

Speaking of my friend as I say it, you must know that he was the soul of hospitality. He was like a baron of old, and made us go down to meals every day, no matter if we dined or supped out, though that didn't often happen—at least with me. It is a great house of entertainment and we all called my friend the "guy'nor" just as familiar as if he was our own father, and we boys at Eton or Rugby.

Well, I didn't intend this letter to be more than a line to say that I am all right and that I regret my silence and the cause of it as much and perhaps more than any of your readers. I needed some rest and besides I wanted to make a study of some odd characters for a novel I have in train (you should take your characters from the life, just as Dickens did—poor Charley; I know him well). I am waiting every day to hear of the decision in chancery which is to make me a rich man again, and even if I don't win, the success of my "patent shoe-lace" is all but assured. I think I hear a ring at the door, which may be some of those disgusting trades people, and I will take a turn in the Park till dinner time. Good morning.

HENRY JUVENAL.

P.S.—It's really too bad to mention it, but might I enquire your rates for any little thing thrown off in the spur of the moment—sort of mental *exuvie*, you know—very good that, isn't it?
H. J.

A FELINE TRIUMPH.

Wearily, oh! so wearily his pen crawled over the paper, and an expression of agony rested on his jaded features.

Sheet after sheet he covered and still he stayed not his pen, but every now and again a sigh, deep as a Pennsylvanian coal mine, burst from his manly breast.

Presently the door opened; his mother entered, wound a wet towel around the brow of her noble son and departed noiselessly. Half an hour passed, and still he wrote. His two sisters came to the window, glanced at his pale and haggard features, and went mournfully away. And still he wrote!

The neighbor's tom cat mounted the back yard fence and held an impromptu concert. No sign of anger could be seen on that young man's face. Another cat chimed in, and a close observer might have noticed a look of gratitude pass o'er the features of the toiling scribe.

But his pen stayed not!

Only when a third feline joined in to the chorus, and an unearthly trio went shrieking up to Heaven's gates, did the weary youth lay down his goose quill and in a voice full of rapture exclaim, "That's it! They've got it! Oh! bliss! joy! ecstasy! My labors are about to be rewarded; now I can write, yes, and write true to the metre, the only difficulty that I have been unable to overcome.

Ah! sweet beasts sing on till I dash down the words which are to make me immortal,—the words which will be added to the tune which is now immortal. Ah! go on. Stay not for a moment. See how easily it comes—'Sweet Buttercups! swe-e-e-t-e-e-c-r than all that gr-o-o-o-ws; Swe-e-e-t Butter-u-u-ps, as everybody kn-o-o-ws!'

As he howled the last words he fell senseless to the floor. The strain was too much. For weeks he had been trying to bring forth a new version of "Sweet Violets," but his efforts were unavailing, and probably would always have been so but for the inspiring, celestial rendering of the air by those three feline musicians.

Within a week the public will be paralyzed by the appearance of a new song to the old tune, and within ten days the poet will be safely in another land, where the tomcats cease from singing and a "sweet" anything is not known.

G. H. C.



THE PRAISE OF THE VINE,

By D.D.

Nunc est bibendum.—HORACE.
Vino et rumque cano.—VAROIL.

A



HILE landlords are busy colloquing
Wid thim who are wake in the knees,
And the orators likewise convoking
Mass meetings and sich things as
these.—
Troth, I wid the pen av Apollo
Will sing in poetical strains—
Discind ye nine Muses upon me,
And grant me yere versatile brains.

B

Ould Horace (that broth of a poet),
He spoke of Falernian wine,
The rasal was right, and we know it,
There's motney and mirth in the vine.
But in place of Blandusian fountains
They ax us to—oh! what a jump—
Replace the sweet *Vina Messina*
By—tunder an' turf!—by a pump.

C

They talk of the wonders of speech,
Whin princes and people are thrilled,
But what of the stimulus, which
The modest potato distilled.
They tell us of Chatham and Pitt,
Whose illoquence poets have sung;
But the simible says it was gin
Unloosened the string of the tongue.

