



AFTER MANY YEARS;

OR,

THEY WERE BOTH RATHER ASTONISHED.

We met on the beach where we had stood
Full many a year before,
And memories sad, with restless flood,
Came all my senses o'er.
She seemed the same, yet not quite the same
Long years ago she'd been,
When she was my love, my girl, my flame,
Of my heart the cherished queen.

But ruthless fate drew us apart,
And I'd roamed both far and wide;
But now I could feel young Cupid's dart
As it quivered again in my side.
And she felt the same I could plainly see,
But she passed it off with a laugh,
And she strove to hide what she felt from me,
With a poor attempt at chaff.

"Why, Jack, what ails you—yes,—your liver?
You're so yellow; and where these years
Have you been? In India, Egypt, Khiva?
With Baker's Volunteers?
Have you scaled the Alps, or the deserts ranged,
Or where have you been, old fellow?
You are so utterly, utterly changed,
And so uncommonly yellow.

She placed in mine her dimpled hand
In the old, frank, friendly way;
And it seemed, as we stood on the sea-washed sand,
As though but yesterday
We had parted here, on this selfsame spot,
And she'd said, with her eyelids wet,
"Good-bye, and, dear, forget me not,
For I can ne'er forget.

I held her hand, and I whispering said,
"Madge, darling, what of the years,
The ten long years that for e'er have fled
Since, through the mist of tears,
We said good-bye on this same grey sand,
By this same low-murmuring sea,
When you were only nineteen, and
I was barely twenty-three?"

"Oh! Jack, of those years I dare not speak,
Hush, dear," she sadly said,
And a rosy flush crept o'er her cheek,
"Here come Nellie and cousin Ned."
"And who's that portly stout old swell
On the shady side of life?"
"He's one of our party; in fact, he's—well—
In fact, Jack, I'm his wife!"

And really, Jack, it's too awful quite
The way he does behave,
And flirts with that girl in the blue and white—
Jack; why do you look so grave?"
"The fact is, Madge, that—ahem! that I—
Oh! nothing at all, my dear—
But that girl in the blue and white is my—
Is the girl I married last year."

LETTERS TO EMINENT MEN.

TO ROBERT BROWN, ESQ., Q.C.

In singularizing you out as an "eminent man," Robert Brown, Esquire, I do so advisedly. You are a member of several societies, benevolent and otherwise, among them the Law Society, the greatest (in your estimation, doubtless) of them all. You are an Englishman, a fact I won't attempt to deny, and as such, especially in connection with some of your national societies, by your talent, speeches

about "Britannia," the "Old Flag," and "Briton's rights," you make yourself particularly obnoxious to the ordinary public mind. It is your own individual business, of course, and I don't at all wish to touch upon your private matters, but, Robert, I can't help asking you how much you give yearly to your half-starved countrymen, who have left 'ome with the intention of astonishing the natives of, and making their fortunes in, this "blawsted country." Robert, I, the writer, know that a "one pun note," otherwise a \$5 bill, would cover everything in your benevolent expenditure. How came you to be a Q.C., was it your legal lore, your forensic qualities, or your strict attention to your profession with all its rules of courts, procedure, &c.? No! and well you know it, Robert Brown, Esquire. It was because you did "yeoman's service," and a very soiled yeoman's service, to aid a warped and mendacious cabal of rascally politicians, who used you in their necessity, and who conferred the doubtful honor upon you to prevent your splitting on them, and "blowing the guff." That's what made you, R. B., a Q.C. And Robert Brown, Esquire, you forsooth pose as an aristocrat! Let us look a little into your claim to this title. When your father, honest man, took a steerage passage from London, where he followed the somewhat undignified calling of a costermonger, he having a few pounds laid by, naturally in association with his former avocation, rented a small plot of ground in the city's vicinity, and embarked in the "market garden" speculation. He did well. His celery, his carrots, his asparagus sold, he opened a bank account which yearly increased in worth. Then it was that he sent you to U. C. College to make a gentleman of you, and here your aristocratic period commences. How you got stuck in Caesar, caned in Virgil, hammered in Horace, and succumbed utterly in Sallust, I will not touch on, I will merely say that you left your *alma mater* with a large number of these classic authorities with different names of your fellow students carefully erased. You then went into the study of the law, and ultimately the practice thereof. How much fugitive law and postage stamps contributed to the payment of your fees, I am unable to say, nor do I wish to touch on the subject, for now you are Robert Brown, Esquire, Q.C., and live in a swell residence in an aristocratic quarter of the city, and I will let bygones be bygones. But, Robert Brown, Esquire, Q.C., kindly let up on some of your airs, don't think that the sun and moon rise and set in Osgoode Hall; and when you carry that red bag up King-street, sometimes think of the old donkey cart your respected parent peddled his greens in on his tours through Radcliffe Highway in Wapping.

