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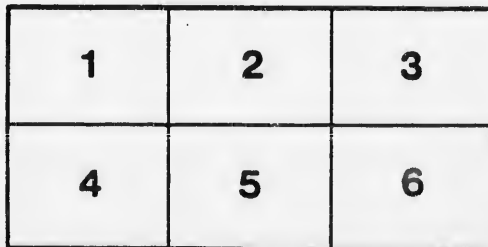
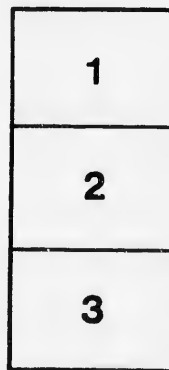
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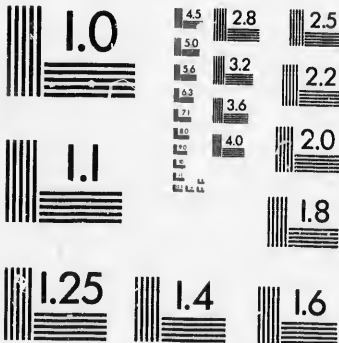
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MISCELLANEOUS GLEANINGS
FROM THE
POSTHUMOUS PAPERS,

OF
The Rev. Theodore Nemo,

COLLECTED AND PRESENTED TO THE WORLD FOR THE FIRST TIME

BY HIS NEPHEW,

CHARLES DE BONNEHUMEUR.

TORONTO:
HART & RAWLINSON, PUBLISHERS, KING STREET,
1880.

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James Bennett
1867

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1880.

TO
J. F. W.

FOND COMPANION OF THE AUTHOR'S BOYHOOD,
ATTACHED FRIEND OF HIS RIPER YEARS,
STAUNCH SUPPORT OF HIS DECLINING DAYS,
WHEN THE HARSH COLD WORLD AND ITS VEXING CARES
HAD BROUGHT HIM INTO THE SERE AND YELLOW LEAF
AT THE VERY TIME WHEN HE HAD EVERY
REASONABLE OBJECTION
TO CHANGE HIS COLOR IN THAT FASHION,
THE FOLLOWING PAGES ARE AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED
AT THE REQUEST OF THE DECEASED AND GIFTED FATHER,
BY HIS NEPHEW,
CHARLES DE BONNEHUMEUR.

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AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

It is a rare thing to find a book without a prefatory note. In this connection it is of comparatively little moment, that very few people read prefaces at all. There is still the same obligation on the author to write a letter of introduction for his literary offspring.

For my part, I have only one remark to make in this place. Certain fastidious people—old women of both sexes—may be inclined to take exception at the broad humour of one or two passages in the following pages. *Honi soit qui mal y pense*. Ah! what a hypocritical and eke a shameful world it is. In society we daily hear and see things that might, indeed, to use Mr. Podsnap's language, "bring a blush to the cheek of the young person." And yet, God wot, nobody cares. Society plays upon its harp of pleasure, and the sounding string thereof is passion.

If this book should ever pass before the public eye, let it be one thing remembered. These notes of a young hermit have been written in no unholy spirit. They have been penned that some of the eyes which daily

weep may be lightened with a passing gleam of joy ; that some of the hearts which ache "for the dark house and the long sleep," may throb in a more hopeful spirit. For the rest, I have read somewhere in godly books, that the opinion of the world should be nothing to me. And it is nothing.

THEODORE NEMO.

Pine Grove, Sept. 10th, 186—

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Posthumous Papers

—OF THE—

REV. THEODORE NEMO.

IN searching among his papers a few days ago, the compiler of the following pages accidentally came upon an old unpublished manuscript, containing sundry personal reminiscences of his venerated uncle, the highly gifted and much lamented Father Theodore Nemo. The document, to his mind, possessed such extraordinary merit, and bore upon its every page the impress of such exalted genius, that he felt he could not, without laying himself open to the capital charge of *lèse majesté* against the Republic of Letters, refuse to bring it forth from the obscure chest where it had lain in durance vile for many wretched years, upon decidedly false pretences ; and to secure for it an honorable place amongst those classic gems that have, with so marked and brilliant a success, established for our English literature, a character for unrivalled excellence and imperishable glory throughout the entire Commonwealth of Letters.

It is impossible to estimate, with any degree of accuracy, the dreadful, the incalculable misfortune

which has fallen like a pall upon the literary world, by the untimely death of this brilliant child of genius.

A combination and a form indeed
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man.

If nothing else were calculated to furnish proof of the rare literary accomplishments with which the Reverend Theodore Nemo had been eminently gifted, the following papers that are now presented to the world for the first time, would of themselves be amply sufficient to "embalm his memory in the innermost shrine of our hearts," and bring down his name to posterity crowned with the laurels of a glorious and imperishable fame.

Doubtless, some miserable spirits will be found who will go so far as to question the veracity of the statement of Mr. Bonnehumeur regarding the high intellectual attainments of his venerable uncle; who will carry their effrontery to so appalling an extent as to unblushingly assert that the personality of the Reverend Theodore can be traced to no more tangible source than to the wild vagaries of a disordered mind, that, in short, his Reverence is a myth, and that *Nemo* is but another name for *Nobody*!! Strong in the conscious rectitude of our character, strong in the conviction that we possess the undivided confidence of the public, strong in the sweet (I had almost said the filial) love we bear the slandered dead, we deem it quite superfluous to waste one word upon these miserable beings—these animated boils upon the dis-

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ish them, "more in sorrow than in anger," if they
will not spare the reputation of the living, to respect
at least the hallowed memory of the revered departed,
and by their foul and unwarrantable imputations,
"vex not his ghost." The name of the distinguished
subject of this memoir has been too long before the
world, his labors in the public service have been too
well known, too highly appreciated, by thousands of
grateful and sympathizing hearts, to render it at all
necessary upon our part, to devote the smallest possi-
ble attention to the snarling of such wretched curs as
these, curs that bark but dare not (because they can-
not) bite. We shall treat these characters as they
deserve to be treated, with the dignified silence of our
most sovereign contempt, pointing at them, as we pass
them by, the finger of our unmitigated scorn, fervent-
ly hoping at the same time in all Christian charity,
that they may not be brought to participate in the
miserable fate to which the indignant poet has con-
demned those vile beings who love not their mother-
land, who

Living shall forfeit fair renown,
And doubly dying shall go down
To the vile dust from which they sprung,
Unwept, unhonored and unsung.

It is therefore, we repeat, beyond the reach of
human ken, to calculate the disastrous loss which the
premature departure of this brilliant mind has neces-
sarily entailed upon the world.

Oh, had he lived!—In our school books we say
 Of those who held their heads above the crowd,
 They flourished then or then. But life in him
 Could scarce be said to flourish; only touched
 On such a time as goes before the leaf,
 When all the woods stand in a mist of green,
 And nothing perfect.

Alas! how truly do these touching words of our magnificent laureate poet apply to the dear venerated shade of the departed Nemo. His genius, though a lovely, was indeed an undeveloped flower, a beautiful blossom, withered in the bud. By nature bashful and retiring, shunning the admiration and applause of men with an instinctive dread, debarred by a most unfortunate concurrence of circumstances over which he had no personal control, from all interchange of thought and feeling with kindred spirits, living or rather vegetating like some huge zoophyte in a small and sequestered country village, where the "glorious feast of reason and flow of soul" so dear to an exalted, and withal a loving and social spirit, was a banquet of which it had rarely been his happy fortune to participate: he blossomed, bloomed, and withered like a desert flower, unprized, unloved, unnoticed, and unknown.

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
 His life was death, great, hapless, lost *Nemo*.

"Let my ashes repose amongst those good and faithful people, whom in life I loved so dearly; bear my heart to Ireland, sweet land of my early hopes and of my best affections; my soul in the Christian's hope and love, I humbly leave with God." These were his last words—these were the articles of a

legacy, the most valuable that ever man bequeathed, one which the treasure wealth of a hundred worlds could not purchase. The unusual solemnity that characterized his funeral obsequies, and the immense concourse of people of all ranks and creeds that gathered in sorrow around his early grave, bore eloquent testimony to the unqualified esteem, respect, and love in which the Reverend Theodore Nemo had been held (in death, God help us !) by all classes of the community. Alas ! how truly has the poet said. His beautiful but melancholy words rise up before us with startling clearness, and like a death knell, strike with a chilling coldness on our hearts :

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear.
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

In the midst of our great affliction, however, it is an unspeakable consolation to know and feel, that though the ashes of Father Nemo have been long since gathered to his fathers, though in the flesh he has departed, his spirit, like the presence of an immortal power, lives amongst us yet in all its pristine strength and beauty, and as the sun leaves behind him a reflex of his glory long after he has gone to shine upon another world, so the sweet twilight which the memory of Theodore Nemo's genius flings around our hearts, will ever linger fondly there, and shine a brilliant earnest of the worth, the genius, and the glory of the great spirit that has passed away,

Nemo, drooping, bent his lovely head,
And lingering beauty hovers round the dead.

NO. 1.

