

sea. Its strict meaning is: "The whole of a flood-tide moving up an estuary or river in one tidal wave, or in two or three successive waves of great height and violence." It is also sometimes called *bore*.—[Ed. Dio.]

I have before me an interesting book entitled *Reliquia Wottoniana*, viz., the Literary Remains of Sir Henry Wotton. At p. 300 of my copy (3rd. ed., 1672) there is the following singular passage in a letter addressed to Lord Bacon. To what does it refer? Is it to the *camera lucida*?

There (*i. e.*, at Linz) I found *Keplar*, a man famous in the Sciences, as your Lordship knows. In this man's study I was much taken with the draught of a Landskip on a piece of paper, me thoughts masterly done; whereof enquiring the Author, he bewrayed with a smile, it was himself, adding he had done it. *Non tanquam Pictor, sed tanquam Mathematicus*. This set me on fire: at last, he told me how. He hath a little black Tent (of what stuff is not much importing) which he can suddenly set up where he will in a Field, and it is convertible (like a Wind-mill) to all quarters at pleasure, Capable of not much more than one man, as I conceive, and perhaps at no great ease; exactly close and dark, save at one hole about an inch and a half in the Diameter, to which he applied a long perspective Trunk, with the convex-glass fitted to the said hole, and the concave taken out at the other end, which extendeth to about the middle of this erected Tent, through which the visible radiations of all the objects without are intromitted, falling upon a paper which is accommodated to receive them, and so he traceth them with his pen in their natural appearance, turning his little Tent round by degrees till he hath designed the whole Aspect of the Field. This I have described to your Lordship, because I think there might be good use made of it for Chorography: for otherwise, to make Landships by it were illiberal, though surely no Painter could do them so precisely.

The paper here mentioned, which was "accommodated to receive the radiations," only wanted to be accommodated still further, and a perfect photograph would have been the result. This, however, Wotton would have considered as still more illiberal.

M.

What is the origin or meaning of the name, "Brown Bess"?

G. T.

#### OUR SICK CONTRIBUTOR'S FELLOW BOARDERS.

##### NO. 6—"THE CAPTAIN."

He is a Captain only by courtesy. He was Lieutenant and Adjutant of Her Majesty's —th, and saw a good deal of service in the Crimea, as his medals attest. Being poor, he was unable to purchase his Company, and remained for years senior lieutenant of his regiment, enduring the vexation of seeing younger officers promoted over his head. He left the service in disgust, retired on half pay, and amused himself with railing at "all the first born of Egypt." Shortly afterwards, an aunt, whom he had rarely seen, died and left him in a position, if not of affluence, at least of comfort.

Everybody likes him. It is impossible to help it, and yet I cannot but think, he would have been a better man if a little poorer. He is, without exception, the laziest man I ever knew. He has an Irish servant, who, in our boarding house, one would think is a superfluous institution. Pat's position, however, is anything but a sinecure. He is always busy from morning till night, doing trivial things, though his master never gets up till twelve. The Captain's room is a complete study. Every article that Paris ever invented for a man's toilet is there. His dressing case was once shown to me in confidence. What can be in all those silver-topped bottles? And then the other taller-necked flasks, like samples of *liqueurs*, that crowd his dressing table? Does he buy his hair brushes by the dozen? Our Captain is a great collector of three things. First,—walking sticks. These are arranged on a sort of rack which reaches from ceiling to floor. They are not in general dandy or handsome, but are, mostly, relics of different lands in which the Captain has been. Each has a history of its own. That cane is from Java—that knotted nondescript was cut by himself on the Himalayas. This is a bit of ilex from the woods at Albano,—that vine from the base of Mount Olympus. Besides this kind, he has such a profusion of more modern manufacture. No stick enters his collection unless it be ugly or odd. There is another hobby of his—"pipes." Of these he has two immense racks—"Tchibouks" of all kinds, cherry and jessamine stems with amber and turquoise mouth-pieces, culled from the bazaars of Constantinople and Damascus; Vienna meerschaums carved into every possible shape, pipe-stone Calumets from the Rocky Mountains—pipes of chamois-horn from the Tyrol, and among these no small quantity of two-penny clay "cutties" which I firmly believe, are more smoked than any of the elaborate varieties. He laments that he cannot teach his servant to arrange a "hookah" and that Turkish "Narghile," and that beautiful Arabian "Shishah" are both doomed to disuse because he cannot, in Montreal, buy the requisite "tombak" to smoke in them. Boots form his third collecting hobby,—not boots of an ancient and

