

hands, and will not serve as a receptacle for the parcels and pocket-book and card case the ladies stow away in large muffs, thereby fraying and wearing out the most substantial lining. The most comfortable muffs are stuffed with eider down, making them soft, light, and warm. Soft Turk satin, of the colour of the fur, is used for lining the muffs made for general use; bright colours and white lining are seen in fancy sets of ermine and white fox. Fur tassels, made of ample tail-tips, with a *passementerie* acorn for heading, trim rich sable and mink muffs. Flat, heavy tassels of *passementerie* are on plainer muffs. Ermine and astrachan are edged with Angora fringe, or are drawn together by a cord finished with tassels of Angora and crimped fringe. The flat Canadian muffs are not dressy, and will only be used for skating and shopping. These have a small mirror at the back, and a pocket in front concealed by a flap, on which is the cunning-looking head of the animal. They are worn hanging to a cord passed around the neck.

Fur jackets are rather shorter and more curved in toward the figure than last year's garments. The length varies from twenty-four to thirty-one inches. Capes, mantillas, and large victorines are entirely out of fashion. Seal-skin jackets are the choicest and most expensive fur cloaks; those of serviceable black Astrachan are most popularly worn. Novelties in fur jackets, more striking than handsome, are seal-skin and black Persian in alternate stripes, or black Astrachan striped with white.—*The Queen*.

NEW YEAR'S DAY, AND HOW WE SPENT IT.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News).

BY THE LOWE FARMER.

That there are many ways of getting a dinner is so like a truism as to require but little demonstration. Wit, it is said, sometimes buys wine; but it is oftener that impudence is the only coin given in exchange for roast beef. There's dining with strangers; dining on friends—no cannibalism intended; dining at the expense of the public, like aldermen and patriots; dining at the cost of those worthy individuals, hotel and boarding-house keepers, who spread their hospitable boards for the especial sustenance of the needy. There's dining with the Governor General for you, my boy; he has venerated me! There's dining on a raft with a lordly lumbler, and there's dining at his shanty on pork and beans (not a bad dinner by the way) with John and Jean and Pat. Then there are select dinners—whitebait at Blackwall, with ministers of State; a seat at Mr. Speaker's mahogany; black puddings in Bleeding-Heart Yard; feasting with the prince of epicurians, Lord Eatwell, in Pall Mall; and partaking of a regal banquet, open to all, with Duke Humphrey in the park. Last of all, there's that most unpleasant mode of dining—at one's own cost and expense! Alas! what a misery it is forking out shillings for the use of the fork; giving good silver for the loan of base pewter; what spoons we are to use a spoon on such terms; how we grudge the waiter his perquisite. Certainly! this is of all the most disagreeable mode of dining.

We have something to say about a plan for getting a dinner, which a few friends adopted on a certain New Year's Day, not many years ago, and intend to relate it very circumstantially for the especial service of those persons who chance to find pockets and stomachs alike, in a state of emptiness, on future festive occasions. Indisputably, 'tis especially unpleasant commencing the year hungry and nothing to eat.

On a certain time—dates of no object—a worthy city merchant, as many other city merchants have done, sent his son to King's College. King's College, at this time, was in its heyday. There might, probably, have been less learning, though even that is open to grave doubts, but decidedly there was more fun than in our modern and reformed institutions; there is, perhaps, more seriousness and sobriety now, but positively there was more sociality then. The new system may turn out better scholars, but it is questionable whether the old did not turn out better men. It chanced that this young man, the merchant's son,—Harper was his name,—was blessed with a wealthy and an indulgent father, and bank notes and gold coins were among his intimate acquaintances. Those talismans, more potent than common-place magician ever possessed, soon drew to him shoals of friends. Of these, there were some who bore college-conferred titles and college nobility and greatness. The Honourable Robert Flamborough, so-called as being his father's son, swore eternal friendship for the son of the Cit.; Lord Smirkie—a most appropriate sobriquet—vowed he was the best fellow alive; Sir Peter Hawkey cut Mr. Allgon, once the money man of the College, and his dearest friend, for the new comer; the chancellor, Bolthead, who never in the whole course of his mortal existence had been known to listen to any proposition, any opinion, any statement, from any person, that he did not flatly and point-blank contradict, sunk his habit and smoothed his manners in intercourse with Mr. Harper. Mudelson, Q. C., leading counsel in the dormitories, forgot his usual custom of pleading for that side of the cause on which he was not engaged, and as advocate for Harper stuck to him like a leech. All these were, comparatively, small fry; but when Ned Woodsher, the great gun of the College, (on whom no factitious title or dignity had been bestowed, for Ned stood on such an elevation that all the king's horses and all the king's men could not have raised him higher) was drawn into the vortex, and condescended to call Harper his friend, then, indeed, and for the first time, was that fortunate young man's pedestal built on a rock. Ned, to all intents and purposes, was the man of the day—ever the first in fun and fight and frolic. An inexhaustible flow of good humour, a ready wit, never wanting in times of emergency, and emergencies arose pretty frequently in those days; a strong arm, and a game-cock's pluck—these, and a few more, were his possessions, and they were always at the service of friends or foes, and, more especially, from this time forward, of Mr. Harper. Fortunate Harper! Jupiter Tonans smiled on you, and henceforward you had a lofty seat in Olympia.

