

yourself, but it is your daughter that I want to marry."

Mrs. Roper nearly sprang from her chair in indignation, but insulted dignity gave her additional self-possession, and she replied:—

"Although such a misapprehension might have naturally arisen, considering the respective ages of all concerned, yet I assure you, sir, that it never for a moment crossed my mind. My daughter told me that you had paid her considerable attention while in London, and I conceived that the reason of your presence here was to ask my consent to your suit."

"So it is, ma'am; so it is," said Mr. Goldthorpe, reassured, "and I hope I have it."

"On the contrary, I have been endeavoring indirectly to make you understand that it is useless to ask for it."

"Useless!" he cried. "You don't know what you're saying—you don't know who you're talking to."

"I beg your pardon, I know quite well."

"I dare say you think, because I'm a stockbroker, that I'm a speculator, and that my wife and children may be millionaires one day and beggars the next. But I've seen too much of that sort of game. It's no business of anyone's what I do with the money I keep loose at my banker's; but there is £60,000 invested in government stocks and United States bonds, some good railways that I haven't touched for ten years, and don't mean to. And when I marry I'll settle every penny of that on my wife and children; so that, if I went through the courts next month, she should keep her carriage all the same."

"I will not attempt to discuss the honorableness of that arrangement," answered Mrs. Roper, icily. "I am aware that commercial honor is a different thing from what I have known by the name. My objection is of a different kind altogether."

"Is it my age?" broke in Mr. Goldthorpe. "I was only fifty-seven last birthday, and I'm stronger than most of the young fellows I know. Besides, I'll make a better husband than a boy, that hasn't half-sown his wild oats, and will be wanting his own way, instead of giving her hers."

"I must own that I think such a serious disparity of age a great objection," Mrs. Roper replied; "but that is not the only ground. Mr. Goldthorpe, has my daughter ever led you to believe that she loved you?"

"Why, I certainly thought the young lady did not seem unfavorably disposed toward me. But, without having had it from her own lips, I should not like to use such a strong expression."

"I am glad to hear you say so; I did not believe she would have deceived you. Am I to understand that you love her?"

"Well, really, the fact that I am ready to ask her to be my wife is proof enough that I feel toward her as I ought. I am not a sentimental man—never professed to be; and I don't know that I can get up a grand passion. But I like Miss Roper better than any young lady I ever met. She will make me a good wife; I'll make her a good husband, and, without boasting, I may say that when she is Mrs. Goldthorpe, there'll be a good many women who would give something to stand in her shoes."

"She will never be Mrs. Goldthorpe with my consent," said Mrs. Roper, rising.

"Not?" said Mr. Goldthorpe, blankly.

"Certainly not. If she wished to marry to poverty should I not have a right to forbid her? And have I not a right to forbid her to marry to poverty of the heart, which is ten thousand times as miserable? If you had not money enough between you to live upon, you would recognize my right to say 'No.' You have not love enough between you to live upon, and I say it far more emphatically."

"Miss Roper is of age, I understand?"

"She is, Mr. Goldthorpe. I am perfectly aware that I have no legal right to hinder her from acting as she chooses; but any moral right that I have—I shall exercise to the full."

"Well, I shall give the young lady the opportunity of deciding for herself. I suppose I cannot see her here."

"I shall not make my house a prison for my daughter. She is at liberty to receive you if, after consideration, she wishes to do so. I refuse nothing but my personal consent to a marriage without affection, which must result in misery to one or both."

"You have no right, Mrs. Roper, to doubt my affection for your daughter, because I can't make speeches about it."

"I do not doubt its reality, Mr. Goldthorpe, but I doubt its adequacy; and I doubt hers for you still more. Be persuaded; think the matter over, and seek a more suitable partner. In my case, believe that I intend no discourtesy to yourself."

"Do you think it over, too, ma'am, and you'll see things more reasonably. I have to go to Paris to-morrow, but when I come back I'll run down again. Give my best compliments to Miss Roper; I brought a ring that I hoped to give her, but that will be for next time. Good evening, ma'am."

And he bowed himself out, leaving poor Mrs. Roper to face Cherry. I fancy she had a pleasure out of the fact that she was left the undoubted victor in that afternoon's campaign.

(To be continued.)

—M. A. QUANTIN has just published the tenth and final volume of his series of old descriptions of Paris.

