

A Doggerel Ditty.

I.

Oh, a hunter's roving life so free,
A hunter's simple joys for me,
So a-hunting I will go!
Though others chase the antlered stag,
And the trackless forest beat,
My quarry's the dog without the tag,
My hunting-grounds the street.

Chorus—So a-hunting I'll go yet,
Through mud and puddle and mire,
Hurrah for the pole and net,
And Hurrah for my "Black Maria!"

II.

Some sport with the deadly rifle yet,
But I prefer the big "bag-net,"
And a-hunting I will go.
My heart throbs when I see the hound
Whose collar says "You may;"
Down from my lofty perch I bound
To catch my lawful prey!

Chorus—And a-hunting I'll go yet, &c.

III.

And then! oh then the sport begins,
The people stand with widening grins,
But a-hunting still I go;
Oh, how the rabble shout and cheer,
That the best of the two may win,
But soon the final issue's clear,
For I cleverly rope him in.

Chorus—So a-hunting I'll go yet, &c.

IV.

And this forsooth is a lady's pet,
I tangle him up in wide meshed net,
And a hunting still I go:
And next I collar a bank-clerk's pup,
Am I not a happy man?
With my trusty ladle I scoop him up,
And chuck him into the van!

Chorus—So a-hunting I'll go yet, &c.

V.

And thus I range from street to street,
Bagging the checkless curs I meet,
And a-hurting still I'll go;
For the city fathers are good and wise,
And for each a quarter give;
May Heaven long bless their paternal eyes,
Long may their Honors live!

Chorus—And a-hunting I'll go yet, &c.

VI.

But none can say that a hunter's life
Is free from care or void of strife,
Though a-hunting still I'll go!
But never a curse nor bite I fear,
Or whack from a bank-clerk's stick,
As I scour the town with my hunting gear,
For a hunter's skin is thick!

Chorus—So a-hunting I'll go yet, &c.

VII.

And my mates and I fore the fire of nights,
Tell o'er our tales and compare our bites,
And to hunt in the morn we'll go!
My slumbers too are as sweet and mild,
When my daily hunt is done,
As the rosebud sleep of a sinless child,
And I wake with the dawning sun!—

Chorus—To hunt again you bet,
Through mud and puddle and mire,
Hurrah for the pole and net,
And Hurrah for my "Black Maria."

Cablegrams and Editors.

ON Monday the ocean cable brought the alarming intelligence that POPE PIUS IX. had expired at Rome. The editor of the *Globe* read, gasped, smiled and rushed off for that three column obituary editorial on His Holiness, which had been stowed away in a drawer for many a day, awaiting this auspicious moment to give it resurrection. He sought agoniz-

ingly but he found not. The "devil" had used the manuscript to light a fire long, long ago, for the little rascal said in his heart—"the Pope will never die, and my master will long have kicked the milk-pail before he will find this trash available," and it was burned. Meanwhile the editor's triumphant smile changed to ghastly blankness. Then he came to realize his situation and swore lustily, for his great effort to be enterprising burst like a bubble—his many days pouring over the encyclopedia proved vain, wasted labor. "By Saint Pasterandsheaus! an enemy hath done this!" he yelled, and glared and prepared to dissect somebody.

"Nother telegram," announced the telegraph messenger, and the editor clutched the missive, and read a cablegram which said, "Rome. Latest. The Pope is in a sinking condition."

An angel smile lit up the face of the organ-grinder. "Ah," said he, "the old man is not gone yet; I may yet be spared the humiliation of seeing others obitularize him ahead of me."

Fifteen minutes later another "telegram" was handed in by the youthful telegraph swell. It said:—"By Atlantic Cable.—The Pope is ill." "Ah, yes, yes," murmured the man of ink, "Richard—ah—Pious is himself again! So has he been for many a year. I am safe."

Half an hour later, as the editor was just giving a finishing touch to an article on "The Sinfulness of Lying—at Political Pic-Nics or by Cable," still another missive made its appearance. This time it was, "The Pope is not ill." "This looks doubtful," murmured the editor. "Ordinary it would mean, translated from Italian into English, 'The Pope is ill,' but I will run a lottery-ticket risk for once and take those stilettoing pagans at their word. The danger is past, and I have plenty of time to rebuild my shaken reputation—and a reputation which would have suffered severely had the time really come for that missing editorial. I wonder who could have stolen it? But never mind, whoever they may have been, my enemies are foiled!"

Up in "High Latitudes."

Scene:—OLYMPUS.

ZEUS:—What is the meaning of this commotion on Earth, HERMES?—For I see a far-stretching country into which men are hurridly pouring from all quarters, but from the South especially: and they appear very anxious about something and are all weighed down with burdens, which, as I perceive, consist of manufactured implements and all other kinds of human contrivances. And some of them, having now reached their destination, do homage and are paying court to the people, who seem very much pleased with the flatterers, not being aware however that they have become a prey for rapacious vultures. And having exchanged their commodities for bars of gold, these strangers are now leaving the country with very exultant countenances. But I am unable to perceive the nature of the country into which they are returning, for the smoke arising from their workshops is too dense for me to see anything. The country however which they have just left is very free from smoke, and I perceive all things very distinctly. Who are those men who inhabit it? They seem very much worried about something.

HERMES:—They are a people, O ZEUS, bestraited with recent doctrines which they have received and in consequence of which they have become divided into two factions, contending with each other for the mastery. Some of them, as you will observe from their earnest solicitations, are very much in love with those flattering strangers, while the rest are imploring that they may be delivered from them. These are—

ZEUS:—But who is that crafty individual, HERMES, very much indeed like POLYMETIS ODYSSEUS in appearance, and around whom is a large crowd of obsequious followers. Not a few, also, are calling loudly on him to come to their aid, so that the rocks far and wide around echo with their beseeching cries. Who does he boast to be?

HERMES:—He is, O ZEUS, a much-abused man, who, having endured the taunts and reproaches of an ungrateful people, is now again much sought after and not a little proudly does he bear himself in consequence. Yonder you will see his rival addressing the multitude. Some of his hearers, as you indeed behold, are loudly applauding the wisdom of his words; but others, becoming apprehensive at his continued friendship for those foreign flatterers, are running off and joining themselves to the increasing ranks of his rival; at which he is not a little discouraged.

ZEUS:—I perceive him, HERMES, and he is indeed somewhat dejected. The eyes of his rival however are glistening with hope, and he appears as if he had but recently obtained some victory. Is it not true, HERMES?

HERMES:—"Tis true, O ZEUS, and—

ZEUS:—It behoves us, HERMES, to withdraw.

Questions in Chemistry.

1. Analyze the investigation now going on in the theatre of the Normal School, and say if *lincture of spite* can be discovered in it.
2. How much more evidence will be required before the accused parties may be said to be *salted*.