

DESCRIPTION OF AN AERONAUTIC VOYAGE

The air was balmy, the sky serene and multitudes thronged around the enclosure when the gigantic air ship was getting in its wind preparatory to setting forth on its perilous journey through the upper world. Simultaneously the Professor and I planted our feet in the car, the stays are loosened and away we go careening over the house tops. Swiftly we fly o'er the great cities and rising villages of our magnificent country. The Professor, after a copious swig at his pocket pistol, regaled me with information on his favorite theory of the "eastern current." We are into now, said he, as a sudden gust drove us rapidly through the air. No we aint, immediately followed, as he perceived how she settled into a course due north. Steadily northward, I could see she was going by a look at the compass. The Professor became aggravated at this rebellion against his cherished theory. How is she now? Still north I replied.

What does she do in the north,

When she should serve her owner in the East?

But this question, so contrary to the text of Shakespeare, had no effect in bringing the erratic balloon to its desired course.

Night came on, the cold damp air gave us an appetite by no means despicable as the vigorous punishment of the prog gave sufficient evidence.

As our utmost endeavours could not bring the eastern current to our relief we determined upon landing. Gas was let off and down we came, lighting safely on a toadstool, to which we tied our vehicle, and after bringing out our blankets we took shelter under its capacious roof, as it was raining like fury, and fell fast asleep; whether we slept three days or a week we know not, but on awaking we could discern no vestige of the balloon nor the vegetable under which we had sheltered. The appearance of the country round was the most bleak and dreary that can well be imagined, and we were puzzled to know our whereabouts, as the extremest of our geographical knowledge could not remind us of such a desert on the continent of America. It's China, says the Professor; it's Russia says I, and an exciting argument ensued, which, after nearly bringing us to blows, ended by a compromise, both consenting to the belief that we might be in Africa.

Our provisions having taken French leave with the balloon and toadstool, we were necessitated to look around for something to cheer the inner man. After a fruitless day's journey we lay down to rest, we were agreeably disturbed by the familiar buzzing of a mosquito; never before did we hear that noise without aggravation, but to our hungry stomachs the thought of the proximity of so much animal food gave rise to the liveliest hopes and anticipations. After a six hours' hunt in the dark, we succeeded in capturing ten, and made a glorious supper, and turned in again to rest. Seven days did we live thus, sleeping by day and prowling round at night seeking mosquitoes for food, until at last we stumbled across a native, who informed us that we were rusticated in the back settlements of Canada; we never had much reverence for Her Britannic Majesty's possessions, and our week's visit specially disgusted us with Canada.

THE FUTURE OF CANADA.

The political horizon of this fair country begins to be overshadowed by clouds of rebellious discontent. We predict a great change, a change which will swallow up the constitutional change so much talked of by the Grits and completely annihilate everything in the shape of small change.

Annexation, since it received the cold shoulder from the Commissioner of Public Works has become unpopular, but a great number are still found imbued with this peculiar radicalism, but in a modified form. The glories of the great republic diminish wonderfully on close inspection. Our respect for the voice of the people is considerably lessened when we know the successful man of their choice is the nominee of the *Benicia boy*, the *Game Chicken*, or some other such rowdy professor of pugilism. This growing prejudice against the States has given rise to a corresponding predilection for the Island of Madagascar.

The Hon. George Brown is deeply interested in this scheme. The Queen of the Island being a buxom widow and ho a bachelor, it is thought he desires to join hands with her to strengthen the Union. What his ulterior views may be, it is difficult to conjecture, but the fact that he is now engaged in an extensive secret correspondence with Louis Napoleon and Souloque, the deposed Emperor of Hayti, leads many to think he is getting "rubbed up" in despotism previous to performing the brilliant *coup d'etat* which shall make him Czar of Canada and sleeping partner of Her Majesty Rana-vallah-man-ja-ka, Queen of Madagascar. A new order of things in Canada, will be necessitated by this change. Quebec will be dismantled and receive no more government money to build its piers. Ottawa will have its charter taken away, and Bothwell be made the Capitol. John A. McDonald and William Cayley will be hanged. Baby and Ogle R. Goswan expatriated. Bob Moody is to join with the new Government and be recompensed by being made Admiral of the fleet, with the Firefly for his flagship. Lemon John no doubt will receive the comptrollership of the Czarina's household, whilst Nasmith is made Master of the Rolls. The Chancellership will be filled by N. C. McIntyre. The appointment of Postmaster General falls to R. J. McHenry. The distribution of the other important offices will be made with equal discernment.

