

muffins are a little burned, and you don't know that that letter she crushed away into her pocket announced the death of a dear sister, and you scold and scold, and she gulps down her tears and serves you for so many dollars a month, and there is no clause in the bond allowing her to weep.

Master Freddy must be amused, and poor Jane with a splitting headache goes up and sings for him and soothes his piercing cries, while you have the room darkened and the children kept away, and cooling lotions applied to your forehead, madam, when it aches; but Jane is only one of the *servi*, another race of people, who have no right to be ill.

God help them! They have their sicknesses and their headaches, and bitter disappointments. Tom marries some one else; brother Dick is sent to the penitentiary, father becomes a drunkard; their own health is bad, they are dying of consumption, and they bend their shoulders to the yoke. If they serve faithfully, they get their scanty wages and they are barked at and scolded, and when sickness comes, fling them out; let them go to their hospitals or their homes, or some other proper place, but don't trouble my lady about such *canaille*!

Do not grudge Jane her Sunday out, and let her have it with a kind word. We are all the better for a little recreation. The merchant after his toil at the desk, the schoolboy after his labours with *in presentia*, the student after his struggle with Mill and Huxley, the young lady after her season of balls and routs, and gaities, and dancing, and late bed-going, all are better for a little relaxation, a little folding of the arms, and a little idleness, a wandering down some shady lanes and angling by pleasant waters, and exchanging the desk and the college for the green sward, and the crushing, stifling drawing-room for a little flirtation by moonlight over the rustic gates or in downy arbor.

And if Jane can only run down the street and hang on the arm of her policeman or saunter away with Harry, and forget Master Freddy and servitude for an hour, while she dreams of the boy-god "who sharpens his arrows on the whetstone of the human heart," do not grudge it. God loveth a cheerful giver, if it be only a Sunday evening out to the little fag, the *servus servorum* in the scullery.

FASHIONABLE BARGEISM.

(From *Vanity Fair*.)

When a minor Mr. Buckle arises to write a history of "Society," he will no doubt commence by dividing his narrative into two distinct ages—the duelling age and the bargee age; for most certainly the abolition by law and public opinion of that perhaps barbarous but still salutary code of honour has had an extraordinary effect on the social observances of the upper classes. It has been generally supposed that the "great unwashed," as we were wont imperitently to term "our masters," used in their little differences and for their little pleasures a rough-and-ready wit and method of argument which civilization and education have banished from the washed and curled portion of humanity. No doubt this once was so. Fifty or sixty years ago a gentleman, beau, wit, macaroni, or what you please, when insulted courteously produced his card, or, if he did strike, struck in such a manner as not to inflict injury, but a sealing of the quarrel as it were beyond the possibility of reconciliation. We have altered all this. If, as La Rochefoucauld says, "la trop grande politesse dans les Etats est le présage assuré de leur décadence," England certainly must be entering on a new era of strength. As education has changed sides—as the middle and lower classes begin to pass the upper in the race for knowledge—so have social observances also changed sides, and far more courteous bearing in difficulty and difference may now be found in the tradesman's debating parlour, or in the workman's reading-room than is commonly discernible in a West-end club or drawing-room. And why? Simply because a "gentleman" so-called is under no sort of obligation to restrain his ill-humour or his natural rudeness, while a tradesman or an artisan feels that when in contact with his fellow-men he is, as it were, on his mettle to make himself as like as possible to the gentleman he innocently believes to be worthy of imitation. At a workman's club the man with the best manners and most skilled in polite observances is allowed to take the lead without question, while at Foodle's or Black's a bearish, insolent manner, or a capability of saying rude things aptly will confer the same honour. At a servants' ball the "gentleman's gentleman," whose bow is the most finished and whose style of address is the most aristocratic, easily carries off the palm of popularity among the maids. At the Duchess of Carabas's the golden youth who can say the most impertinent things to his partners or who can amuse the company by the cast-off tricks of a bad circus clown, seasoned with the good taste of the great Vance, is the monarch of the evening. At the country "outing" of a manufacturer's hands the man who insisted in throwing loaves of bread across the table at dinner or pouring glasses of wine into the pockets of his neighbour would soon be brought to a sense of *les convenances*; but at Maidenhead such witticisms attract peals of laughter, and no party is considered complete without their professors. Go into a crowd of the lower classes assembled for no matter what purpose, and then plant yourself near the supper-room door at a Buckingham Palace ball at the time when Royalty's appetite is supposed to be nearly appeased, and say which crowd is best mannered and least sharp about the elbows. Do you suppose that at an indignation meeting of washerwomen there are more pushing, pinching, and "scrimmaging" than among the ladies at a Queen's Drawing-room? As to the compliments that pass between gentlemen nowadays, it seems to be an understood thing that abusive epithets are mere wind, signifying nothing. A man is called a liar—"You're another!" is perhaps his repartee, and the matter drops at once. Now and then there is some hint of a duel thrown out; but this only means now that the parties will simultaneously apologize next morning.

