

## THE FLANEUR.

SOMETHING FOR RIP VAN WINKLE.—Were some old citizen of Montreal, a Rip van Winkle, in fact, to arise from a lengthy slumber behind the Mountain, he would, on entering our Police Court, be deluded into the belief that "one of the Georges" is still the Sovereign of our Dominion, as the escutcheon behind the Bench still bears the letters "G. R."

At the Police Court. Magistrate to a Griffin-town citizen:

"You are brought here charged with being a vagrant, and you are never seen doing any work."

"No work, your Honor? Why I have been hard at work these three months, as I can prove."

A policeman here proves the truth of this by informing the Bench that the prisoner has only been three weeks out of jail.

An esteemed correspondent from Charlotte-town, P. E. Island, sends me the subjoined:

Charlottetown, P. E. Island, Jan. 30, 1875.  
DEAR SIR.—The following dialogue, which is really too good to be buried in the seven feet of snow at present resting on this "blessed little sand bank," of ours, was, one day this week, overheard on the street.

Yours, &c., PSHAW.  
His Honor, the Recorder, Robert Shaw, Esq., whose lovely wife had recently presented him with a lovely daughter, their first born, was thus accosted:

D. M. H.—Good morning, Mr. Recorder, I congratulate you on your promotion.

RECORDER.—I don't understand you, I've not been promoted.

D. M. H.—Nabob you're a Pasha.

Harper is an old boy. I was at his bachelor rooms the other day. The wash woman came in. She set down her basket and handed her list. I looked over Harper's shoulder and read: 12 collars, 5 pairs socks, 2 pairs unmentionables, 6 handkerchiefs, 9 cuffs, one shirt!

This story reminds me of a story of Gustave Planché, the last of the Bohemians, which I read in the *Galaxy*, the other day. On moving to new quarters, his landlady was rather dubious at the meagreness of his wardrobe, which consisted simply of what he had on.

"But where are your shirts, sir?"

"Shirts?" replied the critic. "Here are three new collars, Madame."

And he produced the glossy articles to the satisfaction of the lady.

Scene in a street car.  
The vehicle is very full, and the weather outside very stormy. Enter beautiful girl, anxious and panting. Gentleman rises, offers his seat, and swings up on the straps above him. Girl unconscious and silent.

"Thank you, sir," exclaims the conductor.

How the lovely cheek did flame.

What is the military definition of a kiss?

A report from headquarters.

The Kiralfy troupe has succeeded the Holman Company on our theatre boards. Their spectacle is the Deluge. The Holmans had a triumphant engagement. Crowded houses for two weeks. Sallie is an immense favorite in Montreal. On last Saturday night, after leaving the theatre, tired with her work in the "double bill," yet smiling and happy with the plaudits she had received, she was accosted by an admirer, who showered the usual compliments upon her.

"Your's has been the triumph of the season. It can't be beat."

"Yes," replied the witty cantatrice, "after me the deluge!"

All our dead walls, this week, are placarded with immense colored and pictorial posters, announcing The Deluge or Paradise Lost.

A lady passes along with her little son.

"My, how I'd like to go to the theatre," ejaculates ten years' old.

"The theatre, my dear?" exclaims the horrified mother. "Why, look, Paradise Lost is at the Theatre."

"That's just it, ma."

"A good boy like you should try and find Paradise, not lose it."

"Yes, but how can I find it unless I lose it first."

That boy will go to the Theatre before he is fourteen.

GODFREY.—"I met, yesterday, on Notre-Dame street, the loveliest creature."

ROSANNA.—"At what time?"

GODFREY.—"About three o'clock."

ROSANNA, with a pout.—"Perhaps I wasn't out at time, eh?"

The Coquette is a rose from which every one plucks a leaf. The thorns remain to the poor husband.

ALMAVIVA.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LIPPINCOTT.—The March number is unusually attractive and enjoyable. The first two papers, "An Escape from Siberia" and "Australian Scenes and Adventures," are well written, very interesting, full of information, and handsomely illustrated. The concluding chapters of the "Matchless One" are quite sprightly, suggestive and humorous. "Munich as a Pest City" is a

clever bit of description, full of facts showing particularly the bad points of the city. In a brief paper, "Among the Blousards," Mr. Wirt Sikes gives a somewhat vivid picture of the lowest class Parisians. The present instalment of Mr. Black's "Three Feathers" is well told and very captivating. "La Madonna della Sedia," a poem by Emma Lazarus, is far above the average of magazine poetry, and has much beauty and poetic energy, well sustained throughout. "Once and Again," a paper by Charles Warren Stoddard, will revive numerous pleasant recollections in the minds of all who read it. A brief sketch by S. Weir Mitchell, on "The Scientific Life" is full of stirring thought, and is a true and touching tribute to the memory of one of our ablest scientists. "Playing with Fire," by Harriet Prescott Spofford, is an interesting, absorbing, tragic little story. Mr. T. Adolphus Trollope describes his "Recollections of the Tuscan Court under the Grand Duke Leopold," and "Our Monthly Gossip" is spicy and interesting as ever.

