



WEFLECTIONS OF THE HON' C. BUFFER.

A stwange fellah it seems to me is—aw—Wobinson of New York. *Appropos* of a wresolution of the Amewican Congress wequesting President Autheh' to demand a list of Amewican citizens imprisoned in English gools, Mr. Wobinson expressed himself in most—aw, widiculously silly mannah, wegawding England. Nothing shawft of laying London in ashes will satisfy Wobinson. He said the Bwitish in o'deh to free some subjects in Abyssinia faucibly weleased the pwisoners, demolished the Abyssinian capital, and killed the King, which he consid'ers a good pwecedent fav the United States to follow now in wegawd to her wrelations with England. Pewsaps Mr. Wobinson would not go to the extent of executing Her Majesty, possibly atfeh wazing London to the gwound and sowing its site with—aw—salt—he might welent. Wobinson says he "asks no more" than two wpoons should be sent ov'eh in sufficient fawce "to take the men out of pwison and lay London in ashes by onah awtillewy,"—ya'as indeed, that's about all Mr. Wobinson wants. Mr. Wobinson likewise explained to his countwy the glawing fact that "Admiwal Pawteh is idle, Genewal Grant is out of the army and wants to get back, and that "Shehman is a pwetty good Genewal." Theahfaw it may be pwesumed that these three hewoes of the wbellion are the fav'ehd ones picked out by Mr. Wobinson to lead the desolating hosts from Amewica to institute the gwreat goal delivewy and destwoy London, "lay it in ashes by onah Awtillewy." Wobinson must be a tewible fellah indeed, to advocate the destruction of such a lawge and—aw—flouwishing town, which would leave about the same numbel of people as are in the whole of the State which has the honah of weturning him as one of its wrepresentatives to Congress—aw—out in the cold. That would be too cwuel, altogethah, and I weally wondah at Wobinson for suggesting such a howible and uncivilized mode of waw-fa'ah. Then again pewsaps it has not oc'ehed to Wobinson that the Bwitish might object to such a pwoceeding on the pawt of Wobinson and his fwinds, and twy by some means to pwevent such a di'ah calamity as the destruction of theah Metwopolis. The'ah own men of wah, fav instance, might be utilized by themto—aw—intehfeah with Wobinson's plans. It is possible that the Bwitish authorities might look with philosophy on the wemoval of the "Amewican Citizens" from the gools, pawticularly if it were gwanted that they—aw—would wmain away. But Wobinson must not be too sanguine as to the—aw,—laying in ashes business—law ye see, people don't like to have theah pwopety destroyed. Wobinson should wreflect that even an Amewican citizen if he mixes himself up in pwactices wegawded as twasonable towards the countwy in which the afaw-said citizen is sojourning must win his chances along with the "wetched subjects of tywany" that he conspiars with. Mr. Wobinson will wrecollect the late Mr. Seward's stowy of the poteny of his "little bell," which during the wbellion he used to wing and consign twee Amewicans, or anyone else for that mattah, to—aw—let us say, Fant La Fayette, or Gov' nel's Island. Wobinson is wight wegawding

Genewal Shehman being a "pwetty good genewal. He was so good that he put the abominawtion of—aw—desolation on the "wbellious" distwicts that he passed through, and he didn't seem to ca'ah a—aw—"continental" for the wights of the gwreat Amewican citizens' fwedom of opinion, but cwushed the unhappy "Sesesh" as if he weah a howid Bwitishoh or a—aw—satwap of some Eastehn despotism. In fact it appeahs to me that the actions of the Bwitish in Iweland, a countwy which just now calls for the gwreat sympathies of Mr. Wobinson, is—aw—widness itself when compawed with those of Shehman in Geoghiah, or Phil Shewedan in the—aw—Shanadoah Valley. Ya'as, Shewidan desolated the—aw—Shanadoah Valley because it affawded a—aw—base of supplies fav the "webels." An Amewican citizen was at a gwreat discont in those days, and had to be much moah pawticular in the tone of his speech than even is wequiped in that much distwessed countwy the "Sistah Isle." Ya'as, on wreflection, I cannot help thinking that Wobinson has made a gwreat ass of himself in talking of mattahs not concewning him, in such a—aw—wviolent mannah. And I—aw—have about the same opinion of Cox of New York, as I have of—aw—Wobinson of New York.

Lying Epitaphs.

BY PORCUPINE.

The parting beams of crimson eventide
Flung golden glory o'er the country-side,
As pensively I passed each narrow bed,
Beneath whose shade repose the silent dead.

'Twas the sweet melancholy sunset hour
When way-worn hearts by a mysterious Power
Are lifted from the world, with gentle hand,
And drawn more closely to the Better Land.

Each marble shaft upraised its lofty crest,
Bathed in the saffron'd splendour of the West,
And when the calm of Even fell around,
It seemed as though the place was hallowed ground.

In truth 'twas more than passing fair, I ween,
As lengthening shadows fell athwart the scene,
And—blending with the sunset's golden dress—
Veiled Evening's thousand-tinted loveliness.