Bargeeism could never have attained its present proportions had a certain amount of duelling still existed to keep it in check. A man, however much he may dislike another, will think twice before giving himself the pleasure of calling him by a bad name, if the result might be a cold morning meeting with a chance of being shot. Is there a dishonourable story afloat about anyone; each gossip takes it up, vouches for its truth, and adds a little in transmission. What has he to fear if found out? An action for libel? Pooh! that would be challenging public opinion to an extent never contemplated by the man of patent leather and gloves. To play battledore and shuttlecock, again, with women's characters is an amusing

game. In the time when a husband or a brother had a remedy for defamation, whose justice none could dispute, there was some little danger in it; but now you may blacken at your ease the fairest fame that woman ever owned. Perhaps her relations may cut you, but otherwise you have your little amusement without the smallest let or hindrance.

It is some years since Bargeeism in ball-rooms came into fashion, and it probably crept in because of the gentleness which was taking the place of the former rough joviality at dancing-parties—not of the upper classes. No doubt the first symptoms of it might be traced to the disused fashions of those parties—the dancing of wild steps, the changing and twisting of partners in the usually more decorous lancers and quadrilles. Then a race of fashionable buffoons sprang up—unworthy successors perhaps of the old "wits," or more probably of the salaried fools of earlier times—and, patronized in very high quarters, these buffoons obtained popularity, and did much towards vulgarizing the originally more gentle Bargeeism of society. Of course there are people to defend even this horse-play, witless as it is: some say that it is a good, perhaps a necessary, substitute for the drunkenness of an earlier day. But although of course the abolition of three-bottle tests of good-fellowship is a boon, it may be questioned whether it matters much if the noisy buffoon is actuated by wine or malice prepense. Of course in London a certain mixture of persons with weight and salutary influence has kept this Bargeeism within a certain boundary; but a fashionable ball in the country where the heads of society are found often shows a scene of Bargeeism, *abandon*, and witless buffoonery which is not many degrees removed from debauchery. Refinement in our upper class is dying: killed by the apathy of its adherents, even as the cause of order in France is murdered by the helplessness of the orderly majority.

"Bear-fighting" in a regiment is no doubt a pretty sport, and if a good thing for our young heroes as some contend, must be looked upon with respect. A loaf of bread thrown across the dining-table is no doubt a relief to the monotony of the repast, although the Sandhurst authorities seem to think otherwise. But no sane person can think better of a middle-aged woman, be she duchess or no, for jumping over chairs in her drawing room, playing hunt-the-slipper on the floor in a mixed company, or hitting the gentleman next her in the ribs; and the smartest young man in creation will never persuade the aforesaid sane person that he is a wit because he can squirt orange-juice into his dinner-partner's eyes or take a chair from under a friend about to sit down on it.

(Written for the *Canadian Illustrated News*.)

THE LORE OF THE CALENDAR.

NO. IX.—ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST'S DAY.

On the Eve of St. John the Baptist, commonly called *Midsummer-Eve*, it was usual in most of the country parishes of England, and also here and there in towns and cities, for both old and young to meet together, and be merry over a large fire, which was made in the open street; and thus the time was spent till midnight, and sometimes till cock-crow.

Belithus tells us, "Consuetum item hac vigilia ardentis deferri fascias, quod Johannes fuerit ardens lucerna et qui domini vias preparaverit." That it was a custom to carry lighted torches on Midsummer-Eve as an emblem of St. John Baptist, who was a burning and a shining light, and the preparer of the way of CHRIST.

