

NEBULOUS PHILOSOPHY.

She came from Concord's classic shades, on Reason's throne she sat,
And wove intricate arguments to prove, in language pat,
The Whichness of the Wherefore, and the Thuisness of the That.

She scorned ignoble subjects—each grovelling household care—
But tuned her lofty soul to prove the Airiness of Air,
And twisted skeins of logic round the Whatness of the Where.

To lower natures leaving the dollars, and the sense,
She soared above the level of commonplace pretence,
And moulded treatises which prove the Thuisness of the Thence.

Her glorious purpose to reveal the Thinkfulness of Thought,
To trace each line by Somewhat on the Somewhat's surface wrought,
To picture forms of Whynot's from the Whatnot's meaning caught;

To cultivate our spirits with the Whyfore's classic flow,
To benefit the Thereeness with the Highness of the How,
To flood the dark with radiance from the Thuisness of the Now.

"What good has she accomplished?" Oh, never doubt her thus!
It must be useful to reveal the Plusness of the Plus,
To illustrate with corkscrew words the Whichness of the Us.

Mock not, poor common mortal, when thoughts like these appear,
Illumining our labor with the Howness of the Here,
And blazing like a comet through the Nowness of the Near.

Some day in Realms Eternal such grand mist-haunted souls,
Inscribe their words of Whichness on Wherefore-antic scrolls,
In that great world of Muchness which through the Maybe rolls.

Then shall we each acknowledge the Whyness of the Whence—
Each understand completely with Sensefulness of Sense—
The Thuisness of the Therefore, the Thaisness of the Thence.

—J. E. JONES.

MARION PULSIFER;

OR,

THE ADVENTURES OF A FEMALE FRENCH COOK.

(Continued.)

CHAP. IV.

I left my heroine—who, it must be remembered, had received an excellent education and, having lived for many years in Montreal and having been in a seminary for young ladies, spoke French quite fairly for one not a native of La Bella, etc.—standing in the presence of the great Mrs. E. Ponsonby Huggs.

GRIP, not being a journal like the *Week* that can afford to give space to long prosy statements and articles, insists upon having things boiled down. Accordingly, I must pass over a description of the interview between Mademoiselle de Petitpois and Mrs. Huggs, and state briefly that the former was engaged at a salary—being a French cook—of 4,000 francs—the Mademoiselle professed to be unable to reckon *l'argent Americain* properly—per annum; in short, \$800. Better to be a French cook than a governess any day. Ha! ha!

The coupé, which has been waiting patiently outside "The Oaks" all this time, was dispatched for the lady's trunks, and the new acquisition was duly installed.

Be it known that though the Huggs family fairly rolled in riches, their mode of life, when *en famille*, was exceedingly frugal, and though Mrs. E. Ponsonby Huggs was extremely desirous of cutting out all her acquaintances by letting them know that she possessed such an inestimable treasure as a French cook, and was willing to pay that individual handsomely, she was decidedly averse to incurring any extraordinary expenditure for costly comestibles, ingredients, and so forth, with which that treasure should show what she was able

to do. As she told her in their first interview:

"Maidmoyselly, what we wants is one choice French dish at dinner, but when I give a party, mind, Maidmoyselly, then I wants you to give us some of them there reshashy dishes, and plenty of them."

The Huggs family consisted of pater and materfamilias, Mr. Hubert De Courcy Monck Huggs (the son and heir), age 25; Mr. Cressy Piercy Selkirk Huggs, age 21; and Miss Ethelinda Esmeralda Maudina Huggs, age 19.

Great was the rejoicing that evening in the family of Huggs when it was announced that a real French cook had been procured.

"Ha!" said Mr. Hubert, rubbing his hands in great glee, "now won't we cut out those Smitherees, rather? They're always cracking up their cook and saying they wouldn't part with her for her weight in gold: ha, ha!"

"Seems rather a high figger for a cook, though," remarked old Huggs, who was pretty close as regards money matters, "She's got to dish us up something pretty tol-lol-ish for that money," and he looked rather disconsolate.

