

MR. BARNEY MAGUIRE'S HISTORY OF THE CORONATION.

AIR—"THE GROVES OF BLARNEY."

Och! the Coronation! what celebration
For emulation can with it compare?
When to Westminster the Royal Spinster,
And the Duke of Leinster, all in order did repair!
'Twas there you'd see the New Polishemen
Making a skrimmage at half after four,
And the Lords and Ladies, and the Miss O'Gradys
All standing round, before the Abbey door.

Their pillows scorning, that self-same morning,
Themselves adorning, all by the candle light,
With roses and lilies, and daffy-down-dillies,
And gould, and jewels, and rich diamonds bright.
And then approaches five hundred coaches,
With Giniral Dullbeak,—Och! 'twas mighty fine
To see how ay bould Corporal Casey,
With his swoord drawn, pancing, made them kape the line.

Then the Gun's alarms, and the King of Arums,
All in his Garters and his Clarence shoes,
Opening the masny doors to the bould Ambassydors,
The Prince of Potboys and great Haythen Jews;
'Twould have made you crazy to see Esterhazy.
All Jew'ls from Jasey to his diamond boots,
With Alderman Harmer, and that swate charmer,
The female heires, Miss Anja-ly Coutts.

And Wellington walking with his swoord drawn, talking
To Hill and Hardinge, heroes of great fame;
And Sir De Lacey, and the Duke Dalmasey,
(They call'd him Sowit afore he changed his name.)
Themselves presuding Lord Melbourne lading
The Queen, the darling, to her Royal chair,
And that fine ould fellow, the Duke of Pell-Mello,
The Queen of Portugal's Chargy-de-fair.

Then the Noble Prussians, likewise the Russians,
In fine laced jackets with their goulden cuffs,
And the Bavarians, and the proud Hungarians,
And Everythingarians all in furs and muffs.
Then Mithur Spaker, with Mithur Pays the Quaker,
All in the Gallery you might persave,
But Lord Brougham was missing, and gone a fishing,
Oonly crass Lord Essex would not give him lave.

There was Baron Alten himself exalting,
And Prince Von Swartzenburg, and many more,
Och! I'd be bother'd and entirely smother'd
To tell the half of 'em was to the fore;
With the swate Peeresses, in their crowns and dresses,
And Aldermanesses, and the Board of Works;
But Mehemet Ali said, quite gintaly,
"I'd be proud to see the likes among the Turks!"

Then the Queen, Heaven bless her! och! they did dress her
In her purple garments, and her goulden Crown;
Like Venus or Hebe, or the Queen of Sheby,
With six young Ladies houlding up her gown.
Sure 'twas grand to see her, also for to hear
The big drums bating, and the trumpets blow,
And Sir George Smart! Och! he play'd a Consarto,
With his four-and-twenty fiddlers all on a row!

Then the Lord Archbishop held a goulden dish up,
For to resave her bounty and great wealth,
Saying "Plase your Glory, great Queen Vict-ory!
Ye'll give the Clargy lave to drink your health!"
Then his Riverence, retrating, discorsed the mating,
"Boys! Here's your Queen! deny it if you can!
And if any bould traitour, or infarior craythur
Succes at that, I'd like to see the man!"

Then the Nobles kneeling to the Pow'r's appealing,
"Heaven send your Majesty a glorious reign!"
And Sir Claudius Hunter he did confront her,
All in his scarlet gown and goulden chain.
The great Lord May'r too sat in his chair too,
But mighty serious, looking fit to cry,
For the Earl of Surrey, all in his hurry
Throwing the thirteens, hit him in the eye.

Then there was preaching, and good store of speeching,
With Dukes and Marquises on bended knee;
And they did splash her with the real Macasshur,
And the Queen said, "Oh! then, thank ye all for me!"
Then the trumpets braying, and the organ playing,
And sweet trombones with their silver tones,
But Lord Rolle was rolling;—'twas mighty consoling,
To think his Lordship did not break his bones.

Then the Crames and the Custards, and the Beef and Mustard,
All on the tombstones like a poultherer's shop,
With Lobsters and White-bait, and other Swate-moats,
And Wine, and Nagus, and Imparial Pop!
There was Cakes and Apples in all the Chapels,
With fine Polonies, and rich mellow Pears,
Och! the Count Von Strogonoff, sure he got prog enough,
The sly ould Devil, underneath the stairs.

Then the cannons thunder'd, and the people wonder'd,
Crying, "God save Victoria, our Royal Queen!"
Och! if myself should live to be a hundred,
Sure it's the proudest day that I have seen!
And now I've ended, what I pretended,
This narration splendid in swate poo-try,
So, ye dear bewitcher, just hand the pitcher,
Faith, it's myself that's getting mighty dary

Bestley.

