

To The Flower De Luce.

The Iris is crowing so stately and slender
Down in the glen where the dark waters
flow.

Dost thou fear not the shadowy silence
beneath thee?

Nor long for the light when the hill-tops
glow?

Bright flower of the marshes! we gladly
enwreath thee,
Emblem of truth that the strong soul
would know.

The night-breeze is lingering with death-
signs about thee
Alone, all the night, he has sought thee;
in vain.

Thy fragrance, subdued by the pall brood-
ing o'er thee.

Shall never be borne through the hedge-
rows and lane.

Fals flower! in the darkness, bedimmed is
thy glory;

But Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise
stronger again.

Afar in the east, the bright blush of Aurora
Proclaims that her Sun-god rides over
the sea;

Thy petals shall ope at the touch of her
fingers,

Thy dew-drops shall glisten like gems of
the sea.

Then flower of the marshes! while day-
dawning lingers,

Emblem of truth that soon shall be free.

R. S. V. P.

Society Notes.

Turnipsville was all agog on Friday, the 1st instant. The society event of the season took place, when Sheriff McLean invited his friends to witness the trial of a noted sheep-stealer, Ebenezer Hayreub, alias Huyck, alias *ad in in*. Long before the court sat, all the beauty and chivalry of Turnipsville were gathered there. At last a heavy tramp announced to the brilliant throng the arrival of Lord Chief Justice Loucks, who looked stern and severe in his robes of black, and Judge Ramsay, who, to show that his former pro-Boer sentiments had been only *pro tempore*, had discarded his official gown, and draped himself in a Union Jack. The judges were preceded by Sheriff McLean, Knight

Commander of the Bath-towels, with his famous wooden sword. Then followed abreast Lawyer Munro, wholesale dispenser of epigrams and bons-mots, counsel for the plaintiff, and that silver-tongued orator, Lawyer Coons, counsel for the defendant. After them came the high-tension, India-rubber, irrepressible little Clerk of the Court, Mr. Young, who looked sweetly pretty in his black silk gown; and by his side the Court Crier, Mr. Cook, who was dressed in a suit of clothes with buttons down the front of the coat. A long line of sturdy constables brought up the rear.

When all were seated, the Crier, who, by the way, has finished just recently a long course of voice culture in both the De'sartean and Italian systems under the best masters in Europe, broke the solemn stillness with his recitative of the why and wherefore and the whereas of the present session. But Mr. Cook in his perambulations has picked up seventeen different languages, and for ten long minutes the Tower of Babel simply wasn't in it.

When order was restored the Court proceeded to select twelve honest men and true. A crowd of hobble-de-hoys from the back benches, including one idiot who was struck dumb with terror at the sight of the prisoner in an adjacent room, were the victims.

The prisoner, by the way, was as hard looking a character as one might wish to see. In order to create a good impression he had dressed himself in his best—a suit of blue cotton overalls of unequal length as to the legs, with a quadrilateral extension over the corsage. But a mirror is probably not included in the furnishings of his boudoir for he had neglected to extract the straws and hayseeds from his frowzy locks. He certainly deserved the punishment which in the course of justice was meted out to him. One almost felt sorry, when gazing at the moral wreck, that the