Thus is the future of Canada chalked out by that master mind of America, the Chief of the Grits. In a few more years every vestige of present politics will be swept away, conservative family compactism all will go, and there will remain nothing but one gigantic criticism.

CRITICISM RUN MAD.

Among the various criticisms written on the Opera the one given birth-to by the *Leader*, exceeds all the others in absurdity. And among the absurd things written by our friend of the *Leader*, his latest production exceeds in sublimity any thing that was ever heard of since the first criticism written by somebody or other, "whose English name we don't now remember."

Under the head of "Cooper" he thus discouraeth,

"Although sitting in the Orchestra in the most unpretending manner, he actually gives to the whole performance a character and vitality peculiarly his own." Well now, Mr. *Leader* what is it that is so peculiar about Mr. Coopers' "character and vitality?" and does he really *actually* give it any. If so, has he any character left? We trow not. We put these questions in all fairness and with an earnest desire for information.

He then proceeds "not a solo—(oh! oh!)—not a duo—(oh! oh!)—not a quartillo (thus far Italian) not a shake, (pure English) not a cadence (French) escapes his delicate fingers, as they fly in such miraculous tuses over his superb violin."

Without referring to the intimate acquaintance with modern languages displayed by our critic, we direct attention to the fact that none of those solo &c. escaped his *delicate fingers* as they fly in miraculous tune over his violin. The idea is new certainly for we never heard of fingers flying in tune over a fiddle string much less in miraculous tune.

Again, "no matter who the singers, or what the passage, he bathes all in a sort of sunlight." All that we can say is that he did not do it while we were there, and we have attended pretty regularly, nor have we heard of it from any of our friends. If he actually does this, the performers, we should think, do not pay much for baths—a great saving.

Our critic then says something about stealing through with "harmonious apologies." We don't quarrel with this, because we do not know where he may have got such an expression, nor can we understand what he means by it.

Now for the eloquent peroration—compose yourself, reader, for an ascent into the ethereal regions:

"Everything he touches becomes instinct with life and beauty—[we wish he would touch some of the supernumeraries,] and when the magic strings are silent—[in other words have gone to sleep] and we have passed from his presence—[whose presence?] we feel, as it were, overshadowed by him and still listening in breathless rapture at his feet." We pity the writer—poor fellow, he is evidently far gone, and when he has expired, which will be shortly—we shall inscribe on his tombstone, "He loved Music not wisely but too well."

"LITTLE DIRTY POLITICS."

How very delicate even the coarsest animal is at times. We believe there are occasions when even a hog feels dainty and when on no consideration could you get him to wallow in his much beloved mire. Not to carry the comparison out too closely, the same is true of that unselfish, gentle, and ether realized essence of honesty, the Superintendent of Education. How it shocks Dr. Ryerson that naughty newspapers should speak of "dirty little politics." And they are so rude too; they will talk of "casual advantages," and "book monopolies" and other little questions which inevitably arise in the discussion of "dirty little politics."

How nice it would be to have a journal paid for by government, with £500 a year for the editor, and the dear Doctor to be the editor.

How nice to have all "our" long letters printed just as "we" like, as they used to be in the days when "we" were the *Guardian*. The only drawback to this nice little idea as far as we are aware is that it would not do at all.

If "little politics" are "dirty" now, what foul epithet could possibly be applied to them to indicate the additional degradation into which they would be involved, if the long-winded one had the exclusive control of them? One of the punishments recently introduced into the Provincial Penitentiary is a month's perusal of Dr. Ryerson's letters from his onslaught upon a Legion to his controversy with Brown. We certainly have little respect for "little dirty politics," but we do hope they will be spared so terrible an infliction.