

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

ORIGINAL ARTICLES.

INTRODUCTORY.

I am about to write a series of articles of a purely original type. Whether they, or even this, ever meets your eye, reader, depends entirely upon the decision of the editor of the journal to which they are sent. That is a matter which neither you nor I can determine. If you do, through his magnanimity, get an opportunity of reading them, you must thank him for the privilege, for better have been rejected by the same party. If they do not appear, I suppose for the same reason, you must blame him, for I solemnly assure you it is my sincere and earnest desire that they be published—otherwise I wouldn't write them at all.

"Original articles"—mind you, they do not claim any other merit; I don't want them to have any other. It would detract from the grand leading aim I have in view. This is the reason I have made the daring resolve to be original.

Not long ago I undertook the editorial management of a literary paper in one of the smaller Provinces of this Dominion, and continued to wear this honour for the space of nearly one year. During that important period of my life I received contributions from a host of people, for the most part young ladies. Though I was a young (comparatively speaking) and unmarried man, yet I have no doubt that the interest in my welfare which a large number of these gay literati unquestionably displayed was due entirely to reasons of a purely literary character. But about the contributions.

They were very good, all of them. They rather surprised me by their excellence; I thought they read about as well as pieces in the *N. Y. Ledger*, *Weekly*, or *Saturday Night*. But the trouble was they were not original; there was nothing new or striking about them at all. For instance, a very talented young friend of mine, a clever fellow, having been applied to, sent me on a fine bundle of manuscript. I opened it with fond anticipations; but what was my disappointment to find it headed "Twilight in a Churchyard." It struck me at once as being a common idea enough—nothing out of the ordinary way about it, at least; but if I had seen such a heading to the article in any literary paper in the world, I should not have dreamed of reading it, unless, indeed, it was associated with the name of Henry Ward Beecher, Horace Greeley, or the Rev. Mr. Ancient, of Prospect fame. But I made the best of it, and called "special attention to Carl Hughes' beautiful article in another column." He rather liked the look of it in print, and soon after sent on another entitled, "Morn amid the Mountains,"—a very beautiful sight, indeed, but quite frequently described. And so my experience continued: "A Plea for Bachelors," "Thoughts on Nature," "The Mission of the Beautiful,"—more efficiently advocated than the missions to the heathen. These were the staple subjects for enquiry and reflection on the part of my numerous correspondents.

And, indeed, they only aped the writers for literary papers the world over. Pick up any one you like, and you will be certain to find one or other of the following subjects elaborately, and for the thousandth time, handled: "Home Influence," "Am I my Brother's Keeper?" "Sunrise," "Sunset," "Hope," "Sweet Memories," "Silent Influence," "Love," "Friendship," "The Long, Long Ago," "Swinging in the Lane," "The Old Oak Tree," "The Oaken Bucket," "The Book," "The Old Bridge," "The Mossy Dell," "May," "Spring," "The Sere and Yellow Leaf," "My Cabin Home," "Auld Lang Syne," "Far Away," "A Mother's Love," "The Sweet Bye-and-bye." These and a host of others of the same ilk have become such stock phrases, and are so often and again coming up to haunt one that I have grown to associate them with "Johnston's Anodyne Liniment," "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," "King's Immediate Relief," "Barb's Murum Edicat," "Lightning Oil," &c., &c.

I have come down upon them; I have resolved to endure them no longer without making one honest effort to institute a reform. I am going forthwith to write a series of articles, and if every one of them does not prove to be in every respect entirely, completely, and perfectly original, I will enclose my card to the editor of the journal in which they appear (this is, if they do) and he shall hold me up to laughter and scorn. I may handle these very same subjects, but I shall treat them in an entirely new light.

A friend of mine once remarked that though there were no less than sixty thousand words in the English language, and as many as twenty thousand in common use, yet he wondered how long these words could continue to be combined in expressing original ideas. He thought there must come a crisis sooner or later. I did not investigate the matter by the ordinary mathematical rules, but I fancied I saw something in the idea. After my efforts have been exhausted in these coming ideas, it will be time to consider the matter practically.

