

TO MICHAEL O'FLYNN IN OLD IRELAND.

Och, 'twas Michael dear, if you'd been here
To see the hubbub and the great uproar
About that cable, because 'twas able
To walk across the ray from shore to shore;
'Twas most amazin', big bonfires blazing,
And crackling up fornaist almost every door.

The bells was ringin', and the people singin'
God save Victoria our Royal Queen;
And then the cheerin' burst in their hearts—
Och, sure before the likes was never seen.

There was buzzin' and burraal
By the clerics all throughout the town;
And there was moonshin', with great gloatin'
For J. H. Cameron and for Goordie Brown.

But it's past thinkin', the awful drinkin'
In every gin-shop, tavern, and bar-room;
And of Lager 'twould make you stagger
To think how 'twould the Jarmils did consume.

Och, 'twas provokin', and well nigh chokin',
The bawdy smokin' there was laikin',
Ould milk chays and Principays,
And blackcock meershaums of little boys.

Och, I'd be bother'd and comp'atly amothered,
And well nigh hilt to tell about one half
The fun and pleasure that without measure
Was in Toronto about the Telegraph.

THE CATHOLIC TRIBUNE.

Is one of the most able little papers we have seen for a long time. Its language is, however a little too mild for these violent times, and ought to have more fire to take just now. For instance, the following *morceau* is too weak to impress the stolid populace: "Aye, Catholics, for the present, be it the name of Orangeism or Devil, (why devil?) the war cry is Cameron." Now not to speak of the evident weakness of the language used, the idea is not very clear; it is evidently absurd to confound the names of Devil and Cameron together, when we know that they have recently engaged in mortal combat. One of our staff is desirous to assist in a good fire-eating paper, and if the following sample will answer, he will go to the *Tribune* instanter:—

THE INFAMY OF BROWN.

"This besotted wretch whose slimy and perjurerd carcass still drags its fiendish length on the earth has dared to lift his sulphury eyes to us for assistance. Curse, soul, deep and blasting, wither his pernicious and heaven-forsaken heart; let every Catholic crunch his catliff and audacious hopes beneath the revengful heel of patriotism and honour. The goats wink, the cows laugh, and the dark musquitos hiss foul reproaches at the traitorous, base and white livered things who counsel silence or submission. Catliff wretches, false Judases, who without the paltry price of perjury and apostasy barter their votes to this ribald blasphemous Brown. The fiends whisper congratulations at the craven, dastards; let them rip to the doon to which their infamous pandering will consign them: And the vile McGee, once a bright luminary in whose rays we had basked, has foully deserted us; two thousand five hundred curses await him; hiss with your fists and double your teeth at the atrocious renegade and vote for any body, everybody but the sickening, spiteful, venomous toad who belches with the infamy of perdition his ghastly lies to botry us. (We think that will do, eh?)

AUNT ADELAIDE'S ADVICE.

CONCLUSION.

My DEAR NIECE,—So after all my advice, you are determined to follow your own way; and yet you tell me that you are sorry to give me pain. Of course, it is very well on your part to remember what you call my devotion to you, and to say how grateful you are to me. But it is not words I want Lucy. It is deeds; acts, child, by which you will rise to distinction, become admired, and beloved, give large parties, and keep your carriage. This is what it is to be distinguished; not, as you say, to fulfil the duties of your station with dignity, to treat your neighbor with forbearance; to be kindly, genial, and feeling. What can this young man be, who has exercised this spell over you? Why, girl, he has changed your nature. Your cousin Emily tells me, that you have become the dullest of companions, and that you will not even smile at gossip; you who used to know everything about everybody. Do you intend, Lucy, to be different to others? I think it hardly kind to your old Aunt to say that you dislike scandal. Who asked you to like it indeed? It is quite a new thing for young ladies to invent terms; and to call a mere casual consideration of your acquaintance by the term scandal, is not what I expected from you. Indeed, are not these amiable and delightful discussions, the very life and charm of our society.

