

LOOKING BACKWARD.

I WOULD have loved you, had you but let me,
Had you but fostered the seed that was sown,
E'en as it is I can never forget thee,
Not tho' my heart should be turned into stone.

One image engraved there, one idol to worship,
As through this bleak life I shall wander alone;
Oh, I would have loved you, had you but let me,
Had you but fostered the seed that was sown!

You told me you loved me—you went to my mother
And asked her permission to make me your wife,
How could you forget me and marry another,
Knowing I loved you far better than life?

Ah, well! it is over, and though you have taught me
My first bitter lesson, I will not complain,
Nor regret that I met you and loved you, no, never,
Tho' loving has ended in anguish and pain!

Ended, alas! if indeed it were ended—
But, no! it will live till I draw my last breath,
Then it may end, when this heart ceases beating,
And memory is hushed in the calm sleep of death!

My heart you have broken, my life you have blighted,
Yes, blighted and ruined and rendered a waste,
And tho' sorely stricken I cannot help thinking
That in marrying another you've shown your *bad taste!*

F. W. HARVEY.

SAMJONES' TABLE TALK.

HA! Well met, Borax. I was about to proceed to my noontide repast, and had I not sighted you I should have passed and repast. Let us together unto the hashery—but let-tuce not beet our way. The place is full, but perhaps Belcher, the genial proprietor, will, if we ask him, wedge-a-table into some corner for our use. Some people think me irreverent and I must admit that occasionally I sit in the seat of this 'corner,

By the way, I wonder if they consume more fuel on this street than elsewhere—Col-burn street you know.

What am I going to eat? Why, I usually eat what I chews. Don't chew? Let me see, I think I will try some roast goat. What? Not on the bill of fare? strange that an establishment of this kind should have no butt-er. Well, you may bring me some spring lamb—I suppose there's no use asking for spring water. Also a cup of coffee, but there is nothing in my remarks to chuckle at.

I often pore over a newspaper at meal times. Sometimes I pour coffee over it. "Reading makes a full man," but I notice that whisky will do the job with greater precision and soonness. I see that Europe is bristling with armaments. That's easily accounted for. Each power is getting ready for a brush with its neighbor. Reflect on this while I try and catch up.

Heard a sermon last Sunday. Don't affect to start and look astonished—I do go to church sometimes. The preacher was one of these extremely precise folks—awfully afraid of committing himself or saying anything out of place in the pulpit. He was talking about political corruption, and he said, "Let us hope that in future our nation will be free from this stigma, and that such measures as the—ah—Jeremiah Mander act will be eliminated from the statute book." He thought "Jerry-mander" sounded altogether too familiar. I think I will take some sago pudding. Say-go and get it.

The preacher was saying it is a pity that men don't take higher views of politics. It occurred to me that the hire view was the cause of all the trouble. I wanted to mention it, but perhaps if I had he would have been put out—and I know I should.



BASE METAL.

SEEDY INDIVIDUAL—"Boss, lend me five thousand dollars."

REAL ESTATE DEALER—"On what security?"

SEEDY INDIVIDUAL—"My face. Ain't that good enough security?"

REAL ESTATE DEALER—"No, sir. I don't lend money on old brass."

"Let me make the ballads of a nation, etc.," you remember the quotation. It is usually printed "ballads"—evidently a mistake for "ballots." This throws an entirely new light on the subject. Shall write to "Kit" about it. She is a woman of discernment, with a fine sense of humor possessed by few women. Isn't it somewhat singular that females, though they think so much of bonnets, cannot appreciate Hood?

It's warm here. Perhaps it is on account of the 'eat. Let us meander henceward.

WATCH THEM.

BENEATH a fair exterior
A rascal often lurks;
It is true of men and watches,
You may tell them by their works.

—Washington Hatchet.

But if they're landed in the dock
And brought into disgrace,
They still are like a watch because
You tell them by the case.

MORAL ENGLAND!

GAMBLING is no doubt a bad and ruinous thing, and cheating at cards is unquestionably mean and ungentlemanly, but until this Gordon-Cumming hubbub came up we were not aware that this latter offense was so very much worse than murder. We suppose the only reason why they don't punish it by hanging in England is that, in the opinion of Society there, hanging is much too good for the fellow who does it.