

SUUM CUIQUE.

In a letter, which was recently addressed to the *Daily Witness* by the Rev. T. H. Harrison, the following words occur:

Tom Hood shamed us out of our English fashion of treating dead paupers, by singing,

"Rattle his bones over the stones,
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns."

In attributing these lines to Tom Hood, Mr. Harrison has exercised his critical judgment rather than relied upon his knowledge or his memory. He has consequently been betrayed into a pardonable error. The verses have apparently upon them the "image and superscription" of Hood; but they were in reality written by Mr. Thomas Noel, a slight account of whom may be found in Miss Mitford's "Recollections of a Literary Life." The song, of which they form the refrain, is entitled "The Pauper's Drive," and as it is probably but little known in the Dominion of Canada, DIOGENES honours his own pages by transcribing in full:

THE PAUPER'S DRIVE.

There's a grim one-horse hearse in a jolly round trot,
To the churchyard a pauper is going, I wot;
The road it is rough, and the hearse has no springs,
And hark to the dirge that the sad driver sings:

"Rattle his bones over the stones;
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns."

Oh! where are the mourners? Alas! there are none;
He has left not a gap in this world now he's gone;
Not a tear in the eye of child, woman, or man;—
"To the grave with his carcase, as fast as you can."

Rattle, &c.

What a jolting and creaking and splashing and din!
The whip how it cracks, and the wheels how they spin!
How the dirt right and left o'er the hedges is hurled!
The pauper at length makes a noise in the world!

Eattle, &c.

Poor pauper defunct! he has made some approach
To gentility, now that he's stretched in a coach;
He's taking a drive in his carriage, at last,
But it will not be long, if he goes on so fast.

Rattle, &c.

But a truce to this strain, for my soul it is sad,
To think that a heart in humanity clad,
Should make, like the brutes such a desolate end,
And depart from the light without leaving a friend.

Bear softly his bones over the stones;
Though a pauper, he's one whom his Maker yet owns."

There is a strong element of sarcasm in this ballad, which is not to be found in those compositions of Hood, that belong to the same school of poetry, viz.: "The Song of the Shirt," "The Bridge of Sighs," and "The Lady's Dream." It bears a far closer resemblance to the burning force of Ebenezer Elliot, or the passionate indignation of Gerald Massey. It might also have been written by the late Ernest Jones, whose bitter but earnest ballads are almost unknown on this side of the Atlantic. A Westminster Reviewer in 1855, writing on the subject of "Ballads of the People," thus characterizes Mr. Noel's poem:

"The Pauper's Drive" is of great power, and combines sad truths with a kind of terrible humor. Very much after the manner of Hood, himself. We could not persuade a certain authoress—the most eminent of our acquaintance—but that it was "Hood's own."

Mr. Harrison, it appears therefore, was not singular in attributing this remarkable poem to the author of "The Dream of Eugene Aram."

ZOOLOGICAL.

The divisions existing in Zoology are not so very unlike our own, as is commonly believed. She has her little Deers capering about as well as we, and her young Bucks are as assiduous in their attentions as our own. Although without a Stock Exchange, she has her Bulls and her Bears; the science of mathematics is represented by an an Adder, and a *Roe*-buck performs the duty of waterman. She has fewer Donkeys than we have perhaps, but, like us, Zoology has still a Mare in every city. Puppies are common to her and to us, and Tapirs are found in those countries where kerosene has not been introduced. Mr. A., we are told, is a little "shrimp," Mr. B, "a goose," Mr. C., a "sly old fox," and Mr. D. "an owl." We have our Lions, of course, many of whom roar as loudly and with as much sense as the weaver of Athens, and the eccentricities of our Pigeons and our Crows is always a popular theme with the best of novel writers. We feel on this subject like Newton on another. We have discovered a few pebbles, but the vast ocean lies undiscovered at our feet.

"FUNNIGRAMS."

Of minor literary compositions, the one which seems to give most trouble to writers is—an advertisement. Here is a quaint specimen, culled from the columns of the London *Guardian*:

Wanted, by an Incumbent of a small agricultural parish near Cambridge, dry and very healthy, a Locum Tenens, for two months. Remuneration—furnished house and two maid-servants, and 1*l.* a week. Address N., "Guardian" Office, 5, Burleigh-street, Strand, W.C.

The following, from the *Athenæum* of March 13th, eulogises an old fiddle in terms that would do honour to a human being:

For Sale, a Violin of high character, by Joseph Guarnerius. May be seen at the Royal Library, No. 1, St. James-street.

Had the musical instrument advertised been a humble banjo, it would probably have been described as "of low character." "Strange," as John Byrom remarked more than a century ago,

"Strange, all this difference should be
"Twixt Tweediedum and Tweedledee!"

E PLURIBUS UNUS.

The Quebec *Chronicle* a few days ago, stated the following unseemly fact: "Our legislators met on the 20th January, have since taken a fortnight's holiday, and at the beginning of April ask only \$600 a man." This, it calculates, is only an increase of \$150 a man, or but \$12 a day for a session of fifty days; or nearly \$14 for a session of forty-five days, in which all the work might have been done. But there is one gentleman, whose "noble conduct" is duly recognized in the same journal. Mr. Joly, the Leader of the Opposition, has refused to accept his Parliamentary indemnity, amounting to \$600. In this venal and money-grubbing age, it is rare to find an instance of even a small pecuniary sacrifice like this. All honour then to Mr. Joly. DIOGENES proposes a bumper to his health, and suggests that it be accompanied with musical honours, "For he's a Joly good fellow," &c., &c.