How do you do, ladies? Good morning, gentlemen. Nice weather. The extraordinary demeanour of the weather-cock perched upon my barn roof,—that *vain* (vane) creature who, in gross violation of the Ecclesiastical law, invariably indulges, with a pertinacity of purpose worthy of a better cause, in the dangerous and immoral amusement of a round dance, whenever it happens to be three sheets in the wind, strongly leads me to the belief that the elements are about to favour the children of men with a tune on the big drum. *Mais dam, que voulez-vous? Vous parlez français? Oui? Ah, bon! Vous me comprenez donc.*

I am sure it will be a source of sincere gratification for my lady readers to be informed, that the individual who has taken it on himself to chaperon them through the literary quagmire upon which the dear creatures, with a courage far beyond their sex, and with a fixity of purpose quite in keeping with their sex are now about to enter, is young, amiable, generous, and brave. In fact, a nice fellow, a duck:—so interesting, Kate, my love! The flowers of six-and-twenty summers have not as yet blossomed, bloomed, and died, since that most interesting period of my existence when I was first ushered in upon the boards of that great thea-

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tre called the world, to the inexpressible relief of my poor dear mother, and the uncontrolled delight of a large circle of interesting and interested blood relations, but, as far as could be judged from the *forcible* and *striking* manner in which I thought fit to give expression to my feelings at the time, to my unmitigated and unspeakable dissatisfaction. It has been very well and very truly said, that the *boy* is father to the man. I wonder whether it would be detrimental to the truth of the dear old saw if we would just give it a back stretch, and say that the *baby* is father of the man. I don't believe it would. Why, bless your dear souls, there is more philosophy in a baby's kick, more wisdom in a yell from the sweet darling, than in the concentrated mental throes of all the greatest wiseacres that ever lived. Tell me. Why does baby, the very moment it opens its peepers on this world, kick and scream so violently that the soul of its poor anxious mother is filled with the most excruciating fears that her lovely little blossom will tumble off the stage, and vanish in unutterable disgust behind the wings? *Philosophi hujus gloriosi sæculi undevicesimi nostri quomodo explicabitis hoc phenomenon infan(dum)?* It seems to me indeed that the solution of this very interesting and important question is plain and palpable to every reflecting mind. Ah! it is because the grim phantom of the world's future rises up before baby's prophetic soul with all its attendant ills and dangers—its fears, its trials, its disappointments,

the vanity, the nothingness of all its pomps, its honors, its riches, and its joys—all its promises unfulfilled, all its anxious longings unconsummated, and all its bright hopes withered in the bud. All these untold miseries rush in upon the infant soul. Baby's constitutional infirmities are powerless to stem the fearful flood, and the natural result is that it gives vent to its insufferable agony in kicks, and yells, and tears intermingled with an unnecessarily large quantity of nasal juice.

I am an exile. A stranger in a strange land. *Terra marique jactatus*. In a physical as well as in a figurative point of view, it may with perfect truth be said of me that I am a poor tempest-tossed mariner—a miserable waif—upon the troubled waters of this world, affording abundant and interesting matter to the winds and waves for the exciting game of battle-dore and shuttle-cock—the butt, the sport of fortune. I left my country for my country's good. I did, indeed. Now, let there be no misunderstanding upon this head. It is an error as grave as it is common, to suppose that the expression "leaving one's country for one's country's good" is capable of but one interpretation, and that a favorable one. My kind friends, excuse me. If you labour under any such impression you labour under a very grave mistake. You will doubtless acknowledge the truth of what I say, when I assure you that I left my country for my country's good, for the sole and very excellent reason that my country could manage to get no earthly good of me,

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and I, by a kind of inverse ratio, could manage to get no earthly good of my country. The inevitable result was, that we both sought for and obtained a bill of divorce *quoad torum et habitationem*. My country was delighted. I was overjoyed; and so we parted with sunshine in our hearts. I am thoroughly persuaded that if my country could by any possibility be reduced to the consistency of a human form, she would, when she perceived that

Slow our ship her foamy track against the wind was cleaving,
Her trembling pennant looking back to that dear isle 'twas leaving,

have fairly kicked and screamed in the ecstatic madness of her joy.

If I mistake not, I have informed my kind readers that I am young. Yes, young indeed in years, but oh, so old, so very, very old in the world's trials, and sorrows. Sorrow has blanched my hair, ladies, sorrow has blanched my hair. "Alas! the pity of it!" For, oh! I had such a beautiful head of hair in the happy golden long ago. Jennie of the nut brown couldn't hold a candle to it. If she did, she wouldn't do it again—that's all. Next to the darling boy that pranced, and screamed, and kicked beneath it, my hair was the delight and pride of my poor dear mother, and for hours and hours together would she fondly feast her loving eyes upon it subsequently to the operation of "combing." Yes! sorrow has blanched my hair before its time, and my poor head is bent beneath the weight of many cares. Yet, thank heaven!

I am not wholly lost to every sense of joy. Great and manifold as my afflictions are, I am happy in the possession of an antidote as sweet as it is powerful. In the midst of this wild waste of friendships severed, aspirations thwarted, and bright hopes withered and destroyed, sweet Memory comes like a blessed messenger from heaven, to bear away my soul upon its wings of love, and bathe it in the light of other and more halcyon days.

Under the influence of such a potent charm, I take great pleasure in relating the following interesting reminiscence of my boyhood, to which I would most respectfully invite the kind attention of the reader.

ADVENTURES OF A STEAMER.

Who steals my purse, steals trash ; 'tis something ; nothing.
 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands ;
 But he that filches from me my good name,
 Robs me of that which not enriches him,
 And makes me poor indeed.

OTHELLO.

In presenting this my eldest born to the care and patronage of an indulgent public, whilst pinning on the back of my dear child a card with the inscription "glass, with care," I shall take the liberty of making an observation or two in connection with the personal character of the interesting individual who forms the

subject of the subjoined poetical (?) effusion ; as I consider that without an explanation of this nature, the shining merits of my first born (for I flatter myself with the belief that my little daughter is a magnificent, in fact a rare child) could neither be clearly understood nor satisfactorily appreciated. Be it known therefore, to all whom it may or may not concern, that our hero had from the moment that the blessed light of reason beamed upon his infant mind, from the first day on which he became morally responsible for his conduct, invariably enjoyed, and I fain would hope, still continues to enjoy a character of unimpeachable integrity. A most excellent young man ! Pure as a lily, bright as an angel, mild as a baby, (when baby is soporifically enjoying itself, or engaged upon the paps ; here the comparison closes), blithe as a summer bee. The foul breath of slander—that infernal blast which cometh hot from hell to kill the dearest earthly blessing that man holds from the benignity of heaven, and which with an energy worthy of a decidedly better cause expends its best or rather its worst efforts in striking down saints and sinners indiscriminately, had unfortunately given our hero a slight touch as it swept by him on its mission of destruction through the world, and in the plaintive accents of Avon's lovely bard,

Like a worm i' the bud,
Preyed on his damask cheek.

For, calumnious tongues had whispered that this most interesting specimen of the genus *homo*, having upon

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a certain occasion involved himself in one of those youthful indiscretions from which unfortunately the great bulk of mankind are not wholly free, not even excepting those very kind and charitable gentlemen who had taken such unnecessary trouble in bearing false witness against their neighbour, was summoned before the Reverend Superintendent of the Educational Establishment of which our hero happened at this time to be an inmate, to scrape from off his character the unclean charge of intoxication which had been falsely and with malice aforethought brought to his door on the occasion.

It may perhaps be necessary to observe for the better elucidation of our subject, that our interesting and deeply injured friend had, during this particular period of his existence, rejoiced for some unaccountable reason in the extraordinary *sobriquet* of "Steamer." The motive that actuated his fellow students in appending to the name his mother had bestowed upon him at the baptismal font this strangest and most inappropriate of epithets affords subject for deeper thought than the limited capacity of my mind can ever hope to fathom. For, certainly, if any unfortunate individual dreaded the watery element with a trembling hydrophobic dread, that person is, most assuredly, represented in the interesting character who forms the subject of this paper. I venture to assert that none possessed a more intimate acquaintance with the various accomplishments and deficiencies, virtues and

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drawbacks, the good points and the bad points, the lights and shadows; of the character of my illustrious friend than the humble narrator of this veracious and I trust interesting history. And I do most solemnly asseverate—I feel myself involuntarily raised upon my toe tips through the sheer force of the truth of what I say—I do most solemnly asseverate that all boating expeditions whatsoever, all recreations and excursions having either a proximate or remote connection with the water had been always as obnoxious to his tastes and feelings as the insane idea of his taking a race across the Atlantic for the express purpose of participating in a war dance with his dusky brother by the cedar shaded banks of “the lovely Minnehaha.” Why “Steamer,” therefore, and why not ‘Whale,’ or “Stove Pipe,” or “Potato Bug,” are difficulties, ladies and gentlemen, upon which I regret to say I am absolutely powerless to enlighten you. They are points anent which history is silent, and which are still left open to the disquisitions of the learned.

My kind lady readers will, I am sure, be particularly charmed when they perceive that in penning the subjoined lyric, “I have struck the light guitar” to one of the most finished and beautiful airs that ever fell upon the delighted ears of those who can admire, appreciate, and love the graceful charms and tender beauty of the muses. The poem is a new and original version of an old but lovely song, which on the pure strength of its own merits has long ago succeeded in

gaining ready admittance into every drawing room in the country, and in securing for itself a snug and abiding roosting place upon every piano cover in the land. It will therefore be sufficient to inform the musical world that the following effusion is adapted to the glorious air of, "The Shan Van Voght,"—*scu, aliis in verbis*,—"The French are on the say."

I will here take occasion to observe that the father of the appended baby, and of all the other children with whom it may be his good or evil fortune to be subsequently presented, desires it to be distinctly understood that he and he alone in virtue of his capacity as father claims these his offspring as his own exclusive property, that he and he alone possesses full and absolute control over the same, that the right of copy, transfer, reproduction, and translation of his beloved children is strictly and unconditionally reserved, and that, therefore, any person or persons who should be rash or wicked enough, "or both," to infringe upon, or interfere in any shape or form with, these his inalienable, his paternal rights, do *ipso facto* expose themselves to the imminent peril of incurring the extreme penalty of the law.

