

SAINT JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 4th, 1874.

"Bonis nocet quisquis pepercerit malis."



QUIP, in this number, presents his usual variety of matter for the delectation of his patrons. The Cartoon on the fifth page is the last of the local election series which we hoped had closed with the last number, but we learned through our vigilant agents in Europe that preparations were being made at the Vatican for the reception of the New Brunswick Premier, and we hastened to give our readers a correct view of the scene as it will present itself when the Province's grateful thanks are laid at the feet of "the greatest political power in New Brunswick." The event is not to take place until after the constitutionality of the School Act has been adjudicated upon finally before the last and highest Court of Appeal under British Imperial authority. We are not yet informed whether the Dominion Parliament intends to defray the expenses of the Attorney General's

trip from London to Rome or not. As it is to be made in honor of the Pope the funds may be supplied from that quarter, as were those in aid of contesting the validity of the School Act.

TROUBLES OF A BACHELOR.

"Jones" writes as follows, on "Troubles of a Bachelor:"—

TROUBLE I. —BABIES.

I am an old Bachelor, and I don't like Babies, which is a plain avowal, and one that I do not often make when mothers are around. The very thoughts of some of the tortures to which I, an unoffending bachelor, have been subjected, on account of those incongruous, sticky little bundles of clothes, called babies, are almost enough to make one shudder. For instance, I once had the misfortune of stopping at a private boarding house (I didn't stop there long,) where they kept some three or four babies of various ages and conditions; and whether the old lady of the house had found out my weak point, and, out of malice aforethought, had resolved to persecute me accordingly, or whether the occurrence was purely accidental, I know not; but every Sunday evening, or more particularly those evenings which, by chance, I was going to spend with some lady friends, she invariably waylaid me at the bottom of the stairs with one or more babies in her arms. Turn the knob gently and shut the door quietly, as I would, tread softly, as I always did, it mattered not, the old lady was too quick for me and was always on hand with the babies. On a particular night I had spent a long hour getting myself up carefully to meet a lady friend, (which I might mention was a rare and exciting event with me,) and, with all the lustre that spotless linen and broadcloth without a wrinkle can give one, I made my way softly down stairs; but, alas! scarce had I reached the bottom step, when the old lady, armed as usual, appeared smilingly, and holding one of the little nuisances right up to me, to the imminent peril of my clean shirt-bosom and newly starched collar, exclaimed, "Now, Mr. Jones, isn't she sweet?" "Yes," I almost gasped. "I'll just give you one kiss now," said she, coming nearer, and, I thought, with a kind of satanic twinkle in her eye. I backed off a little, glanced at the door, and then up stairs, and endeavored to take in the situation. I knew not whether to bolt for the door or retreat up stairs. But the matter was pressing, and the old dame, putting the soft, spongy little thing right up to my face, I shut my eyes and went it blind. But, oh! just as I thought the act done, the dear little thing put its wet paws up, and beginning with my neatly combed hair, dragged them down over my snow-white shirt-bosom. I hesitated not now, but with a wild rush I grasped my hat and left. I didn't go in that house again, but stating that I had been suddenly called away, got a friend to pack up my effects, and sending a conveyance for them next day, took rooms in a private boarding-house where babies were unknown, kept by three maidens, the youngest of whom was a giddy thing of some forty odd summers.

Now, I have often been set upon on account of my natural aversion to babies. I have been told that they are a necessity—that I was a baby myself once. I suppose they are, and I suppose I was, but that is no reason why the ugly little things should be forced upon one's notice at every possible chance; I am sure I never was, at least if I was I remember nothing about it. I know not how many babies I have declared to be the prettiest, best little things I ever saw, when appealed to by their mothers, when I am sure they are all just alike, and I doubt if their own mothers could tell them apart if by some chance they happened to get mixed up.

In conclusion Jones hopes that this little recital of one of his troubles may have the effect of making mothers rather more considerate of their unoffensive bachelor friends. We hope so too.

The Shediac girls are all in a flutter, for the Military Camp is just opened near that bivalve producing town.

