





## EDUCATION.

## MISS WATSON, M. C. P.

RECEIVES A LIMITED NUMBER OF YOUNG LADIES to whom she imparts as required a special or general education upon the soundest principles.

Terms payable quarterly in Advance. For instruction in English and French, German or Italian, Ancient and Modern Scripture History, Political and Physical Geography, Arithmetic, Writing, Music, Singing and Dancing.

80 Guineas per annum.

A quarterly Notice required previous to the removal of a pupil.

Refer to in Colombo.

Mr. JOHN CAPPER,

"Ceylon Times" Office.

## NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS indebted to the INSOLVENT ESTATE OF LEONARD & Co., are requested to make immediate payment to the undersigned.

All accounts remaining unpaid after the twentieth of this month will be placed in the hands of a Proctor for collection.

FRANCIS SCHULTZE,

Assignee.

Colombo, 5th July, 1870.

## NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

Hultsdorf Mills, Colombo.

PATENT STEAMED BONE DUST,

Price 23.10s per Ton.

PACKED in strong Gunny Bags and delivered free at the Colombo Railway Station.

G. & W. LEECHMAN.

Colombo, 2nd May, 1870.

Hultsdorf Mills, Colombo,

POONAG MIXTURE.

Price 25 per ton.

CONTAINS a large proportion of COCOA NUT POONAG for which as Manure it will be found a good substitute for application with Bone Dust.

Packed and delivered free at the Colombo Railway Station.

G. & W. LEECHMAN.

Further particulars and samples on application.

G. & W. LEECHMAN.

Hultsdorf Mills, Colombo.

PATENT COMPOST MANURE. Now recognized as a first-rate Manure for Coffee; exact particulars of the ingredients will be made known to intending purchasers, and samples furnished on application.

Price 27.10s per ton, including Bags. Delivered at the Colombo Railway Station free of extra charges.

G. & W. LEECHMAN.

## MANURES.

BOLIVIAN GUANO

AND

SULPHATE OF AMMONIA.

WE invite the attention of our Planting friends to a small trial consignment, just received of

"Caro Guano"

Price 213 per ton, and very highly recommended.

Analysis on application.

GEORGE WALL & Co.

## NOTICE.

I DONALD GRANT have assigned to Messrs. O'HALLORAN BROTHERS all my right and interest in and to all Stock, Claims, Book debts and other property, which belonged to me, or was owing to me, while trading at Kurungalle under the name and style of D. GRANT, General Store-keeper.

D. GRANT.

Colombo, 6th July, 1870.

APOTHECARIES HALL COLOMBO.

O'HALLORAN BROTHERS, have the pleasure of informing their Customers, that they have secured the Services of a Member of the Pharmaceutical Society (Mr. Bridge from the well-known house of Wilkinson, late Bridge, 370 Regent Street, London) for the DISPENSARY AND DRUG BRANCH, which is carried on quite separately from the GENERAL BUSINESS, and to which Mr. Bridge's attention will be exclusively given.

THE MEDICAL AND DISPENSING DEPARTMENT has always our best attention, and only the PUREST CHEMICALS AND FINEST DRUGS are used and dispensed.

The following is a list of some CHEMICALS and PREPARATIONS not generally kept, and many of which are now for the first time procurable in Ceylon:—Potassium (the Metal), Iodide of Quinine, Oxalate of Cerium, Arseniate of Iron, Iodide of Arsenic, Bromide of Iron, Ext. PRUNELLA, Hydrate of Chloral, Iodide of Copper, QUINOVATE of LIME, Acetate of Quinine, Citrate of Iron with Quinine and Strychnine, Sulphate of Atropine, Lactate of Iron, Ammoniated Citrate of Bismuth, Lactate of Iron, &c. &c.

O'HALLORAN BROTHERS.

N.B.—Large Stocks of all ordinary Chemicals and Drugs, and a full assortment of Patent Medicines always on hand.

O'HALLORAN BROTHERS.

Wholesale and Retail.

## FOR SALE.

AT THE ROOMS OF THE UNDERSIGNED:

5,000 yards Tweeds

of various patterns and strong texture, suitable for

Jungle Clothing in pieces of 40 yards @ 1s. per yard Cash.

J. AUWARDT.

PORTLAND CEMENT.

PER STEAMER VIA SUEZ CANAL.

ON Commission sale at the Rooms of the undersigned @ 22s. per barrel Cash.

J. AUWARDT.

VELVET CORKS.

IN BALES each containing 50 Gross @ 2s. 6d. per Gross.

J. AUWARDT.

AUCTION SALE

AT THE WHARF.

ON TUESDAY, the 12th instant, at 1 P.M. of

1 Case containing 26 Pieces 934 yards

Regatta Twills

Ex "Dacca," from Calcutta, Sea-damaged.

On account of the concerned.

W. MOREY,

Auctioneer.

SIGNOR RAFFAELLA ABECCO,

THE CELEBRATED HARPISST AND VOCALIST,

WILL GIVE ONE OF HIS MOST POPULAR

BALLAD CONCERTS,

ASSISTED BY

Professor Joseph Botticelli,

AT MATALE, ON THE 14th OF JULY,

AT GAMPOLA, ON THE 16th OF do.

(TICKETS 3 RUPEES.)

SEE BILLS.

## DENTISTRY.

MONSIEUR L. A. BEURTEAUX, Surgeon

Dentist, is apologizing for not having kept his appointment last month, owing to illness in his family, begs to inform the Ladies and Gentlemen of Ceylon, that he has arrived in Colombo and may be consulted at Messrs. J. Maitland & Co., until further notice.

MONSIEUR B. has received by the Overland Mail new assortment of Mineral Artificial Teeth calculated to meet the requirements of all his patients who can also avail themselves of the use of the ether spray to render extraction painless, or in any painful operations.

Consulting hours from 11 A.M. to 4 P.M.