# OYSTER BANQUETS.

Although tradition has fixed Aug. 4, as the opening day of the oyster season, there are few even of the most devoted consumers of the succulent bivalve who care to indulge in their favorite tit-bits until far later in the year. Warm weather is never suggestive of oysters as an appropriate repast, and but that St. James, who is said to be the patron saint of the mollusc, had in former times Aug. 5, set aside for him as "his day," we should probably not have been asked to remember the grotto before the beginning of October, when a cooler temperature renders a dish of oysters an appetising meal. Practical experience has shown that they are not really welcome to our palates until there is "an R in the month," as the saying goes, and the most determined gourmet prefers accepting this dictum as the real clue to the oyster season to all the traditions of St. James and the almanack put together. By the same token the housewife naturally, as caterer for the appetite of man, concerns herself but little with any definite date for the introduction of oysters as a part of her menu. Broadly speaking, she knows them to be a winter dish, and their price and the difficulty of obtaining them while they are in good condition, if she be located far from any great centre, are the points which give her the most anxiety. As to their price, there appears to be but little hope of "the native" ever again approaching even a moderate scale, and, despite the assurance forced upon us on all hands that there are other varieties of the species equal, if not superior, to the genuine Whitstable article, British prejudice refuses to listen to it. Nor is this prejudice in some cases without reason; for however good the American, Portuguese, Dutch, or Ostend oysters may be, he will not fill that important post of opening a refined dinner which the English native can alone efficiently occupy. The three or four delicate little morsels nestling in their deep beds of mother-of-pearl which precede our soup, are at least unrivalled in their size, plumpness, and enticing aspect, and will henceforth to the end of time, it is to be feared, have to be paid for at the rate of three-halfpence or twopence a piece, if not more. It is equally necessary, if we would really regard the appearance of a large dish of oysters as an important element in an oyster banquet, that the English bivalve should be obtained. Moreover, to the English palate none other possesses the same pure sea-born flavour, although Americans declare this to be "copious," and twit us with knowing nothing about the matter if, on a visit to their continent, we still prefer our own natives to their "blue point," Shrewsbury, or other and larger varieties supplied from the banks of Long Island Sound or the bays of Chesapeake and Mobile. That some of us may be ignorant or over fastidious and particular in this respect I quite admit; but to the true oyster lover—one to whom the taste of the mollusc has come naturally and has not been acquired, as is the case with many people, there is very "pretty eating" to be had even on this side of the Atlantic, without making any very extravagant outlay, now that easy means of transport hath put within our reach the products of the "banks" of other countries. Across the Atlantic, however, oyster banquets are a far more notable feature in daily meals than they are here, which will account for a more extended, if a not more refined, appreciation of this "harvest of the sea." Anyone acquainted with life in New York, for instance, if dating back a few years, will remember with regretful pleasure the oyster banquets supplied by the great American purveyor, Dorland, at his place in Fulton Market, where ladies did not disdain to sit "around" of a morning and refresh themselves to their heart's content with a luncheon on a scale and of a variety of which we have no idea in this country. In his present establishment in Broadway, hard by the Fifth Avenue Hotel, the same delights may be indulged in on a somewhat more fashionable and luxurious basis. Some little training, doubtless, is necessary ere English people can accustom themselves to accept "crackers" (the American name for biscuits of all sorts) as a substitute for brown bread and butter, and before they can be brought to look upon "cold slaw," that delectable salad of raw shredded cabbage, as an indispensable accompaniment to every oyster feast. Whether the bivalve is partaken of raw or in the dozen and one forms in which it is cooked by our American cousins, a plate of this greenery is served at the same time with oil and vinegar, &c. Only a little experience is necessary to show that it is very good. With our more limited supply, it is hardly, perhaps, to be expected that we can attempt to vie with the States in the preparation of oyster banquets pure and simple; but there can be no reason why an occasional experiment should not be submitted to us by our housewives, in which the mollusc should appear stewed, fried, roasted, boiled, and with the curried, &c., upon American principles, and "cold slaw." We are too conservative about these things, and although we may not varieties of the oyster, the recipes for the cook-marks afford, should be easily obtainable by any caterer of energy and enterprise. Large tinned in the proper season, and might be turned to more account than they are in our haute cuisine. A certain degree of coarseness in the flavour of those of ample dimensions, doubtless exists in some of the American species, as well

as in our own, and would not be at all palatable if eaten raw: but skillfully cooked this would be so hidden or modified as to be advantageous rather than otherwise. The mere prejudice against the size of American oysters is purely insular, and is one of the first things to be overcome by British visitors to the States, but once overcome, I have been assured by many experienced judges of the good things of this world, only astonishment that it ever existed remains. It is said that he must have been a bold man who first swallowed an oyster, and various and curious are the legends apropos to this point, showing that if we allowed prejudice in such cases to influence us everlastingly, many a succulent item in our menus besides oysters, would be banished.

