

BOB MOODIE'S REFLECTIONS.

I'm off! the bladder rises high
Into the blue and fuzzy sky;
Now smaller gro's the big Rovers,
& scorchin' Felix comes moar near;
I hear the vulgar crowd proclaim
'That Captin Moodie's buked for fame.
I feel the upper air moar clear
From fumes of tucy pipes & beer;
& Mrs. Moodie's down below;
& there's George Brown as wisles woe;
& there's all sorts of people thar
As wouldn't be in this here car
For all the liquor in my bar.
And now the great big Rosin House
Looks nofmoar bigor than a moas;
And now I see no men and wimmin,
Nor Fire-ly over the water skimmin,
But only this great globe a swimmin
Through the air & clouds & vapors,
Like a tom-cat outtin capors.
But I'm gittin sick by japers!
Now you Steiner, come down please,
For I'm beginnin' for to freez;
I hear the stars begin to whiselo,
& think w'd better mizle;
Oh! if you don't, with this hose pistol
I'll abule you dead thru bone & gristle.

Here he attempts to discharge the pistol, but the air is so rarified that the weapon refuses to do its duty, and Bob Moodie having, at the suggestion of the "airmen," taken a "swig" feels re-animated, and fifty per cent re-encouraged.

BOB MOODIE—HIS LOG.

Sein that the hole baloon assensin is put down rong in the papers, I have rote this akcount wich is the true statment of wot happened to Stiner and me, and wot we diskuvered when we was a sailin in the Yurope, wich Stiner he was the skipper. Havin settled my efekts and made my last will and testymin, wich aforesaid it was published in the *Grumbler* a true copy thairt, and havin took fare-well of my family, and been shorfybid with a pistol loaded to the muzzle, I started on the perilous journey. Afore goin, as my friends had kum down to see me off, I maid a fairwel spech, wich in I showed as how we was't goin to beo behind Yankees in courage and pluck, and no man as wot wasn't there, couldn't say that I didn't egehibit my musseller organ iso ashin, and say as I wasn't afesird to go up in a baloon twice as big, and if the Government was willin, I was, to inspekt the lite houses in a baloon, wich none of the government bein present didn't ansner, but can be aware to by Honibel Garge Brown and Jno. Hilyard Kameron, who was standing close thairto, holding on to the ropes and tryin both of them to not let me go as a new elexion is specked, and Bob is wanted to beo on sum side; but I'de maid up my mind and wasn't goin to stave. John Kameron did offer me professional advice whenever I wanted it, and a Taverna license free gratis for nothin, without any charge, and George Brown said he would insert the Firefly advertisements free, and take three season tickets, but the citizens of Toronto, no bob Moodie is't to be bot, and wen he had made up his mind to see forrin countries, he knowed enuff to not stay at home. When Stiner and me got into the Baloon, Bob, ses he to me, are you all rite, all rite, ses I; stedly then ses he, stedly it is, ses I; let her go, ses he, and off she went just like a streak. Stiner he jumped in the riggin with a flag, and I followed him, and

down below there was the crowd a hollerin and yellin, wich we kould see a lookin over the basket, and I kould here them biddin me good bye, and one fellow shouted out, Bob you're giving the devil another chance, and I knowed that was Garge Brown who was mad cos J didn't be bribed over.

