

# THE FAVORITE

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCT. 18, 1873.

## "THE FAVORITE"

TERMS: INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

Single subscription, one year..... \$ 2.00  
Club of seven, " " ..... 10.00

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Address, GEORGE E. DESBARATS,  
Publisher  
Montreal P. Q.

## COURTESY AT HOME.

Something is wrong in those families where the little courtesies of speech are ignored in the every-day home life. True politeness can not be learned, like a lesson, by one effort, any time in one's life; it must be inbred. "Well-meaning, but rough," is said of many a man; and too often the beginning of the difficulty lies with the parents in a family. It is hard for the husband to give a smiling "Thank you" to his wife as she brings his slippers on his evening return home? It is more difficult for the mother to say, "John, will you shut the door, please?" than to use the laconic phrase, "Shut the door!" When Tom knocks over his sister's baby-house, why should not "Excuse me, I didn't mean to" be the instinctive apology?

Many who would not be guilty of discourtesy to a stranger, or to a friend in the world without, lay aside much if not all their suavity of manner on entering the home circle. The husband and wife dispense with those little graceful attentions which, though small, are never unimportant. The children are ordered hither and thither with crusty words; no "Thank you" rewards the little tireless feet that run on countless errands. The dinner is eaten in silence, broken only by fault-finding and reproof from the parents, an ill humor and teasing among the children. In the evening the father devotes himself to his newspaper, and the mother to her sewing, interrupting themselves only to give such peremptory orders as, "Less noise, children!" "Stop quarrelling!" and finally, "Go to bed!"

In many families there is no positive rudeness among the members, only a lack of those simple affectionate attentions which awaken a spontaneous return; a want of that consideration and gentleness of demeanor which are well-springs of comfort in every household. The well-bred host does not fail to bid his guest "Good-night" and "Good-morning;" why should not this simple expression of good feeling be always exchanged between parents and children? The kindly morning greeting will often nip in the bud some rising fretfulness; and the pleasant "Good-by" from old and young when leaving the house for office, shop, or school, is a fragrant memory through the day of separation. When the family gather alone around breakfast or dinner table, the same courtesy should prevail as if guests were present. Reproof, complaint, unpleasant discussion, and scandal, no less than moody silence, should be banished. Let the conversation be genial, and suited to the little folks as far as possible. Interesting incidents of the day's experience may be mentioned at the evening meal, thus arousing the social element. If resources fail, sometimes little bits read aloud from the morning or evening paper will kindle the conversation.

No pleasanter sight is there than a family of young folks who are quick to perform little acts of attention toward their elders. The placing of the big arm-chair in a warm place for mamma, running for a footstool for aunty, hunting up papa's spectacles, and scores of little deeds show unsuppressed and loving hearts. But if mamma never returns a smiling "Thank you, dear," if papa's "Just what I was wanting, Susie," does not indicate that the little attention is appreciated, the children soon drop the habit. Little people are imitative creatures, and quickly catch the spirit surrounding them. So, if when the mother's spool of cotton rolls from her lap, the father stoops to pick it up, bright eyes will see the act, and quick minds make a note of it. By example, a thousand times more quickly than by precept, can children be taught to speak kindly to each other, to acknowledge favors, to be gentle and unselfish, to be thoughtful and considerate of the comfort of the family. The boys, with inward

pride in their father's courteous demeanor, will be chivalrous and helpful to their young sisters; the girls, imitating the mother, will be gentle and patient, even when big brothers are noisy and heedless.

Scolding is never allowable; reproof and criticism from parents must have their time and place, but should never intrude so far upon the social life of the family as to render the home uncomfortable. A serious word in private will generally cure a fault more easily than many public criticisms. In some families a spirit of contradiction and discussion mars the harmony; every statement is, as it were, dissected, and the absolute correctness of every word calculated. It interferes seriously with social freedom when unimportant inaccuracies are watched for, and exposed for the mere sake of exposure. Brothers and sisters also sometimes acquire an almost unconscious habit of teasing each other half in earnest, half in fun. This is particularly uncomfortable for every body else, whatever doubtful pleasure the parties themselves may experience.