Maggie, my child! Maggie! "Coming, pa." Bid your mother bind your hair, my pet, and then come along this way. I want to show these ladies and gentlemen what a magnificent little girl you are, and how proud your poor ould father ought to be of you.

* Abbreviated
Superior of the Co

ADVENTURE OF A STEAMER.

I.

So the boat is on the shore,
 Says the Shan Van Voght,
 And he'll navigate no more,
 Says the Shan Van Voght.
 The poor misguided wretch,
 Got fastened in a catch—
 Faix, it put him to the scratch,
 Says the Shan Van Voght.

II.

Good Ned! how he did yell,
 Says the Shan Van Voght,
 When summoned by the bell,
 Says the Shan Van Voght,
 To *Bauldy's room of state,
 Sure he thought at any rate
 That expulsion was his fate,
 Says the Shan Van Voght.

III.

Cried Bauldy, much in wrath,
 Says the Shan Van Voght.
 "I fear you've cooked your broth,
 Says the Shan Van Voght,

* Abbreviated form of 'Theobald'—the Christian name of the Superior of the College.

Oh, ho, you dreadful fellow !
 If I don't make you bellow
 For making yourself so mellow,
 Says the Shan Van Voght.

IV.

Cried "the Steamer" in dismay,
 Says the Shan Van Voght,
 "Oh, send me not away,"
 Says the Shan Van Voght.
 "'Tis true I took a shot
 And for that deserve to trot.
 But I'll never again be caught,"
 Says the Shan Van Voght.

V.

"I was just a thrifle jolly,
 Says the Shan Van Voght.
 "But I recognise my folly
 Says the Shan Van Voght.
 "I thought 'twould just be handy
 As I got *carte blanche* from 'Sandy,'*
 To enjoy a social 'dandy,'†
 Says the Shan Van Voght.

*A term of endearment (?) used by the students towards the dean of the Institution, who rejoiced in the classical name of '*Alexander*.'

† An abbreviated tumbler of punch, derived from the Italian, 'Di', of or 'on,' and 'andare' to go. A most admirable derivation, for according to the moral estimation of men an individual who manifests too strong a predilection for the 'dandy,' is supposed to be 'on the go.'

VI.

"I'm informed you were tight,"
Says the Shan Van Voght,
"Tight!"—the devil a sight!
Says the Shan Van Voght,
As we cannot have a wife
We must have a little life.
Sure that's as plain as knife,
Says the Shan Van Voght.

VII.

"*Humanum est errare,*"
Says the Shan Van Voght.
"*Divinum condonare,*"
Says the Shan Van Voght.
My mamma she came to town, sir,
So we thought we'd sorrow drown, sir,
By letting something down, sir,"
Says the Shan Van Voght.

VIII.

"Then on my knees I pray,
Says the Shan Van Voght,
"Kind Father! let me stay,
Says the Shan Van Voght,
We all have seen the days
When the tenor of our ways
Was not a theme for praise,
Says the Shan Van Voght.

IX.

Oh, do not be so wroth,
 Says the Shan Van Voght.
 With a member of your cloth,
 Says the Shan Van Voght.
 I'll mend my ways full surely,
 Become a credit to your schooley,
 And act no more the fooley."
 Says the Shan Van Voght.

X.

"Your fault is very great,"
 Says the Shan Van Voght,
 Quoth "Bauldy," with much state,
 Says the Shan Van Voght.
 "It is your first offence—so
 I will not drive you hence, Joe—
 You ought have better sense, though.
 Says the Shan Van Voght.

XI.

You've been taught a useful lesson
 Says the Shan Van Voght,
 A lesson that's a blessin'
 Says the Shan Van Voght.
 For I tell you with much feeling—
 You were ne'er so near a peeling
 Go!—send me in Jack Neeling,
 Says the Shan Van Voght.

XII.

So the boat's no more on shore,
 Says the Shan Van Voght.
 And he'll *navigate* once more,
 Says the Shan Van Voght.
 Though he took an extra shot
 That nigh sent him on the trot :
 But he'll never again be caught.
 Says the Shan Van Voght.

I will ask my kind readers to forgive me for whatever little egotism I may be guilty of when I inform them that those who have the honor (*sic.*) and happiness (*oh, sic, sic,*) of being acquainted with that extraordinary human composition who rejoices in the insignificant name of Nemo, flatteringly assure him, that if he has nothing else to boast of, he is at least wonderfully gifted with an intensely vivid imagination. The very high opinion my kind friends have been pleased to form of my imaginative or (to speak more correctly) my imaginary capabilities is the more gratifying to me, when I am strongly inclined to the belief that there is less flattery than truth in what they say. At all events I now behold as clearly as in the embodied form the heart of my kind lady reader as she peruses the above melancholy incident, overflowing with the most warm and unsophisticated sympathy for this

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poor suffering young man, assuredly one of the most deeply wronged and persecuted creatures under the sun, her indignant bosom heaving with suppressed emotion at the foul and unwarrantable odium heaped upon an honored name, and I can hear the same dear pitying reader after finishing the poem that tells her of the eventual and glorious triumph of the youthful martyr emerging from the furnace not only with his character free from hurt or scar, but radiant with a fresher and fairer beauty than it ever wore before, I can hear the honest, the glorious, girl exclaim in accents of unmitigated rapture: "Oh, thank you, a thousand and a thousand times, kind, generous, merciful Bauldy! Oh, my dear young man! What a magnificent exemplification is here presented to us of the dear truth of that grand old proverb, 'Virtue, virtue (?) is its own reward.'"

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NO. II.

GOOD-BYE, SWEET-HEART, GOOD-BYE!

—
 “How sinks my heart with fond alarms!
 The tear (?) is hiding in mine eye;
 For *the times* do snatch thee from mine arms—
 Good-bye, sweet-heart, good-bye.”

In justice to the memory of my illustrious relative and with the view of removing any hurtful impressions which a misconceived interpretation of the subjoined paper may be calculated to create in the mind of the gentle reader, I deem it my duty to observe in the words of the immortal bard, that Father Nemo was

E'en as just a man
 As e'er my conversation cop'd withal,
 Nay, do not think I flatter.

Virtuous and devout in the practice of his religion, unwavering in his allegiance to Holy Church, and a worthy and efficient minister of the altar which it was his glorious privilege to serve, I repeat it, Father Nemo was

E'en as just a man
 As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.

With his mother's milk he had imbibed principles of the most eminent and solid virtues, and “*ab incubulis ipsis*,” had always entertained an unqualified

respect and love for all the Reverend wearers of the cloth, from the black even to the purple. To know and carry out with most scrupulous exactitude the precepts and institutions of Holy Church, he had ever looked upon as the acme of all his earthly aspirations, the realization of his life's dream, the pride and glory of his existence. Heaven had gifted him, in addition to a warm and loving nature, with one of the most excellent mothers that ever blessed this world. The care expended by this paragon of women in imparting the wealth of Heaven to her son, had not been exercised in vain. Throughout the various windings of life's devious journey, most faithfully did he follow in her footsteps; and after God, to his mother's virtuous example, and the pious earnestness with which she loved to inculcate the transcendent beauty of his God and the high honor of laboring for His exclusive glory, he is undoubtedly indebted for his attainment to the noblest profession upon earth—the sublime dignity of the priesthood. Like all men of worth and virtue, he loved with a surpassing love, the same noble qualities wherever they happened to be found, caring very little whether they adorned the character of a beggar, or imparted a more brilliant lustre to the gems upon a monarch's crown. I remember when I was a very little boy, and a short time after my return from the land of my youngest and happiest years, "*le charmant-pays de France*," he took me aside, and placing his hand gently on my head, ad-

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dressed me in these touching and beautiful words:—
 “*Mon cher Charles, écoutez-moi ; et jusqu’à la fin de votre vie conserrez bien ce que je vais vous dire. Soyez un homme de vertu ; car, mon bien-aimé, ce n’est que la vertu qui est vraiment belle—et celui qui ne l’a possède pas, quelques grands que soient ses talents est un vaurien, et digne non pas des louanges, mais du mépris et de l’indignation de tous gens de bien.*” “Listen, my dear Charles, and garner up within your heart of hearts as long as life shall last this golden rule that I am now about to give you. Be a man of virtue, for virtue alone is truly beautiful. He who has it not, what though his mind should be adorned with talents of the most brilliant order, is nothing but a worthless wretch and deserves not the praises, but the reproaches and contempt of mankind.” He loved goodness for its own sake: meekness was his darling virtue. Of the tyrant and the despot, therefore, of those who would fain convert their sceptre into a scourge, of those who would impiously abuse the authority which the loving hand of Heaven had entrusted to their keeping for the high purpose of promoting the welfare, be it temporal or spiritual, of their fellow worms, he was always the uncompromising foe.

I have deemed it my duty to offer these few observations in the pleasing hope that they may serve to dissipate all false notions which the reader of the following paper may be inclined to attach to the charac-

ter of my illustrious and deeply lamented relative, and free his memory from undeserved reproach, for

"I saw him once; he was a goodly king * * *

He was a man, take him for all in all,
We shall not look upon his like again."

C. D. B.

It was the festival of New Year's. New Year's! What bright and happy visions spring up before us, as if in obedience to the stroke of an enchanter's wand at the approach of this the most delightful season of the year. Oh, thrice blessed festival of New Year's! Blessed in the stupendous mystery of a Redeemer's love, which it reflects with such shining beauty on the world; blessed in the sweet contentment, peace, and love with which it floods our souls in showers of golden sunshine; blessed in the glorious hopes with which it fills our hearts, infusing into them renewed strength and courage to brave the dangers of life's darksome pathway, that stretches far away towards the promised land, and imparting to them, even in this vale of tears, a foretaste of immortal joys.