ST. NICHOLAS.—One of the greatest pleasures which "St. Nicholas" brings to its reader, is the monthly chapters of Miss Alcott's story. This time we catch a delightful glimpse of the "Eight Cousins" at home and in the very midst of the confusion and riot produced by the return of their sailor uncle. Just as interesting, also, is the sight of Rose in her new fancy-costume, and the peep with her into that curious room never before explored, where she makes a great discovery. In Mr. Trowbridge's serial, the "Young Surveyor" is as completely astonished by finding his stolen horse, when and where he does. If ever there was an ingenious horse-thief, the fellow who captured "Snowfoot" was he! It is a proof of his cunning, that Jack, after all his efforts to find the missing animal, and after his search has been at last so strangely rewarded, is not yet "out of the woods," and seems to be threatened with another unexpected adventure. Almost all boys and girls like narratives of wars and battles, and they will find a story of this sort in the poem called "The War of the Rats and Mice," which is a very whit astrilling in its way as the deeds of any favorite hero from Richard Cœur-de-Lion to Jack the Giant-Killer. The illustrations by Stephens are admirable; one of them, a true "battle-piece," representing a tournament both exciting and novel. As for the rest of the number, we have several excellent stories by Frank R. Stockton, Amalie La Farge and others, sketches of travel and science with illustrations, an article by W. H. Rideing on the Naval Academy at Annapolis, a French story two delightful poems by Lucy Larcom and Mary E. Bradley, and—besides other good things—the irrepressible Jack-in-the-Pulpit, whose fun and jokes are always full of wisdom.

SCRIBNER'S.—Dr. Holland's "Story of Seven-oaks" reaches its third instalment in the March number, and the villain of the play is taken from the quiet of Sevenoaks to the more turbid and congenial atmosphere of the metropolis, where it seems likely that he will run a course not altogether unprecedented in the history of successful "vulgarians." In the "Victorian Poets" Stedman's opinion of Swinburne is a genial and hearty appreciation of a wonderful original genius. "Some Old Letters" are continued, and besides their own interest, are remarkable as being accompanied by a hitherto unpublished portrait of Sir Walter Scott, by the artist Newton, once well-known in America and England. Among the contributions is another R. H. D. sketch, "The Poetess of Clap City" and the poetry is supplied by Samuel W. Duffield, J. G. Saxe, H. E. Warner, C. F. Bates, G. P. Lathrop, and Joaquin Miller. The most noticeable features in the Editorial departments are Dr. Holland's papers on Criticism, and Preaching; a summing up of the "Sex in Education" controversy, and a "new departure" in the "Etchings" department, which is much longer and more varied than ever before.

OLD AND NEW.—This magazine has taken a sudden upward movement since January. The department of Fine Art has been greatly enlarged, so that it will furnish a journal of nearly three hundred pages of independent Art Criticism, under the special oversight of some of the most distinguished artists. The Foreign Correspondence secured by this department makes it of interest and importance to artist and students. The department called the Record of Progress, which is a chronicle of the latest improvements in social order, is under the editorial charge of F. B. Sanborn, the Secretary of the Social Science Association. The "Examiner" is an impartial Review of the most important books published in England, France, Germany, and America. The editorial charge of the literary, political, and speculative departments remains with Edward E. Hale. The March number maintains all the promised features with rare ability, especially the Fine Arts department, which is particularly interesting.

THE ATLANTIC.—The March number is as full and varied as usual. Mark Twain continues his amusing and characteristic sketches on the Mississippi. The story Roderick Hudson reaches its third part in the Eternal City. The sketch of John Brown increases in interest and information. Marcou's investigation into the origin of the name America is novel and striking. Among the shorter stories and sketches we have particularly noticed Penna's Daughter, Brother Christopher, Forceythe Willson and Asathor's Vengeance. The verse, as is always the case with the selection of Mr. Howells, is superior, comprising the names of Kate Hillard, Louisa Bushnell, Paul Hayne and Mary Bradley. The de-

partments of Literature, Art, Music and Education are furnished with much elaboration and taste. Among other attractions promised in April are an article by Holmes, a story by Aldrich, a Record of New England at the close of the last century by Rose Terry Cook, a South-western Campaigning Sketch by Colonel Waring, and an extraordinary piece of Secret History, relating to Lincoln, by the Confederate General Allan B. Magruder.

