

ENGLISH DINNERS.

Look at the host first, whose whole attention ought to be centred on his guests, and of making the conversation brilliant and, above all, general. Poor fellow, he is working hard at the bottom of the table, through every course, for he has to carve. Of course he carves badly, having never studied that difficult art—breaks a glass or two, jokes in a crestfallen way over the accidents, never hears when he is addressed, or answers vaguely, his entire mind being fixed on the gravy—splashes his cuffs—manual labour in a tight dress-coat covers his brow with honest drops—the sharp corners of his shirt-collar fix themselves into his jaw and bring the tears into his eyes. He eats nothing himself; the reason is obvious, he has not a moment to spare; never was a man so pressed for time, so anxious, so nervous, so bewildered.

Observe the hostess behind a tall pair of fowls. She knows she cannot move her arms freely (what woman in a low-necked dress ever could?), her bracelets entangle themselves with the legs of the fowl and with each other, and clank like chains and gyves. She gladly accepts the offer of the nearest cavalier, made with half a heart, but *noblesse oblige*—to "save her the trouble." Of course the gentleman carves worse than the host, because the dish is not in the right position for him—more crestfallen jokes; conversation flags, all watch him, he becomes more nervous and proceeds still more slowly, he explains that he is awkward; the guests wish he would not explain, as it delays him, and the remark is quite superfluous, his knife slipping, sends a leg dancing across the table, where it settles in a nimbus of grease upon the hostess's lap—she assures him with a glare that she "does not mind, on the contrary." The silence is deadly. At last all are served, one of them having got all the meat, another all the gravy, and none of them any stuffing; the carver then obtains a little flabby scrap for himself, perfectly cold, just as all the other plates are removed.

Now for the rest of the company. They get enough to eat, but seldom the right kind, and they have other sorrows. They are obliged to sit alternately, men and women. It is the merest and remotest chance that they are well matched. It generally occurs that the youngest woman in the room is sent down with one of the oldest men, who may be quite deaf. I have heard a young wife complain that for three years she has never been taken down to dinner by any one under seventy. This is a very common mistake on the part of the hostess, and one which of course dooms "crabbed age and youth" to dullness all dinner time. The oldest and more honoured matrons are often no less unfortunate. A clever woman is seated beside a man who believes that stump-oratory is the sole aim of the "woman's rights" movement, and that an educated wife cannot take care of her husband's house or bring up his children. A beautiful woman is proportioned off with some ascetic ecclesiastic who supposes all beauty to be a snare of Satan. None of the ladies are comfortable. Their feet are cold, their heads are hot, their arms are so confined by their tight low dresses that they can hardly cut their food, and, moreover, their skirts are being crushed by the crowding chairs on either side. In fact they are altogether got up as if for a dance, when to be sure exercise supplies some reason for scanty clothing.

The man nearest the host is in agony about his large and broad-like shirt front; what if that infatuated carver at the end of the table should splash him! He is afraid to look off the dish—he is fascinated by the play of the carving-knife, and if he does turn his head his shirt-collar makes it an act of self-abnegation to address the lady on either hand. There is no possibility of changing the position. The chairs are packed so closely together that each time the footman tries to reach anything on the table his shoulder-knots tear down a chignon. Sometimes sauce descends upon the naked shoulders. Again crestfallen jokes on the crowding and spoiling of a priceless pocket-handkerchief. *En fin*—the ladies begin to draw on their gloves as soon as dessert arrives, (what gloves are worn for at dinner I am at a loss to conceive.) The hostess, after "catching" her own "eye" several times, at last succeeds in catching some one else's. The ladies rise in the middle of a sentence and stumble from the room treading on each other's long skirts and dragging about chairs. As the door shuts the gentlemen overhear the invariable remark on the stairs,—"Difference in the atmosphere outside!"—*St. Paul's Magazine*.

There is a good deal of dry humour in the American Press, especially among the provincial scribes, and evidently there is sufficient available talent in its columns to achieve a success in comic journalism; but unfortunately that talent is somewhat too diffused for the purpose. The following extract from the *Louisville Courier* is a gem in its way: "The *New York Sun*, which is seldom satisfied with things, objects to the proportions of

a rattlesnake recently seen in Carter county, in this State, and described as reaching from one side of the road to the other, while its body was as big as an ordinary churn. The *Sun* says 'that was a very badly proportioned snake,' and that 'it should have been a good deal longer or else a good deal thinner.' We should like to know who is running the snakes of this State, the State herself or the editor of the *New York Sun*? When things come to such a pass that New York arrogates to herself the right to dictate to Kentucky the size and shape of her serpents, it is high time for the trumpet to sound to arms and for the sword to leap from its scabbard."

Consequential damages are looming up in the future to gigantic proportions. It is evident that the Administrative action on the Alabama Claims is to serve as a bright example in the domain of private life. The *Albany Knickerbocker* reports that a most singular case is about to be instituted by one of its well-known citizens against a merchant, for damages in causing the death of his wife, and settling damages at \$10,000. It appears that the merchant, who is a dealer in drugs, was in the habit of selling to the wife of the citizen referred to laudanum for personal use, in a clandestine manner; that the wife, on one occasion, took a dose of said laudanum, which was the immediate cause of death. Previous to the woman's becoming addicted to the use of the drug, she was a healthy, intelligent, and happy woman, a loving wife, doting parent, and industrious helpmate. The husband claims that, through the influence of the drug, his wife lost her health, she became depressed in spirits, and death followed, causing desolation in his home and sorrow in his heart. Believing that all this was produced through the sale of the drug, he claims damages from the seller, on the ground that he knowingly sold the poisonous article, fully aware of its disastrous effects upon the woman in question.—*N. Y. Albion*.

