

FRESH TYPES OF CHARACTER.

Though no compound of this earthly ball, as Mr. Tennyson says, "is like another all in all," yet the compounds have a way of falling into a few distinct and well-marked sets. Either there are not many types of character, or dramatists, novelists, and satirists are singularly dim-sighted people. In whatever age we take up a comedy that is neither by Shakespeare nor Molière, we find that the same persons furnish the fun. The stupid husband, the frisky wife, the gallant (who is generally a lay figure), the valet, the *soubrette*, the miser, and the man of common sense, a dull foil to the rest, make up the *dramatis personæ*. The human comedy notoriously includes many more actors, but it is difficult to make them prominent, or hard to disengage their ludicrous qualities. Different epochs have their different bores and social tormentors: there is a fashion in nuisances of that sort, and the bores are put on the stage. The man with a mania for hunting, for gambling, for the collection of curiosities, the pushing man and the sycophant, are not hard to draw, and they are brought in as minor characters. The learned lady, the prude, the philanthropist, the affected lover of art, are persons of whom a novice can show a recognizable caricature. The self-made man and the attorney are also ancient supernumeraries, and a spurious freshness is obtained by the trick of making the former generous and the latter honest.

Near the end of the last century there was a kind of controversy among French critics as to whether Molière and other writers had not exhausted the stock of comic characters. Temporary varieties in the expression of folly might exist, it was said, but *le contempteur* had appropriated every distinct species of man and woman. Ingenious writers cast about in their minds to discover unworked veins of absurdity, and were more or less successful in exploring, though they carefully abstained from working the mines they pointed out, and from sifting or fashioning the metal.

If one might be permitted very humbly to follow in the track of the French critics of the last century, a few characters not wholly hackneyed might perhaps be detected, a few "potential energies" might be marked down in the hunting-ground of the novelist. For example, the Festive Philosopher has not very often been trotted out. So much is mankind the slave of custom that it is usual to speak and write of philosophers as if they were hard and dry, dull and forbidding, the foes of pleasure. Keats's Apollonius represents the novelist's idea of an elderly man of science,

With curl'd grey beard, sharp eyes, and smooth bald crown,
Slow-stepp'd, and robed in philosophic gown.

The aged and distinguished student is the enemy of enjoyment, he sees the snake's teeth glittering behind Lamia's coral lips, his eye is "keen, cruel, perceptive; stinging;" in short, to quote a very different poem, "he comes and spoils the fun." The fleeting phenomena of amusement, the mirages of youth and wealth, and the society of young ladies wither and fade under the gaze of the stern philosopher of fiction. He refuses to hear of imprudent marriages, and would like to shut up boys and girls in libraries and laboratories. Can anything be less like the successful philosopher whom we all know, whose articles are in the *Nineteenth Century* and in the mouths of advanced ladies? He is a diner out, an after-dinner lecturer too; he goes to the festivals of art, and you may meet him giggling in corners of galleries at private views with the Lamia of the hour. He is no bigot and does not mind meeting clergymen; he will jest with an archbishop, and he is thoroughly well acquainted with the scandal of the minute. Having long ago read everything that he thinks worth reading, and made up his mind on all topics natural and supernatural, he can give his day to enjoyment. The young philosophers may attack him with a fierce new learning that has come in since his time; young men are always captious and irreverent. They have found out something with the microscope, or they have deciphered an Etrurian inscription, or unrolled a manuscript from Pompeii, which demonstrates the elderly philosopher to be a pretentious old humbug. The genial thinker is quite unmoved; he possesses the public ear; his theory of the origin of life is the theory to talk about; his history of the Latin League is the history that sells; his view of Timothy of Malvern is the picturesque view, the view that ladies understand. Johnson, himself a festive philosopher, who loved a lark with young men about town, knew the type. In a short but spirited poem he represents a hermit utterly declining to "smite his bosom":—

Come, the smiling sage replied,
Come, my lad, and drink some beer.

It is in their youth, while they are making their names, that philosophers are intolerably severe. When once they have acquired a reputation they show that philosophy is not a vain and useless pursuit by proving that they alone know how to enjoy themselves after they have retired from active business. They return to what other men began with, and find the hours rosy and glad just when the rest of us suspect them of being rouged and dreary haridans.