THE GALAXY.—This magazine is now in its tenth year. It was started with the full intention of making it the foremost literary magazine published. Perfectly independent, with no set theories of politics, religion, or sociology to propagate and maintain, it freely and gladly opens its pages to the expression of varying opinions and discussions, provided they are by the ablest representatives in each department. It has attached to itself as regular contributors a staff of brilliant writers, of which any periodical may well be proud. Justin McCarthy, Richard Grant White, Mrs. Annie Edwards, John G. Saxe, Henry James, Jr., Professor H. H. Boyesen, Junius Henri Browne, Richard Kimball, Albert Rhodes, George E. Pond, and Fanny Roper Feudge, have made too bright a mark on current literature to need any praise from us. During the coming year a series of articles is promised by prominent southerners, giving the Confederate side of the war from its military and legislative standpoints. These articles will not be controversial, but will deal with facts to which both North and South will gladly give attention, as they will be written by men personally cognizant of what they speak.

POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY.—The "Popular Science Monthly" was started to promote the diffusion of valuable scientific knowledge, in a readable and attractive form, among all classes of the community, and has thus far met a want supplied by no other periodical in the United States. The great feature of the magazine is, that its contents are not what science was ten or more years since, but what it is to-day, fresh from the study, the laboratory, and the experiment; clothed in the language of the authors, inventors, and scientists themselves, which comprise the leading minds of England, France, Germany, and the United States. Among popular articles, covering the whole range of Natural Science, we have the latest thoughts and words of Herbert Spencer, and Professors Huxley, Tyndall, and R. A. Proctor. Since the start, it has proved a gratifying success to every friend of scientific progress and universal education; and those who believed that science could not be made any thing but dry study are disappointed.

The March number is quite equal to any of its predecessors.

APPLETON'S JOURNAL.—The design of the Publishers is to furnish a periodical which shall afford the reader, in addition to an abundance of entertaining popular literature, a thorough survey of the progress of thought, the advance of the arts, and the doings in all branches of intellectual effort. Engravings are employed when they serve to illustrate the text, but never merely as pictures. It is a magazine of weekly issue, giving much more reading-matter for the same yearly subscription than is contained in the largest of the monthly magazines. Appleton's Journal has been generally regarded by the press of the United States as foremost among the literary weeklies.

## BELLS.

The first origin of bells is unknown. They were used by the Hebrews, and are mentioned by Plutarch and other ancient writers. Those of the size ordinarily used in churches are said to have been invented by Paulinus, who about A.D. 400 was Bishop of Nola in Campania—hence the name given to the art of bell ringing To Turketul, Abbot of Croyland, in Lincolnshire, may, we believe, be ascribed the credit of having introduced the first church bell used in England. The tone emitted by a bell depends conjointly on the diameter, height and thickness; and the casting of a bell is a work requiring great nicety in the performance. The metal used in making the great bell in York Minster—about twelve tons—took twelve days to cool. The one in the cathedral at Montreal, cast by Messrs. Spears, of Whitechapel, weighs thirteen and a half tons; and "Big Ben," of Westminster, made by Messrs. Warner, of Stockton, weighs twenty-five tons, while the one at Moscow which fell in 1737, weighed, according to Mr. Denison's estimate, no less than 200 tons.

Campanology, or the art of ringing, though in a limited sense of very old date, and practised to a certain extent by the Jews, Greeks and Romans, has only prevailed to any great extent among modern nations; and the English may fairly claim the distinction of having reduced it to a science. For a science it is, demanding as much skill, attention, and practice as are requisite to make a good performer on the organ or piano. Anyone who desires to ring well ought, in the first place, to make himself acquainted with the manner in which a bell is fitted and hung. He should examine carefully the gudgeons on which the bell swings, and the stocks on which the gudgeons rest. The management of the rope is an important acquisition. The motive force required is rather that of a steady draw than a quick pull, nothing being more fatal to good ringing than spasmodic and uncertain efforts. To set a bell at what is technically termed hand stroke and back stroke demands great nicety in practice. If swung too hard she will rebound, and if checked too soon