Mr. Bertram in his "Harvest of the Sea," tells us that "Once upon a time" a man of melancholy mood was walking by the shores of a picturesque estuary, listening to the monotonous murmur of the "sad sea waves," when he espied a very old and ugly oyster shell all coated over with parasites and sea-weeds. It was so unprepossessing that he kicked it with his foot, and the animal, astonished at receiving such rude treatment on his own domain, gaped wide with indignation, preparatory to closing its bivalve still more tightly. Seeing the beautiful cream coloured layers that shone within this shelly covering, and fancying that the interior of the shell itself must be beautiful, the stranger lifted up the aged native for further examination, inserting his finger and thumb within the valves. The irate mollusc, thinking no doubt that this was meant for further insult, snapped its pearly door down upon the intruder's fingers, causing him considerable pain. After releasing his wounded digit, our inquisitive gentleman very naturally put it in his mouth, "Delightful!" exclaimed he, opening wide his eyes, "what can this be?" And again he sucked his fingers. Then the great truth flashed upon him that he had found a new delight; had, in fact, achieved the most important discovery ever made. He proceeded at once to make good the experiment. With a stone he opened the oyster's stronghold, and gingerly he tried a bit of the mollusc itself. "Delicious!" he ejaculated, and there and then, with no other condiment than its own juice, with no accompaniment of foaming brown stout or pale Chablis to wash it down, and no newly-cut, deftly-buttered brown bread, did that solitary anonymous man inaugurate the first oyster banquet.

Apocryphal and ludicrous, as of course such a story as this and its fellows must be, as to who first tasted an oyster, and about whom Guy wrote the lines:

The man had sure a palate covered o'er  
With brass or steel, that on the rocky shore  
First broke the oozy oyster's pearly coat,  
And risk'd the living morsel down his throat.

the fact remains that mankind is deeply indebted to the adventurous wight, whoever he was. Although we have very good evidence that the Romans fully appreciated oysters, the taste for them in this country seems to have been at a low ebb in Chaucer's days. "Not worth an oyster" is said to have been a common expression of contempt at the period; and the Somphre asks for sympathy when he is driven to a diet of them to stay his appetite,

For many a muscle, and many an oistre,  
When other men have been ful wel at ese,  
Hath been our food.

says the ancient poet, But that was in the dark ages of gastronomy; and with the revival of civilization, and the return of luxurious habits, equal to, if not exceeding, those of imperial Rome, the demand for the succulent bivalve has reappeared with an increasing strength which threatens, we are told, to exterminate the species. Be this as it may, however, ere such a disaster happens, we may at least ask our housewives to indulge us, to the utmost of their abilities, in the concoction of oyster banquets as shall put us on a par, in some degree, with our American cousins.

CORKSCREW.

## CHARACTER READING.

"A certain tobacconist of my acquaintance," writes a correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "modest as is his occupation, has always seemed to me one of the happiest of men. He is prosperous, he has a keen sense of humor, and every person who enters his shop contributes to his entertainment as well as to his coffers. His very manner is a sedative, as calming as the Latakia which he dispenses. For years his chief pleasure has been in the preparation of a philosophical treatise on character reading. Some experts profess to judge a man on the evidence of his handwriting. My tobacconist sells a cigar to a customer, and sums up his character as the result of the sale. He has formulated his system, and meanwhile I betray no confidence in revealing what follows, more interjectional than is good, perhaps, but the pearls dropped through periodic clouds of smoke:—'An even tempered, quiet man never goes to an extreme in choosing a tobacco; a nervous man wants something strong and furious; a mild man something that smokes and nothing more. There is a great deal in the way men handle their cigars. If a man smokes his cigar only enough to keep it lighted, and relishes taking it from between his lips to cast a curl of blue smoke into the air, set him down as easy going. He has keen perceptions and delicate sensibilities. He will not create trouble, but is apt to see it out when it is once begun. Beware of the man who never releases the cigar from the

