

The Zig-zag Papers.

V.—AT MALBAIE.

Now that MARLY and I had made acquaintance we found life not so unbearable. His conversation was not very brilliant, but he was a good listener, a capital mark to fire old jokes at, and therefore much more agreeable than one of those confounded fellows who monopolize the talk. He was unable to walk far, so we chartered one of those absurd, rickety, unbalanced, habitant calcehes, and a hairy, sagacious, solemn, Canadian pony to drive about the country. It was with much difficulty that we got rid of the proprietor, who wished to drive us himself. He seemed possessed of the notion that we were not to be trusted with his rig; not—as he politely assured us in untranslatable *patois*—that he was afraid we should steal it, but that we might be so unskilful in driving as to smash the vehicle. The whole concern might have been worth twenty-five dollars, and that amount we offered to pay him in case we damaged it beyond repair. He seemed very suspicious of our ability to fulfil our promises.

"Are you from Ottawa?" he inquired. We assured him we were not.

"Do you belong to the Government, the Civil Service?" Again we answered in the negative.

After satisfying himself, through the landlord, that we really were not Civil Service people, he agreed to take our personal security, and delivered us the trap.

We almost lived in it for a week. With entire immunity from accident, which may have been due, in part, to the fact that the pony had an obstinate dislike to any faster gait than a walk.

I found MARLY a very much decenter fellow than I had dared to hope, not purse proud, but a little ashamed of his parentage. I am not a person of very distinguished family myself, and as all the people who know me are aware of the fact, I am driven, by self-respect, to profess in public decidedly democratic opinions. But in my secret soul I do wish I were a man of family. Not that I wish a distinguished grandfather had handed down to me a comfortable inheritance; no, I have not a mercenary thought! Indeed it is probable, that had I been the descendant of such a one, I would have been, like most Canadians in like case, merely a polite beggar.

But how I could have consoled myself for absence of wealth by fond recollections of ancestral glories. With what dignity would I have worn unpaid-for garments. How scornfully could I have looked down upon the wealthy parvenue. How dignified would I have been with the democratic tendencies of the age. I have seen so much of that sort of thing done, that I can imitate it very successfully, where I am not known, even now.

But alas, my grandfather was a ———. Would that he had been a member of the old Legislative Assembly, a half pay officer, or anything great or reverend.

Then would I have been as aristocratic in bearing and sentiment as any one of these, the proud scions of our native untitled nobility, who borrow shillings, to pay for the game, from the low fellows they condescend to play billiards with in the Rossin House; noble, gallant youths, how I have admired you, envied you, tried to catch your accent, wished to call you each my friend.

How has my heart throbbled with honest exultation when you gave me the casual nod on King Street. But fate has been cruel to me; I profess the opinions of my class, sneer at good birth and go back for an ancestor to Adam.

Darwinism I scout and utterly deny. You say his book is the peerage of the human race. Base assertion. Tell me not of the King street faces which recall our ape-like progenitor. Reversion?—vile argument of a soulless creed. Bring hither the book of DAWSON,—noble and logical defender of the faith. It should have met with an extensive sale in Toronto, Ottawa and London.

As I had just said, when the recollection of my sorrows drove me to the above digression, MARLY was ashamed of his family—being in trade. Young men often are in this democratic land. When "The Governor" retires, and sits in Parliament for some enlightened constituency, it is a great relief to his ambitious sons. I have known very worthy young men who alluded with pride to the fact that their father was *beaten* in an election, the mention of the circumstance being an argument for a certain respectability.

MARLY's father was a merchant, as I afterward discovered—a shrewd business man, who had risen from the ranks. His mother was a pushing woman prominent in western society, where, as MAJOR PIFLER said, she was received on a cash basis. Although laughed at for many years, she had worked her way upward and acquired, also as PIFLER said, so good a manner that it needed two conversations of fifteen minutes each, to discern the native vulgarity under the conventional varnish. This worthy lady was ambitious that her son should marry into a "best family," that she might be grandmother to an undoubted gentleman.

