

MY PUBLISHER.

He blushed when he saw me coming.
 Ah sweet, ah fair—
 The thing in his ear kept drumming,
 And his heart went on thum-thumming.
 And he steadied himself at my coming
 With his hand on the back of a chair—and
 He seemed to be glad I was there.

Said I, "I've here a few poems;
 Ah sweet, ah fair—
 Call them, lilted in broughams,
 Or select Fifth-avenue poems.
 Let me read to you these my poems!"
 So he gave to me a padded chair—and
 He seemed to be glad I was there.

He begged me to take off my jacket,
 Ah sweet, ah fair—
 He took from a carved bracket
 A needle, and wanted to tack it,
 The button that fell from my jacket.
 As he shook it with chivalrous care—and
 He seemed to be glad I was there.

He produced a package of candy;
 Ah sweet, ah fair—
 He telephoned out for brandy,
 Remarking, "It may be handy
 To have, let me give you some candy.
 And I'll wait till you do up your hair"—and
 He seemed to be glad I was there.

A bottle of Stephonotis;
 Ah sweet, ah fair—
 Another of that strange Lotos
 "Diplomacy brought into notice,"
 He laid with the Stephonotis
 In my lap with a wistful air—and
 He seemed to be glad I was there.

I read till the twilight found us;
 Ah sweet, ah fair—
 I read till my own magic burned us
 In a Uralt that had well nigh drowned us.
 We were lost to all around us
 Till we both heard a step on the stair—still
 He seemed to be glad I was there.

'Twas a messenger with a cash box.
 Ah sweet, ah fair—
 An "American boy" in flash socks,
 The Publisher wanted to smash socks,
 So eager was he that the cash box
 Its odor should spread on the air—and
 I seemed to be glad I was there.

He knelt on one knee as he proffered,
 Ah sweet, ah fair—
 Bills that the box had coffered;
 He wept as he gracefully offered
 What I seemed in a dream to be proffered,
 And I said "I was not aware—"—but
 I was certainly glad to be there.

"Oh! we pay in *avance* for verses!"
 Ah sweet, ah fair—
 He said, "It's a saving in *cu ses*,
 And much wrath and rancor disperses.
 Always in *avance* for verses.
 You know the way up the stair?
 Come again when the time you can spare!
 Then he blessed me and patted my hair,
 And I passed.
 To the last
 He seemed to be glad I was there.

—SERANUS.

ICI ON PARLE FRANCAIS.

When I was in Montreal I was so much struck by the beauty of the French journals of that city that I was seized with an intense longing to become a French journalist.

I am not a native of *la belle France*, and firmly believe that the British won the battle of Waterloo, but I admire the French for their admirable courtesy and politeness, and I like French institutions.

Accordingly I determined to drop down to the office of a well-known French newspaper and see if I could procure an engagement.

I did so. I entered the business office and enquired whether Monsieur le Redacteur was in and if I could see him. Monsieur le Redacteur was in and I could see him. I was ushered into the presence of monsieur. He was very affable and agreeable; motioned me to a chair and awaited my opening address. I stated my desires and asked him what he could do for me. The conversation was carried on in the language of the Gauls, but for the benefit of those of my readers who do not understand it as well as I do I will give it in English.

"Monsieur is not a Frenchman?" said M. le Redacteur, after I had made known my wishes.

"No: I am English, but I wish I was a Frenchman." I thought it best to give M. le Redacteur a little "taffy."

That gentleman bowed at my compliment and returned it with another. He said:

"Ah! I could scarcely tell, so perfectly do you express yourself in my language."

After further conversation, in the course of which I must confess I was several times stumped and made some most egregious blunders, all of which, however, were apparently unnoticed by the polite journalist, that gentleman informed me that there was a vacancy on his staff.

"But first," he said, "let me hear you translate a little piece (*petit morceau*) taken at random from this paper," and he produced an exchange, and pointing to a paragraph begged me to proceed.

This was the passage:

"Le général Campenon, ministre de la guerre, vient de doter l'armée française d'une coiffure nouvelle; c'est un képi rigide, d'un modèle unique pour toutes les armes, dont le *Journal militaire officiel* a donné récemment la description avec devis détaillé, coupe et élévation, pour l'édification des chapeliers militaires. Cette mesure était motivée par la suppression du shako."

This is how I rendered it: "The general Campenon, minister of the war, comes to present (?) the army French of a head-dress new; that is a kepi stiff, of a model unique for all the arms which the *Journal militaire officiel* has given recently the description with devis—" "I scarcely know how to translate '*devis*,'" I said, pausing.

"Monsieur is doing excellently, admirably; it matters not," replied M. le Redacteur, suavely, and moving his hand, "pray proceed."

