



SIC SEMPER TYRANNIS !

"Have yez quit the hod, Terence?" "I has." "An' f'what thrade are yez follyin' now 'Tis a Dynamither I am!"

A PROMINENT GENTLEMAN

CALLS AT THE SANCTUM OF THE MAIL AND GIVES SOME GOOD ADVICE.

(Gentleman in black raps at the sanctum door.)

What, ho! within.

M. J. G.—Who calls?

Mephisto.—Thy friend: old Nick.

M. J. G.—Entrez mon ami. French, ahem! come quick.

(Mephisto. enters and embraces M. J. G. warmly.)

M. J. G. (aside).

Dear me! how black he is; his darkness awful is,

In very truth this must be Mephistopheles. Tho' he looks dark he may not be so bad As he is painted. When at the Acad- Emly they taught me by Horatian story,

*Ne crede*—do not trust in looks - *colori*, Appearance is deceptive; all that glitters Is not true gold, and pancakes pass for fritters.

(To visitor.)

Good day, sir. How d'ye do? Well I'm at leisure

To hear to what I owe this—well—ahem! this pleasure.

Mephisto.—

Well, Martin, I have watched you closely lately,

And must confess that you have pleased me greatly

In some things, tho' in others, pray believe me,

Your little errors do distress and grieve me.

I see, by many things you lately wrote, You've "just enough of learning to misquote."

Don't use quotations; or let us expect That, if you must, the words will be correct.

M. J. G.—Dear sir, you're too severe.

Mephisto.— Not so; I only say These things to you, dear Martin, in a friendly way.

Your editorial language shows ability Above the average in its vile scurrility. No cootermonger could be more abusive, And this to quarrelling is most conducive. The more the world is made to sin by you, So much the less there is for me to do. Full twenty thousand people cursed and swore As never twenty thousand cursed before, When they conned o'er your "Young Reform- ers" article—

There was no truth in it, of course; no, not a particle—

That's what I like! my journalistic youth, 'Twixt you and me, I can't abide the truth.

M. J. G. (extending his hand).—

Your hand, dear friend; these words just suit my mind, "A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind;" I love you as a brother.

Mephisto. (hugging him).—

Thanks, my dearest Mart, Fondly I press you to my grateful heart; Now you, I must declare, sans hesitation, Are quite a master of prevarication. Martin, I love you, but I really wouldn't Pretend to be what I was not; you shouldn't, Between us, Marty, 'twixt us friends, you know,

Take my advice and go it rather slow When calling names; some busy little elf Might find out that you're nobody yourself.

M. J. G.—Sir, You're insulting!

Mephisto.— Pray don't be annoyed; All quarrels with my friends I'd fain avoid. I'm talking as a friend, a friend you really need,

My family you know is very old indeed. Now, give up calling nick-names; be more taray

In guying Frazer, Blazer, Lardy, Dardy, And so on; 'tis exceedingly bad taste, And, in your case, a little bit misplaced. I do not want a pet of mine to shock My feelings by being a perfect laughing-stock, But such you are becoming; people see You're not the swell that you affect to be, And patience has its limits.

M. J. G.— It has, and mine I know Is oozing out as fast as it can go. Be careful.

Mephisto.—

Pray be calm; for I admonish you That something will be said that will astonish you,

Unless you mend your ways; don't be offended, Offence by me is the last thing intended. You, like myself, Reformers do not love; I tried reforming once myself—(pointing up) above.

But when I put my notions to the test I must confess I came out second best. Of course you've heard, at Sunday School, the story;

I quit reforming and became a Tory. Now, Martin darling, I have said enough; Set people by the ears, but don't be rough. Perhaps I do more harm myself than any can, But then I do it like a gentleman; And when I lead a man to evil ways, Do it so gently that he chants my praise. In my domains below I have a host Of those who, when on earth, were loved the most

By men who held most enviable stations, And posed as Christians; I knew their reputations.

Now, Martin, ponder deeply all this o'er; Make people angry, as I said before, Foment their quarrels, but be sure and say Nought that will tend to give yourself away, Help me and I'll help you.