

THE SATURDAY READER.

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TRANSLATED FOR THE "SATURDAY READER" FROM
THE FRENCH OF PAUL FEVAL.

THE JAUNDICE.

A SEQUEL TO THE SCARLET FEVER.

In a series of letters, edited by Chas. H. Stokoe.

Harry Tourniquet, Esq., M.D., at Ottawa, to Mr.
Robert Trepan, medical student, at Montreal.

LETTER IV.

Dr. Tourniquet to Mr. Trepan.

DEAR BOB,

She is here! She is here!
How strange that I never once dreamt she was near;
I had put off my calling on Fanny so long,
That with shame I acknowledge my conduct was wrong.

So I yesterday walked there to smooth off the frown,
And told her I'd opened an office in town;
While I formally handed my card of address—
She was greatly delighted and wished me success.

When seated we chatted of old times and places,
Till I laughingly asked her to tell me what traces,
If any, remained of the terrible fever.
That used, when at Brantford, so sadly to grieve her.
"I was no fever now, but a glow, sweet and warm,
Which caused pleasure," she said, "quite unmixed
with alarm."

Tremorne, she declared, would be quite charmed to
meet me,
And she'd call from upstairs, an old friend down to
greet me—

So she sent up her servant; but wouldn't say who
This "old friend" might be;—and my wits gave no
clue.

You may guess my surprise when I saw sprightly
Jane,
But I sought not my joy and delight to restrain;
And she too was pleased, for she hadn't a notion,
That I'd passed through the Board, and secured "my
promotion."

Her spirits were glorious; I got her to play,
And to sing me, "Oh! mother he's going away—"
And then she a comical narrative told
How a verdant young farmer was recently sold—
Fanny's last servant, Nelly, a good looking jade,
Of the young man's affections a conquest had made,
Had agreed to accept of his heart and his hand,
And for marriage, ere long, their arrangements were
planned—

So being in funds, and relying upon it,
He gave pretty Nelly an elegant bonnet;
And a second he chose for her bridesmaid to wear,
Not quite "such a duck," but a handsome affair:
And for handkerchiefs, dresses, rings, brooches, and
frills,
Forty dollars he gave her in City Bank bills.

That "the absent are wronged" is an often told tale:
But ah! and alas! woman's heart is but frail!
Ere the day had arrived that his bride was to make her
The false one had married the handsome young baker!
Our heart-broken farmer by no means was slack
To demand that his money should now be paid back—
But that, too, was gone; and I can't think it strange
When the notes of her love had all undergone
change,

That the City Bank notes she should also exchange—
So defrauded of money, defrauded of bride,
To his bachelor home the poor man had to ride.

You have often seen Jennie enact a charade,
And you know what a capital "Biddy" she made—
She now acted Nelly with such glee and wit,
That I actually thought my poor sides would have
split.
Though she isn't like Fanny, a beauty complete,
She's bright-eyed and lovely and charmingly neat,

And endowed with that marvellous "je ne sais quoi,"
Without which mere beauty is scarce worth a straw.
Now, Bob, don't you think such a dear little wife
Would drive dullness away all the days of one's life?
I am tempted to doubt if the maxim is sage,
"Before getting a bird, first secure a good cage—"
Suppose a sweet singing-bird just in your reach,
Must you wait till she flies off to willow or beach?
No! "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush!"
For the other old proverb I don't care a rush.
But I wish to be prudent, and so I'm inclined
To you, my dear boy, to unburden my mind,
And set down my reasons for marriage at length—
If some seem but weak perhaps others have strength—
So, when various drugs we compound in a pill,
If one doesn't cure, why we hope t'other will.

Imprimis: some marry to shun the disorder
That nine times in ten is the lot of a boarder;
If a man turn his back, just as quick as a wink,
Children rush to his room and upset pen and ink.
If he's sorted his papers;—oh! what a delusion!
Before he gets home they are all in confusion—
Torn up or mislaid, or all covered with dust.
The best sometimes lost. I knew one, in disgust,
Who, grown half distracted with tumult and strife,
Just thought one fine morning he'd marry a wife.
Now, when he comes home, he finds everything neat,
His warm woollen slippers are set for his feet;
His hearth is clean swept, and of dust there's no trace;
Every book, every paper, is in its right place,
And he tells all his bachelor friends their mistake
In neglecting so long, a fair "help-meet" to take.*

Now, if boarding elsewhere is sometimes found a
cure,

In the capital, Bob, I assure you it's worse!
I intend to jot down, just by way of a sample,
The treatment of which I'm a cruel example.
You won't wonder, at times if I've felt very tiffy,
And been quite disposed to move off "in a jiffy,"
But all the best houses are full, and it takes
Quite an exertion "to pull up one's stakes."

The house is the meanest that I ever saw,
The rooms but half furnished, the beds stuffed with
straw.

True, a hard bed is healthy; I don't lie awake,
But I think it too hard when I have it to make.
A fire in my bed-room I don't greatly crave,
But I really require hot water to shave.
When the jug's frozen hard, and the weather zero
To shave with *iced-water* is far too heroic,
Then I'm sorry to say that the folks are not civil,
When the landlady's angry she scolds like the Devil.
Now I feel it unpleasant, indeed a disgrace,
When a young-lady boarder's called, "bold brazen-
face."

