

## A DEED OF DARKNESS.

At ten o'clock one sultry night—  
A dog-day night I should have said—  
I doggedly put out the light,  
And staggered helplessly to bed.

Abhorring blanket, sheet or quilt,  
I courted sleep outside the clothes;  
And on this slight foundation built  
My hopes of quiet and repose.

No wifely Candle-ism grated,  
Or feline sounds discordant fell,  
Upon an ear already sated  
With rumbling cart and fire-bell.

A bachelor has one delight,  
Which fate denies to those who wed;  
He can enjoy some peace at night,  
He reigns solo monarch of his bed.

*Nimpoite.* Upon my bed I lay,  
Bathed in a flood of perspiration;  
Twisting and turning every way,  
Swearing at times, in desperation.

Thus hours ran by, 'till, O delight!  
I dozed, I really dozed; I'll swear;  
My vagrant thoughts had ta'en to flight,  
And sleep sat brooding on my hair.

Hark!—Heaven forgive that naughty word!  
I started up in dread dismay;  
And stared around me—No! absurd,  
'Twas nothing but a fly at play.

Then sinking back I closed my eyes,  
And summoned up a mimic snore;  
Yes!—Ah!—Again! It can't be flies,  
It's but the creaking of the door.

Once more I turned upon my side,  
Anticipating pleasant sleep;  
When, Oh!—Let those who will, deride,  
I certainly felt something creep.

Stung to the quick, I quickly jumped  
Down from the couch fierce war to wage;  
Beat the thin air and wildly thumped  
Around and everywhere in rage.

Like maniac grasping at a mote;  
Like dervish frenzily inclined;  
I hunted something that was not,  
And savagely "I went it blind."

Now here, now there, those piercing tones,  
Those soft, shrill, irritating whir-r-r-s;  
A spirit without flesh or bones,  
It must be surely—ah! it stirs.

A whirr—a spring—a frantic grasp;  
Thou monster-r-r! *facit bis quis cito*;  
Ho! ho! thou'st drawn thy final gasp,  
Thou Ghoul—thou villainous Moseurro.

## An Awful State of Affairs.

— We are informed that Captain Carter has turned out of the Military School a large number of efficient officers. He should be attended to at once.

## The National Circus.

— This "Sensation Show," (being a combination of the "leading" *artistes* and *acrobats* of the Constitutional and Look-to-Washington troupes,) is now undergoing a regular *overhauling*, prior to the opening of the coming season. A new farce is advertised by them as being in preparation for the opening night, styled: "Old faces and new characters." Great fun is anticipated.

## Political Lessons in Words of one Syllable.

I was in some thought to have told you of a big boy too, who was called Mac Gee, but I will tell you of him now, so it will be the same thing; as I know you like to hear what big lads, like these chaps, do. Well, you see, this Mac Gee was born in a place called the Green Isle, and it is a fine nice place. Oh! so green, and such nice shade, and all the men there are fond of the harp. The old airs are play-ed this day that were play-ed thrice ten score years since; and Mac Gee, who was a most smart boy, was such a harp boy. He played it back and forth, and side ways, and top turn-ed down; and did naught else, I do think, but speak; (for he was a first class speech lad, too,) and write. Well, his pen did not go so straight once in a while, and his friends would say:—"Look out, my boy, there's cross old Jack will blow you up soon, you are too much harp for the old boy." "He be hang-ed," says Mac Gee. But bye and bye old Jack did just what they said he would, got in a rage, and says he, "Let me catch that cuss of a harp son of a sea cook, and I'll cook his—goose." For I grieve to say the old chap was a red hot old coal when poked up too much, and would use such foul words as one would not think of. Oh! dear! what sad oaths I have heard him swear to be sure. Now Mac Gee used to play him sad tricks. He would go to his house, or near bye, when old Jack was in a deep snooze, and there would play; and he would laugh and say:—"He is my bass," (he meant *base* you know,) and old Jack would jump out, and Mac Gee was off, I don't know where. Well, at last Mac Gee was forc-ed to bolt, and off he went to old Sam. Sam was a coz by blood to old Jack, but there was not much love lost. "How air you Mac?" says old Sam, "How is old Jack?" "By turf," says Mac Gee, "I am well, but he is bad I hope." "Darn," says old Sam, "hev he a riled ye bad?" "Bad?" says Mac Gee, "not a fut, but still"—"Yer made *tracks*, that's so I heern," says old Sam with a wink. So down sits Mac Gee quiet on old Sam's farm. Well, you lads know well there are times for hoops, and times for tops, and just then, some how, Mac Gee was a *bird* boy. The pet he made of a great brute of a hawk was a sight to see. "Sweet bird," he would say, while the great hawk was stuffed with some thing not at all nice, "How he eats—look at his bold look, and his tail—there's a tail!" Well, he kept on, but some how, it did not pay. And all at once he left the old hawk and old Sam to take care of their-selves, and came to us here, and here he has been since. But I can not tell you all now, for the tale would be too long. So I must put it off 'till next time, and then you shall hear the rest of Mac Gee's tale.

## Con.

— Why is John Carr, City Clerk, like a postage stamp? Give it up? Because, like all other schoolboys, he requires *licking* to make him stick to his letters.

## THE MAIDEN AND THE STAR.

An inky sky, and a tearless eye,  
And a merciless river's brink;  
And a strange, strange beam, in eyes that gleam—  
And of *what* does that maiden think?

She thinks that the world is a stern, cold world,  
And tears start in her heavy eye;  
And, oh! is there rest for a weary breast,  
In the river that rushes by?

The river runs fast, and the river runs deep,  
When, lo! from the rifted night,  
Sprang out from the heavy firmament,  
One of Heaven's diamonds bright.

And the radiance shone on those waters wild,  
And lighted that gloomy wave;  
And the dark cloud passed from the maiden's breast,  
And her foot from the rushing grave.

## TERRY FINNEGAN.

We perceive that this able writer is again out in a capital and most humorous letter in our contemporary of the *Grumbler*. It would be well for Terry were he less honest, manly, and whole-souled than he is. Had he been so, he would have been still among the Government loaves and fishes.

## Con.

— When is hat not a hat? When it becomes a pretty girl.

## Why we Advertised for Board, what came of it, and our reflections thereon.

DEAR GROWLER,—Little thought we, two short months since, that we should ever trouble you with a subject like this, for we *then*, in conjunction with a friend, rented a house, as we fondly hoped, for twelve months; but, alas! we have had to leave, a second Adam and Eve, our house and little garden (of Eden?) Ah! well do we recollect those tender young tomato plants, which we brought home at dewy eve! How carefully we planted them; how, at early morn, we re-visited them, to find the fragile ones prone on the earth in an abandonment of tomatoish grief, and, as in many a fair young face in this weary world, still may be noted in their yet crisped leaves the early suffering not wholly passed away. We sadden at the thought that other hands must tend, other mouths enjoy their autumnal gratitude. But the fiat of Galen has gone forth. The house is unhealthy; your little ones will suffer; and hence the long cogitation with our "dearest gihl;" the sums put down for furniture to be purchased, should we keep house; the shrinking from the risk of so much loss, should we be obliged to leave Toronto; the final determination to advertise for board; the advertisement; the answers. "Well, dear, how many?" "Fifteen!" "Let us see them." Three in mourning, ominous-looking, deeply bordered with woe. We open them. Well, really, *this* looks promising; and what a pretty name our correspondent has, as pretty as Fanny Fern's, or Grace Greenwood's, or any other of those gifted, pen-stricken, States' ladies, who thus delight to ornament their effusions. What can she be like? How old? We think about thirty; pretty, grace-