In the home where true courtesy prevails, it seems to meet you on the very threshold. You feel the kindly welcome on entering. No rude eyes scan your dress. No angry voices are heard upstairs. No sullen children are sent from the room. No peremptory orders are given to cover the delinquencies of house-keeper or servants. A delightful atmosphere pervades the house—unmistakable, yet indescribable.

## BUTTON-HOLING.

The *Saturday Review* sets down button-holing as one of the arts by which an adroit nuisance or a skilful bore may rise in the world. True, the process of button-holing may be a long process, but art is proverbially long. It may be a troublesome process, but what can poor young men of merit expect to obtain without taking trouble? And of course it may in any given case prove to be an unsuccessful process. But, then, what is certain except the rise of prices? It costs not a bit more preparation than that which is required for a matrimonial, commercial, or professional speculation. It involves the adventurer in no irritating or clogging connections or liabilities. And its grand advantage is, that if the button-holer fails in any of his operations, he is not compromised; he is not hampered, weighted, or damaged; he must, however unsuccessful, have gained something from his last operation, and he is free to begin again with at least as good a chance as he had before. On the other hand, with painstaking and discretion, particularly if these qualities are set off by a good personal appearance or a frank and conciliatory manner, there are no lengths of success to which the button-holer may not hope to go. There are those possessed of these qualities who can button-hole, not only men, but groups of men. Several boroughs possess a speaker or two who can button-hole a public meeting, and there is at least one statesman at the present time who can button-hole the House of Commons. But such success in button-holing as this is quite exceptional; and the term is therefore usually and properly restricted to signify the art of establishing special relations with a patron. In this sense button-holing is the modern and refined representative of the old and coarse art of toadyism. As a common trade or regularly professed mode of making a livelihood toadyism is gone out in this country, partly because there is not so much to be got by it as formally, and partly because other and less nasty ways of rising in life have been discovered. The rich or noble fools who in the last century kept their toadies, much as two centuries earlier they would have kept their jesters, have lost much of their patronage and influence, and new channels have been opened out to the clever men who used to live upon them. The place that was once given by favor is now given by competitive examination; and the man who was formerly driven to become a parasite may now flourish as a special correspondent. For these and similar reasons, pure toadyism has ceased to be profitable, and is pretty nearly extinct as a trade. If indeed it lives at all, it lives only in its modern and much less objectionable representative, button-holing. There is this in common between the toady and the button-holer, that they both seek to profit by trading on the follies of a patron. If patrons were indifferent to flattery, there would be no place for the toady. If they could appreciate hidden merit, there would be little success to the button-holer. Both depend entirely upon the frailties of the powerful. But there the likeness ends. The button-holer is almost necessarily a superior creature to the toady. The weaknesses which nourish him are not special, gross, and palpable, such as the stupid selfishness or the excessive vanity whereby the toady thrives, but are simply those which are common to all men, whether in or out of office—namely, that men do not see that which is far off so well as that which is near, nor that which retires so well as that which obtrudes itself. The toady may, the button-holer must, be a man of some merit. The toady can hardly help being servile; whereas the accomplished button-holer works with little, if any, loss of self-respect. Altogether, if it is fair to consider the toady as surviving in the button-holer, it is fair also to admit that he is a vastly reformed character.

## PAYING DEBTS.

He who murders, burns, or steals, strikes at the comfort or perhaps the very existence of society; so murder, robbery, and arson are among the capital crimes. In a commercial society, too, like our own—like every civilized society, indeed—it is essential that money lent or earned should be paid; for money as the representative of all value and convenience becomes the source of all obligation, the type of all fulfillment. That which we count and multiply, cipher and register, we prize and reverence; of that which escapes such material record we take such heed as we choose.

