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Continued from week to week, the NEW STORY,

"THE TWO WIVES OF THE KING."

TRANSLATED FOR THE "SATURDAY READER" FROM THE FRENCH OF PAUL FEVAL.

THE JAUNDICE.

A SEQUEL TO THE SCARLET FEVER.

In a series of letters, edited by Chas. H. Stokoe.

"Suspicious, and fantastical surmise,
And jealousy suffus'd, with jaundice in her eyes,
Discolouring all she view'd, in tawny drest,
Down look, and with a cuckoo on her flat."

DRYDEN.

LETTER I.

From Miss Jennie Barker, on a visit to her friend, Mrs. Captain Tremorne, in Ottawa, to her sister in Brantford.

MY DEAR KATE,

Many thanks for the letters from home. They always are welcome wherever I roam; Though I sometimes am slow in replying I own. And three weeks have so swiftly and pleasantly flown, That it seems scarce three days since the time I came down

You ask me to say, what the city is like? What points are most certain a stranger to strike? How many gay people their cards have been dropping? And how many hours a day I spend shopping? To what parties I have been, and what beaux I have been looking?

If the balls here are nice? If the girls are good-looking? Are the officers, civil or martial, sharp blades? Is there any one clever at acting charades? If Fanny continues as lovely as ever? If Captain Tremorne in his *devoir* fails never? How long I intend at the barracks to stay? And if sometimes I don't think myself in the way.

My child! 't would require a volume in folio, On one half of these topics to send you an *olio*; But, since I'm good-natured, my best I will do; And, out of the many, select you a few

Tremorne and dear Fanny are happy and gay; And the welcome they give me is quite *distinguee*. (On this point, dear, your question is very *outré*.) Then, there's one Ensign Sparker, I'd met him before, Is vastly polite; nay, pretends to *adore*; Calls me charming, delightful, transcendent and witty;

What stuff the men talk; for I'm not *very* pretty! But as Sparker is handsome, and tall, and well drest, For want of a better, I oft think it best To accept of his escort, when bent on a walk. And I smile, laugh, coquet, gaily frolic and talk, For the girls burst with envy, as I march with pride By the stately and gallant young officer's side. With great zest of my neat little figure he speaks— Of the fire of my eyes, of the bloom of my cheeks My dear taper fingers, my honey-sweet lip, I believe he would venture his life for a sip! But don't be afraid, sis, for no *bachelors* Shall commit on my lips such a breach of decorum, Unless he first earn his due qualification, By making to me, in fit form, declaration, And asking papa for his "kind approbation;" Then, perhaps, I might think it quite capital fun; Though of course, I should say, "Get away! Do have done!"

It's great sport to hear him the *others* disparage— Lucilla's queer shape, and Clorinda's stiff carriage; For the rogue looks so droll as he utters his hints That Miss Spicer is crooked, that Miss Fitchet squints. So, by way of reward, I abuse all the fellows— Say that Foodle's a fop, and that Noodle is jealous, And Doodle a dunce, full of wind as the bellows!

Sometimes when it's pleasant to lengthen our ramble, On Paul's chestnut mare I am tempted to amble; Don't let Mammas raise an objection, I beg, For a creature more gentle ne'er lifted a leg; And we seldom ride fast, for more pleasure is found In surveying the beautiful scenery round, Than in a mere gallop; so, when the town's dull, We cross o'er the bridge to the village of Hull, And above us, a sight which the nervous appals, The Ottawa leaps down the Chaudiere Falls. As the big with the little, I've learned to compare, To contrast it with Brantford's "Grand River" I'll dare;

Though I readily own that I can't understand Why they *both* should assume the fine title of "Grande." Your stream, my sweet girl, very lazily wanders, Twists and twirls round about in the oddest meanders, And isles and peninsulas forms in its course, Which poetical Mohawks, in graphic discourse, Have named "Nests of the Eagle," or "Shoes of the Horse"; By your bridge, it just takes a small bit of a run And jumps o'er the dam, with "hop and go one"— Across it the cows and the horses can get, And scarcely a pasture be touched by the wet— To a Wouvernans, tired of soldiers and battle, It would make a fine model for "Landscape with Cattle"—

But a course right magnificent, Ottawa takes As it dashes down rapids, or widens to lakes, Quite miniature seas, spreading miles all around, Where canoes, bateaux, rafts, and swift steamers abound—

Past well-wooded islets the broad river sweeps Six long miles of cascades, o'er the Chaudiere it leaps— There two *kettles* are formed by this wonderful fall; Though the little one, Kate, is no kettle at all, But a long, perpendicular, waery, wall; Where one half of the river leaps into a cave, A wide gaping fissure, a chasm, a grave! But "the *Big Kettle*," might be *Gargantua's* pride, For it's sixty feet deep, and two hundred feet wide; In form it is nearly as round as a cup, The water is boiling, the steam-clouds float up; You might fancy *ghum-dalitch* were coming to sup, That of oxen and sheep, a full thousand at least Stewed there for a large *Brobdiagnian* feast.

At the foot of the fall, heavy timbers are strown, In the strangest disorder, confusedly thrown, Where the whimsical fancy they serve to inspire, That they're brands on the hearth, just about to expire

That the pot has boiled over and put out the fire. While the river ashamed of such mischievous freaks, Through its underground channel, its dark *back-door*, sneaks.

