

would trouble them with a few observations on the change of seasons in Canada. (Cries of "Question!" and "Go on!") He would be toasted in pepper and buttered in mustard if he'd go on. They must account for the change of climate themselves! Medlar sat down evidently much mortified.

The Chairman then arose, and, previously to moving any of the important questions to be submitted, he must be allowed to express his utter abhorrence of those hot-heads of corruption, those nurseries of all that is bad, in which jackanapes calling themselves Melons; were constantly reared. He was a lover of the breath of Heaven, and would own himself a very Persian in his adoration of the sun. . . He was sure he spoke the sentiments of his worthy friend Cucumber, whom he had the honor to face.

Before Cucumber could adjust himself on his perpendiculars:—forth bounded the ponderous, and corpulent Governor Squash, to the consternation of the pigmy fry, who ran helter-skelter to avoid the inevitable—the ladies frightened out of a summer's growth, reclined—some in a state of somnambulency—others in a state bordering on syncope:—Governor Squash's face bore the deep impress of jaundice brought on, it was thought by some, from natural causes and the heat of the summer—others affirmed, it was the index of bile, generated by an excess of temper—be this as it may, his temper not ordinarily *suave*, was now aroused to its greatest tension, by the slight cast on his Excellencies' ponderosity, in selecting the diminutive Melon for Chairman—a man without other than greenish, yellowish attainment; mellowed by a sweetish succulency which gave him a position in ladies' society as a kind of spouter. But he would put it to the meeting: Was Melon fit to occupy that chair; and decide the *pros* and *cons* of the numerous speakers who were discussing the most fruitful and abstruse questions in political science? Viz., protection versus non-protection. (Yes! Yes! and No! No!)

A show of hands being called for, and taken, it was found that the majority were in favor of Melon—on which announcement Governor Squash left the

meeting in disgust, and declared his body would know no rest, and heart no peace, until he had dispersed of the former, and placed the latter in the hands of Miss Pie, the most estimable young lady connected with the tentable.

A variety of resolutions were then put and carried *nem con.*; said resolutions to be moulded into a petition and presented to the House of Commons at Ottawa, by any one of the elderly gentlemen before mentioned, who has a seat.

After the Chairman had retired, Deputy-chair Cucumber took his place, and proceeded, in a lengthy harangue, to prove the ability of the worthy Chairman—and his own eloquence. In proof, he said, of the respectability of the meeting, he needed only to remind those present of their Honorable President, Alderman Melon, whose propriety of conduct and high connections were unimpeachable. In proceeding, the speaker had occasion to direct all eyes to the galleries, in an appeal to the fair occupants, when shall I proceed—the object of his commendation was observed seated in very familiar chat with Mademoiselle Orleans, the ripe young plum! This proceeding of Melon's was taken in high dudgeon by the meeting—it was derogatory! it was indecorous! Elder-Berry was observed to look back, and Love-Apple turned pale. A tremendous uproar ensued; in the course of which, your reporter was discovered, and unmasked, and a shower of Nuts fell on his pericranium, like hail on the glass of a green-house. What followed is unknown; but it is presumed that gentler councils prevailed in your Reporter's behalf, as he had the satisfaction to find himself this morning in his own bed; without any of the wounds or concessions which usually result from such unprovoked attacks!

He begs to subscribe himself, Sir,
Your devoted and obedient Servant,

TOM RADDISH.

LITERARY NOTICES.

We are indebted to Prof. J. A. Lyons of Notre Dame University, for a copy of *The Scholastic Annual* for 1880. It is really a valuable production, full of very interesting reading, original and selected. Send for a copy, only 25 cents.