

## THE YOUNG PHILOSOPHER.

Said a bright little daughter—“This garment, dear papa,  
To color will make it look richer;  
So to do it up pretty, to please you and ma,  
I've got some good ram in my patcher.  
And I'm sure this will give it a rich dazzling hue,  
And people will ask where I had it,  
So I'll hasten away, and my industry show,  
And get a large portion of credit.”

Said the father, with wonder, his face looking blue,  
“Your knowledge is small, my dear daughter:  
For, to color good red, I most sure never knew,  
That ram was much better than water.”  
“But, dear papa, I've been told,” the philosopher said,  
“By mother, who sure ought to know it,  
That the ram gives your nose such a bright, dazzling red,  
And this is the reason I do it.”

[For the Home Journal.]

## THE DISCONTENTED DOLPHIN.

A FABLE.

Confined and pestered in this pinfold here,  
Strive to keep up a frail and feverish life,  
Comus—8.

Once upon a time, somewhere in the depths of the sea, there was a fish which had everything any reasonable fish could desire to make it comfortable. There were plenty of small fry for its subsistence, and abundance of fishy company. The water was wholesome and cool to breathe, and our Dolphin, with prudence, might have lived to be a very old and honored fish, and perhaps had a coral tomb erected to his memory, unless some casualty, such as all fish, big and little, are liable to, had overtaken it.

Either from indigestion because it had gorged itself too often, or had swallowed something which did not set well on its fish-ship's stomach, or, inasmuch as it was naturally a “scaly customer,” it continued to fret and worry itself, and take on airs even in the presence of whales. It put on all sorts of “queer extras,” flourished about, and conducted itself generally in a way to disgust all sensible Dolphins. Finally, it made out, with a great splashing and floundering, from its accustomed waters, which Nature had adapted to its constitution, and was off, no fish knows where, trying to distinguish itself in some way. Of course it scared all the very small and juvenile fish it met with, and delude a poor, innocent barracoota into the idea it was an infant whale, until its mother undecieved it, greatly to the amusement of an old shark which was passing by, that showed his teeth, amazingly at the joke.

It is not recorded how long or how far it travelled through the bosom of the vasty deep. Hostile fish probably spared it, either on account of its insignificance, or else its unwholesome, lank appearance rendered it undesirable food. Indeed, its green and golden hues were very much dimmed by its discontent. Besides, large fish were too much amused by its ostentatious way of swimming to arrest such a funny fish.

At length, it came to pass, that our Dolphin found itself going up the mouth of a river far away, almost under the equator. There were many water-snakes and fearful monsters, but the Dolphin contented itself in floundering finely, when none, save small fish, were about, travelling fast as it could, and making itself unobtrusive when it feared it would be attacked by any large fish or monsters, (which it did very greatly fear,) and would have returned, but it had lost its way, and was afraid to retrace the dangers it had braved. Unmindful of the gradual freshening of the water, and too proud to notice the movements of small fish who carefully avoided a certain course which it was making, it at last found itself in a small and shallow pond, to which there was but a very narrow entrance-channel from the river. When it was safe in this pond, it found out that it was the only denizen of the place, save an old Frog of a sickly appearance, who talked or croaked in a tongue unknown to the Dolphin. But even now the Dolphin was at its old ways, disgusting the Frog by its selfishness and conceit. It took a fancy to a certain spot the Frog had chosen, for its residence, at such times as he chose to reside in the water, and proceeded to drive the Frog away, which last, without a word, hopped up and waited on the bank to see what would follow.

The sun came down on the pond which was very shallow, being a mere overflow of the

river when it was high, but the water was now hourly rapidly lowering. The water in the pond, consequently, became intensely warm, and the little narrow way by which the Dolphin came was rapidly drying up. The water grew stale and sickening, and the poor Dolphin envied the Frog more and more. Not content in hot water, our discontented fish must needs, instead of trying to get back through the few inches of water yet in the channel by which it came, spend its fast falling strength in abusing the Frog and floundering about. At length it grew so angry at the silence of the frog, it made a desperate leap and found itself on dry land. The hot sun coming down in torrid intensity, it was in horrible torture for water to breathe. It made two or three tosses and writhed in great pain, but it was too weak to more than gasp for water. Finally, its eyes were so blinded by the sunbeams, that with a spasmodic shudder, which ran through its whole body, it stiffened and was dead.

The Frog soliloquized: “My poor friend! such violent and irritable fish as thou, are not dangerous to any one save themselves.”

The warm sun soon hastened decomposition, and when the night set in, the moonlight shone upon fierce birds and loathsome reptiles busy at their work, and when dawn came their was scarcely a vestige of the Dolphin remaining. The inharmonious and incongruous atoms which had entered into its composition were scattered in different directions, ultimately to be refunded into Earth's bosom, thence again to enter into new forms of material life.

