

it was essentially bloodthirsty, and Lieut. Carey was too eligible a victim to be passed by. Of course, after a series of such sensations as these, reaction comes. But satiety is not repentance, and a dull consciousness of the perpetration of a gross injustice is no title to forgiveness. The sensations of the season of '79 have been found in the reckless indulgence of the worst passions of human nature. They are passions, too, whose reckless display has more than once preceded the disruption of empires and heralded the decay of states. The Roman amphitheatre was associated with Roman greatness, but was the precursor of Roman decline; and it is the spirit of the Roman amphitheatre which a retrospect of the past season shows we have now domesticated amongst us. That society was immoral and corrupt, we long since knew. One element of corruption—the taint of cruelty—there seemed no reason to believe it possessed; that is a pleasing delusion which we are henceforth forbidden to hug.—*London World.*

“ON THE MAKE.”

Society now and then hits upon some happy phrase which expresses with striking accuracy the phenomenon it is intended to describe; and the phrase, “On the make,” which one now continually hears in fashionable life, may be considered a good specimen. It is not drawn from the well of English unde-filed; and it might possibly be difficult to construe it in conformity with the rules for the parsing of English laid down in Lindley Murray. Still it conveys the idea it is intended to communicate in a terse and lively manner; and when we hear that some *nouveau riche* or some newly-arrived beauty is on the make, we understand at once what is signified. London swarms with specimens of these aspiring persons; persons who, having first got their feet on the social ladder, are dedicating themselves with a touching concentration of purpose to the task of getting a few rungs higher. The operations of the energetic aspirant vary, of course, according as it is a man or a woman whose praiseworthy efforts we are asked to contemplate. But there is one feature common to both. Whether they be of the male or of the female sex who happen to be on the make, they invariably display the keenest interest in persons. Who So-and-So is, where he comes from, who was his grandfather, how much money he has got, whom did he marry, where does he reside, in what set does he move—these and kindred questions are asked from morning to night by persons who are on the make, concerning all those whom it is worth while to ask questions about at all. Nor are these inquiries prompted by a barren or academical curiosity. A man on the make requires to learn what people are worth knowing, and how their acquaintance is to be arrived at. Knowledge of persons is the special education through which he is passing in order to attain success in a particular trade; the trade or business in this case, being society. Aware that mice are sometimes familiar with lions, in the earlier stages of the “make” he is cautiously civil to the whole world, and profusely polite to all who are in any way likely to further his special pursuit. He is punctilious to the last degree in paying calls and leaving cards; and he exhibits a uniform longanimity to notorious but serviceable bores with whom people who never were on the make, or who were made long ago, have lost all patience. He manifests likewise an inexhaustible fidelity in attending every gathering which has the smallest—and to the initiated, *not* the smallest—chance of being graced by the presence of individuals of prominence. He turns up punctually at five o'clock teas, from which better-informed persons fly with the horror of long and dreary experience; and he is persuaded, without an effort, to “look in after dinner” at houses where the fastidious would not even willingly dine.

These are his little mistakes, such as anyone may be expected to make who is new to a trade. He is aware of the proverb, “Nothing venture, nothing win,” and accordingly he puts into every conceivable social lottery, though blanks necessarily be all that emerge from most of them. In the same manner, and for the same reason, he is the easy victim of touting benevolence. He consents to be a steward for this dinner, for that concert, and for every bazaar imaginable, every ten-pound note that he disgorges being bread cast upon the waters, which he expects to come back to him after not many days. Whatever is done he does, and, not unfrequently, overdoes. It is almost superfluous to say that he hunts at Leamington, shoots in Norfolk, and yachts in the Solent. He goes to Paris at Easter, to Homburg in August, and to Brighton in October. He is almost invariably a Conservative; society of late years having become all but exclusively of that way of thinking, or perhaps we should say of that way of feeling. Of course he is going to contest a borough at the next general election. By degrees he manifests more and more confidence. With knowledge, expression, and some success, he learns to be discriminating, to give the cold shoulder to persons who are useless, and to be insolent to persons who are detrimental. Thus he acquires by degrees some of the good manners of society. Suddenly he gives a stupendous entertainment, to which it is announced that everybody is going. At once everybody wants to go. He who has for months, perhaps for years, been intriguing for invitations now finds himself fawned on for them. He is no longer on the make. He is a made man. He ceases to inquire about people, but treats them as though he had known them, and all about them, from his cradle upwards.—*London Truth.*

MARRIAGE.