This loveliest of festivals possesses a charm peculiarly its own, and succeeds in bringing into play, the best and purest features of the human heart more strikingly and lovingly than any other festive season of the year. For it is pre-eminently the season of love. It is, as it were, an immense mirror lying across the bosom of the world, through which the

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ineffable charity of Heaven is reflected lovingly upon the hearts of men; it is a messenger of love that Heaven sends to earth, whose mission it is to infuse the fire of divine charity into every breast, and knit the hearts of mankind into one grand and universal brotherhood of love. The aged, with the snows of eighty winters on their venerable heads, wending their slow and faltering footsteps down towards the closing scene; the youthful, eager to take their stand and act their part upon life's great theatre, their untried and unsuspecting hearts replete with ardent hopes of a joyous and unclouded morrow; all hearts, without exception, are fairly captivated by the sweet contagion of heavenly peace and love which this paragon of seasons spreads upon the world.

It was about this season of the year, and a short time after the departure of his Lordship, Bishop C—, from the diocese of Yeoho, over which he had presided for some fifteen or twenty years, with a rather oscillating-Robert kind of popularity, that the Irish portion of his orphaned clergy upon whom, by the way, he had had particularly strong claims of gratitude and undying attachment, assembled at the residence of the Vicar General, for the pious purpose of giving suitable expression to their sympathy in behalf of the widowed diocese, to mourn with her over the fearful trial with which she had been visited, and to deplore in passionate but fitting terms, the incalculable calamity which had fallen like a pall upon themselves.

The Reverend Father G—, the present genial and much beloved Dean of the neighboring Diocese of Yaha, had had the distinguished honor of being unanimously voted to the chair, on the occasion. This high favor was considerably heightened when, in virtue of the rare musical abilities with which the Reverend gentlemen had been eminently gifted, he was, in the course of the evening, unanimously called upon to sing the subjoined ode, specially composed for the occasion. This honour, the very Reverend gentleman, after a few strong manifestations of repugnance upon his part, which served to bring out his charming humility in very favorable contrast with his high musical attainments, at length graciously accepted amid deafening thunders of applause.

FATHER G—, *loquitur*:

I would ask you, gentlemen, to charge your glasses. Charge them all, I charge you all. Thank you. I will not intensify the sorrow—the unspeakable anguish that fills your hearts, gentlemen, on this most melancholy occasion, by uselessly entering into a development of the motives—the high, the virtuous, the patriotic motives, in pursuance of which we are assembled here this night. (Applause). We are called upon, gentlemen, to perform a very sad, but a very pious duty. We are invited to celebrate, in the name of this sorrow-stricken diocese, an event that marks a most melancholy epoch in the history of our

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lives. I will go so far as to assert, gentlemen, that the present occasion is of all others the saddest that has been ever presented to us throughout the entire chequered course of our existence. I will ask you, gentlemen, to produce your pocket-handkerchiefs, for I already perceive the briny tear drops gathering in your eyes. We are come to pay the last sad tribute of our affection to the memory of the loved and lost one, and pour a solemn and copious libation upon the grave of him that is gone, of him whose death we have so much reason to deplore as a public calamity, entailing not alone upon this widowed Diocese, but upon the country at large, a host of disastrous consequences, which years and years and years will be powerless to obliterate. However, as there is no pain without its antidote, so there is no sorrow that does not bring relief—and hence it is, gentlemen, that even in the midst of our deep and bitter grief for our departed master, we are apt to experience a melancholy pleasure in noting down and lovingly dwelling on some of the most salient points in the character of our “guide, philosopher and friend,” whose sudden and untimely loss we have too much reason to deplore. Under the influence of these feelings, I shall take the liberty of presenting to your pious consideration a very powerful trait in the disposition of our illustrious subject, which struck me very forcibly on several occasions, and which most assuredly has seriously affected the nervous system of each and every one of

the reverend and distinguished guests whom I have the pleasure and honor to address this evening. Listen! Pat a Newfoundlander on the back, gentlemen, and the probabilities are that he will fawn upon you. Give him a crooked wink, and he will pounce upon you. It strikes me that in this specific peculiarity on the part of that noble breed of dogs, we are led to form a very just comparison between a certain well-known feature in the character of Monseigneur, and that coloured but sagacious specimen of the canine race. Pat Monseigneur on the back, and he will fawn upon you. But give him a crooked wink, and *be hems*, he will pounce upon you. Dear venerated shade of iron-handed despotism, farewell! Poor ghost of thwarted tyranny, good-bye! You left your country for your country's good. (Cheers and laughter.) Accept the unfeigned gratitude of sixty-five afflicted hearts, for thus manifesting in so noble, so magnificent a manner, this last and best, this crowning action of your life. Gentlemen, this therefore, is a night of mourning and of tears. Sorrow is our guest. Let us then be hospitable, and give the poor devil a horn. (Tremendous cheering.) Charge your glasses, therefore, gentlemen, charge them all, I charge you all. We shall drink to the memory of the dear departed—never loved more dearly than now when he is far away, and there is every brilliant promise of his never coming back again, and pour the libation as you swell the chorus. For the benefit of those of my brother Celts who may

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be unacquainted with the conventional idiosyncracies of the English language, and who may therefore be unable to appreciate its esoteric beauties so strikingly portrayed in the song I am now about to sing, I shall, at its conclusion, take the liberty of giving it a French twist, as far as my limited knowledge of that noble and beautiful language shall allow me. (Applause.)

ODE ON THE DEPARTURE OF BISHOP C—.

AIR:—*Lesbia hath a beaming eye.* (Nora Creina).

I.

Come, let us sing of C—b—l,
 The big black dog, the Newfoundlander;
 Father James, 'tis you can tell
 Strange tales about this French *Highlander*.
 He held his Irish priests, they say,
 Enshrined deep in his affection,—
 The Lord preserve us all this day
 From Newfoundlander's predilection.

CHORUS.

Then let us toast this C—b—l,
 Tho' tongues unfriendly him should slander;
 How well *we* love him, none can tell,—
 Sure absence makes the heart grow fonder.

2.

Oh, blest for ever be that day—
 The happiest day of my existence,
 When he sailed to the Olive Land away,
 Resolved henceforth to keep his distance.
 Oh, never was my soul so bright,
 My heart ne'er beat to such sweet measure,
 As when that steamer hove in sight
 That bore away 'My Lord' for ever.
 Then let us toast our bonny-Bell,
 Tho' tongues unfriendly him should slander ;
 How well we love him, none can tell,—
 Sure absence makes the heart grow fonder.

3.

Oh, ne'er did morn's blessed beam
 Fill high my heart with so much rapture,
 When, waking from some fearful dream,
 That held my trembling soul in capture,
 As when upon that glorious day—
 The fairest of my whole existence—
 Monseigneur sailed for France away,
 Resolved henceforth to keep his distance.
 Then let us toast this Lord full well,
 Tho' tongues unfriendly him should slander ;
 How well we love him, none can tell,—
 Sure absence makes the heart grow fonder.

4.

Come, let us sing of C—b—l,
The big black dog, the Newfoundlander ;
Father James, 'tis you can tell

Droll tales about this French Highlander.

He held his Irish priests, they say,
Enshrined deep in his affection,—

The Lord preserve us all this day
From Newfoundlander's predilection.

Then let us toast Lord C—b—l,

His like cannot on earth be found, boys ;

Come, fill your bumpers, fill them well,

Hip, hip, hurrah ! with hands all round, boys.

CHANSON FUNÈBRE COMPOSÉE À L'OCCASION
DU DEPART DE MONSEIGNEUR C—.

AIR :—*Lesbie a un œil qui brille.* (Danse Irlandaise).

1.

Chantons tous de C—b—l,

De C—b—l, le gros noir chien ;

Le bon père Jacques peut dire de belles

Histoires touchant ce "*Nouvelle-terrain.*"

On dit, qu'il avait un vif amour,

Pour ses prêtres d'Irlande en particulier,—

Que le bon Ciel nous garde toujours

D'un amour qui ne vaut pas mes vieux souliers.

REFRAIN.

Buvons pourtant à Monseigneur,
 Qu'importe que l'a sali la medisance ;
 Nous l'aimons certes (!) de très bon cœur,—
 L'amour, bien sûr, s'augmente par l'absence.

2.

Beni à jamais soit ce jour—
 Le plus beau jour de toute ma viè,
 Quand Monseigneur est parti pour,
 La terre des vignes, sa France chériè.
 Oh, je n'étais jamais si heureux,
 Mon cœur fut ravi sans mesure,
 Que lorsqu'à travers les flots houleux
 Mousseigneur s'est enfui pour toujours.
 Buvons pourtant à Monseigneur,
 Qu'importe que l'a sali la medisance ;
 Nous l'aimons tous de très bon cœur,—
 On dit que l'amour s'augmente par l'absence.

3.

Les premiere rayons du soleil
 Ne remplirent jamais tout mon cœur,
 Des joies plus belles des son reveil,
 D'un affreux songe qui lui fit peur,
 Que lorsque dans ce très beau jour—
 Le plus beau jour de toute ma viè—

Monseigneur est parti pour,
 La charmante France, sa chère patrié.
 Mais souhaitons bon voyage au père,
 Qu'importe que l'a sali la medisance ;
 Il vivra toujours dans nos cœurs,—
 Dam oui ! l'amour s'augmente par l'absence.

