

that it was a difficult thing to slay an eel, but positively I had no idea that salmon and white fish clung to life in the way they seem to do. Being in a lazy and sauntering humor the other morning, I was attracted by the voice of a peripatetic fish-vendor who was singing out lustily "Fr-r-r-resh feesh, all alive, all alive," and I followed him, for his voice was very melodious. When I first fell in with him the hour was 5.30 a.m.; when I left him it was nearly one o'clock; and still he was proclaiming, with stentorian lungs, that those fish were "all alive, all alive." The man looked truthful, and I'm sure would not willingly have uttered a falsehood.

I saw, in the *Hamilton Spectator*, not long ago, that a correspondent of a Toronto daily in that city had been ignominiously fired out of a hotel for wagging the weapon with which Samson slew his foes too freely towards the proprietor of the hostelry. If the corresponding agent is the same person I imagine he must be from the description, I have no doubt that he was treated exactly as he deserved, for a more arrogant, forward, pretentious, humptious and ignorant specimen of the genus "route boy superintendent" perhaps never existed. These corresponding agents are, sometimes, amusing, after all: Happening to glance over a directory a few days ago, I observed one of them figuring in it as "manager" of the Toronto paper that employs him to look after its 'ads' and distributing boys. Is this sublime or is it ridiculous?

I have often wondered how it is that so many, nay most, of the anonymous effusions that sigh over the reminiscences of "boyhood" come to the sanctums of newspapers in delicate female handwriting; and those purporting to be indited by unhappy maidens are invariably in masculine chirography. If manuscripts were published as well as sentiments, readers would be astonished to see with what a steady hand "Thoughts of a Dying Old Man" and similar efforts are penned. Romances of foreign lands generally come from people who have never seen salt-water, and tales of humble life from those who would be shocked at a powder spoon. Everybody seems to think that there is poetry in everybody's life but his own. If people only wrote about what they knew, as I do, and not about what they imagined, the public would be spared from reading a great deal of trash.

Exactly five hundred years ago to-day, Chaucer and his fellow pilgrims set out from the Tabard inn, Southwark, on their pilgrimage to Canterbury, and probably but few of them are still living. How true it is that art is long and life fleeting! Had those pilgrims, however, been made of the stuff of which the heroes of the Balaclava charge, Washington's nurses and oldest Free Masons are composed, they would all have been kicking around yet. Verily, *tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis*; it is an overwhelming thought, and I am overwhelmed.

I am credibly informed that an old grey-bearded, white-haired man was found by a policeman wandering about on one of the side streets at the extreme north end of what used to be Yorkville, near the toll-gate. On being interrogated by the officer as to what he was doing, he said he was the driver of a corporation watering cart but that he had not visited that portion of the city since he was a boy; and as none of the other drivers were acquainted with the locality he had been unable to obtain any information concerning it and had lost his way, owing to the many changes that had taken place in the appearance of the

district since he last visited it with his cart, sixty-six years ago. The residents of northern Yorkville aver that it is more than a century since the roads in their neighborhood have been thoroughly sprinkled except by rain, and the very oldest inhabitant has gone stark staring mad in his endeavors to remember what a watering cart looks like.

