

*NOTES FROM ABROAD.*

The following to a friend in Toronto is from a gentleman of the fifth Contingent whose remarks as to foreign legal customs are of interest.

## I.

## BY THE TIBER.

There was a Roman Emperor  
Who made his horse a Senator  
He wisely said :—" All flesh is grass,  
And you, my steed, like Balaam's ass,  
To such as tread in evil way  
May stand four square and say them neigh."

This steed enjoyed the best of oats,  
And for his patron gave his votes ;  
But soon, as steeds are wont to do,  
Kicked o'er the mace, to clover flew,  
Cared not for glory or piastres  
Gave up the job for Tiber's pastures.

## II.

## BY THE NILE.

A legend old was told me, while  
I sauntered on the banks of Nile ;  
From Pharaoh's wrath and hangman's tie  
Did Joseph the chief baker buy ;  
With gown and wig disguised, he brought him,  
The law of Medes and Persians taught him.

And soon, of County Court the Clerk,  
He sat in state from morn till dark ;  
But sighed he oft for the loaves and fishes,  
The rattle of dinner and Pharaoh's gold dishes,  
For his dear native banks where the crocodile hid,  
As he basked in the shade of the Great Pyramid.

## III.

## L'ENVOI.

Father Tiber still bounds fair Etruria's plain,  
Past the Sphinx rolls the Nile o'er the Khalif's domain ;  
Our great Pharaoh's a mummy, good Joseph a Saint,  
But there ne'er in those lands is now heard a complaint ;—  
When the goddess of justice both blind and deaf got,  
Wisest judgments were issued by ' feeding the slot ' ;  
Old Minerva now nods o'er her knitting and tatting,  
And Apollo with Juno and Venus is chatting.  
Every Court automatic is worked with a crank ;  
And ten thousand admits to the Senator's rank.