4.

Chantons donc de C—b—l,
 De C—b—l, le gros noir chien ;
 Le bon père Jacques peut dire de belles
 Histoires touchant ce "*Nouvelle-terrain.*"
 On dit qu'il avait un vif amour,
 Pour ses prêtres d' Irlande en particulier,—
 Que le bon Ciel nous garde toujours
 D'un amour qui ne vant pas mes vieux souliers.
 Buons donc à Monseigneur,
 Qu'importe que l'a sali la medisance ;
 Nous l'aimons certes de très bon cœur,—
 L'amour (n'est ce pas?) s'augmente par l'absence.

It is simply impossible to describe the magical effect produced by Father Kelly's song on the hearts of each and every one of his intelligent and sympathizing auditors. To say that the august assembly sprang to their feet, waved their hats till their arms ached, and gave vent to their pent-up feelings in deafening thunders of applause, would be to give but a very faint idea of the enthusiasm of his enraptured hearers. It is needless to

say that the very Reverend vocalist was vociferously encored. Observing the alarming condition of affairs, and plainly perceiving that the only way of getting out of the difficulty was simply by getting into it, he adopted the very wise alternative of making a virtue of necessity and complying with the wishes of his friends. In pursuance of this purpose he sang for them in glorious style the following

ELEGY ON THE MORAL DEATH OF MGR.

C—.

AIR :—*The girl I left behind me.*

1.

Oh, my heart is full of grief this night,
 My heart is full of grief, boys,
 I declare I cannot taste a bite
 Of Mrs. Murphy's beef, boys,—
 Tho' on that dish my heart's best wish
 Is fixed as fond as marriage,
 For alas, the day ! our Lothair gay
 Has waved farewell to Carthage.

2.

Och hone ! I'm in a dhreadful plight,
 Surpassing all belief, boys ;
 My soul is seared with sorrow's blight
 And crushed beyond relief, boys.

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 Lord.

For woe to tell! our "Bonnie Bell"*
 From our fond embrace is torn,—
 Let the sad, sad knell of the funeral bell
 Out swell for hearts forlorn.

3.

But a truce to jest, this Lord at best
 With an iron rod did rule us ;
 We've cause right good to thank our blood
 No more this Lord shall fool us.
 No more his hand upon our land
 Shall leave its tyrant traces ;—
 No more we'll bend to one who'd send
 His Irish priests to blazes.

If it were possible for the Vicar's chambers to be gifted with acoustic powers, they must have confidently assured themselves that never before in their chequered history of sixty years, had they given back the echo of more strongly marked expressions of rapturous applause, than those that greeted the very Reverend gentleman at the conclusion of his beautiful though melancholy songs.

In obedience to the request of the glorious Father Kelly—the lion of the evening—*expressed* at the opening of the proceedings, the company continued, *at decent intervals*, to offer libations to the manes of the

* A term of endearment (?) used by the priests towards the absent Lord.

departed demi-god, until, in the plenitude of time, they retired to their respective quarters with their hands in their breeches pockets, and their hats upon their polls!

The learned reader must have been struck with the excellent manner in which the amiable and accomplished Father Kelly had converted, for the benefit and edification of his Gallic brethren of the cloth, his first brilliant effusion into the French idiom. In pursuance of the same charitable purpose, the courteous and learned Dean gave an excellent Latin version of his second song, which, in the interests of Literature, and as a slight mark of my loyal and unalterable attachment to the glorious Commonwealth of Letters, I take great pleasure in introducing here.

CANTUS DOLOROSUS IN DISCESSIONE DOMINI DILECTI, EPISCOPI C—.

MUSICA :—*Puella quam post me reliqui.*

1.

O dolore amarissimo sunt corda nostra plena,
Hei mihi ! stat " in statu quo " exigua mea cœna.
Domina alma Murphya cibum frustra præparavit,—
Heus ! " dierum aliorum Lux " trans maria evolavit.

2.

O quis sanare poterit pectus hoc contritum,
Fovèo (me miserrimum !) dolorem inauditum,
Stella nostra splendida non amplius refulgebit
Et nobis nox miseriæ in æternum remanebit.

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SCSSIONE DO-
PI C—.

me reliqui.

ostra plena,
cigua mea cena.
stra præparavit,—
ans maria evolavit.

contritum,
inauditum,
us refulgebit
remanebit.

3.

Jocamur,—Sane, satis est. In sobriâ veritate
Hic Gallus non direxit nos cum nimiâ levitate,
Ab ovibus Hiberniæ non tenere est dilectus
Ad caram suam Galliam, Deo gratias, est profectus.

4.

Justissima causa nobis est congratulationis,
Advenisse illius terminum apud nos locationis.
Tyrannicè imperaverat Sacerdotibus Hibernis—
O gaudiorum gaudium ! est ablatum in æternis.

THE MORAL SHOT.

Touch not this, my honest friend,
 For fear the gallows should be your end.
 The gallows is high and you are low,
 Give it a tug and down you go !

—*Nursery Rhyme.*

Although the excellent moral contained in the matter which I have chosen for the present paper is not carried out to its rigorous conclusion, in the melancholy, but interesting incident herein recorded for the combined pleasure and instruction of my kind readers, yet, as I happen to be particularly barren of apt quotations at the present moment, I have ventured to insert it as the most appropriate that occurs to my memory, and as one which, I am inclined to believe, is not altogether foreign to the subject.

Tommy Moore, in one of those occasional religious freaks of his, which must of a surety be calculated to afford matter of infinite amusement to those who are blessed with a lively sense of the ridiculous, piously solicits the attention of his readers to the existence of the ascetic and melancholy truth that "this world is all a fleeting show." Without stopping to inquire into the sincerity of Tommy's motives in expressing himself in a manner apparently so much at variance

with his general character and conduct, we have no hesitation in throwing in our vote into Tommy's ballot-box, and endorsing to the very letter the unadulterated orthodoxy of the observation.

I remember, when I was a very little boy, having, on a certain evening, accompanied my father (rest his soul!) to an entertainment, got up, as the handbills characteristically expressed it, solely and purely for the joint instruction and amusement of the inhabitants of the town and the surrounding country at the very moderate consideration of two shillings—reserved seats; one shilling—pit; gallery—sixpence; children under twelve half price to first and second class seats only; babies in arms—*nil*. The posters also stated with characteristic truth (?) that the managers of the exhibition had limited the term of their continuance amongst us to positively one night only! It was an unusually long night, that, for it completed the measure of six ordinary ones at the very mildest calculation. The entertainment, however, was a good one. In the pithy words of an interesting acquaintance of my earlier years, "it was lucid, graphic, and chastely eloquent." It principally consisted of combined and well classified representations of country scenery, beautiful cities, public buildings, monuments of ancient splendor, the whole forming a complete and interesting tableau of those places throughout the world most remarkable for their magnificence, their beauty, and historical associations. The canvas upon

which the views had been depicted was so arranged that it was perpetually on the move, each picture following the other in regular succession to the sweet and solemn measure of a string band, down to the closing scene when the play was played out, the spectators dispersed to their respective homes, and all was dark and silent as before. In the course of my morning meditations, which to us gentlemen of the cloth form a very serious portion of our daily duties, it often struck me with a force sufficient to knock me somewhat off my balance, and cause me to look foolish for a little while, that what I had applauded that night with all the unrestrained enthusiasm of happy unsophisticated boyhood was a perfect *fac simile* in miniature of the nature and character of this extraordinary world in which we breathe and move. It does not require a wonderfully large amount of observation to perceive how close and striking is the resemblance existing between that painted show got up for the amusement of a passing hour, and this other painted show which in the eyes of the majority is got up in pursuance of the same purpose, and which men, for want of a better name I suppose, are wont to call "The World!" "What in the name of all the gods at once," I hear a cross-grained fastidious spinster of *an uncertain age* pettishly exclaim, as she throws down this poor little unoffending volume with an impatient slap upon her work-box, "What in the name of all the gods does this gentleman mean! He

must be 'after his dinner' most undoubtedly, for if he were in his lucid moments he must of a surety perceive that all this moralizing, all this extra pulpit preaching, is most ridiculously out of place." I am happy to be able to assure this kind and charitable lady that I cannot find words sufficient to express to her how deeply sensible I am of the very flattering compliment she has had the courtesy to pay me, and my gratitude is immeasurably intensified when I know and feel that her excellent judgment of my moral character is what I have every excellent reason to expect from her and from all her sisters in misfortune all the world over. If this good lady will be kind enough to turn the key on that chatter-box of hers just for a moment or two and graciously lend me her attention, I confidently assure her that I shall succeed in explaining myself to her entire satisfaction, and as smooth and polish beyond her most sanguine expectations the ruffled plumage of the dear old bird. I merely wish to point out to my offended reader, and to the public generally, the existence of this very plain, but very important truth, that this world is a picture; that every picture has two sides—the bright side and the dark side; and that, therefore, reasoning upon strictly logical principles, this world being a picture, most undoubtedly possesses, in a very prominent degree, this bilateral characteristic. The truth of this observation is palpable to every one who shall take the trouble of perusing the subjoined classical effusion.

