

THE GRUMBLER.

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1859.

WHOLE NO. 75.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hotel in a' your coats
I t'ree you t'en it;
A child's among you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll greet it."

SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1859.

THE COLLEGE AVENUE.

Vandalism has been defeated. On Monday last the sober second thoughts of some of Carroll's supporters saved the city from the threatened disgrace. The petition signed by four thousand Torontonians over-awed them, and their timely recession from the jobbing crew has checked their selfishness in the moment of its triumph. Sick-bed repentances are not the most reliable. With returning strength and equanimity, the old sympathies and tendencies return with all their original force. We have no more confidence in Messrs. Carty, Boxall, and Co. than we had before. When the salutary dread of public opinion has passed away, when another opportunity to sacrifice the public interests to personal aggrandizement shall return, the aldermanic dog will return to his vomit, and the corporation sow to her wallowing in the mire. Still, ever thankful for infinitesimal mercies, the temporary fright which has fevered the brains of our city fathers has been productive of incalculable good to Toronto.

Not only has the fence been removed, but the Council have even resolved to keep profano lumber waggons and milk carts without the sacred precincts of the people's heritage. Altogether Aldermen and Councilmen have eaten humble pie.

The cash factory must still pant from its steam lungs a lament for the want of commercial spirit in Toronto.

The tavern stand must still be in solitude, a dreary pasture for vagabond cows and untended pigs. The manly soul of Bugg must still sigh for "more rent" in vain.

Carroll, jealous at once for true religion and financial advantages will drop alternately a tear over Sunday walking and business inconvenience. Zealous for the strict observance of the Sabbath, he is not altogether insensible to the friendship of the mammon of unrighteousness; yet his present chagrin at the disappointment of his business prospects is overwhelmingly lost in his horror at the continuance of Sunday walking.

We can sympathize with his disappointment, though we can scarcely affect surprise at his defeat; the man whose views of life are bounded within the narrow limits of a window sash, must expect to pay the penalty of his short-sightedness and folly.

Poor Dunn, too, is a melancholy object for the world's pity. Entirely ignorant of the amenities and proprieties of life, having greater sympathy for the bullocks he kills, than the fellow-beings with whom he lives, he has received a check where alone he possesses sensibility. Not only are people allowed those beautiful grounds to walk in (and in Dunn's eyes that is insanity itself,) but his precious bullocks are not allowed to "gang-thruff." Enough of this subject. It is a disgrace to the vandals that the destruction of that beautiful Avenue was even hinted at; it is a source of delight to know that the public opinion of the city has yet power enough to coerce the selfish and appal the jobber. Messrs. Finch and Pell deserve the hearty thanks of every honest citizen for the manly and happily successful resistance they have made to this atrocious conspiracy. We trust that when the elective privilege is to be exercised again, the preservers and would-be-destroyers of the College Avenue, will both be remembered, the former for reward and renewed confidence, the latter for merited disgrace and defeat.

SONS OF MALTA.

On Thursday last, the Grand Lodge Room or encampment of the Sons of Malta, was kindly opened to the inspection of the public, and during the afternoon the Hall was thronged with ladies and gentlemen, gazing with mysterious awe on its strange decorations. To the greater number of visitors, most of the emblems and insignia were meaningless, and they departed with their curiosity un-satisfied; we however, were conducted through the place by a gentleman holding a high position in the order, who obligingly explained to us its notable peculiarities.

The skull and bones surmounting a palled coffin, are portions of the osseous organization of the body of Sir Wiggleled Waggletting, late of the Town of Jerusalem, deceased. This Knight was a Commander of the Order, and had served in the third crusade with great valour, but having divulged some of the secrets, he was seized by his infuriated brethren, stripped at once of his honours and armour, bound hand and foot, and naked and fasting, at the tail of an ass, he was dragged through the deserts of Arabia, until the flesh decayed from his bones. His remains are still preserved, although dispersed in small pieces throughout the different Lodge rooms of the world. This scattering of the traitor's bones is intended to prevent his ever again appearing in the company of a Son of Malta. It is confidently expected that when waked up by Gabriel's trump on the day of judgment, to put in appearance, he will be such a length of time gathering himself together, that, before he is ready, the court will have arisen, the place locked up, and the

Sheriff taken away the key. Debarred by this means from being dead headed to Paradise or Purgatory, no doubt he will rent a crib on Stanley Street, and keep an unlicensed grog shop.