## FOR SALE.

ASPHALTE

PORTLAND CEMENT.

GLASS TILES.

PRUNING KNIVES.

ELWELL'S

AXES,

CATTIES

AND

MAMOTIES,

PLANTING BARS.

CART AXLES AND BUSHES.

CISTERN VALVES.

GALVANIZED

ROOFING TILES,

CORRUGATED SHEETS,

AND

RIDGE CAPS AND GUTTERS,

GALVANIZED FENCING WIRE,

in coils of

600, 1000 and 2000 feet.

GALVANIZED STEEL WIRE,

in coils of 1000 feet,

guaranteed to carry 120 lbs.,

and of 2000 feet,

guaranteed to carry 80 lbs.

HOOP IRON

1 1/2 at 2 in.

PAINTS.

CALCUTTA BAGS.

DUNDEE BAGS

COOTY SACKS.

A 16 feet Water Wheel,

GEORGE WALL & Co.

FIELD & COY'S

EXPORT STOUT,

in Hogsheads.

GUINNESS' STOUT

in Pints and Quarts.

H. AND R. BRANDY

in wood and bottle.

VINE GROWER'S BRANDY,

in one dozen Cases.

VINO DA PASTA

in 1 dozen Cases.

FERGUSON'S SHERRIES

(Green, Blue, and White Seal)

AND

PORT WINE,

in one dozen Cases.

MOET & CHANDON'S

CHAMPAGNE,

a small invoice of

QUININE.

A small invoice of

TOBACCO

"FIG CAVENTISH" and "AROMATIC."

GEORGE WALL & Co.

FISCAL'S SALE.

No. 56040.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF COLOMBO.

Sarah Margaret Fernando and others.....Plaintiffs.

Vs.

Maria Petronella De Silva administratrix

of the Estate of Gertrudis De Silva.....Defendant.

NOTICE is hereby given, that on the 30th day of July, instant at 4 o'clock in the forenoon, will be sold at the premises the following property of the said Estate to wit: All that part of the garden called Makulugahawatte with the buildings standing thereon situated at Dalgama in Cima Corle bounded on the North by the field of Philip Paide, East by the lands of Floris Appy and Cornis Appoo, South by the garden called Koomeerawatte and West by the field Palawana Canatte and the Dam in extent of about 25 acres, more or less.

J. H. PERIES,

Deputy Fiscal.

Fiscal's Office,

Colombo, 7th July 1870.

NOTICE.

ON Tuesday, the 12th instant, at noon, will be sold by auction at these Stores,

A LARGE MIRROR, GLOBE LAMPS,

FURNITURE COVERS, &c.

W. J. GORMAN,

C. S.

Colonial Store,

Colombo, 7th July, 1870.

SALE OF CROWN LANDS.

AT COLOMBO KACHCHERI.

On the 12th July, 1870, and the following days:

Siyane Korale.—24 lots from 1 to 20 acres each situated in Alutgama, Tehariya, Katugagode, Galoluwa, Embaroluwa, Kirikitta and Kamburagoda of Medapattu.

Auturu Korale.—60 lots from 1 to 30 acres each situated in Bambukuliya, Kongodamulla, Godegumma, Hummulla, Kehelella, Palliyapitiya, Kelapitumulla, Urapana, Sayakkaramulla, Andiamulla, Halpe, Dunagaha, Kandawalla, and Etigalla, of Dunagahapattu.

Do.—65 lots from 1/2 to 37 acres each situated in Gampola, Nilpanagoda, Kovinna, Aggira, Doranagoda, Walpola, Odagalla, Mabodala, and Wewagedara of Dasiyapattu.

Hapitigam Korale.—37 lots from 1/2 to 58 acres each situated in Makkanigoda, Batataliya, Wewedela, Botale, Lolugoda, Giriella, Godakalawa, and Nahalla, of Udugahapattu and Hiriwala of Yati-gahapattu.

On the 26th July, and the following days:

Hewagam Korale.—17 lots from 1/2 to 28 acres each situated in Puwakpitiya of Udugahapattu, Adjoining the road from Colombo to Sitawaka near the 27th mile post.

Do.—10 lots from 1/2 to 32 acres each situated in Madampella of Dunagahapattu.

Hapitigam Korale.—2 lots of 1 and 3 acres each situated in Arukgoda and Madewetita of Udugahapattu.

AT KANDY KACHCHERI.

On the 13th July, 1870.

Municipality of Kandy.—2 lots of 5 perches each situated in Pappaswami, for Caltawa.

Upper Dumbura District.—8 lots from 3 to 5 acres each situated in Watuliyadda.

Upper Dulgama District.—2 lots of 155 and 193 acres each situated in Maskeliya Valley in Ambagama Korle, adjoining and on the East of Johnston's Block.

Uduwara District.—4 lots of 2 acres each situated in Wagariya within 1/2 mile South East of Wagariya Kande Coffee Estate.

On the 27th July.

Udupalata District.—5 lots from 3 to 13 acres each situated in Pappaswami of Kandukara Ihala-palata. Adjoining and on the West of Pappaswami or Kondolwewatenna Estate.

Do. 3 lots from 1/2 to 2 acres each situated in Mulgama of Kandukara Ihala-palata.

Lower Hewahela.—13 lots from 1/2 to 1 acre each situated in Ugrasapitiya of Gaudahaya Korale. Adjoining and on the South West of General Fraser's land and close to South Eastern end of the Kandy Lake.

Lower Dumbura.—1 lot of 8 acres situated in Giddawa of Pallipattu. Adjoining the Huluganga and Netawake Estate.

Pumpama District.—1 lot of 14 acres situated in Miniputurwa of Udupalata. About 2 miles North of Kirimetiya Estate.

Hiripattu District.—1 lot of 14 acres situated in Ankumbura. Adjoining the Morankanda Estate.

AT PUTTALAM KACHCHERI.

On the 19th July, 1870.

