

and through and through the Town of London; and have put up with his affectations and have enjoyed his brilliant descriptions; but now that he has come to Canada and America to travel for ten minutes, and write two volumes on his travels—I rebel; I refuse to devote ten more minutes of my life and my eye-sight to him.

Poor Dickens had that Ten Minutes fever on him too. I think it is melancholy in the extreme, it is painful to contemplate the later years of his life. Greedy for dollars, fiercely covetous of applause, pursued by some demon who secretly tortured him into making too much of ten minutes of rest, pushing him on the stage to exhaust his great dramatic powers, pushing him at his desk, pushing him in his walks, pushing him in his moments of rest into feverish desire for haste till the brain gave way and there was nothing of him left but a palsied hand, an empty inkstand—and an immortal name.

Perhaps there never was so striking a literary illustration of the value of time, even of ten minutes of time, as is given in the brilliant Frenchman's "Tour of the World in 80 days." Any one who has yielded to the fascinations of that remarkable volume will remember how keenly the moments were watched as the adventurous Mr. Phileas Fogg pursued his costly journey. Ten minutes delay in the tour of the world might lose him his £20,000, and yet the most exasperating delays did take place, an unfinished railway, a storm at sea, a steamer delayed, a row in India, a duel in the cars, an Indian fight on the plains, an arrest in England, all conspired against Mr. Phileas Fogg—and yet he accomplished his journey within the 80 days all but about ten minutes—as he thought. The finish at the Derby could not be more exciting than the finish of Mr. Phileas Fogg's "Tour of the World in 80 days." All the rest of his life he must have had an immense appreciation of the value of ten minutes in these hasty and harassing days.

Any one who possesses a few shelves full of books will agree with me that there is one period of ten minutes during the day which affords unmixed satisfaction and tranquil gratitude. It is the ten minutes or so before the tea-time, when you go home to end, or mayhap to begin your work; when you are left alone waiting for tea and can stand before the bookshelves in that state of uncertainty as to which volume you will take down to wile away the time. You can never make a decided choice. The usual result is that you dip into a dozen. No doubt the great controversy between Mr. Gladstone and Dr. Newman has a place in your head, and perhaps you take down the Apologia if you have it, and read that noble dedication to the Brothers of the Oratory, which is so elevating, so humble, so touching.

Mayhap you dip into a book of travels and, in the midst of our unlovely and unsightly winter weather, read for an instant some tropical description by Humboldt or Kingsley. The day Charles Kingsley died I had been reading at an odd moment some charming pages in his "Christmas in the West Indies" and after I heard of his death, in an hour or so, it struck me as being particularly suggestive that he who had so yearned all his life after the Tropics, should have died in the winter and would be buried under the snow.

If you had a copy of Landor's "Pericles and Aspasia" that most dainty of all little volumes, you might pull it down and, with special fitness towards the charitable work of the ladies for whom this entertainment is given, you might read:

Pleasures! away, they please no more!
Friends! are they what they were before!
Loves! they are very idle things,
The best about them is their wings;
The dance! 'tis what the bear can do,
Music! I hate your music too!

Where'er these witnesses that time
Hath snatched the chaplet from our prime
Are called by nature as we go
With eye more wary, step more slow
And will be heard and noted down
However we may fret or frown.

Shall we desire to leave the scene
Where all our former joys have been?
No. 'Twere ungrateful and unwise,
But when die down our charities
For human weal and human woes,
Then is the time our eyes should close.

Perhaps, however, you are in a tenderly philosophical mood and pull down gladly good Mr. Thackeray; and if you do, may read that when the great master of modern fiction used to go out the great Library of the British Museum, he felt like saying a grace for the good things there provided for him and for the whole nation. And with that feeling at your heart you survey your humble museum, with almost equal gratitude, equally inclined to say a grace as the evening meal is laid and your ten minutes are over.

MARTIN J. GRIFFIN.

SALVINI.

Salvini was born in Milan, but lived during most of his childhood in Leghorn, which was his father's native city. He was married when twenty-nine years old to an Italian, who was also on the stage, but he has been a widower for the last seven years. He spoke of his wife in a very feeling manner, as though her loss was really a cause of perpetual grief. He has three sons and one daughter, the oldest child being a little more than fifteen years old. When I remarked that this son was a very handsome young man, Signor Salvini looked shocked, and repeated, "Young man? Why, he is a child: not yet sixteen?"

