

And he said, 'Of course you are all aware,
Of the latest earthly advices :
The publishers seem to be going to smash
Beneath the great "economy" lash,
For the Book Exchange is cutting a dash
Exceedingly reckless and awfully rash,
And selling for almost nothing for cash,
And ruining regular prices !

'I hold in my hand a letter from four
American publishers who feel sore,
And they speak for a score, or possibly more,
Who live by a traffic in printed lore.
I read : "We pray from this earthly shore—
Ye authors of old attend us !
O, give us a lift in this hour of need,
For the publishing business is going to seed ;
The Book Exchange is making with speed
As many books as the folks can read,
And selling disgracefully low, indeed ;
It cheapens your fame—for you we plead !—
Ye talented ghosts, defend us !"

'What word shall we send to this earthly
band ?'

Then Scott, with GOOD LITERATURE in hand,
Arose (amid cries of 'Take the stand !')
And said, 'This scheme will possess the land ;
No good is the Harper or Scribner brand,
While Alden shows that he can command
The brains of sage and scholar ;
A shilling for Pope—good binding on ;
The same for the poems of Tennyson ;
Six cents for your Pilgrim's Progress, John ;
For the Iliad, thirty cents ; and Don
Quixote for a half a dollar !'

Then Chaucer said, 'I am rather old,
But I am mighty glad this day to be told
How cheap my Canterbury Tales are sold,
And the poets and wits of the Queen Anne fold
Steele the bright and De Foe the bold,
Berkeley the sober and Swift the scold,
From the time of Sir Walter Raleigh ;
Shakespeare's Works, and Smollett's, and
Sterne's,
Bacon, Bolingbroke, Byron and Burns ;
And Babington, Lord Macaulay.'

Charles Dickens said, 'T'would be foolish to let
Good luck of mortal cause regret ;
For the price of a theatre ticket they get
Milman's Gibbon—the perfect set—
Dante and Virgil, two shillings net,
For a dollar Adam Smith on Debt,
And Mill on the Law of Nations ;
And I see by this wondrous circular
Sent up by the Book Exchange that for
Three cents you get the Seven Years' War,
For a dime King Henry of Navarre,
And for thrice the price of a good cigar
Will. Shakespeare's inspirations.'

Then Goldsmith rose and expressed it thus :
'It is simply a case of *de gustibus*,
But I see no reason for all this fuss,
For publishers never did much for us
While needy, summer and winter ;
Therefore, confreres, I hold this view :
The high-price houses are doubtless blue,
But unto the man our thanks are due
Who sends our thoughts each palace through,

And into the humblest cottage too,
For the Many are always more than the Few
And the People are more than the Printer !'

A slight shade rose -- 'twas Edgar Poe—
Who said, 'I've been talking here with De
Foe ;
We agree, and the ancients have told us so,
That who makes two printed leaves to show
Where only one did formerly grow
Is as good a man as we want to know ;
And this letter here, from the realms below,
Reveals its earthly animus ;
I move it be not received !' About
A thousand voices removed all doubt,
Ben Johnson and Halleck and Hood spoke
out,
Kit North and Irving and Father Prout,
'Mid a storm of cheers and a mighty shout,
And the motion passed—unanimous !'

THE SUMMER PARADISES OF TORONTO.

BY CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY, M.A.

No. 2. *The Horticultural Gardens ; en fête.*

This one glad day in happy May, to me the
day of days,
Whose last, late myrtle-bud makes bright the
Poet's sombre bays ;
Not unremembered let it pass, the hour when
we two strayed,
'Mid festal throng, and lamp and song, be-
neath the lilac shade !
The hour of love that voiced at last long years
of dumb desire,
When the fair city joyed to greet her *fête* of
flowers and fire !

Like an Alladin's palace ; lo ! the Grand Pa-
villion gleams,
Alive with all gay sounds, the place a witch's
garden seems ;
The fire-wheels blaze in coloured maze, the
rockets arching by,
With flash of coloured orbs make pale the
faint stars of the sky !
While comes and goes each burst that shows
the form I deem so fair,
The light step's grace, the earnest face, the
gathered golden hair !

Too bright to last, the *fête* has passed ; its
sober moral scan ;
As is the race of fireworks, love, such is the
race of man ;
And human joys are like those toys of pyro-
technic trick,
Each rocket bright becoming quite a charred
and cheerless stick.--
The night grows late, they close the gate,
we must not now remain,
For one bright unreturning hour we have
been happy, Jane !
Toronto, May 26, 1881.

* This unique production is understood to be from
the pen of one of the most widely celebrated of
American humorists, who, in this case, seems dis-
posed to add to his fame by assuming the even more
widely-known name 'Anonymous.'—Ex.