

The Bread Nuisance.

The music sudden ceased to sound,
And on her stool she twisted round,
Then sprang to meet him with a bound.
'Twasn't her lover, (don't confound
My sense) it was her father, browned
By toil a, person much renowned
On ships, and often nearly drowned,
And then to him in grievous tones this mournful lady said,
"Papa, pray tell me what we are to do for want of bread."

The father modern was, and wise,
So imprecated not his eyes,
Shivered his timbers not likewise,
As ancient sailors, but surprise
He showed, and said, "There was a rise,
I know, but still a cheque of size
I left to last, if you were wise,"
Then struck an angry attitude, "Now Miss, just tell me true,
What have you gone and done with all that cash I left with you?"

"It is not that," the lady said,
"I cannot buy their nasty bread,
The papers I have lately read:
It's full of things alive and dead,
Dirt, sweat, and emanations dread!
Abominations, and it's said,
That with their feet they do it tread,
And all bake-houses horrid are, and stinking, close and small,
Oh no, I never, never can, eat it again at all."

He said, "You've got no appetite,
A trip to sea would set you right,
You'd gobble soon all you could bite,
But here, why not?—I think you might
Buy flour, (this year it's good and white,)
And bake your loaves up nice and light,
Your mother used to do it right,
But if you do, mind this, you'll have to bake yourself, I say,
For not another blessed girl can I afford to pay."

"Oh that would be extremely low,"
She said, "to work oneself, you know,
And all the folks with whom I go,
I'm sure there's none of them do so.
'Twould them into convulsions throw,
If I appeared all over dough,
And what a story soon would grow,
It's horrid mean; to look at bread just makes me crawl all through,
I wish the nasty printers wouldn't print such things, I do."

The Two Visions.

IN the sonorous realms of night the quill-driver had lost himself. In his dreams he still faintly recollected stray scraps from "Wife No. 19," "The Horror of Mormondom," and kindred works, which he had been perusing before sinking to rest. There floated before his slumbering mind's eye also a dim telegram telling of "The fall of LUCIFER, green corn, inflammation and widows." Suddenly his inner life seemed transported to the Plutonian kingdom, and hovered on the banks of the Acheron. OLD CHARON and his boat were there, ready to ferry over the souls of the departed. The man of the pen started back with a shudder and tried to pinch himself. Could it be that he had died and was now about to— No, he was sure that upon closing his mortal eyes forever a different sight would greet him on the other side of the great bourne—and yet— Just then a gentle hand was laid on his shoulder, and a voice whispered "Fear and marvel not. Note what thou seest."

Then the boat was drawn to the shore. The old ferryman helped a spirit in for the purpose of wafting it to the other shore. The old man whispered to the ghost "Whence, passenger, and who art thou?" "My name is YOUNG. I'm checked from Salt Lake City, said the shadow. But whither, O, strange being, are you conveying me?"

"P-st!" replied the grim ferryman, as he stroked his long white beard and then spat on his hands preparatory to performing his task at the oars. "P-st! Not so loud. Seest thou the dark waters beneath thee? Dip but thy finger-tips into the flood as we glide along, and see how sweet oblivion would seem. Could thou but sink beneath the stern surface, then were forgetfulness and utter annihilation thine. But it is decreed that thou shalt suffer for the deeds in the body—what they were I know not; my task is to deliver thee unto the demons on the other shore. There you will find your portion of gnashing, and the sting which dieth not, meted out to thee."

The ex-Prophet hid his face in his hands, and sank into a corner of the boat. From the other shore came the echo of an exultant chorus whose burden was "This sting is memory!" "Alas" cried he, "In vain I congratulated myself that, for better or worse, I had at least

escaped from that greatest of punishments upon earth which I endured there. The remembrance of what I suffered will bow me down in anguish where I could otherwise stand torture in eternity."

"What, my friend, were thine misfortunes," asked the old man, curiously.

