

DOGS.

Here are four dogs with as varied visages as one might wish to see, moreover contained in a picture which is a tolerably fair representative of French painting of canine character. With us Landseer, 'the Shakespeare of dogs,' has set the practice of representing animals with dramatic action or incident, making something like a story of more or less appropriateness out of the subject of such works,—we may instance 'Suspense,' where the motive is concentrated on the expression of a single hound, and 'Jack in Office,' where a humorous scene is rendered by many curs.

For the most part, with the French the custom is different; they more frequently depict animals in a group, without any special action or connecting link, as in the example before us, wherein any one or two of the subjects might be taken from the picture without the removal thereof affecting the spectator's interest in the others. In

short the English have carried their love and use of dogs even into art, and have made the representation of them a branch of painting which, in the hands of some of our great artists, is not much inferior to any other class or object of study. The French have not reached this point yet, but only combine without composing their groups of animals. Of course there are exceptions to this in many notable pictures; but we speak of the general rule.

The animals before us are good examples of contrasted character. They are the property of the Emperor of the French, and the picture from which our engraving is taken was exhibited in the great Parisian Exhibition of 1855. The artist is a well-known and admirable animal painter, who has chosen for his model the broad and vigorous style of Snyder—refining upon it, rather than

the somewhat less striking system of execution in which Landseer delights. The French name their dogs in a classical fashion, rejoicing in such titles as Castor, Alexander, Nicanor, or Caton, rather than Growler, Snapper, &c., which obtain with us, both in dogs and gunboats.

L. L.

NATIONAL PECULIARITIES OF LADIES.—

One day the Fairy Blue descended upon earth with the courteous intention of distributing to all her daughters, inhabitants of different lands, the treasures and favours she brought with her. Her dwarf, Amaranth, sounded his horn, and immediately a young girl of each nation presented herself at the foot of the throne of Fairy Blue. The good Fairy Blue said to all her friends: 'I desire that none of you shall have to complain of the gift I am about to make you. It is not in my power to give each of you the same thing; but such uniformity in my largesses, should that deprive them of all merit?' As time is precious to the fairies, they say but little. Fairy Blue here finished her speech, and commenced the distribution of her gifts. She gave to the young girl who represented the Castles hair so black and so long that she could make a mantilla of it. To the Italian girl, she gave eyes, sparkling and brilliant as an eruption of Vesuvius at midnight. To the Turkish, an embonpoint round as the moon, and soft as an eider-down. To the English, an aurora-borealis, to tint her cheeks, her lips, her shoulders. To the German, such teeth as she had herself, and what is not worth less than pretty teeth, but which has its price, a feeling heart, and one profoundly disposed to love. To the Russian girl she gave the distinction of a queen. Then, passing to detail, she placed gaiety upon the lips of a Neapolitan girl, wit in the head of an Irish, good sense into the heart of a Flemish; and when she had no more to give she prepared to take her flight.

'And I?' said the Parisian girl, retaining her by her tunic. 'I had forgotten you.'—'Entirely forgotten, madam?' 'You were too near me, and I did not perceive you.—But what can I do now? The bag of gifts is exhausted.' The fairy reflected an instant, then, calling by a sign her charming obliged ones, she said to them: 'You are good, since you are beautiful; it is for you to repair a very grave wrong I have committed. In my distribution I have forgotten your sister from Paris. Let each of you, I

pray, detach a portion of the present I have made to her, and so gratify our Parisian.—You will lose little, and repair much.' How refuse a fairy, and above all the Fairy Blue? With the grace which happy people have always, these ladies, in turn, approached the Parisian, and threw her, in passing, one a little of her beautiful black locks, another a little of the rose of her complexion, this some rays of her gaiety, that what she could of her sensibility. And it was thus that the Parisian, at first very poor, very obscure, and very down-hearted, found herself in an instant, by this act of sharing, much richer and better endowed than any of her companions.

'Where do you hail from?' queried a Yankee of a traveler. 'Where do you rain from?' 'Don't rain at all,' said the astonished Jonathan. 'Neither do I hail—so mind your own business.'

