

reliable, preferable in the extreme: thus—Carrajo and Eva, as on board that straining, tugging, snorting mass of wood and iron known as the steamship "Evening Star," they felt the fury of an Equinoctial gale.

A fearful night—waves hissing, rushing—wind howling—clouds scowling—Eva Head, heaving ahead—the elements, striving madly, fighting frantically, as if by their pugilistic efforts, they might *box the compass*.

Down below in the saloon, Eva reading the biography of the Whistler at the Plough, which had been recommended to her as intensely comic—Carrajo sipping whisky-punch from a tumbler, which was so weak, he said it ought to be called "Grand Duchess toddy," it was such *barren grog*.

Suddenly a cry, a frightful cry, "A leak—a leak—fire—the ship is sinking!" aroused Carrajo from his reverie, and caused him to rush madly on deck; there a fearful sight met his eye. Unperceived by the crew, a terrible leak had gained upon them so fast that the *yards* were scarce *three feet* above water, and the vessel, unlike human bankrupts, was "settling" fast.

To lower a boat, fill it with preserved meats, a compass, and a bound volume of the *New Dominion Monthly* for ballast, to lower Eva on to the thwarts with a boat-hook, to push off from the sinking ship, and steer madly N.E. by S.W. one quarter South, was with Carrajo the work of a moment;—little did he heed the terrible accident that was so soon to befall him. Not three boats' lengths had he left the ship when his oar broke in two places; and then, and not till then, did Eva give way to despair. What was to become of her—what was to become of them both, indeed, now that her better-half had thus

FRACTURED HIS SKULL!!!

(To be continued.)

LITTLE PEDDLINGTON'S LAMENT.

Little Peddlington is a small non-progressive semi-military village, not many leagues from what people never tire of calling the "Commercial Emporium" of the Dominion. The inhabitants are, mostly, tavernkeepers, promoted cordwainers, some bankrupt and otherwise broken-down merchants, and a respectable number of old fogies. All these people, like to be considered somebodies, and good natured outsiders are disposed to let them enjoy their pleasant hallucinations. Up to a recent period, Little Peddlington has been happy, but a change has come over it, a war note has been sounded, and the whole village is up in arms! The *Montreal Gazette*, (naughty *Gazette*), not having the fear of the Peddlingtonians before its eyes, has actually had the audacity to recommend to the Government, that the Military Barracks,—heretofore the glory of the village, but now, alas! untenanted,—shall be converted into a lunatic asylum! "Horror of Horrors! are the troops to be shut out from us forever? Is gallantry to be permanently snuffed out by imbecility? Forbid it Wyndham! What is to become of our daughters? who will sustain our Bonifaces? where can we hold promenades and picnics? who will steer our toboggans and toast our muffins? No *Mister Gazette* it shall not be."

* * * DIOGENES is informed that Little Peddlington has petitioned, and got snubbed for its pains. It waileth in desolation, and refuseth to be comforted, because there is no likelihood of the Fenians making an immediate advance! Unhappy Peddlington! As the old woman said to the rats and mice, "there's a time coming for you!" For the present, DIOGENES, in the language of Monte Christo, recommends you to WAIT AND HOPE.

Why are people who live near the Cemetery like Æneas? Because they can say "*Tot funera pass-us.*"

POPULUS VULT DECIPI.

The subject of Tennyson's new poem is the grand old legend of "The Quest of the Holy Grail." The fastidious author is at present in Switzerland, engaged in revising his *magnum opus* for the press. It is written in blank verse, and will form a companion volume to "Idylls of the King." The Cynic having received from his friend, the Laureate, a few specimens of the forthcoming poem, presents the Canadian public with a characteristic fragment.

Sir Lancelot and the other Knights of the Round Table have gone forth with Sir Galahad in search of the Holy Grail, and no tidings have as yet been heard of them. Some time has elapsed, and Queen Guenevere (who had parted from her lover with great sorrow,) is almost in despair. The poem continues:—

"The snow-drop pierced the snow; with belts of fire
The crocus lit the borders: Spring o'er ran
The earth, fleet-footed, till the white-thorn bush
Broke into milky blossom of the May.
Queen Guenevere, with absent eyes, and cheeks
Love-pallid, paced her pleasaunce to and fro,
And twisted posies of red gilly-flowers,
Pansies and purple-globed anemones,
Then tossed them from her in a storm of sighs.

One morn, when summer verged on its decline,
A straggling cavalcade of pilgrim's passed,
Foot-sore, beneath the walls of Camelot;
A woeful crew! riddled by wind and storm,
Mere rags and relics of humanity,
A vision of dry bones. These, one and all,
She questioned, and, with cracked and blistered lips,
They babbled of strange lands and savage men,
Of dungeons and disasters, racks and chains—
But of Sir Lancelot tidings had they none.
So, with cold thanks, she sped them on their way,
And laughed a vacant laugh to see them flit,
A string of scarecrows, through the yellowing corn.

Then swarthy reapers thronged the harvest-fields,—
The sickle glittered in the sun; the shocks
Stood berry-brown; and to each homestead came
Bare-footed monks, with pouches open-mouthed,
Alms-begging for the needs of Mother-Church;
A sheaf of lilies for St. Cunegunde,
Or annual levy of St. Peter's pence.
Such, from her lattice leaning, Guenevere
Would beckon, and, into greedy hands upheld,
Drop royal dole, and to their garrulous talk,
With hungry ears give heed. Alas! in vain!
For of Sir Lancelot tidings had they none.

So evermore the months drew to a close;
The apple ripened to its ruddy prime;
The pear dropped, golden, in the orchard grass;
Athwart the gusty sky long flights of storks,
With whirl of wing and noisy clap of beak,
Passed southward.....Still no tidings, and the Queen,
At midnight, kneeling in her oratory,
A *mea culpa*! quivering on her lip,
A *MEA MAXIMA CULPA*! heard the bells
Roll forth their brazen clangour o'er the world,
Ring out the Old Year, welcome in the New."

WHAT IS AN AUDITOR?

Langton's definition very indefinite. Reply per telegram, (he knows), from Reiffenstein:—An officer whose especial duty is *not* to detect peculations—only to cast up and balance them!