As in many a carnal prison, all the world over, there are, thank Heaven! hearts and souls incarcerated pure and true as gold; so, on the other hand, in many a carnal prison, all the world over, there are hearts and souls incarcerated, a positive disgrace to their species, who throw dark shadows as they cross the canvas, and cast a hideous dimness on the bright beauty of the scene. The germ to which the following story owes all its life and strength and beauty was first implanted in the fertile soil of my youthful mind by the venerable hands of the kind old gentleman who in more senses than one happens to be the hero of the tale. "My dear friend," said the dear old man to me one day (I was living with him in the capacity of curate at the time), "my dear friend, you cannot be too much on your guard against the rascals of this country. I am proud to say, indeed, that we have numbers of excellent God-fearing people whose virtues are the glory and consolation of their church, but, on the other hand, it cannot be denied that the country is encumbered with a host of unmitigated scoundrels, who, having no principle, no character to maintain, in whom the 'still small voice' of conscience is smothered in its birth, trample with equal impunity upon the laws of God and man, and are perfectly reckless as to what they do. One day, as I was preaching to my people, an attempt was actually about to be made upon my life. I was within a hair's breadth, my dear sir, of being shot dead in the pulpit."

"Hon
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old Ned v
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"Horror of horrors, father! What is that you tell me?" "Shot dead in the pulpit, my dear friend,—I don't mean a *physical* shot—I mean a *moral* one. There was a rascal in the church, who, upon the slightest pretext, was ready to stand up, and, in the presence of the whole congregation, pronounce me a heretic, a teacher of false doctrine, a dispenser of poison to the little ones. But Science and her twin sister Virtue, threw over me theegis of their protection to ward off the blows with which this emissary of hell would fain have struck me. Were it not that old Ned was too many for him, the rascal would have positively shot me in the pulpit. You look pale. I am sorry I have frightened you. 'Twas not a physical shot, however—'twas a moral one."

I deem it unnecessary to enter more into detail concerning the drift and purport of the subjoined. It will speak for itself. It was written with the view of giving indignant and unqualified denial to one of the foulest slanders ever heaped upon an honored and honorable name—one of the most villainous charges ever invented by the perverted ingenuity of man for the unhallowed purpose of murdering the fair name of one who, by his profession, his virtue and his worth, was to borrow the beautiful language of Mr. Tennyson, as a tower of strength that stands "four square to all the winds that blow."

Apart from the high literary excellence of the subjoined ballad, the refined elegance and chaste beauty

of the air to which it is so happily adapted, is sure to secure for it an infallible passport of admittance into the most polished and fashionable circles :

THE MORAL SHOT.

AIR:—*Arra, Johnnie, I, gave you schoolin'.*

1.

Come all ye lovely Irish maids, give ear unto my tale,
A most distressing history I'm going for to reval
About the Lord's anointed, and the insult he resaved,
But the Lord presarved him from his foe, and his re-
putation saved.

2.

'Twas on a Sunday morning, all in the month of May,
Sweet Nature, robed in glory, looked queenly, bright
and gay;
The Sunday bells were ringing out o'er all the peaceful
town,
And to his flock the word of God was Father Ned lay-
ing down.

3.

He wasn't long discoorsin', when a villain bowld and
hot,
Swore out among the people he'd have the Father shot.
"You are a wolf in sheep's attire; have done, you son
of a gun—
I'll have you out before the coorts," says this wicked
vagabonc.

Then I
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"This
You all
les
I call up
Oh, here
For four
true
Heed no
pay,
He wants
day.
Now God
thrive
In twenty-
He took sh
I'm tould t
the say
This chas
gularly goo
inspiration
full tide of s

4.

Then Father Ned he up and got and shpoke out bowld
and fine :

"This man, my dacent people, is an inimy of mine ;
You all know who and what he is,—a hard and reek-
less case,—

I call upon you, conshtable, to bind him to the pace.

5.

Oh, here within this blessed house I now declare to you
For four and thirty years I've been a faithful priest and
true ;—

Heed not this noted vagabone, for he's in the devil's
pay,

He wants to soil my good repute before my flock this
day."

6.

Now God is good, and villainy was never known to
thrive,—

In twenty-five days after, this villain lost his life.

He took ship at Castle Garden for furrin parts away ;

I'm tould that overboard he fell, and got dthrownd in
the say.

This chaste and classical ode, which I had the sin-
gularly good fortune to indite, under the burning
inspiration of the sweetest Muse that ever poured the
full tide of song into the poet's soul, has taken a Sum-

mer excursion across the Atlantic, and if report speaks true, is having quite a roaring time of it "on the other side of Jordan." The poor little creature has been distorted into almost all the languages of Europe; every joint in her unfortunate little body has been rudely dislocated to suit the hideous idiosyncracies peculiar to the languages of those Eastern barbarians—until, what between her own constitutional infirmities upon the one hand, and the cruel kindness lavished on her by her well-meaning but mistaken friends upon the other, she is (not to put too fine a point upon it) positively without a leg to stand on. Ladies and gentlemen, I am, as you are aware, the unfortunate parent of that child—not only *Quoad cerebrum*, but also and more especially *Quoad cor*; and hence it is that, in pursuance of the noblest and most imperative duty that can strike upon the tender chords of a father's heart, I mount the velocipede of love and trundle off to the relief—the rescue, of my darling and suffering child.

Come, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer,
Tho' the herd has fled from thee, thy home is still here;
Here still is the smile that no cloud can o'ercast,
And the heart and the hand all thine own to the last.

Thou hast called me thine angel, in moments of bliss;
Still thine angel I'll be, 'mid the horrors of this.
Thro' the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,
And shield thee, and save thee, or—well, that 'll do!

Dear ladies, you who are blessed with a daughter's love, and know a parent's care; you whose gentle hearts have ever beat with the wild throbbings of a mother's fond solicitude; you who are thoroughly conversant, from a long and chequered experience, with the nature of those mystic ties that bind in a golden and indissoluble bond the hearts of child and mother; to you, dear ladies, I appeal in this dark hour of my distress, for consolation and sweet sympathy. For it is you alone who can understand my feelings, it is you alone who can unravel the mighty mystery of a father's love; it is you alone, therefore, who can and will share with me the affection, the unselfish, the all-absorbing affection with which my heart is ever fondly burning for my beloved my persecuted child.

Under the influence of these feelings, I now proceed to the difficult task of readjusting the displaced joints of my poor dear lamb, of wiping the briny essence of her grief from her ~~sun~~ pale face, and of pouring sweet oil upon the troubled waters of her sorrows. In the interest, therefore, of my brother Celts, who have endeavored, with the very best intentions, to give a French version of the above song, and who, for very excellent reasons, have signally failed in doing so, I take the liberty of affixing a translation of my own; for I flatter myself with the belief that the performance of a task of this nature ought to be the exclusive province of the Author, who alone is supposed to be thoroughly acquainted with the true meaning, the

genius, the *soul*, of his production. For the benefit and amusement of the classical scholar, I shall afterwards append a Latin translation of the same, set to the admired air of "The girl I left behind me."

CE COUP DE FUSIL EPOUVANTABLE.

AIR:—*Je vous ai donné de l'éducation, mon petit Jean;
Ah, dam oui!*

1.

Venez mes braves Irlandais, apprêtez-vous l'oreille,
Je vais vous dire une histoire pleine de tristesse et de
 devil,
Touchant le père Ned Smiley, un homme fort innocent,
Et la grosse insulte qu'il a reçue de quelques mauvais
 gens.

2.

Ce fut le dimanche matin, un fort beau jour de Mai—
La terre en robe de verdure fut bellement habillée;
Le tentement des cloches seulement interrompit le
 silence,
Qui exerça sur la gentille ville sa haute mais douce
 puissance.

3.

Le père n'a guère commencé à nourrir ses brebis,
Du pain de la Parole Divine lorsqu' un grédin fort
 impie,
Se leva de son banc et dit, "hérétique, taisez vous
Vous serez debout devant le juge demain, mon beau
 bijou."

Le bou
D'une v
"Tout l
fat
Il ne fa
l'éce

Faites ex
vie,
Dès le b
pris-
Je vous c
chosc
Sur ma v
pose.

Oh, les me
monde
En quelque
cette v
Il s'est emb
gères,
On dit qu'i

4.

Le bon père alors à son tour s'écrie d'une voix fière,
D'une voix qui a fait montrer la droiture de son cœur,
"Tout le monde, mes enfants aimés, connaît ce méchant
fat,

Il ne faut guère, donc, qui je vous commande de ne
l'écouter pas.

5.

Faites examen, si vous voulez, vous tous ! de toute ma
vie,

Dès le beau jour où la prêtrise sur mes épaules j'ai
pris—

Je vous défie tous de prouver contre moi la moindre
chose—

Sur ma vertu et mon innocence, ah certes, je me re-
pose."

6.

Oh, les méchants sont toujours punis même dans ce
monde ici,

En quelques jours ce malheureux donne le bon jour à
cette vie.

Il s'est embarqué à New York pour les régions étran-
gères,

On dit qu'il a subi naufrage, et s'est noyé dans la mer.

ISTA ALAPA HORRENDA.

MUSICA :—*Puella quam post me reliqui.*

1.

Pulchræ Hibernæ virgines, mihi aures detis :—
Scindenda sunt tenerrima corda quæ habetis,
Narraturus sum enimvero moestissimum eventum
(Proh ! dolor) est aptissimus ad lapidem liquefacien-
dum.

2.

Quâdam Dominicâ diluculo, die Maii bellâ,
Indumento viridissimo vestita speciosa terra,
Campanarum tintinabulum soluin modo perturbavit
Pacem quæ oppidulum totum dulcissime gubernavit.

3.

O vix porrexit Pater Ned gregi prædicare
Quando quidam improbi-simus homo conspicitur se
levare,
De sede suâ exclamans, “lupe rapax, tace
Mecum venire iudice coram, crastinâ die, place.

4.

Illico surrexit vir Dei innocentiam suâ tutus,
Dicens.” Iste, ut nostis vos, profundissime est imbutus
Malitiâ diaboli, Beelzebub cognatus—
Ad pacem, mi apparitor, securissime sit legatus.