THE LION'S CUB AND THE EAGLE.

FROM BANTER.



NCE upon a time—how long ago we can hardly say—a lion of some note amongst the other animals of the world sent his cubs to seek their own living in all parts of the globe. Now it so happened that one of the cubs settled himself, and ruled over the forests adjoining the land and lakes of an eagle. The eagle had once belonged to the family of the lion; but, owing to a family quarrel, Jupiter had changed the lion's whelp into an eagle, and given him dominion over the birds of the air, where he ruled and brought up a large family.

Amongst his family were goshawks and ospreys, and many birds who spent their whole time about the coasts, lakes, and inland seas, with which the country abounded, and lived upon their produce. Getting discontented with their own waters, they took to the waters of their neighbor—the lion's cub. Now the old lion had grown infirm, his claws were no longer sharp; neither did his roar strike terror into the hearts of his hearers as in his younger days. He had acquired a habit of going about with his tail between his legs, and seemed expressly desirous not to fall out with his son, which had now become an eagle. The cub, on the other hand, had just begun to feel his strength, and was for insisting on the eagle paying for the maraudings of his family, and appealed to his father, of whom he was not yet independent, to assist. But the eagle began to talk at the same time, and make a very great noise; so that the old lion, thinking there would be a row, put his tail between his legs and ran off with his cub's claims, advising him to enter into some terms of mutual agreement.

"To what end is that," said the cub. "My forests are full of black diamonds, my rivers teem with fish. I shall give all and get nothing."

"Guess you can send your otters and seals to them thar lakes of mine to fish," said the eagle.

Now, seeing the eagle was talking peacefully, the lion returned and spoke:

"Now, brother," he said, "I've taken those claims of my cub away, and we will make a good treaty nice and snug for you."

"Wall!" returned the eagle, "I want the fish and diamonds, and guess you can get all you can from my lakes."

"Yes, yes; anything you like."

At this moment an angry growl from the cub disturbed his parent, and rather ruffled the eagle's feathers, as he flew away, saying:

"Wall! I was a lion once; but, now I'm an eagle, why shouldn't that tarnation cub be an eagle too?"

Moral.—Intimate relations precede alliance.

DRAMATIC AND LITERARY.

Charles Matthews is playing at Liverpool in "the Critic."

The engagement of Mr. and Mrs. Walcott at the Saint John Lyceum was a successful one.

The fine fishing of New Brunswick appears to be a greater attraction for Mr. Frederic Robinson than the gairish lights and appreciative audiences of its commercial metropolis. "A certain convocation of politic 'flies' are e'en at him" now, some miles above Boiestown on the Southwest Miramichi, notwithstanding which he will, probably, kill a fine lot of salmon. When he returns St. John would like to have another taste of his quality, for good actors are not plentiful, after all.

Charles Fechter is at Maguire's new theatre San Francisco.

J. L. Toole the eminent English Comedian is to commence an engagement at Wallack's August 17th.

Miss Le Clercq has just finished an engagement at Wallack's—and is to appear at the Lyceum on Wednesday evening.

Poor Montreal has just had an attack of "Mazeppa" and "Buffalo Bill." St. John has happily been spared the infliction of Across the Continent, &c., this season.

Southern has just concluded a brief season at Chicago.

Edwin Adams and Joe Jefferson are hunting in Minnesota.

Halifax is progressing in literature and the fine arts, the first number of *Banter*, "the only professedly comic paper in Nova Scotia," having made its appearance in that city. It is to be published twice each month at \$1 per year, and those who desire to see a sample copy can do so by calling at QUIP office and asking for the privilege in a respectful manner. It has a cartoon illustration, representing the celebration of the 125th anniversary of the natal day of Halifax, done in charcoal by two distinguished members of "Banter Club." The members of Chebucto Common Council are represented in-tent on a good time, ex-alderman Nash presiding and holding up an hour or some other kind of glass, timing a speech which is being delivered by the editor of the *Express*. Ald.