The sombre appearance of the sable draped coffin, awakened rather gloomy emotions, but we are sure that very few of the visitors were aware of the important and awful part assigned to it in Malteseism. Our conductor informed us that this corpus casing was not intended merely to intimidate or awaken intense horror in beholders, but that frequently it was called upon to perform a very melancholy duty. We were assured that when any uninitiated person attempts to gain admittance to their room or pry into their secrets, the Grand executioner takes him into custody, conducts him before a judicial tribunal of the Order, where after a formal and solemn trial—resulting invariably in a verdict of guilty—the culprit is brought to the centre of the room, the black drapery is removed and a sudden flash of pale blue light from a spiral censor reveals to him his coffin; a low rumbling sound now salutes his ears, which gradually assumes the loudness and terrific nature of thunder; lightning the most vivid and startling writes its deadly flashes round him, the ground opens and slowly a grim figure appears bearing a block which it deposits on the floor; in the twinkling of a gleam of sulphur, the grim figure vanishes, and an armed monster rises in his stead, bearing a parchment in one hand and a headman's axe in the other, an unaccountable tremor shakes the victim's knees, and they knock together for company, his tongue refusing utterance cleaves to the roof of his mouth; his eyeballs from their sockets gleam, and hair unbuilt on tiptoe stands, he falls a corpse; the work is sure and his dead body is carried off and secretly transported to the confines of Timbuctoo, where it is exposed on the sands, and the coffin is returned to its lodge-room.

To the muskets, swords, drums, and other apparently mere decorative paraphernalia, belong mysteries and horrors equally appalling, and we are not surprised at the daily papers stating, that several young ladies were completely overcome by the sable decorations. At some future day we will publish further particulars concerning this extraordinary fraternity.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR GRUMBLER,—

As you know every thing, will you inform me whether in speaking of Mons. Blondin having stood on his head, it is correct to say that he performed a grand feat?

Yours truly,

AMINA.

As Mons. Blondin uses his head, arms, and feet indiscriminately, it is quite proper in speaking of his tight rope performance, to say anything you please.

Ed. GRUMBLER.

COMPLETION OF THE YONGE STREET PAVING!

GREAT REJOICING!

FIRE WORKS AND FUN!

LEMON ICE CREAM GRATIS.

We have it on good authority, that in order to afford the citizens an opportunity of showing their appreciation of the completion of that gigantic undertaking—the Yonge Street paving—the corporation intend celebrating it on Monday next in a manner worthy of its vast importance to Toronto and the country in general. By the courtesy of that pink of municipal perfection—Councilman Finch—who we believe is the moving-spirit in perfecting the arrangements—we are privileged to lay before our estimable friends, the public, the following

PROGRAMME.

At 12 o'clock a.m. the Volunteer Field Battery, under the command of the invincible Lieut. Patterson, will unlimber, and commence a heavy cannonade on the barricade. At 1 o'clock it is expected it will be completely demolished, when the Yorkville Cavalry will en masse gallop up—reconnoitre—and then gallop back again.

At the commencement of the bombardment, His Excellency the Governor General will set out from Head quarters for the field of action. On his arrival (the cannonade having ceased, and the debris cleared away) Mr. Stokes will conduct him to his (Stokes') cream cart, and after driving him over the stones for a quarter of an hour to inspect the works, His Excellency, with Mr. Stokes' assistance, will dispense ice cream to the melting multitude around. The Band will then strike up "Rule Britannia," during the performance of which His Excellency will return to the Pavilion, erected for his use, to drink lager-bier and punch with the Bishop.