A race with steam has been run and won by a herd of deer. This extraordinary "event" occurred in one of the defiles of the Rocky Mountains and on the line of the great Pacific Railway. The course was six miles long and extremely narrow. At the starting point there was a little stream which proved the occasion of the race, for here a herd of deer were quietly refreshing themselves, when suddenly a train approached. The engine driver thought to frighten the troop and clear the road by letting off steam and blowing his shrillest whistle; but the demoniac appearance of the engine only served to throw the timid animals into such a panic that, instead of stepping aside, they rushed madly into the defile in front of the train. The pass grew now so narrow that there was room only for the train, and still the herd was in front. The driver, thinking time would not allow him to slacken speed sufficiently to save the poor animals, determined to make short work of an unavoidable butchery by putting on full steam. But the intense terror produced by their unearthly enemy had such effect on the deer that, making a supernatural effort, they exceeded in the speed of their despair anything as yet on record. At moments well-nigh overtaken, they finally reached the open, after a course of six miles; and turning aside stopped unharmed to rest themselves, while the train flew on—its passengers loudly applauding so gallant a feat.

Out West the customary fine for kissing a pretty girl against her will ranges from five dollars upwards. It has always been stage etiquette, however, there as elsewhere, to submit gracefully to this infliction when the play required it. *Mdlle. Gindele*, of the Imperial Opera House, Vienna, is, nevertheless, of a different opinion. When Herr Neumann, according to the stage directions, ventured to take that liberty, *Mdlle. Gindele* declared herself insulted, and threatened, if she could not obtain reparation from the management, to seek it from the law. The matter was smoothed over, the irate lady pacified, and the opera was again put on the stage. When they came to the obnoxious scene, after Herr Neumann had, as usual, kissed her hand, and to follow the play, should have then kissed her lips also, *Mdlle. Gindele* quickly stopped him with: "There, I will not trouble you for the kiss on the lips." Herr Neumann thereupon quickly replied: "Thank heaven that I have not to kiss that fright." *Mdlle. Gindele* became so excited that she had to be carried in a fainting state to her room. She has again complained to the management. State jurists are deeply interested in the matter, for they want to know whether a kiss given in character to a lady on the stage can be regarded as an insult to the recipient.

A MOSQUITO STORY.—Captain Jones, of Stonington, is responsible for the following:—On his passage from New York a few days ago, he observed, one afternoon, a heavy cloud arise from the land, and, to his great surprise, approach the vessel. Suddenly it broke near him, and covered the deck with

millions of mosquitos, while part of the flock went through the mainsail, leaving nothing but the bolt ropes hanging idly to the spars. Corroborative evidence of this astonishing tale was found in the person of a "down-east skipper," who heard the story, and who, on comparing dates with the narrator, declared that two days afterwards he was boarded by the same flock of mosquitos, and they all wore *canvas breeches*.

The *London Court Journal* says:—A most becoming and gracious gift to the English Church from the American daughter has just reached this country. It is meant for St. Paul's Cathedral, and it is a large silver alms-dish, with most elaborate but chaste ornamentation, having the hemisphere for its central boss, and exhibiting the ark of the Church sailing across the Atlantic. The legend round the boss enumerates the six Ecumenical Councils; on the broad exterior rim is a cross of pearls and amethysts, with large precious stones from America and New Zealand between each of the words "It is more blessed to give than to receive." On the other side is a Latin inscription to this effect:—"Ecclesie Anglicanae per manus Apostolicas Georgii Augusti Selwyn, Episcopi Lichfeldensis, paces ac benevolentia inter-nuntii, Ecclesia Americana, matri filia."

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PRESENT:

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL IN COUNCIL.

ON the recommendation of the Honourable the Minister of Customs, and under the provisions of the Act 31st Victoria, Chapter 6, Section 8, intitled: "An Act respecting the Customs," His Excellency has been pleased to order, and it is hereby ordered, that the Out Port of Perce, now under the Survey of the Port of Gaspé, in the Province of Quebec, shall be and the same is hereby constituted and erected into a Port of Entry and a Warehousing Port, for all the purposes of the said Act, under the name of "The Port of Perce."

WM. H. LEE, Clerk, Privy Council,

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA.

MONDAY, 29th Day of April, 1872.

PRESENT:

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL IN COUNCIL.

ON the recommendation of the Hon. the Minister of Inland Revenue, and under the authority given and conferred by the Act 31st Vic., Cap. 8, intitled: "An Act respecting the Inland Revenue," His Excellency has been pleased to order, and it is hereby ordered, that in addition to the Ports mentioned in the 19th clause of the Order in Council of the 27th day of April, 1868, and subsequent orders, as the Ports from which Goods subject to Duties of Excise shall be exported in Bond, the following Port shall be, and it is hereby constituted a Port for the above-mentioned purposes, viz.:—

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