

SEASONABLE.

Apropos of calling out our Volunteer Militia so suddenly on Sunday last, a correspondent,—himself a sufferer,—sends us the following doggerels, written over half-a-century ago by the famous Dr. Porson. He says that the lines were never before published; that they were written when the Doctor was quite a young man, and handed to a companion, in whose possession they remained,—a copy having been given to our correspondent by the late Sir William Hooker:—

Ego nunquam audivi such terrible news
As at this present *tempus* my *sensus* confuse;
I am drawn for a *miles*, and must go *cum Marte*,
And *continuo ense* engage Buonaparte.

Such *tempora nunquam videbant majores*,
For then their opponents had different *mores*;
But we will soon prove to this Corsican vaunter,
Tho' times may be changed, Britons *nunquam mutantur*.

Meherde! this *Consul non potest* be quiet,
His word must be *Lex*, and when he says *fiat*,
Quasi Deus, he thinks we must run at his nod,—
But Britons were ne'er good at running, by G—d!

Per mare, I rather am led to opine,
To meet British *naves* he will not incline,
Lest in *mare profundo* he soon should be drowned,
Et cum algâ, non lauro, his *caput* be crowned.

But allow that this boaster in Britain should land,
Multis cum aliis at his command— [em,
Here are lads who will meet, aye, and properly work
And speedily send 'em *ni fallor in orcum*.

Now, let us *amici*, join *corda et manus*,
And use well the *vires Dii boni* afford us;
Then let nations combine, England never can fall,—
She is *multum in parvo*,—a match for them all!

RABIES No. 9.

"SLI-MEE-SLUM."

Fathoms down 'neath the deep blue sea,
(So Poets sing, and you'll all agree
What a Poet sings, must surely be
Romantic, though p'raps mendacious.)
A creature dwelt who, to tell the truth,
Was a most unprepossessing youth.—
In a word, this creature was, forsooth,
A merman most voracious.

His name, 'tis said, was Sli-Mee-Slum,
His family certainly must have come
With that grim old joker of visage glum,
Whom folks called William the Norman;
For on any fine day you could trace his descent,
When down in old Ocean's depths he went,—
That is, of course, if the time you spent,
And what proof could you ask more, man?—

A graceful fellow, as far as his waist,
With a Grecian bend, that suited the taste;
Of mermaids—at least, those not straight-laced,
And who don't pay much heed to "*Le Follet*,"
But think that a wisp of sea-weed limp,
Fastened up with the claw of a crab or shrimp,
And a sailor or two, their hair to *crimp*,
Makes life in their *boat* quite *jolly*!—

Well, Sli-Mee-Slum, as I said before, —
Was a swell of the ocean, and, what is more,
Was a merman, well versed in all the lore
Of the human race above him,
And he hoped against hope, till he grew quite pale,
That if he'd the chance, it couldn't fail
That some mortal maiden, of morals frail,
Might perhaps be induced to love him.

So one fine day, his trunk he filled
With a shirt of sea-weed, finely filled,
And continuations, which seemed the build
Of Poole, or some swell *tailor*.
A shell jacket, of course, he didn't forget,
Nor a coat of paint, to keep out the wet;
And for *colet de chambre*,—a *surf*, you bet;—
That pan, at least, makes you paler!

Then, on his travels, poor Sli-Mee went,
Up the gulf of St. Lawrence his steps he bent—
Or rather, his tail, for 'twas that which lent
Such grace to his every motion;
And a week from the day he left Miramichi,
Tho' weak and tail-sore, and wet was he,
Cacouna was reached, which was to be
The place where he'd try his notion.

And every day, thro' the summer long,
He'd bask on the rocks, and would sing his song,
And watch the dears bathe,—which I know was wrong—
But then, you must please excuse him;
For, what swells may do with an opera glass,
When they've nothing to do but the time to pass,
Can't be wrong in a merman, who's not, alas!
Aught else but his tail to amuse him.

The long and the short of this tale you know,
Is that one of them flirted with Sli-Mee so,
But if he'd approach, why away she'd go,
And play him more tricks than Hermann;
While, to say the least, it wasn't polite
For a lady to take what is called "a sight,"
Or pelt him with rocks, which were sure to alight
On the tail of this love-sick Merman!

At length quite weary, and sick at heart,
Poor Sli-Mee made up his mind to depart;
So he packed up his trunk, and left his *carte*
With "P.P.C.," which, from his
Heart, he declared it meant,
"Poor pestered critter," and then he went
To seek a lawyer's advice ament
An action for Breach of Promise.

And when, for trial, the case came up,
(Had nought to do with the "So for Sup.!")
The Judge, who was awfully fond of Tup—
—per, said, how'er disputed,
That Sli-Mee's case must certainly fail,—
That all he could do was of no avail,—
For a man who *couldn't make good his tail*,
Must consent to be non-suited.

No "three thousand five hundred," poor Sli-Mee got,
And sore in body, and purse I wot,
At his unrequited love and lot,
He returned to his home in the ocean;
And they say that an equinoctial gale
Is caused, when Sli-Mee waggles his tail;
For he likes to see "lovier's" cheeks grow pale,
Unable to speak, or to tell their tale
From sea-sickness—not emotion!