

*Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.*

## MY SUNDAY EVENING OUT.

BY

A.

"Please M'm, this is my Sunday evening out; can I go now?"

"No, Jane, I can't let you go out to-night. Master Freddy is unwell, and you must remain with him."

And Jane left the room with a sorrowful countenance. She was dressed ready for setting out on her few hours leave of absence. She had put on her best bonnet, with the cherry-coloured ribbons, and had a large brooch fastening her shawl, and was even drawing on a new pair of gloves as she came into the room. She had no thought of being disappointed, for the mistress had *octroy'd* a constitution to her domestics 'regulating' their Sunday evenings out; but with the despotism of a sovereign, she had revoked the edict and relegated her subject back to the nursery with Master Freddy as a companion.

Poor Jane! The little walk that you looked forward to with Tom or Harry is swept away, and the poor fellow, will keep that appointment, wearily waiting, and at last turn home with a great sadness at heart, and think his Jane faithless and that she was promecting with some more favoured beau, and Jane goes up stairs to the nursery and pets Master Freddy and hushes him to sleep, and never vents her feelings by as much as one angry slap upon the tempting shoulders of that peevish brat.

Poor Jane! It was hard on thee that after thy toil and moil thou couldst not have thy Sunday evening out, and I swear that thy sad face as thou departedst the room spoilt my evening's enjoyment and rose up constantly, like some reproachful ghost, between thy mistress and myself, and made her otherwise pleasant laugh have an edge on it!

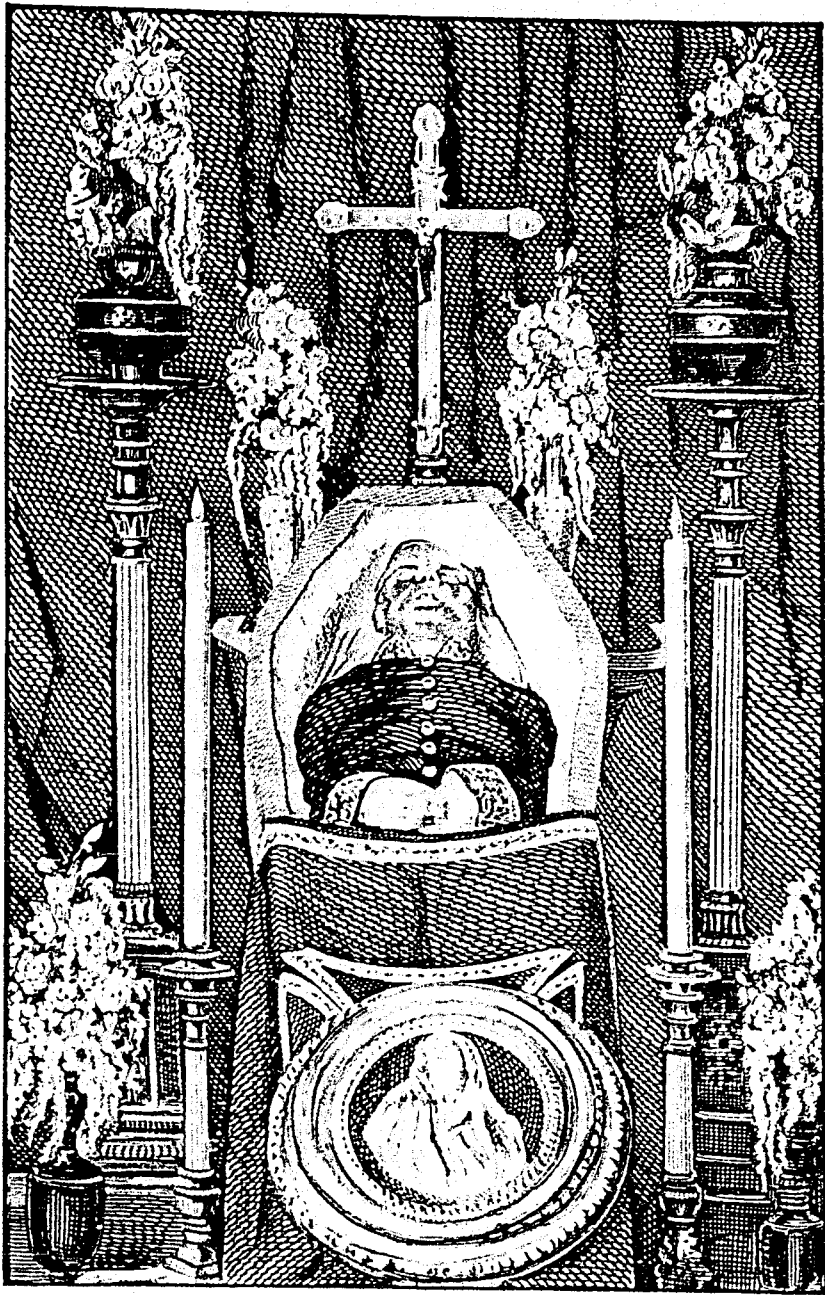
You and I, sir, when we are disappointed, are not given to turn away and bear it with a sad countenance. We fume and swear, we inveigh the Fates, and abuse our wives, and are cross to our children, and if we are annoyed, why, sir, the world shall know it. If we have a *protest* of our own, shall our wives dare to laugh or be merry?

