

came to his wonderfully dark and piercing eyes, and that all he could say was "Well, this is a first-class swindle."

Not long after his marriage, Mark settled down in Hartford, and invested capital in insurance companies there.

The Clemens mansion in Hartford is a model of architectural beauty, and is elegantly finished in the interior. In the library, over the large fireplace, is a brass plate with the inscription in old English text: "The ornament of a house is the friends who frequent it." Mark does not use the library for his study, but does nearly all his writing in the billiard room at the top of the house. It is a long room, with sloping sides, is light and airy, and very quiet. In this room Mark writes at a plain table, with his reference books lying scattered about him. He makes it an invariable rule to do a certain amount of literary work every day, and his working hours are made continuous by his not taking a mid-day meal. He destroys much manuscript, and it is said he rewrote five hundred pages of one of his popular books. Mark is an industrious worker, and continues his labours the year round. In summer he retreats to his villa on the Hudson, or to a little cottage in the mountains near Elmira, New York. There he finds the most quiet solitude, and there he works undisturbed. Mark is fond of his home life, and of his three beautiful children. He has achieved a notable success as a lecturer, both in this country and in England.—*Famous Funny Fellows.*

#### SCENES IN PARLIAMENT.

THE decorum and even dignity with which the proceedings in the House of Lords are usually conducted prevents, to a large extent, the occurrence of what are ordinarily termed scenes in that assembly, but which are by no means uncommon in the Lower House, where hooting, howling, cockcrowing, braying, and all sorts of discordant noises are now and then tolerated during a debate when an unpopular speaker is on his legs. Such doings would not be allowed in the House of Lords, although that assembly is not altogether exempt from the occurrence of "scenes," it may be of a milder and much more decorous description. We may refer to the account which we gave in our last article on the House of Lords of the *fracas* between Lord Durham and the Bishop of Exeter, as also to the irregularity of which the Lord Chancellor was thought to be guilty in leaving the House of Lords, although only for a few minutes, during the progress of a debate. Lord Brougham indeed, on another occasion, in the same place, contributed his full share to get up a scene during the debate on the Reform Bill when His Majesty was momentarily expected to enter the House for the purpose of dissolving Parliament, when the Chancellor and indeed the House in general, was in a very excited condition. In fact, the House of Lords seemed for a few minutes quite in a state of uproar; on this occasion the Lord Chancellor left the House in order to receive the King, on which some noble lord moved that another peer do take the chair, amidst cries of "Order!" and "Shame!" after which we are told that "a scene of confusion ensued of which it was impossible for words to convey any idea." At one period, indeed, the uproar was so great that it was impossible for any speaker to be heard. The Chancellor attempted for some time in vain to make himself audible.

We doubt, indeed, whether any scene in the House of Commons has ever exceeded this, though, on the other hand, what are termed "scenes" are of much more frequent occurrence in the Lower than the Upper House. One of these occurrences took place in the House of Commons on the 17th of April, 1823, between Mr. Canning and Mr. (afterwards Lord) Brougham during the course of the debate on the Catholic claims, when an assertion was made by Mr. Brougham that Mr. Canning "had exhibited the most incredible species of monstrous truckling, for the sake of office, which the whole history of political tergiversation could furnish." On this, Mr. Canning, who for some time had laboured hard to control his indignation, with eyes fixed on Mr. Brougham, suddenly started up and exclaimed in loud and indignant tones, "I rise to say it is false!"

The excitement caused by this exclamation probably exceeded, both in the House and throughout the country, what had been caused by any preceding scene of the kind in the House of Lords or the Commons. The ferment in the House of Commons, as we have heard it described by one nearly connected with Mr. Canning, who witnessed the proceeding, was of the most intense description. A short pause followed Mr. Canning's exclamation, when the Speaker called on him to retract his assertion. He at first refused to do so; then the Speaker called on the House to support him in his authority. It was then ordered that both Mr. Canning and Mr. Brougham be taken into custody by the Serjeant-at-Arms, which order, however, was revoked on both gentlemen declaring that they would discard the subject from their minds.

The two eloquent rivals became eventually quite reconciled, acted cordially together, and a strong bond even of friendship was established between them.—*Modern Thought.*

#### A DIALOGUE.

THE Alpine summits—a complete chain of steep precipices right in the heart of the Alps. Over the mountains is a pale green, clear, silent sky. Hard, biting frost; firm, sparkling snow; dark, weather-beaten, ice-bound crags rise from beneath the snow. Two colossi, two giants, rise from the horizon on either side—the Jungfrau and the Finsteraarhorn.

