

A VENERABLE ORANG-OUTANG.

(See Cartoon.)

I HAVE to apologize once more for the wild flights of my incorrigible artist. I told him most clearly and positively to draw me a life-like portrait of that profound philosopher, Mr. Darwin, and threatened him with instant dismissal if he dared to meddle for comic effect with the sober lineaments of the original thinker. I did more. I gave him sixpence to study the monkey tribe on a Monday at the Zoological Gardens, with an additional penny for a bun for the elephant, and I made him take a solemn vow that he would read Mr. Darwin's new work right through, so that he might draw inspiration before he drew the portrait. Need I say he has deceived me; grossly, vilely deceived his faithful and generous patron. I believe he misused the sixpence I gave him, or the penny, and made a beast of himself. I don't believe he read a word of the work, and I emphatically deny his unblushing assertion that I told him Mr. Darwin was a tailless monkey, an orang-outang, and that he would find him in Regent's Park. On the contrary, I took the greatest pains to enlighten him on the Darwinian theory. I demonstrated the possibility of our progenitors having played "possum up a gum-tree," and cracked cocoa-nuts, leaving their great descendant to account for the milk. I even entered into an hypothetical dissertation on man's loss of his *tail*—presuming that he lent it out in weekly numbers and never got it returned, or had the copyright stolen by the early Americans. I said everything and did everything I could to impress upon him the dignity of the subject, but—as the disgraceful cartoon he has produced so unhappily proves—in vain. The scamp has got confused; jumbled memories of the philosopher's face with monkey's till he didn't know t'other from which, and now has the effrontery to say I told him to! More, he wants to prove, as a student of physiognomy, that man has good grounds for believing himself a descendant of the ape tribe; and, with unseemly levity, offers to bet me a farthing cake—with a reservation as to the first bite—that he once saw Mr. Darwin on an organ. I scorn the mean shuffle, and ask my readers again to forgive a disappointment of which I am so guiltless; promising by the sacred memory of the tails and pouches of my venerated ancestors to give them a portrait of Mr. Darwin as soon as I can bring my rebellious son of a twopenny crayon to his senses.

THE ROVER.

CXCIX.

Was ever thorough thrashing worse received?
 Did e'er a beaten nation thus behave?
 Six months ago, no Frenchman had believed
 That, so to speak, above an army's grave
 These scamps would wrangle. Now the best have
 grieved
 That wild Parisians so shout and rave,
 Telling the world by all their oaths and curses
 How ill these yelling masses take reverses.

CC.

These steeds are somewhat difficult to hold,
 And strain whatever hand may clutch the reins:
 Their Jehu need be one exceeding bold,—
 A man possessing less of heart than brains;
 The only "whip" who well this team controlled
 Through all the windings of politic lanes,
 Was overturned by general desire
 And left the state-coach deeply in the mire.

CCI.

Love, after all, is but of taste a question,
 And hearts, like palates, educated grow;
 Love, like our drink, at times assists digestion,
 Our boyish faces with a soft flame glow,
 As for one girlish face we all the rest shun,
 Yet Passion tinges not our being. No,
 In boyhood's days, which never will endure,
 From life's bright glass we take our water—pure.

CCII.

As youth advances, boyhood's fancies fade,
 'Neath Passion's sun our pulsing blood grows heated,
 The lover shrinks no longer 'fore the maid,
 Frighted lest his demands be coolly treated.
 Love's fierce assault is fearlessly essayed
 With force not easily to be defeated.
 Man, toasting beauty, wishes he may win it,
 And takes life-water with some spirit in it.

CCIII.

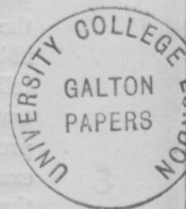
Then manhood comes, and at the height of life,
 Strong, ruddy-faced, with passion at full force,
 Fit for fierce onslaught in the wildest strife,
 With tastes all strengthened he some shape adores,
 Takes an exceeding pleasant form for wife,
 Then in his glass, life's growing liquor pours,
 Glittering, strong, intoxicating, sweet,
 That is to say, he takes his spirit—neat.

