

## THE FLANEUR

It is a moot question whether the wearing of deep mourning is proper or not. Some social reformers contend that sorrow should be carried in the heart, not flaunted before the gaze of the world. Others hold that the whole person, exterior as well as interior, should testify to its grief for the departed. I will not presume to pronounce upon the matter otherwise than by a little anecdote. Among my fellow passengers, the other day, in the street cars, was a young female who at once attracted my attention. Pardon me, I am not in the habit of looking at females in the cars or on the streets, but this particular female did attract my attention. To speak more precisely it was her costume that caught my eye. She was clad in the deepest mourning. Her dress, close fitting to a snowy neck, was of crepe. Her polonaise was also of crepe. Both these garments were of stylish fashion and costliest material. On the front of the dress there were about twenty-five buttons covered with crepe and the size of a silver dollar. Collar and cuffs were of daintiest cambric bordered with a black line. Breastpin, earrings, cuff-links, and long pendant neck-chain were of magnificent jet. The watch in the belt and the ring on the finger must have been of ebony, but I did not see them. The parasol was of dead silk trimmed with slight banderoles of crepe. And the hat! What shall I say of that? It too was of crepe, but ornamented with a black poppy, symbol of sleep; black myosotis leaves, emblems of pious remembrance, entwined in black *larmes*. And down overallswept the black veil extending to the knees. At first sight of all these trappings of woe, I own I felt impressed. There is nothing so pathetic to me as a widow, a young widow, I mean, in her weeds. With Jefferson Davis, I always feel like touching my hat to her. But after a while, this particular widow arose to step out. Shades of the departed: she wore a panier. I wonder if that also, was of crepe. She walked through the car on tip toe, with that *mouvement saccadé de la croupe* which Alphonse Karr has immortalized. My illusion was gone. All the ladies glanced at each other with that indescribable look which might be interpreted as dismay, but which was clearly something else. Several of the gentlemen laughed from their eyes. One old fellow beside me remarked:

"That young widow will be married before three months!"  
 "Yes," I sighed, "but doesn't it beat all to make the insignia of mourning the instruments of coquetry?" O, woman, woman!

The coming of Louis Riel to Ottawa, as Member of Parliament!

If all the troubles which have of late been heaped on the head of the poor Ministry are fancied ones, trumped up by the opposition, this at least is real.

There is nothing so fatiguing as idleness.

It is Sunday. A lady finds her maid deeply engaged reading a book.

"As you are doing nothing, Janet, come and help me, please."  
 "This is the Sabbath, mam."  
 "You are right, I had forgotten."  
 Janet plunges again into her book.  
 The lady curious to know what pious work thus absorbed the attention of the good girl, inquired:  
 "Is that the Bible you are reading, Janet?"  
 "No, mam, it is my cookery book."

Clay, Member of Parliament for Hull, genial club man and king of whist, is dead. Inscription on a mural tablet in his honor:

Whist! The game is ended!

Montreal is resolved to distinguish herself among the cities of the Dominion by her appreciation of art. She taxes it. Steammen are so delighted that they are combining to let Montreal severely alone during the next winter.

Hutchinson is now Flour Inspector. He can still compromise matters and do a handsome thing besides. Let him make John Young his deputy.  
 Fit for fat is fair play.

A pretty story about the Ville-Marie Lottery.

A poor servant girl, in Quebec, had an invincible longing—women have such invincible longings sometimes—to take a chance in the great lottery. But there was one objection. She had only two shillings to spare and the ticket was one dollar. Nothing daunted, however, she went to her *curé* and told him about it. The good pastor lent her three shillings. The ticket was bought. Months of anxious expectations ensued, but at length, the drawing took place and the girl's ticket drew a \$5,000 house on St. Denis street.  
 The *curé* is safe for his three shillings.

Why don't those Returning Officers learn how to count?

A dispatch was flashed over the wire the other day that the Conservative candidate for South Huron had been elected by some fifty odd majority. Tremendous flourish of Ministerial trumpets. South Huron had been a Grit constituency. Now it was redeemed. A leading Ottawa paper had no less than eight different jubilant references to it in one issue. "God bless the honest men of Huron!" "Let the howling dervishes hang their heads in shame!" A day or two later a second dispatch came, contradicting the first, as usual. It was the Clear Grit that was elected at South Huron by a beggarly score or so.