The old year was dying out, and a large circle of Mr. Harper's very dear friends honoured him with their company, to catch the last departing sigh, and to perform, with becoming reverence and respect, the obsequies of one for ever gone. Of the rites and ceremonies of the solemn occasion we cannot say a great deal, not having been favoured with an invitation; but we venture to surmise that the main features of the celebration, as might have been anticipated when classical mourners met, were strongly tinged with paganism. Certain it is that a whole hecatomb of amphora, of varied contents, were sacrificed; that libations were poured, copious enough to have held

the old fellow up had he been floatable; that odes were chanted, such as a bacchante might have sung, and which might have raised blushes on the cheek of the departed had he not been quite entirely past blushing. In these and similar solemn recreations, the evening, and no small portion of the night, passed away, and at length the congregation dispersed. How the gentlemen managed to reach their apartments in College, their hotels or their boarding-houses, is, I opine, gentle reader, quite as well-known to you as it was or ever will be to themselves. But with one solitary exception, they all managed to get safely moored in their berths. That exception, sad to relate, was the chancellor. Poor Bolthead! for the first and last time in his life, his prodigious powers succumbed, and the philistines found him in a trench, and conveyed him to house of refuge that must be nameless. This memorable event was supplemented by another equally remarkable; for the very first and for the very last time in his whole distinguished career, the chancellor attempted a joke! When requested by the captain of the guard to favour him with his name, after many ineffectual attempts and six bottles of soda water, he managed to introduce himself as C—st—ph—r D—nk—n. The centurion bowed humbly at that great name, hoped to have the honour of shaking hands with the distinguished gentleman, was fearfully and wonderfully grieved at his illness, and soothingly recommended him to depart, under a sufficient escort. This was effected, and Bolthead never forgot this night, no never! An arrangement had been made in the earlier part of the evening that the whole of the party should meet on the ensuing morning, jointly and together, to *exit*.

The morning came in due course, and with it our distinguished young friends, in full force, and belted and spurred for the forays of the day. It may be presumed that the devotions of the previous evening had left their traces sufficiently and unmistakably apparent. Truth to tell, they were all in a very dilapidated condition; shaky and seedy, not very clean, and a little depressed and moody; this mattered but little, they had a duty to perform, and it was decided to open the campaign without loss of time. They started at once on what by a strange stretch of courtesy is termed *visiting*. Their first calls were at the residences of the *dons*; and so early had they commenced foraging that they and the first beams of the sun were ushered in together. In some instances the families they honoured had not risen, fires had not been lighted, and the fortunate housemaids had their congratulations and compliments all to themselves. In these sober and solemn domiciles, they would take nothing but coffee, and it was brought them nicely smoked, and anything but pellucid. But here, we and ceremony inspired decorum, and they imbibed the nauseous compound with every appearance of satisfaction, and departed in peace, leaving volumes of good wishes and seasonable sayings for the various members of the family.