IN THAT CASE, QUITE ANOTHER THING.—Bishop Burnet, at one of his visitations, when the name of a very old clergyman was called over (of whom a private complaint had been made that the parish could not endure him, he gave such bad sermons,) gravely chided the poor parson—"I am told, Mr. —, that your parish is very well satisfied with you in many respects; but they are much discontented with your sermons. Now there is no excuse for this; for, instead of preaching extempore, as I am told you sometimes do, or giving them your own compositions, you have only to preach good printed sermons, and they will have no cause of complaint." "May it please your lordship," replied the clergyman, "you have been wholly misinformed. I have long been in the habit of preaching printed sermons, and those I have preferred are your lordship's."

In first love men take the soul long before the body; at a later date they take the body before the soul, and at times they do not take the soul at all.

WESLEY AND WELLESLEY.

'It is not generally known, perhaps, that Wesley and Wellesley were originally the same name, and that the ancestors of John Wesley, and of Arthur Wellesley, the Duke of Wellington, were of the same family.—Is it not surprising that offshoots from the same stock, however distant from each other they may have been transplanted, should grow up to be of the same nature as the parent tree, and bring forth fruits like unto each other. It was so with the Wesleys and the Wellesleys. If we look at the characters of the two men just named, we shall find a remarkable similarity between them;—the same strong family features in each;—perfect simplicity, unwearied diligence and application, the strictest attention to discipline and order, and the most indomitable energy and perseverance. In personal appearance, also, they were very much alike.

In considering the character of each we can well believe that had Wesley been the

military cadet, and Wellesley the student of divinity at Oxford, history would still, most likely, read precisely as it now does; and that the establishment of Methodism, and the victory of Waterloo, would stand, as now, recorded facts, with only the names of the two great actors reversed. There were strong features of resemblance between the two families, through several generations. A rich vein of poetical and musical talent ran through both. The poetical genius of the Wesley family is well known. The old rector of Epworth, and all his sons, were poets; and Charles Wesley's son was a famous organist and composer of music. (By the way, we are told that he—the son of Charles, and nephew of John Wesley—changed his religion and became a Roman Catholic.) In the other family, the Earl of Mornington, the Duke's father, was a poet and a phy-



DOGS.—By L. G. JARDIN.

Gleanings.

A bad-tempered judge was annoyed by an old gentleman who had a very chronic cough and after repeatedly desiring the crier to keep the court quiet, at length told the offending gentleman that he would fine him £100 if he did not cease coughing; when he was met with the reply—"I will give your lordship £200 if you will stop it for me."

THE ORIGIN OF PIN MONEY.—When pins were first invented and brought into use, about the beginning of the sixteenth century, they were a New Year's gift very acceptable to ladies; and money given for the purchase of them was called 'pin money,' an expression which has been extended to a sum of money secured by a husband on his marriage for the private expenses of his wife. Pins made of metal, in their present form, must have been in use some time previous to 1543, in which year a statute was passed (35 Hen. VIII. c. 6) entitled 'An Acte for the true making of Pynces,' in which it was enacted that the price charged should not exceed 6s. 8d. a thousand. Pins were previously made of boxwood, bone and silver, for the richer classes; those used by the poor were of common wood—in fact, sewers.—Book of Days.

DIGGING FOR MONEY.—'What are you digging there for?' said an idle fellow to a steady laborer who was at work on a piece of waste land. 'I am digging for money.' The news fled—the idlers collected. 'We are told you are digging for money.' 'Well, I ain't digging for anything else.' 'Have you had any luck?' 'First-rate luck; pays well. You had better take hold.' All doffed their coats and laid on most vigorously for a while. After throwing out some cartloads, the question arose—"When did you get any money last?" 'Saturday night.' 'Why, how much did you get?' 'Eighteen shillings.' 'Why, that's rather small.' 'It's pretty well. Three shillings a day is the regular price for digging all over this 'ere district.'

