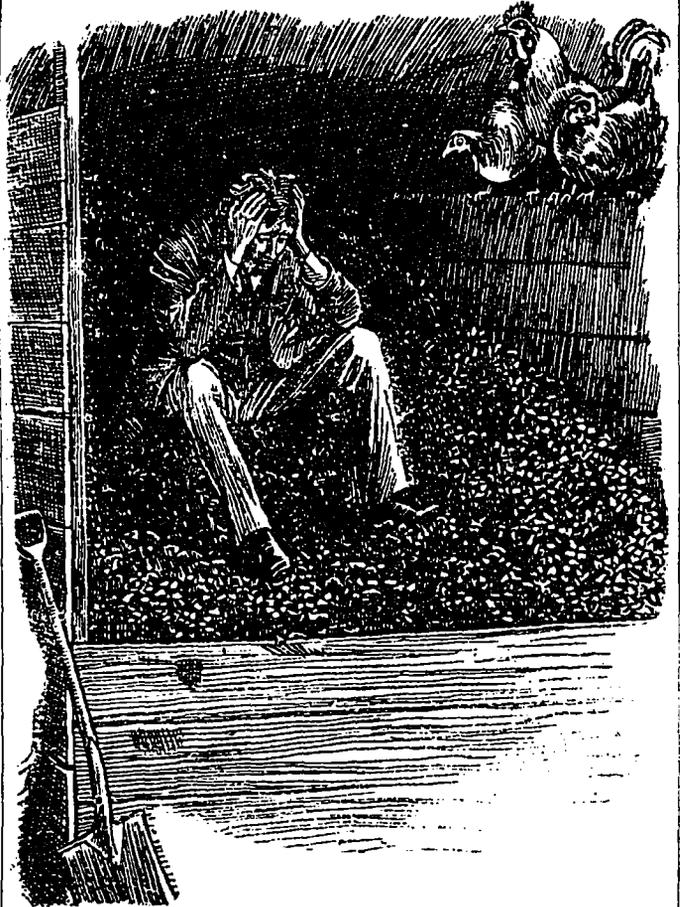


A BLACK PROSPECT.



THE spirit of Prophecy is not dead, as some in this age of skepticism suppose, for the fool contributes nothing to the mental characteristics in which he lives (unless it is distinguished by extreme credulity). He is the same yesterday, to-day and for ever, a feeble, but long-lived, tenth-century sort of man. Suspicions of humbug the realization of facts only shock his confiding nature at the moment of violent contact, and he remains even a bigger fool than ever, with a mind deeply impressed by the Supernatural, and wonderful aptitude to make mysteries out of the commonest materials. Our friend Sniffington has been inveigled by a flourish of crossed bones into a half

dozen societies of "Black Knights," all drawing fees, for the privilege of wearing a ridiculous looking bib with fringes. Every Apothecary or Patent Medicine Man in the country finds it necessary to publish an Almanac, embellished with the signs of the Zodiac surrounding a benignant being who seems to have got tired of life and committed Hari Kari. From the mystic kind of short-hand scattered about him we should say he was a Parliamentary reporter, did we not know that this work of Art, considered by children like our poor friend Sniffington, of diabolical origin, is simply, with Moses, and the brazen serpent thrown in, "all my eye," as our friend Touchstone, in the initial of this paper politely indicates. The worst of it is, there is no way of making these prophets responsible for the weather, as the non-fulfilment of their promises is immediately blamed on the retiring musk-rat, the gentle squirrel or the vagaries of the pensive goose. Don Quixote remarks to Sancho (who, by the way, wasn't such a fool as he looked) "that the Devil knows nothing of the future, except by Conjecture, wherein he must often be mistaken," and it does seem that must be the source of Vexnor's inspiration. In common justice with the light of the nineteenth century illuminating my otherwise dim understanding, Vexnor ought to buy back Sniffington's coal and Wheezle's new stove with other like claims of the ulster coated men. But these things are now settled by Arbitration, so if we dont expect anything it is not likely we shall be disappointed.



SNIFFINGTON, a good-hearted, but extremely sensitive man, having been studying the almanacs, has laid in an extra supply of coal, now, he realizes the possibility of having it on hand all summer.—His wife, "never kewed him to do anything sensible, &c., &c."—He was found here after a search of five hours for a supposed suicide.—He won't eat and he won't come out.

THE QUINTESSENCE OF RAPTURE.

The *Star*, to whom the following was addressed, should at once secure the services of their correspondent; so, newspaper men look to your laurels; musical critics, beware! The musician who has the power, like our talented friend Dr. MACLAGAN, to bring forth such a flow of exultant verbosity must be something more than an ordinary, every-day kind of individual. Listen:

"I can imagine the feelings of such an one could he have been transported for a few moments last Monday evening to listen with an enraptured audience to a selection from Baptiste—when his ear had caught its beauties and his spirit entering into that of the composer, floated as it were o'er cadences that rose and fell in billowy strains of enchanting harmonies—flowing, rippling and breaking into joyous ebullitions as of musical waters, or as the wind o'er an Aeolian harp, sweeping in upon the senses in fullness, clearness and power, or dying away in low sad sweetness, then echoing back as it were memories entrancing, as the soul passes in reverie to days "lang syne"."

Now this is something like writing! What a threnodic pulse of pure, sympathetic flow is expressed in the above! How charmingly the thrill of superlative but effervescent jubilation permeates the hyperbolic ecstasy of the writer! Observe how smoothly the ripple of undulating enchantment lends its silvery notes of wonder to thus poetically denote the marvellous cogency of those digital gradations upon the fundamental base of that organic structure! All of which in plain English means—GUSH!!

Civil Suits and uncivil actions go together.

THE PRIZE BALLAD.

(By a disappointed Contributor.)

O, this a glorious land,
A glorious land is this;
Where Might governs Right
Both by day and by night,
And to swindle one's fellow is bliss.

O, this is a glorious land,
A glorious land it is;
Where it often is seen
That the greatest spalpeen
Is the most successful in biz.

O, this is a glorious land,
A glorious land I avow,
Where if you'd aspire
You need only require
To get rich—it don't matter how.

O, this is a glorious land,
A glorious land I may add;
If you haven't a dime
You have only to rhyme
And claim prize for Canadian ballad.

A man of letters—The Postman.