MARLY assured me, after our acquaintance had reached something like intimacy, that though he was at Malbaie ostensibly for his health's sake, his intention was to turn the visit to good account.

"You see," he remarked, with indescribable coolness, "I'm not

particularly fond of business, and my mother is anxious that I should keep out of trade. But the governor is determined that I shall succeed him. Very little will decide the dispute as I wish. If I can fall in with a well-born girl here, fool enough to marry me for money, I'm going to take her. If she is a *real lady*, I don't doubt that my mother would force the governor to set me up as a gentleman, and give up the notion of putting me into business."

It was on our return from a day's fishing that MARLY made this disclosure. The boat had arrived during our absence. As we neared the hotel, we noticed an unusual stir. Quite a number of guests had arrived, the landlord informed us as we alighted. Great piles of luggage were on the verandah, and the glimpse of ladies' dresses shewed through the trees of the grounds.

I hastened into the house, hoping to meet some one I knew. There were only two young ladies hammering the "Dance Waltz" out of the venerable piano. All the other arrivals were in the grounds. As I passed out my eye caught the initials A. T. on a valise. Was he indeed here? My suspense was awful.

I rushed frantically away to satisfy myself of the truth of my surmise, and there—O joy!—calmly dozing—his hat drawn down over his noble brow—on a garden seat, sat—ADOLPHUS TOMSONDY.

I did not disturb him, but sat patiently keeping off irreverent mosquitoes, and feasting my eyes on his intellectual features till he awoke. How great then was my reward as he slowly opened his eyes, comprehended the situation, extended to me two fingers, and said, "Aw, you here, MUDGE, old fellow? vewy wight to keep the flies off. Beastly hole, isn't it? Any one heal? a fellow can know I mean?—you know."

Why Miss Blanche Hates the Country.

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(By special carrier-pigeon between the rural districts and GRIP'S headquarters.)

Oh!—because—!

Because I hate it.

Because it is so dreadful, you know.

Because it is so stupid and dismal and solemn.

Because it is not a bit like town, or like anything one wants to care about, and has so many horizons, always the same, and always staring at one (with trees), and you can never remember the day of the week.

Because the dew generally interferes with one's plans.

Because it was so absurd of papa grumbling over MADAME FITZELLE'S May bills, when all I had from her was a few tarlatanes (eight, I think), as if it was my fault that tarlatane is fair and frail and apt to crush, and then awkward people *will* stick their feet through, or entangle themselves with utter roat and ruin to the train. You may talk with papa of ironing, but who wants you to dance at his ball in strings, or spiced bourees? and of mamma giving way (pauic-struck poor mamma! over her own carded silks, so becoming and so expensive), and coming off here to a solitary farm house, dearer than ULYSSES to the marine people at CACOUXA and MURRAY BAY.

Because it always reminds me of vegetables, which is too ridiculous.

Because there are so many cows.

Because flying or crawling or climbing or scampering things are always coming in by the doors and windows and cracks, or clinging to your skirts when you have been trying to take a walk, and making it so disagreeable for you. Especially at night, when, in surprise at the lamps, they go bumping against the ceiling, and tumbling down again from the shock into your hair or your ruff (or down your neck!)

Because I didn't want to leave town just then, as FLORA FAMILY was gone (and people always so glad to tell you how attentive CHARLIE was to her last year), and when the evenings were so long and lovely, with the band playing its best, and fees beginning to feel cool, and when CHARLIE seemed to be growing serious.

Because it is all so horrid.

Because it is so hot. Even the wind, which pretends to rush at you like dozens of fans, and is just as warm as anything else, with absurd country smells, harvests (they tell me) and so on.

Because it is so cold, with that bulky and tiresome comet, and you never know of a morning what you are going to wear all day, except a shawl. (I am too short for a shawl.)

Because CHARLIE has not come down.

Children's Corner.

RETURNING FROM CHURCH.

JOHNNY, (who never before was at church):—"Papa what did Mr. JONES wear a night gown for?"

PAPA, (with suppressed laughter):—"That wasn't a night gown." JOHNNY, (triumphantly), "Oh, I was only foolin'. I knew it was a shirt!"