

MRS. BROWN IN KANNIDAY.

(Continued.)

MISTER DYOGENYS.—

I 'AD almost thought a fortnight ago as I'd never be able to 'rite no more, for I wur a meltin' away by the hinch with the 'eat as 'as bin; but thank goodness that the rain a Saturday week 'as cooled the hair and kept down the dust, as is more aggravatin', I'm sure, than the dust as Moses and Haron called down on them Hegyptians.

My friend as I'm a stopping with persuaded me to go to the theater to see a man act "Nick of the Woods," as is a Hindian tale; and as I thot it 'ud give me some hinformashun about them salvages, I went. The presperation rolled orf o' me like drops of rain the 'ole time, and I wished myself further,—for wot with the frin' and the screemin' of the Hinjuns, and two hill be'aved gurls, as I'd just like to 'ave boxed both their hears, I cannot say as 'ow I enjoyed it much—tho' a Mister Proctor did not act bad, tho' 'is voice sounded 'oller-like sometimes, or as if it wur a marchin' past in slow time from 'is boots to 'is mouth. Most of the rest on 'em were so bad as 'ad no great notion of actin' to my thinkin'; but I dare say they 'adn't much 'art to it, as the 'ouse was all but hempty; yet that aint no reason why a hoffer in the piece should a bin allowed to keep 'is sord when taken by the Hinjuns, and hunbound, as was werry civil in 'em. I sha'n't go there again till hits better ventilated, and the musishuners 'as got over a learnin' to play the scales in different keys on their own 'ook. It wur worse than a circus band at a fair.

Well, my friend thot as 'ow it 'ud be nice for me, while 'ere, to go to Quebec; so I went there in a big 'ouse, as it was just like a floatin' pallis. There wur a saloon like a big drawin' room, and a perhanner and chairs and tables, sofs, and everythink as bootiful as you could wish for. I must say the steamboats 'ere makes up for the uncomfortableness of their railway cars, as they calls 'em. (Good gracious! what a river the St. Lorrence is. Why I thot at one part I was on the sea, and, as I wrote to Brown, I wouldn't look at the Tems after it; and such clear water. I'm sure the Kanadians ought to be hawful 'ealthy thro' 'avin' such bootiful water for drinkin' and washin'.) The supper was like the heatin' at the stashuns,—'ard stake, cold mutton-chops, and watery tea; but the waiters was werry civil, and everythink was nice and clean, as did me good to look at. The Capin—'oos name 'ad a Frenchified hair, but was like a Bell—was a most plessant-spoken young man, and mity purlite too. I was hawful afeard when I went into my cabin and saw thim life-preservurs, as 'ow I don't think they can be of much use; and 'ow they see, a travellin' at nights on that river, I don't know. It does 'em credit, it do. Well, I arrived at Quebec, and as I was only a goin' to spend the day there, I was permitted to keep my cabin, as was werry convenient. Hi'm not quite so strong as I used to be, so I took a cab, and drove about to see the sights; but there, lor' bless yer, there aint much to see, hexceptin' a ruined old fortificashun as is guarded by the soldiers,—somethink hawfully walible,—as a soldier in a red coat and a bayonet folered all round when I was a lookin' at the view from the 'ights; as wur a werry gallant young man, and 'is friends a comin' from our parish, as never expecks to see 'is 'ome no more, all alon' o' 'is regiment a goin' to the West Hinjies, as made me cry that drefull, I was a long time afore I recovered.

Well, after this, I 'eard the bands a playin'; so I asked what was hup, and they told me as 'ow there wur to be a Review on Habraham's 'ights, tho' I always thot 'e lived in the 'Oly Land.

So I drove orf there, and seed the Review,—not comfortable, tho', for a soldier 'e says to the cabman, "You can't come 'ere." "Why not?" says 'e. "Acos you can't," says the soldier; "it's my horders to allow no one 'ere." Just then a band played, and the 'orse a standin' on 'is 'ind legs

nearly killed the mother of three children,—so I hinvited 'er to a seat, and we stayed there. Such a lot of 'orsemen as I never seed in my born days, surelie. One 'ere, another there, and no one attendin' to 'is duty, but 'oldin' on; and one hoffer, with a 'at with a plume on it, a sayin' 'is prayers for the himaginary wounded. Such a marchin' 'ere and there; all noise and smoke, and mistakes, I think, from what I 'eard tell on among the crowd, not knowin' much about soldiers myself, tho' 'avin' a brother a voluntee, and Brown, 'e being a Town 'Amlets Murlisherman; and it hall ended by thim a marchin' on us, and shootin' hawful quick for 5 minutes without stoppin', bits of stuff flyin' onto my gown, a burnin' on it, as they said wasn't dangerous; but "drat 'em," I say, I've 'ardly recovered my feelins yet, as 'as no drums to my ears, and screamed till they stopped.

"Drive 'ome," said I; "drive 'ome." A frin' into hinnenet females as close as that!

A nice lot of soldiers! Soldiers, indeed! Hi'd like to see Brown teach 'em manners, as I've drilled 'im pretty well.

I 'adn't much time to drive about arter that, but I seed the streets was dusty and unwatered and narrer, 'ouses bad and small, all up 'ills, and the 'ole place dull-like. I got back 'ere to Montreal next day, and am goin' to Kingston next week, as I'll let you know all about it, as I 'opes to 'ave time for 'ritin', tho', if the weather gets any 'otter, I shall likely be prespirated away before goin' 'ome again.

I ham, onnerred sir,

Your respectful servant to command,

MRS. BROWN.

"BANG GOES SAXPENCE."

The "fine frenzy" of poets is frequently unaccompanied by common sense. "The lunatic" and "the poet" are mentioned by Shakspeare in the same line; and ignorance of the value of money, of the price of meat, and of other important worldly matters, is rather characteristic of "bards" in general. Of course there are exceptions to this rule. Luckily for himself, Mr. Farquharson, a Scotch shoemaker, forms an exception. He is a poet, or rather poetaster, but, at the same time, a sensible man. Gold with him is not dross. He knows what it will buy, and what it can do. Here is an unmistakeably truthful stanza of his, taken from a volume of poems lately published in Scotland by some members of the "working classes":—

"Money is honor, trust and worth,
An' fules they are who doot it;
The fairest face, the noblest birth,
Are bubbles a' without it.
The hope o' youth, the staff o' age,
Maks ilka day sae sunny;
If you would pass for saint or sage,
Be carefu' o' your money."

All this is good, sound common sense, and worthy of all praise; but surely it was a work of supererogation to give this advice to—Scotchmen!

THE POWER OF WORDS.

The principle of considering *omne ignotum pro mirifico* is well illustrated by the following fact. An English paper states that a gentleman living near Winchester had erected some ornamental rock-work in front of his house, and planted it with ferns. The difficulty, when it was completed, was how to protect it from "tramps." This he succeeded in doing, by posting in a conspicuous place the following notice:—
"Beggars beware! Scolopendriums and Polypodiums are set here."