

HINTS FOR TRAIN.



UDGING from the contents of our exchanges, and other symptoms, the present must by the height of the silly season, and therefore the most suitable time for the promised advent of George Francis Train. GRINCHUCKLE hopes he will not miss his opportunity, as nothing would be more deplorable than for him to come when anything of the slightest importance happened to engage public attention. As it is possible the cause of his detention, provided it is not a prison lock or a strait-jacket, may be the difficulty of drawing up a programme of lectures to be delivered during his stay here, GRINCHUCKLE modestly suggests the following topics as likely to prove interesting if properly handled:—

"How I started a Colony in Omaha, secured the money and left the fools to starve"

"How I made myself director of a railway, and purchased my shares with pure brass?"

"How I secured my money in my wife's name, and generously left myself no money to pay my own debts?"

"How I rotted in a British Bastile till I stunk in the nostrils of those I had swindled?"

"How I humbugged the Fenians?"

"How I learned to blow my own trumpet till I blew my brains out?"

Large part of the entertainments will consist in blowing the trumpet, and also in showing the newest and most certain methods of raising the wind.

Certificates and a permit to vend treason have been received from Sir J. A. McD., Knt. Criminal laws suspended during Mr. Train's residence in the country. Householders are recommended carefully to watch their hall doors, and to lock up their silver plate. Two judges have been specially retained to grant writs of *habeas corpus*, and quiet places of concealment have been secured in the Court House. A free country

HOW THEY DO THINGS IN QUEREC.

The Jenkins of the Quebec *Mercury* outdid himself in his report of the ball recently given by the Lieutenant-Governor. It would have done credit to the *Morning Post* in its palmiest days. What could have given a better idea of the splendour of the scene than the exquisite allusion to "the fabulous romances of the orient?" Everything was in keeping,—their Excellencies condescended to be in good health and spirits for the occasion; the magnificence of the ladies' dresses was rivalled only "by the handsome uniforms of the diplomatic and military services," and "old England" was represented by a militiaman. The aristocratic character of the assemblage was enhanced by the presence of some "happy lords of creation." When will Montreal venture to compete with the ancient capital? Never, we are assured, till her citizens have demanded a King to reign over them.

ANOTHER PRIZE TALE.

DEAR GRINCHUCKLE,—Having been solicited by my friends, to struggle for the prize offered by the *Ca—* Ill. News, I have complied with their request, and send you one or two chapters, from the centre, where it is most exciting, for the public are apt to throw up a book in disgust, because the first chapter or two happens to be introductory, and therefore a little dry.

Yours truly, LOOP REVIL.

THE FROSTBITTEN HERO.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

TWO MUCH BRAIN: TWO MUCH, &c., &c., &c., &c.

Chapter xxiii.

The day on which our story opens, was one of those genial, broiling days, so commonly to be met with towards the end of November. The trees, without leave, stretched into the distant horizon as far as the eye could see, and farther too. It was just noon when a Solitary Horseman emerged from the thicket, and slowly wended his way through the intricate mazes of the forest. His head was bent, so were his knees, and he looked a melancholy compound of grief and pain. But enough; as the Poet splendidly says:

No mother's eye was on him there,
No mother's love, nor mother's care.

Not that he was in the habit of carrying those things about: we merely mention it. 'Twas near sun down, on the next day, when he suddenly rounded a large tree, and a splendid view burst. But we anticipate.

Chapter xxiv.

It was about a week after the events just narrated, and the forest had resumed its accustomed solitude, an eagle poised itself in mid-air, and scanned, with hungry eyes, the features of anything eatable. Not a sound broke the awful stillness that reigned, save a gentle sigh, forced from a mighty pine, by the rude blasts of a November breeze. Suddenly, and without warning, a thousand—But we leave the scene that followed to the imagination of the reader; our pen is too feeble to do it justice.

Chapter xxv.

We must now suppose that eighteen years have elapsed since the startling events in the preceding chapter, and, in our flight, convey the reader to L—, a small village on the outskirts of Switzerland. The dawn was just breaking,—so was a large pane of glass, through which a man was eagerly inserting his head. He was poorly, and even loosely, clad, in a pair of Bluchers, with elastic garters; and, judging from his mode of entrance, was evidently a stranger, and unacquainted with the manners and customs of the place. A shrill voice, evidently feminine, grated harshly on his ears, and a large beef bone, cleanly picked, followed the example. His eyes grew ashy pale: suddenly he started. Was it with fear? No. Was it with fright? Again we say—No! Then, was it— But we wander; suffice it to say, the Solitary Horseman was no more.

[The writer of the above states that he thinks it is a good imitation of Lever. It seems to GRINCHUCKLE that he must be a wretched old *serew*, and he is hereby informed that he has no chance of *wedging* his way into the staff of this paper. If he were *inclined to plane* down his rough composition, he might produce something creditable.]