea an' me son Timothy an' meself were livin' in grate shtyle in the city av Gladstone, an' lived on turtle soup, made in a pot on top av Turtle mountain. I had been lord-mayor av Gladstone for three years successively, an' at the present time had just been elected to represent the city in the House av Commons at Ottawa. I was a fther bein' carried shoulder high in a palinquin, with brooms stuck at the four corners thereof, an' Grip floppin' his wings an' deliverin' a spread-eagle oration to the electors, from the top. Sure I heard the population av the grate city av Gladstone, shoutin' an' hoorayin' all night through, an' the distant music came floatin' up the shreet' "Soft an' sweet as in the days of yore." Thin

the uproar an' the noise got worse, an' I thought they were havin' a row wid the defeated party, an' I was meditatin' on quietin' them down wid a calm, moderate speech, whin there cum a bangin' an' thudin' agin the wall, a smashin' av glass, the splashin av oars, an' loud laughter that woke me up intirely. Mother av Moses! there is no pen in the mortal univarse can depict me emotions as I sat up feelin' a kind of saysick, an' found five feet av wather all round me, the pianny softly sailin' round the room with meself on top av it, an' a dozen or so av gossons on a raft, grinnin' from ear to ear, an' biddin' me "good mornin', Paddy!" "Say Noah, that's a swell ark you've got there," an' a grate many remarks av the same character. "For the love av the saints," says I to meself, "where on earth is me pants?" but nary a pant could I see, only a black, waterlogged mass floatin' half under wather, an' me hat swirlin' softly beyant. Me condition, Misther Grip, was pitiable in the esthrame. Well, they tuk out the big window frame, an' lassoin' the pianny wid a clothes line they towed me out into the shtrate, amid the vocayferous cheers av the crowd, an' the roarin' an' laffin' av ivry kind av people luckin' down from the top windows on the flood below. They towed me, sur, for about two blocks, till I could shtand it no longer, an' throwin' resignation to the winds, I bowldly slid overboard an' swam back to me boardin' house. It was me money I was a fther, me money in the stockin' in me pant's pocket, but wisha, bad luck to the thavin' vagabonds, the sorra a pants was there, only a darkie in a canoe, an' he paddled away as fast as he could. It's desherpate I was thin, Misther Grip, an' knockin' down the shtove pipes, I shouts up

through the hole "Misthress O'Mega!" "For the love o' God, Misther O'Hea, what is it?" says she down. "Will yez go to me thrunk," sez I, "an' get me me best bombazine summer pants an' vest, yez'll find them rowled up in me linen dushter in the bottom av the thrunk." So away she goes, an' comin' back she says down the hole, "there's nary a pants an' vest there," she says, "only yer wife's gown pinned up in the ulster." "Thradgedy on thradgedy," sez I, "sure it's Nora's Sunday gown I've packed in me thrunk by mistake. No matter," sez I, "hand it down, an' as soon as I got howld av it I mounts on on top av the bos stove, an' on this shmall Ararat I began to array meself in faymale attire. Its shiverin' I was whin I began, but it's at fay-ver late meself arrived before I got inside av that gown. Firsh I shpread it out, an' had got me head half way up the tail av it, whin about two feet av the shkin av me back was ripped up intirely wid wan ov thim pins that wimmin always have around them somewhere, an' whin I began luckin' round to see what ivor was tarin' me shkin like that, sure me unfortunat head got entangled in a labyrinth av strings an' pull backs. The more I shtuggled the worse I got, till I raley thought I had escaped dhrownin' to suffer death be strangulation. Me mind was made up howiver, not to commit suicide agin' me will, so wid wan wrench I set myself free wid a great tear. Thin I cum to the sleeves— an' sure I pushed an' pulled, an' sweated an' swore, till ivry stitch in the gown went crick-crack, an' me bare showlder blades weresthickin' out at the seams, but it's kivered up someway, I was determined to be, so I stowed meself into it, wan way or other, an' a fther me linen dushter was buttoned on top, raley meself didn't luck so bad a fther all. Howsomediver, on the top av me Ararat I had to shtand, till, behowid ye, who should come along but yer own agent in Winnipeg. How he tuk me aboard, an' tuk me home to his own house, an' restored me to me original sox, how he put me into his own bed, how I dhamed av singin' sheeps' heads all night, how I wakened up wid de cry of fire, an' got ivry hair av me head singed off escapin' through the fire, how I arrived home in Toranty a sadder an' a wiser man, would take me a week to write it all out in detail. Howivir, a fther me hair an' whiskers growa bit, I'll maybe a fther tellin' yez the reception I got from Nora, an' how myself explained about her gown bein' all ripped up. Till thin farewell.

From yours ivirmore,

BARNBY O'HEA.

Sympathy.

Whene'er I see a boy in tears—
Some little erring elf,
I always think of former years,
And what I was myself.

And such reflections grieve me much
At these recurrent times;
In fact I'm quite appalled at such
A list of early crimes.

I mourn each juvenile excess,
And think I must have had
The "bump" they call "destructiveness,"
Developed very bad:

I caught a fly one autumn day,
I think my age was nine;
I put him in a spider's way,
And watched that spider dine.

I think I robbed a neighbor's trees,
And pelted homeless dogs;
I know I hunted bumble-bees,
And swallowed minute frogs.

I'm sure our dear old patient nurse,
The kindest of dames,
I did not absolutely curse,
But called her awful names.

And I was seldom well-behaved,
But mostly acted thus,
And must have been, if not depraved,
A wicked little "cuss."

So I can always sympathize
When some young acamp annoys,
Because I was, for age and size,
The very worst of boys.

R. C.