

INSTRUCTIONS IN DANCING THE QUADRILLE.

RINDY AND MOST CONDESCENDINGLY DEDICATED TO THE MEMBERS OF THOSE VERY SEAMEN-LIKE AND NAUTICAL MEN COMPOSING THE ROYAL CANADIAN YACHT CLUB.

BY THE GRUMBLER.

Le Pantalou.

1st. FIGURE—Haul upon the starboard Tack and let the other craft pass, then bear up and get your head on the other tack. Regain your berth on the port tack, back and fill with your partner and boxhaul her—wear round twice against the sun in company with the opposite craft, then your own, afterwards boxhaul her again and bring her up.

L'Eté.

2nd FIG.—Shoot ahead about two fathoms till you come stern on with the other craft under weigh, then make a stern board to gain berth and side out for a bend. First to starboard, then to port, make sail and pass the opposite craft, then get your head round on the other tack, another side to starboard and port—then make sail to regain your berth, wear round, back and fill and boxhaul your partner.

La Poule.

3rd FIG.—Heave ahead and pass your adversary yard-arm to yard-arm, regain your berth on the other tack in the same order. Take your station in a line with your partner, back and fill, fall on your keel and bring up with your partner; she then manœuvres ahead and heaves all aback, fills and shoots ahead again and pays off along side, you then make sail in company till nearly stern on with the other line, make a stern board and cast her off to shift for herself. Regain your berth all taut and let go your anchor.

La Brenise.

4th FIG.—Wear round as before against the sun twice, boxhaul the Lady and range up along side her, and make sail in company. When half way across to the other shore drop astern with the tide, shoot ahead again and cast off the Tow; now back and fill as before and boxhaul her and yourself into your berth, and bring up.

La Pastorale.

5th FIG.—Shoot ahead along side your partner, then make a stern board—again make all sail over to the other coast—let go the hawser and pay off into your own berth and take a turn. The 3 craft opposite range up opposite you twice and back astern again—now manœuver any rig you like, only under easy sail, as it always light light winds—Zephyrs—in this passage. As soon as you see their helms down, haul round in company with them on port tack—then make all sail with your partner into your own berth and bring up.

FINALE—Wear round to starboard, passing under your partner's bows—sight the catheads of craft on your starboard bows—then make sail into your own berth, your partner passing astern your bows. Now proceed according to the second order of sailing; to complete the evolutions shoot ahead and back astern twice in company with the whole squadron in the circular order of sailing.

Tow her into Port and take a glass of Sherry.

THE REV. SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS ON ANOTHER TRIP OF MEDITATION.

On Dit.—The Rev. Dr. Ryerson, having failed in the practical application of his lofty mountain meditations, leaves by the next steamer, to complete his scheme of spoliation, upon the peaks of the Andes. It is said that the Rev. gentlemen is sanguine that meditations at a greater altitude than the loftiest mountains of Europe afford, will yet produce the required result. In the Andes, the Doctor will no doubt find a stand point, sufficiently elevated to raise his ideas to the task he assumed. Mr. Grumbler would, however, insinuate, in the most delicate manner possible, to the Rev. gentleman, that a loiter among the ruined cities of Central America, and a close application to the study of the grimaces upon the stone idles of the decayed temples will furnish the learned Doctor with new figures of speech for his next escapade against University endowment. If it will not be thought an intrusion, we would also recommend the Doctor to pass a few months under the tuition of the erudite padre, Don Santiagos, and study moral philosophy as compared with the Devil worship depicted on the aforesaid ruins. If our advice be followed we may expect shortly after the Rev. Doctor's descent from the ice-cold peaks, to have another refrigerated edition of cool impudence.

A HAPPY BEING.

We are strangely constituted beings at best. There's not one of us that don't love a little of the filthy mammon of the world. Even the Editor of the *Christian Guardian*, meek, humble, self-denying soul that he is, likes the rattle of the tin in his pocket. At the risk of trespassing on our columns we copy, the following item from the last number of the *Christian* (!) organ:—

BEAT THIS WHO CAN.

