



REMARKABLE PERFORMANCE

OF A CAB AT 2 A.M., AS OBSERVED BY YOUNG MR. VANDERBEER.

LITERARY ANECDOTES.

THE poets Coleridge and Wordsworth on one occasion took a trip through the Black Country:—"I should not like to spend my days in this neck of woods," remarked the former. "The surroundings are not congenial. Had I been born and brought up here I could never have penned a line of poetry." "Don't say that, old man," replied Wordsworth. "The prevailing *genius loci*, which is Latin, appears eminently conducive to the production of your style of alleged poetry. Look around and you will see *coal ridges* till you can't rest." "Yes and those coal ridges are valuable, but what are Wordsworth?" was the instantaneous repartee of his friend. And they turned into an adjacent public to partake of half-and-half. This spot is still pointed out to the traveler, and the mugs used on the occasion are preserved in half a dozen different museums.

Sir Walter Scott was a great admirer of the manners and customs of the Middle Ages, and had no sympathy with the modern contempt for the ways of our ancestors. Walking one day through Holyrood Palace, Edinburgh, with Douglas Jerrold, he descanted on his favorite theme with much enthusiasm and eloquence. "Gaze on these storied (four-storied) walls, this proud memorial of the chivalry, the romance, the fine poetic and devotional feeling of the vanished past so ably depicted in my historical novels—which I may be permitted to remark have been very favorably noticed by the critics—survey these relics of a bygone age, and then say if you can that its spirit was wholly rude and barbarous." "Yes," said Jerrold, dexterously avoiding notice of the outstretched palm of the volunteer guide who had been following them around, "I think that, judging the Middle Ages by your own criterion, you will on mature consideration admit that it was wholly rude (Holyrood). Catch on? Guess I'll work that up for *Punch*." And so terminated their life-long friendship.

When James Hogg, the Ettrick shepherd, was first introduced into London society he was somewhat diffident, and owing to his lack of self-assertion was sometimes exposed to the ridicule of the regular drawing-room habitues. One of these, at a dinner-party at Holland House, said to the poet in a supercilious tone: "This sort of thing, don't ye know, must be wather a new experience for you, Mr. — aw — Pig."

The poet's eye flashed fire, and with that readiness of repartee for which he was noted, he exclaimed: "Hech! aweel aiblins glaiket, I wad no be blate muckle a donnert unco gowk, forbye a wheen thrawkie, ettlng siccan a auld-farrant randy gangrel."

His interlocutor shrunk away abashed, as the Archbishop of Canterbury, grasping him by the hand remarked: "Very true—very true and well put. Your sentiments, sir, do you honor, and I am proud of having made your acquaintance."

Thus we see that sterling integrity and manhood will command respect even in the most cultured circles.

The historian Gibbon, wrote his celebrated work, "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," in the direst poverty. A large portion of the concluding volume was written on envelopes inclosing dunning letters, he being too poor to buy paper for the purpose. When the work was published, a critic praised the remarkable elevation of its style. "It was written on the fifth story," remarked Gibbons, "which accounts for it." Probably this may strike the reader as a chestnut, but it wasn't when Gibbon got it off.

THE MELANCHOLY DAYS.

THE season's changes fill my soul
With many a painful pain;
A sadness that I can't control
Comes o'er me now again.

'Tis not that summer days have fled,
And winter now is near;
Nor that to face the chilling frost
And numbing blast I fear.

It is not that in field or wood
No longer I can rove,
Nor list the music of the birds
Which echoes through the grove.

I do not care my bark to sail
On blue Ontario's surge;
Nor in Queen's Park with social swells
Attempt to make a splurge.

But, oh! it fills me with dismay
To think I'll have to take
And put the stovepipes up next week,
And all the carpets shake.

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

EDITOR, writing a treatise on "Woman," in his office bursts out:

"Lovely woman! Nature's noblest work,
As man's best blessing sent;
How can in thy kind heart e'er lurk
Aught else but good intent?"

Half an hour later, going home in the street car, four ladies on each side, spread out, taking up all the room, never a budge to make place.

EDITOR (*sotto voce*)—" * * * !! selfish creatures. Look at 'em! Beats all. Talk about the proverbial dog in the manger! Ugh!"