

The Zig-Zag Papers.

VI.—WHY ADOLPHUS TOMNODDY WAS AT MALBAIE.

If the reader refers of the back numbers of the *Globe*, he will discover, under the head of "Marriages," the following notice:—

"At the residence of the bride's father in Toronto, on the — inst., by the Very Rev'd. DEAN CHASUBLE, assisted by the Rev'd. Mr. SURPLICE, Mr. ALBERT CHARLES MONTAGUE DEPLACHE, second son of R. F. S. GREAVES DEPLACHE, Esq., and nephew of the late Hon. P. Q. R. FASH, to MATILDA ANN, only daughter of DAVID SWEETBREAD, Esq."

I do not state the precise issue in which this interesting announcement was made, for if you are not a person of distinguished position the matter is absolutely no concern of yours, and it will be gross impertinence on your part to search a file of the *Globe*; while if you are in society you will remember the whole affair as well as I do myself. I allude to the marriage only because it was the final incident which moved Mr. ADOLPHUS TOMNODDY to visit Malbaie, and as in stating how he was thus influenced by it, I must speak of the affairs of several people of very high social position, I desire that every common or vulgar person will turn to some of the facetious with which this paper abounds, and give up all interest in my narration. Having made this request I may, without fear of violating the sanctity of private life, (for those to whom I address myself know all the facts), say that when ALBERT CHARLES MONTAGUE DEPLACHE married Miss SWEETBREAD everyone knew that he was as poor as a church mouse.

She, however, was and is heiress to the large fortune of her father, accumulated by the paternal SWEETBREAD in the course of many operations in "stock"—in which he was always opposed to the "bulls,"—having in fact been a butcher.

It must not be supposed that Mr. DEPLACHE was influenced at all strongly by the fact of his wife's prospective wealth. On the contrary he had a spirited dislike to waiting for dead men's shoes. He nobly averred that no consideration of her future fortune influenced him in the slightest degree, an assertion no doubt perfectly true, as it was not till his discovery that she was sure of receiving fifty thousand dollars down that he made his proposals.

Mr. SWEETBREAD, a vulgar man, I am bound to say, did not give way to any violent demonstration of joy when the announcement of his daughter's engagement was made to him by his wife. She, however, was overjoyed at her daughter's "aristocratic marriage," a delight participated in by his family, and by a large number of very worthy tailors and other tradespeople, who had a strong indirect interest in the young gentleman's pecuniary welfare.

"The lovely and accomplished bride, after the ceremony had been completed, fell weeping in the most affecting though decorous manner upon her mother's breast, while not an unmarried gentleman in the large and fashionable audience but gazed upon the scene with deep emotion and envied the happy bridegroom."

I quote from the graphic narrative of the reporter, and touch for his truth.

At any rate Mr. ADOLPHUS TOMNODDY who, as a relative of the DEPLACHE family, was one of the fashionable audience, underwent the most tumultuous feeling while the marriage was being solemnized, and resolved to follow the example set by his friend at the earliest possible moment. So also did a number of other gentlemen of whom I make no mention. The thing to be noted is, that in the mind of ADOLPHUS the ambition had no sooner found a place than he cast about for a likely heiress with cash as well as expectations. In his search he was somewhat limited by the lamentable scarcity of rich girls, and by the fact that he had already been rejected by all those he knew. These rebuffs may have been owing to some suspicion on the part of the fair ones that his motives were mercenary, or possibly to the peculiar hereditary expression, or want of expression, he wore, heightened in him by a confirmed habit of sucking the knob of his cane and gazing at his own reflection in the shop windows as he passed along King street.

Finding that the ancient extraction of his family and his connection with the nobility—information concerning which I have from his own lips and can therefore trust—were not sufficient recommendations in the eyes of the *nouveaux riches* of Toronto, he determined to carry his pedigree to a watering place and regild his coat of arms.

To this end his mother coaxed the "Governor" out of sufficient money to pay for her son's passage, and he, having sold off his old clothing to procure a supply of pocket-money, and induced SNIP of King Street to replenish his wardrobe, went forth errant, chivalrously resolved to place himself at the disposal of all fair ladies—with money.

