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PUNCH ON THE ALLOCUTION.

(The following (very Punch) is a summary of the Allocution delivered to the Pope in the Consistory, held on the 20th:)

Kind Father's words, and a horrible rebel,
Freethought, choke, choke, before, and slaughter,
And I'm paper to think he'll use the same to get
Me back to Satan's grandfather.
As to calling the sinners who died in my cause,
Martyrs, I'm not to believe my master;
I merrily all have escaped from the jaws
Of my Nick, and gone up to St. Peter.

Regarding the kings that don't lend me a hand
To work out the Papacy's mission,
I beg that those monarchs will please understand
They'll find the north pole is their station,
I especially kick the Sardinian Robber,
That his subjects all hell's and hell; for
While he's making a racket book, as he thinks,
I've hooked him for robbery in sulphur.

So up to the sill of your father, the Pope,
Who never can form magnificent musings;
Don't burn him, as Tedesco would fain it, to shape,
And make brick for unauthorized diggings.
Save the relics of St. Peter from being defiled
By yon "Parliament Protestant;"
Hide the proof in your tower, and don't clear it until—
And this is your Pope's Allocution.

VENUS OVER THE MONK'S TOWER.

AN OLD WOMAN'S STORY.

BY LEWIS SAND.

Old letters, old papers, old manuscripts, yellow-faded and worn; and the hand that hovered them here will touch them no more forever. Dusty, crawling spiders in a boy's roombhat, gallowed and tied up together; bundles of yellow letters—are these my cobwebs, old dead answers to letters penned in anxiety and uncertainty? And here are worn old handwriting in a dead-writing which I shall never see again. I take the freshest, and lay it before me, smoothing out the tumbled paper. I will give it a name: "Venus Over the Monk's Tower."

As the stream bears the sea it forgets the branching days over the rocks and branches, and clinging to one over it. I drew near the room, I am forgetting; they are the end approaches, the beginning remains; and childhood seems to jog itself into age, shutting out the intervening years between. I write the incidents which relate to me as clearly now, if haply they may warn some one who reads of the misery of lightly believing evil, and the danger of a hasty judgment.

I remember then, one rainy evening very long ago, when I was a child, nurse sitting with my little brother on her arm fast asleep, while I dozed on her knee. Her will is inscrutable ways, now from her romantic before and, herhaps I rambled off to my own fathers and mother, marvelling how my father who was gray-haired, and, in my eyes, an old man, came to marry my mother, so young and merry and beautiful, but on this head nurse was silent. I remember, too, another evening, when I ran to her with a treasure I had rescued out of some rubbish in a lumber room, a dusty thing, all covered with cobwebs, but I held it forth, in a transport of excitement, trying out that it was a picture of one of those great soldiers she used to tell me about. It was the portrait of a soldier, and she took it from me gravely, and when she saw my mother coming down the garden, did it away in her bosom, hiding me look.

Shortly after that we had a birthday feast in a little half-ruined tower in the garden, which we call the "Monk's Tower." A glorious place it was, where we might go in wet weather, where we might make any amount of noise and not disturb anyone; and I used to sit and tell the tales I loved; and this evening there were healths to be drank, speeches made, cake to be eaten, and the tower to be bright when a message came to nurse that we were to go in, from grand gentleman from the wars had come.

The little one, as my brother was called, cried out that he would not go; but nurse gave us visions of scarlet cloth, glittering epaulets, and all sorts of glories, some of which we were dazzled to see, and we ran down stairs a blaze coat, with one sleeve pinned up; and terribly shocked I was, in my superior perception, when Totty crept up to him, pulled at it, asking if he was going to be a soldier, where he could be.

He laughed, and when he laughed Totty stole back to my side, staring at him fiercely. He had a wonderful face and black brown curly hair, and his mother seemed glad to see him. She raised him "Cousin Charles," and smiled and looked and looked so beautiful, that I was so proud to her than the stranger. My father had pushed back his plate, and was busy with his pencil, for just at this time he had a mania for discovering perpetual motion, or that had invented and taken a patent for something which nurse told us was very clever indeed, and only one thing was wanted to make it quite what he aimed at.

"Nelly, nurse, nurse, I shall be there in the nursery, "I don't like him; do you? He's ugly."

But I was watching nurse's face as I whispered, "Nurse, is that the portrait man?"

She stooped and kissed us both, saying nothing. I think she filled him either.

Then we were sent upstairs to the nursery, and locked out upon the Monk's Tower. I remember standing at the window that night watching the long shadow of the tower upon the grass, and fancying the ugly cloaked inhabitants, all terror-stricken, and I hurried into bed, covering my head close, and shivering.

But the night came and went, and we grew used to the idea of the cousin Charles, and after a while he used to follow us about into the garden, and try to make friends. Once he even came to Monk's Tower and began taking Totty on his knee, calling him Master Tot.

"My name is not Tot," and the boy, struggling, "and you are naughty, and I don't like you."

I saw the soldier's eyes twinkle fiercely, but he only laughed.

"I hate you!" said Totty, who had escaped, and was collecting in nurse's hand; "if I had a gun I would shoot you. I shall tell mamma to send you away."

"Pretty people you have out here," said cousin Charles, turning to nurse that very evening, "I'm sure I'm not a bad-looking fellow, and I'm sure I'm a good-tempered one, and I'm sure I'm a good-looking one