

five, and to reconcile the difference between Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee; what of the century in which men wear their brains upon the outside of their skulls; what of the century in which Death still starts at the apparition of the inevitable lancet, pales at the approach of wet sheets and the souse tub, stands aghast at the names of Moffat and Holloway, and becomes paralyzed with terror as his olfactories are assailed by the odor of a succussed sugar pill, baptized into a weak dilution of the quintessence of nothing? If old Conductor Chronos were at all accessible to human entreaties, I would, through sheer disgust, implore him to throw aside the brakes, pile on fuel, and either hurry us on through the complicated torments of this harassing epoch, or, reversing the motion of the wheels, land us at any point, I care not where, among the sober ages of the past. Alas, that I must employ such language! But a short time ago, and Father Time was decently represented as a staid old gentleman (arrayed, it is true, in rather scanty attire for this climate), carrying a good old fashioned Griffin-scythe over his shoulder, and bearing in his hand an orthodox hourglass to regulate his speed withal. But now, O shade of Ovidius Naso, what a change! Behold him now, bobbing in and out among the cars, a Glengarry cap concealing his venerable forelock, a huge railway timepiece hanging by a black ribbon in his fob, and for a scythe a half dozen Yankee reaping machines attached to the cow-catcher! It is too much! Halloo, there, let me out, I say! A shrill whistle is the only reply as on we go, bump—bump—bump. Oh, I am tired of this nineteenth century.

I am excited? Of course I am. Amid innumerable provocations, I have, in my previous papers, endeavoured to preserve a calm demeanor, and I fancy that my success has been more than partial; but there are circumstances in which the passions must have vent, or a direful catastrophe of some kind will follow. Having then ensured my personal safety, and the safety of those around by permitting a timely escape to my pent up wrath, I shall proceed, with as much coolness as I can command, to notice a few of the many objects which have aroused my dislike.

I have long endeavoured to increase and strengthen my faith in the efficacy of the numerous schemes which have been projected, during the nineteenth century, with a view to popular enlightenment. I have even succeeded in lashing myself into a sort of frothy phrenzy on the subject; but, invariably, when my feelings have arrived at but a very moderate height, bubble after bubble bursts, and my temporary enthusiasm subsides into its usually flat, stale, and unprofitable state. I have sometimes gone the length of planning a lecture campaign throughout the country. What a delightful way of turning one's spare time to account! What a glorious aim, to liberate the mind from the shackles of ignorance! What happiness, to be able to render our rural population adepts in the science of astronomy, and this in a course of lectures consisting of one! to instruct them in the mysteries of Animal Mag-