

THE FLANEUR.

Two gentlemen stood at the Post Office corner :
 "Macdonald will have to give Young the Flour Inspector-ship," said one.
 "Why so, pray?" asked the other.
 "Because poor John Young has no other business or profession to fall back on."
 "I beg your pardon, he has."
 "Name it, please."
 "Is he not a man of letters?"

Sauntering along the streets, last Saturday afternoon, I saw a number of gentlemen on horseback, clad in bright scarlet shooting jackets, jockey caps, chamois shorts, Wellington boots, spurs, whip and all the accoutrements of riders. I thought at first that they were the last instalment of Hudson's circus, just released from the Sheriff's hands; but the newness and richness of their outfit disabused me of that idea. Ever in pursuit of useful information, I turned to a policeman who, of course, was present in that peaceful neighbourhood and inquired of him who the cavaliers were.

"They are fox hunters," said he.
 "No they be not," said a cabman who wandering a little from his stand had been admiring the horses of the gentlemen, to the detriment of the riders themselves, "they are only dog hunters."
 "Dog hunters? What do you mean, sir," said I with a show of indignation, for I hate irreverence in carter.
 "Why, sir, it's the dogs chases the foxes, and the men they chases the dogs!"

Why is the Royal Commission in such good odor with the Tories?
 Because it was so neatly Day-aided and Gowan-ed by the hand of the great Accused.
 Tell it not in Gath.

Was the Dominion represented at the Vienna Exhibition?
 It was not.
 Still there were a dozen gentlemen, headed by a member of Parliament, sent over as a Commission.
 Yes, but they did not represent anything.
 Then what were they sent for?
 To make our absence more visible.
 Hem! That's what I call cumulation in office.

The oyster days have come. There have been pyramids of the bivalves, ranged like cannon balls, on gleaming blocks of ice, in restaurants and saloons, the whole of last month. But I don't count them. Oysters are really good only from the beginning of October, and the oyster days are those when the little unpainted schooners come up from the Gulf and when you can go down to the pier and eat them out of the barrel, at about a quarter of a dollar a bushel, less or more. Happy the country that can boast of its own oysters and its own fish. Canada deserves to be ranked among the nations of the earth, because it has its Boucouches, its Caraquettes, and its tommy cod. Now that the shadows of the year are lengthening and the long winter nights are being ushered in, I gloat in anticipation of the delicious oyster suppers I shall enjoy after the theatre or the concert. What good stories the pulpy mullusks inspire! The latest I have heard is this:—Two or three fellows were looking at a Union Pacific car, on which were painted, in large letters, these words: FRESH OYSTERS FOR SALT LAKE.

One giggled and said it was a good joke.
 The second asked what there was so funny about it.
 "Nothing particular. Only it looks queer stocking salt water with fresh fish."
 "Oh, is that all?" said the third, thrusting his hands in his pockets and smilingly walking away.

A literary friend has his washing done only at irregular intervals. When that event comes, however, it takes him his whole week's salary to have the work performed. The other day he went over to the Steam Laundry with an exceptional bundle. A young woman presented herself to receive his order.

"I came to get washed," said he.
 "What's that you say, sir."
 "I come to get washed."
 The young woman stared at him a moment and taking in all the horror of the situation, did what was expected of her. She sent forth a shriek that rang through the building and then fainted. Down came the foreman, encircled in a halo of steam, dripping with soap-suds and brandishing a gigantic batlet. My friend who had no disposition to be converted into a shuttle-cock, hurriedly picked up his bundle, and took refuge on the pavement. Said he, afterwards:
 "I went in to get washed and I came near being mangled."

On last Saturday evening, I was promenading in a street, leading to one of the principal markets. The pathway was choked with people, chiefly females—housewives trudging with their baskets, grand ladies buying fruit, factory and shop girls going into the haberdasher's for cheap finery, and coquettes sailing along only to show themselves. As I was admiring this spectacle, I heard one woman say to another: *J'ai mouiller à soir; y a trop d' femmes dans les rues.* What an idea! It is going to rain, because there are so many women in the streets. It was seven o'clock then and the stars were shining. At nine o'clock, the sky suddenly darkened, thunder crashed through the air, scimitars of lightning rent the gloom and the rain poured down in torrents. Perverso womankind! A female always prophecies well when she prophecies ill. Cassandra.

