

An Ode of Anacreon.*(Freely translated by Richard De Dick.)*

Number every leafy tree,
Every wave upon the sea;
Every star which gems the skies,
Every little bird which flies.

Then, when you have number'd these,
Stars, and birds, and waves, and trees,
You may count the dogs one meets
Va-grant in Toronto streets.

Big and little—(chiefly big)
Prigging all which they can prig;
Sniffing at each others' tails;
Jumping over garden rails.

Always getting in the way;
Yelping after every sleigh;
Snapping at each horse's head;
Howling when you're in your bed.

Younge a pretty swarm can boast
King street has a wondrous host,
Nor is Queen behind I swear—
Thirty thousand dogs are there.

In the side streets all around
Just a million dogs are found!
Ah! you stare, but, prithee, peace,
More I'll tell before I cease!

I've not sung each canine beast,
(Ninety thousand at the least)
Which in Yorkville you may find
Any day when you're inclined.

In each other suburb too,
You will have your work to do.
'Ere you count the dogs the sun
Will it's daily course have run.

Yes! my GRIP, Toronto dogs
Thick are found as Ohio hogs,
Pure or mongrel, large or small,
Lolly nuisance are they all.

A Musical Meloe.

HOW ELIZA JANE SETTLED MISS CLAMM.

WILLIAM HENRY CLAMM and old Capt. SMITH are neighbors. They live in a double house on Adelaide street. Both have grown up girls and revel in the luxury of pianos. From what the neighbors say we surmise that the grown-up girls are not on the best of terms, and the way they wire into their respective pianos when the sun has sunk to rest behind the western hills, would indicate that they had determined to settle their little difficulty by a musical warfare. When the two pianos get agoing in the evenings the entire neighborhood take it as a signal to lay aside all other employment and settle down to hear the music. And such music! It would put to blush a brass band and turn a boiler factory green with envy. Not that the girls can't play, but under a full head of steam they wake the dead,—the one grand object of the tourney being for each to drown the other out. The milkman always tries to strike that part of Adelaide street before the performance begins, as he knows he might ring out his wild bell during the weary vigils of the night without ever attracting any attention, and we have it on good authority that a man walked in from an adjoining township yesterday morning to discover the cause of the unusual commotion in the atmosphere. Things came to a climax last night. Miss CLAMM, whose front name is SARAH, had taken something at the tea table that disagreed with her and she determined to take satisfaction out of the piano—and ELIZA JANE SMITH. ELIZA JANE is not by any means what a critical observer would call young. She is probably thirty. Miss CLAMM says thirty-six, but this is an exaggeration. Well, Miss CLAMM tackled the piano, and after a few preliminary flourishes by way of informing ELIZA JANE that she was in the field, rattled off the "Last Rose of Summer." ELIZA JANE knew by instinct that this was intended as a reflection on her age and forlorn condition, so spreading herself over the music stool she responded with "Take back the Heart that thou Gavest," calling to Miss CLAMM's recollection that it wasn't so very long ago since a certain young man had thrown her overboard and married another. This incensed Miss CLAMM. It was her sore spot. She opened both windows and thung "The Old Man's Drunk Again" at ELIZA JANE in the most vehement manner, to remind her that old Capt. SMITH had occasionally to be helped up the front stoop at a very late hour in the evenings.

This was a bull's eye, but ELIZA JANE was equal to it. The way she churned "Johnny was a shoemaker" out of her piano was enough to transport even WILLIAM HENRY CLAMM back to the days when he had a seat on the bench, to say nothing of the shock it gave the sensitive feelings of Miss SARAH CLAMM. Then came "Only a Lock of Hair." from CLAMM's side of the house, which implied that ELIZA JANE was obliged to get most of her flowing tresses down town. Quick as a flash ELIZA JANE threw back the lid of her piano, rolled up her sleeves and rattled off "The Bell goes a-ringing for Sarah," and as CLAMM's folks don't keep any hired girl, Miss CLAMM saw the point at once. The neighbors say the way she wired into the "Rogues March" made Capt. SMITH fairly wince with unpleasant memories. It was a home thrust. "Waxing Old" was another slap at CLAMM, which drew out "Go it while you're young" from Miss CLAMM. They were at fever heat. The neighbors were in ecstasies, and the streets were lined with people. ELIZA JANE yelled for the hired man to come in and sit on the sounding pedal, and Miss CLAMM braced herself up and came down on the bass keys with a determination to smash them out of existence rather than that ELIZA JANE should make herself heard. It was a terrible tussle. Little streaks of "Wake up Johnny" from CLAMM's piano could occasionally be distinguished above the awful din and stray notes of "Tow headed Sarah" came bouncing out from ELIZA JANE'S. This was the last straw. The allusion to Miss CLAMM's auburn tresses settled the business. She kicked over the music stool, slammed down the piano lid and sent her music books flying through space. And with a yell that would have done credit to a hook and ladder company, jerked in the shutters and sat down on the floor to find refuge in tears. ELIZA JANE was so elated over her victory that she yanked out her hairpins and waved her chignon in the air with all the pride of a Cherokee scalp-lifter. Old SMITH feels so tickled over the result that he hasn't done anything but prance up and down the front sidewalk ever since, while poor CLAMM daren't put his nose outside the door for very shame's sake. But Miss CLAMM vows she'll get even yet if she has to hire a barrel organ and the man that peddles fish.

The Snowdon Haul.

Shall we never hear the last?
Not a year has lately past,
But they're at Toronto's door
For "a hundred thousand more."

Now it's ROBINSON who hollers
For a hundred thousand dollars.
"Only give this small amount—
You'll gain more than you can count."

GRIP would say—lay this to heart—
Fools and money easy part.
Keep your cash until you know
Where that cash has got to go.

Advice to the Council.

Come, can't you give us a jolly good year,
And let us remark at the close,
That the great incapables all appear
To have left with Old Squaretoes.

Look at the horrible state of the streets,
Look at the taxes we pay.
Think of the horrible smells one meets
Choking one night and day.

Mend us a little the state of the air;
A little the state of the ground;
And every one of you shall be Mayor
If ever his turn comes round.

PARALLEL PASSAGE.—*Lady Constance*, in *King John*, remarks
"For grief is proud and makes his owner stout."

Our readers may remember a similar sentence uttered by *Sir John Falstaff*:—"A plague o' sighing and grief, it blows a man up like a bladder!"

A TRIANGULAR DUEL.—The recent notorious trial, in which the judge descended from the bench and took his stand in one of the corners of the triangle. That fair play which a Briton always loves, was not, in this case, shewn to him. He was naturally rather galled at such treatment, as the fire from both the other angles converged upon him. His own angle was somewhat obtuse.