



"So the world wags."

I should fancy that the picture as portrayed in the clipping which I append of a number of English bishops, is somewhat overdrawn, though there is a good deal of truth in it; but why the fact of a man becoming a bishop should place his eyes too close together, I fail to see. People, nowadays, do not imagine that the clergy are all saints, and it is just as well they do not, for a rude awakening from a blissful dream is always unpleasant. It may be interesting to some of my readers to know

HOW ENGLISH BISHOPS LOOK.

An irreverent correspondent, says an exchange, describes the English bishops as they recently appeared in the House of Lords: "There sat some seventeen elderly persons in episcopal robes, their puffed lawn sleeves suggesting in a rather curious way that a feminine element, not youthful either, had somehow found its way into the House. Look at their faces. The stamp of their profession is on them. Nobody would say that these are men of the world, or men of business or men of affairs. The pinched lips, the eyes mostly too near together, the skin drawn firmly over cheek and chin, the sloping corners of bitter mouths, the air of sanctimony, of always posing before the world—all this and much more the most casual observer may see as he glances at this phalanx of spiritual legislators."

I have, myself, seen answers which had been given to questions in an educational examination, almost, if not quite, as absurd as those mentioned below. No one can doubt that the cramming system is attended by lamentable results, but nothing better must be expected. Children, nowadays, are supposed to master subjects in a few months that it would take years to become thoroughly conversant with, and yet folks are surprised when a child gives such answers as the following: It is no wonder that the young brain muddles and mixes things up when the ridiculous system of 'cramming' is taken into consideration. Here are two of

THE RESULTS OF CRAMMING.

If the evidence did not exist in black and white, very few persons would credit the amount of ignorance displayed by many of the candidates in the competitive examinations for Government offices, board schools, &c. In answer to the question, "Who was Esau?" the reply was highly characteristic. "Esau was a man who wrote fables, and who sold the copyright to a publisher for a bottle of potash." The confusion of "Esau" and "Asop," of "copyright" and "birthright," of "pottage" and "potash," is an example of ignorance by no means of an unusual class. Another student was asked to give some account of Wolsey. His reply was unique. "Wolsey was a famous general who fought in the Crimean war, and who, after being decapitated several times, said to Cromwell, 'Ah, if I had only served you as you have served me, I would not have been deserted in my old age!'"—*Ex.*

Oh! my unhappy country, verily the Yankees are hard upon thee, though they often display a woful amount of ignorance when attempting to portray an English nobleman and his manner of speaking. As to the truth of the following, I am unable to speak, but I can say that the incident is possible and that's about all.

THE "HINGLISH" OF IT.

The following from *Harper's Magazine* may be of interest in view of the coming tour in this country of Henry Irving, whose pronunciation, if certain not over-reliable correspondents can be trusted, is not dissimilar to that of the tragedians mentioned:

One morning not long since a gentleman in Wales walked down to the boundary of his park, and found some strolling players acting a blood-curdling tragedy in vans, with a most lavish display of pasteboard coronets, tinsel, cotton velvet, and imitation ermine. He was just in time to catch the following, which will be recognized at once by any one who has ever been in England as the natural expression of the higher classes:

First Lord (loquitor). Me Lord Marmadock is wounded.

Second Lord. Not mortually so, I 'ope?

First Lord. Apparently not.

Second Lord. Then leave me for an hour. [H well aspirated.]

SCENE II.

"Dost seek a audience with the dook?"

"Hi do."

"Then further subitfuge is useless, for hi am the dook"—assuming an imposing attitude and striking his breast. Then, *sotto voce* "Pass on to the next caravan."

ANSWERS TO ENQUIRERS;

OR,

DRAUGHTS OF INFORMATION FOR THE DROUGHTY.

Answered by Swiz.

"I read an allusion to the winning of an empire by an adverse neigh," writes a correspondent, "Can you tell me what historical event is referred to?"—Certainly. Darius Hystaspes and his brother militiamen, on the death of their king, instead of securing the succession by cutting throats, playing euchre, tossing coppers, pulling straws, organizing a grand Masonic Gift Enterprise, the winner to be proclaimed king—or any such things, agreed that he whose horse should first neigh at sunrise on the following Friday should be declared sovereign. Now Darius had a Cyrophenecian from Galway in his service as groom, named Mikke Murphides, who had been for some time chief-jockey at the Curragh of Kildare.