A few weeks ago we mused together on summer tides and listened to the multitudinous harmonies of summer music. Then the meadows and the forest were gay and green, the waters flowed clear and abundant in their channels, the harvests bowed in their fulness, the flowers burdened the air with perfume, ripe fruits hung from the trees, bird and butterfly enlivened the landscape with their colours and their song. But now, all is changed. The law of decline and death is forcibly brought home to us.

"Dobomur morti nos nostraque."
 Athwart the favourite woodland, the winds blow chill, the birds are hushed and from the trees the dry yellow leaves are falling. Some fall in lonely nooks; some on the deep-rutted wagon road, where they are trampled down by the ponderous wheel or the beating hoof; others fall in the tranquil waters

which they cover as a mosaic, and others are rudely driven by the shifting winds in eddies over the cold ground. And the sky is ashy grey—small flakes of snow are hovering in the air—the faint infrequent cry of belated birds strikes the ear like a warning—overhead the branches rattle like splintered spears—and under our feet the crackling of crisp leaves makes us start with conscious dread.

Oh! wreck of the forest! Image of existence! Picture of that beautiful youthful life nipped like a blossom by the cancer of consumption when the bleak October days came on. Alas!

"Prayer was vain for Death to leave her, prayer that God would stay the fever,
 Night and morn we both beseeched Him to remove
 The hectic bloom;
 Spring-tide gave the fatal blooming, Summer
 Found the bud consuming,
 And God took her in the Autumn, and the red
 Leaves strewed her tomb."

The last leaf falls from the elm, the last loved one passes from earth and it is very dark. Yet we may not weep as they that have no trust. There is a comfort for every woe—a ray of hope amid the gloom of every despondency. The falling leaves form the fertile mould out of which the spring flowers and the summer corn will grow, and our sorrows and our heart-aches will yet turn to fountains of unmixed gladness in the days that are eternal.

ALMAVIVA.

AN AUTUMN TRIP TO ENGLAND.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

It might be reasonably expected that the incidents of a trip to England by the Allan line are so stereotyped that once described nothing further is left for the voyager to record. This would be true of an average fair weather voyage. The everlasting beauty of the sail down the St. Lawrence, flanked as it is by the vistas of blue Laurentian mountains tinged by glorious sunsets, and succeeded by the silent artillery of pale or roscate Aurora Borealis, are charms which hold the delighted traveller long on deck, on the first night of his ocean voyage. Somewhat different, however, is the same scene when the head-wind freshens, the mist gathers, and the heaving surges break over the prow of the gallant ship. Such storms seldom arise in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and are usually of short duration; but it was the hard fortune of the maiden ship "Circassian" to encounter in the gulf a storm lasting six days, during twenty-four hours of which she beat about, making only twenty-five miles east. On Wednesday about noon, finding our position far to the southward of our course, our careful and cautious captain decided to take the winter course southward of Newfoundland, and though we were in for a protracted voyage, we obtained moderately fair, instead of head-winds. A few days' fine weather succeeded, and the ladies appeared on deck again, but as "single misfortunes never come alone," we suffered another five hours' detention by some derangement of the engine. We have since learned that the storm was a portion of a cyclone unprecedented in its wide-spread destruction, wrecking 250 vessels along the coasts of Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, with enormous loss of life and property.

On the day of our departure from Quebec, August 23rd, six steamships, bound for Europe, left New York harbour. Four of these steamed out of New York Bay in sight of each other, viz: the "Oceanic," (White Star); "Abyssinian," (Cunard); "Egypt," (National); and "California," (Anchor). On Sunday morning the "Oceanic" and "Egypt" were neck and neck, and steamed abreast all day, with a great rolling sea hiding the vessels every few minutes from each other; wind north blowing half a gale. On Monday the gale had increased, and the "California" overtook the "Oceanic," and the vessels kept company for a time, both rolling heavily. The "Oceanic" made 253 miles on Monday and 283 on Tuesday, the wind veering round by west to southward. By Wednesday the storm had subsided, having outrun these vessels, and a favourable south wind filled the sails; the "Oceanic" took a course about 100 miles south of its usual track, and thus escaped the vortex of the storm. The "Egypt" arrived at Liverpool on Wednesday morning, the "Oceanic" on Wednesday evening.

