

Would he wore himself! Sings  
"I'm not myself at all."

Well, the gods are above; time must friend or end; well, Troilus, well,—I would my heart were in her body!—No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

Cres.—Excuse me.

Pan.—He is o'der.

Cres.—Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan.—The other's not come to't, you shall tell me another tale when the others come to't. Hector shall not have his wit this year.

Cres.—He shall not need it if he have his own.

Pan.—Nor his qualities!—

Cres.—No matter.

Pan.—Nor his beauty.

Cres.—'Twould not become him, his own's better.

Pan.—You have no judgment, niece; Helen herself swore the other day that for a carmine favour (for so 'tis I must confess) not carmine either.

Cres.—No, but carmine.

Pan.—Faith, to say the truth, carmine and not carmine,

Cres.—To say the truth, true and not true.

Pan.—She praised his complexion above Paris.

Cres.—Why Paris hath color enough.

Pan.—So he has.

Cres.—Then Troilus should have too much; if she praised him above his complexion is higher than his; he having color enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lief Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.

Pan.—I swear to you I think Helen loves him better than Paris.

Cres.—Then she's a merry Greek, indeed. . .  
(A blare of trumpets).

Pan.—Hark! they are coming from the field. Shall we stand up here and see them as they pass towards Ilium? Good niece, do; sweet niece Cressida.

Cres.—At your pleasure.

Pan.—Here, here, here's an excellent place here we may see most bravely. I'll tell you them all by their names as they go by, but mark Troilus above the rest.

(Aeneas (the toast of the Queen) passes over the stage.)

Cres.—Speak not so loud.

Pan.—That's Aeneas; is not that a brave man? He's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you. But mark Troilus, you shall see anon.

Cres.—Who's that?

(Antenor (the toast of the Governor-General) passes over.)

Pan.—That's Antenor; he has a shrewd wit I can tell you, and he's a man good enough; he's one of the soundest judgments in Troy, whosoever, and a proper man of person;—When comes Troilus? I'll show you Troilus anon, if he sees me you shall see him nod at me.

Cres.—Will he give you the nod?

Pan.—You shall see.

Cres.—If he do, the rich shall have more.

(Hector (the People) passes over.)

Pan.—That's Hector, that, that, look you, that; there's a fellow!—Go thy way, Hector. There's a brave man, niece.—O brave Hector!—Look, how he looks! There's a countenance! Is't not a brave man?

Cres.—O, brave man!

Pan.—Is 'a not? It does a man's heart good. Look what hacks are on his helmet! Look you yonder, do you see? Look you there! There's no jesting; there's laying on; take it off who will, as they say? There be hacks!

Cres.—Be those with swords?

(Paris (the toast of the Lieutenant-Governor) passes over.)

Pan.—Swords? Anything, he cares not, an' the devil come to him, it's all one. By yea and by nay, it does one's heart good.—Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris, look ye yonder, niece. Is't not a gallant young man too; is't not? Why, this is brave, now. Who said he came hurt home to-day? He's not hurt! Why this will do Helen's heart good, now. Ha! would I could see Troilus now! You shall see Troilus anon.

Cres.—Who's that?

(Helenus (Absent Apologists) passes over.)

Pan.—That's Helenus,—I marvel where Troilus is;—That's Helenus;—I think he went not forth to-day;—That's Helenus.

Cres.—Can Helenus fight, uncle?

Pan.—Helenus;—No;—yes, he'll fight indifferent well;—I marvel where Troilus is. Hark, do you not hear the people cry 'Troilus?' Helenus is a priest.

Cres.—What sneaking fellow comes yonder? (Troilus (The Liquor Traffic) passes over.)

Pan.—Where? Yonder? That's Deiphobus: 'Tis Troilus! There's a man, niece! Hem! Believe Troilus! The prince of chivalry!

Cres.—Peace, for shame, peace.

Pan.—Mark him; note him; y' O, brave Troilus?—Look well upon him, niece; look you how his sword is bloodied, and his helm more hacked than Hector's, and how he looks, and how he goes. O, admirable youth! he ne'er saw three-and-twenty. Go thy way, Troilus, had I a daughter, were a Grace, or a Goddess, he should take his choice. O, admirable man!—Paris?—Paris is dirt to him, and I warrant Helen to change would give an eye to boot.

(Fores (Principles and Arguments for Temperance) pass over.)

Pan.—Asses, fools, dolts! Chaff and bran, chaff and bran! Porridge after meat! I could live and die in the eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look, the eagles are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws! I had rather be such a man as Troilus than Agamemnon and all Greece. (Total Abstinence and Great Britain.)

