



NO EFFECT WITHOUT A CAUSE.

MR. SMITH.—I've often wondered why it is that you ladies are always designing devils, dragons and things of that sort on your fancy work.

MRS. JONES.—Why, don't you know? It's because we're always thinking of our husbands!

THOSE TITLES.

A YOUTHFUL BRITISHER'S IMPRESSIONS,

But a few short months have passed away since I left the shores of England to seek for that fortune which I felt intuitively was awaiting me in this land of Sir Knights and forest; and here I may mention *en passant* (ladies' finishing academy pronunciation—*ong passong*) that I am a young man born in the middle ranks of life,—somewhat below them according to the British way of thinking—and I have no claim, as far as I am aware, to consider myself as in any way connected with that mighty race of beings, the English nobility; beings who look with scorn upon the tradesman and trade, and yet who are not above selling the produce of their broad acres for the filthy lucre they often need so badly; beings whose noble features “are stamped with that repose that marks the caste of *Veuh de Veuh*,” (as I was once permitted to hear a young spriglet of a noble house remark, and whose countenance was highly suggestive of the face of a skye terrier who has been unsuccessful in his efforts to catch a troublesome flea, whose one absorbing thought is honor and a stainless escutcheon, and yet a number of whom can see nothing dishonorable in permitting their too confiding tailor to clothe them for nothing but promises. There is something awe-inspiring about this British aristocracy after all. With what mingled feelings have I gazed upon some of its members, between whom and me was fixed so vast a gulf, and as I thought of their proud boast that their ancestors “came over with the Conqueror,” I could see in my mind's eye, those self-same ancestors, one of them, peradventure, armed with a death-dealing blacking-brush and a bottle of the Day & Martin of that period, throwing his whole soul into the endeavor to put a becoming shine on Norman William's top boots. Another one of them, perchance, stirring up the muscle producing oatmeal for the haughty Conquerors' matutinal meal, and the whole hatch engaged in the most menial offices, offices which any right-thinking American boy would have told Bill to tackle himself. And yet the descendants of these self-same shoe-blacks and scullions are proud of and boast of the same. Fancy! proud of being the descendants of French flunkies! I pause to weep. It was, then, with the two-fold desire to escape from the hateful sound of those titles which grated on my plebeian ear, and to find the fortune before alluded to, that I left my native shore, which faded away, as per Byronic programme,

over the waters blue to sea-mew shrieking accompaniment. I felt as the stately vessel—(my purse permitted me to take passage in the steerage of a coal schooner from Newcastle)—bounded over the waves that I was at length to be free from the sound of those horrible empty titles, and I gloried to think that I was going to a land where I, with my plain, unvarnished patronymic, should be as good as anyone, and where a title was despised and laughed to scorn. Need I say that I was doomed to a disappointment as bitter as it was unexpected. I will pass over the remainder of my journey, and come at once to my arrival at Bayville, where I secured rooms in a private boarding establishment of which I should like to say a few words further on. My landlady on the next morning after my arrival asked me, as I was disengaged, if I would kindly step down street to the chimney sweep, and request him to come to the house next morning and clean the chimneys. I went. I found the sweep's abode, and inquired of a female if the soot exterminator was in. “Lor, no,” she replied, not to-day; Jim's away to Buffalo with the other Sir Knights.” Is it possible, thought I, that a member of the aristocracy, a baronet, too, apparently, can be engaged in the calling of a chimney-sweep? “W-when will S-Sir James return?” I faltered, the hateful title almost choking me, and a feeling of jack-knifeness taking hold of my knees. “Oh! replied the lady, “here's the programme,” and she handed me a bill, headed by a gorgeous coat-of-arms, two swords crossed, surmounted by what looked like a pumpkin lantern, but which I believe was intended to represent a knightly helmet, and which bill set forth that the Eminent Sir Knights of the Cabbage-stalks (Sir Knight James Buggs, thrice illustrious Commanderrissimo) would proceed to Buffalo, etc., etc. I left word that Mrs. Smith would be highly gratified if Sir James would condescend to step round with his knightly brushes and his thrice illustrious soot bags, and attend to her chimneys on his return. “Write yer order on this slate,” she said. “I would put it down myself only Jim nor me isn't able to write.” I obeyed and went out, like a man awaking from a ghastly nightmare.

