



A WELL-BALANCED FAMILY.

THE TALENTS OF THE ABLE MACDOU GALL FAMILY ARE AT PRESENT NICELY DIVIDED AMONGST THE PARTIES!

THE HYACINTH.

AN ÆSTHETIC IDYL.

Lady De Courcy Montague
Was a lady whom all the Æsthetics knew;
She was all but utter and quite too-too,
Too.

Her house was really a treat to behold,
With its brick dust reds, sage greens and gold,
The Æsthete peeped out from every fold,
I'm told.

She had dados and plaques on every wall,
And peacock's feathers above them all,
Mediæval and Japanese lilies tall
In the hall.

And her rooms it would gladden your heart to see
With all their Florentine draperie,
And styles of the fourteenth centurie;
And she

Was awfully proud of her cultured taste,
And lilies and sunflowers everywhere placed,
And every table and stand they graced;
So chaste!

Her hair she wore in an antique crimp,
And her dress, the color of a half-boiled shrimp,
Hung down on her limbs unstarched and skimp
And limp.

Now Lady De Courcy Montague
Possessed a young relative christened Hugh,
In fact 'twas her nephew as every one knew,
Quite true.

A gay young lad, but a pranky wight,
In Her Majesty's navy a midshipmite,
Who in practical jokes took the greatest delight,
The sprite!

Well, he came to his aunt off a two year's cruise,
Up to all sorts of larks to scare off the 'blues',
'Telling lots of incredible yarns and news
To amuse.

"Why, where are your hyacinths, aunt?" he cried.
They are far more Æsthetic than all beside,
In this, just for once, let me be your guide;
I decide

That you *must* have a hyacinth; I know where
I can get you one and perhaps a pair;
Of unrivalled beauty and fragrance rare;
With care

They'll produce the most exquisite, delicate bloom;
And their fragrance will perfume this musty old room
Which to me smells worse than that don of your groom,
Or a tomb.

I'll go to the florists at once and try
A bulb of this beautiful flower to buy.
The idea of no hyacinths! auntie, fie!
Don't cry."

He soon returned with a tall, blue glass,
And a bulb wrapped up in some Indian grass,
"There's a hyacinth, aunt, of the rarest class,
I'm an ass

If you don't see something quite out of the rut
Of your commonplace lilies; at present it's shut
From sight, but 'twill be, I'll wager my nut,
All but

When the flower comes out: just leave it there,
Give it plenty of water, not too much air,
For these flowers of a kind so uncommonly rare
Need care."

Days passed away, many visitors came
And admired the bulb and enquired its name,
And far abroad was sounded the fame
Of the same.

And Lady De Courcy Montague
Went every day with a chosen few
To see how the beautiful flower grew;
Too too.

A few days after, well, ten about,
A pale white bud came peeping out;
The precious bulb was beginning to sprout;
Shout!

Oh! how my lady watched that germ,
Like—oh! where shall I hit on a suitable term?—
As a hungry toad eyes a wriggling worm
Squirm.

And every day saw it larger grow,
"Oh! soon will my beautiful hyacinth blow;
Oh! rapture! but ah! should it die, woe! woe!
Oh!"

But it thrrove and thrrove, till one desolate day
A friend from the country was passing that way:
Stept in and sat down a few moments to stay;
"Eh?"

He cried as the hyacinth caught his eyes,
And he opened them wide with immense surprise,
And gave vent to a series of jocular cries
And "Oh! my's."

"Why Lady De Courcy Montague,
What, in all the wide world, do you mean to do
With that thing over there in that tall glass blue?
Do you

Not know what it is?" "Yes, I do," said she
"Tis a hyacinth precious as life to me."
"A hyacinth! eh? well that beats me,
Te-he!"

"Why, what is it then?" cried the lady fair,
"Well, the name that we give to that thing over there
Is an onion, and that's what it is I dare
Swear."

Then the delicate Lady Montague
Turned red as a peony rose's hue,
And sniffed at the bulb in the tall glass blue,
Plew!