A single incident interrupted the stagnant sadness of the first course; the chancellor, not ordinarily a very lively dignitary, essayed a little affectionate freedom with a pretty little maid who had not had time to wash her face; the damsel, not having before her the perils of contempt of court, slapped his lordship's face, and so earnestly that the operation brought colour to his cheek and tears to his eyes. The next circles intersected had for their central points, the *bars*. Here the people were earlier astir and preparations were completed for receptions. In the more glittering establishments, gorgeous tables were set out; green seal and yellow seal, adorning superb sparkling gooseberry; Allsop's bitter, Dublin's stout, rum, whiskey, gin, and brandy, in all their dozens and all their glory. Comestibles of the choicest and without end, but these, as a rule, being neglected by the visitors, call for no greater attention on our part. A few unfortunate oysters, that last New Year's Day reposed in happy attachment on their mother's shells, suffered; and that was all. As a rule, the lords of the bar were gracious and hospitable, as became the time; no one was hurried by reminders of the long and ever-lengthening tottings, in chalk and pencil and ink, that grew beneath their patronymies. Duncans recognized the *dies vana*, and impudently boldly raised his beaker. Our heroes did not commence operations with any very genial flow of spirits; the livelier emotions had been so potently diluted in the preceding night, that it required time, care, and sobering draughts to restore them to pristine energy and pristine capacity. But sedulous attention and good generalship did a great deal, and at the close of this particular tour the roysterers began to feel themselves in a condition for miscellaneous and genteel society. Here, there and everywhere, they now pursued their course, they called on friends; they—and with what we cannot but regard as a singular commingling of temerity and humility, called on their tailors! They went to houses where they were familiar; they passed through doors they had never darkened before; they drank with and conveyed the compliments of the day to persons they were intimate with, and they did the same only as the occasion demanded, with a little more impudence, to people they had never seen before, and with whose names they were unacquainted. A gentleman, a stranger to them all, whose house they invaded, being of a facetious turn, after they had taken his wine and returned their compliments, addressed them in a little speech:—"Gentlemen," he said, "though I have not had the honour of seeing either of you before, permit me to give you a hearty welcome. I am but little acquainted with the customs and manners of this free and happy country, but I imagine they must be at once singular and amusing. Happy, indeed, must society be where introduction and such-like ceremonial rubbish is dispensed with, and New-Year's Day is an *open sesame* to every house. Is this custom, gentleman, a remnant of the ancient saturnalia? It appears to me to have many features in common —"

Woodsher whispered to Smirkie, "We've had enough of this," and taking up his hat, bowed; the rest following suit, and they went with as much ceremony, and no more, than had attended their entrance.

This little incident, notwithstanding our bold boys by this time were getting into tune, and the great calls of the day were now to be made—ladies were to be visited, that is, houses where there were "gals." And they found themselves in many a delicious circle, where the young and the fair stood prepared to welcome all comers. A sore time it was for the darlings; no one was either too high or too low to be secured from the most impertinent intrusions; they had to submit to the offensive glances and to listen to the drivel of intoxications; to shake hands and be civil to persons whom they would have scorned to recognize any other day of the year. Pity that a sociable, a most delightful custom should have so far degenerated! Nothing could be more pleasing than for friend to visit friend, to offer and to receive kind

wishes and congratulations, on this, the great land-mark in the progress of time. In its prime, it was an amiable and an affectionate institution; a charming halting-place on life's rough and tortuous road; a time and place for the cementing of new friendships and for the breaking up of old enmities; but what has it become? any lady or gentleman at the close of the day will be prepared to answer the question!

Let it not be supposed that the foregoing remarks are applied to the young fellows whom we are accompanying. They, in the main, were gentlemen, and did not forget it where it was indispensable that it should be remembered. We went with them to several places, and watched them closely, and without bearing false witness, cannot accuse them of anything very outrageous; in fact, we thought, and as it is well known young men are apt to be after a "grogg go," they were rather dull and sheepish. Woodsher's jokes seemed to fall still-born; Smirkie's smiles could not be made to tell; Harper's elaborate get-up, and his jewels and gold had no sparkle—the chancellor seemed ill at ease, as though he wished himself under the woollack. The prevailing and impenetrable dullness affected even your humble servant—and a very dense fog it must have been to have done that. With a thousand sighs for the unfortunate ladies, he, and probably everybody else, felt greatly relieved when the last cakes were swallowed, the last sherris drained, and "visiting" over for twelve long, honest months.

This important portion of the day's labours over and happily consummated, a most momentous idea had simultaneous birth in every mind—we must dine together—where shall we dine? Sir Peter Hawkey was the first to give birth to the thought, and to put it into tangible shape. "I know," said he, "a slap-up crib about ten miles out of town; let us go there and feast."