I asked him if he intended to educate his son to be an actor. "Oh, no, no, no! To be an actor is the most unsatisfactory art one can cul-

tivate. When I am dead, what shall I leave behind me? Nothing; no lasting memorial. Nothing that one can look at, admire and say, 'Behold! Salvini did that.' How different it is with a sculptor! As long as the stone remains his reputation lives; it is not a think of the past, but of the living present. So convinced am I of this that for the last ten years I have been devoting more or less study to that art. I have many artist friends; from them I gain much, and before I finish I shall succeed. Oh, yes, I shall succeed; and then I will write the name Salvini!" I argued that his art gave him present fame, and said that I thought it was better to have the praise when one was alive and could enjoy it. "But I like the tranquil life," he answered; "and as an actor I am so frequently tormented by being obliged to act with persons who have no soul, no appreciation; there is so much turmoil, so much that is disagreeable."

I asked him again, observes the writer which character he liked best. "Hamlet," he replied. Then, leaning forward in the most earnest manner, as though he would divine my thoughts, "Why is it," he said, "that 'Hamlet' is such a favorite? It is a character that 'takes' more than any other. Why, Mr. Booth played it for a hundred nights and the public was not tired. Now, tell me, why is it?" I said that it was impossible for me to explain it. I thought, perhaps, that it was because "Hamlet" was melancholy and morbid, which enlisted one's sympathies, while his acts vindicated justice and commanded one's respect. "Oh, no! oh, no! The sympathies of mankind are always with crime. Take the characters of 'Francesca,' 'Paola,' and 'Aramine.' (in Dante.) One brother loves his brother's wife; the husband kills the brother and false wife. With whom do you think the public sympathize? Always with the lower."

"Tell me, how do you picture to yourself Hamlet?"

I answered:—"Rather tall, slight, dark and sombre-looking." He interrupted me with, "It is always the same, and why, why! The text, even, is different. It is not Shakespeare's conception, for he himself says, (act fifth, scene second,) 'He's fat and scant of breath.' Read the play, and you will find that Shakespeare intended him to be a stout man; yet all the world thinks that he is a thin, weakly man. If I were going to represent the character of 'Hamlet' I should not make myself larger than I am, but I find that I am none too large for Shakespeare's conception."

I asked him what he thought the character of "Hamlet" was intended to portray. He answered:—"Doubt. Shakespeare wrote his plays to represent in each one ruling principles or passion: Hamlet, doubt; Macbeth ambition; Romeo and Juliet, love; Othello, jealousy."

"Are not persons afraid to act with you when you become greatly excited?"

"Oh, yes, frequently, and sometimes they have cause. I was in Paais and had an overflowing audience, half of whom were English; I wished to make a decided impression—to triumph. The play was 'Othello.' Iago should drop upon one knee in such a way as to be able to fall entirely a moment later. The poor fellow who took the part of Iago was unaccustomed to act with me, became frightened by my vehemence and forgot to kneel properly, and so could not fall. I told him in a low tone to fall; I repeated it; still he remained unmoved; I was furious. With all those English in the house, fall he must. I caught hold of him, lifted him, and threw him down with such violence that he bounded. When I saw him bound I was filled with terror. I leaned over him, and said, 'Mon ami! are you hurt?' He answered in a feeble, gasping voice, 'I can't rise; you must lift me. I took hold of his hand with a grip of iron; he placed his foot against my knee, and in a moment the thing was done. I seemed to hurl him in scorn across the stage; it had the effect of almost superhuman strength. The house rang with applause, and from that night I adopted that style. Poor Iago's back was almost crushed, and for some time he was confined to his bed."

THE FIRST WALTZ.

