

his fellow-creatures. He took a journey to the south and we hear little except occasional notices and contributions to the magazines, but on his return we notice a great change. Under the influence of the tropical sun his already mellowing nature has ripened fast and he returned a humorist. He had buckled a strong belt about his sides and given himself up to fun and laughter. He was younger than ever. He had lived long, he had seen generations come and go, he had witnessed the rise and fall of empires, and he had concluded that a great man cannot consent to take anything seriously. He was bent upon a career as a humorist. His father gave him good advice, but it met the common fate of advice, for the son said of humour: "It is in me and it shall out. Though I suffer, the world shall not find me recreant to the trust it has imposed upon me." This accounts for the rise of so many newspapers and almanacs and other gratuitous literature. The most aristocratic humour we find in high class journals like the *Queen's Quarterly*, and the most plebian is that in the patent-medicine almanac. The latter, by long odds the best, is easily within the reach of all.

What has my hero to do with American humorists? As the electric light excels candlelight, or rather as the sun puts in the shade all lesser luminaries, so it is with this mysterious author. I would feel that I was doing Mark Twain, Artemas Ward, Josh Billings, and that plebian band too great an honour if I were to shew their inferiority to our hero. One of them plumes himself on his fine education, for he says he could chew to-ba-cco in fourteen different languages, but A Non was "at home" in every language and every dialect that came into existence when the tower of Babel was builded. The American humorist's life lasts on the average 34 years and 6 months, but this man is the contemporary of all ages. Midas could have got rich in 1,000 years; Aristotle might have had a well-developed mind had he attained his 500th birthday; even a less gifted man than A Non might have become learned in such a time, but the "dew" of youth is ever on A Non and his genius is as perennial as the alpine glaciers. The Prof. of Physics says that friction is the most ubiquitous creature in existence, but for once he has erred through forgetfulness of our long-lived hero. Let me conclude my sketch by the words which he would have upon his monument; the words which indicate his humility and his strivings after an ideal; which shew his search for suitable language in which to express the thoughts that have been kindled in his soul:

The hen, it is a bonnie bird,  
And so's the river Nith,  
And every wife about the door  
Has one, or two, or more, or so.

## POETRY.

### THE HEROES OF '95.

AS when of yore on Heliconian height  
To that old singer of the Works and Days  
Came the Pierian maids and bade him raise  
His voice in solemn song and show the light  
Of truth to men. Bold champion of the right!  
To aid his fellow-men he shunned the ways  
His brother-bards had trod; the noon-day blaze  
Of martial glory scorned, but sang the fight,  
The strife of man with nature; all his aim  
To preach the faith that truth o'ercometh wrong.  
So I, a bard of feeble powers, yet strong  
In strength that comes of sovereign truth, shall strive,  
Albeit my Muse hath halting grown and lame,  
To sing a modern herd, prosaic '95.

I asked the sage of the cellar, who keepeth the gate and key,  
(Many a class hath he seen depart, and many more may he see!)  
Tell me, said I—for thou knowest them well—of the class that is passing away,  
Of the men of fame who will leave a name, as a mark for a later day.  
Then slowly answered that wise old man and his voice had sadder grown,  
"I cannot tell, though I know them well, that many such I have known.  
Back is a kindly giant, handsome and stout and tall,  
Fat since he took to preaching and turned his back on the ball.  
Turnbull's a quiet fellow, though he loves 'mongst the ladies to shine,  
But they say that his temper is "Irish": I like that, for so is mine.  
Begg's the chap they call Livy—he plays on a thing called guitar,—  
When he leaves—like the student they sing of—the ladies will weep round the car.  
Baker's a football cyclone; has the hardest head of them all,  
In a match none quicker than "Buntz" to "throw himself" on the ball.  
King is a little fellow but he never forgets that they say  
"The *mind* makes the man, not the inches," and it cheers him from day to day.  
'Twas Miller that ate the Salmon. The girls call him "Rosy," I hear,  
They like his smiling young features, and his speeches on "woman's right sphere."  
Campbell is sly but progressive. I've been watching George and his tricks,  
He's been studying human nature and his subject's in '96.  
McInnes would pose as a cynic who holds the poor world in disdain,  
Would ape old Diogenes, truly, but isn't so short in the grain.  
Conn's the good boy of the class. *His* weakness I never could find,  
Has a passionate fondness for work, and exams. never catch him behind.  
The man before whom all the freshmen do quake and exceedingly fear,  
Watson, the High Chief Justice, is the gentlest man of the year.  
Then there's Detlor, Bohemian Billy, a comical chap in his way;  
If he errs, 'tis no fault of the heart, as all his acquaintances say.  
Peter Pilkey's patriarchal, pies and puddings make him glad,