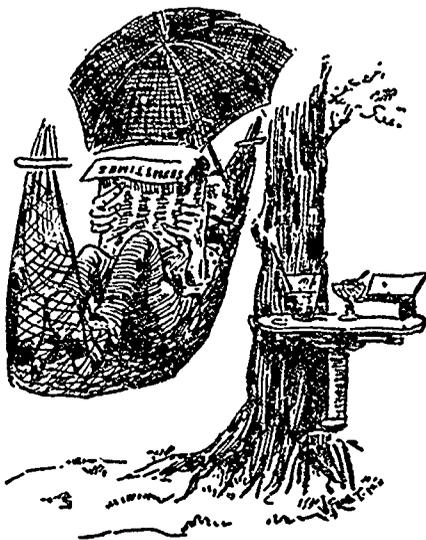


CHARACTER SKETCHES.

No. 9—OUR PHILOSOPHER.

Very different from either of the two last sketches is Our Philosopher. While on the one hand, there is nothing, he deems, too good for him, on the other, nothing ever appears to come amiss. When in luck he will drink the best Burgundy and smoke the most expensive Havanas; when out at elbows, he is equally content with a pot of beer and a pipe. So long as the sun shines he basks in it, and when the rain descends, he whistles, in the driest shelter he can find, and waits for fine weather. His equanimity is apt to be irritating sometimes, for his "laissez aller," or letting things slide, has a strong resemblance to want of energy. But it is impossible to be angry with him for long, he is so thoroughly goodtempered and agreeable.



He cannot understand a fretful disposition, and tells you with a smile, that life is too short, to worry over trifles, If you attempt to lecture him, for preferring his ease, to putting his shoulder to the wheel, he laughs and retorts, "Think you because you are virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale? My dear fellow, I have quaffed champagne till it has positively palled upon me, and I assure you beer is far more wholesome as well as pleasanter." And should the champagne come round again he returns to it with fresh gusto. His feelings are not very deep, but they are kindly, because it is too much trou-

ble to quarrel with anyone. What you call absence of "vim," he terms, adapting himself to circumstances, and as we see him as represented in our artist's illustration, lolling in his hammock, puffing away, with a "refresher" within each reach, we are obliged to admit, that his philosophy, albeit of the earth earthy, is a comfortable garment to travel through life with. A touch of envy is mingled with our contempt, for we feel, that Our Philosopher escapes many of the miseries, from which nobler characters suffer. He can never soar very high, but neither will he descend very low, and so we will wish him adieu, as he pursues "the even tenor of his way."

SPECTACLES.

As actually speaking there are spectacles for long and short ranges, some glasses being rose and others blue tinted, so metaphorically, people gaze at life and its surroundings through their own particular spectacles. We know many, who look at everything from a near point of view, and who are so short sighted, that they fail to see anything beyond their mental noses. These are they, whose vision is so confined, that they can take no interest in anyone's affairs, except their own, or those in immediate connection therewith. When we meet these narrow-minded individuals, we invariably endeavor to give them a wide berth, as they are always insufferably dull and commonplace. The opposite to this class are those who desire to view distant landscapes and have their spectacles to suit them accordingly. They will discuss with enthusiasm a mission to convert a nation of savages thousands of miles away, but will completely overlook those needing help in their own city or country. They are perhaps quite as great bores in their way as the short-sighted persons are in theirs, for though it is pleasant enough to be carried to a far off mountain occasionally with mighty crags and boulders, one does not want to live there altogether. Then there is the sweet gushing young thing, who sees everything "couleur de rose," through her spectacles, whose eyes never wand-

er from the dazzling glare of the foot-lights, and never, oh never, have been behind the scenes, and looked upon the ugly paint and patches. We cannot be very severe with these glasses, for have we not all worn them once before our wisdom teeth were cut, and do we not remember the shock we experienced when the rose tinted spectacles fell from our eyes? The illusion was pleasanter than the reality, and no enjoyment was ever equal to our first pantomime. Lastly we have the cynic whose blue giglamps give a dismal color to all he gazes at. He not only sees the paint and the wrinkles, but fails to note the kindly smile, which sometimes shines through both like the sun piercing a cloud. But for those blue spectacles he would see that, though "all is not gold that glitters," there is still some good in our world's theatre, and that the clown laughing and tumbling on the stage, may be calculating how much of his salary he can save, to pay for a doctor to attend his sick child at home. From all of which it would seem, that our metaphorical spectacles, only give partial, or erroneous, views of life, and had better be discarded, if we would take a broad vista of the struggles, failures, and triumphs, of those around us.

MUSIC.

We are favored with a number of choice musical pieces from the well known publishers, Messrs. Charles Woolhouse & Co. of London, England. The name of Woolhouse in London has been so long associated with compositions of a high order that anything from the house calls for little more than mere mention. The aim of the firm seems to be to combine a pure taste with degrees of difficulty readily overcome by amateurs or concert performers.

Among the pieces for the pianoforte is "The Brook" (a study) by Walter Alcock, a rippling little composition, not at all difficult, and with a beautiful melody running through it. The "Saturday Review" correctly describes it as "of superior quality, melodious and very well harmonised." —George St. George, one of the most popular performers and composers of drawing-room music for violin and piano and piano alone, during the last few years and at present, in London, would seem to be fastening his hold more and more on the