Puttalam District.—8 lots from 7 to 278 acres each situated in Puttalam Pattu.

Further particulars respecting the land may be obtained at the Surveyor General's Office and respecting the conditions of sale at the Offices of the Government Agents.

J. G. JERVOIS,

Acting Surveyor General.

Surveyor General's Office,

Colombo, June, 22nd 1870.

## NOTICE OF POSTPONEMENT.

THE Sale of the HOUSE in King Street, formerly occupied by the BANK OF INDIA, and advertised to be sold on the 6th instant, is postponed to Wednesday the 13th instant.

W. MOREY,

Auctioneer.

## NOTICE.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the De Jure Members of the United Services Library, will be held at Library Rooms on Friday next, the 15th instant, at 1 P.M. to elect a Committee and Treasurer for the ensuing year, and to consider the Annual Report for 1870.

C. WOODWARD,

Hony. Secy.

United Services Library,

Colombo, 1st July, 1870.

## CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

THE NEXT HALF-YEARLY GENERAL MEETING will be held in the rooms of the Chamber on Thursday next, the 14th instant, at 3 P.M., to receive the Report of the Committee and the Treasurer's Account for the six months ended 30th June last, to elect a Chairman in the room of Mr. J. T. WHITE whose year of office has expired, to elect three Members of Committee in the room of Mr. GEORGE WALL, Mr. LAW, and Mr. W. DONNAR, who retire by rotation, and to transact such other business as may be brought before the Meeting.

FRED. WM. BOIS,

Honorary Secretary.

Colombo, 8th July, 1870.

SALE OF VALUABLE LAND

CALLED

BOROLUKETIYE LANDE,

Situated at Hingangle in the Cultura Division.

MESSRS. VENN & Co. are instructed by the Trustees of the Estate of Ossen Maricar, Esq., to sell at the Cultura Rest House, on Saturday, the 30th of July, at 2 P.M.

24 lots of Land averaging about

4 acres each.

THIS LAND was previously offered in one lot, but has been divided into 24 for the convenience of purchasers: it is situated about 4 miles South of Cultura, and 2 miles from Galle Road, and is known to be rich in Plumbago.

A plan may be seen at the office of the Auctioneers.

MESSRS. VENN & Co. are authorized to offer for sale by public auction at their Rooms on Friday, the 9th July, at 12 noon, the following COFFEE ESTATE, situated at KAKWANA in the District of Saffragam.

SPRINGWOOD AND BARRA ESTATES, now amalgamated and worked as one Estate. Containing in extent 1,122 acres more or less, of which 340 acres or thereabouts, are under cultivation and in bearing.

"EVERETT" ESTATE, Containing in extent 761 acres more or less, of which 260 acres or thereabouts, are under cultivation and in bearing, and a considerable portion of the remainder consists of good Forest Land suitable for planting.

Full particulars regarding these properties and terms of sale may be had on application to Messrs. C. SHAND & Co., Colombo.

OILMSTORES

ON COMMISSION SALE at the Rooms of the undersigned at the following rates for Cash:

Pints Salad Oil @ 15s. per dozen.

Quarts WHITE WINE VINEGAR @ 10s. 6d.

Pints MIXED AND ASSORTED PICKLES @ 9s. per dozen.

1/2 Pints assorted SAUCE @ 9s. per dozen.

1/2 French Capers @ 9s. per dozen.

1/2 Raspberry VINEGAR @ 9s. per dozen.

1/2 Lemon Syrup @ 9s. per dozen.



and rigging repairs, from stores provided for such purposes.

4th.—The saving to shippers on the yearly amount of insurance.

5th.—Provision for the necessary increase of exports, consequent on the easy means of transport which would be afforded by the railway bringing a larger amount of country produce than has hitherto been received here for shipment, thereby adding to the difficulties already existing.

6th.—The coaling of the mail steamers and transferring mails, &c., could be executed in one fourth of the time, at least cost.

7th.—Ships discharging the whole of their cargo at this port and proceeding to another for a fresh one, could receive ballast without delay.

8th.—That shippers would more readily accept freight, and have less, or no difficulty in effecting insurance.

The merchant shippers of London and Liverpool have for years pointed out the necessity of some safe place of refuge in one of the ports of this Island; and Colombo offers the best advantage for carrying out the scheme, as being the most important shipping town in the Island, having a railway progressing towards completion, communicating with the centre, and will consequently bring in supplies from all parts of the colony.

The position selected for constructing the proposed docks, is situated on the south-east side of the Fort, and takes in that portion of the lake, bounded on the north by the roads and moats of the Fort, and on the south by the Galle Face Esplanade and Cemetery. The great advantage obtained here, is, that the portion of the work, which is usually the most costly, is already performed by nature to the extent of nearly 4-5ths of the estimated depth required for the floating basin, the remainder to be removed by excavation is of such a character as to ensure a firm bottom with a small amount of labour.

It is so rarely the case, in selecting a suitable site for dock basins, that the advantages of both sea and land so admirably blend as in the present instance. North and south of the position taken for the dock, channel, or entrance, there exists no difficulty in the way of rocks or shoals, until we arrive northwards at the "Drunkard's" rock, so situated as to do away with the necessity of mooring a channel buoy, but instead offers the exact position for a floating beacon, marking the danger, and in conjunction with a similar one on the south side will clearly define the extreme limits of the entrance channel. The beach or bed of the sea about the ends of the piers is composed of coarse sand, or fine gravel, too heavy in grain to silt to any extent, unless exposed to a strong current, such as is met with at the outlet of large rivers. The along-shore current as this point of the beach, is diverted by the Fort and Customs point, to a line considerably beyond the end of the dock channel; and in consequence, a small amount of precaution will preserve the channel formed to the basins.