Cres.—There is among the Greeks, Achilles (Sir Walfrid Lawson) a better man than Troilus.

Pan.—Achilles! A drayman, a porter, a very camel.

Cres.—Well, well.

Pan.—Well, well? Why, have you any discretion? Have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man?

Cres.—Words, compliments, smiles, speeches fair I use,

Nor find it in my heart this cause to abuse; For more in Troilus thousandfold I see Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be; So speak I thus: Preachers are angels preaching. Things said are said, truth lies not in the teaching,

And he that preaches knows that truth ne'er changes,

Though audiences may, and frowning strange is.

Men prize the truths they prove by dint of palus;

Though preachers may not always count their gains

To be so much in principles evolved and put in use

As to please all their hearers, thus avoid abuse. Therefore this maxim out of love I teach:

When you a preacher are mind what you preach;

Speak as you know your hearers wish you should,

And trust to Providence to bring out good.

Thus may you honored be by saint and sinner, Nor stiek for sentiments when asked to dinner.

## A TERRIBLE STATE OF THINGS,

RYTHMICALLY POLYSYLLABLED.

I wonder what the scientists and analysts medicinal  
Will find out next, for really now the matter's getting  
serious;  
There's hardly anything at all of eatables official  
That they have not pronounced to be most highly dele-  
terious.

I could make you feel a rising in your ornament capillary,  
If I should tell all the tricks, in all their vast enormity,  
Of tradesmen, and you'd never wish to wag your or max-  
illary  
Or jawbone, if you knew how widespread is their non-  
conformity

To fact as honest people should. It's disgraceful to  
humanity  
That such men really do exist. No system of paretosis  
Would teach them to be honest; no amount of Chris-  
tianity  
Can change them, tho' they read the Bible right slap  
through from Genesis.

Each grocer seems to be endowed with more or less pro-  
pensity  
To sell us, as pure goods, the most repulsive things  
conceivable;  
And very few imagine the extent and the immensity  
Of the frauds of which we're victims, they are almost  
unbelievable.

Why, the very simplest thing we use, some every-day  
commodity,  
Is not the thing we think it is, but some adulteration;  
And if you get it pure 'twill be a most decided oddity,  
Though one which surely we should hail with utmost  
approbation.

Our sugar, that we used to think so pure in all its glossi-  
ness,  
These analysts have found is made of many a foul in-  
gredient,  
And owes a great deal of its bright appearance to its  
drossiness,  
And to go without it now would seem to be a good ex-  
pedient.

To think that milk is only chalk, or something more in-  
jurious,  
And tea is only shoe leaves, and coffee nought but  
chicory,  
The very thought's enough to drive a saintly martyr  
furious,  
If not to make him wish to swear like blazes or old  
hickory.

Our beer is doped with opium, our pickles are eruginous,  
Our bread has been discovered to be fearfully alumin-  
ous,  
Our drinks are dosed with something which is terribly  
salsuginous,  
And our wisest plan would be to live on things that are  
leguminous.

Then as for eating meat, if a man goes to his kitchen, he  
Will see some things which will be quite a shock to his  
propriety;  
The cook will tell him that the pork is full of loathsome  
trichine,  
And he'll shortly be convinced what frauds there are  
upon society.

Preserves have been discovered to be turnips mixed with  
crustacee,  
And butter is a compound of vileness oleuginous;  
But luckily all poisons are believed to have an antidote,  
Though one would be required that would have to be  
farruginous.

To work against so many ills. My verses contumelious  
I now must end. I know they are a trifle apagogical,  
But all these frauds have made me feel severely atra-  
bilious,  
And not at all like writing on matters theological.

I have not mentioned half the things which are not  
what they're thought to be;  
My space will not permit it, for they are so very nu-  
merous;

But every cheating tradesman or knavish grocer ought to  
be  
Set up for J. L. Sullivan to slug straight from the  
kumrus.

That's all at present.

Swix.

It will be a dreadful thing for Oscar Wild if a  
big snow storm should occur during his stay in  
this city. Why, the illustrious idiot would  
actually be compelled to wear boots.—N. Y.  
Commercial Advertiser.

The deacon's son was telling the minister  
about bees stinging his pa, and the minister in-  
quired: "Stung your pa, did they? Well,  
what did your pa say?" "Step this way a  
moment," said the boy. "I'd rather whisper it  
to you."—Chicago Cheek.