That you should really be engaged Lucy and not only against my wishes, but contrary to all my hopes. You say that your wants are small; that you will be happy in your new home, for if humble, it will be lightened by affection and cheered by sympathy; that refinement will supply the plea of luxury, and a love of literature will people its solitude. My dear child you are marrying a poor man whom nobody knows—whom your fashionable friends cannot acknowledge, however much they might wish to do so for my sake. You merely cheat yourself when you say that no one need fear who has health, education, good principles, and good habits, for these form a fortune which nothing can destroy. A pretty picture, forsooth, on the stage. But in real life it is a coin not current. I know very well that all I write will be thrown away, indeed, from all I learn, you care little about your old aunt. Well, child, she will trouble you no more. She has been to you, so far as she could, a very true dotting god-mother, knowing your faults and your shortcomings; yet pardoning them, and loving you even for them. The old woman is now in the winter of her existence, and she turned to you, as her favorite niece, to throw some sunshine on her slinking life, and although you cry and vow how you love me, and endeavour to soothe me, and say how anxious you are to make me happy—and tell me that you must do what you think right—yet you will not follow my advice but deliberately throw yourself away on some *vaut rien*, for the childish reason that you love him.

Well, I will not part in anger with you, Lucy—and though you have pained my old heart, I will forgive you, although as Shakespeare says (the writer of whom I spoke the other day, the author of Hamlet), "it is a greater grief to bear love's wrong than hate's known injury." So if we are to meet

no more, let it be so ruled in peace. God bless thee, Lucy, think sometimes of thy old aunt, and all as you have behaved, my last wish is that you may never regret, that you did not follow her advice.

Your still dotting god-mother,

ADELAIDE.

St. George's Square,
Toronto, Aug. 13.

THE ELECTRIC CABLE.

The first act of the great drama which is to revolutionize the world, is concluded, and the plaudits of its inhabitants have not yet died away. The thunder of guns from the English shores; the shout of twenty millions of people who follow the stars and stripes—the rejoicings of the British Provinces from Trinity Bay to Windsor, still rend the Heavens. But their excitement will soon pass away, and the magnitude of this undertaking pale before the completion of enterprizes, as far removed from the laying of the electric cable as the speed of thought is superior to ordinary locomotion. Who will deny that in the present generation, we will not be able to go home, and, when in the humour, enjoy a little quiet chat with our friend J in England, or our cousin in the capital of Russia, or our brother in the heart of Switzerland;—as Hamlet says "it is easier than lying." All that will have to be done is to lay down a grand trunk cable round the world, with branches into every city and village, and sub-branches leading into every house, after the manner of our present gas-pipes. Let us suppose this project wrought out. The days work being done, we would go home, take off our coat, pull off our boots, loose our straps and collar, and collar and strap all loose thoughts. Our grog being mixed and our cigar lit, we would hail our friend in England, thus:—

"Hallo, Bob, are you gone to roost yet?" (and if Bob were at home, he would respond:

"Yes, old fellow! How goes it."

"It's dreadful hot, here," we would reply.

"Will you drink?"

"Will a duck swim?"

"Well, here's fortune!"

"Here's luck!"

After drinking each others health, and shaking hands pantomimically, we would get quite communicative.

"What's the news?" we would say to Bob.

"Pigs are looking up," he would reply.

"Bothor the pigs. How's our sweet friend Mary —?" (She lives in Ireland.)

"Ask herself, for I'm going out. Good bye!"

Bob being gone, perhaps we would have courage enough to open a conversation with Miss Mary So after giving the secret signal which she alone could answer, we would say:

"How are you this evening, Miss —?"

"Oh! quite well, but don't tease me to-night, for I'm going to the ball with the nicest young man I ever saw!"

Immediately in the receipt of this, we would, of course, become dancing mad, after breaking all the moveable furniture, perhaps pick a quarrel with a rascal in Germany who owed us three years subscription, and promised to procure him, with the full rigor of the law the moment that we could spare ten minutes to pay him a visit.