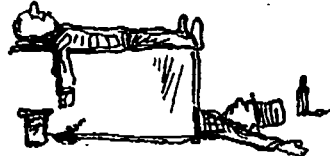


D

Shall they turn all our corn into hogs?
All our grapes, into raisins? and worse,—
Make your sarvint and Dodds and John Carling,
Dhrink water beaded like a horse!
Forbid it yo' regions benign,
Dan Doody will die in his boots,
Wid his cursa on the min who combine,
To foster acquatic persoots.

E

We're not towld what made Mercury clever,
Nor Hercules strong, but I think
It wouldn't be hard to discover
They wor' slightly addicted to drink.
And we know from the pages of Ovid,
And Homer, and sich, 'twould appare
That the rulers of mighty Olympus
Were accustomed to go on a tare.



F

If the rulers of haythin Mythology
(Who died long before they were born),
Should indolge—thin why make an apology
If our rulers should favor a horn,
Shall our Parlymints all dissolute,
An' never convene any more,
If a pathriot lays on the table,
And another one falls on the flure.

G

'Tis Honnessey's choice preparation
(A nectar unknown to the gods),
Which fashions—O! great transformation—
Demosthienes out of a Dodds.
Kind Fortune distil to yere Doody
The gay Hippocretian wine,
Till he fights like a new bully ruff'n
On behalf of the juice of the vine.

H

My conscience is white as a lily,
My principles stiffer nor starch,
But be crcky! I'm not quite so sily
As to call it a pleasure to parch.
This worship of water is comio,
Mysel' don't fancy it plain,
It lies very ill on the stomach—
Wan dies if it gets on the brain.

I

Away! wid yere tempest of water,
Away! wid yere deluge of wind;
I, Doody, *pro aris et focis*,
Wid the foes of the vine will contind,
Wid the vulpinous liquor assasius,
Whose gullets are crackin' wid drouth,
Whose palates are dry, and as warr'm
As the pepper pod ups of their mouth.

K

Begone! ye disciples av Stiggins,
Begone! ye impurtunate pack—
Begone! to conjaynal diggins—
Skeddadle and never come back.
Away! to the wathery wastes
Which for ever encircle the powt,
Whero the bilious incessantly breaks
And the rollers sonsasingly rowl.

L

I am done, I sit down for the present,
I wipe off the ink from my pen,
But me courage is always incessant—
Yere Doody will go it again!
Beware thin ye waterbutt cranks,
Hydraulical frauds that ye are;
Wid Doody and Dodds in the ranks,
There 'll be fury and blood in the war.



THE GOAT.

A PROTEST IN THE INTEREST OF HIGHER AND TRUER EDUCATION.

Picking up my little boy's "Gage's Elementary Reader," I came across a lesson in Natural History. It was on "The Goat." Now, I am prepared to argue that the goat is no sort of a subject from which to draw beautiful moral lessons for the young. He doesn't even have the look of it. Photograph him in his mildest mien and most picturesque attitude, and yet you cannot bring yourself to conscientiously say that he inspires you with a yearning for what is good and true and lovely, or conveys any of those precepts in the ethics of that sphere of Lotlier Life in which poets and civil service employees and missionaries and circus advance agents and class-readers and medical students calmly move. You are satisfied to look at the picture now and then as a kind of relaxation. You do not feel wildly anxious to have it framed and hung up as a companion picture to the nice motto "What is home without a Father." But I am content to waive the discussion as to the goat *per se* being an unexampled moral instructor of youth. What really pains me, however, is to notice the incompleteness of the lesson on the animal. The engraving might pass, but I must enter a grand protest against the letter-press:—

"This is a goat.
The goat feeds on rocks."
etc., etc., etc.

Fancy bringing up a bright, healthy-minded boy with such a smattering of knowledge as to the dietary characteristics of the goat! Imagine the consequences in after years should your darling son reach maturity with such a vague and partial acquaintance with the goat's means of sustenance! I ask any father whose grand