The height of the land level of Galle Face road at entrance of dock, is 9 feet above the sea, and to surface Lake-water 3 feet, giving an average depth of water 6 feet over the whole, and equals a saving of cubic yards 152,600 in excavation; then soft mud to a depth of 3 feet reduces the labor at that level to one half, and equals C. yards 50,860 making a saving of 1,031,460 in excavation, saved by the existence of the Lake.

The retaining walls of dock basin would be composed of well-seasoned cabook, in blocks of larger dimensions than those in use for ordinary building purposes, and firmly secured in place by bays of stone coursing, into which would be fitted the vertical tenders for protection against the friction caused by the motion of the vessels. The stone intended for the basins light-house might be advantageously used for this purpose; the made ground extending across the narrow neck of the Lake, on which the workshops and graving docks are shown, is retained by the curtain walls constructed with sloped piling, between each of which is fitted iron plating or masonry.

For the smaller buildings, sheds &c., it is proposed to use iron as much possible, as being more durable, and less expensive than the material locally used in building. The P. and O. Company at Garden Beach, Calcutta, covered an area of 40,000 feet super, of double corrugated iron roofing supported on columns, and after a trial of three seasons of gales, was pronounced the most effective system of covering space employed in that Port.

For lifting, and motive power, steam and Hydraulic pressure would be employed—the former for pumping purposes, and in working machinery in fitting shop, the latter in supplying shears and cranes throughout the dock.

The water supply to shipping could be obtained by reserving a portion of the Lake, as a reservoir, filtering the water by the ordinary means, or, if the lake water is not pure, a supply of water could be easily obtained from the higher level of Maradahn through a main connecting with a reservoir which, being at Lake level, would be 6 feet above level of dock water, and ships' tanks 10 feet below. No artificial power would be required to lay on the supply, but simply to main put down along the inside of the dock, having supply-unions at intervals to suit positions of berths, with lengths of flexible supply tubing to convey the water on board ship.

The buildings shown on Port side of dock, are calculated to supply the requirements of both the P. & O. Company and Messageries Impériales with storage room for merchandise baggage &c., &c., also with office accommodation, along the front side in sufficient length and width for two of the largest ships at present employed by either Company, and additional accommodation for two others of the same class on sea-face end of dock.

The dock master's office is situated near the main entrance, and would be supplied with necessary signals &c., for communicating with Fort signals station or seaward. The superintendence of the opening or working the draw-bridge would rest with him, and the hours for admission or release of ships would be arranged, as to fall in the intervals between morning and noon when Galle Face road is comparatively little used. Estimated time for clearing or entering an ordinary-sized ship is three minutes.

For the convenience of out-door offices of the Customs, portable offices on wheels and working on the lines of rails, throughout the docks and warehouses, would be provided, and might be taken, if necessary, as far as the site of the bonded warehouse Company's premises on the Lake side, which a line of railway would pass to the Maradahn terminus.

For the operation of ballasting ships, arrangements could be made by the railway authorities to convey the trucks of the dock company over the line to and from a convenient spot pointed out as suitable for the purpose, distant some ten miles from Colombo; or failing this, a supply could be obtained by extending the proposed line to the new pier near sea street to a point on the shore near the pier, where stores could be obtained in abundance.

To establish a permanent and efficient depth to admit the largest class of ship, it is proposed to carry out two breakwater piers to a distance of 350 or 400 feet, to secure a constant depth of 26 feet of water, from outer end of pier to mouth of the docks. The piers would be constructed of 7 inch width iron piling, resting on screws 4 feet in diameter and put in the ground to the depth of 20 feet, or, where not practicable from the obstruction of rock, instead of the screw, would be used bed plates firmly fitted to the rock, and on which the pile would be planted. The inner or channel face of the piers would be sheeted down between the piles to an outward length, and of sufficient length to prevent the channel silting from force of the shore line waves. The superstructure of the piers would be made exceedingly rigid by the adoption of a central row of cast iron piles of larger diameter than the outer ones, laid to receive the strain and thrust of the longitudinal and diagonal bracing to be used above water line.

For the purpose of docking or clearing ships, Tug steamers would be in constant readiness and on receiving instructions would proceed immediately either to bring in the vessel at once, or to advise her to keep off until the time specified for opening Galle Face road bridge.

The foregoing are the advantages offered to Colombo by the establishment of docks, observed from the point of view offered by the present difficult system of carrying on an extensive trade in this important port.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

## WHERE ARE THE WATER CARTS?

SIR,—The dust in the Fort as you must be well aware is getting intolerable, and everybody is crying out where are the water carts? I am perfectly aware that it is impossible to prevent the dust of our streets altogether, but its disagreeable effects would be greatly reduced if the Municipality could only be prevailed upon to do their duty.

The Superintendent of Works is reprehensible and careless in all his works, but his indifference affects the public in a more offensive form than this.

I am, yours obediently,  
QUEEN'S STREET.  
Colombo, 7th July 1870.

## LOYALTY, NOTHING MORE.

SIR,—Your last issue contained a letter which I cannot help regarding as written in a wrong spirit. It went to sneer at a very interesting and graphic letter written by one of our most enterprising planters who had had the honor of entertaining H. R. H. the Duke of Edinburgh; it should be remembered that letter was not written for publication and on that account it is all the more interesting. Let me ask you, Sir, how many interesting letters have been at one time or other made public that were never intended for the public eye? I fail to see anything in that epistle from Baharunda that should have called forth such an unfriendly comment as that of your correspondent in question, who in all probability would have been only too glad to have had such an opportunity of letter writing himself.

Yours &c.  
A LOYAL SUBJECT.  
Colpetty, July 6th, 1870.

## AMUSEMENTS.

DEAR SIR,—Some few weeks ago you had a leader on the subject of amusements which you advocated as a means of keeping *mens semina in orbem*. I am not at all disposed to dissent from the idea of increasing the opportunities for amusements, and being amused, yet I am very certain there is another side to the picture which all will find out for themselves soon enough.