"Well, we shall see," said Mrs. E. P. H. "Them there French cooks most generally knows their business."

Dinner, next day, was looked forward to with much anticipation by the Huggs quintette. Breakfast and lunch, being inferior meals, were entrusted by the new *chef* (or *chêffe*, which is it?) to an underling. Dinner was her province. It came on. A soup was the first thing that made its appearance. It looked queer. It tasted queerer.



"What do you call this stuff?" asked old Huggs, after the first spoonful.

"I don't know," replied the lady, "but we will enquire. John," to the butler (!), "please step into the kiveesen, and ask Maidmoyselly des Petitpoys what the name of this is."

John retired, and returned with the information that it was a "booly ar lar shoes."

"Hevins!" exclaimed Mr. Hubert, "is this French cookery? Shoes, eh? Tastes something like old overshoes, too," and he took another spoonful. "Can't say I care for it; but she's a doosid pretty gurl that Frenchy, anyway; I got a peep at her."

Suffice it to say that no one could take any of the "bully ar lar shoes"—in other words, "cabbage soup"—only Mademoiselle had used a cabbage that was fast approaching decomposition. Poor thing! how should she know a good cabbage from a bad one, brought up as she had been in a Seminary for Young Ladies, and in her mother's drawing-room?

"They say French bread is excellent," remarked the senior lady, "and I told her as I expected of her to bake us a batch of them long French loaves. Ah! here's one now."

The bread was placed on the table intact, for no one had dared to cut it up as *la mode*. John and all his underlings appeared to have a wholesome dread of "them French kick-shaws," as John, a true Britisher, called them.

The loaf was about a foot and a quarter long, six inches wide in parts, but no precise rule seemed to have been laid down or followed as regarded general symmetry, and it had a

most rugged and uneven appearance. It weighed something less than five pounds. Old Huggs tackled it, and it slipped off the table and fell on his rheumatic foot. He fairly howled with pain and rage. He picked up the loaf and hurled it against the costly wall-paper—for he was a passionate man and a choleric. It did not rebound, but fell on the carpet with a d. s. t. Mr. Cressy P. S. Huggs rose from his chair and picked it up, John being absent bringing in the next course.

"Let's see what it's like at any rate," he said, and he proceeded to cut it. The knife went in all right, but came out covered with dough scarcely touched by the fire.

"If this is French bread, I'm a Dutchman," remarked Mr. Cressy. "I wonder how Mam'selle makes it; it looks as if it had been par-boiled. I don't think I care for any French bread to-day, thanks. What do you say, Hubert? Shall I give you a slice, or rather a 'dollop'?" Hold your glass, and I'll ladle some out.

"No, thanks, Cressy," replied Mr. Hubert, "but she's a doosid pretty gurl."



At this moment John entered with a large dish, which he placed on the table, and was ordered to remove the French bread, take it to the cook, and request her to boil it hard. The cover of the new arrival being removed, a heterogeneous and indescribable mixture stood revealed.

"I wonder what this is," remarked old Huggs, regarding the "mystery" with an air of suspicion.

"Whatever it is, Ponsonby," said Mrs. Ponsonby, "you may depend upon it it's one of them reshashy dishes."

"It may be, but I don't think I care for this French cookery after all," retorted the old gentleman.

"Ponsonby, we're the only fam'ly in the city as has a French cook, and we ought to be truly thankful," said Mrs. Huggs, rather sharply.

"Yes, and she's a doosid pretty gurl, too," put in Mr. Hubert.

"What is this, John?" enquired the head of the family, appealing to that functionary.

"I harsked the noo cook, sir, and she calls it mainays dee mootong, I think, sir," replied John.

"There, Ponsonby," said Mrs. Huggs, "I knowed we should get something reshashy."

Mr. Huggs grasped a 'adle, and proceeded to investigate the "mainays dee mootong."

—S.

(To be continued.)

"I always like a good sharp point to my pencil," says a paragrapher. That's right; a good sharp pencil is a good thing. Better have a point to your pencil, perhaps your paragraphs have none.—Maverick.