5.

O, in loco hoc sanctissimo solenniter vobis dico,
 Quod per annos plus quam ter decem fui semper fidus
 præco,
 Evangelii Altissimi; virtutemque peramavi
 Et ab omnibus illecebris me jugiter conservavi.

6.

Verò semper habent improbi infelicem sortem,
 Post paucos dies noster vir salutavit dominum mortem.
 Cucurrit trans oceanum pro partibus remotis,
 In procellâ sepultus est sub fluctibus commotis.

NO. IV.

THE STORY OF A DANDY.

Some sing of the king and some sing of the queen,
 But I sing the praises of Irish poteen,
 The loveliest liquor that ever was seen,
 Beaming bright in a bottle is Irish poteen.

—*Drinking Song.*

The purport of this paper has reference to a very melancholy incident in the life of a most excellent old gentleman, more venerable for his virtues than his years, to whom the writer of these papers has long since bound his heart by ties of love so firm that nothing but the rude hand of death can ever serve to burst the golden bonds asunder. Across the vast and chequered waste of four-and-thirty years of almost unmitigated strife and toil, he stands out to-day before the world the rare specimen of a man who has passed unscathed through the furnace, who has been tried in the balance and was *not* found wanting; the bloodless victor of a hundred hard-fought fields—fields that have brought more brilliant trophies to his feet and placed greener laurels on his venerable head than the conquest of a hundred worlds, who has borne the brunt

of a thousand storms, "one who, in suffering all, suffer as nothing, a man that fortune's buffets and rewards has ta'en with equal thanks." I would fain dwell upon this theme, pregnant as it is with everything virtuous and good, and which, like the remembrance of last year's summer flowers, comes to me laden with the delicious fragrance of many happy blessed memories.

The deep interest which the perusal of the subjoined lyric will be naturally calculated to excite in the mind of my kind reader, will, I am sure, be considerably intensified when I inform him that the remarkable incident therein recorded is not a mere idle fiction, finding its exclusive origin, growth, and purpose in the writer's brain, but one which must be ranked amongst those countless stubborn facts with which we are assailed in our daily, nay, our hourly intercourse with men and things, and which, like walls of brass, are proof against our utmost efforts to sweep them from off the troubled bosom of the world. To remove from the mind of my dear reader every shade of doubt anent the veracity of the subjoined tale, it will, I am sure, be sufficient to assure him that the main drift and purport of the story I received from no other source than from the venerable lips of the dear old gentleman himself.

It was a beautiful summer's evening towards the close of June. The old gentleman and the writer were enjoying the delightful and salutary exercise of

a walk subsequently to the discussion of their frugal mid-day meal. It was, as I have stated, the close of a very beautiful day in the most beautiful season of the year. The happy earth, basking in the crimson glory of the setting sun, smiled good night on the departing god. The air was redolent with the delicious perfume of countless summer flowers, and filled with the liquid melody of song. Every blade of grass that waved, every leaf that rustled, every bird that sang, every bright-winged insect that buzzed and sparkled in the sunshine, every brook that murmured in the woodland, all seemed to unite in pouring forth, in one glorious stream of harmony, a joyous hymn of thanksgiving and of love to the magnificent Author of their beauty, and the spirit of Heaven appeared to breathe upon the world. Oh, glorious summer season, fairest daughter of the year, and benign as thou art fair! Not content with brightening by thine angel presence this happy earth of ours, and throwing over it, as it were, a halo of celestial glory,—e'en when you are gone from the world you have blessed, you linger fondly in our hearts, and, by the indwelling of your angel spirit, leave a glorious burst of sunshine there. Oh, glorious summer season! when all external nature wakes again, and all created things, reflecting, in the shining mirror of their loveliness, something of the image of their God, bespeak in their own beautiful and silent eloquence His wondrous bounty, magnificence, and love, all bear the stamp of Heaven.

The old man leaned upon his staff. His lips were perted, as though he were silently imbibing the entrancing beauty of the scene. His lips quivered with suppressed emotion and a drop was in his eye. Now, now, now, now, now! Don't be unkind. I don't mean that. Though it must be acknowledged that the poor old gentleman had had a decidedly strong, in fact a settled predilection for certain juicy fruit of a particularly acid nature, still, to his eternal honor be it said, he had always entertained a most religious horror for all excessive and even unnecessary indulgence in that dangerous—that syren compound, vulgarly termed “whiskey punch,” of which the succulent exotic alluded to above constitutes so innocent, yet so palatable a component part. The drop that I allude to, dear reader, was a tear drop. The old man, therefore, leaned upon his staff, and a drop,—a tear drop—was in his eye. He winked. In virtue of the momentum imparted by this ocular movement, the aforesaid drop had fallen out, and, after sundry truant departures from the even tenor of its way, it eventually proceeded in due course down his furrowed cheek, until it lodged somewhere near the left angle of the facial orifice of my venerable friend, where, for some extraordinary and unaccountable reason, it purposed indefinitely to remain. Its demeanor during its sojourn in that tender quarter, was, I regret to say, bad and rebellious in the extreme. So much so, indeed, that the unfortunate old gentleman, though normally the mildest and

best of human beings, was forced to lay summary and violent hands upon it, and, with one destructive sweep, blot out the wretched truant from amongst the things that were. In the sweet words of the poet:

The *Father* leaned upon his *stick*,
And wiped away the tear.

He then informed me, with a species of sorrowful solemnity, habitual to the old gentleman whenever he felt anxious to relieve his mind of something with which it did not appear to be on the very best of terms, that he was about to relate a little anecdote, "which," he pithily observed, "you will find to be not only of an amusing, but, what is still better, of a highly instructive character." As I had learned from experience that all these recorded stories of the excellent old gentleman, albeit indicative of a decidedly uniform tendency, were nevertheless of a most edifying description, and calculated to convey excellent lessons to the young and inexperienced, I was of course all attention *sur-le-champ*, and my anticipated enjoyment of the approaching treat, was considerably intensified by the interesting circumstance that the purport of his story possessed a very intimate, in fact a decidedly personal relation, with the dear old gentleman himself.

"On such an evening as the present," he began; "I was called away about ten miles into the country on a sick call or some such necessary duty. The heat of the day was such that it was hot enough to roast a

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bull—positively melting; and the result was that when *poor old Jack* had at length arrived at the place that he was bound for, by gosh! he was exhausted. A short time before retiring to Bunker's Hill," (I will here take the liberty of interrupting the old gentleman for the purpose of explaining to the reader that the expression 'retiring to Bunker's Hill,' had been always employed by the excellent old man as a refined substitute for the trite and vulgar term 'going to bed') a short time before beating my nightly retreat to Bunker's Hill, the lady of the house in which I lodged had with the best intentions doubtless, treated her guest to an intensely strong and intensely hot tumbler of punch. Mark what followed from it, my young friend, and endeavour on all such occasions to be careful. By George, sir, I was not ten minutes casconced beneath the blanket, when by some unseen and intensely powerful agency, against which all positive resistance was completely out of the question, I found myself lifted up right to the very ceiling."

"The natural result of your being a little elevated, Reverend Father, nothing more. Your little *mesaventure* reminds me very strikingly of that venerable old lady, mentioned in the nursery tale, who, under the influence, doubtless, of a similarly potent charm, had been 'tossed up in a blanket, seventy times as high as the moon.'"

"That wasn't all my dear friend. This by no means constituted the climax of my misery. Dad, sir, do you

know? After a short and feverish sleep, I woke up to find myself horribly conscious of having struck the key of P.

"Father," said I, "excuse me, you what?"

"I struck the key of P."

"Struck the key of P?"

"Young man," quoth the old gentleman somewhat severely, "are you so deficient, so wonderfully deficient in your knowledge of the Queen's English, as to be ignorant of perhaps the commonest term in the Anglo-Saxon tongue?"

"The expression, as you very properly remark Rev. Father," I retorted, "is indeed so very common, that that very circumstance is perhaps the most suitable apology I can advance for the ignorance, the unadulterated ignorance I labor under regarding the precise technical signification of that very singular idiom of our glorious language." "To instruct the ignorant," replied my friend, "constitutes one of the most necessary duties of a Christian. In our case it is a sacred duty, as it forms part and parcel of the exalted profession to which we have both the happiness and honour to belong. It is a duty that takes honorable rank amongst the loftiest virtues that can adorn the Christian's soul—a duty, in short, that earns in a special manner the approving smile of heaven, and upon which the angels love to dwell. Whisper! To strike the key of P. signifies to—so and so. Do you see now? I have little more to tell. I will merely ask you to go

back with me in spirit to that scene—" Or rather in *spirits*, Father." " Don't interrupt me, sir, you are very rude. Gaze in spirit on that woeful picture, and try to form some faint notion of the disturbed state of my feelings on that most deplorable occasion. Take warning, therefore, my dear young friend, take warning from this terrible disaster, and learn on all occasions to be careful. In all your social intercourse with your people you cannot be too much on your guard. Always make it a point to do or take nothing that might in any shape or form be calculated to bring on, to produce, or to induce such a disagreeable, such a wretched state of things. "

After thanking the kind old man for his excellent and interesting story, and particularly for the beautiful moral lesson he had taken such pains to extort from it, we retraced our steps towards home.

In the interest of those who are 'spooney' on the Muses, I take great pleasure in fermenting the above melancholy incident, into the following lines :

TALE OF A DANDY.

AIR—The Shan Van Voght.

I.

Ye lads and lasses gay

Says the Shan Van Voght—

Who love a pleasant lay

Says the Shan Van Voght.