ANECDOTES OF REV. ZABDIEL ADAMS.

He had attended a funeral one afternoon, and was following the corpse, in the rear of the graveyard. All of a sudden the procession came to a stand. After a considerable pause, Mr. Adams got impatient, and walked to the bier to know the cause thereof. The pall-bearers informed him that a sheriff from Leominster had attached the body for debt. This practice was legal at this period. "Attached the body!" exclaimed Mr. A., thumping his cane down with vehemence. "Move on," said he, "and bury the man. I have made a prayer at a funeral, and somebody must be buried. If the sheriff objects, take him up and bury him." The bier was raised without delay, the procession moved on, and the sheriff thought best to molest them no further, or in vulgar parlance, made himself scarce. A parishioner brought a child to him to be baptized. The old parson leaned forward and asked him the name. "Ichabod," says he. Now Mr. A. had a strong prejudice against this name. "Poh, poh," says he, "John, you mean. John, I baptize thee in the name," etc. One Sabbath afternoon, his people were expecting a stranger to preach, whom they were all anxious to hear, and a much more numerous congregation than usual had assembled. The stranger did not come, and of course the people were disappointed. Mr. Adams found himself obliged to officiate, and in the course of his devotional exercise he spoke to this effect: "We beseech thee, O Lord, for this people, who have come up with itching ears to the Sanctuary, that their severe affliction may be sanctified to them for their moral and spiritual good, and that the humble efforts of thy servant may be made, through thy grace, in some measure effectual to their edification," etc.

A parishioner, one of those who did not sit down and count the cost, undertook to build a house, and invited his friends and neighbours to have a frolic with him in digging the cellar. After the work was finished, Mr. Adams happened to be passing by, and stopping, addressed him thus: "Mr. Ritter, you have had a frolic, and digged your cellar. You had better have another frolic and fill it up again." Had he heeded the old man's advice he would have escaped the misery of pursuit from hungry creditors, and the necessity of resort to a more humble dwelling.

A neighbouring minister—a mild inoffensive man—with whom he was about to exchange, said to him, knowing the peculiar bluntness of his character, "You will find some panes of glass broken in the pulpit window, and possibly you may suffer from the cold. The cushion, too, is in a bad condition, but I beg of you to say nothing to my people on the subject. They are poor," etc. "O, no! O, no!" says Mr. Adams. But ere he left home, he filled a bag with rags, and took it with him. When he had been in the pulpit a short time, feeling somewhat incommoded by the too free circulation of air, he deliberately took from the bag a handful or two of rags, and stuffed them into the window. Toward the close of his discourse, which was more or less upon the duties of a people toward their clergyman, he became very animated, and purposely brought down both fists with a tremendous force upon the pulpit cushion. The feathers flew in all directions, and the cushion was pretty much used up. He instantly checked the current of his thought, and simply exclaiming, "Why, how these feathers fly!" proceeded. He had fulfilled his promise of not addressing the society on the subject, but he had taught them a lesson not to be misunderstood. On the next Sabbath, the window and cushion were found in excellent repair.

The foregoing anecdotes illustrate the remarkable independence and fearlessness of Mr. Adams, and the degree of influence which the clergy exerted in his day. The following anecdote is characteristic of the man, but is of a different stamp. One night he put up at the house of Mr. Emerson, the minister of Hollis. Now his host, as it was the general custom, took a glass of biters every morning, and it so happened that they were in the closet of the chamber where Mr. Adams slept. With the morning came his craving for biters. He did not wish to disturb Mr. A., but he was very anxious to get his biters, and try he must. So he opened the door softly, and crept slyly to the side closet. Mr. Adams heard him, but wishing to know what he would be at, pretended to be asleep. As soon as he had secured the prize and was about making his escape, Mr. A. broke the profound silence of the apartment with the exclamation, "Brother Emerson, I have always heard you were a very pious man—much given to your closet devotions, but I never caught you at them before." "Pshaw—pshaw!" replied his friend, who made for the door, and shut it as soon as he cleverly could.

Severe.—The Cincinnati News avers, that a certain lady had a custom of saying to a favourite little dog, to make him follow her, "Come along, sir." A would-be-witty gentleman stepped up to her one day, and accosted her with, "Is it me, madam, you called?" "Oh, no, sir," said the lady, with great composure, "it was another puppy I spoke to."

Madness.—We once read of a woman who was believed insane, and confined accordingly, because she asserted herself to be thirty years younger than she was. Were all such confined, Bedlam would be full.