A procession of people rises in the wake of the jolly philosopher who has tried all things and found that social success is not vanity. There is the Lion retired—the poet, or painter,

or preacher—who knows that he could roar and be listed, and charm drawing-rooms with the sweet modulations of his voice, but who gives out that loneliness, is what he prefers. If only some social Gordons, Cummings or Du Chailu would go and stir up this lion in his desert retreat, and chain him, and lead him away, how pleased, to be sure, he would be. He would enter the menagerie with joy, and leave the trackless solitudes of Bayswater or the austere heights of Hamstead with the faintest pretence of nostalgia. But the intrepid traveller does not appear, and the tameless poet wanders free, unfettered, and rather disconsolate. Perhaps he associates with a person too little observed by students of character, the modern Hypochondriac. Even Hippolyte in *Richard Feverell* seems a faint and antiquated sketch in pastel when one thinks of the rich varieties of folly in which the modern hypochondriac indulges. Hippolyte belonged to the pre-scientific age; it is almost hinted that he was capable of eating patent loaves, and of writing impassioned testimonials to the inventors of those tasteless abominations. His modern successor is a man who keeps up with the foibles of fashionable doctors. He has the latest "tip," if we may use a vulgar, but appropriate term, about alcohol. He knows whether it is a form of food or not, and what effect a glass of sherry has on the pulses of a viscated frog. He knows what tobacco does when introduced into the cerebellum of a mole, and he draws tremendous inferences about the consequences of an occasional cigarette. He has a theory that he would languish and disappear if he did not have potatoes at luncheon, or if he failed to eat a poached egg at five o'clock in the afternoon. When he buys a horse, he thinks of his own liver rather than of his sport. He knows the chemical composition of some unheard-of mineral water, and carries about cases thereof, and keeps bottles in his bed-room. He is always either starving or over-eating himself on system, and living entirely on cabbage or on pork alone. The new sort of scientific doctor, who lectures to ladies and pours out floods of two-penny rhetoric in the magazines, is the begetter of the modern hypochondriac. To think of this new kind of doctor is to have a vision of highly original and strikingly "differentiated" quacks, novel types of folly who almost require a new La Bruyère to portray themselves.

THE GLEANER.

GENERAL BEAUREGARD is coming North to live.

THERE are 30,000 French people in New York.

EIGHTEEN families in New York count up \$240,000,000 among them.

O'DONOVAN ROSSA is suffering from Bright's disease and is believed to be dying.

FATHER CURET will not re-enter the Jesuit Order, but will reside at Rome.

THE herring and cod fisheries on the coast of Prince Edward Island are proving very successful.

THE Pope has sent a despatch to the Emperor of Germany regretting the attempted assassination.

A LARGE portion of Cruikshank's pictures, drawings, and sketches have already been sold at good prices.

EDISON is perfecting an ear trumpet without wires, enabling one to hear conversation from a distance of a mile.

MIDHAT PASHA is now luxuriating at Mr. Crawshaw's love seat in the northernmost county of England, Northumberland.

THE state of Prince Leopold's health causes the greatest anxiety to the Queen; the slightest exertion completely prostrates him.

MGR. DUFANLOUP will not have the next cardinal's hat. It is, *duton*, to be conferred on Archbishop Langenieux, of Rheims.

MAY FAIR says that it is thought in Ireland that Lord Leitrim was murdered by men from America whose families had been expropriated.

A LEDGE of the finest kind of jet used for jewelry, worth \$190,000 a ton, has just been located and is being worked in a California canon.

ARCHIBALD FORBES, the *Daily News* correspondent, has volunteered to serve England in the event of war with Russia as leader or member of a reconnoitering party.

THE celebration at Paris of the Voltaire centenary was on a large scale. The clericals counteracted its influence by a special service in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, which was crowded.

HIS Majesty's new saloon railway car is one of the most beautiful of its kind ever built, as may well be imagined from the fact that its construction and fittings cost over \$30,000.

PRESIDENT MACMAHON and wife are invited by the King and Queen of Italy to spend a few weeks with them in Florence, where the Court will be from August to October.

IN nearly 200 houses in Boston where there have been cases of diphtheria, it was found that in every case there had been a derangement of the waste-pipes before they entered the sewers.

TO make and sell intoxicating liquors as a beverage is declared a Masonic offense by the Grand Lodge of Michigan, worthy of suspension or expulsion, if persisted in after due admonition.

THE population of St. Louis, Mo., is now, in authentic figures, put down at 503,000. The city measures 40,000 acres. The river frontage is over eighteen miles. There are 2,017 acres devoted to public parks.

MR. SCOTT RUSSELL asserts that it has been found commercially advantageous to build large steamers without sails. They make four times as many voyages and pay much better than those which use sails.

AN International Postal Treaty has been concluded and signed by the representatives of the Governments participating in the Congress at Paris. All the changes look towards uniformity. The treaty takes effect next April.