The German steamship "Hammonia" reports from Plymouth that, leaving New York on the 20th, she had fair weather, but on Sunday the 24th she encountered a hurricane, and "rove to" for 36 hours. The course of the cyclone was N.E., and extended its gyrations on this Sunday over 1,000 miles, as on the same day it made great havoc among the shipping on the shores of Cape Breton and Prince Edward's Island. It is evident from the experience of other ships that the "Oceanic" and the "Circassian" by running a southerly course, kept out of the vortex of the storm, and in fact sailed out of it.

The experience was, however, sufficiently boisterous to thoroughly test the sea-worthy character of these excellent vessels, and the passengers on each testify to their increased confidence in these ships and their officers. Our No. 4 life boat on the larboard deck was struck by a wave about noon on Tuesday, which crushed it up like a band-box, and carried away a couple of strong iron funnel ventilators screwed down to the deck, broke an inch iron rail on the bridge, snapped off the end of a yard twelve inches in diameter, and made general smaller havoc. The good ship, however, behaved steadily and bravely, with less rolling than some indulge in in fairer weather. Nor was the voyage, although protracted, all storm and bad weather: the latter portion was delightful, and "society at sea" conducted itself much after its usual fashion. There was the sedate party at the captain's table, presided over by a reverend canon of much travelled experience, an affable Cabinet minister, and a quiet English banker; a few pretty girls from Quebec, setting their caps at and flirting with "the military," as is their wont,

Dancing the late "balls" o'er again,
 And thrice they slew the slain.

The young Montrealer, who, innocent of stewards, asks daily if "them things" is nice, and passes his plate up the table for them. The gallant "Commodore," who sails his own fleet (always full sail), and whose gay young wife carries the "despatches" while he takes charge of the "cash box." The lively Frenchmen, silent at first, but eventually irrepressible. Last, but not least, the gallant "Circassian army," created by the buoyant spirits of the B. C. Senator, who, by very rapid promotion, raises an eighteen-stone jolly Irishman to the rank of general, a tight British Lion to that of major, an English Romeo to colonel, an ex-militaire Canadian settler to captain,

with adjutant, sergeant-major, corporals, master gunner, &c., &c. These nightly assemble in the spacious and comfortable smoke room and entertain each other with songs and stump speeches.

The mail room is, however, the most interesting as well as most comfortable part of the ship. This "boudoir" is equally delightful for a "tête-à-tête" or a "siesta." During the very rough weather but little work can be done, but lost time has to be made up, and while other passengers sun themselves on deck in the bright sunshine, the mail officer has to work hard and continuously to get his 23,000 letters and 20,000 newspapers sorted into their respective postal districts. The letters are placed in 54 bags, of which London takes 22, Glasgow 13, Edinburgh 1, Calky 1, Greenock 1, Dublin 5, Derry 5, and Holyhead & L. N. W. Railway 5—54.

Of the new improved Corliss engines, patented by Spencer & Inglis, which the "Circassian" introduces for the first time to transatlantic navigation, the first engineer, Mr. Macmaster, gives a very good account. These are high-pressure engines with quick cut-off valves. They average 56 to 60 revolutions, carrying 52 to 60 pounds of steam, and work up to from 1900 to 2400 horse-power. The improvement is less for increased speed than for economy. It is, however, fully expected that the "Circassian" will hold her own for average speed against the rest of this gallant steam fleet, though by a bad run of luck in head-winds she has not this season had a fair opportunity of distinguishing herself. Yet she will commend herself to her owners, and in these days of coal famine this is a most important issue. In similar weather, at the same season, the "Sarmatian" consumed on a voyage already recorded (1871) ninety tons of coal per day. The average consumption of the "Circassian" on this stormy voyage was sixty-five tons only. As to speed, the biggest run made by the "Sarmatian" on the same voyage was 290 miles, while the "Circassian" on Sunday, 31st August, made 300 miles, and deducting time lost by laying to for storms and machinery. Her average day's sailing was 283, which is over the average of the old fleet by some 40 to 45 miles a day. The "Circassian" is in every respect an "advanced" transatlantic steamship. Her model is elegant, her accommodation both for cabin, intermediate and steerage passengers unrivalled, her officers skillful and active, her stewards well disciplined and obliging. We shall never wish to sail on board a better or a better-managed ship, and until we know more about it will not enter our names for a passage in a "Wise balloon." Reader would you?

