

mance and religion, evidently were very unlike the Saturday nights of this day and generation. Of his "Cotter's Saturday Night" Burns sung:

"From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad;
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings;
An honest man's the noblest work of God."

Our Saturday nights are not even given to "making old clothes look almost as well as new," nor does the "gudeman" of the house, as a rule in modern society, give reverent thanks over his Saturday night's supper for the blessings of the week. Our Saturday nights are nights of torture, worryment and fierce contortion; nights in which all the troubles of the week accumulate and dart horrors into the innermost soul, and hence to many they become nights of dissipation.

On Saturday eve the ever-vigilant creditor promptly makes his rounds—death is not more prompt than he is in his calls; grocers, bakers and butchers must be paid, and even that nuisance to California, the Chinese washman, must be settled with a or "no can hoo them shirts for Slundee." These are a few of the horrors that congregate Saturday night and make one fervently wish the night was blotted out of the calendar, or that the devil would fly away with all pestilent duns; and may Jupiter confound the man who invented credit and other adjuncts on civilization!

But to some Saturday night comes, as if with healing on its wings, a messenger of hope and pleasure. Callow lads and callow lasses, fooled to the top of their bent with the deliciousness of love's young dream, hail its approach for it is the time when lovers can meet, whisper soft nonsense into willing ears, sip the cool ice-cream, suck the succulent candy, and generally make themselves ready to enter upon the miserable future which, happily, they cannot foresee.

ELI PERKINS ON QUEBEC.—"I consider Quebec, decidedly, the most charming city on this continent. It is so quaint, so strange, and so full of historic memories. It has all the antiquities of St. Augustine, Florida, all the quaint situations of the City of Mexico, and all the old embattlements of San Antonio with its historic Alamo. But to Saint Augustine, San Antonio and Mexico, Quebec adds all the additional grandeur of Corinth and Gibraltar."—To the question: "How does the view from the citadel strike you?" Mr. Perkins replied, "It is the grandest in the world, sir. The view from Inspiration Point down into the Yosemite Valley is not so grand as the magnificent view down into the St. Lawrence from the heights of Quebec. It is these magnificent views, your quaint churches, and antique embattlements which draw the thousands of American tourists here every summer. I tell you, no American ought to go to Europe until he has seen Quebec." "But come of our residents are in favor of doing away with our old fortifications," suggested our reporter. "Tell them not to do it," said Mr. Perkins. "Quebec without her fortifications would be like Rome without St. Peter's. Quebec without her historic monuments would be like Niagara, with the falls taken away; like Salt Lake without Brigham Young and the Lion House. Who would visit San Antonio if the reminiscence of David Crockett and the Alamo were taken away? Who would visit Mount Vernon, if vandal hands should take away the tomb of Washington? And what tourist would come to Quebec, if her grand old fortifications were laid low? I should as soon advise your people to blast away the falls of Montmorency, and cart the remains of Montcalm over to Point Levis. No sir, Quebec is the show town of the American continent, drawing thousands of curious tourists to it every year, and your people ought to keep so."

ACTING CHARADES.—A word is chosen of two or more syllables, each of which syllables forms a complete word in itself. Each syllable is represented by a scene, and then the whole word is acted. Some charade actors introduce the word verbally into their conversations, while others think it only necessary to act the word. For example the word "Infantry" shall be taken. The first scene might be an inn—travellers arriving and ordering dinners, teas, suppers, and beds. The obsequious landlady, the officious waiter, the active chambermaid, the pert barmaid, the busy boots, are characters which might be introduced. The second syllable "fan," might be represented by an evening party of ladies and gentlemen; this, though seemingly commonplace, may be made very entertaining if wigs and whiskers, curls and moustaches are assumed, and a few distinguished foreigners make their appearance. The last syllable "try," could be exemplified by a dames's school. To represent the whole word an old soldier might beg for alms from the spectators, and tell his tale of the war and his wounds; or if it happened that no actor was able to sustain that part, the scene might be a tent-hospital, the soldiers being attended by lady doctors, as well as lady nurses. In order to make a character successful, a few hints should be remembered, and followed, which are these:—Let one person be chosen to organize and direct a band of actors. The choice should fall on one who is quick to decide on the suitability of words and scenes. The scenes should be of short duration, the conversations kept up with spirit, the risible muscles well under control. If the number of actors will allow of two parties, let them act alternately, for long pauses between the scenes weary the spectators. The more complete the transformation the greater the fun.

