



ONE FROM THE SHOULDER.
SCENE—Central Prison Bible Class.

Member of Clerical Association.—What is it that the Lord cannot look upon but with abhorrence?

Bill Sykes.—The conceit and presumption of a "Christian" who refuses to act with the "Ministerial Association" because he regards them as "dissenters."

[Class promptly dismissed; clericus retires.]

THE ABOLITION OF PUNISHMENT.

LECTURE BY PROF. JULIUS CÆSAR HANNIBAL WASHINGTON.



LADIES AND GEN'LEMEN,— I've gwine to expostilate faw a few momints dis ob'nin on de subjick ob de ablushun ob punishmint. Dere is seh'ral flofshahs dat wants to de-bolish wot are commonly called capital punishmint, aw, puttin' a man to def, 'cawdin' to law, faw murdah. Well, Ladies an' Gen'lemen, I jist carrys out dare views. I holds dat if a prinsipi are good, den we shoold push it ahead as far as we kin. Dis are an age ob libetty ob 'pinion. I'tought are adwansin'. We is no longah in de chains an' de slabery ob bygone days, ashooah you.

Befo' takin' up my subjick, 'low me to make a rema'k on de expre hun "capital punishmint." De wud "capital," means "fust rate," aw "werry good," as wen we says "a capital joke," aw "a capital song." Well den, to call puttin' a man to def "capital punishmint," are indeed a capital joke. Yah, yah, yah. But to pursue.

It are sed dat de murd'rah are insane, an', derfaw, not 'sponsibil, an' derfaw, he oughtn't ter be killed. But eb'ry man dat breaks de laws are insane. None but a crazy man wood break dem. Faw instins, dere are Bill Jones dat so offen gits drunk, and are gilty ob ri'tus conduct, (de effects ob old rye, yah, yah, yah,) an' beets his wife. Dere kin be no dou't dat he are sufferin' frum mental operashun—as de doctahs calls it. His bruddah's wife's uncle take fits sometimes. Den dare's Sam Patch dat got tree monse in jail faw robbin' a hen roost. One ob his grandfaddahs used to go 'bout wit a shoe on one foot, an' a boot on tuddah, de snout ob his cap on de back of his head, and de bowl ob his pipe turned down. Den dere's Pete Brown dat got five yahs in de 'tenshary faw housebreakin'. His wife's cousin offen giggles at nuffin. Yes,

Ladies an' Gen'lemen, I holds dat de man dat break de laws are insame, and, derfaw, it wud be unjust, croocel, outrajus, to punish him. He must be kindly delt wit.

It are sed dat some has bin exekewted dat wos in'sint. Some in'sint pussons has bin imprisoned faw life. My faddah an' muddah has sometimes spanked me faw doin' wot I didn't do. Now, 'spose an in'sint pusson has bin imprisoned, ken his lost time be bro't back? It kant be done, nohow. 'Spose an in'sint pusson hab bin flogged. Kin his bodily sufrins be made a ting dat nebbah happened? It kant be done, nohow. 'Spose an in'sint pusson hab bin fined, dare are de fack ob de sufrins ob his mind at partin' wit his money dat kant be remobed, no how.

It are sed dat capital punishment are agin de scripshaws which bids us lub one anuddah. Well, do we lub a pusson if we cage him up like a tigah, whip him like a dog, an' fine him? Are dat returnin' good for eb'il, an' doin' to uddahs as we would like dem to do to us? I'se won dat kant see dat it are.

Eb'ry pusson hab a right to life, libetty, and de pursoot ob happiness,—as de Dicklarashun ob Independence says. Now, jist look at de last ob dese. If we shut a pusson up in prison he kant sit in de cornah grocery takin' a leetle ob suffin, smokin' his pipe, an' spoutin' pollyticks, he kant go to hoss races, aw do sich like tings. How den kin he be happy? 'Spose dat one ob de fair seck are shut up in prison, she kant go to kwiltin bees and help to rip up her naybah's karacktahs in gossip. A women compelled to hold her tongue! I 'peel to yooaw feelins, ladies, if dat aren't de werry height ob croocety. Yah, yah, yah. How kin a pusson be happy dat's trimmed wit de cat o'nine tails, de rawhide, de tawse, aw de strap? How kin a pusson be happy dat's fined? faw taint de Scotch fo'ks alone dat likes de bawbees. Yah, yah, yah.