You, sir, had made up your mind to go to the opera, but you dilly dallied about engaging a seat till the last moment, and then the place that you wanted next the charming widow, Mrs. Sadweeds, was taken, and you were annoyed, and wouldn't go at all, and came home instead and fuddled your wife. You know you did, sir. You swore at her because the driver had to be *re ha f'd*, and you forgot that

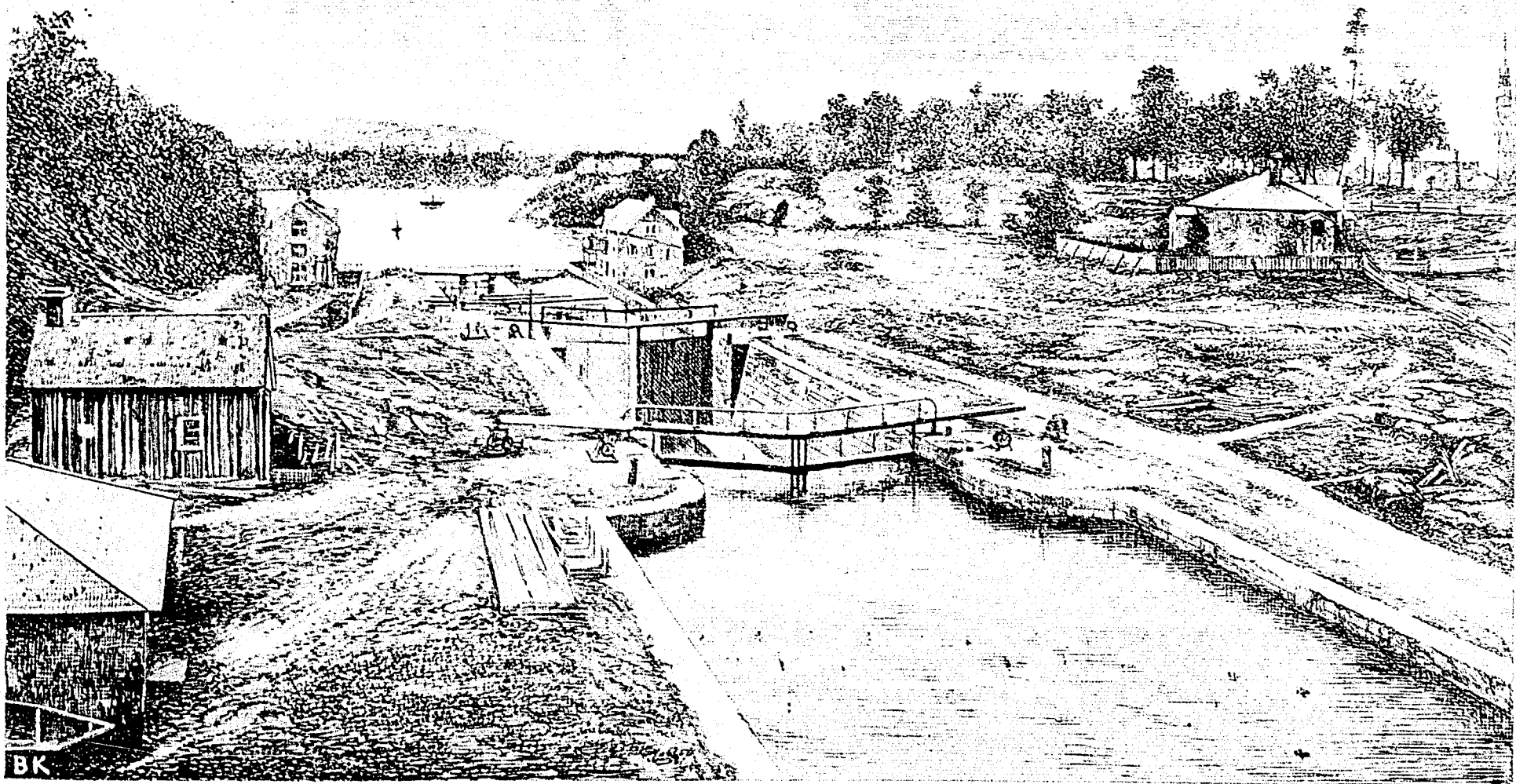
you were an hour late, and you whipped Miss Polly and sent her howling to bed, and you boxed the ears of Tom, and then you drank three tumblers of whiskey and water and went to bed crosser than ever, and your poor wife had to creep in beside you and listen to your railing until sleep overcame you, and all because, through your own fault, you were disappointed out of an evening's pleasure. Think of Jane's sad face, sir; had she not a right to vent her feelings and call her mistress a tyrant; and yet she went up stairs instead, and sat meekly by the side of Master Freddy.

