

the mothers of Bulgravia, and let all the eloquence of *paterfamilias*, and family ties would accomplish the same result. Modes, not men and women, change:

"After some years' delay, William appears to have become despondent; and, if we may trust to the evidence of the 'Chronicle of Ingerbe,' in the 1047 waylaid Matilda in the streets of Bruges, as she was returning from mass, seized her, rolled her in the dirt, spoiled her rich array, and, not content with these outrages, struck her repeatedly, and rode off at full speed. This primitive method of courtship, according to our author, brought the affair to a crisis; for Matilda, either convinced of the strength of William's passion, by the violence of his behavior, or afraid of encountering a second beating, consented to become his wife."

..... We are very willing to allow all possible latitude to the opinions of contributors, consistent with the scope of the HOME JOURNAL, but would respectfully request them to avoid all allusions of a political or theological character, as many persons are morbidly, perhaps, but naturally sensitive on these heads. Toleration and courtesy—unwillingness to offend the prejudices of others, and a spirit of forbearance with those who cannot think like us in many points, should be cultivated by the writer who wishes to address the large and weekly increasing audience, with which it is our privilege to afford a channel of communication. It is always unpleasant to erase or alter passages in a contributor's MS. and we had rather the author avoided its necessity, by penning nothing which might offend those of any religious denomination or political party. In view of one or two erased paragraphs in a friend's recent contributions, we deem it may be well to remind our literary brothers and sisters to guard against this error in the future.

..... Warne & Hall will accept our thanks for *Blackwood* for the past month, and the *Edinburgh* and *Westminster Reviews* for the current quarter. We mention this, not as an advertisement but to point a moral; for sending these periodicals to the HOME JOURNAL, is a recognition from that most useful and honorable class of men, known as newdealers: men who have made Literary papers possible, and who alone can put the London publications in the hands of the general reader with promptitude and economy.

The periodical depot is the creature of our generation. Many persons now-a-days who dislike to subscribe for a paper, and pay in advance, prefer to patronise the news agent, and pay him weekly on delivery for such print as they want. The newsdealer will always deliver if it be desired; and the reader has the advantage of changing his intellectual diet as he pleases, by a brief notice of stoppage, in the case of more expensive foreign publications. The newsdealer is the mental purveyor of the century. He can procure any work, no matter where published, at the publisher's price. He was a convenience and is becoming a necessity.

To friends out of Toronto, we say, especially, if you do not want to subscribe for the HOME JOURNAL, but desire to buy it weekly, go to the news agency in your place and ask for it; if not on the counter—(most large firms, who do any business, keep it on hand)—he will get it for you, and you can pay him weekly. If you have any trouble in so getting the paper, which you will not, unless your news agency is a very petty concern—send us fifty cents for four months, or a dollar for eight, and you will get it regularly by mail. But if your news agent is at all obliging, you can obtain it from him. As a general thing the periodical dealer has no favoritisms, but is willing to furnish any publication his patrons desire regularly; if he does not aim at this, he has no business disgracing a respectable occupation.

..... Some time ago—we have a bad memory for dates—a protest against the anonyne in Literature appeared in our columns. We must consider the dead-head system, as affecting the drama, nearly equally objectionable. Theatrical critiques are for the most part over. We have "notices"—meaningless as their insipid writers—

instead. Occasionally, some bitter pique against the man arouses a prejudiced attack upon his witless head; or some *literateur* of Athens or Gotham (heaven save the mark!) will, to pamper prudery (a questionable nymph who sometimes puts on the air of offended virtue), produce a column of "thunder" at some deliciously naughty Parisian *petite* comedy, or sanguinary drama. Generally, our papers "notice" a play as they would chronicle "Jones' new butler." Alas! to criticise requires more than to be amiable or bitter: you should be candid.

Reporters, printers, etc., are often dead-heads, directly or indirectly, at places of amusement. He, however, who writes the theatrical column for a print should never refuse to use a free ticket. No man likes to go as an invited guest to a house, and then go away and abuse his friends: whereas if your theatrical critic pays for his ticket, he has the rights of a spectator. He may speak out his mind honestly, sharply if you please, but yet say what he thinks. It is a poor stick that can be snuffed out by criticism. When the issue is made plainly of Author or Player versus Critic, the public can tell which hath the long ears.

