

## THE "HUNGARIAN."

I.

Come sailing through the dismal gloom,  
The thickening gloom of winter-night  
Storm-darkened from the starry light,  
A sleeping ship to meet her doom.

A ship upon the midnight sea  
Hard by New Scotia's jagged shore—  
Unheard the nearing breakers' roar  
Await the hurricane's revelry!

Staggering over the sunken reef,  
She pitches right on rocks that gnash  
With cold, white foam,—and oh! the crash—  
It echoes yet to the ear of grief.

II.

O stillest peace, that doth submerge  
The stir of this uneasy life,—  
O dreamless sleep, ending the strife  
That vexeth e'en to earth's dim verge.

More tenderly than is thy wont  
Enfoldest thou some slumbering ones,  
Whose earthly into heavenly runs  
Unwearing life's last, parting brunt!

If else the change, wilt dost thou keep  
Thy rest for such,—an unwaved lake  
That into equal calm doth lake  
Some streamlet, fretting from its leap.

III.

Who may discourse with love forlorn?  
Who comfort speak to smitten hearts?  
Who dull the sorrow-pointed darts  
Which darken Heaven to those that mourn?

Vain words of human wisdom, cease;  
Teaze not with petty common place;  
Let dew's distill of God's own grace  
And grief shall settle into peace.

## ANARCHY IN THE PAPAL STATES.

We all know that the Pope's children are not the most dutiful in the world. The inhabitants of the Romagna have risen in open rebellion. Many have been the attempts to explain the cause of this revolt; so afflicting to the good-natured Pius IX. Mr. D'Arcy McGee thinks all these attempts have hit wide of the mark, and that he alone is able to solve the mystery. At a late demonstration of sympathy for His Holiness at Quebec, Mr. McGee explained how it was that the Holy Father had lost the moral control of a portion of his subjects.

"My Theory" said he, "a theory gathered from the records of the past—that when Rome became the capital of Christendom, the fallen Archangel established his head-quarters very close at hand."

Where can the Junior Member for Montreal, and dictator-in-chief of 300,000 men have obtained this information? We suspect he is in possession of letters from the gallant veterans, Marshalls O'Donnell and McMahon, and less crafty than his Catholic brother in this city, Mr. Thomas Barry, has given publicity to their contents. At any rate it is well that the matter is known; and we suggest that the information now obtained be forwarded at once to the Vatican. When His Holiness comes to learn the cause of all his trouble, we apprehend that a few bulls will be sent among the insurgents which will very soon quiet their rampant apirits.

Light for the Ladies.

—How is the torch of Hymen ignited?  
With a spark of course.

## SONS OF MALTA.

A FULL AND TRUE EXPOSITION OF THE SECRETS AND MYSTERIES OF THE ORDER.

BY HARRY HENRY, ESQ.,

Past Vice Grand Commander of the East end Lodge.

The following exposé of the mysteries of this singular Order, by a well known gentleman, may be relied on as authentic, and is the only full and correct account that has ever been made known to the public.

One great error of the uninitiated concerning the Sons of Malta, is the belief that all who have communication with their Lodges, or enter their encampment, as they term it, do so voluntarily. On the contrary, they do so on compulsion. In all large cities there is an organization of the most powerful and formidable men of the order, known as the Blue-bottle guard, which, by an intricate system of espionage, making it acquainted with the most minute particulars of a citizen's affairs, selects all eligible candidates for initiation to the sublime mysteries of the order. This rigid scrutiny is necessary for the exclusion of disreputable persons, who might reflect discredit on the order, and fully accounts for the non-admission of Teetotallers and Clear Grits.

