

Government offered her a pension, she would none of it, as she considered pensions a kind of legal robbery—and intended to write them down. Now, had my friend Mr. Marshall, before he wrote his book, sent a short note to the Provincial Secretary, to the effect that his conscience would not allow him to pocket public money any longer, there would have been some sense and spirit in the thing. As it was, you applied the lash very properly.

SN.—What is your circulation, Mr. Editor?

ED.—(smiling.) Something less than a hundred thousand!

SN.—I believe you. Well, we must try at least and bring it a little nearer to that moderate amount—next year.

ED.—If we should not be drowned by the din of railways—

BADGER.—And the splutter of faction: hang the fools, would they only mind their own business the Province would rally and regain its ancient strength.

SN.—The true secret of success is patient industry and steady application: against them the most corrupt faction is powerless as a drop of water: without them the purest patriotism or the most exalted talent is like a rudder whose coil is broken—and the vessel drifts upon the rocks, helpless and hopeless. But it is late—and my wife's name is not Clemency—good night!

ED.—Come along, Badger, I believe you are half asleep.

BADGER.—Not at all; I only caught your own reflection. I wont forget the Portrait. Good night—and pleasant dreams? Take care of the steps, Snaffle! However, there is one comfort, we have not drank too much to see double.

SN.—The feast of reason—eh! (*Door closes.*)

EDITOR SOLUS.—Well—my colloquy with these gentlemen will supply the place of the usual Review of the Month. This is fortunate—there being nothing of importance to record, in the affairs of Europe, save the funeral of the Great Duke on the 18th, the opening of Parliament on the 4th, the Speech by Her Majesty on the 11th, and the proclamation of Louis Napolcon as Emperor of France, arranged to take place on the 2nd of December.

