

CRUELTY IN HIGH PLACES.

Members of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and other humanely-hearted persons, must have been shocked at an advertisement in one of our city papers the other day, which read as follows:—

WANTED two good men and six smart boys for Pounding Cattle running at large. Apply at
THE CITY COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE.

Surely it is time to ask, "Whither are we drifting?" when such barbarity may stalk forth under the immediate patronage of an official like the City Commissioner. The business of "pounding cattle" is simply cruel; and its character is not bettered even if "good" men are secured, to go into it. The tribulation of vagrant cattle draweth nigh, of a truth! Think of "two good men" and "six smart boys" on the rampage, with *naughty sticks*,—and we know smart boys have a *penchant* for pounding dumb creatures. Every kindly heart will ejaculate, "*O miserima Bos!*"—(which may apply to the Commissioner, as well as to his victim.)

OLD FABLES NEWLY READ.

BY OUR OWN ESOP.

No. 5.—THE WOLF AND THE CRANE, OR A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION.

A Wolf once got a bone stuck fast in his throat, and engaged a Crane, at great expense, to put down her head and draw it out. When the bird's head was fairly down, the Wolf remarked: "I'm afraid this is too terrible a temptation; you may consider yourself well paid if I allow you to withdraw your head." "How about this bone?" queried the Crane, in smothered accents. "Ah! that's a fact!" rejoined the ungrateful wretch. *Moral.* Read this paper.

No. 6.—THE SOLDIER AND HIS NEGLECTED HORSE.

A Private in the Horse Marines owned a fine charger, which he treated with great care during the period of active service; but when war was over he grew careless, and allowed the animal to go to grass, and take care of itself. Being again suddenly summoned to the scene of strife, he found his good horse had been reduced so as to be utterly useless. He said nothing about "human nature," "true friends in adversity," etc., but went to the barrack and got a fresh horse. *MORAL.*—Never cry over spilled milk.

A FAIR QUESTION BY THE TAX-COLLECTOR.

TO THE RATEPAYERS:—How many of you, now, could conscientiously come down town with a metallic plate bearing the happy initials C. T. P. hung round your own neck—or say on your watch-guard? *Quis flagellum sentit? Hey?*

A COMPLAINING H—OWL!

If I had to be a bird, I wouldn't be a lark;
They have to rise so early, and go to bed at dark;
I wouldn't be an eagle; the king of birds so called;
I wouldn't be his majesty, for fear I might be bald;
I wouldn't be a pheasant, for it wouldn't be much fun
To have a noble (?) sportsman come around with dog and gun;
I wouldn't be a chicken, 'cause when this mortal coil
Was shuffled off, my quiet life might finish in a broil:
But as I have to be a bird, I'd be one that was "fly,"
A gay canary would I be, and this the reason why:
Because you're treated properly, and if one only sings
Gets cuttlefish and lollipops, and lots of jolly things;
And to some lovely creature you can breathe your love in song,
And warble out your roundelays right to her sweet and strong;
She'll call you all the prettiest names, you'll live in her boudoir;
Now if you had to be a bird, ain't this worth living for?

NEMO.

"HONESTY'S THE BEST POLICY."

BY THE CYNIC.

A worn-out proverb—'tisn't worth a curse;
'Twill never put a dollar in your purse;
Feed it to babes, with water-gruel and pap;
But *sharp's* the word for men—*sharp!* *Verbum sap.*

Hurrah for sham in cleric robe and bands!
Hurrah for sham fresh from the merchant's hands!
Sham fees arrayed in sham attorney's bills,
And sham physicians to compound our pills!

Hurrah for fraud in church and market-place!
Sham love, sham marriage, and sham wives to grace
Our shams of homes; and while sham friends remain
'To dine on shams, and suffer from sham-pain.

Another sham I'd sing, and lark-like, from the sod
Raise sky-ward chants for honesty and God;
Strike down the false, to virtue vote the palm,
Were I not, with the age, myself a sham!

THE DREAM OF PHILANDER ARAM.

BY HIMSELF.

I wonder where I was last night?
I wonder what took place?
I have a dread presentiment
That stares me in the face;
An oft-recurring murdered form
Haunts me in constant chase.

And on my pants are spots of blood,
And on my face as well:
My hands are grimy, as with soot,—
Whence—whence—I cannot tell!
My head's confused; and still, anon,
I hear a dying yell!

My heart is silent, in dismay,—
My uncombed hair I grasp,
In hope, perchance, to ease my brain
From this infernal rasp:
Oh! could I only slam it shut,
And clasp it with a clasp!

Even now I hear the awful voice,
In dismal monotone,
Invoking curses on my head
With every hard-drawn groan!—
Or is it some one reading out,
In the parlour, all alone!

What's that I hear! Down, leaping heart!
Mercy! O, vengeance, stay!
Hark! "Harmless man . . . last night . . . alone . . .
Coal-yard . . . blood marks . . . away . . .!"
My grimy hands! O heav'n, my clothes:
Speak, speak! What can ye say?

(Faints. Lapse of ten minutes.)

Wife, bring that morning paper here!
(I'll read my doom again!)
There! ask me not—withdraw—avaunt!
Is this the curse of Cain—
This wretched frenzy in my heart,
And flame about my brain?

Here, truly, in black, startling type,
My fearful deed is told:
This Tuesday morn—But yesterday
Was *Friday!* Pshaw! . . . What! . . . Sold?
Impossible? No? Yes! . . . the date!
The paper's seven years old!!

NOTE BY MR. ARAM.—The thing is all clear now. I had been wining too freely on Friday evening, and on my way home fell into a coal cellar, bleeding my nose, and subsequently inducing the severe attack of *Aramania* herein worked off.