In one respect only shall I conform to the custom of modern times, and that is in the copious use of the pronoun "I." I shall claim no originality in this particular, but otherwise, O how original I shall be! My heart beats fast as I think of it.

JOEL PHIPPS.

THE JOURNAL OF THE SHAH'S PRIVATE SECRETARY.

(From Punch.)

EXTRACT

From the most private Journal of KHAN MAHOMMED HASSEAN-EL-SANER-ED-DOWLAH.

In the train of fire, at Dover. Thanks be to Allah, we are off the sea. The Feringhees said it was calm during our passage. And the SHAH-IN-SHAH—may his name be crowned with honour!—kept his head erect and his countenance cheerful before these Kaffirs, and was not cast down, neither was his face blackened in crossing the sea of the English. This power was not given to us, his servants. How should it be? May the Illustrious not ask to see the journal of this crossing kept by his servant EL SANER. All I know is that I lay in a narrow box, and felt rollings and great throbings, and smelt grievous smells, and heard thunderings far and near, and many trappings and clashing of chains over my head, till my entrails were loosed with a great fear. I gave myself up altogether to misery, as one in the realm of the Djinn, or as he that passeth over the hair bridge of El Sirat, in the Valley of Judgment. They that sat erect tell me we saw many war-ships of iron and brass, some like birds with wings, and others like houses sailing without sails, and bearing cannon that fired without hands,

and manned by monkeys or demons. How these things may be, truly I know not. We are in the land of enchantments and wonders, praise be to the name of the Prophet, and protection to his servants.

We fly through this land in the cushioned carriages of the railway. This thing we have seen elsewhere, but nowhere so swift as here. All here is by steam—more even than in the land of the Russki and the Prusski, and the face of all things—excepting only the heavens—shines. There is a dark grey shadow always over the sky; I cannot speak with the astrologer of the Shah-in-Shah, for he is in another carriage. But I fear the signs of the heavens are inauspicious, and that we did ill to come hither in this conjunction of planets. The English people gather in crowds to do honour to the Shah-in-Shah, and wave their hats and shout. Who are we that we should shine in the brightness of his face?

The women here go unveiled, as in other lands of the Feringhee. They are more moon-faced than the women of the Russki and the Prusski. My friend, a great Moonshee of the household of the Elchee Rawlinson, may his name be honoured, tells me that the women of the English have lately risen up in revolt, and come out of their anderoons, and are now striving with men in all things, and often beating and buffeting them. A wise man would have foreseen this. Why did the English let their females come abroad out of the apartments of the women, and lay aside their veils? A fire is good, but only while it is kept in the fire-pan. Let the woman that can rule a man rule in the chamber, not in the street; so strength bath its right, and weakness is not encouraged to its undoing. In this land we see many more people of peace than soldiers, and all the soil is as a garden: even the beasts in the fields are clean and well cared for. Herein this land is different from the land of the Russki and the Prusski. Nor do the Khans and Elchees and other servants of the Great Queen go so softly, or bow to the ground so often or so low as the servants of the Czar and the Emperor in those lands. Nor do they wear coats buttoned up so tight, nor so many stars and badges of honour on their breasts. The Russki and Prusski said we should find all men in this country loving money and not caring for honour. This I do not know. We shall learn. Only I know, unworthy as I am to know anything of the Lion and Sun of the Universe, that the Shah-in-Shah had blackness of face by reason of the grievous bowing down and constant ordering of all things in those lands, whereby we could not move, but in a line first drawn out for all. At last did they not order even the Shah-in-Shah! Then their faces were blackened before him; and we had a hard time, and much stick. Here I hope all will be well. Allah grant so much to his servant.

(At the Palace of the Great Queen, in the first hour of the evening.)

My head aches sorely. We have all drunk much rain-water, and our robes of honour are damp and defiled. Here the Great Queen may be mistress of the earth and the sea, but Shaitan is master of the heavens.

It is now what these English call Midsummer, but the cold is as that of our second month of the winter solstice, and the rains are as the latter rains of sowing time.

It is, in this land, as if for money and steam they had given sunshine. Our hearts are black in spite of the whiteness of the face of the Shah-in-Shah before this people.

(Two hours later.)