Alderman Dunn, alias Dutcher Dunn, will then commence the festivities of the day by entering Prof. Steiner's balloon, and being joined by some choice fruits—"pickpockets and the like"—will in company with them ascend and take, if possible, a more exalted view of the Avenue than he has ever done before. The result of his observations will be made known th' other side of Jordan.*

Councilman Sterling will then introduce himself, accompanied by his favorite game cock, and after expending sundry convulsive efforts in cleaning out the interior of his wind-pipe, will, as his wont—the game cock having just crowed—descend on the peculiarities of "that beautiful bird."

Councilman Boxall with that characteristic eloquence for which he has been so long and highly

celebrated, will then endeavor to say NOTHING instead of NOTHING, a feat which he has been unable to accomplish hitherto. This effort of the orator it is expected, will be most overpowering and impressive (or rather oppressive) on the minds of the people.

J. A. Macdonald will then exhibit some wonderful and dexterous sleight-of-hand tricks, among which will be his most recent effort—hood-winking a Premier. He will be assisted in this performance by his valet, George Brown, which is a sufficient guarantee that the feat will be done to perfection.

After which the Rev. S. S. Nelles and "a Member of the University of Toronto" will have a set-to at fifty cuffs, and will demonstrate to a fraction their pugilistic and educational training. They will finish the round with two of the finest pair of black eyes given in Canada: the fancy will be well represented on the occasion.

Blondin will then walk backwards and forwards on a bed-cord stretched between the twin steeples of Cookes' Church. It is rumoured that he will carry on his back, in a lump, Mr. Benjamin, Sidney Smith, R. M. Allen, and the father of the Bugg family, but as Mon. Blondin appears averse to handle such a bundle of insignificance, it is probable it won't be done. The laborator individual, commonly and familiarly known as Petaw, will overcome his usual modesty, and appear in a pair of new and exquisite fitting peg-top pantaloons. As much interest is manifested in the subject, he will enter into a detailed statement of what he considers to be the great requisites of a thorough gentleman's outfit. After the delivery of Petaw's oration it is expected he will become a friar.

Councilman McCleary and Poor Charlie will rival each other in producing the most idiotic grin through a couple of horse collars. Mr. Morris, the grotesque clerk of the University, will be umpire on this occasion.

Precisely at 6 o'clock P.M. will take place the

FINALE.

His Excellency will re-appear amid the booming of cannon and clash of trumpets. After summoning the Hon. Geo. Brown to his presence, he will command him to kneel, and then confer on that distinguished statesman the order of knighthood. Mr. Brown's new title will be—Sir Billingsgate Brown of the *Globe*.

Then can ascend the acclamations of a joyful people—then can rifles and artillery fusillade and cannonade—then can rockets, squibs and serpents hiss and fume their vitals out—then can Bunde blast out "God save the Queen," and then, and not till then, (re)ice O ye people can His Excellency Sir Walker Head be dismissed.

* We hope the Prof. will manage to keep him and his companions up somewhere in the upper regions. Earth has so little accommodation for such abandoned characters that we cannot for the life of us conceive a more excellent plan for effecting a good ridance of bad rubbish. For goodness sake, Professor, if pity hear, and do the best you can for us.—ED. GUMBLER.

Conundrum.

— Give an example of "inexpressible woe."
Answer. Tearing your "pants" at a dancing party.

THE "LEADER'S" ERRATUM.

In a very grandiloquent account of Blondin's trip on Wednesday, our sage contemporary made the wonderful discovery that stealing apples and eating them was a breach of the sixth commandment. Now, after making every allowance for the fatigued state of the writer after returning from so toilsome a day's pleasure, we were yet a little at a loss to understand how stealing apples could be a transgression of the commandment which forbids murder.

