



### AN HISTORICAL PARALLEL—THE SENATE BEFORE ROYALTY.

I remember one time reading a passage in Bacon's works where the author makes Queen Elizabeth address the Speaker of the House and enquire "what has passed since your meetings six weeks ago?" "Please your Majesty six weeks." That is the way in which we meet, and if instead of adjourning to-morrow we were to remain here and meet every day we would pass nothing but two weeks.—*Senator Almon, in the Senate.*

### THE RUSTIC MAIDEN.

SEE the maiden in the morn,  
Merry, merry farmer's lass!  
Rising when the sounding horn  
Calls to pork and apple sass;  
See! she walks the furrowed fields,  
And the meadows wet with dew,  
And the surface gently yields  
To the pressure of her shoe.  
How I wish that girl were mine,  
Tho' she wears a number nine!

### THE RALE OIRISH THROUBLE.

ERRINGOBRAGH TERRACE, *April tenth, 1886.*

MISTHER GRIP,—For the love av charity—will yez plaze to threat on the tail av me coat? Its spoilin' fur a fight meself is. Here's Misther Gladstone all astray intoirely wid his "Home Rule," an' his finanshal canthrips—a'chasin' the gentry out of the ould sod—an' lettin' Paddy have the Grane Oisle all to himself. Sure an' its nayther rack rint, nor landlordism, nor bad iaws at all—at all—is the matther. It's a Canayjun, an' a "Liberal" begorra, that's found out all about the rayson av the misery in Oireland, an' he's out wid his discovery in the *wake*. Musha! now what a head that man's got!

Sure an' its the little blind divil Cupid that's doin' all the mischafe wid his slings an' his arrows, a-pursuin' an'

a-tormentin' poor Pat till nothing will do but he must go shparkin' Peggy as she rides in the low-backed car, an' they're married be Father Mahar, an' the consequences are, a lot av hungry young ones that shwarm like locusts an' ait up all the praties, lavin' divil a thing for the landlord to replenish his wine cellar wid. An' its no use a-talkin'! No matter how you may prache, Paddy *will* marry fur luv an' work for money accordin' to the ould fashioned notions, an' shure so long as he'd go on breedin' Enniskillin dragoons to interpose their bodies atune England an' the guns av foreigners, what matther? Shure the more the merrier, whin the list av the killed an' 'oonded cum in, but whin he comes to wantin' the country fur himself an' his childer to have an' to hould—arrah! be aff wid yez; is it a rabbit warren ye'd be after makin' the country—wid all this ridiculous lovin' an' weddin' in the ould patriarchal shtyle. Luck what a lovely paradise av ould maids an' bachelors Ould Oireland moight be, only fur that mischayvous little god. Shure an' its Gladstone an' the whole farce av the Oirish Constabulary ought to be after him, tally-ho! a-chasin' him an' his arrows clane into the say, the way Shaint Patrick wint fur the snakes an' the toads an' other onmitionable varmint. Glory be to Peter!—Yours wid an arrow in me oye,

BARNEY O'HEA.