E. F. LOVERIDGE.

## AN EXTRAORDINARY DINNER PARTY.

The following most extraordinary event happened in Lincolnshire, in the autumn of 1804, and may be relied on as a matter of fact. The violence of a fall deprived Sir Henry F. of his faculties, and he lay entranced several hours. At length his recollection returned. He faintly exclaimed, “Where am I?” and looking up, found himself in the arms of a venerable old man, to whose kind offices Sir H. was probably indebted for his life. “You revive,” said the venerable old man; “fear not; yonder house is mine; I will support you to it; there you shall be comforted.” Sir H. expressed his gratitude. They walked gently to the house. The friendly assistance of the old gentleman and his servants restored Sir H. to his reason; his bewildered faculties were re-organized; at length he suffered no inconvenience, excepting that occasioned by the bruise he received in the fall. Dinner was announced, and the good old man entreated Sir H. to join the party; he accepted the invitation, and was shown into a large hall, where he found sixteen covers. The party consisted of as many persons—no ladies were present. The old man took the head of the table; an excellent dinner was served, and rational conversation gave a zest to the repast. The gentlemen on the left of Sir H. asked him to drink a glass of wine, when the old man in a dignified and authoritative tone at the same time extending his hand, said “No!” Sir H. was astonished at the singularity of the check, yet, unwilling to offend, remained silent. The instant dinner was over, the old man left the room, when one of the company addressed him in the following words: “By what misfortune, sir, have you been unhappily trepanned by that unfeeling man who has quitted the room? O sir, you will have ample cause to curse the fatal hour that put you in his power, for you have no prospect, in this world, but misery and oppression, perpetually subject to the capricious humor of that old man; you will remain in this mansion for the remainder of your days; your life, as mine is, will become burdensome; and, driven to despair, your days will glide on, with regret and melancholy reflection, in one cold and miserable sameness. This, alas! has been my lot for fifteen years; and not mine only, but the lot of every one you see here, since their arrival in this cursed abode!” The pathetic manner that accompanied this cheerless narrative, and the singular behaviour of the old man at dinner, awoke in Sir H.'s breast sentiments of horror, and he was lost in stupor some minutes; when recovering he said, “By what authority can any man detain me against my will? I will not submit; I will oppose him, force to force, if necessary.” “Ah, sir!” exclaimed a second gentleman, “your argument is just, but your threats are vain; the old man, sir, is a magician, we know it by fatal experience; do not be rash, sir; your attempt would prove futile, and your punishment would be dreadful.” “I will endeavor to escape,” said Sir H. “Your hopes are groundless,” rejoined a third gentleman; “for it was but three months ago, when, in an attempt to escape, I broke my leg.” Another said, that he had broken his arm, and that many had been killed by falls, in their endeavors to escape; others had suddenly disappeared, and never been heard of. Sir H. was about to reply, when a servant entered the room, and said his master wished to see him. “Do not go,” said one; “Take my advice,” said another; “For God's sake, do not go.” The servant told Sir H. he had nothing to fear, and begged he would follow him to his master; he did, and found the old man seated at a table with dessert and wine; he arose when Sir H. entered the room, and asked pardon for the apparent rudeness he was under the necessity of committing at dinner. “For, (said he) I am Doctor Willis; you must have heard of me; I confine my practice entirely to cases of insanity; and as I board and lodge insane patients, mine is vulgarly called a mad-house. The persons you dined with are madmen; I was unwilling to tell you this before dinner, fearing it would make you uneasy; for, although I know them to be perfectly harmless, you very naturally might have had apprehensions.” The surprise of Sir H. on hearing this was great; his fears subsiding, the doctor and Sir H. passed the evening rationally and agreeably.

## A BRIEF ROMANCE.

During the vogue of Bulwer's “Paul Clifford,” there appeared quite a number of romances written in the same spirit, in which rascality was delineated as united with exquisite sensibility and a chivalrous sense of honor. But the wags of the great metropolis, meantime, were not idle, and one of them hit off the popular mania in the following capital sketch:—

“It was the gentle hour of gloaming. The beautiful Isabel had left the parental cot for an evening ramble. Through a green lane, redolent of honeysuckle, she bent her way to an antique wooden bridge, crossing a rivulet that murmured beneath the baronial towers, distant some half a mile from her humble, but not less happy dwelling. A mendicant, who was leaning over the bridge, rose as she approached, and, in a hoarse voice, solicited alms. Isabel had left her purse at home, or the appeal to her gentle bosom would not, perhaps, have been in vain. There was truth in the protestation that she had nothing for the man; but he could not believe it, and as she hurried to escape his importunity, he followed her with the accelerated step and heightened voice so characteristic of the determined and professional beggar. At this juncture a youth, emerging from behind a gnarled oak, and armed with a substantial walking-cane, suddenly placed himself between the maiden and the vagabond, authoritatively ordered him to go about his business. The fellow, grumbling, sulkily obeyed. The young man, taking off his hat, respectfully made an offer to escort Isabel home, and his services were gratefully accepted. He was tall and dark, wearing a profusion of sable ringlets, with moustache and a tuft. The moon, which was just then rising over the neighboring castle tower, beamed full upon his aquiline nose, and was reflected in the lustre of his black eye.

