

MRS. SCROUGH'S TRIBULATIONS.

(No. 2.)

"That girl will break my heart, that she will! A whole morning wasted sorting the dirty clothes, and smashing a cut-glass cream-jug, the like of which never was seen! The idle hussy goes strolling about the house with her eyes staring in her head like a herring's. Everything she does is provoking. Of late she has contracted a habit of walking to the top of the house exactly one minute before the door-bell rings. Now that's enough to try a saint, isn't it? Then, as I can't always go to market myself, I sometimes send her. She might be making splendid bargains by the time she's gone. Last Friday I told her to fetch some fish, and what do you think she got? Why, an eel nearly two yards long, as I'm a sinner! Her face beamed again when she drew the slimy, disgusting thing to light. She was proud of it. I turned giddy, and leaned against the stove-pipe, which, of course, came down. Luckily an errand boy brought a six-pound salmon,—as pretty a one as I ever handled,—which he should have taken to Mrs. Brigg's, next door. Wasn't it a special providence? She has no sense at all. Only yesterday, when the water-rate man called, she asked him to step into the drawing-room, when a girl with any brains would have told him that I wasn't in. I didn't inquire into her religious character before I engaged her,—so much the worse for me, for you know I can't leave the house if I don't know whether my servant is to be trusted. Talk about trusting her, indeed! My poor Johnny's head shows whether it's safe to trust her,—it's a miracle it wasn't reduced to a pulp long ago. If I leave my sweet darling with her, a thousand to one he gets the chopper to play with, or is put on the top of the dumb-stove for safety's sake. And then what she eats is enough to make you open your eyes almost as wide as she opens her mouth when she's at it. She'd eat a pyramid if you'd butter it for her. Till she crossed my door-step, I could keep a little grease to make soap and candles of, but it all goes down her throat now; I reckon two pounds of candles to her board every week, which is rather too much for human patience. We gave each other notice once a week, but it's no use, for she sticks to me like a leech, and sucks me as hard.

JOSIAH GIBBY.

*pro* ELIZA SCROUGH.

Calendar for the Week.

NOVEMBER

12	Friday	Some dog's day. Commercial editors read poetry for relaxation.
13	Satur.	Public sale of the tolls on the road to ruin.
14	Sund'y	Exhibition of H. R. H. at St. James'. No charge for admission.
15	Mon.	Free admission to the Drill-Shed. War-dance by the Corporation.
16	Tues.	Mare's-nesting begins. Several balls at Dion's.
17	Wed.	Edinburgh Review. Parade of great guns.
18	Thurs.	GRINCHUCKLE appears. News-boys' jubilee.

THE DREAM OF OUR "UNIMPRESSIBLE SPECIAL" CONTRIBUTOR.

We regret to say that, although a respectable *Witness* bears testimony to the gratifying fact that we are a moral and religious people, notwithstanding the feeble flickerings of the Literary Club, we are not an enlightened city. We had occasion the other night to visit a respectable friend in a benighted neighbourhood, where no city councillor resides, in consequence of which there is no gas, or only enough to make "darkness visible." As we could not see our figure before us, we had to feel our way, and, in avoiding the Scylla of the projecting door steps, we fell into the yawning Charybdis of mud, that makes "night hideous" in St. Urbain Street, beyond St. Catherine's; and as we were in mud—

"Stept in so far that we could make no move,  
Returning were as tedious as go o'er."

We crawled on all-fours to the side-walk, there to repose, with bed and board *gratis*, till the distant lamp had begun to pale its "ineffectual fire." Knowing that the present Mayor has not the same reasons for "keeping dark" as a former incumbent, whose property in that quarter is not occupied with *foolish* virgins, and believing the "top-sawyer" of the Corporation to be a respectable workman, we wished he would display his handy-work in furnishing a "lamp to our path." But before conveying ourself to the arms of Morpheus (this is strictly original) we exclaimed—"Lighten our darkness, we beseech thee, O Mayor!" To sleep! perchance to dream; in this case our dream was the reflex of our waking thoughts. We dedicate our recollection of it to the Secretary of the defunct Literary Club. He will see it is hopeful, and we beg of him not to intimate again to the public that he wishes to put an extinguisher on us.

There's a light about to break,  
To illuminate the wake,  
Of those who choose to raze  
When the night comes on.

By our Council's wise decree,  
Enlighten'd we shall be,  
And their movements we shall see  
When the light comes on.

Each lass shall then attain  
Admiration from her swain:  
Her charms will be so plain  
When the night comes on.

And those who shun the right,  
And in darkness take delight,  
Shall be brought into our sight  
When the light comes on.

Our burdens won't be heightened,  
When our ways are thus enlighten'd,  
And our children won't be frightened  
When the night comes on.

We shall see to pick our way  
Through the mud and miry clay:  
And our night will be like day  
When the light comes on.

May success attend our Mayor—  
He's endowed with wisdom rare;  
And we'll be his special care  
When the night comes on.

With a light to guide our feet,  
As we walk along the street,  
And our joys will be complete  
When the light comes on.