Here in the tropics if you will increase the hours to be devoted to amusement, you must shorten those appropriated for duty. I am not disposed to quarrel with that. But if work is to go on as usual, the amusements to any extent are incompatible with the maintenance of health and strength. Some may be able to stand it better than others, some may be young and very strong, but after a good day's work all else, especially if involving late hours, is more than ordinary strength can stand to bear, and will tell upon the health sooner or later.

It is very true that in the temperate zone all more than your programme puts forward, with impunity. There a man may spend a late evening and even part of the night in study or amusement without injury to health is not disregarded. In a word, the man who does not go to bed at a reasonable hour of what is possible here. I write chiefly of the young for the old do not generally do very much in any climate. Early rising and early exercise, there are exceptions of course, and whatever practices are incompatible with these will in the long run decrease and ultimately destroy that stock of health and strength without which life in the tropics is a burden.

Yours,  
OLD FELLOW.

## ROBBED IN A HOTEL.

SIR,—A gentleman staying at the Galle Face House was lately robbed under the following circumstances: the bedroom he engaged was connected by a door with the room occupied by Mr. Hawkins the keeper of the hotel.

It appears that Mr. Hawkins is in the habit, after retiring for the night, of going into the verandah to enjoy a fresh sea breeze so refreshing of an evening in this sultry climate.

A few nights ago a thief entered the bedroom of the gentleman, who was pillaged and succeeded in carrying off several articles of value. At the time this occurred Mr. Hawkins according to his usual custom was sitting outside in the verandah, but Mrs. Hawkins believed heard the miscreant passing through her room and called out to her husband who apparently however disregarded the summons.

From the thief being evidently so well acquainted with the plan of the house, it may be concluded that one of the servants employed on the establishment was the culprit.

I believe this is not the first case of robbery at a house, and I ask you Sir whether such occurrences are not altogether disgraceful and whether the hotel ought not to make good as far as possible the value of the stolen articles.

May observe that such charges fully warrant the managers of the Hotel in protecting the property of strangers rather than spending time in playing billiards or with the younger boarders at the hotel.

I am, yours truly,  
Colombo 8th, 1870.

## OUR LITTLE BILLS.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Being one of the many who in this Oriental East find it not such a very easy matter to make "both ends meet" in regard to one's personal comfort, I have to tender you my thanks for the interest you have shown in the cost of living out here. I have long waged war against the extortions of Appos, and all that, and by dint of daily warfare have managed to keep down the price of many bazaar articles; but these do not help us always find a ready market, so much for us. That like many other things in Ceylon, soon came to an end through incapacity, and we are now just where we were. It strikes me that if the promoters of the "Model Farm" would embrace in their labors the fattening of cattle for the Colombo market, they would act wisely. They would always find a ready market, so much for us. That like many other things in Ceylon, soon came to an end through incapacity, and we are now just where we were. 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COLOMBO:—JULY 8th, 1870.

## THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD.

By Charles Dickens.

### CHAPTER X.

**SMOOTHING THE WAY.**—It has been often enough remarked that women have a curious power of divining the characters of men, which would seem to be innate and instinctive; seeing that it is arrived at through no patient process of reasoning, that it can give no satisfactory or sufficient account of itself, and that it pronounces in the most confident manner even against accumulated observation on the part of the other sex. But it has not been quite so often remarked that this power (fallible, like every other human attribute), is for the most part absolutely incapable of self-revision; and that when it has delivered an adverse opinion which by all human lights is subsequently proved to have failed, it is undistinguishable from prejudice, in respect of its determination not to be corrected. Nay, the very possibility of contradiction or disproof, however remote, communicates to this feminine judgment from the first, in nine cases out of ten, the weakness attendant on the testimony of an interested witness: so personally and strongly does the fair diviner connect herself with her divination.

"Now, don't you think, Ma dear," said the Minor Canon to his mother one day as she sat at her knitting in his little book room, "that you are rather hard on Mr. Neville?"

"No, I do not, Sept," returned the old lady.

"Let us discuss it, Ma."

"I have no objection to discuss it, Sept. I trust, my dear, I am always open to discussion." There was a vibration in the old lady's cap, as though she internally added: "and I should like to see the discussion that would change my mind!"

"Very good, Ma," said her conciliatory son. "There is nothing like being open to discussion."

"I hope not, my dear," returned the old lady, evidently shut to it.

"Well! Mr. Neville, on that unfortunate occasion commits himself under provocation."

"And under mulled wine," added the old lady.

"I must admit the wine. Though I believe the two young men were much alike in that regard."

"I don't!" said the old lady.

"Why not, Ma?"

"Because I don't," said the old lady.

"Still, I am quite open to discussion."

"But, my dear Ma, I cannot see how we are to discuss, if you take that line."

"Blame Mr. Neville for it, Sept, and not me," said the old lady, with stately severity.

At these words Mr. Crisparkle fell into a little reverie; in which he thought of several things. He thought of the times he had seen the brother and sister together in deep converse over one of his own old college books; now, in the rainy mornings, when he made those sharpening pilgrimages to Cloisterham Weir; now, in the sombre evenings, when he faced the wind at sunset, having climbed his favourite outlook, a beetling fragment of monastery ruin; and the two studious figures passed below him along the margin of the river, in which the town fires and lights already alone, making the landscape bleaker. He thought how the consciousness had stolen upon him that in teaching one, he was teaching two; and how he had almost insensibly adapted his explanations to both minds—that with which his own was daily in contact, and that which he only approached through it. He thought of the gossip that had reached him from the Nuns' House, to the effect that Helena, who he had mistrusted as so proud and fierce, submitted herself to the fairy-bride (as he called her), and learnt from her what she knew. He thought of the picturesque alliance between those two, externally so very different. He thought—perhaps most of all—could it be that these things were yet but so many weeks old, and had become an integral part of his life?

