

## ALL ABOUT A PEW.

BY "WILL" CARLETON.

Said Dick to Jerry I want your pew,  
And the wardens say I may have it too.  
But Jerry swore with an awful swear,  
(You see poor Jerry had need of prayer.)  
I'm bound to keep her, 'so now beware."  
On Sunday morning, in broadcloth fine,  
And creaking boots, with a patent shine;  
With his perfumed hair and his whiskers trim,  
(Surely the Lord must be pleased with him.)  
Dick sits down in his neighbor's pew,  
Close to the door, so he can't get through.  
Jerry comes striding along the aisle,  
And Mrs. Jerry keeps close the while.  
"Open this door," he shouts aloud,  
And a shiver runs through the solemn crowd.  
"Open this door," he yells again—  
Pushing and pulling with might and main.  
But Mrs. Jerry will wait no more,  
Rules and customs she will ignore,  
Trust a woman to find a door.  
So she climbs over into her place,  
And she fetches Dick a slap in the face.  
White with passion he tries to speak,  
But Jerry punches the other cheek.  
And a poor young man betwixt the two  
Gries "Let me out, let me out; pray do."  
The Parson stood like a man perplexed;  
For what the dickens was coming next?  
Women fainted and shrieked with fright,  
And men rushed forward with all their might.  
They dragged poor Jerry down the aisle,  
But he kicked and struggled and fought the  
while;  
"I paid my pew rent," he shouted loud,  
As he disappeared from the gazing crowd.  
And then poor Jerry he went to Jail  
Till some one offered to go his bail.  
But Dick sat still in the house of prayer,  
With a look of peace and a saintly air.  
Not quite so neat, and not quite so trim,  
But surely the Lord must be pleased with him!

It is estimated that there will be a deficit of a million pounds in the English budget this year. How much ought their old budget to weigh, anyhow.—[Worcester Press.

If it weighs so much that it would be difficult to hudge it.

THE MIKADO of Japan is an Irishman by birth. He belongs to the McAdoo family. His right name is Mike M'Ado, but they condense it in the Japanese language and call it Mik-Ado. Murphy is pronounced More-fay; O'Brien, Olree-en, and Flaherty is called De Flari-he-tai.

Of-fish-al intelligence from the Usher of the Black Rod, in the Dominion House of Commons, who occasionally "drops us a line."

The reappointment of T. W. A. to the Speaker's chair was very appropriate, as a man who has been *anglin'* all his life should be well qualified to be a judge of *de-bail*.

Will somebody hand us a spade and direct us to some lonely spot.—[Rochester Democrat.  
Yes, let somebody hand you the ace of spades when you are drawing for a flush of hearts, you'll think it is the loneliest spot you ever saw.—[Saginaw Courier.

We "saw" that joke "straight" off.



POPE PIUS THE NINTH.

Giovanni Maria Mastai Ferretti, whose portrait we present on this page, was born at Sinigaglia, near Ancona, in 1792. At the age of eighteen he came to Rome, intending to enter the Pope's body guard, but having been seized by an epileptic attack, he resolved, on recovering, to devote himself to the service of the Church. After studying at the College of Volterra, he was ordained priest, and despatched on a mission to Chili in 1823. In 1829 he became Archbishop of Spoleto, and in 1840 he received a Cardinal's hat. In 1846, upon the death of Gregory XVI. he was made Pope. At first he was a very popular sovereign; he disbanded the Swiss Guards, annested the political prisoners, and lightened the taxes. But when the Revolution of 1848 burst out in Europe, the Roman people rose against their ruler, and Pius IX., after remaining a prisoner for some time in his palace, fled in disguise to Gaeta. In 1849 a French army marched upon Rome and restored the Pope to his throne. All his liberal tendencies had disappeared under his terror of republican violence, and aided, by the great Catholic Powers, he entered on a reactionary course. In 1860, during the Garibaldian invasion, the Pope lost the greater part of his dominions, which were annexed to the new kingdom of Italy.

Among other leading incidents of the reign of Pope Pius IX. may be mentioned,—the re-establishment of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in England; the authoritative announcement of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception; the promulgation of the Encyclical Letter, and the Syllabus of Errors, denouncing the whole fabric of modern civilization; and the assembling of the great Ecumenical Council for the purpose of declaring the personal infallibility of the Pope. But the greatest event of all was yet to come. Pope Pius IX. had nearly completed his twenty-five years of sovereignty—the fated term which no Pope had ever yet exceeded—when his temporal power came to an end.

Since then the life of His Holiness has been one of comparative quiet—devoted to the exercises of religion—the reception of pilgrims, and the performance of such routine duties as pertain to his office.

On the afternoon of Thursday last, the aged

Pontiff surrounded by the high dignitaries of the Church, passed to his eternal rest.

The last words of this illustrious man were peculiarly appropriate, in view of his life-long devotion to the interests of Roman Catholicism—"Guard the Church I have loved so well and sacredly."

The obsequies of the late Pope were begun yesterday and will be continued until the 18th instant. The conclave will meet on the 17th, to elect his successor, who, the cardinals have decided, shall have the fullest freedom of action.

## MR. GEORGE STEWART, JR., AT THE INSTITUTE.

The author of "Evenings in the Library" has reason to be proud of his *debut*, as a lecturer on Monday evening last.

His graceful monograph of the life and character and writings of Emerson, was listened to with marked attention—and merited the approval with which it was evidently received by the audience.

After sketching the group of brilliant American authors, who have been Emerson's contemporaries, Mr. Stewart proceeded with his description of the *Seer of Concord*—his methods of composition—his incisiveness as a critic—the wit and humour, which are characteristic, of even his profounder writings—and his kindness of disposition.

A large section of the lecture was devoted to an analysis of the religious opinions of Emerson, which Mr. Stewart, contended have been much misrepresented and misunderstood.

The Lecturer also critically considered Emerson's poetry, which he held to be, although mystical, yet more intelligible than Robert Browning's pieces usually are.

The poems are wanting sometimes in harmony—and carelessly disregarding of tune and time—yet are the outcome of a cultivated mind, "and often full of graceful images, and always full of thought and expression."

We refer our readers to the *News of Tuesday* last for a full report of the lecture.

Mr. Croff will be the next lecturer; Subject, "Imagination."

MAYVILLE, KY.—"Tommy" asks for something to prevent rabbits from gnawing the bark from young apple trees. There are scores of remedies at hand in books, but if any farmer has something which he has tried and knows to be good let him please write to The Letter Box.—*Free Press*.

Put some gnaw seous mixture on the bark, and if that don't cure their 'abbits, why shoot the gnaw-ty rabbit, or peel the bark off the tree. No charge for advice.

Rev. E. G. Cobb voluntarily returned his salary of \$300 a year. Are you going to live on corn, Cobb?—[Detroit Free Press. Or are you going to live on ground corn, Cobb? If the kernels should call around for the pith of this matter what shall we tell him?—[Fayette (O) Record. Hominy shucking puns will you grind out of this grit minnow-ster's corn-clusion? What he can live on ye know not.—[Fairburn (Ga.) Star.

Perhaps it was because he s-corned to accept such a small sum, and wanted a rye. Bagnall will suggest that the congregation should "shell out" the same salary as Beecher gets, and try him.