Well, where is your Ministerial majority? Oh! Ah!..... it is a moral victory now! Let us have a drink.

Riding astride for ladies is again being agitated and this time by no less a person than Anna Dickinson. She proposes to ride thus through Central Park. The costume needed for the feat will be the usual walking suit, only a little longer at each side and a little shorter in front and behind, so that it will fall gracefully when the rider is in the saddle. It will not even be necessary to wear trousers, if a high-laced boot is worn, as in that case nothing more than an occasional and accidental glimpse of stocking would be visible. There will be ten thousand times ten thousand in Central Park to see Anna.

ALMAVIVA.

## ORIGINAL ARTICLES.

## LAW SUITS—SPECIAL.

I am a profound believer in the Law—the great fabric and bulwark of the English Constitution. You cannot define Law unless you take a condensed view and call it Justice, though I have heard it said that law is not always justice; but then you know the exception only proves the rule.

Now, after all, law suits are not the most enjoyable things in the world. Of course they have the usual fascination of the game of chance, but everybody who gambles knows what a tendency there is among the fraternity to make games short. "Loo" instantly supercedes *eucre* when there is money staked, and *rouge et noir* supplants "loo" on the same principle; hence, as a mild species of gambling, law suits are not attractive, for they generally extend over years—long, dull, unsettled years, each term introducing new phases and bringing additional costs.

A quiet respectable man has dealings with some other man, not quite so quiet and respectable. The result is "credit." Now this credit is a dreadful thing. Having a man's obligation for money, and having the money itself, are vastly different things. A debtor may be honest, but he is, in these times, liable to fail. Well, our quiet respectable friend has his less quiet and respectable friend's obligation for a certain sum of money. It becomes due and is not paid. He goes to a lawyer with a carefully drawn up account and requests him to "sue it." It is a perfectly simple matter, easily disposed of. In a week or two the delinquent will be compelled to come up to the mark, and then everything will go quietly and peacefully on as before.

Ah, me! False hope. Little, little does our quiet and respectable friend know what is before him. He cannot see the end from the beginning.

A writ is made out ominously labelled "Briggs vs. Broggs." The defendant, on receipt of "summons" forthwith considers to himself the possibility of evading all payment. He has heard of such things being done, knows that the law is fruitful in quibbles, and attorneys as fruitful in expedients. He consequently steps into the office of his friend Farlie, of the firm of "Farlie & Faggs," and lays the matter before him, bringing out all the little quirks that he has been revolving in his mind. Mr. Farlie gravely examines his "Fisher's Digest," and "Chitty's," and Archbold's Practice," and after a few solemn enquiries he intimates that he is confident that the action is "defensible." First the writ is made out against "A. B. Broggs," as he has been doing business under that name. Mr. Farlie sees a point here, and draws up an elaborate affidavit setting forth that "I, Alexander Brigley Broggs, make oath and say that my name is Alexander Brigley Broggs; that I am known by the name of Alexander Brigley Broggs, and by that name only; that my name is not and never was A. B. Broggs, &c., &c." When Mr. Broggs comes to sign this affidavit he forgets the leading purport of the instrument, and accidentally signs as usual, "A. B. Broggs." This is rather awkward, and the poor clerk has to draw up another affidavit, to which Mr. B. is enjoined to "sign in full." This he does with some difficulty, as he has forgotten how to spell his Christian names, it has been so long since he wrote them.

This ingenious affidavit is placed on file and carried before a judge, and with a little manoeuvring is good for six months' delay. Poor Briggs all this while is wondering what is the matter, and thinks it rather strange that the thing is not brought to a conclusion; but his attorney assures him that it is "all right—only a little technicality which can easily be rectified." Alas! It is but the beginning of his trouble and mystery.

