

Humbug.

Some poets sing of rosy wine,
And some, of woman fair;
A strain, less soft, more free, is mine,—
Humbug, to sing, I dare !—
Search round this wide terrestrial ball,—
’Tis Humbug all.

Humbug, thou art a mighty lord !
O’er all, more potent thou
Than widom’s pen, than soldier’s sword,
Than friend or lover’s vow ;
The grand, the mean, the great, the small,—
’Tis Humbug all.

The monarch, on his throne, is great :
But still is Humbug King !
He little reckes of might or state,
O’er Courts he flaps his wing.
He rules the palace, camp and hall,—
’Tis Humbug all.

And power and place are glorious dow’rs,
But Humbug laughs aloud,
And o’er high dignities and pow’rs
He casts, unseen, his shroud :—
The higher rais’d, the greater fall,—
’Tis Humbug all.

The lordly churchman’s scorn of gold,
The zealot’s angry growl,
The virtuous glance, so stern and cold,
The cynic’s sneering scowl !—
For Diogenes’ lantern call,—
’Tis Humbug all.

The rich man’s doles, the poor man’s law,
The friend, at ten per cent ;
The wordy patriot’s unbought jaw
To grumbling nations lent ;
The shrouding curtain let it fall,—
’Tis Humbug all.

The bashful maiden’s snaring smile,
The oath of deathless love,
The heiress-hunter’s ardent toil,
And friendship, like a glove,—
Cast off the heart-deluding thrall,—
’Tis Humbug all.

The chase that rose-ting’d pleasures lead,
The gilded glass of mirth,
The toys, that full-grown babies heed,
The weakling’s pride of birth :
The garter, star, race, rout and ball,—
’Tis Humbug all.

The Hopes that crowd the great man’s mind,
The wealth that gilds his state,
The good we seek but never find,—
Life is, itself, a cheat :
We swim to sink, we run, yet crawl,—
’Tis Humbug all !—

Johnson.

We believe Mr. Johnson gave up the tailoring business several years ago. His present attempt to PATCH up the American constitution can hardly be considered a renewal of his connection with the trade. At all events, the gentleman must be well aware that such a job cannot be smoothed out by a goose.

Correct version of John Mitchell's Letter.

New York, June 13, 1865.

To the Hon. Benjamin Wood, Proprietor of the "Daily News."

Dear Sir,—

As my arrival in this city has added to my already burthensome notoriety, and not desiring that that notoriety should, in the slightest degree, be shaded or diminished, I think it desirable to "define my position." Several of the New York papers suggest that I should be hanged : I scarcely need say, that I have no desire to accept such pressing attention.

So long as a Southern Confederacy existed I was a traitor and a secessionist. From the moment of General Johnson's surrender, when I could do nothing else, as a matter of course I resolved to return to New York and become a national citizen. At the same time, let it be known that, should another rebellion break out, it will always find a staunch advocate in me. I was, what people are pleased to term, a traitor, in 1848, and I glory in the recollection. I have been a traitor since 1861 : I glory in that also ; and should another chance occur, I will be a traitor again, and get more glory. I like glory as much as I do whisky. I spurn with contempt the man who has not the spirit to fight against his country.

In 1848, I saw a chance of impoverishing Ireland, and used all my exertions to bring it about, but failed. In 1861, and the four succeeding years, I worked for the destruction of the country which gave me a refuge in my hour of trouble ; and you, Sir, know whether I have succeeded.

The abolition of slavery has taken place—of this I am glad, as it will weaken both North and South. All I wish for now, is, that the whole world may be in rebellion. That would afford me a glorious opportunity for working in my own peculiar calling. I came to New York of my own free will, aware that I should be arrested and made a martyr of. However, if President Johnson offers me a pardon (and I don't think him foolish enough) I will not accept it. I have tried all sorts of projects, and failed in all, and as at the present moment I have nothing better in hand, I shall rejoice to be able to gain experience of prison life. I know a great deal, as you are aware : I may there learn yet more ; and in that wondrous school, arrange and plan, and meet companions fit for further mischief.

Your, &c.,

JOHN MITCHELL.

I Know a Bank ;

And so does Scroggins—but he does not like it. There's no wild thyme growing there, but he has had more than his due share of the herb ; and he has always preferred nodding over whisky punch to nodding violets, wherever they nodded. Scroggins' bank refused to permit him to recline—on its resources—and ignominiously turned away one of his numerous offspring—his last, his darling little Bill.