"Were you ever married—have you ever experienced the tyranny of a woman?" asked the ex-Prophet. He saw the old gentleman gasp with astonishment, and continued, "Of course I might have known you never invested in the matrimonial market or you would be bald-headed like I am, and would never have been promoted to this job for years. But do you remember ferrying any poor mortal over who was a doubly or a triply married man?"

"Lemme see," pondered CHARON; "yes, now I remember, one the other day. His name was BINKS from Chicago. He said he was a bigamist, and he was singing hallelujahs to escape from his hard fate. I pitied him when I remembered that he could never forget."

"You pitied him!" eagerly cried the ex-Prophet. "Then, old friend, what must be your compassion for me who have been married to *nineteen* of those critters that make life miserable!"

"Nineteen!" blankly echoed the old man.

"Nineteen," repeated the ex-Prophet. "Such a hurricane of appeals for new bonnets when cash was tight and times hard!" He drew his ghostly fingers over his head with emotion. "Such bickerings over silks, striped stockings, *etcetera ad infinitum*; such jealousies, reproaches, and rough-and-tumble bouts! And then the hundreds of little ones, that wanted rattles, pinafores, shoe-tacks, and such—and the fearful time in keeping track of which is which. Oh, I longed to escape it all, and forget. And now my last hope is dashed. I suppose they'll be following me next to make me miserable."

A resolute and benevolent smile flitted over the face of the ferryman as he said, "Thou hast moved me; we are rapidly nearing the other side, but there is no one to see us yet; accidentally tumble over-board, and I'll invent an excuse for landing without a cargo."

There was a shout of delight, a splash, and then the vision. CHARON, boat, river, all were as gone to the sleeping quill-driver. Presently a light hand was again placed on his shoulder, a voice whispered "Look," and another scene presented itself.

A muffled stranger approached the gate before which ST. PETER sat nodding (for lack of employment, as the people of the earth were getting worse.)

"Ah," said the saint, starting up, "where is thy passport for entrance here? Who art thou, and whence comest thou?"

The spirit bared itself before the questioner and tremblingly whispered something.

"What thou! Thou who didst set thyself up as a false teacher, and whose whole life record is filled with suspicious transactions?"

"But," pleaded the spirit, "I know I was an insane fool. But have I not been sufficiently punished for my misdeeds?"

"Ah," mused PETER. "Let me hear of your punishment."

"I have been married to *nineteen* daughters of the sinful earth, and furnished wool for them all to pull."

"Nineteen!" gasped ST. PETER. "Poor spirit, your punishment has been severe indeed. Walk right—"

Just then the dreamer awoke with a start, feeling sure he had found out the secret of becoming a martyr. But whether BRIGHAM YOUNG was allowed to enter the gate or not, he is not quite prepared to say. For a satisfactory conclusion to ST. PETER'S unfinished sentence we refer all to their commentaries.

Political Probabilities.

THE question that now agitates the Political Circles is, What are they going to do with CAUCHON? MR. MACDOUGALL who is a strong believer in the adage, *History repeats itself*, is of opinion that the fragment Frenchmen will be sent up to govern the North West; that the people of the North West will repel him from their gates; that he will return with his heart full of gall and bitterness against MACKENZIE & Co. and proceed to issue pamphlets exposing the corruption and perhaps treason of the government; that he will then turn around and eat the aforesaid pamphlets, and finally settle down to the humble but honest avocation of boot-black to the Grits.

Sir John's Wit.

AT the Essex Picnic SIR JOHN addressed his hearers as "intelligent," and then told them that HE had passed the bill for the Secularisation of the Clergy Reserves, and that the Reform Party had opposed that measure! No doubt while making this statement, the (honorable) gentleman's phiz wore that "curiously comical expression" which the London *Free Press* reporter describes so graphically.

PUNISHMENT.—At a late picnic demonstration SIR JOHN was drawn and quartered by his own friends. The Grits think that was too good for him; they would like to see him choked—so long as it isn't on the loaves and fishes of office.