

Coachman is a rele good feller and sings with considerbl expreshn that old farmiliar ballet

"When Briting fust at 'Evings comarnd
Rose hou-hou-hout-oh-hou-hou-ah-hout the ha-a-azure main."

when I paternize him and the groom in the coachus arfter dinner. Please arnswer.

Yours fatheffy,
CHAWLES NEEBRITCHES.
(nee uniform, now plane close).

[Don't want your political communications : publish your letter for fun. Know more about politics than you do, but three pages of that subject in an eight page paper is enough.—ED. GRIP.]

THE PRELATE AND THE PAUPER.

A clerical person of high degree,
And said to be full of philanthrope,
And a lover of works of charitee,

We see.



He loves the poor man, the needy pities ;
Intones with fervor his *Nunc dimittis*.
And his rectory fair, in one of our cities,

It is.

His words, as he preaches, are round and fair,
And his eyes roll aloft with a pious air,
As he maketh a long and unctuous prayer,
—To where ?

One day as he sat in his garb monastic,
A beggar came to this ec-clesiastic,
And with many a reverent bow gymnastic,
And fantastic,



He said, "Fair sir, I have come to sue
For something to eat and for something to do :
For, from what I can hear, with ut any ado, You

"Will feel it a pleasure to give me both ;
I am hungry : don't drink ; swear never an oath,
And I'm sure that your reverence won't be loath—"

(Rhyme machine spring a leak here)

"To help me ; I'm hungry ; for nearly a week
I have done without food, and I only seek—"
"What !" cried his reverence, flabby and sleek,
"What cheek !"

"You come unto me as a beggar ; pooh, pooh !
How ever can I give you aught to do ?
And you want food besides ; this is really too
Too.

"Keep a stiff upper lip ; in a month or more
You needn't go begging to any man's door ;
Do your best and you'll find that good gifts will pour
Galore

"Right down on your head ; good morning, sir ;
I glance at my watch and I see dinner
Will now be ready ; I'm hungry—er

Butler,



"Show this gentleman out,"—and out he was shown,
This pitiful mass of skin and of bone ;
He had asked for bread ; had been given a stone ;
Ochone !

The prelate went to his dainty spread,
Right royally drank and thrice regally fed ;
And next morning his visitor lay in a shed—
Dead !

He died from starvation ; this tale is true,
And shows what evil a prelate can do,
And which in the future he'll probably rue,
Adieu !

ANSWERS TO ENQUIRERS ;

OR,

DRAUGHTS OF INFORMATION FOR THE DROUTHY.

What is meant by the amenities of journalism? FOLIO wishes to know.—The politeness so characteristic of Canadian journalism. The more prominent by comparison with the usages of other countries. We have before us two prominent Russian journals. We translate from the Slavonic: The *Lian* of Moscow, edited by Chaumelagzoff addresses his brother of the *Belog*: "The mendacious hyena, whose putrescent exhalations diurnally pollute the atmosphere of the city deserves the knout for his miserable attempt at facetiousness in daring to embalm in his vile and nauseating sheet his opinions forsooth, on the quality of our vodka! Poor caterpillar; he can never emerge from his chrysalis state. Should he ever attempt to speak the truth he would die." How different with us! The *Mail* says: "It is with feelings of the deepest sorrow that our patriotism compels us to apparently sacrifice friendship upon the altar of public interest, by alluding to a slight mistake in a late issue of our ever veracious and polite, and considerate contemporary the *Globe*. But from positive knowledge we must assert that the indisposition of the Hon. Mr. Kaleb, which has cast so deep a gloom over the whole country, was not occasioned by a surfeit of tripe and onions, as our generally accurate conferees says, but by highly seasoned, and too fresh bologna sausages. We would sacrifice our right hand before offending; but truth is mighty and must prevail." Listen to the *Globe*: "We never read a mistatement, much less an untruth, in the columns of the *Mail*. We give our children the paper to read. Its pure well of English undefiled, is refreshing to think of. The bonds of amity between us have never been broken. Our veracity is unimpeachable. There is no blot on the escutcheon of the *Mail*. Hand in hand we go, our only difference being which can surpass the other in doing good for our common country."

We frequently read about a Marshal's baton. What does it mean? Enquires "CLUBS."—The baton or truncheon is an emblem of power. *e. g.*: The policeman's club, generally used the more vigorously the weaker the offender is. The facile and bodily contortions accompanying the frantic gyrations of the baton in the hand of the leader of an orchestra are terrifying, but sublime. Enthusiastic citizens do honor to the hero of the hour by the gift of a gold headed cane, and it is refreshing to note the manner in which the "genial and large hearted" distillers of savory sippings squander their ducats to obtain votes, especially if the recipient be a parson.

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To whom is Europe indebted for the introduction of the potato? SPUDS is very anxious to be informed.—What everybody knows is not suitable for this column. See "Little Johnny's Book of Knowledge"—price 10 cents. We afford information on subjects metaphysical, rhetorical, logical, theological, astronomical, geological, historical, philological—all kinds of "ogical"—in fact, everything; but we eschew politics, heterodoxy and baby questions. To be brief, we profess to be the most modest and least boastful of newspaper folks.

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"Not a full blushing goblet would tempt me to leave it, tho' filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips." Could gin provide the ingredients of this nectar? demands SWIPES.—Ambrosia, the nectar referred to, was very popular during the Olympian era: but we opine that on the fall of the Jovian dynasty the recipe for compounding the Celestial potion was lost: but there is a difference of opinion here. The ancient Irish "savants" prove, as they say, beyond dispute, that the nectar was poteen, and point to the jovial influence this beverage asserts, as well as the fact that the word O'lympian, smacks of the undoubted Milesian. The Scotch clamorously declare it was Athole brose: The Frenchman sneeringly asks if such knowledge would be vouchsafed to mere islands, and finds the nectar in his own champagne: The Hollander says gin, and the German doggedly and sentimentally vows it was lager beer. This latter assertion is not tenable, as lager beer is swallowed, guzzled, or thrown down, whilst the nectar is sipped, and the idea of a Dutch Hebe or Ganymede presenting the graceful Apollo, the lovely Venus, or the queenly Juno with schooners of lager with one hand, and a platter heaped with pretzels, Limburger, kraut and sausage with the other, lacks the necessary etherealism connected with the doings of the Celestial troupe. The Yankees unanimously aver that a lost art was discovered by the fortunate man who first made a mint julep.—

A COLLECTED REPLY.

SERVANT.—Oh! sir, here's the man come for the gas.

OLD GENTLEMAN (*chronically impecunious.*)
—Oh! bother! tell him—tell him it's out!

Why is a pig's tail like an old man?—Because it's *inferm*.

"Can a man serve two masters?" Certainly, sailors on schooners can.—*The Judge*.

"Mamma, what does M. D. mean when it comes after the doctor's name? Does it mean money down?"—*Harper's Bazar*.

Mrs. Mackey denies the rumor that her daughter is engaged to a prince and says: I mean to give my daughter to an honest man." The lucky editor, whoever he may be, has our congratulations. For Mrs. M. says her daughter will receive not a penny of dowry on her marriage.—*Norristown Herald*.