When a selection has been made, two men of the guard are deputed to the selected party with a mandate from the Worshipful Grand Cadi, summoning him to the Outer Chamber or Hall of the magnificent Council of One. All reluctance on the part of the candidate to obey the mandate, is overcome by the use of talismans known as batons and darbies possessing marvellous magical power, and the candidate is transported—in most cases in a state of insensibility—to the "keep" of the outer encampment, an underground donjon-like room, from which all light is carefully excluded; here he gradually recovers sensibility, but only to exchange the unconscious state for one of appalling bewilderment. The darkness, confinement and solitary position of the candidate has its effect on his mind and nerve. The brain is confused, the hand unsteady, accompanied by racking headache and unquenchable thirst, creating a longing and desire for soda water or gin cocktails. In this semi-defunct condition he is released from the keep and ushered into the presence of the Worshipful Grand Cadi, who is clothed in oriental magnificence, seated on a dais-ed throne, summoned by janissaries of the blue-bottle guard. Being placed before the Grand Cadi he is thus addressed by him:—

II. II.—"On the recommendation of the most formidable blue-bottle guard, you have been selected to appear before this the sublime council of One, to be hero tested as to your fitness to enter the encampment of the original order of Malta. If the report of your eligibility shall be found faithful and true (as I have no doubt it will) you shall receive the warrant of this sublime council, therein to enter, and participate in all the privileges of this ancient brotherhood; if, on the other hand, you be deemed unworthy you can absquatulate and take your course."

Chorus of janissaries, in a whisper "That's so."

Chief janissary, in a sepulchral tone—"silence."

Grand Cadi.—"In order that the sublime council of One may be further and more fully satisfied, touching your fitness and capabilities for the enjoyment of the privileges and immunities of this ancient brotherhood, privileges and immunities that have been known as exclusive to it for generations, prior to and

shall be sacred to it for generations subsequent, to the memory of man, it is deemed necessary that the testimony of credible and reliable witnesses be also had corroborative of the recommendation of the formidable blue bottle guard. Witnesses are then brought forward, who, after a very solemn preliminary ceremony, copiously interspersed with admonitions "to mind his eye," "keep a stiff upper lip" &c., &c., proceed to give their testimony on the following points:—Whether the candidate, during the past month, has been guilty of dereliction of morals in refusing a "horn" tendered at the expense of another? Whether at any time he has taken Lager or other "soft stuff", when he was aware that good Kommon Kandian was around, tending thereby to impoverish the intellect by bringing on a maulding, instead of a reliable state of drink?

Whether he has been seen to cling to a lamp post when he might have easily embraced the kerb stone?

After information of character is fully elicited by questions of the above nature, the Grand Cadi proceeds to explain to the candidate that the investigation was thus closely conducted for the purpose of furthering the great end and object of the order, the procurement of authentic information concerning the person who struck Billy Patterson, or what is equally desirable evidence, eriminating the man who stole the donkey. As he had no knowledge tending to advance to the order enlightenment on these great topics, further examination is waived for the present, but being found worthy in other respects, he is entitled and empowered to become a sojourner in the land of Jericho, the encampment of this universal and ancient order.

Chorus of Janissaries—

When fuzzy gets a Jolly dog,  
And don't no where to go,  
'Tis best he join the Malta boys  
Who dwell in Jericho,  
Who dwell in Jericho.  
And pass their time in jolliness, way down  
in Jericho.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE THEATRE.

The Lyceum has been re-opened by the old manager, Mr. Nickinson. We are happy to hear that the first performances have been successful; it is to be hoped that the return of the old lessee will be the inauguration of better things for the Theatre. At the same time we must impress upon Mr. Nickinson the necessity of keeping together a really good company and paying strict regard to the character as well as the rendition of the plays he introduces. If he will but secure sterling actors and respectable performances, we shall give him our best recommendation.

## DOCTORS DIFFER.

The following remedies have been propounded by the members of the faculty for the evils under which Canada at present labors:

Dr. SHERMAN:—Amputation of the rotten member.  
Dr. GALT:—Continued bleeding.  
Dr. J. A. McDONALD:—Cupping.  
Dr. MACKENZIE:—Transfusion of Yankee blood.  
Dr. BROWN:—Dislocation and re-setting with a new joint (authority).  
Dr. GOWAN:—Plentiful doses of Orange peel.