To accuse the *Leader* of ignorance of the decalogue we dared not. The mild and unobtrusive piety of that orthodox organ places it above suspicion. The *Leader* has had the catechism well flogged into his youthful inexpressibles, and to impeach the reliability of so deeply impressed a memory was impossible. Persuaded, therefore, that some recondite significance lurked beneath this strange expression, we pondered over it for a considerable time without success. In a dream on Thursday night, the whole thing was made plain. The apples must have been full of worms, and in eating the former the excursionists undoubtedly did default execution on the latter. Hence the crime of stealing involved the crime of murder and the sixth, as well as the eighth commandment, was broken. Judge of our chagrin when yesterday morning we discovered that all the mental travail it cost us to bring forth this key to the *Leader's* mystery was in vain. The *Leader* calls it an erratum and then ungratefully puts the sin on the printer. He says "this is but another instance of how easily errors of this kind will occur in the handling of type." Now either (as we think) this is a foul attempt to cover want of knowledge or of sobriety by bearing false witness against a neighbour (the ninth commandment) or the prospect is truly appalling. If the decalogue is at the mercy of the printers, what will become of religion?

The boundaries between orthodoxy and error are in danger of being obliterated, and the foundations of faith may be sapped ere we are aware of it. A careless printer may undo all the work of the churches, and a mistake at the case may do more injury than Pusey, F. W. Newman, Parker, and Holyoake can inflict in a century. Where are Nelles and Ryerson, that this frightful state of things is tolerated? Why does not one or other of them write a letter about it?

BLONDIN AGAIN.

It is reported that Blondin is about to excel all his previous feats, by the thrilling performance on Monday after next. He will drive Sam Sherwood's Buggy across the rope, and back again. He will then hop across with Sam's Bulldog, holding on by his teeth to his big toe, and back again with the dog's tail in his mouth, and the animal himself hanging head downwards over the chasm. The famous rope, as soon as Blondin has done with it, will be cut up into necklaces, amulets, and breast-pins. The remainder has been engaged by the Sheriff of York and Peel for purposes of suspension.

A la New York Herald.

The sun has almost run a yearly course since the grand announcement of the completion of this great Atlantic Telegraph. Twelve months have nearly passed since fireworks and rockets champagne and oysters were demolished to show the enthusiasm of our go-ahead countrymen in the cause of science and the triumph of man's mind over the rude elements.

Many believed, and do to this day believe that so important an event as the completion of this modern wonder of the world was, as the *Globe* says of Cobden's appointment, "too good news to be true," but their skepticism must hide its diminished head when the *Herald's* gleams of intelligence blaze forth to the world.

We are enabled by an arrangement with its great projector, to Cyrus W. Field, and the operator, De Santy, to give full particulars of all the messages that have passed over the wires even to the number of dots and commas. Some of the telegrams were of the highest importance to political and mercantile men, and the ten days' travelling of the electricity saved to the British and American Governments more than treble the expenses of the whole affair, thus shewing the practicability of the line as regards economy. The principal messages transmitted we give in full below, and a perusal will show the magnitude of their importance and impart much useful information:—

No. 1.

Professor Whitehouse to De Santy.

Do you feel the signals—is it landed?

WHITEHOUSE.

No. 2.

De Santy to Whitehouse.

Yes! blaze away.

DE SANTY.

No. 3.

Whitehouse to De Santy.

All right, wait till I get a drink, this end is rather rusty.

WHITEHOUSE.

No. 4.

De Santy to Whitehouse.

Hurry up I want to get one too, but as there is nothing but Pine knot whisky within six miles, when I go I shant be back till morning.

DE SANTY.

No. 5.

Earl of Derby to Rt. Hon. Sir E. Head.

Her Majesty's compliments—wishes you to send twelve pounds of the celebrated Jno. Stokes Lemon ice cream.

DERBY.

No. 6.

Rt. Hon. Sir E. Head to Earl Derby.

Consider it did, my Lord—Brown says you want him in the Ministry, is it true?

E. HEAD.

No. 7.

Earl Derby to Sir E. Head.

Tell Brown to go to—Bothwell. Send John A. and Cartier after him.