grip of his teeth, and is indifferent whether it burns or dies. He is cool, calculating and exacting. He is seldom energetic physically, but lives easily off of those who perform the labor. A man who smokes a bit, rests a bit and fumbles the cigar more or less is apt to be easily affected by circumstances. If the cigar goes out frequently, the man has a whole souled disposition, is a devil-may-care sort of a fellow, with a lively brain and a glib tongue, and generally a fine fund of anecdotes. To hold half of the cigar in the mouth and smoke indifferently is a lazy man's habit. They are generally of little force, and their characters are not of the highest strata. A nervous man, or one under exciting influences, fumbles his cigar a great deal. He is a kind of popinjay among men. Holding the cigar constantly between the teeth, chewing it occasionally, and not caring whether or not it has been lighted at all, are characteristics of men with the tenacity of bulldogs. They never forget anything and never release a hold. The fop stand his cigar on end, and an inexperienced smoker either points it straight ahead or almost at right angles with his course."

## VARIETIES.

At the forthcoming Winter Exhibition of the Royal Academy the deceased British artist to be specially represented is the late P. F. Poole, R. A., of whose works it is proposed to bring together as complete a collection as possible. Among the works of old masters connoisseurs are looking forward to the exhibition of the remarkable series of historical and fancy heads in profile on panel, the work of some as yet unascertained artist of the Milanese school, which were brought by Mr. H. Willett after the demolition of the decorations of an old house in North Italy, of which they formed part.

ROSA BONHUR is sixty-one years old, but is said to be still full of energy and in excellent health. "I went," says a young artist, "to see Rosa Bonhur the other day, and enjoyed my visit very much. One thing I thought strange, considering her own apparent indifference to the world's opinion as to her habits, and especially as to her dress. She said 'My dear, you can't afford to ignore the opinion of the world, even in small things. If you do, you are sure to suffer. It doesn't pay to be eccentric, even if your eccentricity helps you along in your studies. You must remember that all studies are a means to an end, and you are to sacrifice nothing, nothing whatever, that can defeat or hinder that end.'"

A winter course of lectures at the Parkes Museum of Hygiene is announced. The subjects, which are to be dealt with from a popular point of view, bear mostly upon domestic sanitation. Mr. Ernest Hart opened the course recently with a lecture on the abatement of the smoke nuisance in towns, a matter of paramount importance both to all who are forced to breathe the carbon-laden air and to the housewife who looks upon the cleanliness of her house as one of the first conditions of healthy life. Another lecture bearing upon the same subject will be given in January by Mr. Pridgin Teal of Leeds, who will deal with it from a more individual standpoint as regards the purse-saving possible in the consumption of coal in private houses.

THE residence of Senator Bayard, in Delaware, stands upon a hill, and is surrounded by extensive, well-kept grounds, from many parts of which magnificent views are obtained. The house is large, with a wide hall running through it. Settees, rugs, and glorious old paintings abound. To the left is the library and reception-room, and to the right parlors and drawing-room. In the former are all the senator's personal belongings, ripe parchments, rich drawings, famous paintings, and what to him is, of course, of incalculable value, the portraits of all the Bayards for at least five generations. There are weird little pictures, suggestive of Normandy, busts from Thorwaldsen, little bronzes of nude figures picked up abroad, feathers from peacocks, hair from goats, bronzes and brasses from modern American schools, plaques from Dresden, bisque from Vienna, and countless things that no person can describe.

THE Raphael centenary celebration in Rome, the coming exhibition of his works in London, and, in fact, the revival everywhere of the interest attached to everything connected with the works and life of the great master, have led to inquiries concerning his last original portrait of Guiliomo de Medici, Duke de Nemours, third son of Lorenzo the Magnificent, with the Castle of St. Angelo in the landscape. This unique picture of the master is occasionally known as "Raphael's Man in the Red Shirt," through an anecdote perpetrated of it by the two last kings of Italy. There is a copy by Alessandro Bronzino of the Ufficio of Florence, by which the original is more generally known. Engravings of it have been sought in vain, and it has even been asserted it must have been burnt in some of the calamities that have befallen the collections in private houses, etc. The searchers have looked in all directions but the right one. The picture has been in Russia, and recently brought to England by Captain W. H. Patten-Saunders, K. C. G., to gratify some friends who are connoisseurs and anxious to see it. The captain has declined the applications that have been made for permission to engrave it.

PITTSFORD, Mass., Sept. 28, 1878.

SIRS—I have taken Hop Bitters and recommended them to others, as I found them very beneficial.

MRS. J. W. TULLER.

Sec. Women's Christian Temperance Union.