So we pay tithes of mint and cummin, and smile away the debts which the taxgatherer overlooks. But in that fact alone lies the surest refutation of the optimist's premature chant of praise over the wondrous progress of the age. Far on the future may come a time when the type shall be subordinated to the thing typified,—when we shall be as restless at the thought of owing a duty as a dollar,—when a secret shall be more sacred than a bill of exchange, and love and mercy and justice outweigh all drossier shekels in our finer balance. Till then the world will go its old, stupid, inconsistent, blundering way, and only the sweeter souls, the fine and choice spirits who look beyond its coarser standard, will know the lofty joy which lies in the real, not figurative, paying of debts.

## POWERS OF PLEASING.

Woman's chief business is to please. A woman who does not please is a false note in the harmonies of nature. She may not have youth, or beauty, or even manner, but she must have something in her voice or expression, or both, which it makes you feel better disposed towards your race to look at or listen to. Womanly women are very kindly critics of men. The less there is of sex about a woman, the more she is to be dreaded. But take a real woman at her best moment, well dressed enough to be pleased with herself, not so resplendent as to be a show and a sensation, with the varied outside influences that set vibrating the harmonic notes of her nature stirring in the air about her, and what has social life to compare with one of those vital interchanges of thought and feeling with her that makes an hour memorable? What can equal her tact, her delicacy, her subtlety of apprehension, her quickness to feel the changes of temperature, as the warm and cool currents of thought blow by turns? In the hospitable soul of woman man forgets he is a stranger, and so becomes natural and truthful at the same time that he is mesmerised by all those divine differences which make her a mystery and a bewilderment.

## NEWS NOTES.

THE Pope has recovered from his recent indisposition.

THERE have been 1,230 fatal cases of cholera in Vienna since July 16th.

BATH, Eng., has returned Mr. Forsyth, a Conservative, to Parliament.

SIR SAMUEL BAKER and wife will visit the United States next summer.

THE International Bridge at Buffalo will be open for traffic on the 29th instant.

JOHN BRIGHT has offered himself for reelection by his present constituents.

THE English Parliament has been further prorogued until the 16th December.

MARSHAL BAZAINE's trial by Court Martial opened yesterday at the Palace of the Trianon.

THE Spanish Government imposes a strict quarantine on all vessels coming from Liverpool.

By the falling of a chimney at Northfleet, Eng., five persons were killed and 12 others injured.

THE Spanish Republican troops have gained a great victory over a body of Carlists, taking a large number of prisoners.

THREE hundred and fifty Deputies in the French Assembly have pledged themselves to a restoration of the monarchy.

AFTER the death of Captain Jack, the remainder of the Modocs, numbering 156, are to be transferred to Fort Russell.

THE party of the Right in the French Assembly have appointed a committee to draw up a platform in which all can unite.

THE Carlists in the North of Spain are utterly demoralized; the men accuse their leaders of treason, and desertions are frequent.

PRESIDENT CASTELAR has courteously refused the offer of a Greek battalion who desired to assist in the defence of the Spanish Republic.

THE Spanish insurgents' ship sustained no damage during the bombardment of Alicante, and preparations are now being made to attack Valencia.

BISHOP REINKENS, of the Old Catholic Church, has taken the oath of allegiance to the German Emperor, the clause demanding allegiance to the Pope being omitted.

THE New York *Tribune* asserts that two adverse reports, made two years ago by a delegation from Europe, in regard to the Northern Pacific Railway has hitherto been suppressed.

A SERIOUS disturbance took place at Camborne, Cornwall, growing out of an attempt by a mob to rescue two miners who were in the hands of the police. Some buildings were gutted and several persons injured.

A COLUMN of 2,000 insurgents made a sortie from Cartagena, but was repulsed with great losses in killed and wounded. On the arrival of

the Government fleet the city will be attacked from all quarters simultaneously.

THE contractors of the Northern Colonization Railway offer to commence work immediately at the Aymer end of the road, and proceed eastward, if the Corporation of that town will give a bonus of \$10,000 in aid of the enterprise.

SHOULD the French Assembly be asked to vote for a restoration of the monarchy, with the Count de Chambord as King Henry V., M. Rouher will propose that the monarchical principle be established, but the choice of dynasty be left to the people.