J. B. E.

Notes and Queries.

THE AGE OF DEER.—Among certain classes of Highlanders there is no superstition more prevalent than that which regards the longevity of deer; hence a Gaelic adage which has been thus translated:—

Thrice the age of a dog is that of a horse;
 Thrice the age of a horse is that of a man;
 Thrice the age of a man is that of a deer;
 Thrice the age of a deer is that of an eagle;
 Thrice the age of an eagle is that of an oak tree.

WHOM THE GODS LOVE DIE YOUNG.—We have discussed this saying in our columns several months ago. The saying originated with the Greek poet Menander, but the same idea is found in Indian and Persian literature.

AN OLD COUPLET.—Can any of you tell me who is the author of the old song:

Take, oh take those lips away
 That so sweetly were forsworn, &c.

CAPEL.

The first stanza is found in Shakspeare's comedy, "Measure for Measure," Act 1, sc. 1; but there is a great doubt among many eminent critics whether he is the author, although it is printed amongst Shakspeare's smaller poems by Sewel and Gildon. It is not found in Taggard's old edition of Shakspeare's sonnets reprinted by Linbot. Both the stanzas are preserved in Beaumont and Fletcher's drama "Bloody Brother," act 5, sc. 2.

George Ellis, author of "Specimens of the Early English Poets," attributes the song to Beaumont and Fletcher, and quotes the stanzas, vol. 3, page 47.

JOSTLING ATOMS.—Can any of your readers inform me who is the author of the following distich:

"Not out of cunning, but a train
 Of jostling atoms in the brain."

PETTY.

BALLOONS THREE CENTURIES AGO.—In pursuing some antiquarian researches the other day I came across the following couplet translated by Sylvester, 1592, from a rare poetical work by Du Bartas, "The Shipwreck of Jonas":

"Against one ship that ships from star to ground,
 From wave to wave, like windy ballones bounde."

In this couplet we appear to be presented with confirmation that balloons were known nearly three hundred years ago.

INSCRIPTION.—The oldest inscription to a library is said to be one at Thebes. It was called an "office for diseases of the soul."

A PROPHECY.—The following quotation from Drawin, 1793, contains a prophecy:

"Soon shall thy arm, unconquered steam afar,
 Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car,
 Or on wide-waving wings expanded bear
 The flying chariot through the fields of air."

TRAVEL IN THE OLDEN TIME.—What a contrast now between the travel in the time of Queen Elizabeth and Queen Victoria. The former died on the morning of the Thursday the 24th of March, 1603. Sir Robert Carey stole away according to Froissart by Berners, with bottles of wine strapped to his saddle, and pasties of salmon, trout, and eels wrapped in towels, and arrived in Edinburgh with the news to King James in the course of the following Saturday night. The latter can now make the journey from Windsor to Balmoral in about twelve hours.

EMIGRATION AGENTS.—In 1583 Capt. Carlisle suggested the idea of making a settlement in North America for taking off idle and licentious people. Query whether some of our present emigration agents are not actually carrying out the suggestion?

E.

THE PAPAL ZOUAVE'S MOTTO.—The motto on the banner of the Canadian Pontifical Zouaves—*Aime Dieu et vas ton chemin*—is said to be derived from the exclamation of a French papal soldier slain in battle. The true origin of the words is traced to a young Englishman, of high family, who, serving in the Pope's army, was fatally wounded at Mentana. In a pocketbook found upon his person were the following lines:

Anima mia, anima mia,
 Ama Dio et tira via.

L.

A LINE OF JOHN WESLEY.—The words of John Wesley, when his wife left him, are as curt and comprehensive as Cæsar's famous despatch:

Non reliqui, non dimisi, non revocabo.

J.