BURLESQUE.

AN EPISODE.—A Middle-street man was laboriously shoving a lawn mower around his yard, yesterday, when a red-nosed individual stopped in front of his house, leaned over the fence and said:

"Demosthenes never did it."

"What's that?" enquired the Middle-street man, stopping in his labor.

"Neither did Socrates," returned the red-nosed man.

"Well, what if he didn't?" said the Middle-street man, mopping his forehead with a handkerchief.

"Confucius would have scorned the action," continued the man.

"Would he?" returned the shover of the mower: "what makes you think so?"

"Julius Caesar, too," said the man.

"What's Julius got to do with it?" queried the Middle-street man, beginning to get mad.

"How do you think Napoleon Bonaparte would have looked?"

"You clear out," growled the Middle-street man, angrily.

"Alexander the Great would have died first," observed the man.

"You'll die a blamed sight quicker," exclaimed the Middle-street man as he reached over the fence and grabbed the red-nosed individual by the hair.

"George Washington was greater than any of 'em, but he never allowed a man who shoved a lawn mower to pull his hair," remarked the red-nosed man, as he hauled the Middle-street man over the fence, and rolled him in the dust and crushed his hat and tore his collar.

"Israel Putnam, William Oliver Shakespeare, the Duke of Wellington and Doctor Mary Walker were all great men," mused the red-nosed man, as he moved down the street, "but when they were grasped by the hair they invariably rose up and howled, and I wonder where I am to get a drink."

HAD SEEN BETTER DAYS.—"Do not judge me by my looks," said a seely-looking tramp recently to an official at the court house on whom he had called for assistance. "I was once in affluent circumstances, but reverses came, and one by one my coffers were emptied until I hadn't a red left. Too proud to beg, too honest to steal, and having a natural aversion to work, I lived on until the gaunt wolf stood at my very door. Then I rushed forth in search of employment. You will see my clothes are a little the worse for wear, my shoes have gone out to grass, and this hat which is now a most shocking bad hat was once as—by-the-way, do you chew?"

On being informed by the officer that he did not chew, the tramp proceeded: "As I heretofore remarked, I am in straightened circumstances and need a little assistance. I am weak and weary, having travelled seventy-five miles more or less since twelve o'clock last night. Little did I ever think when rolling in wealth and driving Goldsmith Maid (I once owned the Maid), that I should ever be like O'Leary, the perambulating pedestrian, without a nickel with which to buy a herring. My situation is to be deplored, sir, I am an orphan without home or friends. I am as hungry as a famished rat in an empty flour barrel, and will do anything to earn money enough to buy my breakfast. I therefore appeal to you as a brother Christian to aid me, for which favor I will ever remember you in my prayers."

The officer informed the tramp that he could obtain employment in the country as a harvest man, if he would furnish bonds not to cut the throat of his employer, or steal him out of house and home. That if he didn't like that kind of employment, he could pass on to Minnesota, where they were paying railroad hands one dollar and twenty-five cents a day. The tramp remarked that he was troubled with hay fever, and working in harvest fields was conducive to the disease. That he didn't mind the walk to Minnesota, but being opposed to railroads on general principles, he would not work on them. And rather than seek some honest employment where his board, if no more, would be guaranteed him, this lazy, thieving, dirty, drunken specimen of the genius tramp, left the court house, and wended his way to some other place, in hopes of working upon the sympathies of those whom he might meet.

HEARTH AND HOME.

LOVE.—There is a mysterious influence in nature, which renders us, in her loveliest scenes, the most readily susceptible to love. In all times, how dangerous the connection, when of different sexes, between the scholar and the teacher! Under how many pretences, in that connection, the heart finds the opportunity to speak out.

CIVILITY.—Civility is to man what beauty is to a woman. It creates an instantaneous impression in his behalf, while the opposite equally excites as quick a prejudice against him. It is a real ornament, the most beautiful dress that a woman can wear, and worth more as a means of winning favour than the finest clothes and jewels ever worn.