Or a gentleman "scoundrel" there might have been
blows,

When our landlady's son shook a fist at his nose,
And screamed in his ears at the top of his voice,
Till all within hearing were stunned with the noise.
The "Confusion of Tongues," at the building of Babel,
Is a trifle to what oft occurs at our table.
Though I don't much for dainties or rarities care,
I can't stomach abuse in the place of good-fare.
"Variety's charming;" a dinner should boast
Of its fish, and its fowl, of its boiled meat and roast;
But a beefsteak ten days in succession to see
Is a very mean version of "toujours perdrix."
And it's served up in saw dust, in oat-chaff and straw,
Sir,

And so tough it compels one to think of old Chaucer!
Now I'm fond of a joke, and quite ready to laugh,
But I cannot enjoy that description of chaff!
Our teapot will hold just three cups and a half,
And eight is the number composing our staff.
So, fill'd and refilled, it's like "water bewitched,"
For, of course, it is never with fresh tea enriched.

On Sundays, we sometimes can't get any dinner,
Which is very hard treatment for any poor sinner
Though on that day, I'd gladly give servants relief
We are surely entitled to get the cold beef!
Though, that "nothing is better than cold meat," I
doubt,
Cold meat is far better than going without.

This vile state of things all our boarders unites,
So, in council, I drew up a "Charter of Rights."
In the first place, our tea-pot a gallon must hold,
And landlady cease to talk loud and to scold.
With regard to our dinners we make it a point
That we get every day a respectable joint;
Soup, poultry, and fish, must our table supply,
And a proper allowance of pudding and pie.
And the butcher shall cut, in return for our coin,
Our steaks from the rump, and our chops from the
loin,

That no straw or sawdust shall on them be found,
But good pickles and relishes always abound.
The Sabbath we'd keep as a true day of ease,
And would, therefore, not care much the palate to
please,
But returning from Church, we should wish a "cold
round,"
Or a fillet of veal on the table were found;

To these must be added, if wishful to please,
Good fresh bread and butter, some celery and cheese,
Some shapes of blanc mange, and some tartlets of jam;
I'm sorry I could not insist on a ham!
But it's *le-to-de-se* now-a-days to eat pork;
So whenever I see it, down goes knife and fork.
'Tis the one only plan that of any avail is
In keeping folks safe from "Trichina Spiralis."
Though some say, "Trichina," the horrible gutta,
Sometimes quits the poor pig for a meal upon mutton;
And others, with shudd'ring, confess their belief
In the "Tonis Medio-canallarls" in beef!

If thus robbed of our mutton, of beef, pork and all,
While Temperance men, "Total Abstinence" bawl,
(And I know there is something "quite fishy" in
fish),

I'm so perplexed sometin's, I'm tempted to wish,
Just to get rid of fear, and the bother of thinking,
I could give up for ever both eating and drinking!

These reflections are not for our landlady meant,
She'd be quite delighted to have us "keep Lent!"

To our rooms I next turn, and lay down as law,
That a feather bed quickly replace that of straw;
That each room shall contain a good table to write on,
And a sofa to lounge, if we chance to get tight, on;
That the beds shall be made and rooms dusted by tea;
That we always find handy, ink, paper, and pen;
That we get every night a stiff glass of hot toddy,
If our terms are rejected; we leave in a body!

But to sign this bold charter, the men did not dare,
They drew up another, but I took no share,
In their mawkishly weak, wishy-washy affair.
And as I expected, not any improvement
Has been the result of their ill-advised movement.
To quote of old Horace, the newest translation,
From Senator Sumner's late urgid oration,
"The parturient Mountain's laborious contortion
Has produced a Muscipular worthless abortion."
In the words of Merril, the Protectionist thinker,
"We are utterly lost! look and line! bob and
stinker."

I've since met dear Jennie, and don't mean to range
Until I can make one good permanent change;
But I think you'll agree, that to lead such a life
Is one very good reason for seeking a wife.

Ben Franklin on this point has many things said,
I can't call to mind what, and the volume's mislaid,
But I like the old fellow, and would not disparage
The sanction he gives to young folks' early marriage.

Next, "a case quite in point," as a lawyer would say,
To prove I am right, I before you will lay.
"Sandy Wood," a Scotch surgeon, a very great name,
Before he'd acquired his practice or fame,
Told his love to a lassie, who owned she preferred him,
And like a good child to her father referred him.
The old man looked stern: "Sir, I fancied you sought
her,
But what means have you to provide for my daughter?"

Sandy felt in his pocket, and proudly displayed
Of a very neat lancet, the very keen blade.
"Aye! aye! my dear boy, I believe that will do;
For I know you are diligent, skilful and true,
I can't give my girl to a better than you!"
Now, I too am learned, industrious and handy,
Why shouldn't I trust in my talents, like Sandy?

And lastly, as forming one half of creation,
The ladies have claims on our consideration.
Unfavoured by them I shall long remain poor,
But grow wealthy and thrive, if they flock to my
door.

Married doctors, we know, they prefer to employ,
And slight a young bachelor, as a mere boy!
So doubtless, dear Bob, it a pretty clear fact is
By doubling myself, I shall double my practice.
Now, if such is the case, can I do wrong to marry?
I'm sure you'll say, "No!" to

Your constant friend, HARRY.

THE LADY'S MILE.*

This work is less sensational in its character
than some of the productions of its popular
authoress—it is, nevertheless, an animated and
well constructed novel; and for our part we are
quite as well pleased to escape the excitement
attendant upon "fearful incidents," "thrilling
scenes," and "terrible denouements." The "Lady's
Mile" is a tale of every-day English life, invested
by Miss Braddon's skilful and practiced pen with
an interest which continuously holds the atten-

* A novel. By Miss M. E. Braddon, author of "Lady
Audley's Secret," &c. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald
Montreal: C. Hill.