



WHAT HE PERSONATED.

"Now, girls," said young Fitznoodle, as he entered the sitting room attired for the masquerade, "I'll bet you you can't tell me what I represent." Fitz was clad in a tight-fitting, flesh-colored suit which set off his ponderous muscles and magnificent athletic development admirably. "Let me see," said Lucy, "you personate Samson?" "Wrong," replied Fitz, "try again. 'What do you say, Maria?'" "Well, perhaps Hercules, or a Roman gladiator?" "No, dear, mine is an entirely modern character. It is—" "You are Sullivan, or I should say, Mr. Sullivan," burst in Lucy. "Am I right?" "Wrong again," answered the young fellow, doubling his arm and displaying his 17 inch biceps. "You must be Strength, then," said Maria. "Ah! you're getting nearer it now: one more guess." "I give it up." "And so do I," replied both the girls. "Well, then, I am going as Boarding House Butler; how do you think I fill the bill?" asked Fitz hilariously, "The very thing; admirable."

Readers, respect the grey hairs of the joke upon which this story is built. Age should never be scoffed at.



THE WONDROUS POWER OF MUSIC;

OR, POETRY AND REALITY.

Mr. A. Young, F.R.S.E., author of "There is a Happy Land," etc., dedicates a very beautiful poem to Sir Herbert S. Oakeley, Mus. Doc., LL.D., Professor of Music in the Uni-

versity of Edinburgh, on hearing him play on his magnificent organ the touching melody of "The Canadian Boat Song."

Mr. Young describes his sensations on hearing the "Boat Song" played, and tells in melodious rhyme how the "dear and tender strains" recalled the gentle boatmen's songs as they ply the peaceful oar on the rivers of Canada. This is all very poetical and very beautiful, and we wish we could always picture the Canadian boatman, dropping down on the limpid waters of the Ottawa or the St. Lawrence, and, as he keeps time with his oar, musically warbling in his mellow notes the tender strain of "Row, brothers, row." Once upon a time we were imbued with similar notions to those which Mr. Young seems to hold, and we used to think how peaceful a scene it must be when, as the gentle wind dies on the distant plain, these boatmen ply the oar to the sweet yet sad refrain of the Canadian Boat-song, and when we came to Canada we went one beautiful calm summer evening and sat down on the bank of the St. Lawrence to wait for a Canadian boatman to come along warbling his song. He came presently, several of them, not, however, in a boat, but on a raft, which to our mind, as far as the poetry of the thing was concerned, was the same, for we observed that there were oars at each end of the raft, and consequently the raftsmen would probably row, and rowing, doubtless sing. Now, we thought to ourselves, are the bright dreams of our youth about to be fulfilled. Now we shall hear the Canadian boatman sing his song, keeping time with his oar, whilst the breeze sufficeth not the blue wave to curl. Now we shall hear the boatmen's voices clear mingle with the dripping oar, and we waited. True to tradition, just as the raft swung abreast of us, several men took hold of the oars, and one, in a red shirt and top boots, began to sing. The air was not exactly the same as that to which we had been accustomed to hear Moore's poem sung,—nor were the words. Throwing back his head as he tugged at the ponderous oar, the singer gave vent to the following in a voice whose tones were a cross between the roar of a bull of Bashan and the shrieks of a steam calliope:

"Oh! ze catfish he jump on top of ze raft,
Ra, re, ro, said ze catfish:
And Jean Baptiste he danced and he laughed,
And right by ze tail he gr-r-r-abb-ed ze cat-fish,
And he boil him up in ze pea-soup pot,
And dey eat ze cat-fish smoking hot,
By gar-r! he was a cat-fish big dat he caught,
R-ra-re-ro, says ze catfish."

Away amongst the woods on the river's bank went the echo of this sweet refrain, the air seeming to be filled with the words:

"Ra, re ro, says ze cat-fish."

as every man on the raft bellowed forth the chorus at the top of his voice. Since that time we have often heard the Canadian boatmen sing, and candor and a strong regard for veracity compel us to confess that we wish we hadn't. It may be that we did not wait on the river bank at the right time, or that the real Canadian boatman with his "Row, brothers, row" watched till we went home before he would come singing along, but he certainly never came while we were there; at least, not that kind of boatman; the catfish-man did, though, often, and the burden of his song was ever the same as that quoted or else something similar, and we almost wish now that we had let our boyhood's belief remain as it used to be, for the dreams of our youthful days are dispelled rudely, and often enough without the dreamer crossing the ocean to find that all was built upon the baseless fabric of a vision. Ah! me.

¶ The upper and the lower jaw—The Senate and the Assembly.



THE BLOW WAS TOO GREAT.

"My daughter, your father is a disgraced and dishonored man," and the coal-dealer cast himself into a chair, and burying as much of his head as would go in in his hands, groaned deeply.

"Oh! dearest paw," exclaimed his only daughter, a fair maiden of eighteen, as she seated herself beside him and stroked the silver threads amongst the bronze on her father's head, "What have you done? Nothing, I am sure, dishonorable. Say, pap, it is but some passing business, some ephemeral bankruptcy, which will cause, for a space, your retirement into the chrysalis cocoon of private life, only to burst forth after compromising with those who would grind you beneath their iron heel, at three cents on the dollar, into a new existence of still greater papillonerie, a more glorious butterfly than ever." The young lady was home for her holiday—pardon—vacation, and had won the prize for composition at her college. "Nay, child, I am not bust," replied the unhappy parent, "but dishonor, worse than death, stares me in the face." "What have you done? Father, oh! father, conceal nothing from your daughter." "Child, my scales were tested this day and found wanting: aye, lacking, and in place of showing two thousand pounds when weighing a ton, they marked but nineteen hundred and ninety-nine and a half: thus have I, unwittingly, defrauded my customers of half a pound on every ton of coal they purchased, and I can not bear the thought." "That's nothing, pap," answered his daughter cheerfully, "half a pound on a ton; tut! why, there's Simpson, and Mugby, Jones & Co., never give more than—" "Stay, child; though others may err it does not make my offence the lighter. I shall not hold up my head again," and he bowed him down, and when the physician came he pronounced that the vital spark was extinct.

And the angels bore him away and took him and placed him in that portion of the celestial regions over the portals of which were the words "For coal dealers who gave good weight." And, behold, he was exceeding lonesome.

Mr. Kelly, of Peru, Ind., shot Mr. Derby, of the same place, last Thursday, and a despatch says that "the sympathy of the people was with Mr. Kelly." The same despatch also states that Derby is a member of the Peru brass band. Indiana people seem to be pretty level-headed.

"Please, sir, there's nothing in the house to eat," said Brown's landlady. "How about the fish I sent in?" "Please, sir, the cat 'ave eat them." "Then there's some cold chicken—" "Please, sir, the cat—" "Wasn't there some tart of some sort?" "Please, sir, the cat—" "All right, I must do with cheese and—" "Please, sir, the cat—" "Then cook the cat and let's have it all at once."