DERBY.

No. 8.

Duchess of Sunderland to D. Bansley.

I heard you were bair dresser to J. S. Hogan, M. P.P. Can you by any possible means procure a lock of his hair—I will give sixty guineas for a single hair.

SUNDERLAND.

No. 9.

D. Bansley to Duchess Sunderland.

Mr. Hogan dresses his own hair and keeps a private museum for the preservation of the cropplings and loose hairs. It is the use of my Heather balm gives it its beautiful gloss—Price 50 cents per bottle.

D. BANSLEY.

No. 10.

Sir E. B. Lytton to Ed. Grumbler.

Recommend to the Governor some eminent literary personage to succeed John A. Macdonald as Premier.

No. 11.

Editor of Grumbler to Sir E. Head.

Have recommended Jos. Goo'd, M.P.P.—Sir E. refuses advice; better come out yourself.

GRUMBLER.

At this time the signals because quite faint, and messages from the operators only were transmitted:

No. 12.

Whitehouse to De Santy's.

Have * * * * whisky—* * *

No. 13.

De Santy to Whitehouse.

Repeat whisky—none here.

No. 14.

Whitehouse to De Santy.

Have repented—good—cable is shakye—must be intoxicated.

No. 15.

De Santy to Whitehouse.

Dry up * * * * Here the electricity failed to convey further information, and notwithstanding the effect of the Professors the cable remains in that quiescent state classically termed *status quo*.

SONS OF MALTA.

—We have heard it said that the Sons of Malta are a beer-drinking association. If it be so, we are ready to join it. We have hitherto refrained from doing so, because we thought that the only beer we should get would be the *beer* we should be stretched upon if we revealed the secrets of the Society. Perhaps the story originated in a vile pun on the first syllable of the name; if so we won't join.

TRIUMPHS OF ERUDITION.

The erudite President of University College (Dr. McGaul) sends us certain interpretations of enigmatical inscriptions and initials commonly met with in the streets or in the course of conversation:

1. "O.K." These mysterious letters have been associated with each other ever since the days of Oliver Cromwell, who was in the habit of signing himself O. K. for short, in the course of his voluminous political correspondence. When he applied at the door of Parliament for the purpose of creating a shindy and sending "that bauble" away, they enquired at the door "Who's there?" and Oliver answered "It's all O. K." and this expression has been handed down to posterity as a signal of safety and success. Some persons have hinted at a derivation from the Old King at the Pantheonea, but this is most uninterestingly modern.

2. "T.W.W." These initials have been supposed by a benighted individual to have some connection with the "Toronto Water Works," and several benighted Fire Companies have been seen attempting to extract moisture from the neighbourhood thereof, but have been invariably disappointed. The best amplification we can give is "Terrible Want of Water."

3. Professor Croft asked me the other day how H. O. came to be the chemical sign for water. I imagine it is an abbreviation from the word "Hose," in the title "Hose Company," given to one of the branches of the Fire Department: though as far as Toronto is concerned, the derivation is an ironical one of the "lucus a non lucendo sort," inasmuch as the Water Works never let them have any water.

THE CITY FAIR.

On Wednesday and Thursday next, we are to have a great exhibition at the Crystal Palace, under the auspices of the Corporation of Toronto. We have not heard what the precise character of the fair is to be, but under the management of Councillman Finch, it cannot fail. That worthy city had promised to send his goose and cabbage for exhibition, and we have every confidence that the other worthy members of the Council will follow his example. Alderman McCleary promises to send an illuminated English Grammar, written with original emendations in orthography and punctuation by himself. Councillor Carroll will send his photograph, in a frame made of the College Avenue fence.

We regret to hear, that an attempt was made last week to poison Alderman Bugg, with the "Rat and Cockroach Exterminator;" if sufficiently recovered, however, he will exhibit himself in a rog, as a respectable Bugg ought to do. Alderman Sprout will show two or three of the children who have demolished the Avenue, fattened on ginger beer.