Pray, give me your attention
 To what I'm going to mention—
 Oeh ! 'tis worth a ten years' pension
 Says the Shan Van Voght.

II.

'Twas on a summer's day
 Says the Shan Van Voght,
 Father Ned was called away
 Says the Shan Van Voght.
 F'or a pious deputation
 Had asked him for a "station,"
 To drive away damnation
 Says the Shan Van Voght.

III.

Quoth the Father soft and low
 Says the Shan Van Voght.
 "By gosh, John, I will go,"
 Says the Shan Van Voght.
 "A station's just the thing
 To give the devil a fling—
 By George, sir, you're a king!"
 Says the Shan Van Voght.

IV.

In due time they reached the place,
 Says the Shan Van Voght,
 To be blessed with so much grace,
 Says the Shan Van Voght,

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Van Voght.

Van Voght,
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king!"
Van Voght.

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Van Voght,
ch grace,
Van Voght,

THE REV. THEODORE NEMO.

65

"You're welcome, Father Con,*
We must now put something on,
For you must be nearly gone,
Says the Shan Van Voght

V.

"I'll give you just a taste,
Says the Shan Van Voght,
Of a drop of something chaste,
Says the Shan Van Voght.
Dear Father, don't be shy,
I know you're mighty dhry—
Now take that dhrop of rye,"
Says the Shan Van Voght.

VI.

"I'll venture on a little,
Says the Shan Van Voght,
Now just the smallest tittle,
Says the Shan Van Voght.
A horn in moderation,
After all this botheration,
Imparts a sweet sensation,"
Says the Shan Van Voght.

"Con," Father Ned's family name.

VII.

How long' the good men sat,
 Says the Shan Van Voght,
 Over their punch and chat and that,
 Says the Shan Van Voght.
 'Twould be indecent to detail—
 We shall therefore throw a veil
 O'er this portion of our tale,
 Says the Shan Van Voght.

VIII.

When the timepiece with a shock,
 Says the Shan Van Voght,
 Proclaimed 'twas twelve o'clock,
 Says the Shan Van Voght,
 The Father softly rose,—
 Quoth he, "'tis time to close
 Our eyes in sweet repose,"
 Says the Shan Van Voght.

IX.

(*Pater solus in cubiculo loquitur*—which, interpreted into the vernacular, loosely, signifieth :—the Father soliloquiseth in his little bed).

By gosh, that glass of toddy,
 Says the Shan Van Voght,
 Has made me rather noddy,
 Says the Shan Van Voght.

I'll just put out the light,
And bid the world good night,
For I fear I'm getting tight,"
Says the Shan Van Voght.

X.

He had scarcely closed his eyes,
Says the Shan Van Voght,
When he met with a surprise,
Says the Shan Van Voght.
Something dropped upon the clothes,
That disturbed poor Ned's repose—
Oh the rest I won't disclose,
Says the Shan Van Voght.

XI.

He gave an awful roar,
Says the Shan Van Voght,
Bounced out upon the floor,
Says the Shan Van Voght.
"I must be HIGH," says he,
"For by the powers that be,
I've struck the key of P."!!
Says the Shan Van Voght.

XII.

Now I fear it is not right,
Says the Shan Van Voght,
That I should bring to light,
Says the Shan Van Voght.

And to the wings of fame
 Pin this melancholy thame;
 Ah, but sure 'twas all a dhrame,
 Says the Shan Van Voght.

XIII.

Then ye lads and lasses gay,
 Says the Shan Van Voght,
 Who love a pleasant lay,
 Says the Shan Van Voght,
 I hope ye've paid attention
 To this funny little "mention";
 Is n't it worth a two year's pension?
 Says the S. V. V.

HISTOIRE D'UN PETIT VERRE DE PUNCH.

(Version française).

I.

Faites attention, mes enfants
 Dit le Shan Van Voght.
 A ce récit bien touchant
 Dit le Shan Van Voght.
 Je vais vous dire comment
 Un malheureux accident
 Arriva au père Con,
 Dit le Shan Van Voght.

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V. V.

ERRE DE PUNCH.
(nçaise).

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II.

C'était dans la belle saison
Dit le Shan Van Voght.
Qu'une députation,
Dit le Shan Van Voght.
Demanda au bon père,
De faire chez eux la guerre
Contre les puissances de l'enfer,
Dit le Shan Van Voght.

III.

Dit le père, "le bon froment,"
Dit le Shan Van Voght.
Que demandent vos bonnes gens
Dit le Shan Van Voght.
Je vous le donnerai avec joie,
Car le ciel est mon témoin
Que vous en avez grand besoin,
Dit le Shan Van Voght.

IV.

Arrivés au séjour,
Dit le Shan Van Voght.
Mon hôte dit à son tour
Dit le Shan Van Voght.
Vous êtes le bienvenu mon père—
Prenez donc ce petit verre :
Il rechauffra votre cœur,
Dit le Shan Van Voght.

V.

Ne m'en donnez pas de trop,
 Dit le Shan Van Voght.
 Je dois me tenir comme il faut,
 Dit le Shan Van Voght.
 Un garçon, Jean, comme moi
 Doit avoir tres grand soin
 De n'aller point trop loin,
 Dit le Shan Van Voght.

VI.

N'ayez pas la moindre peur,
 Dit le Shan Van Voght.
 Que ne t'arrive un tel malheur,
 Dit le Shan Van Voght.
 Ce breuvage est si doux,
 Que tu peux aller tout au bout,
 Sans devenir sous du tout,
 Dit le Shan Van Voght.

VII.

Là-dessus mon hôte produit,
 Dit le Shan Van Voght.
 Une bouteille d'eau de vie,
 Dit le Shan Van Voght.
 Dit le père, "dam ! voyez vous,"
 Il a un fort bon gout
 Egad ! * j'en prendrai un autre coup,
 Dit le Shan Van Voght.

* Derived from the Latin, *ego*, employed here to intensify the force of the personal pronoun.

VIII.

Lorsque l'horloge sur la chem'née,
Dit le Shan Van Voght.

Proclama l'heure de minuit,
Dit le Shan Van Voght.

Le bon père s'est levé
En disant, ça suffit Voyez,
Si mon vertueux lit est fait,
Dit le Shan Van Voght.

IX.

(Le père parle seul dans sa chambre.)

Egad ! j'ai tres grand peur,
Dit le Shan Van Voght.

Que ce mechant petit verre,
Dit le Shan Van Voght.

Va faire un bouleversement
Dans la tête du pauvre Jean,
Oh, que j'étais imprudent,
Dit le Shan Van Voght.

X.

Notre preux chevalier,
Dit le Shan Van Voght.

Les yeux n'a guerè fermé,
Dit le Shan Van Voght.

Naiv ! qu'est-ce que c'est que ça
Qui a tombé sur le drap ?

Oh, dam ! sans dire ça va,
Dit le Shan Van Voght.

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NO. V.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A DEAR FRIEND.

I deem it necessary to inform my kind reader that the following lines were written when I was a very young man—somewhere about that interesting period of my existence when I was a dreamy and listless sojourner on the debatable territory which separates the pleasant and flowery land of boyhood from that vast and dreary wilderness called Man's ESTATE. For the grand and numerous errors therefore which, it must be acknowledged, constitute the most prominent features in the following humble contributions to the literature of my country, my extreme youth will I am confident be received by a kind and generous public as a satisfactory apology. They relate to the untimely death, surrounded as it was with circumstances of a peculiarly painful character, of a fellow-student of the writer and one of the truest and dearest friends that had ever blessed his younger and happier days. He was too innocent and pure for this bad false world, and God in His beneficial wisdom deemed it best to take him home. The poor fellow had indeed humbly hoped to consecrate his young life to the sublime service of the altar, and had ever fondly prayed that

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Heaven would grant him the realization of the darling dream of his pure young life. It was otherwise ordained. If ever an angel spirit lay hidden within a human vessel, that angel spirit lived and loved in the person of the sainted Michael Keane. Peace to his ashes.

I.

I gazed upon his pallid face and marked his fireless eye,
 And saw with untold anguish that death's cold grasp
 was nigh.
 Oh, the bitter grief that wrung my heart no tongue or
 pen can tell,
 For none I loved, could ever love, so fondly or so well.

II.

Returned and smiled—a holy fire lit up his dying eye—
 "Ah, weep not, dearest, weep not, 'tis not so hard to
 die;
 Oh, 'tis beautiful to die, in sooth, for one whose chas-
 tened soul
 is yearning fondly, sweetly yearning, for the wearied
 pilgrim's goal !

III.

"Hark ! hear you not the Angels singing ; oh how
 sweet their songs of love.
 They come to take my spirit to God's bright home
 above."
 He spake no more—Death stopped his words—oh !
 gentlest and the best,
 May Angels sing thy happy soul to her eterna' rest !

ON THE SAME.

I.

I long and fondly loved him,
Yet, though in the tomb he's lain
I would not for this world's wealth
Call him back to earth again.

II.

His soul was pure as the gushing stream
That bursts from the mountain's head ;
His heart was after God's own heart,
With every virtue fed.

III.

Alas! the withering blast came soon
And closed his eyes in sleep ;
Snatched from me my much loved one
And left me here to weep.

IV.

Like some fair flower which sweetly
Reigns queen of all the bed ;
But the ruthless blast comes quickly
And bends her lovely head.

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V.

So he in youth and beauty
Bade this sorrowing world good night,
And his sainted soul to Heaven
Fast winged her sacred flight.

" Ον γὰρ φιλεῖ Θεός, ἀποθνήσκει νέος.