“Beautiful moon!” he exclaimed, addressing the planet, “for ages on ages on this turbulent world hast thou shone down, tranquil and serene as now. And thou wilt shine on, in thine unchangeable calmness, on hopes as yet unformed, on griefs unmet, on unimagined fears. Thou, oh moon! smilest on the quiet graves, thou wilt one day smile as peacefully on us, when we are laid in the

earth, and all our cares are forgotten. Is it not so?”

“Oh yes!” answered Isabel, with emotion. “The youth heaved a long-drawn sigh.

“This is a strange meeting,” he observed, after a pause. “A few minutes more, and we part—perhaps forever. In the meanwhile may I entreat a trifling favor, which would render me extremely happy?”

“Really, sir, I—that is—pray excuse—I could not, indeed!” stammered Isabel, blushing with an intensity actually visible in the moonlight.

“Suffer me to imprint but one kiss,—the maiden shrunk back—‘on that delicate hand,’ said the stranger.

“That is, indeed, a strange request,” she replied.

“It is, perhaps, romantic. But of late years,” he continued, “I have resided in Germany, where the boon which I now venture to crave would be esteemed a life-long happiness. Would you deny so rich a blessing, so easily granted?”

“To my preserver! that were indeed ungrateful!” Isabel answered. And, divesting her little hand of its neat kid glove, she presented it to the stranger, who, kneeling, respectfully raised it to his lips.

“At this moment a wild cry for help proceeded from a coppice not far distant. The stranger started to his feet, holding the hand of Isabel in his own, and clutching it convulsively, as he listened to the heart-piercing shriek.

“Await for me a moment!” he exclaimed; “a fellow creature is in distress!—Farewell, beautiful being, for an instant!—farewell—farewell!”

“Bounding over a gate into an adjoining field, he disappeared. So had a diamond ring upon Isabel's forefinger. It was the gift of a generous uncle, and was worth at least thirty pounds. She never saw either the stranger or the ring again. It was but too probable that the latter was stolen, and that the former was a member of the swoll mob.”

It is the etiquette in the Chinese Court for the Emperor's physician to apply the same titles to his disease as to himself, and accordingly they talk of “His high and mighty stomach-ache,” “His imperial and majestic dyspepsia,” and “His eternal and never-ending dyphtheria.”

## OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

CANADIAN PROGRESS.—We are pleased to receive the 4th No. of the HOME JOURNAL, published in Toronto, by Mr. Wm. Halley. It is issued in an eight page form, suitable for binding, and is neatly printed on good paper. The Editorial and Literary Departments are ably filled, while the miscellaneous and general news divisions contain the latest items of interest and news. The HOME JOURNAL bids fair for being a favorite with our neighbors of education and taste. We wish Mr. Halley every success.—Buffalo Sentinel.

THE HOME JOURNAL.—The advent of a promising literary paper deserves notice. The Home Journal is a paper just started in Toronto. We have the first and second numbers before us. We must say we like its tone. The editorials display good sense and ability. As no prospectus was issued, the Editor makes his first bow in No. 1, and concludes thus:

“So, having gone through with the ceremony of introduction, and, at the risk of a charge of egotism, talked plainly with the public, we vanish in the shadows, and let the little boat glide wherever the winds of public favor may permit.”

We have somewhat of faith in the success of the HOME JOURNAL, though many previous similar experiments have failed. We have an idea that we can tell whether a journal has a good constitution or not, by the time we have felt its weekly pulse once or twice. Men who talk in the following style, have not yet made up their minds to break down in their enterprise. It is your braggart who fails.

“We do not like to ask subscriptions for a new paper in advance, but we will not mail our paper unless it be paid for; if not for a whole year, at least for four or eight months. A dollar for eight months, is a convenient sum to send us, and we hope to receive many a one ere long,” &c.

That this will be a worthy vehicle for bringing out our native talent, we have no doubt. The first number contains a story by James McCarroll of Toronto; the third number will contain an article by T. O. Medec. A Southern story by Loveridge, late of Troy, now of Toronto, is continued from week to week. It is of the “sensational” type. We hope it will not contain too much blood and murder before it closes. The selections are admirable. We heartily commend this paper to the patronage of Canadians. William Halley, Publisher. \$1.50 per annum.—Queen's Sound Times.