The Rev. John Gemley sends us from Montreal Centre Circuit, a cheque for \$53 21 for the Guardian, with the names of twenty-seven new subscribers, all having paid in advance; and closed his business-like letter by saying—"All the subscribers on my Circuit have now, I think, paid up with the exception of two who are perfectly reliable." Mr. Gemley will please accept the Book-steward's kindest thanks for his three days service. If all the Ministry would go and do likewise, or if they would even collect what is past due, and remit soon, it would enable us to go to Conference with a smiling face. Who will make the effort?

So this is the kind of work our reverend friend wishes all the Ministry to be engaged in—collecting his old debts? In our simplicity we thought preachers were designed to be engaged in work of a very different kind; but we find we were mistaken; and the Editor of the *Christian Guardian* is right. Ministers are not, now-a-days, to be preachers of the gospel. No, their occupation is collecting old debts; they are to steal the livery of heaven to serve the devil in. Our reverend friend of the *Guardian*, we presume, has some knowledge of scripture; at least he would be dispensed if he should say he had not. Well then, does he remember those words which say, you cannot serve God and mammon? A Minister is put in charge of a circuit to preach the gospel, we take it; but the *Christian Guardian* says, "no," that's not your work; go and get me subscriber, cash on the nail; collect my old debts, and I will go to Conference with a smiling face." Smiling face! it's a libel on the world. The man hardly knows what a smiling face is; certainly he never carries one himself. Pray gentlemen, hurry up the cakes, and see if it is not possible to raise a smile! Hurrah for the new debt-collectors and down with Division Courts!

MOTHER CANADA AND HER BABY.

Poor little Baby,
Want's some more suck?
You're hungry maybe,
My dear little duck.

Tho', Baby dearest,
You make me bleed,
Yet, Baby dearest,
You will have your feed.

Tho' you've got enough
Yet still you cry
In accents so rough
'That tears fill my eye,

Long you're been tugging
To get some pap;
Instead of a hugging,
You want a good slap.

I cannot resist
Your mild request,
Yet you'll not desist
From doing your best.

So squeeze out some suck
From my dry paps,
I know its my luck,
Yet you deserve raps

STRANGE CRITICISM.

Old Double is a funny creature at times. Although in the sear and yellow leaf of a strange and chequered existence, she becomes quite nimble now and again, and says very droll things. Speaking of the performance of the "Barber of Seville," by the Opera Company the other night, our octogenarian cotemporary thus holdeth forth:—

"Our sides all ache from witnessing the very ludicrous parts which were so effectively rendered by them."

Now, if it were not for the age of the dear old creature, we shall be somewhat surprised at this sort of criticism; but when we think of a solitary matron of 80 witnessing the inimitable drolleries of "Figaro" and "Dr. Bartolo" we do not wonder at her sides aching. Poor dear soul, we recommend to your favorable consideration a speedy trip to the White Mountains!

A Word to the Wise, &c.

—University "hoods" were never intended to be worn for the gratification of a childish vanity. When they are made use of for the mere purpose of attracting attention, they do so, but not in the way desired; or for making the wearer unnecessarily conspicuous on the public promenade, they cease to beget respect, in the minds of the public, towards those who are so foolish as to wear them for the purpose of display. University graduates please take notice.

The Unterrified Democrats.

—The Americans are truly a great, free and enlightened people. The other day in the Charleston Convention one delegate (as it is reported in the *Tribune*) said, across the floor, to another "If the gentlemen did not mean anything personal let him call at my room to-morrow and take a drink."

A great country, certainly, is America, and we are glad to see the Democrats so worthily represent it.

A Bush-whacker's Joke.

—How did the Queen recognize the Hon. Henry Smith (on his first appearance abroad) as being a Canadian?
By his bushy head.