will fail to balance properly with her mouth upwards. The first lesson properly learnt, the ringer may proceed to practice a chime, and to acquire a knowledge of the names and places of the bells. The smallest bell is called the treble, and the largest the tenor, all the intermediate ones being numbered second, third, and so forth, up to the tenor. The one struck first is said to lead, and the last in the change to be behind. When rung up and set mouth uppermost, each bell is struck twice before returning to its original position at rest. This is designated as hand stroke and back stroke, and when struck in their regular order they are said to be rung in rounds, but when that order is varied it is termed in changes. The changes on four bells are called "singles," on five "doubles," on seven "triples," and in ringing eight or more a peal consists of five thousand changes. The rule by which changes are made is called the "Method." When, then, it is said a peal is rung in "grandsire doubles" it means a peal is given in the system called "grandsire" on five bells; if in triples, on seven; and a peal in "bob minor" means one in the method called "bob" on six bells. "Hunting," "place making," and "dodging" may be best described as the various positions each ringer has to take with his bell, either by advancing or dropping behind one place in his turn for ringing or waiting a round before resuming his pull. All these manoeuvres require a great amount of practice, and are more or less dependent on the training of the eye and ear of the ringer for their exact and correct performance. In the absence of tabulated columns of the changes possible on a given number of bells it is difficult to convey an adequate idea of the intricacies of the art of ringing.

At Leeds a peal on eight bells was rung in 3 hours and 12 minutes, and at Huddersfield, on one occasion, it was accomplished in the short space of 2 hours and 51 minutes. Some faint idea may be formed of the very elaborate and difficult nature of this art from the statement subjoined. All the changes which can be rung on six bells amount to 720, and, at the rate of 31 changes per minute, it would take 23 minutes and 12 seconds to accomplish; while those on eight bells, numbering 40,320, would, at the rate of 29 per minute, require 23 hours, 10 minutes, and 12 seconds. Again, ten bells produce 3,628,800 changes, which, at 25 per minute, would occupy 14 weeks, 2 days, 19 hours, and 12 minutes; and 12 bells will take, at 20 changes a minute, 45 years, 27 weeks, 6 days, and 18 hours to ring the astounding aggregate of 479,001,600 changes.

From what has been said above it will be seen that the work of the ringer is by no means easy, and that it requires a special training of the hand, eye, and ear, to make a good campanologist. It is much to be wished that incumbents would take a more active interest in the proceedings of their respective bellfries.

## HUMOROUS.

EATING dates is a pleasant way of killing time.

A FASHIONABLE lady says her husband is the latest thing out.

"Is that cheese rich?" asked Bloggs of his grocer. "Yes," was the candid reply, "there's millions in it."

"Ah, parson, I wish I could take my gold with me," said a dying man to his pastor. "It might melt," was the consoling answer.

A BACHELOR, at a banquet in Newcastle, gave the following toast:—"The women and coal of Durham county! Oh, how desolate would be the fireside without them!"

"How is it that you have never kindled a flame in any man's heart?" asked a rich lady to a portionless niece.—"I suppose, aunt, it is because I'm not a good match," weekly replied the poor niece.

WHEN a woman have a dress pattern, and brings it home and finds out that she doesn't like it, you can't drive away her melancholy by reading a chapter of the Bible or singing one of Dr. Watt's poems.

A GENTLEMAN wrote as follows to a relative:—"How comes it, this delightful weather, that U and I can't dine together?" To which she replied:—"My worthy coz, it cannot B; U cannot come till after T."

IT looks bad to see a dog preceding his master down the street, and calmly turn down the stairs to the first saloon he approaches. It shows there is something wrong, something lacking, a deplorable tendency on the part of the dog.

A COLORED preacher remarked:—"When God made de first man He set him up agin de fence to dry." "Who made de fence?" interrupted an eager listener. "Put dat man out!" exclaimed the colored preacher: "such questions as dat 'd destroy all de theology in de world."

A LAWYER returning to his office after a substantial luncheon with a client, said complacently to his head clerk, "Mr. Putkin, the world looks different to a man when he has a bottle of champagne in him."—"Yes sir," replied the clerk, significantly, "and he looks different to the world."

A FARMER asking a friend for the best way to get rid of weeds, was responded to thus:—"Squeeze the hand of a plump young widow all in black." The next day she was in half-mourning, and a second kindly pressure resulted in a pink gown with a white bonnet. The weeds had disappeared.

A "FAST" man undertook to tease a clergyman, and asked him "Was it a male or female calf that was killed for the prodigal son?"—"A female," promptly replied the divine.—"How do you know that?"—"Because," looking the interrogator steadily in the face "I see the male is alive now."

TELL me, ye winged winds that round my pathway roar. Do ye not know some spot where women fret no more? Some lone and pleasant dell, some "holier" in the ground, where babies never yell, and cradles are not found? The loud wind blew the snow into my face, and calmly answered—"There is no such place."