

In Memoriam.

GEORGE PEABODY,

Nov. 4th, 1869.

A noble man, with yet a nobler mind,
And heart that beat in unison
With all things generous.
A good Samaritan, who passed not by,
Nor coldly pitted from across the way,
But whole-souled, and with liberal hands,—
As one who treasures not on earth,—
His gifts bestowing.

Build him no monument :—
Let his own good deeds and Christian life,
A better record than dumb marble be,
That when men pass and see his noble works,
And when, in time to come,
Our children's children, listening to the tale,
Stand in wrapt silence, and with glistening eyes,
Their comment shall be this—" He loved the poor."

TOSSING FOR THE VERDICT.

The "Fountains of Justice," though recently frozen according to the *News*, were completely thawed out, in fact thrown into fever heat, by our proposal to "toss-up" for the judgment in all disputes. The judges, lawyers, clerks, bailiffs and all, are in white heat; each in his own style protests that such a proposition is monstrous and unheard of. Yet in ancient times something like a "toss-up" was greatly approved of, and in Lancashire the practice has been revived, as will be seen by the following extract from an English paper :

A singular scene (says the *Liverpool Mercury*) was witnessed yesterday afternoon at the Blackburn county petty sessions. Ann Johnson, an old woman, summoned a respectable young woman named Elizabeth Holt for stealing a silver spoon. The spoon was produced in court, and was found to be base metal and worth about 14d. Both the complainant and defendant's mother averred that the spoon had been in their possession for years, and had been stolen within the last three months; and witnesses were produced on both sides to identify the spoon by its turned up corner and several dimples. Amid the laughter of the court the magistrate's clerk suggested that they should toss up for the spoon. They accordingly retired, and it was immediately announced that Mrs. Taylor, Holt's mother, had won the toss, and she carried off the spoon in triumph amid the laughter of the Court.

"A FELLOW FEELING," &c.

The Archbishop of York has recommended a form of prayer for private and domestic use in his diocese and that of Carlisle, for those who are about to become bishops of the sees now vacant.

Nothing could be more considerate on the part of the Archbishop. If all are to be exposed to the criticisms which assail the poor Bishop of Exeter, it is highly proper that they should be prayed for. It is pleasant, however, to know, that, notwithstanding the storms which await all who venture on those seas, there is not a clergyman in all England who will not volunteer for the service! Devoted sons of the Church,—not one will be found to raise the recreant cry, "*Nolo episcopari*," which means, "I am afraid of sea-sickness!"

"MIXED"

Oh! Mrs. Stowe! Oh! Mrs. Stowe! what have you been and done?
You've dashed my earthly happiness,—quite spoiled my mundane fun;
My peace of mind has fled for aye,—vanished each happy smile,—
I feel that I'm a sinner and the vilest of the vile!

And can you ask,—Oh, Mrs. S.,—*what* wickedness you've done?
You've dimmed the bright existence of my mother's only son!
You've filled his soul with horror, and his soul with visions, grim,
Of the punishment that's waiting down in Hadès' depths for him!

Thus it was :—I had a cousin, which, his given name was Fred;
Who, but three short summer months since, did my only sister wed;
Now, my *Sister* is my *Cousin*, as you easily can see,
And I *wring* my teeth and *gnash* my hands,—yet what must be must be!

For I, too, would wed *my* cousin, which her maiden name is Ann;
But then, she's my *sister's sister*,—so I don't see how I can!
For my sister's sister, likewise, must be also "sister-mine,"
And 'twould be what's called, illegal,—not to cut the thing too fine!—

Now, I'm so mixed, Oh, Mrs. S.,—that, as I sit at tea,—
All things are so cerulian,—e'en the milk seems blue to me!
And I've lost my own identity, for what else can you call
The state of mind a man's in, when he's "*not himself at all!*"

YET SOMETHING NEW.

Solomon, my friend, decidedly you wouldn't suit in this age. You would be voted slow, and your aphorisms fudge. Why, we have something new every hour of our mortal lives, even if it is only a new Minister. But the *Ottawa Times*, in a cock-a-doodle-doo article on the return of Sir Francis, gives us something newer than new. It says :—

"Every honest man puts his tongue into his cheeks!"

The operation may be difficult,—the idea singular,—but the test is invaluable. To DIOGENES' life-long search, it will be a Pharos, outshining his own immortal and sun-like Lantern.

NO DANGER.

There was no reason to apprehend political asphyxia in North Renfrew;—Hincks had a Government chest and Findlay the entire atmosphere of the *Globe*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR OLD COCK OF SINOPLE :

Your illustration of Dentistry, the other day, reminds me of a circumstance which occurred in the practice of Dr. Elliot, so long and so favourably known in Montreal. As it has never been in print to my knowledge, you will, I am sure, be glad to lay it before your readers.

One day, the Doctor says, one of his countrymen, a regular Vermonter, came to him with his head rolled up in flannel, and one side of his face swelled out of all shape. The cause of his trouble was evident enough; he had a tooth with a hole in it, and was suffering with a dreadful tooth-ache. The dentist put him in his chair, and, getting hold of the task, had it out in a moment. The patient got up, washed his mouth, looked at the Dr., and looked at the tooth so lately his, but was evidently puzzled about something. At last he said :

"Say! stranger, is that the way you alters do?"

"Of course it is; how else could I do?"

"Wall, I thort as how you put a blast in, and blowed them out?"

"Blowed them out! You are a green varmint! How the plague could I blow a tooth out?"

"Wall, I dunnaw; but if you don't put a blast in, whut do you keep tooth powder for?"

Yours,

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ANXIOUS INQUIRER.—We do not make impertinent enquiries about the religious belief of our neighbours; (we leave that to the serious dailies;) but we may venture to state that Mr. Perry is *not* a Parsee or Fire Worshipper, as you imagine.

IGNORANT FEMALE.—The letters C. O. D. on your Express parcels do *not* signify that the package contains *fish*, although it may safely be taken to mean that the sender of the parcel considers your responsibility as rather *fishy*.