I observe that several papers have devoted considerable space to the matter of a person's right to sleep at night and in the early morning, and a case is reported where a milkman was restricted, by the judge, from clattering his cans at about daybreak—though such clatter could not be dispensed with if the man was to attend to his business—to the annoyance of his immediate neighbors. This decision has opened up an extensive field for speculation, and it will be hard to say what a man may and what he may not do after this. The milkman referred to was attending to his legitimate business, but was ordered to discontinue it because he made such a noise. Now my chief difficulty is this: Can I have my next door neighbor on the left put to death because he snores, especially in the early morning, with a noise like the roaring and rumbling of an Ischian earthquake? He is attending strictly to business whilst he indulges in this nasal horificando, yet he annoys me terribly, for his snore is not as other men's snores: it is a combination of the sound of a saw filer at work, a steam calliope with the asthma, a donkey braying with the pleurisy and the sound of many chariots driving without axle grease;—but he is asleep. What's to be done in a case like that? If I interfere with his repose and endeavor to put a stop to his snoring, I become as bad as that milkman. My left hand neighbor has a sweet little cherub that I heartily wish was sitting up aloft (were such a thing possible, which I can't see, as a cherub is generally supposed to be nothing but head and wings, with no accommodation for a sedentary position), for precisely as the clock strikes three, that infant begins a nocturne that is gradually but surely bringing the silver threads among the gold on my head; and yet it is that child's business to yell and to defy soothing syrups, paregorics, "dere zen ze itty tootsy pootsies," and so forth, and I feel that I am helpless. I am not a Herod: I wish I was. The green grass should soon wave over a little 3x1 foot mound. Will some one enlighten me as to the law on this matter—gratis?—I am very anxious, as if I am disturbed and my rest shattered much longer, I can feel that the asylum will soon garner in another inmate and that I shall be the new acquisition; heigho!

AN EDITOR'S HOLIDAY PÆAN.

MR GOETH A FISHING.

The weather's really rather warm; our extra adiposity Begins to feel it, and our large abdominal rotundity Seems just the least bit in the way; our heavy corporosity Prevents us writing sagely, with our usual profundity, Of things "from lively to severe," as Allick Pope says—was it he?

Or was it some one else of most remarkable fecundity?

However, be that as it may, we're going to have some holidays, And spend a few brief weeks away from worries editorial; E'en editors desire at least some annual summer jolly days, And they've always been allowed them from ages immemorial. All work, no play oft brings for Jack full many melancholy days, So we'll take our little rod and make a journey piscatorial.

The pleasing prospect now before us makes us feel hilarious, And that is just the reason why our verses such a jingle are; Of course the styles of metres we can write are very various, But we have a kind of leaning towards the ones that are most singular,

Though we know, in writing stuff like this, our life to be precarious—
There's some one 'cussing' us, our ears beginning now to tingle are.



The willows wave beside a brook which, with our mental ocular

We see, and we shall visit it, the fishes' slaughter bent upon;

But we fear those "speckled beauties" must be seized with feelings jocular,

For they know we never catch them when their death we're most intent upon.

Now, readers, poetry like this, it really ought to knock you—la!

As high as e'er a kite was when its airy errand sent upon.

Away with paper, pen and ink, and what the printers "copy" call;

Away with proofs and all things else pertaining to the newspapers;

Away with all these things, say we, to where the climate's tropical,

We're going to where we never wish a moment to peruse papers;

We feel so light and frolicsome; so bouncy and so hopical,

We could quite forgive those people who always will refuse papers.

And now we'll bring this poem to a much desired terminus, And the next time that we write one, 'twill lack this one's vivacity;

"Oh!" we think we hear the fishes cry, "we've got that fellow's worm in us,

And in taking such a bait as this we sadly lacked sagacity;

To think that we have been and gone and got old Darwin's germ in us,

The very thought's enough to make us sick it is so nas-i-ty!"

Hurrah! then for the holidays, of bossy times the bossiest,

When old Phœbus shines his brightest and the birds sing clear and choiry;

When the gloss upon the woodland leaves is ever of the glossiest,

And a fellow feels he's not obliged to mark his "local" diary;

When he sits beneath the sylvan boughs on moss that is the mossiest—

But we really must conclude these rhymes—they sound so very Swirey!

A TORONTO INQUEST.

COUNSEL FOR PRISONER.—I should like to ask the last witness—

CORONER.—You can't ask anything

C. FOR P.—But I—

CORONER.—Shut up; policeman, remove this man.

POLICEMAN (whispering to coroner).—I think I should be wrong, sir—

CORONER.—Eh? Speak louder. What are you whispering for?

POLICEMAN (raising his voice).—I think, sir, I should be wrong—

CORONER.—Eh? Speak up, man; where's your tongue?

POLICEMAN (roaring at the top of his voice).—I should be very wrong, sir, to—