

inhabited by *coryphees* with amply developed limbs, and frisky green domons. Rodolphe and his companion Greppo come very near being annihilated by a powerful spell. This is quite natural; we have often known similar expeditions interfered with by a bad spell of weather. The fairy queen, however, recognizes Rodolphe as having once saved her by killing a snake, and sends a demon to his rescue. Fairies and demons display their terpsichorean agility. Stalacta sends Rodolphe home, with a pocket full of rocks. Curtain falls, and we tell *Sun* reporter that we don't mind if we do.

3rd Act. Love scene between Dame Barbara and Puffen-Grunt, the Count's Steward, interrupted by a green demon. *Coryphees* in-judge in a grand march. A comic Dutchman brings down the house, and gets three or four encores. Ground and lofty tumbling by acrobats. The Count and his retainers attack Rodolphe on his return from Fairyland, when the Fairy Queen and *coryphees* interpose and protect him. Thrilling Scene—hand to hand combats and red fire.

Fourth act. Alarming demon-strations—Rodolphe and Amina in the valley of Bohemia—Rodolphe being a Bohemian himself, don't scare worth a cent. More combats, but nobody hurt—*coryphees* too well protected by padding to be injured by swords. Demons set the forest on fire, but Fairy Queen again comes to the rescue—Pandemonium—Zanitel says old Crook's time is up, and he is yanked away to torment by Red Demons—These are much more malignant beings than the green breed whose fooleries are comparatively innocent. Transformation Scene. Stalacta and nymphs, revolving round on pedestals, in an enchanted grotto—very nice, but still the piece don't end up satisfactorily. It don't explain what becomes of Rodolphe, Amina and the Count. More whiskey with *Sun* Reporter, and thence to roost. There is much to be learned from the Black Crook. It contains an awful warning never to make contracts you can't carry out, and cannot but suggest to every right thinking female a feeling of deep thankfulness that in this enlightened age and country dry goods are so much more cheap and plentiful than they used to be in the neighbourhood of the Hartz Mountains in the 17th century.

Aesop Outdone.

NO. I. THE FOX AND THE GRAPES

A HUNGRY FOX was one day passing through a gentleman's garden, when he observed a magnificent cluster of grapes depending from a pole, but, alas! several feet beyond his reach. Deliberately squatting down, he gazed long and eagerly at the coveted fruit, suffering untold pain, and licking his lips continuously. Being persuaded that it was quite useless for him to attempt to reach the prize, he gave a short growl, and sneaked off, remarking, "Them grapes is sour, anyhow. I know they are; and, hang it, that's the kind I like best!" MORAL—There's no accounting for tastes.

NO. II. THE FOX AND THE CROW

ONE DAY a cunning Fox espied a Crow perched upon the limb of a high tree, holding in her beak a very tempting piece of Limburger cheese. At once he made up his mind to get possession of the morsel, and thought to effect his purpose by exciting the crow to make some remark. To this end he began a course of the most extravagant flattery, and kept on until by a specially adroit allusion to his victim's plumage, he touched a salient point. The Crow found the compliment irresistible, and determined to acknowledge it gracefully. Reynard chuckled inwardly, and awaited the descent of the cheese. It didn't descend, however, as the sagacious bird thoughtfully removed it before replying: "Mr. Fox, sir; believe me, I thank you!" MORAL—Always cheese it, when assailed by flattery.

ORIGINAL AND USEFUL RECEIPTS.

FOR BREAKING STONES.—Select the thickest and strongest box you can find, and see that it is free from all defects. Then take the stones, and pack as carefully as possible in hay or straw. Write, "Glass—with care," "Handle cautiously," etc., on each side and end of the box, in large plain letters, and then hand it over to the baggage man at the G. W., G. T. R., T. G. & B., T. & N., W. G. & B., or any other station, and desire him to take particular care of it. Ship your box for a run of fifty miles, with one or two transhipments, and rest assured the stones will be macadamized.

MISCELLANEOUS.—To make a lemon drop: Let it fall off the table.—To make a (n)ice cream: Stick a pin in the baby.—To make pastry neatly: Have everything in apple-pie order.—To make cats-sup: give them milk.—To make a nice pickle: Hunt in the drawer for something in the dark.—To make a bed: Dig into the pillows, rake up the sheets and hoe the blankets, sew up all holes in the quilt, and finish by destroying all insects.