SOME students of the coincidences of history note that the year 1769 saw the birth of Napoleon, Wellington, Soult, Ney, Cuvier, A. von Humboldt, Chateaubriand, Lavallette, Mehmet Ali, and John Quincy Adams.

ENGLISH Catholics are reported to be very desirous that Pope Leo should adopt Jerusalem as his permanent home, in which case they would buy him territory enough for a suitable principality and render him independent.

REV. MR. SPRIGGS finds answering letters, particularly stupid questions, a heavy tax. He thus remonstrates: "Why should a person be expected to pay a penny for the great privilege of giving advice gratis, for which he uses his own stationery and gets no thanks?"

DR. WELL is a Munich dentist, who, according to the *Lancet*, has adopted the plan of first extracting decayed teeth, stopping them and then replacing them. He takes the tooth out while the patient is under the influence of anaesthetics, keeps it out of the socket for one or two hours, as may be necessary, and yet the tooth is firmly fixed.

THE Imperial Government have promised to supply the Dominion Government with two hundred copies of the report of the Halifax Fishery Commission, thus saving Canada the expense of printing a very bulky volume. The question now arises whether it will be necessary to translate and print the report in French, which will involve the outlay of \$8,000.

PETER RICHINGS' HEAVEN.

Thirty years ago, Peter Richings was considered the most accomplished and gentlemanly light comedian on the American stage. As years came on apace, his eccentricities grew stronger and stronger, until his name became a by-word in the dramatic profession.

An amusing story concerning old Peter was related to me some years ago by an old prompter who also has passed "to that bourne whence no traveller returns."

It was in a Western Theatre, Cincinnati, I think, on one occasion old Peter found that it was almost as important for a "Supernumerary" to know his part as for the leading people.

In the transformation scene, with which he used to end one of his dramas, the flats drew off for the last tableaux and discovered his daughter, Caroline, and himself in apotheosis in the clouds.

At one representation he was a little slower than usual in changing his dress, and all the actors had taken their positions for the scene, as he came rushing on with Caroline to complete the picture, when, to his horror, he discovered on the elevation which they were to occupy a great gaunt "super" in dirty cotton tights, dilapidated armour, tin helmet and shield, already in apotheosis.

Peter suddenly came to a halt.

"Stop, Caroline, something has gone wrong. What are you doing there, sir?" he managed to articulate as soon as he could find breath.

"What der yer suppose?" Why I'm standing in this yer hypothesis," replied the intelligent (?) "super," who was proud of his position and fired with histrionic glory.

"Come down, sir! come down, you villain! come down at once!" ejaculated old Richings, who imagined the man was gaying him.

"The Captain told me to stand here in this here hypothesis, and I'm blowed if you can make me go," and he straightened himself up and looked like Cranmer going to the stake.

"But do you know where you are, sir?" shrieked Peter; "you are in heaven, sir—in heaven, and d—m you, sir, no one is allowed there but Caroline and myself, no one!"

That "super" came down.

FRANK OAKES ROSE.

IT WAS FUNNY.—"Confound them for tinkering at our currency," exclaimed one of our business men as he laid down his cigar and looked over the papers in his wallet. "A man steps in, buys goods of me, makes a few figures on a piece of paper, and lo! its value to me is \$300! I take it to the bank, write my name across the back, and they hand me out pieces of other paper called money. No coin to lug around—no base alloy to detract from beauty. I say that they should let the currency alone."

Half an hour after that he entered a bank, threw down the indorsed check and remarked to the cashier—

"I was just thinking how funny it is that a simple bit of paper like that has such intrinsic value."

"Yes, it is very funny," was the grim reply, "for the maker of that has'n't a cent on deposit here."

"Let us tinker the currency" is now the motto of that business man.

FASHION NOTES.

SPIRAL bracelets are the latest novelty. Some are so large that they extend from wrist to elbow.

The hygienic garments introduced by strong-minded women have been adopted by women of fashion.

TRAINED skirts have the back breadths laid in kilt pleats, or in wide double box pleat, to the end of the train.

THE jauntiest of spring wraps is a coat that fastens over the chest with one button and shows a waistcoat below.

DRESSY costumes for watering places are made of damask silk of light quality, combined with plain silk of a contrasting colour.

IN the way of a trained skirt the mercedes is graceful and elegant, the overskirt separated in front, and apparently tied up by flounces.

IT will be fashionable to sew the new style large collars and cuffs of white lace on the dark silk dresses that will be worn this summer.

GOLD embroidery, in fringes, lace, tassels, galloons, passementeries, in everything, in fact, is worn in Paris, both in the morning and evening.