"Sam, how do you like the knife that I traded to you last week?"—"So, so; it is not very sharp, yet you shaved me with it."

SCENE IN A WESTERN INN.—"Hullo you, tavern keeper what ye got for supper?"

Durkeeper.—"Most anything, Irecken—smoked pork, eggs—"
Stranger.—(With a half stifled sneer.—"Yes, got everything—but, heavens, it's all one thing! (turning to me.) Did you ever see such a pork country? Pigs all nose and legs! And how they run! Why, I talk 'o takin' one on 'em down to Long Island course—sure to win! Well, land'ord, how's liquor? Fourpence, I s'pose—now I never paid but three cents till I came into these parts, (to me,) I kerry five cent pieces; what do you? Aint it darn strange why they don't make use o' cents? Devil! I'd no idee on't—brought one kag, for specerlation—guess it's no go! I shant eat no pork to-night—had enough on't—do up an old hen, land'ord—I must have so' thing different if I hav' to pay ninepence extra for't! * * * (Silence for a space.) But, oh! look at there you! three beds one top o' t'other! Devil, how'd that come about! Wonder who roosts in the top one?"

"Oh you! I jest bought two city lots in Shakspeare—noble sitewation—here's the deed—numbers two hundred and forty-five, and sixty-one—corner lots—both on um—they are—let's see—yes, here they be, in Broadway, Piccadilly-square! on'y consider—oh they must sell! Bear in mind the locate on 'em—great names to them streets—six hundred people there now—growing—yes, a darn'd sight faster 'n your grain! How fer is it from here? Any on ye know?"

Spectator.—"There is no town in the state by that name."

Stranger.—(Almost petrified with conflicting emotions.) "Yer—yer—yer—you don't—pretend for to say that there aint no town by that name? Pertater eyes cut in halves! I see—I see clearly through this day's business—(gasping) done out of hoss and wagon! Conscience sake, they cost me rising a hundred dollars! Done out o' that too, besides the kag a cents! Wall, who'd a thought it? The man looked honest—gin him my team for 'em, and he signed the deed and said how there couldn't be no mistake—don't know as there was—rayther think 'twas intentionally! A Puke take in a Varmounter! 'twouldn't do to let that c:sep in the papers!"

"Landlord, don't know as I care about the hen! you needn't cook it—pr'aps I can catch up with that feller—I've out walked a hoss afore to-day. Here's for it!" (Off like a streak of chalk.)

National Characteristics.—"England," the *Temps* (Paris paper) observes, "is a vast manufactory, a great laboratory, a universal counting-house. France is a rich farm, tending to turn itself into a manufactory. Germany is an uncultivated field, because they are philosophers and not peasants who till it. Southern Italy is a villa in ruins. Northern Italy is an artificial prairie. Belgium is a forge. Holland is a canal. Sweden and Denmark are carpenters' yards. Poland is a sandy heath. Russia is an ice-house, Switzerland is a chalet. Greece is a field in a state of nature. Turkey is a field fallow. India is a gold mine. Egypt is a work-shop for apprentices. Africa is a furnace. Algiers is a nursery-ground. Asia is a grove. The Antilles are sugar refineries. South America is a store. North America is a till full. Spain is a till empty.

Chinese Similes.—Some of the ordinary expressions of the Chinese are pointed and sarcastic enough. A blustering harmless fellow they call "a paper tiger." When a man values himself overmuch, they compare him to "a rat falling into a scale, and weighing itself." Overdoing a thing, they call "a hunchback making a bow." A spendthrift they compare to "a rocket" which goes off at once. Those who expend their charity on remote objects, but neglect their family, are said to "hang a lantern on a pole, which is seen afar, but gives no light below."

Nothing Personal.—At a recent vestry meeting in a metropolitan parish, a Mr. Bushey said to a Mr. —, who was churchwarden at the time—"Sir, I mean nothing personal to my excellent friend, Mr. —; but it is my conscientious belief, that he has plundered the parish ever since he was born, and is the greatest thief in the universe. I do not wish to be personal—but I must say, he is a villain, an infamous scoundrel, and a radical. I now speak in my vestal capacity, and I think that every hand should have 'a whip to lash the rascal naked through the world.'

Complimentary.—An English tourist, a Mr. Walker, gives the following libellous description of the belles of la belle France:—"The women of France, considered generally, are the ugliest in Europe. Their forms are angular, meagre, and arid; their skin of greenish brown or olive hue; their hair of an opaque, dirty looking black, and excessively coarse; their forehead low; general configuration of the forehead, as observed by Count Stendhat, like that of the monkey; their eyebrows compressed; their upper lip frequently covered with mustaches; and their voices rough."