Ah! great was the grief of Dame Montague
At the trick that was played by her bad nephew,
And out of the window the onion flew,
Adieu!

THE BITTEREST BLOW OF ALL.

A STORY FOR SATURDAY NIGHTS AFTER SEVEN O'CLOCK.

CHAP. I.

It is a winter's night! There is of course nothing particularly strange in that, as it is a fact which generally occurs seven times a week during the present season, but it suits the purpose of the writer of this soul-stirring story to say it is a winter's night. What particular night it is, is, however, not left to the option of the reader, who must understand that it is Saturday evening; time 9.30.

CHAP. II.

Since writing the above chapter we have been considering if we should not let our readers have the chance of deciding whether it is a winter's night, or a winter's day, but we have arrived at the conclusion that we shall not. We must have it a winter's night, because we want to bring in something about "the pure and spotless snow, reflecting the silvery rays of the fickle Dame of night." A novelist has a sad and sorrowful mission in this world, and he can't perform it without

the aid of snow and moonlight, therefore we must usurp the proud prerogative of deciding that it is a winter's night.

CHAP. III.

It is a winter's night, and tottering feebly down Lombard-street may be seen the figure of an aged man, on whose pallid countenance the light of the moon shows a depth of care and suffering. It is Phelix O'Dofferty the returned convict. For twenty long years he has been immured in a penal settlement. And why? Was he not innocent of the crime for which he received a felon's doom? No, he was not!

CHAP. IV.

Wearily poor Phelix plods through the slush—we mean o'er the spotless snow, and at last reaches the door of the humble abode from which he was dragged by the ruthless hand of justice twenty long years ago. He tries the latch but it yields not to his touch. He then raps gently, but receives no answer. Two hard kicks meet with no response, but the half brick he hurls through the bedroom window, brings forth the head of a female, who asks, "What the blazes are yez kicking up such a row for?" The face of this woman is strange to him. It is not the one which he has been hungering to see, and which he could tell anywhere by its nose broken by his own loving hand in the early days of his happy wedded life. "Who are yez?" asks the woman. "Oim Phaylix O'Dofferty," replies he in a voice broken by emotion. "Phat the devil do yez want, thin?" "Shure is me wife, Bridget O'Dofferty, inside the house?" "Och, then, is it Bridget ye mauc? Why she tumbled off the wharf in a drunken fit an was dhrowned seven years ago, hiven rest her sowl." "Oh, me poor Bridget, this is inclade a bitter blow. And phat about me only son, Pathrick?" "He was lagged five years since for a murderous assault." "Oh! oh! me poor Pathrick, this is a bitterer blow shtill. Shure, marm, ye've praps a little drap ov phiskey in the house to kape a poor lone heart-broken owld man from dying av grief?" "Divil a drop hev oi got at all at all," says the woman as she bangs the door in his face. "Divil a drap," echoes he, as the tears stream down his wan face. "Not a drap av phiskey, an all the saloons is shut up. Och hone! but this is the bitterest blow of all."

A Russian nobleman is driving a smallpox wagon in Chicago; attired Englishman is chambermaid in a Laramie livery stable, and a French count is working on the Rock Creek section. Instances like these show what inducements America can offer to scions of the nobility. None of them need hesitate to come over from fear of not finding honorable employment suited to their capacity.—*Bill Nye.*

French humor. Madam X. calls to see Madam Z. "How well you look," says Madam X. "Tis strange you say so," replies Madam Z. "Why?" asks Madam X. "Because," rejoins Madam Z., "people usually despise what they do not possess." This was written by a renowned French humorist, marked with a blue pencil and sent to this office. It was translated at our own expense, and we hope that the public will appreciate our efforts to please.

He was enjoying this exciting but dangerous amusement, when by some mishap he collided with a stone fence and his bended knee striking a stone with great violence a fracture of the patella-knee-cap resulted.—*Peterboro' Examiner.* The writer does not state whether the femur-thigh-bone was injured, or if the tibialis-shank escaped undamaged. We think-imagine that the editor-writer ought to be more cautious-careful in his statement-remarks.