DEATH IS BIRTH.—No man who is fit to live need fear to die. Poor faithless souls that we are! How we shall smile at our vain alarms when the worst has happened! To us here

death is the most terrible word we know. But, when we have tasted its reality, it will mean to us birth, deliverance, a new creation of ourselves. It will be what health is to a sick man. It will be what home is to the exile. It will be what the loved one given back is to the bereaved. As we draw near to it a solemn gladness should fill our hearts. It is God's great morning lighting up the sky. Our fears are the terrors of children in the night. The night, with its terrors, its darkness, its feverish dreams, is passing away; and when we awake it will be into God's sunlight.

MENTAL LABOUR.—The notion that those who work only with their brain need less food than those who labour with the hands is fallacious; mental labour causes greater waste of tissue than muscular. According to careful estimates, three hours of hard study wear out the body more than a whole day of hard physical exertion. "Without phosphorus, no thought," is a German saying; and the consumption of that essential ingredient of the brain increases in proportion to the amount of labour which the organ is required to perform. The importance of the brain as a working organ is shown by the amount of blood it receives, which is proportionately greater than that of any other part of the body. One-fifth of the blood goes to the brain, though its average weight is only one-fortieth of the weight of the body. The fact alone would be sufficient to prove that brain-workers need more food and better food than mechanics and farm-labourers.

DEATH TO FRIENDSHIP.—Many a friendship has been broken and destroyed by coldness of manner; hard words are no competitors at all, for they are so often so satisfactorily explained. It is frequently said that "like begets like," and we believe that is often so. If we meet with an acquaintance who grasps our hand cordially, and gives it a generous and hearty shake, and their countenance lights up with a cheerful smile as they utter a welcome salutation, if we are feeling dull and moody, we are or at least should at once be ashamed of that feeling, and instantly put forth our energies to disguise and banish it. If, on the contrary, we meet with one who repels our very attempt to be cordial by a studied coolness of manner, we very soon become impervious to any genial feeling for him, and a larger stock of pride springs to our aid than we ever dreamed our heart possessed, and a gulf is then and there formed over which a passable bridge can never be erected.

A TRYING ORDEAL.—Marriage, in Paris, is rather a serious undertaking. The regular publication of the banns in the newspapers subject the prospective brides and bridegrooms to the capital to a singular annoyance—a deluge of trade prospectuses. The former suffer most from dressmakers and milliners; upholsterers furnish their list of prices; baby-linen warehouses invite their addresses to be noted down—a stitch in time saves nine; stationers supply estimates and enclose specimens of cards and letters of invitation; charitable societies beg that on the happiest day of your life you will remember the poor; there are stockbrokers who volunteer to invest the wife's fortune, which appears like mirth at a funeral when the bride has only her good looks and a loving heart for the dowry. Even servants offer their services. The interested pair, have in fact, no peace; they find themselves regarded as mere objects out of which money may be made; and the wedding day is hailed with joy as being that of their escape from persecution.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—A young ladies' boarding house.

"MISERY loves company." So does a marriageable young lady.

WHY is a schoolmistress like the letter C?—Because she makes classes of lasses.

SOME men will pay to have their dog registered, when they will not have their baby vaccinated.

"LOVE is an internal transport!" exclaimed an enthusiastic poet. "So is a canal boat," said an old forwarding merchant.

THERE'S one thing the ladies can't do in the modern style of dress. They can't laugh in their sleeves—that's certain.

IT is a well-known truism that people learn wisdom by experience. "A man," says Jones, "never wakes up his second baby to see it laugh."

"No," she said, and the wrinkles in her face smoothed out pleasantly. "No, I don't remember the last seventeen year locusts. I was an infant then."

A TEACHER, after reading to her scholars a story of a generous child, asked them what generosity was. One little boy raised his hand and said, "I know; it's giving to others what you don't want yourself."

A GENTLEMAN from Chicago lately called upon Mr. Emerson, and introduced himself with the remark, "I hope I don't intrude." "That depends," said the philosopher, "upon how much we have in common."

A DRY-GOODS clerk told a man that gloves of the "half-grown lemon" shade were appropriate for young girls, "because they are a reminder to your heart-smasher that the hands they are on are not fit to squeeze yet."

"WILL you take a kiss?" asked a young beau of his sweetheart, as he passed the plate of confectionery at table. "Why, Augustus!" exclaimed the blushing fair one, "not before all these people!"

"How much are those tearful bulbs by the quart?" asked a maiden of a tradesman, the other morning. He stared at her a moment as if bewildered, but soon recovered himself, and blusily said, "Oh, them inyun? Tenpence."

