

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE CANADIAN JOURNAL.—The February number of this Periodical contains A Memorial and Correspondence respecting the Royal Observatory at Toronto; Notes on the Geology of Toronto; The Mineral Springs of Canada; The Horse and its Rider; Extracts from Exhibition Lectures; Notice of an Indian Burying Ground; Scientific Intelligence, &c., &c., &c.

SYDNEY-SMITH'S PRIME CUT.—When Sydney Smith got the prebendal stall in our cathedral, he was lodging in College Green; and as his fame as a convivialist was not then so noised and known as subsequently, he was allowed to dine at home more frequently than one would suppose; and his dinner was always a beefsteak, and that beefsteak he always bought himself. I was then as I am now, my own purveyor, and there were few days when he was in residence that I did not meet him at Burge's in Denmark Street, (his favourite butcher and mine,) over-seeing and selecting his own cut. After Sydney had described a circle with his finger round a certain pin-bone, and emphatically told the man of fat to "cut there, and cut boldly," as the Roman augur said, Burge turned to me and asked, "And where will you be helped, sir?" "I'll follow suit," said I, "the cut next to Mr. Smith's; I can't go wrong with such a precedent." The canon's droll eye twinkled; his large, pouting, and somewhat luxurious lip moved with that comic twitch which spoke the man, as he said, "You're a wise man, sir; this is one of the cases where you can't err if you follow the church, and you'll find your obedience rewarded with a good beefsteak."—*The Church-Goer, &c.*

An Irishman was seen in the upper part of the city with the words "A Tenant Wanted," painted in large letters on pasteboard, and suspended around his neck. Patrick was asked "Who wanted the tenant, and where?" "And it's me, meself," he replied, "that wants a tenant."—"Well, for what house?"—"House! and do I care what house, so long as it be a dacent and respectable place and sure wages?"—"You're a fool, Paddy, or somebody has been making a fool of you—for if you have a house to rent then you want a tenant, but if you want a situation why don't you say on your show-bill 'A Situation Wanted.'"—"Aba, my darlint," replied the Irishman, "and is it there you are? And perhaps I aint a fool! Sure I want to be occupied, and can I be occupied unless I have a tenant?"—*New York Mirror.*

ALL OR AULD FOOL'S DAY.—The first day of April, among the French, is occupied in mak-

ing pretended keepsakes, or presents, and in performing sundry pleasant tricks: each person tries to deceive the other, whether by sending packets filled with straw, &c., or in prevailing on persons to go to houses where they are not wanted, &c. &c. Among the ancients, and indeed with all, till the seventeenth century, the year commenced at the Spring Equinox; and it was the practice to make presents at the commencement of the year, consequently this custom was formerly practised on the first of April; but when this month became the fourth in the Calendar, the *extrennes*, or gifts, were carried back to the first of January; accordingly, in April, nothing but *pretended* presents and mock congratulations were made, to deceive those who still believed that the first of April was the first day of the new year; hence, probably, the origin of those sleeveless errands and worthless presents which are the usual attendants of the first of April. The persons whose credulity is thus imposed on are called *Poissons d' Avril*, or April Fish.

THE CORNWALL SCHOOLBOY.—An ould man found, one day, a young gentleman's portmantle, as he were a going to es dennar; he took'd et en and gived et to es wife, an said, "Mally, here's a roul of lither, look, see, I suppose some poor ould shoemaker or other have los'en, tak'en and put'en a top of the tester of tha bed, he'll be glad to hab'en agen sum day, I dear say." The ould man, Jan, that was es neam, went to es work as before. Mally then open'd the portmantle, and found en et three hundred pounds. Soon after this, the ould man not being very well, Mally said, "Jan, I've saaved away a little money, by the bye, and as thee can't read or write, thee shu'st go to scool" (he were then nigh threescore and ten.) He went, but a very short time, and comed hoam one day, and said, "Mally, I wain't go to scool no more, 'case the childer do be laffin at me; they can tell their letters, and I can't tell my A, B, C, and I would rather go to my work agen." "Do as the wool," ses Mally. Jan had not ben out many days, afore the yung gentleman came by that lost the portmantle, and said, "Well, my ould man, did'ee see or hear tell of sich a thing as a portmantle?" "Portmantle, sar, was't that un, something like thickey? (pointing to one behind es saddle.) I found one t'other day zackly like that." "Where es et?" "Come along, I carr'd'en and gov'en to my wife Mally; thee sha't av'en. Mally, where es that roul of lither that I giv'd tha the t'other day?" "What roul of lither?" said Mally. "The roul of lither I broft en and tould tha to put'en a top of the tester of the bed, afore I go'd to scool." "Drat tha emperance," thee art bewattled, that was before I was born."—*HALLIWELL'S Provincial Dictionary.*

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