curious kind,—no old jack-boots, or oriental sandals,—but boots of the present day. This seems to be a military peculiarity. Enter any officer's quarter,—be the tenant Colonel or Ensign—and the first thing that will strike you is an unlimited supply of boots. I speak not of boots necessary to the service, but ordinary civilian boots, such as you and I wear, gentle reader. I know it is good to have a pair of boots for every day in the week, but our Captain must have a pair for every day in the year. There are boots long, and boots short, boots thick and boots thin, boots black, boots white, boots brown, boots armour-plated, with leather of surprising thickness, boots of reindeer skin, boots of canvass, boots of prunella, boots of kid, boots with the finest of French varnish on them, shoes for cricket with spiked soles, top boots for hunting, india rubber boots for fishing, boots lined with fur, mocassins yellow, mocassins plain, mocassins embroidered,—and then there are so many of the same kind! His servant takes great pride (?) in having all these triumphs of Crispin beautifully cleaned and arranged in double file against the wall. The Captain has slippers of every variety under the sun. The curious part of it is, that he never wears more than two pair of boots in one week. One pair of boots a year, would amply suffice for all the walking he does!

It may readily be imagined that the Captain is nice in his eating. Our landlady,—good soul—keeps an excellent table always plentifully supplied with wholesome roast and boiled. It is ludicrous to see how the Captain sighs for *entrées*. To make up for this want, he surrounds himself at meals with as many bottles as are on his toilet table; sauces of which Messrs. Crosse and Blackwell never heard, "Chutnies," Indian pickles and all those luxurious relishes which may be seen at McGibbon's and Crawford's, in blue and white little jars. To compound a salad takes the Captain half an hour. One day, our landlady, prepared for his special delight, a dish which she called "Curry." After tasting it, the Captain retired up stairs, and I believe, was unwell for the rest of the evening.

And why do we all like this singular compound of fastidiousness and coxcombry? It is, at first, difficult to say. I have spent many evenings with him, and delightful ones they have always been. His conversation is charming. He has been a great traveller, and what is more, has learnt much by travel. There is a modest unobtrusiveness about his talk, which always delights. He talks natural history with the scientific boarder and evidently knows what he is talking about. He is the kindest-hearted of men. He is swindled by everybody who cares to swindle him. Our landlady charges him a most exorbitant price for his rooms, which are all furnished by himself. Beggars and impostors know him in the street and consider him their legitimate prey. The "poet" gets money from him daily. He could not always have been the lazy man that he is. All officers who know him, speak in glowing terms of his gallantry in the field. Those water-color sketches,—of no mean merit,—which adorn his walls, bear evidence of many a toilsome mountain ramble. An amusing circumstance occurred, one day at table: the "athlete" was chaffing him on his indolent habits, in rather an offensive manner: the Captain was slightly nettled and, to the astonishment of all, challenged the man of muscle to a walking match round the two mountains. What happened there, the mountains alone can tell. I only know, that the Captain came in smiling and went up to his room. The "athlete" did not appear till twenty-five minutes after, muttering something about "detention on the way," and has never alluded to the subject since. One night, a drunken rowdy found his way into the hall, frightening the women-folk out of their wits. The "poet" retreated up to his room as fast as he could run. The Captain quietly took the burly sot in his arms, doubled him up in some peculiar way, and then deposited him on the side-walk outside. Where did he get this Herculean strength? Assuredly he has not been always lazy.

He is always abusing Montreal. Why does he not leave it? He is certainly a fish out of water here. What has brought a fine nature to such an incurable state of indolence and *blast-ism*? I have just been told. Shortly after leaving the service he was *crossed in love*! Lady, whoever you are, you have much to answer for!

#### THE WISH WAS FATHER TO THE THOUGHT.

M. Lanctot's *New Idea* of July 10 may be said to contain several new ideas. As its circulation in Montreal is unfortunately limited, the Cynic will, from time to time, cite important passages from its columns. Here is some information on Corporation matters, which will probably be news to the majority of the citizens. Is the *Tribune's* Montreal correspondent also the informant of M. Lanctot?

We learn that the population of Montreal is deeply incensed at the conduct of their Corporation. *The salaries of the clerks have been largely increased: The proprietors, already obliged to pay a heavy tax for the construction of side-walks, are moreover obliged to have them made at their own expense.* We are told of several other causes of discontent.

Popular gatherings have taken place, and the most energetic language has been used. *An Irishman exclaimed that the City Hall would be burnt down, and the councillors thrown by the windows.* At the latest date, those threats had not yet been accomplished. The French and Irish Canadians are completely united on that point. Such are the informations we have been furnished with. We publish them with due reserve.