The proposal was unanimously accepted and adopted. Harper drove a pair of blood bays; Woodsher had a fast trotter, up to any time; two other *somebodies* had horses; sufficient conveyance was soon provided, and in a very short time the whole party was seated and on the road. The sleighing was excellent, and with only three spills—no one injured—they arrived at their destination.

A gastronomic convention was concluded with mine host, and in due time a very capital dinner was served up. The consumption of fish, flesh, and fowl, pleasant enough *per se*, would be dull in description anywhere out of fairy-land. That full justice was done, will be readily believed. Mastication, at best of times, is rather a tame affair in print, and nothing under a county member's dinner, or a state spread should aspire to have its "bill of fare" transcribed. We, therefore, pass such matters over, and drop in just as the cloth drops off. The desert came, and the party grew jovial. My lord sang a song, extremely sentimental; the baronet told a story of doubtful morality; the merchant's son soon began to wink mysteriously, and to mutter some thing, which nobody could understand, about Amanda's cruelty; the chancellor, utterly oblivious of his divinity, poured a glass of wine down Woodsher's back, and Ned, with too quick a sense of his own, hurled a bottle at the chancellor's wig, which, fortunately, only brushed his nose and then crashed through the window. These, and a few other incidents, unnecessary to relate, were spread over three or four hours, passed in the utmost harmony and brotherly conviviality; but the bottle threatened to annihilate Pandora's box. The chancellor's equanimity was quite unruffled, but there were more unquiet spirits, breathing storm, and thunder, and lightning! Sir Peter was equal to the occasion. He rose to order, and, with a knowledge of human nature that does him infinite credit, *desired the waiter to bring in the bill*. This is a sedative that was never known to fail. It has stilled many and many a furious after-dinner row; nipped diabolical *faux pas*, in the bud; and averted a whole host of calamities, including blackened eyes, and ensanguined shirt-fronts. "Order reigned in Paris." The waiter bowed low, twisted his napkin three round his arm, and retired to execute his commission. This is a piece of business always abetted with great celerity, and people have been known to entertain the absurd notion that it is kept ready made out, merely requiring a finishing touch. It also beats soda-water hollow as a sobering agent. On this occasion, it made its appearance in some seconds under three and a half minutes. The paper was placed in Sir Peter's hands. He glanced at the total, £27, 9s. 6d. "Moderate, very moderate," said the baronet; "let me see—say twenty-seven, ten; nine heads; something like three pounds some odd pence each; moderate, very moderate. Fourteen bottles champagne at 14s.—wonderful; eleven bottles claret at 10s.—less than it cost. Broken window, only 9s.—can't be mended for the money. Honest fellow! Honest fellow! Put down ten shillings for yourself." "Thank'ee, Sir, thank'ee, Sir," and the waiter gave his napkin another twist.

"And now bring us coffee, and a few salt herrings." "Yes, Sir, in a minute."

"You needn't hurry," said Sir Peter. The instant the waiter's back was turned, Sir Peter condescended to ask the loan of thirty pounds from Mr. Harper—he had forgotten his purse. Of course, he must pay for the dinner, having suggested it. Mr. Harper was, unfortunately, in the same predicament. To cut a disagreeable matter short, it was found that five pounds was all that could be mustered among the entire party.

"Here's a pretty mess," cried the honourable. "How could you be so forgetful, Harper?" bawled the Lord.

"How the devil shall we manage?" said the chancellor. "Hadn't we better follow the example of the bottle?" suggested Mr. Dixon, a gentleman not previously introduced.

In this serious emergency, as usual, Woodsher soared high above his fellows. He was sober and sensible enough to understand the predicament, and to find an extrication.

"Gentlemen," said he, "you will please, simply, all of you, to do as I do, and to say as I say, and to leave the rest to me."

By the time a few hints had been given, the soda-water had come in, and it soon went off—the herrings had been ordered because it was supposed they would be difficult to catch. A slight miscalculation.

"Well, gentlemen," said Woodsher, "I positively insist on paying this bill."

"Do you?" continued Sir Peter, "I say that no man shall pay it but myself!"

The waiter smiled blandly.

"Gentlemen, I'll be d— if either of you pay it," stammered Smirkie.

"No!" bawled the Honourable, "they shan't pay it, and you