

## THE AVONDALE HORROR.

Another horror! What is this?  
 Another tale of death and woe!  
 See where the burning vapors hiss,  
 Deep, in the miners' black abyss.  
 They lie below!

No epidemic foul and dread,—  
 No battle's bloody course they mark;  
 No friendly hands their pillow spread,—  
 They lie distorted, blacken'd,—dead!  
 Where all is dark.

They left their couch, perchance with faith  
 In many future years. Alack!  
 They little dreamed that death,—grim death!  
 Was on their track.

But onward on his charger pale  
 He moves, unseen by mortal eye;  
 With fatal hand he draws the veil,  
 And loud is heard the widow's wail  
 And orphan's cry.

A hundred earnest hearts that hied  
 At early morn to manly toil,—  
 A hundred hardy forms that plied  
 The vigorous oar on life's rough tide.  
 Now sleep in silence, side by side,—  
 Of worms the spoil!

See! a fond mother comes to seek  
 Her darling son,—her life's own stay;  
 She tries, but tries in vain to speak:  
 She sees him,—and with piercing shriek,  
 And quivering lip, and pallid cheek,  
 She faints away.

One of a hundred! what a tale!  
 With what cold apathy we hear;  
 A hundred more will not avail  
 To penetrate our coat of mail.  
 Or cause a tear!

Still wrapt in self and worldly lust  
 No timely lesson we descry:  
 Forgetful that we are but dust,—  
 That high and low, depraved and just,  
 Are soon to die.

## DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE.

DIODENES has again thought fit to attempt to be facetious at the expense of Commander Ashe, R.N., whom he sneeringly entitles, "Fellow of all Societies, Literary and Royal." Considering the wholesome castigation that he lately received from the Commander in the *Quebec Morning Chronicle*, it would perhaps have been more prudent, certainly more decorous, had the Philosopher fought shy of him for all time to come. "But fools rush in where angels fear to tread" and DIODENES seems particularly anxious to be again belabored with a stout *ash* stick.

As the readers of GRINCHUCKLE may not have seen Captain Ashe's reply to his imbecile critic, we here reprint his letter from the *Quebec Morning Chronicle*.

(To the Editor of the *Morning Chronicle*.)

DEAR SIR,—I have just seen, under the head of "Astronomical and Nautical," which appeared in *Diogenes* of the 13th inst., some information kindly given to the public by Commodore Diogenes, in which is pointed

out some supposed mistake made in the "Notice to Mariners," which appears daily in the *Quebec Chronicle*.

I must say that it shows great shrewdness on the part of the Commodore to find out mistakes that several admirals, and an officer of such scientific attainments as Captain Orlebar, have failed to discover.

The Commodore says that he entered the service when competitive examinations were unknown. Now, without wishing to be severe on our gallant friend, I must remark that perhaps it is just as well for him that they were unknown.

Without going fully into the matter, I think it right, for the sake of those who are not so well up in nautical astronomy as *Diogenes*, to offer a few remarks on the subject.

With respect to the supposed error pointed out by *Diogenes*, viz.: "If a ship is only half way across the Atlantic it is plain as a 'pike staff' that her chronometer should shew only half of the difference in time between Greenwich and Quebec. And, if the ship could see the ball drop at Quebec, it would be the difference in time between—not 5h. 44m. 49s., which is the time at Quebec—but 2h. 52m. 24½s.; and the time shewn by her chronometer, which would be its *true* error on Greenwich time."

I beg to observe that the correction on the part of *Diogenes* is not as plain as a "pike staff," but on the contrary is full of unpardonable mistakes, and were he to navigate his Tub on this principle he would soon come to grief.

Now, the longitude of Quebec is 4h. 44m. 49s., and when the ball drops at one o'clock it is evidently 5h. 44m. 49s. at Greenwich, and could any one see the Greenwich clock when the Quebec ball drops, it would be found that the hands pointed to that time; and *all* chronometers keeping *correct* Greenwich time would show 5h. 44m. 49s. But the Commodore assures us that when it is 5h. 44m. 49s. at Greenwich, a chronometer half-way across the Atlantic, keeping Greenwich time, would only show 2h. 52m. 24½s. Now, I should like to ask the Commodore if when it is 5h. 44m. 49s. *Greenwich time* at Quebec, can the Greenwich time be any other than 5h. 44m. 49s. elsewhere. Trusting that the Ocean steamers, for their own sakes, will continue to keep my time and not that of Commodore *Diogenes*. I am, &c.,

E. D. ASHE,  
 Commander, R. N.

Quebec, Aug. 17, 1869.

## THE COURTSHIP OF MAY AND DECEMBER, IN COURT.

December met May, and, said he,  
 With a galvanized sort of a glee  
 That played round each frosty wrinkle,  
 You are cast in a beautiful mould,  
 And I have oceans of gold;  
 This made young May's eyes twinkle.

Said May to the frosty swell,  
 "I've a tender young heart to sell,  
 "Though it isn't very impressible."  
 The old one began to stew,  
 Though he lik'd the outside view,  
 The interior was inaccessible.

And he said, "Dearest May, much I fear,  
 You to some younger month are dear,  
 Whom you love and admire without wearience."  
 May replied, with a leer, "it is true,  
 But I mean to be *dearer* to you,  
 With all your fatal experience."

Young May was both dashing and bold,  
 And December was feeble and cold,  
 And in temper by no means congenial.  
 He had lost—which caus'd him a bother—  
 His heart, and had not found another,  
 And he feared an alliance hymenal.

So December his suite withdrew,  
 And to May bade a *cold* adieu;  
 She was young, and not old and besotted.  
 A heart she could buy for herself,  
 If she had but the old man's pelf;  
 So she sued for a portion, and got it.