

Some people resort to opium to induce sleep, others recite the Multiplication Table, but I always use a copy of the *Trade Review*, which never fails. It is an unhappy night for me (and, I may add, for every one in the house) when my soporific has been misplaced or destroyed. Being disengaged the other afternoon, I indulged in the rare luxury of a "nap" on the sofa, having first composed my spirits by applying an editorial on Breadstuffs. As I calmly slept, a venerable form rose to my mental eye, and was instantly recognized as the shade of William Caxton. But the dignified calm had departed from those familiar features, which now wore an expression of extreme displeasure. I asked, in astonishment, the cause of the spirit's annoyance. It replied, with a sigh of intense grief, "I am no longer the benefactor of mankind. Howard's memory is fragrant; the name and deeds of Wilberforce are deathless; but what am I? With what enlargement of human knowledge and comfort is my name associated?" "The printing press," I replied. "Bah! but I thought so too, when my cloister-retreat faded on my sight, and the musical clanking of my dear old press died away on my dulled ear. Vain hope consoled me, in the hour of dissolution, with prospects the most flattering." "And have they not been realized?" I asked: "think how mighty is the influence of the *London Times* and the *Montreal Telegraph*; of a shilling *Shakspeare* and the *Canada Scotsman*." "True," the shade replied, "these results—" "Are your noble monuments; and yet you are not satisfied. Caxton, you are unreasonable." The spirit shook his grey head sadly, as he replied, "I have seen 'The Trade and Manufactures of Montreal!'" (I was silent,—for to have attempted consolation would have been mockery.) "I have seen it,—the world has seen it,—and my hopes of immortality are blasted utterly. The greatest kindness men can now do my memory is to let it die." "But," I remonstrated, "the men who make such—such books, do it for a living." "Is it at all necessary that they should live?" he asked, indignantly; "they are not fit to live who can drag literature by the hair through the mire of puffery. If merchants wish to advertise their wares, there are surely newspapers enough, without creating a sham literature offensive to every person of good taste." "But, Caxton," said I, "reflect how many are thus enabled to live; they cannot dig, but to beg they are not ashamed, and so manage to provide themselves with the necessaries of life." "It is useless to talk,—the whole system is bad and demoralizing. Those who take it up have the meanness to snatch the bread from each other's mouths. To go no further than the present instance, had the 'Whistler' done this wretched job, I and mankind would have groaned and forgotten it, for he is a nuisance which we have agreed to tolerate; but why should he have imitators and rivals, and can they expect to share the world's clemency? O! would that I had never cursed humanity with printing, which is bringing, daily, fresh punishment on my head! Tupper troubled me, the 'Whistler at the Plough' angered me, but this last persecutor torments me." Convulsively wringing his wan hands, the shade departed.

STILETTO.

## A FACT.

Two friends from a funeral once were returning,  
For their servant, poor *Tulip*, they felt great regret;  
And still o'er their loss were silently mourning,  
When upon the road-side a lone beggar they met.

By the cast of his eye, and expression of face,  
In him they at once recognized an old foe,  
Who had tried, in their youth, to heap on them disgrace  
By opposing their progress where'er they would go.

"Oh! pity the sorrow of a poor old man,  
Who in search of Dame Fortune has roamed the world o'er,  
Who's obliged now to end where erstwhile he began,  
And to beg for his bread at his enemy's door!"

Dear John, my offences towards you have been grievous,  
But now I am repentant, and humbly confess  
That in days that are gone I was rather mischievous,  
And attacked you and George with too much wickedness.

But you with magnanimous hearts will forgive,  
Henceforth all your dirty jobs give unto me;  
To you I'll be faithful as long as I live,  
Whatever our neighbours' opinions may be!"

John and George acquiesced to the old beggar's prayer,  
And installed him in place of the *Tulip* decay'd;  
In their gains he was promised a liberal share,  
And the past in oblivion was quietly laid.

Months and years roll'd along, and Frank's power increased,  
Till he felt his poor friends were within his firm grasp;  
'Twas then those repentant appearances ceased,  
And he hurled his old foes to his feet, there to gasp!

There he kept them, nor deigned to their tears a reply,  
But crushed the fond couple beneath his proud hoof;  
Had they read Esop's fables, as you, friends, and I,  
From a penitent *snake* they'd have kept far aloof.

DARIUS WINTERTOWN.

## NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

Montreal has many things to boast of, but it has especial reason to be proud of the vigilance of the reporters engaged on the morning papers. No nuisance escapes them. If a nail sticks half an inch above the level of the sidewalk the fact is duly chronicled; a dead cat has an obituary as long as the conscience of a Provincial M. P.; while the carcass of a horse yields honey to the Samsons of our contemporaries. We call special attention to the following, which displays extraordinary powers of condensation:—

NOTICE TO THE CITY SCAVENGERS.—Without enumerating numbers of smaller game, there is a dead horse on St. Constant street, a dead cow on St. Dominique street, and a dead pig on Aqueduct street. The City Council meets this evening.

The reporter who particularized these various nuisances deserves great praise. Less gifted mortals would not have thought of coupling a dead hog and the City Council as injurious to the public health; it required a philosophic mind, able to take a wide view of things, to trace a similarity. As it has been traced, we trust that the city scavengers will do their duty, and remove every corrupt body out of the way.