

called, whose intellectually-formed head might, under other conditions, have been that of a divinity professor; while subsequently after the transfer across the Atlantic it was his lot to come within earshot of the talk of another primitive character who was ever formulating phrases and rules of conduct, such as would at a later period have been not unworthy of Artemus Ward, Mr. Joshua Billings, or Abraham Lincoln himself, and giving those in contact with him the benefit of the same,—and this was a curious hermit of a man dwelling in a sort of cave, on the banks of the Don, in a portion of what is now Riverside Park. Early settlers will remember Joseph Tyler, a mysterious stray squatter here from the Southern States, who acted as ferryman on his own account, at this point of the river, by means of a large canoe constructed by himself, formed of two long logs, hollowed out and dovetailed together. To the very successful cultivation of melon and maize, it may be remarked in passing, Tyler added that of the tobacco plant. Under varied stimulants of the kinds described, the taste for sententious literature was evoked and sustained, and the foible thus early indulged continued latently to subsist, and was humored from time to time, and to this day a book of sage summaries and aphoristic conclusions is enjoyed. Thus commenced, the collection was catalogued, and thus it grew to its present dimensions.

“Looking at the vast heritage of packed and preserved practical wisdom which we have in such form derived from our forefathers, it is to be hoped that whatever developments in this direction may hereafter take place within the bounds of our young Dominion, and whatever institutions and policies amongst us may be based thereupon, they will be such as shall be worthy of the great and understanding nations from whom we have sprung.”

HENRY SCADDING.

GAUN TAE GLASGOW.

MAN, Wullie! arna' thae trains a bother? Last Thursday, Betty an' me thocht we wad tak a sma' trip in haun; juist over tae

Glasgow tae a great meetin' o' the coal carters, which I had heard wis tae be there on Saturday.

So I gaed doon tae the station-man tae get our tickets the day before, so as tae hae nae bother, ye ken, when we wantit tae get awa. Havin' got the tickets, I askit him when oor train wis tae gang. He pitched a sma', blue boogie at me an' says: “Tak that, it'll tell ye.”

I wisna vera sure about it, but I took it an' said naethin', an' then I saw by the cover o't that it wis a Time Table; so I thocht I wad tak it hame an' let Betty see't, for I could mak nither heid nor tail o't, an' I didna like tae ask the man onything mair about it, he lookit sae angry. I think surely some ane had been botherin' him ower muckle that day.

Weel, I gaed hame, an' Betty an' me set tae wark tae study oot when oor train wis tae lave. Gosh, man, bit it wis a job! Betty seemed tae understand a' about it, but she wis sae crabbit whenever I wad ask her onything, that I whiles made up me min' no tae gang at a'. At last she gaed it up, an' lookin at me vera sternly: “Auld blockheid!” says she, “ye've let him gie ye the wrang Time Table: that's no the thing at a'. Every train hit's on that is comin' frae Glasgow, an' we want tae gang tae Glasgow.”

“Weel,” I says, “dinna be sae flechtit, Betty; it's no me fault; I juist took what he gaed me, for I thocht he wad likely ken better nor me. He's back and forad that way on the trains mair than iver I wis, am sure.”

“It's nae difference,” says Betty, “ye should niver tak onything hame without lookin' at it.”

But tae mak a long story short, I gaed asleep on the chair; for it wis gettin' gay an' late; an' in a little, I wis wakened wi' Betty cryin' at the top o' her voice:—

“Sandy, I've fund it! I've fund oor train.”

“Fund it at last!”

“It laves at 8.05 i' the evenin'.”

“Losh, Betty,” I says, “it canna be i' the evenin', surely.”

“Sandy Robison,” says she, “d'ye think I dinna ken what I'm readin'?”

Then I explained that we widna be there near early eneuch for the meetin'.

Then she lookit again an' says: “No, it isna' i' the evenin'. What am I sayin'?”