

## A BALLADE OF BUSTLE AND BANGS,

AND OTHER POEMS.

ALPHONSO DEBROWN, having failed in all attempts to gain the heart of the beautiful but snow-like Araminta Van Goldstein, determined to apply himself to the art of poetry, of which he knew the said A. V. G. was passionately fond. He grew his hair to a length that surprised his fellow-clerks, and bought a bust of Byron, with which to adorn his top-back chamber. He studied metre until the landlady interfered with his nocturnal researches by studying the gas-metre. He was ever coining lines; but alas! he often cast his lines in wrong places, and much of his precious MS. was swept away and burned by the zealous chambermaid. Yet, he produced some startling compositions, which were sent by mail to his Araminta, who read and returned them without a comment. We print a few specimens kindly sent us by Mr. DeBrown. The first is a lovely little lyric, entitled

"GOOD MORNING."

In the very early morning when the birds begin to sing,  
And nature wash'd in pearly dew looks bright and everything  
Is waiting with expectancy for Sol to cross the line,  
And polish up the surface of the earth with quite a shine.  
When the baby ceases squalling and is calmly laid to rest,  
With its little bald pate nestling on its worn out mother's breast.  
When the milkman starts a ringing of his very much cracked bell,  
And the wandering green-grocer doth inaugurate his yell.  
When dogs begin a barking and the roosters cease to crow,  
Then you rub your eyes and wonder if its morning, don't you know.

Mr. DeBrown wrote several Ballades, of which we give two verses of one, called

"A BALLADE OF BUSTLE AND BANG."

To fashions I mutter "Go Hang."  
Let milliners live as they may;  
Mother Eve had an easier way  
Of dressing—no bustles outsprang;  
No birds' wings caused Adam a pang.  
Ah! life was then airy and gay,  
But now see the bills we must pay  
In this era of bustle and bang.

When the Greeks with a fanciful twang  
On the zither did prettily play,  
Women did not require a stay,  
But danced at their ease as they sang.  
Ah! then was no horrible clang  
Of pianos by night and by day,  
Tum-tiddle, tum-tiddle, tum-tay,  
In this era of bustle and bang.

Alphonso DeBrown designed a series of poems after well-known authors, amongst others, the following:—

'Twas ever thus from childhood's hour  
I never could my bills defray.  
There always was a debit power  
That made my money melt away.  
I never wished a mild cigar  
To glad me with its perfume rare,  
But when I went up to the bar  
I never had the five cents there.  
For I'm one of the sort  
That is always short.

In order to show his conversancy with etiquette, A. DeBrown wrote a long series of lines after the following style:—

Oh! never eat cheese with a knife and fork,  
Or pull with your teeth an obstinate cork;  
Or put bread in your soup,  
Or otherwise stoop  
To actions so vulgar as make people tork.

To show also his complete mastery of the English forms of poetising, our hero wrote a topical song, entitled

"Always Take Off your Hat to a Lady," of which the chorus ran as follows:—

Oh! if it be hot,  
Quite sultry or not;  
Or if it be sunny or shady,  
Don't act like a mule,  
But remember this rule,  
Always take off your hat to a lady. TIGGLES.

## BISHOP CLEARY'S PASTORAL

(As it ought to have been written.)

To the Clergy and Laity of Kingston.

DEAR BRETHREN,—It gives me pain to announce to you that certain children of Catholic parents have been ejected from the public schools of this city. This, I regret to say, is a sad instance of Protestant bigotry. The parents referred to are good members of the Church, and have duly paid their rates to the Separate Schools, but they prefer to send their children to the Public Schools for certain reasons—amongst others that they receive a superior education in those institutions. It is surely a narrow and intolerant spirit that would refuse to Catholic children the benefits of the public schools simply because Separate Schools have been specially granted to Catholics, and the taxes of Catholics are set aside for their support. But we have always been downtrodden as a Church. We only ask for justice. We simply desire the right to use the Public Schools free of charge when we are so disposed, while our taxes are applied in support of the Catholic Schools, but this trifling boon is denied us. Brethren, all we can do is to suffer patiently; but we have the consolation of knowing that our grievance is one well calculated to win us the sympathy of all who have a sense of the ridiculous.

YOUR LOVING BISHOP.

## THE NEW REPORTER.

HE was a new man and was directed to get a full report and particularly to describe the ladies' costumes. The city editor had been very minute in his instructions, and as the new man was very learned, having had two or three college educations (where he had put them we never could discover), he resolved to show how well he could do his work, teach his brethren of the press, and astonish our large number of subscribers.

He brought in his report next morning. The city editor took it for revision, read it and fainted. He was brought to after some difficulty. He looked at the new reporter and said: "This world is too small for you, get off it; go to New York, Boston, Chicago, Lachine, Quebec, anywhere; your talents are lost here." The reporter left Toronto. The sheets of manuscript lay on the floor, neatly written and numbered—there were 98 of them, and if published would have crowded everything else, editorials, local news, clippings and advertisements, out of the paper. That reporter lacked judgment, yet his manuscript was not very bad for a first attempt. It began as follows:—

"From time immemorial the custom of celebrating Christmas-tide has been a most honored one. Then are seen smiling faces and happy hearts, cheery words and kind deeds; the one season of the year when all feel compelled to be happy. The Xmas board groans with good cheer, all have good appetites, and the year's accounts become due. The holly and mistletoe, foreign plants, decorate our homes, and the children stay up all