Four terms go by, at each of which "notice of trial" is served. Fees, \$1.50 each. Term fees are noted down \$1 each. Each term the case is enrolled on the docket, and is called over by the judge, "Briggs & Broggs." "For trial" is answered, and in all these four terms it is not yet reached. Witnesses are summoned regardless of expense, and hang round the court, like spirits of evil, during all these four terms. Each evening at four o'clock Mr. Markle, attorney for plaintiff, whispers to them in confidence to be sure and "be on hand the next morning at ten o'clock sharp." Each day Mr. Markle sends a note to Mr. Briggs by his clerk, not to fail to "be on hand next morning with all his witnesses," and each morning, at the sacrifice of pressing business, Mr. Briggs appears at the Court House and sits there patiently till he has Mr. Markle's opinion that it will not "be likely to come on to-day," and then, like an escaped bird, he goes back to his business. Each recurring term Mr. Briggs is called upon to pay a "retainer" to some counsel, together with some general expenses that "necessarily attend such matters." All this time he is anxious, and troubled, and perplexed, and sick, and disgusted. He proposes to "throw the thing up" altogether; but, first, his sense of justice will scarcely allow this; and, second, the costs have run on till they now exceed the original debt.

At last, at the fifth term, "Briggs & Broggs" comes on. There is a great array of counsel, a great amount of bullying and wrangling, very solemn and impressive appeals to the jury, very grave and awe-inspiring remarks from "His Lordship," who discovers certain intricate points, and draws some curious deductions that perfectly bewilder Mr. Briggs, and make him feel that he is involved in some serious matter that he little dreamed of. At length the jury retire, and, after a protracted consultation, return with a verdict for the plaintiff, and answer one of the questions which "His Lordship" propounded in the affirmative, and the other in the negative.

The counsel for the defendant, taking advantage of the negative answer, moves for and obtains a rule *nisi* to set aside the verdict. This has to be argued before the full bench. It is three terms before this cause "comes on," and another term before judgment of the "court" is delivered. This makes the rule "absolute," and grants a new trial. After a delay of three or four terms more, with the same programme as before, again "Briggs & Broggs" comes on. Nice points are evolved. Startling issues are brought up, and mysterious phases begin to appear. The jury are puzzled and panic-stricken. Poor Briggs begins to fancy that unconsciously he must be a scoundrel. Finally the jury, to make things as agreeable as possible, bring in a verdict for the plaintiff for \$1.00. This is followed by sundry motions and arguments, at the conclusion of which his lordship decides that "each party shall pay his own costs." Now, mark the result.

The original debt was \$75. So far so good. Mr. Briggs gets notice to attend the taxation of costs "as between attorney and client," and discovers this to foot up to the nice little

sum of \$247.25. He has already paid out about \$50 in fees, &c. His time and trouble has been equivalent to \$50 at the least calculation, and so he comes out of court \$347.25 out of pocket, but about \$500 better in experience. He generously "heaves in" the \$1 which the jury kindly gave him. He goes back to his business perfectly satisfied with his experience in matters of law. His relish is all gone. He relapses, as it were. Meanwhile Mr. Markle meets Mr. Farlie in the barristers' room, and they familiarly slap each other on the back. They are jolly, sociable fellows.

Mr. Briggs does not go to law again very soon. Whenever the subject comes up, he exclaims, "Bless my soul, the fellow that loses is the best off." He is never known to sue a man again in the Supreme Court. "Gad, I haven't the money to lose," is his ready excuse.

The above picture is not overdrawn; it is mildly painted. Scores of honourable men can testify to its literal truth. The fact is, I have been so hardy as sometimes to doubt if really, after all, law was justice in all cases. But I suppose this is the first step to rank infidelity, if not base disloyalty. I will not commit myself to anything rash.

There is an old man who every day walks the streets of our city who is a pitiable monument of the vexations of law suits. He deposited, some years ago, a claim for \$10,000 in the hands of a barrister. He soon became unfortunate in business, and lost all he was worth. He went to his attorney to claim his interest—in a mine, it was—of \$10,000. His legal friend repudiated. He instituted a "suit." It has been in progress for years, but has not yet even come to trial. It is so loaded with technicalities that even the respective attorneys are puzzled to know where they stand.

Meanwhile the unfortunate claimant wanders about unsettled, unhappy, distracted. He is in absolute poverty, while once he was in affluence. Youth has departed, and both mind and body are enfeebled. He tramps slowly through the streets, and among the hurrying crowd, supported by a staff, and every lineament of his face betokening disappointment, sorrow, anguish and despair. His whole existence is blighted, and he is only a miserable wreck. Still he waits and watches. A confused hope still remains, and still the robed gentlemen wrangle and quibble.