In fancy I could see the falling tear,
The mourning friends, the tomb, the sable bier,
And hear the words of simple faith and trust,
Consigning Earth to Earth, and Dust to Dust.

Whilst gazing on that monumental scene
I thought, how good those sleepers must have been,
How sorrowful their friends at the sad doom
Which marked these loved ones for the silent tomb.

For every epitaph belauded so
The quiet ones who slept in death below,
Whose saintly lives had only been surpassed
By legateses who buried them *at last*.

"What peaceful lives. What loving friends," I said
Unto a white haired man. He shook his head;
And then, I grieve to say, I rather think
I saw that patriarchal stranger wink.

"Oh yes!" he said, "what peaceful, honest lives,
What faithful husbands, oh, what virtuous wives;
What heavenly-minded, fatherly papas;
What tender-hearted, motherly manmmas.

"Don't you believe it, sir," this old man said,
"Not quite so good were these much-flattered dead;
Marked by their absence were the goodly traits
Ascribed to these sweet 'lights of other days.'

"The tombstones here are neither more nor less
Than eulogies on bygone wickedness;
For did one pitch in vales of vice his tent,
The grander here that scoundrel's monument.

"Behold that carving on the tombstone there,
(An angel in the attitude of prayer,
And note those precious lines, which all but say,
'Below, *Perfection* waits the judgment day.

"Perfection? No! A low-lived swindling cheat,
A hideous mass of mercantile deceit,
Who honoured Nature's debt when life decayed,
The only debt the rascal ever paid.

"Here lies another saint, so good! so pure! a true
And charming pupil of La Fontaine, who,
When fears wax'd strong and strength of lust grew faint
Reformed, called in the church, and died a saint.

"And yet this man was one of those old cocks
Whose hearts are harder than the Plymouth Rocks
Where Pilgrim Fathers fell upon their knees,
(N.B. And fell upon the aborigines, Editor's Note.

"Again, read that. 'S'ere't to one, whose life
Was innocoent of all unseemly strife;
For many years he wooed the 'pious' Three,
But most of all he loved sweet Charity.'

"A frigid lover of them all was he.
He must have *sparked* them 'very cautiously,
For e'er he c'en a thought to Hymen gave,
Death stayed the face, and wed him to the grave.

"Oh, I could tell you more than I have said,
About these same departed, vaunted dead,
But falling lew's, and evening's fading light
Warn me that I must go. And so, Good Night."

Astounded by his sneers, he left me there,
Somewhat surprised that one whose reverend air
Would seem to mark the calm Philanthropist,
Should prove a melancholy Fessimist.

But oft his words have passed my mental view,
And oh, if what he said be really true,
Then are those epitaphs which strangers see
But flattered emblems of hypocrisy.

And each of our "God's Acres,"—if 'tis so—
Is nothing save a marble-cutter's show,
And each "Here Lies" the good, the great, the wise,
But upright stones of downright chisell'd Lies.

Cometh Down Like a Shower.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COMETH UP LIKE A FLOWER."

VOL. I.

"What is steam?" was the question propounded by my venerable uncle, the Rev. Silas Sheepshanks. He was a Welsh parson, and had come over on a tour to Toronto, with a view to bringing over next year a colony of Welsh girls as wives for Lord Lorne's Canadian bachelors. "What is steam?" said my uncle, who was giving me a lesson in chemistry. "Oh! seems to me steam is smoke in a perspiration," was my slipant reply, which resulted in my being sent in disgrace to my room on the second story of the Queen's Hotel. I had nothing to read. In the chamber opposite mine I could see, temptingly displayed, the last number of GRIP. An intelligent-looking young man, in the uniform of an officer in the Governor-General's body-guard, was reading it, ripples of laughter and gloams of intense amusement every now and then irradiating his golden-bearded lips. It was not, perhaps, strictly ladylike to write a note requesting the loan of GRIP, to tie it to the kitten's tail, and throw it with a dexterous jerk into the young officer's room. I was soon in delighted possession of GRIP, and many times that afternoon was the kitten flung to and fro with little notes in which we improved each other's acquaintance. Of course we managed to meet often after this. We learned to love each other, the only difficulty being that Captain Carruthers was already engaged to a girl away down in Quebec,—a guy with red hair and eyes like a shot partridge. But true love can loose as well as bind; the former engagement was put away with the broken picrust of affection out of date: we were all in all to each other.

VOL. II.

The girl with the shot partridge eyes had resolved to take a hand in the game. My Rupert had gone to Ottawa. While there I received a parcel of letters in his hand-writing, and addressed to an Ottawa lady famous for the audacity and number of her flirtations with married and engaged men. To her Rupert had written words of ardent affection on the very day that he had last written to me. I tore his image from my heart, and wrote to forbid him my presence. Six months I languished in incipient consumption. Once Rupert passed the window, looking lovely in a new shako; he looked pleadingly at me, but I turned away.

VOL. III.

Rupert was sadly walking home when he saw a former comrade, very shabbily dressed, and