

TO INSPECTOR ARCHABOLD.

Its more power to yer elbow I'm wishin', machree !
 Sure yourself's badly wanted in this very town ;
 An' yer head I musht pat fur the way that I see
 You've got thim two devils of Hinton's sint down.

Though, bedad ! I musht say that a year is too small,
 For tormintin' an' roashtin' an eight-year ould child ;
 An' be jabers ! if I'd any say in't at all,
 Its wid hot tar an' feathers they'd soon be well iled.

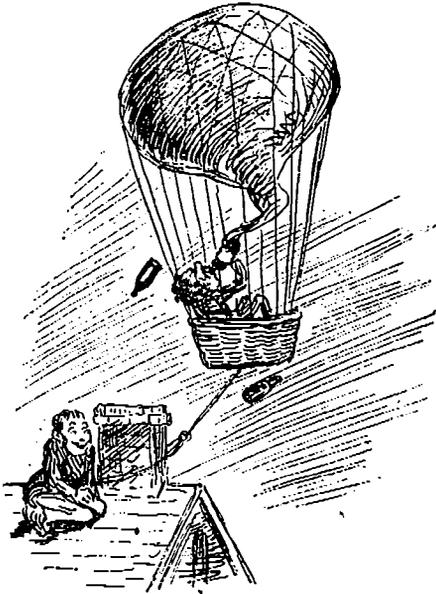
Och sure 'tis me heart that is broke wid the pity,
 At all the sad sights I musht daily behould ;
 An' the way that poor horses are driv in this city,
 'Ud make a man cry "have we no Archabould ?"

Jist luck at thim shreet cars ! sich tuggin' an' strainin'
 Poor helpless dumb bastes wid no langwidge to cry,
 The crowds pilin' on whin its snowin' or rainin',
 Till the poor horse drops down in its harness to die.

Musha now, Archabould ! can't yez shpake to his Worship ?
 Shure he's doin' a deal, but shull he can do more ;
 Can't we shtop overcrowdin' thim cars—an' so hush up
 This shame and disgrace to our city? ashtore.

Och ! a foine moral city we are to be shure !
 An' blarney so cheap ! an' the way its spread on !
 Wid red-handed cruelty havin' the flure,
 And the good Christians deaf to the dumb craythures' moan.

We'll belave all this blarney the day we behould
 Christ's law rule the city—not mammon's indade ;
 An' whin this is our motto an' yours Archabould,
 " He prays best who loves best the craythures God made."
 BARNEY O'HEA.



A SKETCH FROM THE CLOUDS.

DEAR READER,—Were you ever in a baloon ? I mean sky-high ? If not, you may not be uninterested in the experiences of one whose aerial voyage of last week will ever be remembered by himself as one of the most daring feats in the annals of aeronautics. For eighteen months past a baloon ascension has been my sole ambition, and during that period I patiently constructed a baloon in the garret of my dwelling on Yonge Street. I will not detail the troubles I had in making my cloud-scraper, for they were manifold. Let it suffice to say that Scroggins and myself finished our machine on the 9th January last, and

proceeded to inflate it. Scroggins filled it in about three hours with his own gas. We had secured it to the roof, and as we mounted the ropes and placed our provisions and instruments in the car, we experienced all the noble sensations of pride, etc., that attend successful adventurers. Not knowing how long we might be absent, we placed the following necessaries in the cupboard we had erected in the car :—

Coal oil stove, 3 polonics, 1 box crackers, 2 bottles hot pickles, 1 bottle stewed prunes, 1 doz. oranges, 1 lb. tea, 1 tin condensed milk, 2 doz. Labatt's beverage, 1 spirit lamp with kettle, 2 muddlers, 1 doz. Walkerville liquid, 1 cocoa-nut and 1 lb. tobacco. Besides these articles we took 4 carrier pigeons, paper and pencil, 1 cat with four kittens, and twenty-seven bricks for ballast.

Having seated ourselves comfortably, Scroggins cut the rope, and before he could seize the ladder, the baloon shot suddenly in the air with marvellous rapidity, and I found myself alone on my perilous voyage. Feeling sorry for Scroggins, I threw him a bottle of Walkerville and a muddler. I at once proceeded to take notes, and to save space will transcribe them entire.

9th January, 10 a.m.—4,000 feet over Hanlan's Island. Very cold. Ate 1 polony and 12 crackers. Drank 2 bottles Labatt and ½ bottle Walkerville. Curious phenomena—Saw 2 suns and 2 balloons. Probably mirage.

11 a.m. Commenced descending. Threw out 4 bricks, 2 kittens, 3 empty bottles. Entered a cloud.

3 p.m.—Passed through a rain-cloud with difficulty, having to swim several miles. Drank 1 bottle Walkerville to prevent cold. Could see people plainly on Yonge street, probably through cloud-rifts.

5 p.m.—Commenced to snow. Baloon violently started to descend, shaking fearfully. Threw out 1 cat, 2 kittens, 5 empty bottles, 2 polonics and 19 bricks. Curious delusion, sounds of bad language in Scroggins' cracked tone of voice. Am I going mad ?

6 p.m.—Very cold. Finished Labatt's beverage. Threw out the pigeons, forgetting to open the cage. Shot up suddenly many miles.

8 p.m.—Shower of small stones in my car—probably meteoric ; also a shingle and 2 beer corks. Moon rises, so does baloon. Threw out prunes, oil stove, tea, etc., also all empty bottles, leaving 1 bottle Walkerville and tobacco.

10 p.m.—Nearly frozen. Shall try to sleep. Moon's higher than baloon. Where am I ? Baloon shakes horribly and I notice a rapid decension. More showers of stones, mixed with plaster, finishing with a billy-cock hat, which, on examination, looks much like Scroggins' head gear.

10:15 p. m.—After terrible shaking—a series of horrid bumps, I cautiously look out. Scroggins is on my own roof pulling me in. How did I get back ? I get out and embrace Scroggins, whose head is bandaged up. He presents a sadly mutilated appearance, and the roof of my house is covered with bricks, kittens, crackers, bottles, etc. What does it all mean ? I will endeavor to explain satisfactorily next week. Yours, as usual,

P. QUILL.

P.S. (By Scroggins.)—Quill never ascended more than 10 yards. I had him fastened all the evening. My head received most of his ballast, and Quill had to be lifted out of the car and placed in bed. He was writing notes with the neck of a bottle on a shingle when pulled out of the cupboard.