A writer says: No event ever produced so great a sensation in English society as the introduction of the German waltz in 1813. Up to this time, he writes, the English country dance, Scotch steps, and occasional Highland reel formed the school of the dancing master and the evening recreation of the British youth, even in the first circles. But peace was drawing nigh, foreigners were arriving, and the taste for Continental customs and manners became the order of the day. The young Duke of Devonshire, as the Magnus Apollo of the drawing-rooms in London, was at the head of these innovations, and when the kitchen dance became exploded at Devonshire House it could not long be expected to maintain its footing even in the less celebrated assemblies. In London fashion was then everything. Old and young returned to school, and the mornings which had been dedicated to lounging in the park were now absorbed at home in practising the figures of a French quadrille, or whirling a chair round the room to learn the step and measure of the German waltz. Lame and impotent were the first efforts, but the inspiring airs of the music and the not less inspiring airs of the foreigners soon rendered the English ladies enthusiastic performers. What scenes have we witnessed in those days at Almack's. What fear and trembling in the debutantes at the commencement of the waltz, what giddiness and confusion at the end! It was, perhaps, owing to this last circumstance that so violent an opposi-

tion soon rose to this new creation on the score of morality. The anti-waltzing party took the alarm, cried it down, mothers forbade it, and every ball-room became a scene of feud and contention; the waltzers continued their operations, but their ranks were not filled with so many recruits as they expected.

THE FLANEUR.

A hungry and impecunious newspaper man was wandering through the streets in search of something to eat. He passed many a restaurant where, on Saturday evenings, when he had plenty of money, he had feasted like a king, but this day he looked for humbler fare. At last he came to a place where there was this sign on a card at the window:

Breakfast..... 10 cents.

Dinner..... 25 "

Noon was just sounding from the towers of Notre-Dame. He read the card. He entered. Swinging his hat on a peg near the door, he resolutely took a seat, and snapping his fingers at the waiting girl, sang out:

"Get me some breakfast, please."

A correspondent sends me the following: Guide boy at Malvern, England, to travellers remarking that there seemed to be few visitors: "Oh, sir, if you came at 3 p. m. you'd see the whole hill crawling alive with quality."

There is an eating-house on Craig Street, where many of the city reporters go for their lunch. It was on Friday. The beef was tough, the mutton was sour, and the pork was fat. The only appetizing dish was baked salmon, the size of your two hands. On seeing this, the *Sun* reporter reached out his long arm and emptied all the fish into his plate. There was a general cry of remonstrance.

"I'm a Roman Catholic," was his cool defence.

A new cure for drunkenness.

Father, with a bundle of paper in his hands, is very wroth against his son.

"James, come here."

"Yes, sir."

"What are these papers?"

"Bills, sir."

"Yes, debts of yours in every hotel and bar-room of the city."

"I know it, sir."

"Why did you contract these debts?"

"To prevent my ever going near those places again."

Petits pois au naturel! what a delicious dish they are when they first come out. Archie, five year old, and Minnie, three year old, are very fond of them. They are at table. Mother has not yet come down. Susan sets a plate of the green peas upon the cloth and returns to the kitchen for more dishes. In the interval, Archie seizes the peas and souses them all into his plate. Minnie stretches her little hands and cries out: "Give me some, I like 'em too."

"Yes, but not so much as me," says Archie who had already swallowed the half of them.

It was the last day of last month. I was in the telegraph office writing a despatch, when a telegraphic correspondent friend of mine stepped up to the wicket, spoke in low tones to a clerk inside, hopped about on one leg and then on another, for just two minutes, received something through the wicket, made a scrawl on a piece of white paper which he returned, and then wended his way smilingly in my direction.

"Do you know," said he, "what the letters S. P. Q. R. stand for?"

I had a faint classic recollection of the Roman Senate and People, but it was very faint, and I had to give up the conundrum.

"S. P. Q. R. means Salaries Paid Quite Regularly," said my facetious friend, waving a bundle of bank notes.

I asked for a cool draught, and the waiter proceeded to break a piece of ice on the edge of the glass.

"That's risky," I ventured to remark.

"Bah!" said a friend at my elbow, "it is only *glace* (ice) against *glass*."

For an Englishman's first attempt at a French pun, this will do.

There is a new restaurant in this city which has the old familiar name, Tivoli. The sign bearing the name is composed of large gilt wooden letters. Some days ago first the O, and next the V, fell out.

"Hello," said a chap, passing by it, "this must be a temperance concern. They've dropped the V. O."

There is a small colony of darkies in this town, and some of them are very faithful servants. Sam, a coal-black Congo, of twenty-five, is one of these. The other day Sam was invited to a wedding. He went to his employer, who is a haberdasher, and asked him the gift of a pair of kids for the occasion.

"Certainly, Sam. What color?"