Mikke quietly gave his master's horse the following preparation:

Capsici pulv.	iii grs.
Cantharides "	½ lb.
Lingib. ext.	iii oz.
Aqua fortissima potcenia	1 gal.
Epsomi sal.	½ peck

This mixture had the desired effect: the horse did not hesitate to neigh. The master won the crown and Mikke secured for himself and heirs the perpetual right to sell liquor without a license, and it is a matter of surprise to behold what an immense number of descendants Mr. Murphides has, for of course none but members of his family ever attempt to dispose of spirits, &c., without being provided with the necessary legal permission to make drunkards.

The above valued recipe, which is not patented, is copied from a monolith lately dismantled at Banbeec.

MR. GRIP, in the plenitude of your wisdom, please tell me how long sidewalks are supposed to last, and oblige yours, etc., TAXPAYER.—Some for an indefinite period. The sidewalks of Herculaneum and Pompeii and the tessellated pavement brought to light, not long ago, in the Isle of Wight, have stood the time scourging of more than eighteen centuries. The artists who promoted the laying of some of the sidewalks in this city evidently considered them everlasting. Our boardwalks are known as the 'Shincracker' pattern, and are great promoters of indiscriminate profanity. The corporation style of Mosaic is sometimes sneeringly alluded to as patchwork. They do not last forever, and if the Board of Works would give some attention to board walks, pedestrians would not refer to block heads in power, slabs in office, etc.

YAHOO wishes to know of whom it was said that he was *sans peur et sans reproche*.—The Chevalier Bayard bore this grand distinction. It was an age when extraordinary virtue was a thing to be noticed. How different, nowadays, when every man is a gentleman! Every hotel clerk and compounder of liquid refreshments is "urbane and affable;" every elderman is "worthy;" every citizen is "prominent;" every old skinflint's death is "our loss but his eternal gain;" every shop-keeper owns "an emporium;" every tradesman is a "merchant;" every bridegroom is "gallant," and every bride "blushing and charming," and the "accomplished daughter of our respected fellow citizen, Fitz-Snobby," and the keeper of a saloon is, under all circumstances, "large-hearted and genial." The list might be drawn out indefinitely, but it has not much to do with *le preux chevalier*, Bayard.

THE CHIVALROUS KEY AGITATORS.

"The striking telegraph operators behaved like bricks and made no applications for re-instatement till all the lady operators had secured their positions."—*Exchange*.

Oh! wielders of the electric key, of gender known as masculine, The praise of your behaviour in this paper seems to ask a line: Old fogies say that chivalry belongs to bygone centuries—(I'm sorry that uncrowned with victory your striking venture is)—And I regret to see that these old humbugs keep their cant on yet, E'en Burke alluded to it in his speech on Marie Antoinette; But with those fogies, I assert, I really can't agree at all, And that chivalric deeds are now unknown I cannot see at all, For when your strike was shown to be a failure, every man of you Behaved in such a manner that speak naught but praise I can of you. You acted as did Knights of old who roamed about the country To rescue hapless maidens with much valor and effrontery You stood aside, as good men should, with gallantry and deference, And gave the lady strikers, like gentlemen, the preference; You did not ask for 'sits' till they, weak, struggling femininity Secured their own—but waited with much patience and serenity; And then, and not till then, you asked for process-re-instatement; And if each one don't get his post, he should, at any rate, or he Is much ill used. That act alone should rank you with the Knights of old, And you should certainly obtain, as those men did, their rights of old: If you have failed, why try again; you may come out victorious; And the way you've acted recently is highly meritorious. SWIZ.

A FORTUNE.

may be made by hard work, but can neither be made nor enjoyed without health. To those leading sedentary lives Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is a real friend. It stimulates the liver, purifies the blood, and is the best remedy for consumption, which is scrofulous disease of the lungs. By all drug-gists.