

POPPING THE QUESTION.—A smart, dapper little fellow whose name was *Parr*, was very much in love with a young lady of the name of *Anne Marr*; but as impudence nor even the “modest assurance” were exactly his *forte*, he was exceedingly puzzled how to pop the question, and the poor fellow put it off from day to day, being only able to look unutterable at the dear object of his affections. At last, however, chance or fortune (which you will) befriended him, for dining one day in company with “her his soul held most dear,” he happened to have *Parmesan cheese* before him, and the lady a plate of *Marmalade*. *Nunc aut nunquam*, now or never, says *Parr* to himself, and “screwing up his courage to the sticking place,” and making all proper use of his eyes as auxiliaries in this momentous affair, he ventured to say to her, “Pray will you have a little *Parr*, *Miss Anne*?” to which the lady (her eyes instantly sparkling with delight) replied “yes, if you are for *Marr my Lad*.” The awful business of “popping the question” being thus happily got over, the delighted couple shortly afterwards entered into the silken bonds of matrimony, and on the anniversary of their wedding-day, never fail to have *Parmesan cheese* and *Marmalade* on the table, when the happy husband tells his friends the story of his “popping the question.”

AN EXCELLENT RECIPE FOR BOUILLON, THE COMMON SOUP OF FRANCE.—This soup, or *broth*, as we should perhaps designate it in England, is made once or twice in the week, in every family of respectability in France; and by the poorer classes as often as their means will enable them to substitute it for the vegetable or *maigre* soups on which they are more commonly obliged to subsist. It is served usually, on the first day, with slices of untoasted bread soaked in it; on the second, it is generally varied with vermicelli, rice, or semolina. The ingredients are, of course, often otherwise proportioned than as we have given them, and more or less meat is allowed, according to the taste or circumstances of the persons for whom the bouillon is prepared; but the process of making it is always the same, and is thus, described (rather learnedly) by one of the most skillful cooks in Europe:—“The stock pot of the French artisan,” says Monsieur *Careme*, “supplies his principal nourishment; and it is thus managed by his wife, who without the slightest knowledge of chemistry, conducts the process in a truly scientific manner. She first lays the meat into her earthen stock-pot, and pours cold water to it in the proportion of about two quarts to three pounds of the beef; she then places it by the side of the fire, where it slowly becomes hot; and as it does so the heat enlarges the fibre of the meat; dissolves the gelatinous substances which it contains, allows the albumen (or the muscular part which produces the scum) to disengage itself, and rise to the surface, and the *ozmazome* (which is the most savoury part of the meat) to be diffused through the broth. Thus, from the simple circumstance of boiling it in the gentlest manner, a relishing and nutritious soup will be obtained, and a dish of

tender and palatable meat, but if the pot be placed and kept over a quick fire, the albumen will coagulate, harden the meat, prevent the water from penetrating it, and the *ozmazome* from disengaging itself; the result will be a broth without flavour or goodness, and a tough, dry bit of meat.”—*MISS ACTON'S Modern Cookery*.

TALL PEOPLE.—The king of France, being at Calais, sent over an ambassador, a verie tall person, upon no other errand but a complement to the king of England. At his audience he appeared in such a light garb, that afterwards the king ask'd Lord-keeper Bacon “what he thought of the French ambassador?” He answer'd, “That he was a verie proper man.”—“I,” his majestie replied, “but what think you of his head-piece? is he a proper man for the office of an ambassador?”—“Sir,” return'd he, “it appears too often, that tall men are like high houses of four or five stories, wherein commonlie the uppermost room is worst-furnished.”

A GENTLEMAN.—To tell the reader exactly what class of persons was meant to be designated by the word *gentleman*, is a difficult task. The last time we heard it, was on visiting a stable to look at a horse, when, inquiring for the coachman, his stable-keeper replied, “He has just stepped to the public house along with another gentleman.”

The following is the negro's definition of a *gentleman*:—“*Massa make de black man workee—make de horse workee—make de ox workee—make every ting workee, only de hog: he, de hog, no workee; he eat, he drink, he walk about, he go to sleep when he please, he liff like a GENTLEMAN.*”

PERSONS OF DISTINCTION.—Of German pride we have the following extraordinary anecdote:—A German lord left orders in his will not to be interred, but that he might be enclosed upright in a pillar, which he had ordered to be hollowed and fastened to a post in the parish, in order to prevent any peasant or slave from walking over his body.

SELF ESTEEM.—Some Frenchmen who had landed on the coast of Guinea, found a negro prince seated under a tree, on a block of wood for his throne, and three or four negroes armed with wooden pikes, for his guards. His sable majesty anxiously inquired, “Do they talk much of me in France?”

The noise of the *Ganges* is really like the sea. As we passed near a hollow and precipitous part of the bank, on which the wind set full, it told on my ear exactly as if the tide was coming in; and when the moon rested at night on this great, and as it then seemed, this shoreless extent of water, we might have fancied ourselves in the cuddy of an Indiaman, if our cabin were not too near the water.—*Heber's Journal*.

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