I wish I could give Gustavo Doré a hint; I am sure he'd design a most wonderful print; But you'd think by Salvator or Poussin alone Of these Falls could the grandeur and beauty be shown. You romantic young poet, you will scold me enough For writing to you such ridiculous stuff— To tear it would cost but a letter at most; But I can't write another in time for the post; And I fear I've already committed a wrong By neglecting to answer your letter so long— I find it's the case when with Sparker I ride, That I talk and think nonsense, while he's by my side; But I promise you, dearest, this is the last time That I'll ever dare to burlesque the sublime!

Of the City you wish me a picture to trace The *Capital* now, though once but a *By-place*; At its birth, learned Thebans strove hard for its name.

They thought "By-town" shabby, a pestilent shame, But "Biopolis" classical, worthy of fame! Now the high-sounding name of the old Indian tribe, And the broad-flowing river, all join to inscribe— High raised upon bluffs, its appearance is grand, Whether viewed from the river or viewed from the land.

For towards the interior, the grade soon descends Until not far off, in a low swamp it ends, The houses are good and the streets straight and wide; The canal does in two the long city divide; The Upper Town, built for the proud "upper ten" And the lower for shops, and for dull "bus'ness men," The Parliament Buildings are raised on a site Most charmingly placed, a magnificent height; Looking westward, the Falls in their glory you see, And eastward, the wide river flows like a sea— While I stand and admire the beautiful pile. I ask Ensign Sparker to tell me the *style* In which it is built, for I own I'm to seek If its Roman or Kuesian, or Gothic or Greek. I longed to know whose architectural powers Lifted truncated pyramids on tall towers— So he tugged at his whiskers, a trick he has got Whenever he feels either nervous or hot, And he said, it was little of *orders* he knew, Etruscan or Doric, Egyptian, Hindoo, But he thought they'd a *Pensan* *Invasion* in view;

And whenever "Tom Sweeny" should come with "his powers" That a good Armstrong gun set on each of those towers, Commanding the river, commanding the land, Would, *as quick as a flash*, make the foe understand How ab-turd in these days was a warfare of *pikes*. Although in the hands of a large mob of "Aikes."

Through the Lower Town next, to the fine Rideau Hall, We ride and admire both it and the Fall— But I've *painted* one cascade, and fancy you'll pray That I will not *draw* any more *curtains* to-day.

Returning, our course to the eight locks we bend And watch slowly the steamboat and barges descend, For there, "Jean Baptistes" often linger and gabble, Laugh loudly or sing, drive their bargains or squabble, In their funny *patois*; "'tis as good as a play," While their tongues, heads, hands, arms all keep wagging away—

Then, in robes sacerdotal, grave priests may be seen, Or a bishop in purple, with hat-band of green, Or nuns, so demure, silent, solemn and neat, While some Frenchman "*sacré*" his caleche down the street—

Each sight that occurs is so new to my glance, That I seem to have taken a voyage to France! For anything like them I never have known In our thoroughly English and Protestant town.

Shall I tell you a tale of a goose and a fox, That belongs to the annals of these Rideau locks? Imprimis: the ground would require excavation; Next, walls of good stone of the right elevation; So, when a contractor was sought for and found, To dig out and build he was legally bound. There was good stone for building some ten miles away,

Which implied a high charge for its teaming to pay, And government, therefore, could make no objection By its price to increase the sum paid for erection. Then to work the contractor went, blasted the site, And found that his bargain would turn out "all right."

For no better quarry could ever be found, And there was his building stone *pat* on the ground. In those days, officials could quiet naps take, While contractors were always alert, "wide awake;" But such things, *now-a-days*, can't occur, we all know, As the parliament buildings triumphantly show!

But 'twas growing quite late, so we rode home to tea; And you need not expect more *statistics* from me.

You ask if the government folks are nice men; When there's more of them here, I will answer you then—

Of their families daily arrive two or three, But few have as yet been presented to me; For they spend all their hours in hunting and dodging For houses to rent, or for board and for lodging. I have been to one lecture, three plays, many teas— But I haven't left room to converse about these; For a girl, who, like me, has got *plenty* to say, To spend time at lectures is but a poor way, But I'm always delighted to witness a play. I had made up my mind to describe Fanny's dresses, Pretty Rosa's bright eyes, and Maria's rich tresses, So killingly curled—once a young fellow told her He saw an armed Cupid sit perched on each shoulder. She smiled, shook her ringlets; the flatterer said That dislodg'd flocks of loves flutter'd round her sweet head!

Now I hate all this humbug—it's downright absurd! A love is a feeling—*ah!*!—'tisn't a bird! If a man praise my eyes; well! I know they are bright,

If my teeth:—I'm aware they are even and white; If he praise my trim figure, my hands or my feet, I don't blame the man; for I know they are neat.

But when he ascends into regions divine, For terms to extol these poor beauties of mine; When he calls me an angel, a goddess, a grace; I feel greatly tempted to laugh in his face. Come, come, my fine gentleman, none of your gammon— You cannot hook me as you'd hook a poor salmon.

Oh! dear! on such topics, when once I get started, My pen and my paper can scarcely be parted; But I'll bravely desist, and defer the great pleasure Of their thorough discussion, at home and at leisure. Love to Pa and to Ma, and do soon write again, Believe me, as ever, your fond sister.

Postscript. JANE.

There's one thing, dear Kate, on which nothing you say, What's become of my medical bean, Tourniquet? He had left dear old Brantford, when I came away; And gone to Toronto his studies to end, And to hospitals, lectures, and such things atted.