

SALLIES FROM AN ATTIC.

No. 4.

In my boyhood the "Panoramas" which were at times exhibited about the country, were regarded by many of us as masterpieces of Art, and few of us thought that the quarter demanded for admission, could be more pleasantly or profitably spent. Without doubt the miserable dabs that were in one place exhibited as representations of the "Ruins of Jerusalem, painted on the spot by our special Artist," in other sections were accounted faithful delineations of Rome's fallen grandeur, or the relics of Central America's unwritten civilization. Be that as it may, the gorgeous coloring, and the mystery which accompanied these representations, together with the dignity and unfathomable wisdom of the white-vested and red-nosed delineator, were deeply impressed on our young minds and furnished food for reflection and fireside chat for months to come. Ah, how cheap and accessible are the pleasures of boyhood and youth! As the years creep on they grow dear and unfrequent, and when we are tempted to purchase, they too often turn to ashes on our lips. (My owl chuckles with delight).

I was speaking of panoramas. One of these is daily and nightly spread before us in the masses of humanity that perambulate our principal streets. The scenes shift as they shift on the canvass, and every observer is his own delineator. I often stroll down town for no other purpose than to watch the living panorama by gaslight, to read the faces of the figures that move up and down, and speculate upon the present fortune and future destiny of those with whom I come in contact.

Let us forth! The hour is nine, the sky is clear and studded with a million stars, and the music of the merry sleigh-bells fills the air. Ah, right by the doorway we encounter a character; a man of middle age, shabbily dressed, with a beaver that might have been worn by one of the loyalists, long hair hanging over his shoulders and a cane that thumps, thumps, thumps on the sidewalk as if he were counting the steps he must take before reaching his destination? And what is his destination? Were I to answer as I feel, I should say, *Damnation!* but in other words I might be more readily comprehended. Look now! you see that dimly lit groggery just round the corner? Well, in he goes and out he will come, to stagger home, more beast than man. That man was once engaged in a prosperous business on Blank street; he had a superior education and a noble heart. He indulged in an occasional glass of wine, then an occasional glass of brandy, then occasionally he stopped out late o' nights, then he became embarrassed, then he failed, and then he became a sot! Yet, strange as it may seem, he is, to this day, a strenuous advocate of unlicensed traffic in liquor, and has written a pamphlet to prove that the free use of ardent spirits is sanctioned by Scripture! Oh, the rum Devil—the devil Rum! I have nothing to say against the liquor dealer; his business is sanctioned and protected by law as well as that of the physician and the undertaker;

I have nothing to say against the victims of intoxicants—as a general thing they are, or have been, among the best educated and finest souled men that live—but of Rum itself, I do say, *Would to God that the oceans of tears with which thou hast drowned the world, had blotted thee out forever!* But this theme is a hackneyed one—there is no room for argument except on one side, so we will pass on.

Ah! here comes our cook, Julia, on the arm of Toddlebin, the baker's apprentice.

"She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes."

Mark that white feather, that cardinal red ribbon, that blue scarf; mark how confidently she leans on the arm of Toddlebin, and how confidently she glances in his eyes! Ah, Julia, we are all dreamers and you may as well indulge in that innocent pastime as I. To-morrow, you must forget all this and give strict attention to steaks and muffins, still Toddlebin's queen,—but attending to affairs of state. And Toddlebin, as he moulds the plastic dough, must banish the fancy that he reigns a king in one young heart, and attend with diligence to his employer's behests. Thus it is that the ideal is crushed by the real in this everyday world.

*And so it is! our dreams do pass
Awily like promises writ on glass;
They are shivered by fate—they end in smoke,
And glass is brittle and easily broke.*

S.

Our Book Shelf.

"In both worlds; by William H. Holcombe, M. D., Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott & Co.; St. John, E. H. Jones.

This book purports to be an autobiography of Lazarus whom Christ raised from the dead—and details not only his Earthly Experiences which, according to Dr. Holcombe's recital, were of wildly adventurous character, but also answers Tennyson's question, "Where wert thou Lazarus those four days?" and states the experiences of Lazarus in the other world. Our readers may be interested in learning that the parchment manuscript, a translation of which makes up the book, is some eighteen centuries old, and was found not many years ago in a cave in Mount Lebanon, in which Lazarus was buried alive. At least Dr. Holcombe says so, and we are not prepared to dispute his statement.

The book, in idea, is somewhat similar to the "Prince of the House of David"—but is more of a romance. In fact it is sensational enough to have been written by E. A. Poe. The story is written from a Swedenborgian standpoint, and incidentally gives quite a full statement of the views of that remarkable man Emanuel Swedenborg, in reference to the future life.

The discussion started by the recent utterances of Canon Farrar, on this subject, will lend many to read it with increased interest. Dr. Holcombe, whatever may be thought of the opinions he communicates, or as to the possibility of any such events as he describes happening in real life, has written a very interesting novel and in excellent style.

Chappell's Prince Edward Island Almanac.

—This Almanac, which appears to be quite complete in all departments found in similar publications—has also a directory for the City of Charlottetown. We believe the first published for that city. The business of Charlottetown is well represented in the advertising columns.

Deeter Smith's for January is the initial number of volume XIII., and is replete with musical, dramatic, literary, humorous, art, etc., items. In the musical department, we notice selections from "Evangeline" and "Alhambra."

The Norristown Herald.—Hitherto a lively and readable daily, has commenced a weekly literary edition, which promises to be first-class, of its kind. It gives a pleasing variety of humor, history, fiction, fashion and gossip.

SELECT SCINTILLATIONS.

BY "SCISSORS."

A company is being formed in Charlottetown for the manufacture of starch from potatoes.—*Ex.*

Suppose the company will be a pretty "stiff" one. When they make blue starch will they use "Early Blues?"

Many of the colleges are discussing the question of using caps and gowns, and one reckless rascal ventures to insinuate that both are worn at Vassar—at night.—*Puck.*

Cary says she and Kellogg have had no battle. It was alto-gether a false-set-to.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Judging from the "tenor" of her remarks, there has been a "change of base" in this musical battle.

Most persons who pass a blind beggar in the street cannot see any better than he can. It is catching.—*Rochester Democrat.*

If you "pass" a "blind" you cannot "see" it afterwards.

Can any one of our exchanges inform us why it is that Louisville girls always have a mole between the shoulders?—*St. Louis Jour.*

If you don't stop mole-sting those Louisville girls you'll get yourself into trouble.

Crooked chirography is no sign of genius.—*Dan. News.*

Crooked walk o-graphy is a sure sign of gin lous.

The *Troy Budget* says: "If you love your girl, sleigh her on the spot." And if you don't, we suppose you can cut-her.—*Rome Sent.*

Or let her slide.

Canvas suspenders now seem to be worn by most ladies. There's no "give" to them, and that's the reason you occasionally hear a button fly off when a lady grabs for her skirt.

Dr. Tocheram says that the little black specks on apples and oranges are clusters of fungi, and that they produce whooping cough.—*Ex.*

And still you will find little boys and girls who don't care a "speck" for the fungi, and say "let 'em whoop!"

A lease for 999 years has just run out on some land at Woolwich, in England.

How did it run out? It wasn't released.

"WHEN DOCTORS DIFFER."—An editorial writer in the *Springfield Republican* of Dec. 21st, spoke of Mark Twain's speech at the Atlantic dinner as "vulgar." Another editorial writer on the same page said it was "excellently adapted to the company."