I went on:—"with devis detailed, cut and elevation, for the edification of the chapeliers military. This measure was motivated by the suppression some shako."

"Monsieur is an accomplished French scholar—for an Englishman," remarked the redacteur as I halted at the end of my translation, "but there are a few, a very few, so few as to be almost nothings, errors that he makes. Monsieur renders always the substantive before the adjective, which in English is not *comme il faut*."

"But, my dear sir," I replied, rather nettled that his meed of praise should be thus qualified, "if you Frenchmen put the cart before the horse what can I do? You asked for a literal translation and you got it."

"Monsieur must not be offended," answered the other, shrugging his shoulders and elevating his hands and eyebrows, "but he does not appear to grasp the idiom."

"Grasp the idiot!" I roared, now thoroughly roused by what I considered an adverse criticism, provoked by the fact that I understood French as well as the Frenchman before me himself. "I'll be bound to say that your countrymen weren't so particular about idiom and adjectives and substantives at Waterloo, and Vittoria and Salamanca, Badajos, the plains of Abraham, &c., &c. You are an insolent, sir."

"Monsieur is annoyed," said the Redacteur, calmly, "but I must say that he reads French fairly for an English school-boy."

"Sac-r-r-r-re!" I screamed, "Monsieur's blood must wipe out this insult."

"Behold that," replied monsieur, smiling, "how hot does the ros-bif, the portaire-beer and the vissikey make the young English blood."

"You, you, you"—I spluttered, wrath preventing me from finding a suitable epithet: "You have no blood, hot or cold: frogs are cold-blooded: froggy! froggy! froggy!" and I danced about the sanctum in a paroxysm of rage.

"I think I shall not require the services of monsieur on my paper," remarked M. l

Redacteur, as I sank into a chair in an exhausted condition.

"Monsieur is too violent: too paroxysmal:—besides, he does not properly understand the French language," and he smiled with such admirable good-temper and courtesy that I was at a loss how to act. I felt he had the best of me. I had lost my temper; Monsieur le Redacteur was as cool and unruffled as a skating rink.

"Then good-morning, sir," I said, rising and slamming my hat down over my eyes, "I wouldn't be found dead in a French newspaper office."

"Monsieur may be found in that condition and in that place if he retires not," answered the journalist, just the least bit nettled, and touching several electric knobs; "Jean! Francois! Hongree!" he went on, as several clerks, reporters, compositors, &c., came rushing into the room, "Escort Monsieur, the Englishman, to the sidewalk: treat him not roughly, for his intellect is yet clouded with the fogs of his perfidious Albion. Au revoir, monsieur," and he turned to resume his writing, whilst I, overpowered by superior numbers, was rushed down stairs and out into the street.

French is a strange language. —S.

CANADIAN TOADS.

One of the most interesting studies in natural history to be found on the American continent, is the common Canadian Toad. I have formed this opinion after some years of careful attention given to the observance of the peculiarities of this interesting reptile.

I think the most strikingly interesting variety of the Canadian Toad is to be found in Halifax, Nova Scotia. In that little city, as we all know, there is a large garrison, and in the summer months one or two war-ships are generally at rest upon the bosom of its beautiful harbor. Therefore, on this account, there are phases in the lives of Halifax Toads, which are not to be found in other parts of this great Dominion.

When I tell you that I have had the pleasure of mixing slightly with the magnificent creatures who hold Her Majesty's commission, and—glorious thought—that I have actually been in the august presence of the General commanding Her Majesty's force, then, if you are from Halifax, you will read this article with a great deal of attention and respect.

Oh! how grand a thing it is to witness the veneration depicted in the countenances of true-bred Halifaxians, when they approach the feet of the General or Admiral.

How refreshing to view the happy smile of the matron, whose daughter has been favored with a condescending smile from either of these great luminaries of society. Any familiarity shown by an officer above the rank of captain always breeds contempt in the minds of the fair recipient of such favors. I myself know that my own friend, Mrs. Sycophant, will not speak to a great many of her old friends, because the Colonel of the 450th Blankshire Regiment put his arm around her the other night at old Mrs. Tuffthunter's dance. Notwithstanding this, Mrs. Sycophant is a model mamma, she teaches her children to dance and make caramels, herself, and won't hear of her daughter coming out until she is twenty-one.

I am sure that the society of these military and naval gentlemen has a most elevating and refining influence upon even the most sordid minds. For example, the Blowhards have renounced all their own relations and old friends within the last ten years. The Blowhards' grandfather was a tailor, and used to wait at the old Halifax Club a long time ago, before ever I was born; now the Blowhards associate with none but the Army and Navy. I have a great deal of reverence for the family, as old Blowhard used to make my grandfather's coats.