We wonder whether anyone has ever thought of the very unfair start which a young married couple get in the race of life when they first commence together. We wonder how far custom has been moulded by fashion into folly, and who is responsible for the result? We wonder why it should be that at a time when common-sense would be at once most natural and most valuable, it should be most rare; or why, when the young couple might be expected to have all their wits about them, they and their friends should suddenly seem to have gone mad? This essay has nothing to do with courtship and love-making. What is natural is sometimes right; and though it should seem strange at first sight that admiration of the other sex should cause a strong man to compose weak rhymes, yet, as it has been so for centuries, it will probably remain so for ever. A gander rarely looks such a gander as when he is courting a goose. Socrates probably cut a very foolish figure when he made love to Xantippe; and, if there be truth in history, that mighty sage regretted his folly all his life. It is not with love and love-making that this paper has to deal, but with marriage ceremonies, honeymoons, the early hours of wedded existence, and the ritual of a day which is conventionally said to be the happiest day in a man's life.

Let us see what are the preparations for it. We shall suppose an average case. Great people and rich people may marry as they like, but the ordinary young couple beginning the world, and in a mighty hurry to do so, must marry as other people marry. It is an expensive piece of business, and the expense comes at an awkward time. It would be very pleasant to start with a big purse and have as much money as possible to buy tables, and chairs, and candlesticks, and nutmeg-graters; but the marriage must be paid for before the furniture can be thought of, and certain charges are thus indispensable. It would seem to be impossible to be married without collecting a number of your bride's relatives and putting upon them the duty of appearing in appropriate dresses. Generally they are your bride's sisters, and some of the funds which should supply her trousseau are deflected for their unnecessary finery. A bridesmaid's dress cannot be cheap, and must not be useful. Its purpose is distinctively decorative and, so to speak, sacrificed. The bride's dress follows the same rule. The idea of being led to the altar in colourless silk, crowned with highly odorous flowers, and festooned in costly lace, is no doubt a very beautiful one. Persons who delight in emblems see all sorts of meanings and significations in this little bit of ceremony, and the mind suffers a shock at the idea of matrimony commenced under less formal conditions. Time was when the male sex was restrained by equally rigid rules, and a man dared not face the parson and his father-in-law without appearing bound in blue cloth extra. Happily a stand was made some years ago against this tyranny, and it would seem that even a cut-away coat is not inconsistent with well regulated connubial bliss. The bride, however, must be mysterious in white and emblematic in orange-blossoms.

And a very singular figure she often presents. A couple must be necessarily a youthful couple; and though May and December sometimes pair, October has also been known to select a suitable autumnal husband. A pretty blushing young girl, standing on the verge of maidenhood, does look fascinating in the white drapery of her wedding day; but the complexion of a more mature spinster suffers from the contrast of satin and orange-blossoms. Why might she not be allowed to go down sensibly with her intended to the church in which she may have worshipped for years, and be married to him by the appropriate parson? Is there not something almost sinful in this decking her in costly raiment, and exhibiting her to her friends as surrounded with a romance to which she knows she is not entitled? And then, when the ceremony is over, there follows the breakfast. Now, what is there in the order of things that should require, because a man marries a woman, that twenty or thirty people should drink bad champagne by daylight, and deliver themselves of much feeble oratory in faltering accents, encouraged by loud and inappropriate applause? To whom—except the pastry-cook—is the wedding breakfast of the slightest interest or amusement? The bride is troubled and anxious. The bridegroom, frequently alluded to as a happy man, looks disconcerted and ashamed of himself. The parents have their own recollections, which, for the most part, leave them in a depressed condition. There are lugubrious speeches, and everything seems forced, awkward, and funereal. The cutting of the cake is the signal for public oratory, and the display goes far to show that fluency of speech is an acquired accomplishment, since no one seems to have it naturally. Even the bridesmaids get tired of their own importance, and cannot help feeling that a pic-nic or a dance would be worth twice the money. The groomsmen look very awkward in their morning clothes, and seem to have said all they have had to say on their way down to the church in the carriage. Everyone thinks that the day is very long and very stupid. The bride has gone up to take off that silly wedding-dress and assume suitable travelling costume. Like Venus, she is attended on this occasion by her nymphs, and reappears, after considerable delay, looking flushed, tired, and, on the whole, unattractive. It seems doubtful whether, if the bridegroom were to see her now for the first time he would ever put any important question to her. The moment is dramatic,