A band was playing down the street, and a crowd was gathered round a multitude of banners, waving plumes, and swords, whose bearers seemed sadly at a loss how to carry them. I asked a small boy what was up. “Well you must be fresh!” he replied, “Thems the Godfrey de Bulling perceptors, all knights and big bugs.” I pinched myself to see whether I dreamt, but a kick from a testy old brute in a cocked hat and uniform, on whose toes I had stumbled, assured me that I was wide awake. I was now utterly disheartened and wandered sadly away down a back street, pausing before a fellow mortal in a state of maudlin inebriety, who had apparently been rolling up and down the road in the dust, and who was sitting, communing with himself on the steps of a large stone building. “Here,” I said to myself, “I see a poor mortal, drunk I must admit, but mortal, nevertheless, who, like myself, seeks seclusion from the maddening throng of Sir Knights and Generalissimos, and retires here to reflect calmly on the insensate follies of his fellow beings. Friend,” I continued, addressing him, “you seem weary, what do you here, and what is this edifice?” He eyed me bleakly for a few moments and then spoke. “Thishyer Edfish's th' lodge room S'Knights Hones' Toil,” and he smiled the smile of the inebriate or the inebriate. “D-d do you belong to the order?” I queried, steadying myself, and waiting his reply. After some minutes of deep reflection he answered, “Do I b'long order? Well Ish'd snicker, I'm Worsh'p'l S'r Knight and Vener'ble Sage. Helpsh up shteps, mus' go and start prosesh'n.”

Can such things be? I asked myself. Is this the land whose people profess to be op-

posed to the hollow mockery of high sounding titles? Better for me had I remained where at any rate some of those titles mean something. As I meandered homewards I passed one of the principal hotels of the city. In the front porch was seated, quietly smoking a cigar, a noble looking individual with a long and patriarchal, though dark beard. That, I thought to myself, is the countenance of a man who is not an ordinary personage. Deep thought and intellectual communings have set their seal on that brow. I wonder who he is. A man with a face like that, so expressive of mingled wisdom and common sense, will surely possess a soul in harmony with my own, and will smile at the absurdity of these titles of which I have to day heard so much. I will speak to him, but first I will ascertain his name. A gentleman passing at this moment, I ventured to inquire of him whether he knew the individual in the hotel stoop. “I know him intimately. I will introduce you if you wish it,” he replied. “That is Brother W. D. McLoauchgshan, Thrice Illustrious and very Eminent Commander, K.M. Grand Sanhedrim of the Sir Knights of the Essenes. One hundred times transparent and trebly distilled Sir Knight Costermonger of the Tents of Judah; F.G.V.G.X. of the Uniformed Part-ridges, Grand Duke of the Army of the Chi Rho of Constantine. Seven times seven Sir Knight of the Legion of the Goat with the Golden Horn. Thirty-three deg—but stop, hold on, I'm not half through, what the dev—”

But I fled. Fear lent wings to my feet. I shall leave this country, England's bad enough, but by jingo! America and Canada can give her long odds and beat her in title. As soon as I have written you a few lines on my boarding house experience I shall go home.

SWIZ.

THE “CRACK-POT” IN THE CITY.

It is not, we believe, generally known how some of the “heavy” but impecunious “toffs” manage to “knock around” and fare in “style.” The secret, however, is in our possession. The truth oozed out one day whilst we were in company with Augustus Fitz-something, Esq., (very much Esquire). Having started a conversation with him, we soon got on familiar terms with this worthy, and in answer to our query as to how he managed to keep up appearances and do the “heavy” on his limited allowance, he volunteered his “programme” of that morning. “This morning” said he “feeling inclined for a ‘beer’ I entered a restaurant. Standing at the bar were three or four gents with glasses of beer before them. I walked up and quaffed off one of them (I mean the ‘beers.’) The owner thereof turning around addressed me, ‘Beg pardon,’ I said, ‘granted.’ He went on, ‘beg pardon, but I think you have drank my beer.’ ‘Oh, have I,’ said I ‘I am very sorry, have another, what will you have? Have a bottle of ‘Pink.’ I called for a bottle of Moet, and whilst the barmaid was ‘extricating’ the cork I excused myself by saying I would just ‘pop’ out and settle for my cab fare. I did not return. Proceeding further down the street I met a charming ‘belle.’ ‘Good morning Charlie,’ said she. I said my name is not Charlie, it is Augustus. ‘Well Gus dear,’ said she, ‘are you not going to stand treat.’ ‘I don't mind if I do,’ said I, and we adjourned to another house. Here I asked my ‘charmer’ what she would take. She answered, ‘a glass of port wine, I think.’ I said, ‘don't my dear, it is sour, a glass of beer would do you more good.’ I called for two glasses of ale and tendered a \$100 bill (a counterfeit). The barman being unable to change it, I excused myself by going to get change. I did not return. Going still a little further a cabman plying for hire