The other members will also be ready with their contributions. Steiner will ascend in a balloon, carrying a file of *Old Double* as ballast. He will also carry Malcolm Cameron on a donkey, suspended from the car.

Blondin will utterly eclipse his previous feats, by walking on a rope made of John A. Macdonald's principles. The material is so thin that Blondin will carry a microscope to trace his way on it. He will carry the rest of the Government on his back, and fix one on each of the church spires.

We expect a wonderful time of it,—hurrah for a free fair and a free fight!

GRAND FLARE-UP IN NOVA SCOTIA.

(Secret and confidential Correspondence.)

By the astounding diligence of our special reporter we have succeeded in getting copies of the negotiations between the leaders of the political parties in Canada and Nova Scotia. It will be seen that not only have Mr. Brown and his friends been leaguish with the Nova Scotian opposition, but J. A. Macdonald and his crew have been encouraging the Governor, and patting him on the back.

Mr. Brown to Mr. Young.

MY DEAR BILL,—My best blessings on you my boy. You are doing the business capitally. This new cry of "written constitution" though not taking as well as I expected (all Sheppard's fault) will do. I wish to goodness we had some excuse for a rumpus here; there's nothing here now but "the Mercer case", and that's getting rather stale. Keep it up, and I'll send McGee to pitch into the ministerial party; he's just the man. Do give us an article or two in some of your papers, such as I can quote as "Opinions of the Press," and I'll go it strong against Mulgrave. Tit for tat's fair you know.

Yours truly,
GEORGE BROWN.

P. S.—Don't start Reform clubs, they don't answer at all; in fact, they're all humbug.

G. B.

J. A. McDonald to Tupper.

EVER DARING CHARLEY,—Don't you give in, old fellow. What the deuce is the use in calling Parliament. Parliaments are only good for taking bribes, and surely it's a great saving of the people's money not to summon them at all. Can't you try a double shuffle there; don't be afraid, plunge in boldly, and you'll soon feel all right. My love to Mulgrave, tell him to keep up his spirits. I've sent him by express, two dozen of Norton's proof. Tat to.

Your inexpressibly attached,
JENS A.

P. S. Write us a few letters about the Federal Union, that we may show to the House, to "humbug" them. We know how to do it, Tuppy, don't we? Hâ! ha!

J. A.

Lord Mulgrave to Sir E. Head.

MY DEAR HEAD,—You've had your turn of it in Canada, mine has come at last in Nova Scotia. Don't I wish I had known what hot water I was about to get into, I would never have left London. Do write, and assure me of your sympathy, and give me some hints as to the course I ought to adopt. I can't hardly sleep a wink, I'm so fearfully nervous.

Your fellow sufferer in adversity,
MULGRAVE.

Sir E. Head to Lord Mulgrave.

MY DEAR LORD,—As the American vernacular vulgarly, but expressively has it, "Let them rip." Yours at ease,
E. HEAD.

P. S.—We drink nothing here but Norton's proof. I'll send you six bottles given me by Speaker Smith. It is a Ministerial drink, and will give you courage.

E. H.

Gould to Young.

MY ESTEEMED FRIEND,—u air akomplishin of a grate work in Nory Scotchy. Ef I had thyme too spair from my studyin konkolegy wich is the Sciens of Jurrysproodens and teeches an-em pe pe to fraim statues an axe of Parlyment I wood go oyer to Haliacks for to asist your bold an Chevalrus Sereuid on Mullgrave. Adim Hope says as how he wood come, but Brown fritid him sow that he dassent lift up his ed or look hisself in the fase ever sense. Rede Kant's Hias-Tory of the Korn-laws and that will give yez some hints.

Yure's incessantly
JOSEPH GOULD.

PRE ES.—i antind 2 bring out a pamphlet on Hed in wich I shal ceksting wish our present unkompetit govner.—J. G.

Sidney Smith to Mr. Mulgrave (in French).

