

self nervously weighing the agonising question whether he can consistently continue to sell coal to the manufacturer of the barrels which that beer party uses in his trade. If he is a railway shareholder he will begin to be teased with the thought that he is annually pocketing dividends which have partly accrued from carrying beer. Ultimately one is afraid he will be driven to the distressing consideration whether he will be able to have transactions of any kind with anybody save a total Temperance Templar, seeing that part of the profits he makes may otherwise be connected with fermentation. As regards the expenditure of the local and general revenue, derived from Government taxation, or issue of licenses, many subtle points will arise. I should imagine that when my O'FOOZLE sees his way to enrolment among the tribe of BENJAMIN, he will never consent any more to walk to his place of business over a sidewalk or roadway constructed for his benefit out of fees paid by saloon-keepers; and that he would rather be robbed or assaulted than be protected by a policeman who, with such questionable connections, might be said to draw a staff redolent of what DICK SWIRELLER calls "the rosy," and to walk about the streets a deputy official BACCUS.

If the 'total temperance punctilious extend to other schools of wisdom and virtue—if anti-tobaccoists, vegetarians, and what not decline "shop" transactions with anybody who may expend a modicum of his profits not in accord with universal abstinence from everything, we shall have a glorious, high old time. The mistake called civilization will be exploded. The nuisance known as society will be disintegrated. Every man his own ADAM, we shall return to a state of nature, drawing our guiltless feasts from the mountain's grassy side, and regaling ourselves from scrips well stuffed with herbs, washed down with water from the nearest spring. To this complexion it must certainly come; for how, my dear boy, could I have anything to do with anybody under the present regime? Snoozers might bring his devious wheel to my door with the chronic inquiry whether I had "any razors or scissors to grind, O"; but how could I tell what he meditated doing with the tuppence pertaining to the renovating whirligig, when he had trundled his instrument beyond the ken of my moral optic? Should he invest it in beer, I am undone forever; while, if he went for the weed, a hot corner in the regions of retributive limbo would be my inevitable destiny.—*Finis.*

RICHARD DE DICKE.

A Brief Retrospect.

BY A SENTIMENTAL SOLICITOR.

Turning over papers,
Musing on each one,
An envelope of yellow
Shews itself a "dun."
Face of hostile Bailiff
Searce had moved me so;
'Twas a bill for clothing,
Rendered long ago!

But to see the items—
Suits for Spring and Fall,
Principal and interest,—
Saddest sight of all.
Oh the clothes of childhood,
Breeches long and short;
Now are many breeches
Of another sort.

Oh the inexpensive suits
Made up by Mamma,
And the suits at present,
Furnished by the Law!
Happy, happy, boyhood,
Days of lollipops,
And the time when *spinsters*
Take the place of tops!

Oh that time when twenty-one,
On his bended knees
Comes to court for hearing
Of his special pleas!
Now a luckless Barrister,
By contradiction's laws,
Feels the effect of poverty
And yet he lacks a cause.

Turning over papers,
Musing on each one,
All these sad reflections
Brought on by a dun.

The Zig-Zag Papers.

III.—MY TRIP TO THE SEASIDE AND WHAT I SAW THERE.

WHEN I went down the St. Lawrence a few weeks since, in that search for a cheap watering place mentioned in my last paper, I noticed on the train, shortly after leaving Toronto, a sickly looking youth, who was so very thin and light that I feared to see him blown out of the open back door of the car every time the brakeman entered at the front. This catastrophe he, however, escaped till bed time, and I soon forgot him in the misery of my berth, which retained all the dampness of the last two or three occupants, and, like the city of Cologne,

"Some seventy different stinks all well defined."

After a night passed partly in failures to accommodate the chorus of the last popular song to the peculiar monotonous rattle of the car-wheels, partly in short and vivid nightmares, and partly in the half comatose condition which results from the stoppage of the train at stations, I turned out about three hours before my usual time of rising. On hearing that the train was two hours late and breakfast about sixty miles further on, I desperately went forward to the smoking car, where the stale smells of the previous night, assisted by a pipe of tobacco smoked on an empty stomach, made me so extremely sick that when the breakfast station was reached I could not eat anything. On the return of my fellow travellers I derived some consolation from their criticism of the meal, of which a commercial traveller in particular said "It was about the same as usual, and not a darned bit reshershy."

My misery was so great during the remainder of the run that I did not take my usual microscopic notice of companions. A few hours in Montreal devoted in part to the investigation of the chemical properties of cocktails, restore my normal condition of body and wonderful acuteness of observation.

After reaching the steamboat for Quebec, madly fighting three-quarters of an hour for a ticket, and being calmly snubbed by the purser before he condescended to take my money for berth and meal cards, I entered the "Gentleman's saloon." The first person on whom my glance rested was the sickly looking young man, who again looked so extremely light, that the portemonnaie on his lap appeared to act as a paper-weight. He astonished me two hours afterward by his knife and fork performance, when he put in a quantity of ballast sufficient to make the steward utter a fervent wish that "the boat wouldn't cant over if that young feller went too sudden to one side."

There was on board the usual miscellany of a steamboat.

Half a dozen commercial travellers in very loud trousers, very dingy linen, very goldine watchchains, and soft, rough, knowing litte felt hats, who made it their business, first to discover the locality of the bar, then next to make the acquaintance of the the bar-tender, and thereafter to exhibit to every one how infinitely they felt themselves at home.

There was a young couple on their wedding trip, who were very fond of scenery, and repaired to all sorts of quiet out of the way places, where they could indulge their raptures with the views.

There were several sporting Montreal merchants, with licenses for salmon fishing, who told of manifold hairbreadth escapes by flood and field, and talked about camping out and bush life so persistently that two overdressed Yankee women were led to believe themselves in the presence of some of those prodigiously valorous and hardy back-woodsmen of whom they had read in the *New York Ledger*.

The Yankee women made use of the expletive "Sakes alive!" and "Kinder guessed things was wild in this here country, and a sight behind the fixins to hum."

There were portentiously respectable fathers going down to Cacouna to secure family cottages for the season, old fellows in stiff collars and black stocks, whose appearance made one wish to see their names on the back of a bit of stamped paper with one's own name at the end of the legend on the other side.

There were a number of scalliwag little boys who were in every one's way, as many molly-sop boys who staid with their mothers and were good, and half a score of prim little girls in sea-side hats, with blowing hair. There were three French priests in the sombre habit of their order, two of them paternal looking old boys who evidently did not greatly mortify the flesh, and one young Jesuitical bilious-looking bigot, who scowled diligently over his breviary.

There were French natives on the lower deck who danced to the whistling and clapping of their comrades, then got drunk, then quarrelsome, made any quantity of noise, swore the most frightful and fantastic oaths, spat on their hands, took off their shirts, made terrible and bloodthirsty demonstrations, and then, without striking a blow, calmed down, went to sleep on their backs, or engaged in bluff for plugs of tobacco.

Now all this description, the observations for which were made before I went to bed, of course don't interest the ordinary reader of *Grip* in the least, but it shows that I *have* actually gone to the seaside, *have* been out of town at the proper season, and consequently stamps this paper as the production of a person entitled to consideration, and secures for it readers in the very best society. Moreover, it