There were two stations he was fitted to adorn; one a place under Government, the other the position of a rich woman's husband; and as all the family influence had been insufficient to keep him in the former on the accession to power of the low radicals, he determined to win the latter by his own puissance.

It is not the least proud recollection of my life that the members of the TOMNODDY family have always treated me with the utmost confidence, laying aside with me every vestige of reserve. ADOLPHUS in

particular regards me with the affection of a brother, and did not hesitate to state plainly to me the cause of his visit and intention.

"I have come down, MURDER, old boy," said he, "to mawwy a law-tune, Governor's been cuttin' up vowy wuff about me being at home so long. Any likely gahls heah?"

Now it happened that I had, a few days before, discovered that Miss NICKEL,—daughter of the great New York silversmith of that name—was visiting at the cottage of Mrs. BLUTVORST down the road. It at once struck me that if an engagement could be brought about by me, between my dear young friend and that healthy and amiable girl, it would not only secure their life-long happiness but might be a very good thing for me. I should have a very strong claim on the further gratitude of his family, my social position would be greatly strengthened, and the house of ADOLPHUS would be always open to me.

The first difficulty that presented itself was that I didn't know Miss NICKEL or Mrs. BLUTVORST. However, I reflected, they didn't know me either, and I trusted to that fact and my luck for an introduction.

"There is a lady here, ADOLPHUS," said I, after a few moments of thought, "a lady with money, moderately young, and without the incumbrance of a father. You shall know her, my boy—you shall see and conquer—she shall see and be conquered. But time—a little time—is necessary. I shall call to-morrow and ask permission to introduce you. Every proper ceremony must be observed. But you must place yourself in my hands entirely, and give me time,"—and I fell into meditation as to how the whole thing was to be worked. "I'll be very glad to do whatever you say," said ADOLPHUS, "always did hate trouble you know—such a bore, making friends with people, especially gahls—so hard to talk to a gahl you don't know—so awkward to sit and look at her and be quiet. But you'll go with me and talk—now won't you? I've heard mamma say, that you really seem to have been born in our set—can talk so much, you know, about nothing, and no meaning in it. Awfully jolly thing to be able. I'm not able—never was able, except with people I knew very well—PIFFLER is able—PIFFLER now is a clayver man—very—nephew of LORD WIDDLES you know—was in the Ninth—made a joke last time I saw him—about me—awfully funny, about 'why was I like some fellah called BURKE when his son died?' This BURKE you know was some old chap that lived in England a long time ago and made speeches about things—quite a respectable person, PIFFLER said—Well, the joke was—let me see, I wrote it down in my tablets—ah, heah it is—PIFFLER made it. 'Why is Adolphus Tomnoddy like Burke in the House of Commons after the death of his son?' Answer, 'One was a worthy sighin' for his son, and the other a worthy scion for his father.' I didn't understand that it was a joke till all the fellows laughed. 'Sighin', 'scion,' that's the joke, you know. We all laughed twemendously when it was explained to me—very clayver man, PIFFLER."

I do not know with what other confidences he might have honored me, had fate let him prattle on, but when PIFFLER's joke had been narrated, the tea bell rang, and there was a frantic rush for the table. I had determined upon my plan.

A Dream.

I LAID down my DARWIN at two,
Elate at my pedigree lengthened,
And glanced over HUXLEY's review,
Where the argument's shortened and strengthened;
The reasoning all was so clear,
That I felt old ideas displaced,
And sentiments sacred and dear,
Before modern science were chased.

The gaps in the evidence seemed
More trifles for thought to leap over,
So it leaped, as it did so I dreamed,
And snored, my wife tells me, moreover.
I give the unamiable charge
A silent but strong diabolical,
For my patience has grown to be large
And my wife is—most firm—to be brief.

To a region unpeopled by man,
My fancy took wings and upbore me;
Words fail to describe the strange plan
They were built on—the creatures before me:
But there I saw nature's selection
Remorselessly working its laws;
With changes past wakeful detection
Brought about by continuous cause.

My vision, not merely confined
To one moment of time or one place,
Ranged millions of eras behind,
To the very inception of race—