## HOW MR. HOPLEY WAS DETAINED.

The Danbury *News* says that one of these distressing accidents which no amount of preparation can guard against, occurred on Pine street the other day. Mr. Hopley, the insurance agent, intended going to New York at a quarter to ten a. m., to see *The Daily Graphic* balloon. A friend suggested it to him just about a half hour before the train would leave, and Mr. Hopley hastened home to change his clothes and tell his wife. When he got to the house he found it vacant, but hoping that his wife would come in before he departed, he got out his Sunday suit and began disrobing. He had got on his clean shirt, and was adding the collar before drawing on the pants, when he remembered that his sleeve-buttons were in the stand drawer in the dining-room, and he cautiously moved in there after them. He found the buttons and secured them, when the hall door opened, and his wife's voice and the voice of a feminine friend were heard approaching. He would have fled back to the bedroom, but he could not leave the apartment he was in without being seen by them. For one instant it seemed as if he would drop dead and run into the carpet. The next, he perceived the open door of the china closet, and immediately bolted in there and closed the door. Mrs. Hopley and the lady friend came into the room, and remarking on the heat, drew their chairs close to the open window and brought out their sewing. Then they fell to talking about the weather and Mrs. Robbins' black corded silk and remedies for worms and other topics of engrossing interest. Mr. Hopley hung to the door with awful tenacity, and perspired and thought. The darkness was intense, and to add to the unpleasantness, a mouse or rat was heard in among the papers on the floor. Mr. Hopley was not a timid man, but he was bare-legged and barefooted, and when a man is thus situated a mouse is about the last thing he wants to think of. Still the voices outside continued, and greater grew the heat in that china closet. Mr. Hopley did not dare to make the least noise to alarm his wife, because of the presence of the other lady, whose voice he could not recognize. How he did curse that balloon and the man who suggested his going to see it, and Professor Wise, and how bitterly he regretted that he could not think of that other aeronaut's name (Donaldson), that he might curse him too. But still the two ladies glided on through the mazes of the neighbor's affairs, without the least sign of abatement. He heard the clock strike ten, and also eleven. Once or twice the mouse came quite close to his feet, starting the perspiration afresh, until he could feel it trickle from his chin and down his body. Then he moved his foot to rest himself, and it struck something soft and hairy, and he uttered a half stifled shriek and jumped up, striking his head against a shelf, and bringing a piece of some kind of crockery to the floor. His wife sprang to the door in alarm, but Hopley caught the knob, and clung to it with the grip of death. Mrs. Hopley tried in vain to open it. Then she thought of a burglar being concealed in the closet and screamed for help, still clinging to the door to prevent the ferocious intruder from dashing out and braining both of them and burning up the house. Her screams, added to those of the female friend, alarmed the neighborhood in an instant, and among those who dashed in was old Mr. Stocton with a double-barrelled gun, and as soon as he learned the trouble, he turned the dreadful weapon full upon the door. There was a stunning report, a chorus of feminine shrieks mingled with a terrific howl from the other side of the door, and the next instant the unhappy Hopley, with both legs full of shot, was writhing on the floor of the closet. The door was opened, the women pushed up to get a sight; got it; and immediately dispersed with another shriek. Hopley was put to bed and Dr. Myers summoned, who poked out the shot, which had merely pricked through the skin, and applied the needful remedies, and to-day the patient is quite comfortable and will be at his office again this week.

## PERAMBULATORS.

Mr. Latour calls attention to the mischief which may arise from the now almost universal employment of perambulators for the transport of children. He chiefly dwells upon what happens to young infants, who, in place of resting on the nurse's arm and gradually bringing the muscular system which supports the trunk erect into use by exercise, and accustoming their senses to the perception of surrounding objects, now lie recumbent and somnolent in a state of dangerous quiescence. Woman, he believes, is thus abdicating yet another of her functions, which, in all eyes but her own, render her attractive; and although she may relieve herself of some fatigue it is at the risk of the welfare of her child. "Certain I am that an *enfant à équipage* is a retarded infant; it will walk later, and smile later."