Ladies an' Gen'lemen, away I say wit de gallows, chains, bolts cats o'nine tails, rawhides, tawse, fines an' sich like tings! Let dem go down to oblibium as de relics ob de ages ob bobberism. I adwokates de reign ob lub. Ise a great admirah ob maw'l swazhun. I holds dat de fit an' propah pussons to gubbern de wuld is not sich as de ca'pentah, de black-smit, de ropemaker, an' de fannah, but sich as de shugah makah, an' de konfeekshunah. Tankin' you faw de onah witch you has put on dese few progressicashuns, I now bid you adoo.

ODE TO JACK FROST.

Jack Frost! it seems to me at last you've come
To stay the season!
Our feet and hands grow very cold and numb—
We're almost freezin'.

Your icy breath invades each squalid garret;
As cold as death you strut about and "star it"
Like Larry Barret.
In "Marble Heart." Your heart is quite as cold
As Lady Dedlock's down in Chesney wold,
And yet we'll be, through the long winter, bossed
By thee,
Jack Frost.

Jack Frost, you hoary-headed-varlet!
You're rightly blamed
For painting ladies' noses a bright scarlet!
A'int you ashamed?
Your ice-clad trottoirs keep the people slipping,
And "down" the damsel as along she's tripping,
"The keen air nipping"
Her little cars—and praps she sprains her ankle.
'Tis then, Oh, Jack! in her young breast doth/frankle
A hatred keen, a being so rudely tossed,—
Oh mean
Jack Frost!

But still old Jack, let's not be very
Hard upon you.
With lots of snow you're oftimes merry!
En grande tenue
We drive with merry maids in sleighs and cutters,
With wolf or buffalo robes, and no one mutters,
Or one word utters
Against thee, Jack, while pallid Luna brightens
The well-trod track, and snow the bare field whitens,
We shout with joy! our hate for thee is lost,
Good boy!
Jack Frost!



PORTRAITS OF DISTINGUISHED TORONTONIANS.

Not by FRANK MILES.

I. MRS. SLAMMOCKIN THE BOARDING-HOUSE KEEPER.

We have selected this lady to fill the honored position of first in our gallery of distinguished personages, because of the awful grandeur of her ancestors and past associations, and the severe, though unquestionable respectability of her contemporaneous relatives. That these latter have never been beheld by mortal eye, is a curious instance of the irony of fate, and a fine opportunity for the recipients of Mrs. Slammockin's confidences to practise the virtue of faith, in the evidence of things not seen.

Mrs. Slammockin was born (by her own account, than which none of course can be more reliable) in the year 1854. Her daughter, a dashing young lady of nineteen, is frequently heard to corroborate this fact. She (Mrs. S.) was the daughter of people who kept their "carriage," her father being worth "thousands! my dear! thousands!" At the age of seventeen she married algenteleman of independent property, but who, by his wife's account, was the "worst man breathin'." He "fooled away all his property and hers," so that she was obliged to keep a boarding-house to put bread in poor Georgina's mouth, for no other reason would she so "bemean herself."

For a woman so well acquainted with all the luxuries and delicacies of a refined life, we must own that Mrs. Slammockin's mode of housekeeping is peculiar. For a long time after our arrival in this country (as long in fact as we continued to depend on that lady's charity), we labored under the delusion that Canadian meat was invariably tough, tasteless, and stringy. Mrs. Slammockin "always purchased the best meat," we shuddered to think what the worst must be. Mrs. S. invariably keeps a "gal;" said "gal" the terror of the boarder's lives. Whether she ever washes face, hands, or apron is one of the questions that can only be decided at the day of doom. Certain it is, that if ever she makes so great a mistake as to perform her ablutions in a fit of absence of mind, promptly, and at once, must she rectify it, by flying to her friend the kettle and lovingly clasping it in her arms. She leaves an imprint of her fingers on all the plates and most of the dishes, and in her hurry to serve the gentlemen boarders, for whom she has such an affection, she generally falls over a hole in the carpet and upsets the contents of the plate into the would-be diner's lap.

Mrs. Slammockin also keeps a cat, and when