I have eaten a dinner of the English. Allah kerim! it was good. I have drunk of their sherbet that goes off by steam, and as with the bursting of guns, like other things in this country. It was very good, and made my heart merry within me, so that I sang this verse:—

"I also am going by steam, like all things in this land of wonders. My head is as a wheel, that turneth and grindeth wondrously, and my heart is full of still brightness, like the shining of the sea under the moon, and the sherbet of the stranger is as the screw of the fire-ship that carries my soul swiftly through the waters."

Even while I sing, I am summoned to the presence of the Shah-in-Shah—may he be strengthened!

(At the fourth hour of the night.)

The Shah-in-Shah sent for me to attend him to the magical instrument which these wonderful English have brought to his chamber, whereby he can send his orders to Tehran, and receive words thence, as lord talketh to slave in a chamber of audience.

The magician who works the spell was also at hand.

The Shah-in-Shah spoke. "Call me up the Prince Governor of Tehran."

"He is called."

"What says he?"

"That this must be Shaitan, and not the Shah-in-Shah, that talks to him so many thousand miles away, and therefore he will not listen."

"Let him have stick, that he may know it is the Shah-in-Shah."

Then came the message that stick was being given to the Governor.

The Shah-in-Shah wished to hear the cries of his slave under the ferashes. But the magician said this was beyond his power.

Then the Shah-in-Shah was pleased to talk with his servant of this wonderful land, and the sea-journey, and the ships, and all the marvels he had seen; and bade his servant show him the journal thereof.

Then I said, "Lo! O Shah, how can I show thee that which is not? Was not my journal swallowed up in the jaws of the sea as we landed at Dover? And who is thy servant, that he should recover back its prey from the ocean?"

Then the Shah-in-Shah was gracious, and went again to the magical instrument, and spoke again with those at Tehran.

And, lo! he made his wives to arise even at the fifth hour of the night—for this also was by magic, that here it was the first hour of the night, when at Tehran it was the fifth—and dress themselves in their best robes, and come down to talk with their lord and master; and woe be to any that shall grumble, now they know for a truth that the ear of the great Shah is upon them, even from the ends of the earth!

Much wonder was uttered among the moonshees and khans, and aghas and meerrzas of the Great Queen, as we sat at meat, that the Shah-in-Shah had been pleased to grant such honours to Reuter Khan, and to concede unto him the power to make channels wherein the wealth of the English should flow into Persia. But they do not understand how he is to get that wealth into those channels. Then I said to them: "The English have steam; have not we Persians stick—that does

as great wonders for us as steam for you?" And I went on to explain to them the power of stick; how, if the Shah-in-Shah once had the Khan Reuter tight in Tehran, with the Royal ferashes standing over him, Reuter Khan would have no chance but to bleed either blood or toman; and that in our country wise men would rather give up their coin than their cuticle. Now, Reuter Khan was no doubt a wise man, or the Shah-in-Shah would not have chosen him for this great favour. Besides, cannot the English make money, by the help of steam and the Djinn together? and has not this Reuter lived among the English till he has learnt all their secrets? And did not Solomon, the wise king, compel the demons to give up their treasures? and shall not the Shah-in-Shah know how to compel even Reuter Khan?

Scraps.

Mrs. Abraham Lincoln summers in Canada.

A descendant of Eugene Aram lives in California.

A Universal Exposition of Horticulture will probably be held at Rome before long.

The Shah has ordered of Poole a general's uniform of each of the European nations.

"Strike News" is the heading of one of the departments in a German illustrated weekly.

The restoration of the Palace of the Tuilleries has commenced, and will be carried on with.

Another submarine cable is to be laid along the coast of South America, from Para to Pernambuco.

The Shah is greatly taken with the bagpipes, which, he declares, make the finest music he ever heard.

Five guineas (\$25.25) was the price of tickets of admission to the Floral Hall on the night that the Shah passed through it on his way to the opera.

A Japanese Prince, Maçao, may be found daily in the State printing-office at the Hague working at case. He is sent to Europe by the Japanese Government to learn the art of printing.

"Sir Loine of Beef," "Chees and Salade," "Sherries Gobblers," and "Pastry-aux-fruit" are some of the items on the bill of fare for the "dal" at the (so-called) English Refreshment Room, at the Vienna Exhibition.