Howdover, we left them all behind, and then wen the crowd was no more interfeerin with us, the natural o'jects wich presented themselves to our oberservashun was splendiferous. In the first place, we could see the noble Firefly steamin slowly along through the eastern channell arousin the water with her powerful wheels like a grand new patent churn. Her smoke-pipe didn't much more than look like the stem of a T. D. clay, though I node she was a puffin off volumes. The balloon then yawed off to southard, and we kould see my saloon and the suckers a hangin round it, and two fellers inside havin cocktailes wich I notised they didn't pay fur—then we missed stavs sumbow wich was to be xpected as we didn't hrve no tiller aboard and kum across toronto as we was passin over king Street I kould see all people starin and openin their eyes wich made look like star-light were there was many ladies, and I seen Angus Horrioon and Jno Duggan and sum more standin at the Leader offis corner and kould hear them talkin all about the plow-bow and how thair kurrage stood it wich may be all very well but none of them was never up in no balloon, and doesn't no more of bravery than a policeman as can be testified, then we passed over the village of Brookses bush, and kould see the inhabitants drinkin whiskey, which put me in mind of my pistol which I drewed the cork from the mussel and took a swig likewise, followed by Stiner who did the same and felt very good, about ten minutes more and there we kum into a cloud, and we went quicker than flyin, as was seen by throwin paper out which flew up, and then Stiner he ses to me—Bob ses he, look out, and I looked out and seen away down under water forty feet, and there was a vessel lyin on the bottom, and her spars all gone, which I diskuvered by lookin through the telescope to be the reck of the Clear Grit scow as was sunk, when I left and went to be skipper of the goovment-ship, poor old hulk she were a tant ship wunse and sailed well, my feelins was nigh overkomin me, but wen I seen the pistil I rekuvered, Stiner he wanted sum rekuverin too, and wen he kum round we threw the pistil overboard as we was goin down fast and the ballast was all gone, but we kouldn't stop her, down she went then we peeled off our kotes and Stiner ses Bob your a gone prigg, down she kept a goin, no I aint ses I, and then I got Stiner to blow up my life preserver for I was a leetle onsteady, then I jist kot hold of the riggin and cried out let her rip and souas she came into the water flippy flap 3 times Knockin the water all round splashin us, till we was wretter than cat-fish, then up again she goes, and we went strate into land, struck the anker all serene, and out we jumped, squeeze her gas out, rolled up her up tant, then we seed a peddlar's waggin wich we boarded and Kum rite to Toronto all sound in wind and lim, wich is a true and impartial statment.

(Signed.)

Don. Moody.

"AWFUL" GARDNER.

A drucken rowdy and prize-fighter named Orville Gardner, was, during a late religious revival in New York, transformed into a sober and comparatively respectable member of Society. The defection of one from the almost innumerable company of American soundrels, is certainly a matter for some congratulation. The change, genuine as we have no right to doubt it was, must have been indeed welcome to the family and friends he outraged before. So far, so good. But we must be excused if we cannot go further in our exultation and sympathy.

We fail to see, that the reformation of Gardner entitles him to constitute himself a moral teacher of the rest of the community. We distrust the teachings of a man who yesterday lay with the swine in the gutter, and to day occupies the pulpit and the rostrum as the oracle whose messages are all the more precious, because his life has been immoral and vile. Nor can we understand how a portion of the religious press even in our own country, can lay before their readers the miserable details of this man's low life as fitting instruction for the Christian people of America. No sooner has "awful" Gardner, as he was styled, emerged from the filth of his rowdyism, than he mounts the platform to display the dirt in which he was wallowed. "Look," he tells his hearers, "what a villian I was," and the blacker he can paint himself the better, for, with every additional daub of darkness he rises proportionately in the eyes of a curious and delighted auditory. There is an utter absence of shame in such a disgraceful narrative as that we have before us, that we wonder it can delight the readers of a religious press.

He used to walk about the streets with his hat cocked on one side thinking he was Mayor of the city; he once had to walk the city all night for fear that in a fit of the "tremens" he should fling himself from the window. He tells us, "I have been incarcerated in prison, oh! how many times I can't tell. I own the corn. I've been locked up all over the country." What interesting intelligence for a refined and respectable auditory. It is the way with all men of the class. They hardly matriculate in morality before they fancy themselves graduates and even professors. Instead of hiding their shame and cancelling a life of villainy by a life of repentance, they, with skirts still befouled with the mire and tongues yet clogged with the slang of the ring and pit-house, stand up before the world to teach what they have but barely learned themselves.

"There is no use talking," he says, in a boastful air there is no mistaking; "there is no use talking, 'I've been through the mill.'" Gin and sugar were necessary, he thought to his existence; rum was his ruin; but now he is a mentor for the church and the world, and he tells those who have been taught to use so as not to abuse, that "no man can drink liquor and serve God." How authoritative a life of wickedness makes a man; a Harry Henry reformed is a safer teacher than Jeremy Taylor and Orville Gardner a nobler guide than Richard Baxter. Surely we have had enough of those wretched gloryings in shame, and of teachers whose vulgarity is only equalled by their ignorance and impudance.