..... Toronto does not rise up very early in the morning. It is well worth seeing the city awoken from its sleep. At five o'clock scarcely a rag gatherer is stirring. The saloons are all closed. A quiet rests upon the town. By six, there is more sign of life, by seven the drowsy giant rubs its eyes, and by eight it is tolerably well awake.

Arising early, you will meet a few pale young gentlemen and studious ladies who seek to steal time from sleep or labor for exercise and a mouthful of air; or to filch it from those dreadful books. It is a curious study for the city "reporters," these matutinal investigations.

A MOTHER OF QUEENS.

The wife of the celebrated Lord Clarendon, the author of the "History of the Rebellion," was a Welsh potgirl, who, being extraordinarily poor in her own country, journeyed to London, to better her fortune, and became servant to a brewer. While she was in this humble capacity, the wife of her master died, and he happening to fix his affections on her, she became his wife; himself dying soon after, leaving her heir to his property, which is said to have amounted to between £20,000 and £30,000. Among those who frequented the tap at the brewhouse was a Mr. Hyde, then a poor barrister, who conceived the project of forming a matrimonial alliance with her. He succeeded, and soon let the brewer's widow to the altar.

Mr. Hyde being endowed with great talent, and at the command of a large fortune, quickly rose in his profession, becoming head of the Chancery Bench, and was afterwards the celebrated Hyde, Earl of Clarendon. The eldest daughter, the offspring of this union, won the heart of James Duke of York, and was married to him. Charles II sent immediately for his brother, and having first plied him with some sharp raillery on the subject, finished by saying, "James, as you have brewen you must drink;" and forthwith commanded that the marriage should be legally ratified and promulgated. Her daughters, however, were Queen Mary, the wife of William, and Queen Anne, both grandchildren of the *ci-devant* potgirl from Wales, and wearing in succession the Crown of England.

The following story in connection with the late Principal Taylor of the University, Glasgow, is sufficiently ludicrous. Lord _____ had been on a visit to Glasgow and, wishing a suit of clothes for a special purpose, requested the waiter of his hotel to send for the principal tailor in the city. In a short time, a venerable looking person was ushered into his lordship's presence. "Are you the principal tailor," he said to his lordship.

"I am at your service," replied the visitor. His lordship proceeded to explain that he was desirous of procuring a well-made suit of black clothes.

"Ah, said the visitor, "I see there has been a mistake; you had sent for a principal tailor and your message has been misunderstood. I am Dr. Taylor, Principal of the University."

The Ladies' Cabinet.

In the July number of *Blackwood* there is an article on the barbarisms of civilisation which contains some very sharp paragraphs. We clip, for the amusement and instruction of our numerous lady readers the following concerning

PATENT COFFEE POTS.

Of all the mortifications which our patient age inflicts upon itself, none is more remarkable than the eagerness with which it adopts all inventions for spoiling its coffee. Good coffee is so easily made—that is, by any cook who will take the pains to learn the method and keep to it afterwards—that every effort has been made by human ingenuity to complicate the process so as to avoid the proper result. Coffee, fit for the Sultan, may be made either by plain boiling, or the old "percolator." A good article, plenty of it, and a careful hand, are the secrets. But go into any hardware shop, and you may see a counter covered with specimens of the most extraordinary machinery bearing classical names, all on different principles, and all professing to be the only true coffee-makers, and all—as you will find, if you are foolish enough to be seduced into buying one—miserable failures.

I once bought, in my bachelor days, when I was not so well acquainted with the wicked ways of men (or of women either, for that matter), a patent article that looked at was a wonder in itself. It was the elaborate nature of the machinery that tempted me. It had, I remember, a small windlass, air-pump, and tubes and pipes and screws innumerable. Make coffee! of course it could, I thought to myself; it looked as if it could make anything. I forget its name now; it was *Pan-something*. My own impression at this moment is that it *could* have made almost anything—except coffee. I am not much of a mechanician; but I have no doubt that very slight adaptations would have fitted it to serve as a very respectable electrifying machine, or a portable printing-press, or anything of that kind. I have a strong suspicion now that it was the work of some inventive genius, who had originally intended it for some other operation, and finding it a failure, had added it to the list of patent coffee-machines; feeling a justifiable confidence that, do what it would in that line, it could hardly do worse than some of its rivals. The machine was bought and sent home; and in the pride of my new possession I invited a friend to breakfast. The coffee was to be made on the spot by the gentleman or lady requiring it; that is always the special advantage held out to tempt the purchasers of these new inventions; to make your own coffee seems supposed to be the ultimate end of human actions.

