

GRAND FLARE-UP IN NOVA SCOTIA.

(Secret and confidential Correspondence.)

By the astounding diligence of our special reporter we have succeeded in getting copies of the negotiations between the leaders of the political parties in Canada and Nova Scotia. It will be seen that not only have Mr. Brown and his friends been leaguish with the Nova Scotian opposition, but J. A. Macdonald and his crew have been encouraging the Governor, and patting him on the back.

Mr. Brown to Mr. Young.

MY DEAR BILL,—My best blessings on you my boy. You are doing the business capitally. This new cry of "written constitution" though not taking as well as I expected (all Sheppard's fault) will do. I wish to goodness we had some excuse for a rumpus here; there's nothing here now but "the Mercer case", and that's getting rather stale. Keep it up, and I'll send McGee to pitch into the ministerial party; he's just the man. Do give us an article or two in some of your papers, such as I can quote as "Opinions of the Press," and I'll go it strong against Mulgrave. Tit for tat's fair you know.

Yours truly,
GEORGE BROWN.

P. S.—Don't start Reform clubs, they don't answer at all; in fact, they're all humbug.

G. B.

J. A. McDonald to Tupper.

EVER DARING CHARLEY,—Don't you give in, old fellow. What the deuce is the use in calling Parliament. Parliaments are only good for taking bribes, and surely it's a great saving of the people's money not to summon them at all. Can't you try a double shuffle there; don't be afraid, plunge in boldly, and you'll soon feel all right. My love to Mulgrave, tell him to keep up his spirits. I've sent him by express, two dozen of Norton's proof. Tat to.

Your inexpressibly attached,
JENS A.

P. S. Write us a few letters about the Federal Union, that we may show to the House, to "humbug" them. We know how to do it, Tuppy, don't we? Hâ! ha!

J. A.

Lord Mulgrave to Sir E. Head.

MY DEAR HEAD,—You've had your turn of it in Canada, mine has come at last in Nova Scotia. Don't I wish I had known what hot water I was about to get into, I would never have left London. Do write, and assure me of your sympathy, and give me some hints as to the course I ought to adopt. I can't hardly sleep a wink, I'm so fearfully nervous.

Your fellow sufferer in adversity,
MULGRAVE.

Sir E. Head to Lord Mulgrave.

MY DEAR LORD,—As the American vernacular vulgarly, but expressively has it, "Let them rip."

Yours at ease,
E. HEAD.

P. S.—We drink nothing here but Morton's proof. I'll send you six bottles given me by Speaker Smith. It is a Ministerial drink, and will give you courage.

E. H.

Gould to Young.

MY ESTEEMED FRIEND,—u air akomplishin of a grate work in Nory Scotchy. Ef I had thyme too spair from my studyin konkolegy wich is the Sciens of Jurrysproodens and teeches an-em pe pe to fraim statues an axe of Parlyment I wood go ower to Haliacks for to asist your bold an Chevalrus Sereuid on Mullgrave. Adim Hope says as how he wood come, but Brown fritid him sow that he dassent lift up his ed or look hisself in the fase ever sense. Rede Kant's Hias-Tory of the Korn-laws and that will give yez some hints.

Yure's incessantly
JOSEPH GOULD.

PRE ES.—i antind 2 bring out a pamphlet on Hed in wich I shal ceksting wish our present unkompetit govner.—J. G.

Sidney Smith to Mr. Mulgrave (in French).

CHEN PAIRRE,—I' ai got avec beaucoup de satisfaction le papier d'ong quoi I heard of votre grand successe en crushant le rebelle espritte de la beggeruse minorite. Je ceivre Francois avec mon contume habituelle because alle les bien eduquntb huns spekent Frenchy avick bokoo de facility. Nous avog rensay de fare ugstelt Kopydtab cum voo. News avog mooshy (extinguished) les Grits reoosevement. Old Capet (Sir E. H.) donny nou lils seccore, and noo made them look so seroces that ils comency de parly about verite honore and sitch like, which which was gratifyant to us because noo savons ke le Globe would rayther be abusd for pilfering than be toojora abusant others pour filant leur pochos. Sticky vous to yer standerd. Sacre bleu le constitution et remplizzer port mony's.

Votre amy
SIDNEY SMITH.

POSTAGE.

Since the Government of the country in their supreme sagacity have levied a tax on the newspaper literature of the country to a most wondrous extent, let them go a little further. Let them establish a tax upon all societies for the diffusion of useful knowledge. Let them charge 'Mechanics' Institutes one cent for every book lent; let them charge the same amount per head for every one attending a public lecture; and charge ten cents for every speech uttered in a debating society. Let them establish a "Universal Darkness Society," under government patronage, for the maintenance of indigent individuals who never read newspapers. Let them proportion the city rates not to the income of the ratepayers, but to the extent of their literary attainments. Let them legislate progressively in the road they have entered upon, and if we don't have the Middle Ages upon us before this general crumblings is dust, then we are no prophets.

ASLEEP IN THE CARS.

How is it that we have no poet of the railroad? There are sights and sounds and incidents, ludicrous and pathetic enough to find favour with the muses. Who that has travelled in the cars by night but has seen and heard the texts of many sermons, the germ of much useful moralizing. Pass at midnight from the plebeian second-class to the red lamps at the back of the train and gaze on the postures and faces of the sleepers.

Here are a rural pair of lovers returning from a pleasure trip. Mouths agape, hair dishevelled, posture easy and unstudied, if not elegant. The male, a stalwart, strapping, sunburnt youth, with his arm about Jerusha's neck, and his head on Jerusha's shoulder, a bliss sufficient to recompense even the prodigal expenditure lavished on the jaunt Jerusha, all regardless of the outside world, with wide extended mouth and a nose which does not disdain to snore, nor recall to mind the features of a Venus or Diana, but is sufficiently attractive when contemplated in juxtaposition with a jolly little mouth, pursed up in the day, but now relaxed somewhat less gracefully under the oppressive dominion of Morpheus. In another place lolls a sturdy farmer, dreaming of his crops, and rolling in a sea of redeemed mortgages and deeds of freshly purchased lands. Yonder lies a selfish little man away from every body, with his carpet bag under his head, which a sick lady has been eyeing wistfully for the last hour. Further down, are a couple of University students, who would give the world to be introduced to that group of pretty girls under the control of a grumpy little clown, who doesn't appreciate his fair wards, and doesn't wish anybody else to do so. One of the girls has gathered up her hoops, which are about the size of the "Europa" balloon, and looks very like a tabby cat curled up in a hay-loft. Another one has taken off her bonnet, and her curls hang over the back of the seat, and tickle the nose of a young man in the next seat who has waked up but wouldn't move for the world. What a chance for winning four pairs of gloves!

Not far off there is a young man who was never away from home before. The novelty of the scene partly bewilders and partly delights him, and he thinks he'd like to marry every particular girl in the cars. Presently the door of the cars opens, and in staggers a drunken man, babbling away about the wonderful feat he had seen that day. "Now girls," he says, "ain't that a great man, that Bloudin. I'm an old man now, but when I was young I used to walk along the cloth-lines in our yard, after the tom cats, bic, tom-cats, bic, steady now, tks c're Francois. Steady now, boys, ste-a-d-y-bic-ugh, let me sit down, I give it up." The man sinks down on somebody's cap, and we sink into the arms of Murphy.