DANGER

A BOARDING-HOUSE ROMANCE.

CHAP. I.

It is a well-known fact that on Church-st. in this city are numbers of boarding houses. For that reason it has been suggested by "One Who Knows" that the city authorities should re-name it Hash Avenue. But that is cruel. Between King and Bloor-streets on that thoroughfare there is a certain boarding-house whereby hangs a tail, and perchance in the kitchen of that house there hang several tails—when it is hash day. Not long ago a young man climbed the steps leading to this house and rang the bell. The door was opened by a comely maiden, who, when the young man said that he wished to speak to the landlady about boarding there, informed him that the lady who was Prime Ministress in that house was out, but she, the comely maiden, was prepared to enter into negotiations with the young man. They negotiated. The result was that for the sum of three hundred and

fifty cents payable weekly in advance, the young man, whose name by-the-bye, was C. Chopperton Clerkly, was to be fed, lodged and made especially miserable, torture to commence in two days after. But C. C. C. was smitten, yes, smitten by the charms of the comely maiden who sat with him. He made no enquiries as to what were her prospects in life, nor as to the size of her shoes. (This latter is necessary, if any Hamilton girls are at large). Things thickened. Before C. Chopperton Clerkly left that grub ranch he had made an engagement with the comely maiden to escort her to the theatre three nights after that.

CHAP. II.

When two days had passed C. Chopperton Clerkly arrived at the house with his effects, a valise, a band-box and seven whiskey flasks, minus corks and contents. He met the landlady in the parl-ah, the drawing room, and introduced himself.

"Mrs. Carvittup" said he, "I am a bank clerk. And I am a man of honor."

"What? both?" exclaimed Mrs. C.

"Yes, I tell you that I am a man of honor, because I do not wish to deceive you while under your fostering care. From this day forward watch me. I am enamoured of your daughter whom I met here the other evening. I love her and I wish you to regard me as a suitor for her hand. She is my ideal. When may I see her, when may I hear words of sweetest sound issue from her shapely mouth?"

"You will see her at dinner, Mr. Clerkly."

"Ah, but my heart beats."

CHAP. III.

The dinner table: ham, eggs, bread, pickles, mustard, salt, pepper, butter, knives, forks, spoons, and tablecloth. Mrs. Carvittup presides, and at her dexter hand sits Mr. C. Chopperton Clerkly. "Liz," screams the landlady "air you makin' them ham and eggs? Ef you don't wallop in here inside of two seconds you can call yourself a bounced servant girl!" Liz comes, C. C. C.'s head begins to swim. He looks up and sees standing beside him a she with miscellaneous combed hair, red face, and aplay feet shoved into a pair of promiscuous slippers. "Great Jugs?" says he, as he rises and slips from the house a sad-faced man, "My ideal a hash-house pot-wrestler!"

A Truro man owns 600 hens. With good management this ought to be enough to go around all the neighboring vegetable gardens within a radius of seven blocks.

The *Globe* approvingly quotes a musical criticism from the *Buffalo Commercial-Advertiser*. It rejoices to find another journal manly enough to have independent opinions about Theo. Thomas and other conductors, and says "Amen!" to this from the *Buffalo* article:—"For ourselves, we had rather hear an orchestra, if a little inferior in purely executive ability, that is swayed, moved, and infused by the feeling and fire of the director." What these twin souls want to enjoy is a Salvation Army band with "Happy Jack" in command. They needn't be so sensitive about speaking their minds right out.

Prof. Swift says he has seen stars through the tail of a comet 150,000 miles thick. But he neglects to say whether it was Mr. Sullivan or a banana peel that did it. The Prof. is a scientist, however, and scientists content themselves with broad statements, leaving the explanation of details to newspaper paragraphers and other studious and precise persons. You will presently find a newspaper paragrapher supplying an anxious public with details about this little matter, and he will doubtless venture the surmise that "150,000 miles thick" is a misprint for "150,000 miles thin."