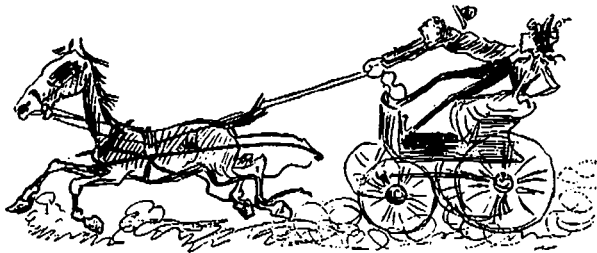


of the great Poet has never yet been adequately illustrated, and the subtle meaning of a very beautiful sentence has been left for the present cipher to explain.

This is the passage :—

"This parting strikes poor lovers dumb"—and this is the illustration of the text :—



Once more do we find a reference to the Old Man, though it taxed the energy of Stubbs to the utmost to find the key. In this simple sentence is the allusion :—"Was this the idol that you worship so?" and this is the illusion.

Every day we see upon the public street a living illustration of the pathetic truth of the extreme opposition of physique and affection, which caused Shakespeare to exclaim, "'Tis pity love should be so contrary"—and it is either like one or the other of these couples :—



(Stubbs has just returned from a visit to the neighboring grocery store, bearing in his right hand a red herring and in the left a bunch of spring onions. He explained that he met with a streak of luck on the Hanlan-Teemer race and wishes to treat his colleague to a supper. I succumb to the united aromas of the feed, and on the cover of a first folio of the Immortal Bard we spread the onions, having equally divided the herring. There is no help for it; Stubbs has seated himself on the top of Shakespeare's cranium and is already on his 9th onion—).

P. QUILL.

AN INTERRUPTED REVERIE.

WITH silvery sheen the rounded moon
Illumines forest, lake and stream;
Like skeletons, the leafless trees
Wave answer back to night owl's screams.

The glistening snow so pure and white,
Un sullied yet by earth's foul breath,
Mutely pleads for holier lives,
And innocence to last till death.

Fond memory flies, with pensive wing,
To brighter scenes in other lands;
A father's eye, a mother's love,—
The tender care of vanished hands.

Sad retrospection brings to view,
Hell's direst curse—a wasted life!
The closing scene must set in gloom
When with regrets the heart is rife!

But, hark! what piercing yells are those,
(Commingled, too, with shrieks of pain)
Which break the stillness of the night,
And wake the world to life again?

The Indians' war-whoops, too, I hear,
(Blood-curdling sounds which chill the heart!)
And trampling feet, and cries which tell
That life and limb will quickly part.

Some fellow-creature in distress,
Pursued by Redskins' cruel hate;
A race for life—the forfeit death—
Yes, death may be the runner's fate!

And shall I let those devils wreak
Their vengeance on a white man's head,
And strike no blow, however weak,
To save him from a doom so dread?

With eager haste I seize my stick,
The only weapon chance could give,
And swear, by every sainted name,
I'll either die or he shall live!

I rush before the raging throng,
I lift on high my wooden brand;
With scornful jeers they bear me down,
And dash the weapon from my hand!

They raise me to my feet unhurt;
They point to him who flees amain;
With angry mien, they hoarsely shout,
"His blood, we've sworn, our hands shall stain!"

What are his faults? What is his crime?
I do not pause to ask or think:
The murderer's thirst burns in my veins,—
The thirst that must have blood to drink!

I join as one the savage crew,
Forgetful of my solemn vow,
The madd'ning thirst for living blood
Turns pity into fury now.

By cruel fate, our victim falls:
With brutal yells we gather round:
Fast and furious fall the blows,
And blood-gouts stain the snow-clad ground!

Bereft of friends! Bereft of hope!
His life he scarcely cares to save:
Reproachful eyes he bends on me—
Those eyes will haunt me to the grave!

Yet, still, like tiger brought to bay,
Our victim fights in wild despair:
'Arf a brick! I 'eave at 'is 'ed;
Somebody's Tom lies purrless there!

BLACK RIVER.

E. W. S.

AT THE BRUNSWICK.

MR. AUGUSTUS SPOONEY, (to his Maria)—For a brief space let us tarry at this hostelry, which I will make a very tower of Paradise for my love.

Two Weeks Later.

Mr. A. S. (interviewing the Clerk) What's the damage?

Clerk—One hundred and twenty-five dollars, sir.

Mr. A. S.—Great gosh! one hundred—I would have got a team of mules for less money!