

But now 'tis time to close this monody ;  
 The evening hour advances and I trust  
 That those who in their order follow me  
 Will to the name and memory be just  
 Of him who now reposes, "dust to dust,"  
 And friends and countrymen will not deny  
 "Some storied urn or animated bust,"  
 To tell the thoughtless mortal passing by,—  
 Here EDWARD WHELAN lies—you too must shortly die.

I shall

"No further seek his merits to disclose,  
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode ;  
 There they alike in trembling hope repose,  
 The bosom of his Father and his God."

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## THE ALABAMA CLAIMS SETTLED IN FULL

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BY PADDY THE PIPER, DECEMBER 2, 1870.

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I'll sing an Irish melody, good people come along,  
 While PADDY'S in the humor now, and listen to the song ;  
 An' 'tis all about the *fishers* that from Gloucester bear away,  
 To kill their summer voyages o' mackerel in our Bay,  
 In spite o' stipulations in a Trayty that was made  
 More than fifty years ago, for protection to our trade,  
 Like the ROOSHAN BEAR, whose ancestors set Moscow in a  
       blaze,  
 That'd gobble *Turkey* down to-day his appetite to please.