As, whenever the Reverend Septimus fell a-musing, his good mother took it to be an infallible sign that he "wanted support," the blooming old lady made all haste to the dining-room closet, to produce from it the support embodied in a glass of Constantia and a home-made biscuit. It was a most wonderful closet, worthy of Cloisterham and of Minor Canon Corner. Above it, a portrait of Handel in a flowing wig beamed down at the spectator, with a knowing air of being up to the contents of the closet, and a musical air of intending to combine all its harmonies in one delicious fugue. No common closet with a vulgar door on hinges, openable all at once, and leaving nothing to be disclosed by degrees; this rare closet had a lock in mid-air, where two perpendicular slides met: the one falling down, and the other pushing up. The upper slide, on being

pulled down (leaving the lower a double mystery), revealed deep shelves of pickle-jars, jam-pots, tin canisters, spice-boxes, and agreeably outlandish vessels of blue and white, the lucious lodgings of preserved tamarinds and ginger. Every benevolent inhabitant of this retreat had his name inscribed upon his stomach. The pickles, in a uniform of rich brown double-breasted buttoned coat, and yellow or sombre drab continuations, announced their portly forms, in printed capitals, as Walnut, Gherkin, Onion, Cabbage, Cauliflower, Mixed, and other members of that noble family. The jams, as being of a less masculine temperament, and as wearing curlpapers, announced themselves in feminine caligraphy, like a soft whisper, to be Raspberry, Gooseberry, Apricot, Plum, Damson, Apple, and so forth. The scene closing on these charmers, and the lower slide ascending, oranges were revealed, attended by a mighty japed sugar-box, to temper their acerbity if unripe. Home-made biscuits waited at the Court of these Powers, accompanied by a goodly fragment of plum-cake, and various slender ladies' fingers, to be dipped into sweet wine and kissed. Lowest of all, a compact leaden vault enshrined the sweet wine and a stock of cordials: whence issued whispers of Seville Orange, Lemon, Almond, and Caraway-seed. There was a crowning air upon this closet of closets, of having been for ages hummed through by the Cathedral bell and organ, until those venerable bees had made sublimated honey of everything in store; and it was always observed that every dipper among the shelves (deep, as has been noticed and swallowing up head, shoulders, and (l-bows), came forth again me low-faced, and seeming to have undergone a saccharine transfiguration.

The Reverend Septimus yielded himself up quite as willing a victim to a nauseous medicinal herb-closet, also presided over by the chime shepherdless, as to this glorious cupboard. To what amazing infusions of gontian, peppermint, gillflower, sage, parsley, thyme, rue, and many, and dandelion, did his courageous stomach submit itself! In what wonderful wrappers enclosing layers of dried leaves, would he swathe his rosy and contented face, if his mother suspected him of a toothache! What botanical blotches would he cheerfully stick upon his cheek, or forehead, if the dear old lady convicted him of an imperceptible pimple there! Into this herbaceous penitentiary, situated on an upper staircase landing: a low and narrow whitewashed cell, where bunches of dried leaves hung from rusty hooks in the ceiling, and were spread out upon shelves, in company with portentous bottles: would the Reverend Septimus submissively be led, like the highly-popular lamb who has so long and unresistingly been led to the slaughter, and there would he, unlike that lamb, bore nobody but himself. Not even doing that much, so that the old lady were busy and pleased, he would quietly swallow what was given him, merely taking a corrective dip of hands and face into the great bowl of dried rose-leaves, and into the other great bowl of dried lavender, and then would go out, as confident in the sweetening powers of Cloisterham Weir and a wholesome mind, as Lady Macbeth was hopeless of those of all the seas that roll.

In the present instance the good minor Canon took his glass of Constantia with an excellent grace, and so supported to his mother's satisfaction, applied himself to the remaining duties of the day. In their orderly and punctual progress they brought round Vesper Service and twilight. The Cathedral being very cold, he set off for a brisk trot after service; the trot to end in a charge at his favorite fragment of ruin, which was to be carried by storm, without a pause for breath.

He carried it in a masterly manner, and not breathed even then stood looking down upon the river. The river at Cloisterham is sufficiently near the sea to throw up oftentimes a quantity of seaweed. An unusual quantity had come in with the last tide, and this, and the confusion of the water, and the restless dipping and flapping of the noisy gulls, and an angry light outwards beyond-sailed barges that were turning black, foreshadowed a stormy night. In his mind he was contrasting the wild and noisy sea with the quiet harbour of Minor Canon Corner, when Helena and Neville Landless passed below him. He had had the two together in his thoughts all day, and at once climbed down to speak them together. The footing was rough in an uncertain light for any tread save that of a good climber; but the Minor Canon was as good a climber as most men, and stood beside them before many good climbers would have been half-way down.

"A wild evening, Miss Landless! Do you not find your usual walk with your brother too exposed and cold for the time of

year? Or at all events, when the sun is down, and the weather is driving in from the sea."

Helena thought not. It was their favorite walk. It was very retired.

"It is very retired," assented Mr. Crisparkle, laying hold of his opportunity straight-way, and walking on with them.

"It is a place of all others where one can speak without interruption, as I wish to do. Mr. Neville, I believe you tell your sister everything that passes between us?"

"Everything, sir."

"Consequently," said Mr. Crisparkle, "your sister is aware that I have repeatedly urged you to make some kind of apology for that unfortunate occurrence which befell, on the night of your arrival here."

In saying it he looked to her, and not to him; therefore it was she, and not he, who replied:

"Yes."

"I call it unfortunate, Miss Helena," resumed Mr. Crisparkle, "forasmuch as it certainly has engendered a prejudice against Neville. There is a notion about, that he is a dangerously passionate fellow, of an uncontrollable and furious temper: he is really avoided as such."

"I have no doubt he is, poor fellow" with a look of pride and compassion at her brother, expressing a deep sense of his being ungenerously treated. "I should be quite sure of it, from your saying so; but what you tell me is confirmed by suppressed hints and references that I meet with every day."