According to some the origin of the custom was heathenish. For in ancient times the dragons through lust polluted the air and infected the wells and fountains during the heat of the season, so that those who drank the waters or breathed the infected air were either tormented with a grievous distemper or lost their lives. As soon as the physicians perceived this, they ordered fires to be made every where about the wells and fountains, and those things which occasioned the most noisome smell to be burnt, knowing thereby that the dragons would be driven away.

The custom of kindling such fires was severely censured by the Church: and therefore in the council of Trullus this canon was made against it. (Can. 65, in Synod. Trull. ex Bals. P. 440): That if any clergyman or layman observed the rite of making on fires on the new-moon,—which some were wont to observe, and according to an old custom, to leap over them in a mad and foolish manner,—he should be deposed if the former, if the latter he should be excommunicated.

The Scholiast upon this canon hath these words:—The new moon was always the first day of the month, and it was customary among the Jews and the Greeks, to hold then a feast, and pray that they might be lucky during the continuance of the month. Of these it was that God spake by the prophet:—My soul hateth your new-moons and your Sabbaths. And not only this, but they also kindled fires before their shops and their houses, and leaped over them; imagining that all the evils which had befallen them formerly, would be burnt away, and that they should be more successful and lucky afterwards. He also tells us that on St. John Baptist's Eve, the vulgar were wont to make on fires for the whole night, and leap over them, and draw lots, and divine about their good or evil fortune.

Stow tells us in his survey of London that on the Vigil of St. John Baptist, every man's house or door being shadowed with green birch, long fennel, St. John's wort, or fine white lilies, and such like, garnished upon with garlands of beautiful flowers, had also lamps of glass with oil burning in them all night. Some hung out branches of iron, curiously wrought containing hundreds of lamps lighted at once. He mentions also the bonfires in the streets, every man bestowing wood or labour toward them. He seems to think these were kindled to purify the air.

Dr. Moresin seems to be of opinion that the custom of leaping over these fires is a vestige of the ordeal, where passing through fires with safety was accounted an indication of innocence. There really seems to be probability in this conjecture, for not only the young and vigorous used to leap over them, but even those who were old and of grave characters.

Dr. Moresin also tells us of a remarkable custom which he himself was an eye-witness of in Scotland:—"They take the new baptized infant, and vibrate it three or four times gently over a flame, saying and repeating thrice, 'Let the flame consume thee now or never.'"

This seems to favour his supposition that passing over fires was accounted expiatory.

The origin of this St. John fire, still retained by so many

nations, and which loses itself in antiquity, is very simple. It was a *feu de joie* kindled the very moment the year began; for the first of all years, and the most ancient we know of, began at the month of June. Thence the very name of this month *Junior*, the youngest, which is renewed; while that of the preceding one is *May*, *Major*, the ancient. Thus the one was the month of young people, the other that of old men.

These *feux de joie* were accompanied the same time with vows and sacrifices for the prosperity of the people and the fruits of the earth; they danced also around this fire, for what feast is there without a dance? and the most active leaping over it. Leaping over the fires is mentioned among the superstitious rites used at the *Palilia* in Ovid's *Fasti*:—

"Moxque per ardentis stipuli crepitantis acervos
Trajicias celeri strenua membra pede."

It is also stated that each dancer or leaper at their departure took away a greater or less firebrand, and the remains were scattered to the wind, which was to drive away every evil as it dispersed the ashes.

Art and Literature.

M. Emile Ollivier is writing a history of Machiavelli. A new journal, the *NewsVendor*, is announced in London for next month.

A new story by Anthony Trollope, entitled "Phineas Redux," is commenced in the *Graphic* of the 5th inst.

The death is announced of the Baroness de Coppens d'Hond-schoote, the last surviving sister of Lamartine.

A prize of £300 has been offered by the Empress of Austria for the best history of the Geneva Convention.

The Magliana Frescoes, by Raphael, painted for a favourite hunting box of Leo X., have recently been sold in Paris.

In Italy there are now published 1,120 journals and periodicals, of which 1,098 appear in Italian, 14 in French, six in English, and two in German.