Well, my friend came, and found me in my dressing-gown, working away at my new apparatus, and really hard work it was, winding up the windlass which I mentioned, against a considerable power of suction produced by the air in some way below. It was very wholesome morning exercise, however, and calculated to increase the performer's enjoyment of the excellent beverage which was to follow. Twice I failed altogether; and once there was a sudden eruption which scalded my hand considerably; but I am quite willing to confess that this was rather my own fault than that of the machine; for although I thought I had pretty well mastered the theory of the science from the instructions of the fluent young gentleman who sold it, I found that I had reversed some of the processes in order of time, and thereby of course deranged the whole plan of operations. At last, with the printed instructions before me, I brought matters to a successful termination, and had the pleasure of presenting my friend with a breakfast-cup full of a very dark and viscous fluid, and retaining about half the quantity for myself—as I trust never to drink again. There was good cream and sugar; and my friend, who was a few years younger than myself, and rather a well-behaved person, with a vigorous morning appetite, was good enough to drink it without open remonstrance.

There is something very sweet in these verses, and happier would all our homes be if every woman was

THE CONTESTED WIFE.

I would not change this happy scene
For all the earth's wealth proudly great;
I would not change my humble home
For kingly rank or queenly state.

I would not change my husband's love
For all that earth can give of fame;
Nor batten his approving smile
To breathe a halo round my name!

I would not change my child's sweet glance
For all the love earth's wealth could gain;
Nor change the certain bliss I feel
For all ambition might obtain.

May He who gave me these good gifts
Send down His blessing of content;
Preserve my treasured ones in health,
Or give us strength if ill be sent.

Having received a little reminder from one of our fair correspondents that it would be acceptable, we this week continue our hints to lady equestrians

TROTTING.

Trotting, if well performed, is very graceful, but is more difficult to acquire than cantering. The rider should sit slightly more forward than for cantering, on, but not more forward than the centre of the seat, pressing the knee firmly against the saddle, and keeping the foot perfectly straight (rather turned in than out) in the stirrup. She must rise slightly with every step of the animal, taking care to keep the shoulders quite square with the horse. To lean over one side or the other, be the inclination ever so slight, or to bring forward one shoulder more than the other, has a very bad appearance.

REARING.

Should a horse rear, lean the body forward, losing the reins at the same moment; press both hands, if necessary, on the mane. Should, however, a horse rear so as to endanger the safety of the rider, loosen well the rein, pass the whip from the right hand to the left, double up the right hand into a fist, and hit him between the ears. Show no fear, but trot on as though nothing had occurred. Turn his head towards home, and he will be certain not to repeat his feat on a future occasion! The above is rarely necessary, and should only be done in a case of urgency.

HOW A LADY CONQUERED

A lady rode a spirited thorough-bred horse. She had been ill for a short time, and the groom had been ordered to exercise him every day. Recovered from her indisposition, the lady again mounted her favorite. She had not proceeded far on her ride before she encountered one of those high trucks often seen in country towns. At sight of this the horse reared fearfully. His rider pressed all her weight on him, and he descended, but only to rise still higher. As she cast up her eyes, she saw his forefeet erect, that she almost fell backwards. The bystanders screamed—the groom rode up: "Drop off! ma'am, oh! pray drop off!" he exclaimed, adding, in the excitement of the moment, a truth he might have concealed, "I always do." The lady fortunately preserved her presence of mind: she shifted her whip and struck the horse with all her force between the ears. He descended instantly. Then (it was the first and last time she ever struck him) she beat him with her whip, and rode on as though nothing had happened. On inquiry, it was discovered that the groom had taken the horse out for exercise three times, had each time encountered a truck, and had each time dropped off behind when the horse reared, which he did at first through fear, but afterwards through "trickiness," for the purpose of getting home.

Henry VIII. designed to send a nobleman on an embassy to Francis I. at a very dangerous juncture; but he begged to be excused, saying that such a threatening message to so hot headed a prince as Francis I. might go near to cost him his life. "Fear not," said old Harry; "if the French king should take away your life, I would revenge you by taking off the heads of many Frenchmen now in my power." "But among all these heads," replied the nobleman, "there may not be one to fit my shoulders."