CHEEKS, flukes and other figured materials for combining with self-coloured skirts are always used for overdresses. The patterns are small and informal.

RUSSIAN laces, which are lighter than Smyrna laces, are largely taking their place, particularly as a trimming for summer morning and washing dresses.

LACE sleeves have become so popular that a lace has been manufactured expressly for the purpose. It resembles the silk Mechlin lace, and is dotted with pearl or *claire de lune* lace.

CREPE batiste is one of the novelties for summer dresses. It is a thin hosiery fabric woven in crepe effects. It comes in all delicate shades of pure bright colour for evening dress.

AMONG the most comfortable and best wearing material for summer wear are printed silks, which have black grounds, with pin-head dots, stripes, or a delicate little flower in white.

WIDE galloons of silk and velvet, and plush mixtures are seen on ball frocks in delicate colours, shot with threads of gold and silver, or seeded with Roman pearl or fine glass beads.

WHITE muslin dresses for afternoon wear are made with long princess pelerines, with embroideries down every seam, and trimmed with satin faced ribbons in every tone of colour.

THE newest satin ribbons have fringed edges in contrasting colours, and there are also narrow fringed ribbons, the fringed edges of which show the different colours, blue, olive, pink, etc.

LITERARY.

LOVELL, the author of "Love's Sacrifice," and other plays, has died in London.

JOHN BROUGHTON is busily engaged on his "Personal Recollections of the Stage," and will probably publish them in the fall.

PROF. E. M. JOHNSON and W. H. BROWN, of Baltimore, are compiling a book entitled "Recollections of Alexander H. Stephens."

MR. NIMMO, the English publisher, says the Bible has the largest sale of any book in England, next the dictionaries, and thirdly "Bryan's Pagan's Progress."

It is proposed to commemorate the two hundredth anniversary of the issue of the "Pilgrim's Progress" by publishing in a cheap form a facsimile of the original edition, published by John Bonyan in 1687.

WE hear of a forthcoming commentary on Spenser's *Fairy Queen* which claims to catch, for the first time, the clue to the poetical meaning of the poem, and to show its rebuke, as well as its praise, of Queen Elizabeth.

The author of "German Home Life" is preparing a pamphlet on Count Moltke, somewhat similar to the brochure upon Prince Bismarck and his policy which she published recently. It is stated that the Chancellor was rather pleased with "German Home Life," although it provoked general indignation in the Fatherland.

"JOHN RILLINGS" (Henry W. Shaw) is reported to have made more money than almost any American author by persistent working of his penurious vein of humour. Some years ago, reports the *New York Times*, he has got \$1,000 from a weekly newspaper for his exclusive contributions; has made \$25,000 or \$30,000 by lecturing, and has had a profit from his Almanack of \$2,000 or \$3,000 more—\$12,000 to \$20,000 per annum. This is five or six times as much as Emerson, Hawthorne, Lowell or Holmes ever made.

IN England no one thinks of buying a new novel. The circulating libraries take a thousand or two copies at a high price, and the publisher and author make more out of it than they would from an increased edition at lower figures. If a work is a popular success it will gradually come down in price until eventually cheap editions are published, but this does not take place until it has been read by everybody who wants to read it in the libraries, and until it has been thoroughly reviewed in all the leading newspapers and periodicals.

THE first edition of the Dictionary of the French Language, prepared by the French Academy, appeared in 1634, the sixth in 1825, and the seventh will soon be published by M. Firmin Didot, of Paris. Its preface will contain a sketch of the history of all the previous issues, and pay a merited compliment to M. Littré's Dictionary. It rectifies phonetic spelling as chimerical, and makes but few orthographical changes. These include the omission of the double "n" in consonance, the substitution of the grave for the acute accent in "pièce, siège, collige," and of the grave accent for the dieresis in "poème, poëte."

VICTOR HUGO has made a present of the pen with which he wrote the "History of a Crime," to Señor Boimer Ortiz, to be placed in the museum. In the letter which accompanied the present occurred this paragraph:—"When I was a child I was Spanish, now I am a man and French, but Spanish still." This poetic license may perhaps be explained by the fact that Victor Hugo was born in the old Spanish town of Besançon. His father served with distinction in Spain during the Empire, and was offered the title of Prince by King Joseph on the condition of renouncing his nationality. The General refused. A short time ago, alluding to this fact, Victor Hugo, according to the *Gazette*, remarked: "If my father had accepted, Victor Hugo would not be living. Perhaps there might have been on the other side of the Pyrenees a Spanish poet, but in the nineteenth century what is a poet who is not French?"

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