CHEN PAIRRE,—I' ai got avec beaucoup de satisfaction le papier d'ong quoi I heard of votre grand successe en crushant le rebelle espritte de la beggeruse minorite. Je ceivre Francois avec mon contume habituelle because alle les bien eduquntb huns spekent Frenchy avick bokoo de facility. Nous avog reusay de fare ugstelt Kopydtab cum voo. News avog mooshy (extinguished) les Grits reoosevement. Old Capet (Sir E. H.) donny nou lils seccore, and noo made them look so seroces that ils comency de parly about verite honore and sitch like, which which was gratifyant to us because noo savons ke le Globe would rayther be abusd for pilfering than be toojora abusant others pour filant leur poche. Sticky vous to yer standerd. Sacre bleu le constitution et remplizzer port mony's.

Votre amy
SIDNEY SMITH.

POSTAGE.

Since the Government of the country in their supreme sagacity have levied a tax on the newspaper literature of the country to a most wondrous extent, let them go a little further. Let them establish a tax upon all societies for the diffusion of useful knowledge. Let them charge 'Mechanics' Institutes one cent for every book lent; let them charge the same amount per head for every one attending a public lecture; and charge ten cents for every speech uttered in a debating society. Let them establish a "Universal Darkness Society," under government patronage, for the maintenance of indigent individuals who never read newspapers. Let them proportion the city rates not to the income of the ratepayers, but to the extent of their literary attainments. Let them legislate progressively in the road they have entered upon, and if we don't have the Middle Ages upon us before this general crumbles in dust, then we are no prophets.

ASLEEP IN THE CARS.

How is it that we have no poet of the railroad? There are sights and sounds and incidents, ludicrous and pathetic enough to find favour with the muses. Who that has travelled in the cars by night but has seen and heard the texts of many sermons, the germ of much useful moralizing. Pass at midnight from the plebeian second-class to the red lamps at the back of the train and gaze on the postures and faces of the sleepers.

Here are a rural pair of lovers returning from a pleasure trip. Mouths agape, hair dishevelled, posture easy and unstudied, if not elegant. The male, a stalwart, strapping, sunburnt youth, with his arm about Jerusha's neck, and his head on Jerusha's shoulder, a bliss sufficient to recompense even the prodigal expenditure lavished on the jaunt Jerusha, all regardless of the outside world, with wide extended mouth and a nose which does not disdain to snore, nor recall to mind the features of a Venus or Diana, but is sufficiently attractive when contemplated in juxtaposition with a jolly little mouth, pursed up in the day, but now relaxed somewhat less gracefully under the oppressive dominion of Morpheus. In another place lolls a sturdy farmer, dreaming of his crops, and rolling in a sea of redeemed mortgages and deeds of freshly purchased lands. Yonder lies a selfish little man away from every body, with his carpet bag under his head, which a sick lady has been eyeing wistfully for the last hour. Further down, are a couple of University students, who would give the world to be introduced to that group of pretty girls under the control of a grumpy little clown, who doesn't appreciate his fair wards, and doesn't wish anybody else to do so. One of the girls has gathered up her hoops, which are about the size of the "Europa" balloon, and looks very like a tabby cat curled up in a hay-loft. Another one has taken off her bonnet, and her curls hang over the back of the seat, and tickle the nose of a young man in the next seat who has waked up but wouldn't move for the world. What a chance for winning four pairs of gloves!

Not far off there is a young man who was never away from home before. The novelty of the scene partly bewilders and partly delights him, and he thinks he'd like to marry every particular girl in the cars. Presently the door of the cars opens, and in staggers a drunken man, babbling away about the wonderful feat he had seen that day. "Now girls," he says, "ain't that a great man, that Bloudin. I'm an old man now, but when I was young I used to walk along the cloth-lines in our yard, after the tom cats, bic, tom-cats, bic, steady now, tks c're Francooi. Steady now, boys, ste-a-d-y-bic-ugh, let me sit down, I give it up." The man sinks down on somebody's cap, and we sink into the arms of Murphy.