"Now" Mr. Crisparkle again resumed, in a tone of mild though firm persuasion, "is not this to be regretted: and ought it not to be amended? These are early days of Neville's in Cloisterham, and I have no fear of his outliving such a prejudice, and proving himself to have been misunderstood. But how much wiser to take action at once, than to trust to uncertain time! Besides; apart from its being politic, it is right. For there can be no question that Neville was wrong."

"He was provoked," Helena submitted.

"He was the assailant," Mr. Crisparkle submitted.

They walked on in silence, until Helena raised her eyes to the Minor Canon's face, and said, almost reproachfully: "Oh, Mr. Crisparkle, would you have Neville throw himself at young Drood's feet, or at Mr. Jasper's, who maligates him every day! In your heart you cannot mean it. From your heart you could not do it, if his case were yours."

"I have represented to Mr. Crisparkle, Helen," said Neville, with a glance of deference towards his tutor, "that if I could do it from my heart, I would. But I cannot, and I revolt from the pretence. You forget, however, that, to put the case to Mr. Crisparkle as his own, it to suppose Mr. Crisparkle to have done what I did."

"You see," said Helena.

"Help me to clear myself with Mr. Crisparkle, Helena. Help me to convince him that I cannot be the first to make concessions without mockery and falsehood. My nature must be changed before I can do so, and it is not changed. I am sensible of unexpressible affront, and I am angry. The plain truth is, I am still angry when I recall that night as I was that night."

"Neville," hinted the Minor Canon, with a steady countenance, "you have repeated that former action of your hands, which I so much dislike."

"I am sorry for it, sir, but it was involuntary. I confessed that I was still as angry."

"And I confess," said Mr. Crisparkle, "that I hoped for better things."

"I am sorry to disappoint you, sir, but it would be far worse to deceive you, and I should deceive you grossly if I pretended that you had softened me in this respect. The time may come when your powerful influence will do even that with the difficult pupil whose antecedents you know; but it has not come yet. Is this so, and in spite of my struggles against myself, Helena?"

She, whose dark eyes were watching the effect of what he said on Mr. Crisparkle's face, replied—to Mr. Crisparkle: not to him: "It is so." After a short pause, she answered the slightest look of inquiry conceivable, in her brother's eyes, with a slight affirmative bend of her own head; and he went on:

"I have never yet had the courage to say to you, sir, what in full openness I ought to have said when you first talked with me on this subject. It is not easy to say, and I have been withheld by a fear of its seeming ridiculous, which is very strong upon me down to this last moment, and might, for my sister, prevent my being quite open with you even now.—I admire Miss Bud, sir, so very much, that I cannot bear her being treated with conceit or indifference; and even if I did not feel that I had an injury against young Drood on my own

account, I should feel that I had an injury against him on hers."

Mr. Crisparkle, in utter amazement, looked at Helena for corroboration, and met in her expressive face full corroboration, and a plea for advice.

"The young lady of whom you speak is, as you know, Mr. Neville, shortly to be married," said Mr. Crisparkle, gravely; "therefore your admiration, if it be of that special nature which you seem to indicate, is outrageously misplaced. Moreover, it is monstrous that you should take upon yourself to be the young lady's champion against her chosen husband. Besides, you have seen them only once. The young lady has become your sister's friend; and I wonder that your sister, even on her behalf, has not checked you in this irrational and culpable fancy."

"She has tried, sir, but uselessly. Husband or no husband, that fellow is incapable of the feeling with which I am inspired towards the beautiful young creature whom he treats like a doll. I say he is incapable of it, as he is unworthy of her. I say she is sacrificed in being bestowed upon him. I say that I love her, and despise and hate him!" This with a face so flushed, and a gesture so violent, that his sister, crossed to his side, and caught his arm remonstrating, "Neville, Neville!"

Thus recalled to himself, he quickly became sensible of having lost the guard he had set upon his passionate tendency, and covered his face with his hand, as one repentant, and wretched.

Mr. Crisparkle, watching him attentively and at the same time meditating how to proceed, walked on for some paces in silence. Then he spoke:

"Mr. Neville, Mr. Neville, I am sorely grieved to see in you more traces of a character as sullen, angry, and wild, as the night now closing in. This feud between you and young Drood must not go on. I cannot permit it to go on, any longer, knowing what I now know from you, and you living under my roof. On reflection, and on your sister's representation, I am willing to admit that, in making peace with young Drood you have a right to be met half-way. I will engage that you shall be and even that young Drood shall make the first advance. This condition fulfilled, you will pledge me the honor of a Christian gentleman that the quarrel is for ever at an end on your side. The young man twice or thrice essayed to speak, but failed.

"Let me leave you with your sister, whom it is time you took home," said Mr. Crisparkle.

"You will find me also in my room by-and-by."

"Pray do not leave us yet," Helena implored him, "another minute."

"I should not," said Neville, pressing his hands upon his face, "have needed so much as another minute, if you had been less patient with me. Mr. Crisparkle, less considerate of me, and less unpretending, good and true. Oh, if in my childhood I had known such a guide!"

"Follow your guide now, Neville," murmured Helena, "and follow him to Heaven!"

There was that in her tone which broke the good Minor Canon's voice, or it would have repudiated her exaltation of him. As it was, he laid a finger on his lips, and looked towards her brother.

"To say that I give both pledges, Mr. Crisparkle, out of my innermost heart, and to say that there is no treachery in it, is to say nothing! Thus Neville, greatly moved. 'I beg your forgiveness for my miserable lapse into a burst of passion.'"

"Not mine, Neville, not mine. You know with whom forgiveness lies, as the highest attribute conceivable. Miss Helena, you and your brother are twin children. You came into this world with the same dispositions, and you passed your younger days, you have overcome in yourself, can you not overcome in him? You see the rock that lies in his course. Who but you can keep him clear of it?"

"Who but you, sir?" replied Helena. "What is my influence, or my weak wisdom, compared with yours?"