I have long had a strange interest in this poor victim of the cruel delay of the law—justice (?). The last time I saw him was in consultation with his attorney. In trembling, feeble tones he implored him to tell him what the prospects were. He got little encouragement. He then intimated his intention of committing suicide. Poor man! It is wicked, but perhaps the best thing he can do.

JOEL PHIPPS.

## Scraps.

An Illinois farmer raises a new kind of cabbage, which is very valuable to cigar makers.

London policemen—9,000 men—patrol day and night 7,000 miles of street. The exact number of known offenders in London amounts to 75,203.

The London *Morning Post* says that during the last ten years 2,502,231 persons emigrated from Great Britain; of these, 765,165 were English, 876,410 were Irish, and 167,529 were Scotch.

The largest farm in England contains 3,000 acres, and is cultivated on the "four course" plan, 750 acres being given to wheat, 750 to barley and oats, 750 to seeds, beans and peas, and 750 to oats.

A singular circumstance happened on the recent voyage of the barque "Silver Cloud," from Great Britain to Sydney. While taking soundings one day the lead struck on a silver coin, which stuck to it and was brought up. The coin thus fished up is 150 years old, and is now in the possession of Mr. Emery of Sydney.

A new cholera preventive is suggested by a French newspaper, in the form of silk shirts. It says that the well-to-do Chinese protect themselves absolutely from the epidemic by wearing these garments, and it recommends the manufacture of a silk fabric for the purpose, which will be cheap enough for all to obtain.

About 8,000 begging-letters were received by the Shah during his recent visit to England. They have been packed in a large chest, and sent off to Persia, where his majesty means to deposit them in a museum. He was greatly flattered by having so many letters addressed to him, taking them as so many compliments.

The Rev. George Gillilan, of Dundee, recently made a little anecdote in the pulpit, a place of all others in which he would not do a thing of that sort intentionally. On the Sunday before the election, by a strange coincidence, the chapter which fell to be read in his church was the sixth of the Acts of the Apostles. Mr. Gillilan was an ardent supporter of Mr. Fitzjames Stephen, and the gravity of the congregation was sorely taxed in the fifth verse, when the clergyman, in sonorous tones, read out, "And they chose Stephen."

Chicago is an extravagant place. There are no less than 400 billiard tables in that city, which earn an average of \$12 a day each, or \$1,800 a day, or \$28,800 a week. Each game of billiards will average, in addition to the cost of the game, an equal sum for liquor and as much more for cigars, making a weekly expenditure of wages, earnings, and profits of \$86,400. There are 2,500 saloons in the city, the average receipts of which are not less than \$50 each, or a weekly expenditure of \$125,000. Over \$200,000 a week in these indulgences! It is a good deal of outgo for a very small income of rational enjoyment. It is a pity that some of the Chicago philosophers do not take up the cue and strike for a reform.

A Vermont person, whose deceased mother was dug up a short time since in a petrified state, now proposes to turn an honest penny by exhibiting her. Here is a branch of industry which will at once commend itself to the thrifty mind. Nothing could be simpler than to take a wife or a child or two to the Yellowstone region; to plunge them in the petrifying springs until they should become case-hardened; and to then exhibit them to a curious public at twenty-five cents per head. Now that the Vermont person has set an example in this matter, we may expect to see an emigration of enterprising men, accompanied by their wives and their wives' mothers, to the petrifying region of the Yellowstone Park.

Some weeks since an African lion escaped from a travelling menagerie in Iowa, and has hitherto defied recapture. He roams the country quite at his ease, and no one seems to have the least desire to hunt him. There has, however, a good deal of ill-feeling arisen between the people of Iowa and those of Wisconsin in connection with this lion. So far, he has eaten nobody, and the Wisconsin people assert that it is because the average Iowa person is extremely undesirable, either in a raw or a cooked state. On the other hand, the Iowans express an earnest wish that the lion would walk across the border, gorge himself on a Wisconsin politician, and so perish miserably. As to their edibility, the Iowans intend to send to the Fiji Islands for experts to testify as to their fitness for even the most fastidious palate.