A new thing in strikes. The puddlers and shinglers at Cwmbran recently demanded the dismissal of a policeman whose vocation is to protect the company's property. The proprietors declined to withdraw the constable, and the men were paid off.

Among the artillery in the Vienna Exhibition is a gun surpassing in power the famous Krupp gun. When the Crown Prince of Germany saw it he remarked that it was practically useless, as the report of the charge of powder required would deafen the gunner firing the same at the first charge.

When the Shah met Queen Victoria, he kissed her hand with perfect delicacy and grace, at the same time putting round her neck the ribbon of a richly jewelled decoration of the new Persian Order of the Sun. He said that hitherto he had reckoned his years from the day of his birth, but in future he would reckon them from the day of his meeting the Queen of England.

We hear of the following pleasing but odd clerical innovation: The choir (men and boys) sit in the chancel, but in addition to these, a goodly array of young women and girls assist in the service. The young women were all habited in the same external garments, viz., a scarlet cloak and suitable bonnet. In another church the female singers are placed in the choir stalls just as if they were males.

At Moscow a lady, renowned for her beauty, ventured to call on the Shah with an enormous bouquet. The "Light of the World" accepted the floral present, examined the fair visitor carefully and leisurely for a considerable period with his eye-glasses, and then, probably overcome by admiration, turned his back upon her and retreated to his apartments, without deigning to utter even a royal monosyllable.

On the requisition of the Prussian Headquarters Staff, eight Saxon officers have been sent to the French departments which are still occupied by the German troops, to furnish the survey of the departments as speedily as possible, so that when they are evacuated in September on the payment of the milliard, the topographical studies of these districts may be perfectly ready and completed to the last inch. No chance, it is clear, will be lost.

Among the novelties to be seen just now in London is a "writing machine," of American invention, which, it is confidently predicted, will come very shortly into general use. It is made in the shape of a small pianoforte, with three rows of keys, and the person using it "plays" it with both hands. A series of hammers strike against a band of ribbon, so prepared that an impression of the letter used is produced on the roll of paper which passes over the ribbon. The price of the machine is at present £25.

A modern Canterbury pilgrimage was announced in the English papers for the 7th inst. On that day, being the ancient feast of "the translation of the relics of St. Thomas the Martyr," the friends and supporters of the Young Men's Catholic Association are to make a pilgrimage—going by rail—to Canterbury Cathedral, where they will "honour" Becket's crown and the chapel of the Holy Trinity, kneel down devoutly on the steps in the northern transept, which were the scene of the archbishop's murder, and pay their devotions on the spot where once stood the martyr's shrine.

The following singular bill for hanging and boiling a friar is extracted from an old document. Of course a friar ought not to have been boiled; this we may premise with, but it is extracted from an old document:—"Account of the hanging and parboiling of Friar Stone, at Canterbury, in 1539.—Paid for half a ton of timber to make a pair of gallows for to hang Friar Stone, 2s. 6d.; to a carpenter, for making the same gallows, and the drey, 1s. 4d.; to a labourer that digged the hole, 3d.; other expenses of setting up the same, and carriage of the timber from Stable-gate to the Dungeon, 1s.; for a hurdle, 6d.; for a load of wood, and for a horse to draw him to the Dungeon, 2s. 3d.; paid two men that sat at the kettle and parboiled him, 1s.; to three men that carried his quarters to the gates, and sat them up, 1s.; for halsters to hang him, and Sandwich cord, and for screws, 1s.; for a woman that scoured the kettle, 2d.; to him that did execution, 3s. 8d.; total, 14s. 8d." It will be seen in these days of high-priced labour how much cheaper they worked in those days.

Readers of the News living in Montreal and the vicinity will do well to refer to the advertisement of Messrs. McGibbon & Baird, printed elsewhere. Both members of the firm have the benefit of long experience, and enjoyed, when carrying on business separately, the highest reputation. Under the combined management we are convinced the establishment will be all that could possibly be desired. The gourmet will there find all the delicate little trifles of the table, which it is so difficult to procure in this country, while the stock of the ordinary articles of household use will be found to be as extensive as any in the country.