A YOUTH, at his sister's evening party, began to sing, "Why am I so weak and weary?" when a little brother brought the performance to a sudden close by yelling out, "Aunt Mary says it's 'cause you come home so late every night."

SHE who travels through life afoot and alone for forty odd years, may often yearn for a manly breast to lean her head against, but her hands are free from callous places and broken finger nails, caused by pulling off her husband's boots.

A YOUNG man in Lower Gold Hill visited his sweetheart last night, and when he left stole the dog of the house and got half a dollar for the brute at Marshal McCleery's canine asylum. A man cannot afford to spend his time for nothing these hard times, not even when courting.

A BELLE's summer outfit for a fashionable watering-place:—

Dresses to sit in, and stand in, and walk in;
Dresses to dance in, and flirt in, and talk in;
Dresses for breakfast, and dinner, and ball;
Dresses in which to do nothing at all.

A MAIN street man stood inside the blinds the other day and spent fifteen minutes trying to brush a streak of sunshine off his pants with the clothes-brush, before he discovered what it was. He was so mad then that he jawed his wife, whipped three of the children, and sulked all the rest of the day.

SHE was fond of conundrums, and when she learned that *mulier* was latin for woman, she asked her husband what was the difference between herself and a mule. As he had been married several years, he was too thoughtful to trouble her by guessing, but kindly remarked that he had never been able to see any.

A HAYWARDS woman believes in having everything in readiness. She purchased a coffin for her sick husband ten days prior to his death and kept it in the house; she also had a stylish mourning suit made in anticipation of the event. Most any man would be willing to die if he had such a thoughtful wife as that.

SOME mistaken genius has invented a pocket photograph apparatus. You meet a woman who pleases you; you draw out the machine, and before she has time to be astonished you have her likeness in your pocket. A man operating with such an apparatus is warranted to have an eye poked out with a parasol several times a day.

EVERYBODY thought it was a match, and so did he, and so did she, but last evening at a croquet party she hit her pet corn a whack with the mallet that sounded like a torpedo, and he—he laughed. "We meet as strangers," she wrote on her cuff and showed it to him. "Think of me as no more," he whispered, huskily.

LITERARY.

SWINBURNE has in press a study of Charlotte and Emily Brontë and their writings.

IT is said that no fewer than four gentlemen are at the present moment amassing material for a biography of Carlyle.

JOSH BILLINGS makes more money than any other American author. And he never wrote a line for print till he was forty-five. He nets \$25,000 a year.

A NOVEL is in course of collaboration by Annie Thomas and the Duke de Pomar; one supplies the framework and the other the pathos and colouring.

THE following is an admirable specimen of Lord Palmerston's curt way of transacting official business—they are the instructions given to a Foreign Office clerk for answering a letter—"Tell him (1) will see; (2) to use blacker ink; (3) to round his letters; and (4) that there's no *h* in exorbitant."

MR. F. C. PRICE is engaged upon the production of a series of facsimiles illustrating the labours of William Caxton at Westminster, and the introduction of printing into England. The impression is limited to a very few copies, privately printed for subscribers, and will be issued in the Roxburghe style.

M. ALFRED FIRMIN-DIDOT has sent to Athens, consigned to the Mayor of that city, the portrait of his father, Ambroise Firmin-Didot, which was exhibited in the Salon this year. Accompanying this present is a collection of all the Greek works published by the Didot firm at Paris, and handsomely bound, which are to be placed in one of the apartments of the Town Hall at Athens.

MR. HEPWORTH DIXON is engaged upon a new work upon Lord Bacon, which will shortly be published. A special feature of interest in the work (says the *Examiner*) will lie in the portion devoted to the consideration of the Bacon-Shakespeare question, with regard to which Mr. Hepworth Dixon is said to have collected a large number of proofs upholding the Baconian authorship of the plays.

HEARING RESTORED.—Great invention by one who was deaf for 20 years. Send stamp for particulars. JNO. GARMOR, Lock-box 905, Covington, Ky.

PHOSFOZONE.

Contains the most valuable compounds of Phosphorus and Ozone. Certificates received daily from all quarters.

The PHOSFOZONE sells well. It is a favourite tonic with the ladies. JAMES HAWKES, Place d'Armes Drug Store, Montreal. Pamphlet sent postage free on application to EVANS, MERCER & CO., Montreal.