"Flesh color, sah."

"All right."

That night he received from the gentleman a pair of black Jouvins.

"Will they do, Sam?"

"Yes... guess so... sah."

"Do they fit?"

"Oh, dey fit well enough, sah, but...."

"But what, Sam?"

"They ain't 'xactly de right shade."

"I thought you said flesh color."

The negro turned to his benefactor, and rolling the whites of those big eyes of his, twiggled the joke at last.

"All right, sah, you got me dere. But I'll git my revenge. I'll give dese gloves to my gal, Jinnie, and buy a pair of oleanders for myself."

An old farmer, very fond of knowing what is going on in the world, receives a lot of papers from his town friends. He is not lettered himself, and has his children read to him. One day a neighbor dropped in and seeing a pile of papers on the little shelf near the clock, asked for the loan of the latest journals.

"You will find them there," said the farmer.

"These are all pretty old," replied the neighbor.

The old man went up himself and, fumbling in the pile, pulled out one which had still the wrapper on it.

"Ha, here you are," said he gleefully. "This is the latest. It has not yet been read!"

ALMAVIVA.

HEARTH AND HOME.

THE patter of little feet, and the patter of summer rain, are among the sweetest sounds in the world of nature.

THE temperate are the most luxurious. By abstaining from most things, it is surprising how many things we enjoy.

IT is one of the most beautiful compensations of this life that no man can sincerely try to help another, without helping himself.

THE happiness of the human race in this world does not consist in our being devoid of passions, but in our learning to command them.

THE darkest cloud which overshadows human life may often appear the brightest to the angels who watch over us from heaven.

LIFE, according to the Arabic proverb, is composed of two parts—that which is past, a dream; and that which is to come, a wish.

THE perfection of wisdom and the end of true philosophy is to proportion our wants to our possession, our ambition to our capacities.

TO men of a poetical nature, life is apt to become a desert, in whose undulating air, as in that of other deserts, objects appear both wavering and gigantic.

NEVER travel to escape the sorrows of a great bereavement. Familiar objects may keep them present with us for a time, but nothing multiplies them like absence.

NOTHING is so great an instance of ill-manners as flattery. If you flatter all the company, you please none; if you flatter only one or two, you affront the rest.

GRIEVANCES.—Leave your grievances as Napoleon did his letters—unopened for three weeks—and it is astonishing how little you will find to trouble you in them at the end of that time.

If you have talents, industry will improve them; if moderate abilities, industry will supply the deficiencies. Nothing is denied to well-directed labour, nothing is ever to be obtained without it.

GREAT are the advantages to be reaped from listening attentively to the conversation of intelligent and cultivated people, and young persons should be earnest to improve every such opportunity.

FINE sensibilities are like woodbines—delightful luxuries of beauty to twine around a solid, upright stem of understanding; but very poor things if, unsustained by strength, they are left to creep along the ground.

ONE of the illusions is that the present hour is not the critical, decisive hour. Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year. No man has learned anything rightly until he knows that every day is doomsday.

A GLASS FOR OURSELVES.—When you descend on the faults of others, consider whether you be not guilty of the same. The best way to gain a true knowledge of ourselves is to convert the imperfections of others into a mirror for discovering our own.

OUR belief or disbelief of a thing does not alter the nature of the thing. We cannot fancy things into being, or make them vanish into nothing by the stubborn confidence of our imaginations. Things are as sullen as we are, and will be what they are, whatever we think of them.

WERE we to strip our sufferings of all the aggravations which our over-busy imaginations heap upon them, of all that our impatience and wilfulness embitters in them, of all that a morbid craving for sympathy induces us to display to others, they would shrink to less than half their bulk; and what remained would be comparatively easy to support.

LOVED ONES' RETURN.—There is no moment when beloved objects are so much beloved as on the return from a long absence. How pleasant the hurry of their arrival, and the many preparations to receive them!—In winter the warmest seat by the fire; in summer the coolest by the open lattice. Then the supper where all former likings are so carefully remembered; the cheerful flutter of spirits; the disposition to talk; the still greater desire to listen; and—for the future will ever intrude upon the mortal present—the delight of thinking we shall still be together to-morrow. Assuredly the meeting with our loved ones after absence is one of—ah, no—it is life's most delicious feeling.—