THE DICTATOR, FLEEING FROM THE OATH TO COME, ADDRESSETH HIS VIZIER.

Brither, I maun cross the ocean; try and guide the paper weel; Dinna let the prenting laddies ony copies o' it steal; Saucy scoonrils! Then ye'll keep an e'e to Bow Fairk stock and crap; Dinna let the milkin' lassies eat the cream frae aff the tap. In the "Globe" ye'll prent nae lee that's likely to be faun' oot; still Dinna prent a word o' truth—it does the Pairty muckle ill. Mind the sign by which we've conquer't; stick to oor successfu' rules; Veelify a' but the Pairty; ca' them robbers! drunkards! fules! A' they say ye'll mind to cry doon—a' they do ca' wrang; but then, Dinna say what wad be richt, for folk wad see ye didna ken. Prent nae Allan correspondence; mind, I solemnly desire, Should sic documents be sent in, pit them in oor furnace fire. Lo! I thocht the Lord had gi'en into mine haund mine enemy, For to croosh him; wae betide me! far mair likely to croosh me! Foul befa' Sir John! tho monester! he is gaun to croosh us baith! 'Twas the muckle deevil tauld him to examine me on aith! Hoo can I on aith explain, hoo I did, quite unawares To mysel, hold fifty thousand dollars in Pacific shares? Hoo explain, when Sir Hugh Allau twenty thousand lent to me, Whan his soobsidy was passin', that it wasna bribery? Hoo explain the thousand ither sums that in oor pooches gae? A' correct, but then, the public, they would hardly think it sae. Nae, I daurna face it; brither, ye maun push the bishness on—Stap the prorogation—get the hail job done while I'm gane. If ye canna, then, my brither, but ae chance remains to me, I maun gang and turn a Roman over there in Italy. Dinna tremble, Caledonian; on w' me, and recolleck, Twa sic Presbyterian sinners nae salvation can expeck. While the ither absolution could bestow for every lee, Naebody need ken aboot it; Gladstane's aye, an' we micht be. Michty thochts crood o'er my vision o' a field o' broader scope—Wherefore suld I no rise yonder?—wherefore suld I no be Pope? Nae Sir John is there to stap me! What the deevil wad ye do? Haunds a! Let me gang, sir, or I'll excommunicate ye noo!

Breaks loose from his affrighted relative, who has suddenly discovered the true state of the case, knocks him affectionately down with an awful whack of a bag of superfine oatmeal, which he is carrying as supplementary sea-stores, and travels with prodigious strides towards the steamboat, where we hope he will not seriously injure any of his fellow-passengers.

JEALOUSY AND VENGEANCE.

A ROMANCE IN ONE CHAPTER.

Chapter Oneth.

Taking a seat just behind the happy pair in the church, the rejected lover racked his brain for means of revenge, and looked like seventeen Othellos concentrated in one. Finally a ghastly smile crept over his face, he raised half up in his seat, and nabbed a large black bug that was crawling on a pillar hard by, and gently dropped him down between his unconscious rival's shirt-collar and neck, and then calmly leaned back with a virtuous and Christian air of satisfaction. The bug soon made his presence felt, and that other fellow began to twitch and scratch himself against the back of his seat and look uneasy, and cast unhappy glances at the minister, and affecting ones at the fair being at his side. The bug evidently grew more impatient at his imprisonment, and turned himself loose, grappling around with a recklessness decidedly suggestive of big spiders or scorpions, and that other fellow could stand it no longer, but, bolting upright, cast one wild, startled look at the congregation, and cleared the space between him and the door at two bounds.

The End.

JOKELETS.

A "CONTINENTAL CURS."—*Sacre*.

Do they call Sir Hugh Allan the "Knight of Ravenscraig" because of his ways that are dark.

"News of the week" weak.—Information as to the progress of a friend in ill health.

An American monarch.—Smo-king.

A MERRY monarch.—Jo-king

One of our contributors writes, that after racking his brains for a long time for a witticism, he went out to the stable in a fit of desperation, and routed out the cattle—to see if he could find any corn under 'em—(conundrum). He'll do.

Why are Clergymen like brakemen.—Because they do a good deal of Coupling.