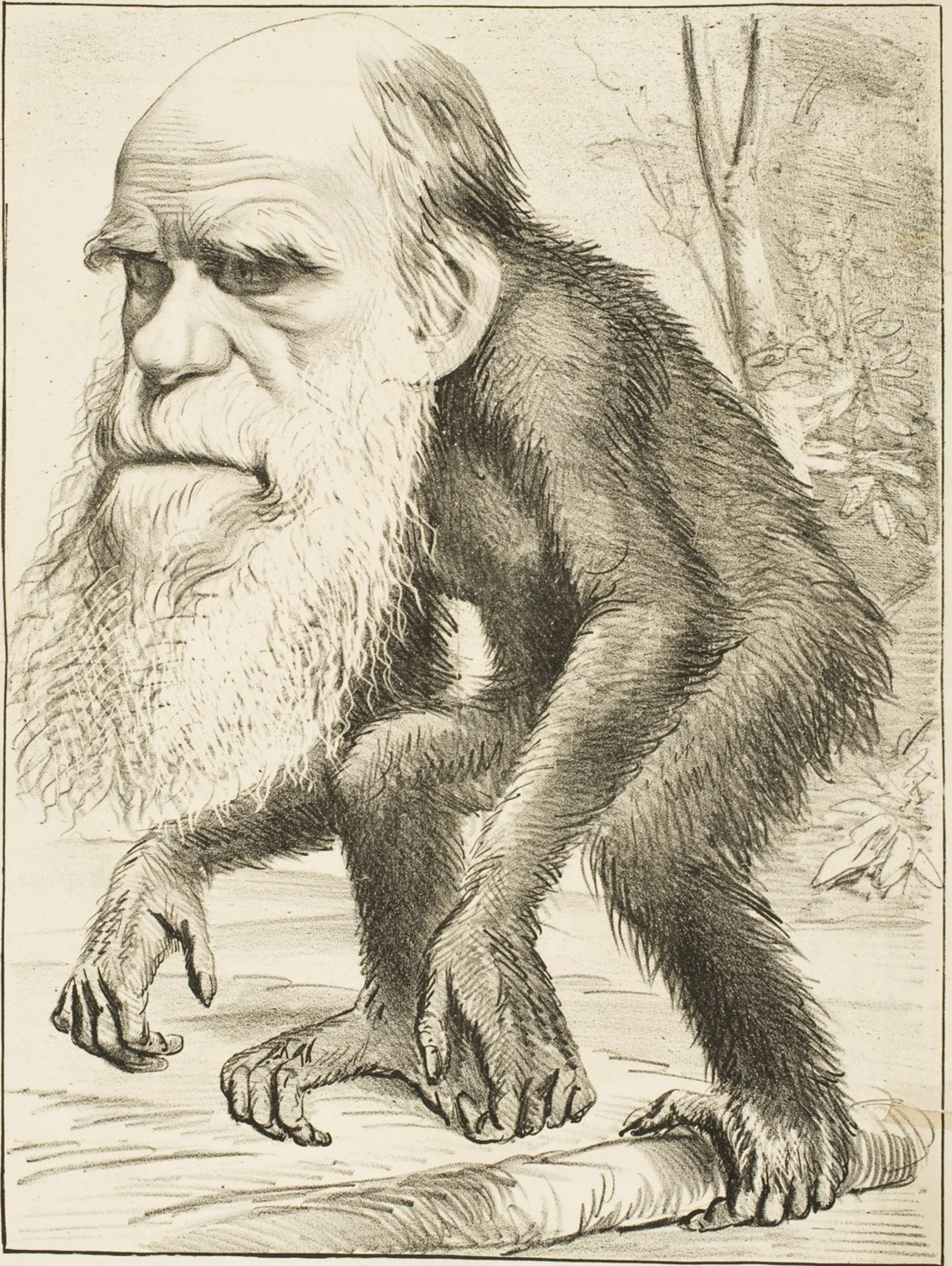
CCIV.

One always thinks of love before a wedding,
 Folks at such time will nurse the amorous mood,
 Louise leaves Berks (whose county town is Reading)
 Her fond mamma, her chamber and her snood—
 That's Scotch for something; but "avast" I'm treading
 On dangerous ground, where few at most intrude—
 So here's a toast—"Long may Louise adorn
 With all her virtues the bleak house of Lorne."

CCV.

Weddings—those wondrous weldings into one
 Of folks who legally before were two—
 Are quite imposing sights when royally done,
 In ev'ry detail smartly carried through.
 A priest, an altar, then some minor fun,
 Some pouts, smiles, tears, more smiles and then
 adieu.
 And as results the manifold small joys,
 The human *annuals* called girls and boys.





A VENERABLE ORANG-OUTANG.
A CONTRIBUTION TO UNNATURAL HISTORY.