Miss Rosie, you little puss, you remember that picnic that you hoped to attend with a certain military gentleman, and how you got up betimes in the morning and dressed your charming person with more than usual care, and had on your saucy little Gipsy hat by nine o'clock, and were coaxing on those delicate straw-coloured kids, waiting for the carriage to come round, when plash, plash, plash, came down the rain, and great streams were tumbling from the housetops, and great streams ran gurgling along the streets, and there was no picnic for you that day! How you tugged off those gloves, Miss, and tore them all up the back, and flung your hat to one end of the room and your lace shawl to another, and stamped up and down, pausing occasionally at the window to play an ugly tattoo on the pane, while you scowled and pouted at the torrents without, and, if you thought on the matter at all, must have oburgated a certain Mr. Longfellow and his insane song about the beautiful rain! Rosie, *ma belle*, think of how meekly the nursery maid turned from her cavalier and went up to the nursery.

Do we think enough of our servants? Madam, Jane and Mary are not mere machines, for whose use you have paid so much, and if you only give them food to enable them to work and some corner that you can shove them into at night, you have not done your duty. It were better for you, madam, and better for them, if they were machines; but unfortunately they are human, and have souls and passions and instincts and feelings, and if we pinch them, they feel it; and if we prick them, they bleed. It is inconvenient, but unfortunately it is true. You have feelings, my charming Mrs. Crumpton, and you indulge them, you pamper your sensibilities. Are you sad? You can have quiet and soothing friends, and pleasant music, and people are considerate. But Mary down stairs is reading a letter and you ring the bell, and she crushes the scrawl into her pocket and wipes her eyes with her sleeve, and comes in with the tea-urn, and you scold her because those



THE REMAINS OF THE LATE SIR GEO. E. CARTER LYING IN STATE IN LONDON.



OTTAWA.—LOCKS ON THE OTTAWA AND KINGSTON CANAL.