Mrs. Pender Cudlip (Annie Thomas), known chiefly in literature for her numerous novels, is the writer engaged on a memoir of the late Mr. James Hannay.

Lotta will resume her professional career at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, early in September. She is expected to bring several new plays with her from abroad.

It has been decided that the reconstruction of the Vendôme Column shall be carried out at once, and, if possible, at the expense of Courbet. Moreover the statue of the First Napoleon is to be replaced on the summit.

A posthumous volume of poetry, by Lamartine, has just appeared. It contains some of his early pieces, which he in all probability thought unworthy to see the light, and, among others, a tragedy entitled "Zoraida."

German newspapers announce that the dictionary of the German language, in course of compilation by the Brothers Grimm, will contain more words than any other publication on record. It has already reached the number of about 150,000, and by the time it is complete it will comprise at least 500,000.

Among the extensive correspondence of the late John Stuart Mill—soon, it is to be hoped, to be collected and arranged—the most curious, perhaps, in which the deceased ever engaged was a discussion which he carried on for some months in French (a language which he wrote and talked fluently) with Auguste Comte.

Mr. Henri Van Laun, the translator of Taine's "History of English Literature," is preparing a new translation of Molière's works, and will quote in it all the passages which English playwrights have stolen from the French comedian, as well as those which Molière himself stole from other writers—for instance, those in *L'Avare* from the *Avularia*. The work will be illustrated with original etchings, and with copies of the prints of his characters that were produced in Molière's lifetime.

A genius has invented a plan to prevent exposure of writing on postal cards. He proposes to write on paper and transfer the impression to the card, keeping the original. The copy is then reversed and may be easily read by holding it before a mirror, which restores the manuscript. The idea is that postal carriers and domestics will not take this trouble, and the writing will escape ordinary scrutiny. Any one can read it in the same way, however, if their curiosity is superior to their indifference.

It is stated that there were forwarded from and received at Epsom during the "Derby" week no fewer than 10,000 telegraphic messages. Of these nearly 3,500 accrued on the "Derby" day itself, and about 2,500 on the "Oaks" day. The telegraphing for the press amounted to upwards of 35,000 words; while of foreign telegrams more than 150 were sent. A staff of twenty clerks was employed throughout the meeting, and the systems of telegraphy at work embraced the Wheatstone automatic and duplex instruments.

HASTY CONSUMPTION CURED BY FELLOWS' HYPOPHOSPHITES.

CARBONAR, NEWFOUNDLAND, Jan. 3, 1871.

MR. JAMES I. FELLOWS,

DEAR SIR:—I came to this country in May, 1869. I found a countryman of mine laboring under some affection of the lungs. I recommended your Syrup, tried at the Druggists in Harbor Grace, but they thought I was inventing the name at their expense. However, in April, 1870, Mr. Edgar Joyce rapidly wasted away with every symptom of quick consumption, so that he was unable to walk across the room, having no appetite, pains in the left side, nervous system unstrung, dry, hacking cough, &c. Fortunately I learned that your Syrup could be obtained at Mr. Dearin's, in St. John's, and immediately procured some (showed one to W. H. Thompson, who ordered a supply from you at once). This was Tuesday afternoon; at night he took the prescribed dose, and in the morning he described the very results notified on the wrapper. His appetite soon began to return, and a voracious one it was, too; the dry, hacking cough changed into loose but violent attacks, finally disappearing altogether; pains left his side, his hand assumed its usual steadiness, and before he finished ten bottles his health was quite restored, and to-day not a more healthy person is to be found on our streets; and it is the opinion of all, had he not been fortunate in getting your valuable Syrup of Hypophosphites, he would now be in his grave.

He happened to be in W. H. Thompson's the day your first shipment arrived, and took at once four bottles to the Labrador, which he was very anxious to do, but had no occasion to use them himself. No other medicine will he ever prescribe, recommend or give, but yours.

I also recommended it to another consumptive, but have not heard from him since, as he lives in a distant part of the Island. Hoping this will give you some encouragement.

I remain yours, &c.,

D. H. BURRIGE.

No Liniment can compare with Jacobs' Rheumatic Liquid.