And the Jungfrau asks her neighbour: "What is the news? You can see better; what is going on down there?"

Thousands of years pass by—as one moment. And Finsteraarhorn thunders back the answer: "Impenetrable clouds veil the earth.... Wait!"

Again, thousands of years pass—as one moment.

"Well, what now?" asks the Jungfrau.

"Now! see; everything there is unchanged, confused, and pretty. Blue water, dark woods, heaped up masses of gray stone, with those little insects running all about, you know—the two-legged ones which have never yet ventured to intrude upon your summit or mine."

"Men?"

"Yes, men."

Again, thousands of years pass by—as a moment.

"Well, what now?" asks the Jungfrau.

"It seems to me as if fewer of those insects are to be seen," thunders Finsteraarhorn;—it's getting clearer down there,—the waters narrower, the woods thinner!"

Again, thousands of years pass by—like one moment.

"What do you see now?" asks the Jungfrau.

"Round about us, near by, it seems to have got clearer," answered Finsteraarhorn; "but down there, in the distance, in the valleys there are still some spots, and something moving."

"And now?" asks the Jungfrau, after thousands of years more—a mere moment.

"Now all is well," answered Finsteraarhorn;—"clear and shining everywhere; pure white wherever you look.... Our snow everywhere, nothing but snow and ice. All is frozen. All is calm and peaceful."

"Yes, now it is well!" answers the Jungfrau; "but we have talked enough, old friend. Let us sleep awhile."

"Yes, it is time we did."

They sleep, the giant mountains. The clear green sky, too, sleeps above the ever-silent earth.—*From Tourguéneff's "Poems in Prose."*

#### "ENGLISH AS SHE IS TAUGHT."

HITHERTO San Francisco has been comparatively free from Anglo-manias, for, excepting an occasional Eastern traveller who electrifies the clerks and habitués of the Palace Hotel office by asking "what he shall do with the brawsses," when he is desirous of redeeming his baggage from the transfer company, the Queen's English has not been inflicted upon the public ear. But those good days are over, for far away in the wilds of the Western Addition the principal of a primary school has undertaken to Anglicize the mode of speech of the rising Americans under her charge. A reporter of *The Chronicle* saw two little girls returning from Sunday School yesterday morning and was astonished to hear them take leave of each other in the following manner: "Hit's awlf pawst ten, Attie, awnd I must go 'ome. Me mother will be hangry. Good-bye." "Don't forget to come hover to me 'ouse this awfternoon, Hawnie," replied the other, as they parted.

"Who told you to say 'hawfternoon'?" the reporter asked of one of the little misses.

"The teacher," she answered. "Hall the boys and girls 'ave to do that."

"Since when?"

"Oh, a long time now. Our teacher says that hit is not proper to say afternoon."

"You don't say so," said the astonished reporter. "Does she make you use any other words?"

"Oh, yes; she makes us say awnd," and the little girl opened her jaws like a rock-cod's, to give the proper pronunciation. "Awnd she says dawg, too," she continued, "awnd brawss, awnd cawnt, awnd pawk, awnd mawn. Oh, hit's beginning to rwain," and she scampered off without giving the reporter an opportunity to ask the name of the school and its principal.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

#### A CONTENTED MAN.

A YOUNG man is mincing along the streets of the capital. His manner is contented, cheerful, and self-conscious; his eyes are sparkling, his lips smiling, and his pretty littleface is slightly flushed. He looks the picture of contented self-satisfaction. What has happened to him? Has he received a legacy? Has he come into a title? Is his lady-love waiting for him? or is it merely a feeling of physical comfort and satisfaction, the result of a good breakfast, that pervades his whole body? or has he, perhaps, had hung about his neck the beautiful eight-cornered cross of the Order of the Polish king, Stanislaus.\*

No, he has only invented and carefully circulated a nice bit of scandal about one of his acquaintances. This scandal then came back to him through some one else and he has believed it himself.

Oh, how pleased and satisfied is this amiable, promising young man now!—*Tourguéneff's Poems in Prose.*

"We need not dwell on this point," wrote the editor as he sat down upon an upturned tack.

A BROTHER journalist across the border has just discovered that the census embraces seventeen millions of women. Fortunate Census!

THOREAU says:—"The youth gets together the materials to build a temple on the earth, and the middle-aged man concludes to build a woodshed with them."

MAKER of musical instruments (cheerfully rubbing his hands): "There, thank goodness, the bass-fiddle is finished at last." After a pause: "Ach, Himmel, if I haven't gone and left the glue-pot inside?"

\*A Russian order of moderate importance.