



A POETIC APPEAL.

HE—"Arabella, dear, you are so sylph-like that the slightest wind of adversity would carry you away. Will you not anchor for life to my two hundred and fifteen pounds?"

A PARALLEL.

HAST noted the resemblance great  
Between two things known well,  
The ways of busy man of state,  
And of blushing ball-room belle?

For first, that she may show her skill  
In motions one or more,  
Some friend will introduce a "Bill"  
And then she takes the floor.

On pairing off each two seem bent,  
Then a recess they try;  
Or form themselves with one consent  
Committee on Supply.

The matter's laid upon the table  
In turn are taken up,  
A party system's always able  
To drain the public cup.

And yet there's one resemblance more—  
Alas the times are lax—  
The scene outside the lobby door,  
The countless party hacks.

B.M.J.

MOONEY AT THE CONVENTION.



EARLY in the afternoon the convention of delegates met to choose a fit and proper person, etc., etc., had settled down to its work.

Among the delegates were Mr. Mooney and Mr. Juvenal—fellow-countrymen, with a love for unstudied public debate, but none for each other. Mr. Juvenal was a self-taught classic; Mr. Mooney lacked there, but made up for it in other respects.

"Misther Chairman an' fellah diligates!" suddenly shouted Mr. Mooney, rising to his feet in the midst of a

recount of ballots, "I want to shpake on a p'int av ordher. I would like to know —."

Cries of "sit down! Wait awhile!"

"Begorrah, I have been waitin' till I can wait no more! I want to know —."

Angry remonstrances such as: "Shut up! Put him out!"

"Divil a bit o'ye'll put me out, say I. D'ye hear that? I'll have me say av I die for it! It's important too, so it is. Will ye inforrum me —"

But the speaker's voice was drowned with yells of: "Call the police! Turn the hose on him! It's whiskey he wants!"

The chairman raised a hand in deprecatory gesture, and Mr. Mooney seized the opportunity to hastily and shrilly enquire: "Is this Conventin packed?"

Instantly there was attention on all sides.

"I repate the quistion wid imphasis," went on the excited orator, mounting the bench and brandishing his arms: "IS THIS CONVINTION A PACKED CONVINTION?"

There was a moment's silence, and then Mr. Juvenal's hearty voice rang out, as the owner mounted his bench; "Beggin' pardon, Misther Prisidint, but av the enquirer will allow me to answer him, I would gintly but firrily assure him that this is not a packed Conventin, but a picked Conventin! [Loud laughter.] An' I would further add the will-known quotation: *Honi soi qui mal y pense*, avil be till him that thinks it! Will the gintleman plaze put that in his pipe an' shmoke it?" [Louder laughter—renewed and prolonged at Mr. Mooney's evident discomfiture.]

Finally Mr. Mooney got another chance, or probably he would have fallen over in a fit:—

"It's t' the chairman I'm addressin' mesilf," he hoarsely yelled; "not to an ill-bred jackanapes wid his scrawny crop full of haythenish jabber, an' his head full av—av—av room!"

[This scored one for Mooney in applause and laughter.]

"An', Misther Chairman, av the puzzlemug omadhaun 'll only give me wan chance —"

"What reason have you for asking whether this meetin is a fair and proper one?" quietly interposed the President.

"That blackguard is the source av me mistrust"—pointing at Juvenal.

"Indeed! How so?"

"As shure as I'm atop av this binch an' hope to sit down agin on it alive, I heard him whisperin' to me frind here on me left—I dunno phwat his name might be —"

"The gentleman is Colonel McGlue," intimated the President.

"An' I dishtinctly med out the words, 'packed Conventin.' Thim's the words, gintlemin all, an' I lave you to dale wid the matter an' mate out phwat's jew to the offenders. Av the biggest thrickster in the lot isn't that bald-pated Jackeen who's been thryin' his shmall wit on me, thin I'm mighty far ashtray!"

Col. McGlue looked over at Juvenal, Mr. Juvenal looked over at Col. McGlue, and the presiding officer gazed enquiringly at both of them.

Finally up rose the gallant militiaman, and laughingly said: "I remember, in talking with my brother delegate over yonder, that he employed, among other elegant and scholarly phrases, the Latin term, '*pacta conventa*,' referring to the customary understanding or agreement as to the voting and mode of conducting proceedings of nomination generally. Perhaps that is —"

"*Quod erat demonstrandum!*" broke in the classic himself, amidst roars of laughter, at the same moment hurrying forward and mounting the platform. "I'll tell