LITTLE MISCHIEFS.—Little lies are seeds of great ones—little cruelties are germs of great ones—little treacheries are like small holes in raiment, the beginnings of large ones—little dishonesties are like the drops that work through the vent of the levee.—A drop is an engineer; it tunnels away for its fellows; and they, rushing, prepare for all behind them.

PURE ENGLISH.—It may be a question whether pure English should not be classed amongst the dead languages. Certain it is that we see and hear very little of it, and that what there is has slight appreciation. Yet it is a standing remark that 'every one writes well now-a-days.' Not so; but few, passing few, read critically. Few bear in mind the standards of English excellence, Addison, Middleton, Swift, Defoe. The only anchorage we have popularly left to pure English is the Bible, and our early divines derived their language from it as well as their truths, not in servile imitations of quaint forms of speech, but in the adoption of the simplicities of expression, great thoughts in brief words. But now there are two distinct languages heard from the pulpit, one drawn from the well pure and undefiled, the other in the following sermon, the Latinised, Frenchified, Americanised, slangified tongue of the day. Fluency is all that is necessary; let the thing flow easily and rapidly, and there is no scrutiny, no analysis. It passes with all the adulterations, perhaps preferred by force of custom to the genuine thing.

A NEW RAILWAY BRAKE.—After the last meeting of the Institution of Civil Engineers, a model of a railway brake was exhibited by Mr. W. G. Creamer, of New York. This plan was stated to embrace—first, an arrangement of compensating, or balanced brakes, actuated by one lever, and distributing the pressure equally on all the wheels, with a small expenditure of power; secondly, an attachment of reserved power to the brakes of every carriage, in combination with a non-elastic signal rope, so as to enable the driver instantly to apply every brake in case of danger; or, on the separation of the train, or any part being thrown from the line, the brakes would apply themselves automatically, as each carriage was entirely independent of all the others, and the brakes were available wherever they were placed in the train.

VERY SENSIBLE.—It was remarked by an intelligent old farmer, 'I would rather be taxed for the education of the boy, than the ignorance of the man; for the one or the other I am compelled to be.'

TRY IT.—The easiest and best way to expand the chest, is to have a good large heart in it. It saves the cost of gymnastics.

THE memory of good and worthy actions gives a quicker relish to the soul than ever it could possibly take in the highest enjoyments of youth.

sician of no mean talent. Many stories might be told to prove similarity of character between the old Methodist and the Iron Duke. On one occasion when the latter was conducting some friends through the rooms of Apsley House, they noticed that his place of sleeping was upon the small iron camp bedstead that he had used in his campaigns. One of the friends remarked that there was scarcely room enough for a man to turn round. 'Turn round' said the Duke, 'when a man feels like turning round, it is time for him to get up.' Compare this with the following. In May, 1776, an order was made in the House of Lords, 'That the commissioners of his Majesty's excise to write circular letters to all such persons whom they have reason to suspect to have plate, as also to those who have not paid regularly the duty on the same.' In consequence of this order, the accountant general for household plate sent a copy of it to John Wesley. The answer was as follows: 'Sir, I have two silver teaspoons in London, and two at Bristol: this is all the plate which I have at present, and I shall not buy any more while so many round me want bread. I am, sir, your most humble servant,

JOHN WESLEY.'

Reverse their circumstances and conditions, and we may be almost certain that the old itinerant, as Duke, would have contented himself with the iron camp-bedstead; and the Duke as itinerant preacher, with the 'two silver teaspoons in London, and two at Bristol.'—[Lutheran and Missionary.

HAPPINESS.—Now, let us tell you a secret, a secret worth learning. This looking forward for enjoyment don't pay. From what we know of it, we would as soon chase butterflies for a living, or bottle up moonshine for cloudy nights. The only true happiness is to take the drops of happiness as God gives them to us every day of our lives; the boy must learn to be happy when he is plodding over his lessons; the apprentice, while he is learning his trade; the merchant while he is making his fortune. If he fails to learn this art, he will be sure to miss his enjoyment when he gains what he sighs for.

In a family, it is often the stranger that detects whose is that subtle influence, whose that silent persuasiveness of character, whose that unobtrusive power, which moulds and governs the whole domestic circle.