"You have the wisdom of Love," returned the Minor Canon, "and it was the highest wisdom ever known upon this earth, remember, As to mine—but the less said of that commonplace commodity the better. Good night!"

She took the hand he offered her, and gratefully and almost reverently raised it to her lips.

"Tut!" said the Minor Canon, softly, "I am much overpaid!" And turned away.

Retracing his steps towards the Cathedral Close, he tried, as he went along in the dark to think out the best means of bringing to pass what he had promised to effect, and what must somehow be done. "I shall probably be asked to marry them," he reflected, "and I would they were married and gone! But this presses first." He debated principally, whether he should write to young Drood, or whether he should speak to Jasper. The consciousness of being popular with the whole Cathedral establishment inclined him to the latter course, and the well-timed sight of the lighted gatehouse decided him to take it. "I will strike while the iron is hot," he said, "and see him now."



## THE OLD LOVE AND THE NEW.

This is a book which it is rather difficult to criticize fairly. Sir E. Greasy begins with a preface which may be regarded as more or less in the nature of an appeal for mercy. A good deal of his novel, he tells us, was written many years ago, and the task of remodelling and completing it "has helped to soothe many months of travel and illness," and has called up "recollections of old classical studies, and of the friends who were his comrades and competitors in those studies." It is pardonable or we should perhaps say creditable, for a gentleman to struggle against the annoyances of "travel and illness" by looking up his old classical recollections, and even by setting them into the form of a novel. It is amiable in him to receive additional pleasure from the memories of Eton and King's College which his labours bring to life; and perhaps we ought not to be too hard upon him if he infers in somewhat to sanguine a spirit, that what has given him pleasure will give pleasure to the world at large. Many people indeed have not been at Eton nor at King's College, and there are, we fear some persons to whom a recollection of the classical labours of their youth is not productive of unmixed satisfaction. But the neglect of these obvious considerations shows at any rate a certain touching confidence in the benevolence of the public, and in the critical leniency of modern reviewers, which we can but take as in some sort a compliment to ourselves. You, the author seems to say to his natural enemy, are of so placable and friendly a disposition that you will certainly overlook the faults of my pen when you are told that its composition has soothed my illness, and taken me back in imagination to the long chamber at Eton or the lecture-room at King's College. It is hard to resist such an appeal; and we will add that the book, whatever its shortcomings, is free from any positive cause of offence. It is not pretentious or bombastic, or in any way provocative of any emotion more disagreeable than a certain faint disposition to yawn. How are we to find language sufficiently delicate to intimate without pain to the author who justice to our readers forbids us altogether to conceal, that *The Old Love and the New* is not precisely a book to form an epoch in fictitious literature, and that it is not quite out of question that some of those who set out most gallantly "a little after day-break on a spring morning in the last year of the 87th Olympiad" may fail to follow to their conclusion the fortunes of "the little party which was then seen winding up the mountain road which leads upward from the Eleusinian plain amongst the spurs of Mount Cithæron?" There are various ways in which we might attempt to discharge our duty. We might, for example, take the profound antiquarian line of criticism, and point out that Sir Edward is not quite so familiar as he ought to be with the details of an Athenian galley, or with the dates of the composition of certain Greek plays, or with the mode of celebrating the lesser Panathenæa. We shall not enter this tempting line of investigation, inasmuch as Sir Edward has himself disclaimed any pretensions to severe accuracy, and also because we conceive that accuracy in such points is not of any great importance. If a novelist can secure the praise of being graphic and interesting, he may safely laugh at critics who pick holes in the accuracy of his costume, or who point out that some of his characters may have lived at entirely different epochs from those assigned in his pages. *Isoschæ*, for example, is just as amusing a book and just as good a work of art, however superficial may have been Sir Walter Scott's knowledge of the times which he undertook to describe. Whether it is morally justifiable for a great writer to draw so vivid a picture of a past historical epoch as totally to distort the conceptions of his confiding readers, is a question to be argued on different grounds; but the picture may be brilliant, though it is like nothing that ever existed in this prosaic world. Historical novels, it has been said on high authority, are mortal enemies to history; and as such we may leave it to historians to describe them. For the present we must confine ourselves to considering their position in the sphere of fiction; and one is sometimes tempted to make the remark that, if they are bad as histories, they are almost worse as novels. We shall perhaps be indicating our objections to *The Old Love and the New* most inoffensively if we point out the way in which it has suffered from the difficulties which have proved fatal in some literary artists of the highest reputation.

An historical novel, then, may be considered as oscillating between two extremes, according as the writer is mastered by, or masters, his materials. The most depressing form of the art is that in which the fiction is merely a vehicle for imparting antiquarian information, and where the course of the story is determined by the necessity of explaining the system of mediæval fortification or the condition of the Roman currency. Into this lowest depth of all Sir Edward does not sink. He gets into a rather dangerous vein of disquisition at times, and when he touches upon nautical manoeuvres we are especially apt to catch sight of the schoolmaster in disguise. We have no objection to an animated account of a naval combat; but we have a distinct objection to receiving lectures upon the naval architecture of Athens under the thin disguise of affording explanations necessary for the story. There is a battle in *The Old Love and the New*, which has a strong resemblance to the spirited sea-fight in *Westward Ho!* At this point the lecturer begins to show himself under the veil of the novelist; but we are happy to say that the temptation is on the whole avoided, and that the Dictionary of

Antiquities is used with a sparing hand. There is another temptation of a similar character from which Sir Edward has not so successfully preserved himself. If that kind of matter which undergraduates describe as "cram" is the most offensive compound, we also object very strongly to undiluted bits of history. A novelist may occasionally introduce historical character, if he holds himself equal to the task, but he should generally steer clear of leading historical events. They are unmanageable in themselves, and contrast rather awkwardly with the purely fictitious narrative in which they are imbedded. We like to be allowed to consider the story as a bit of hitherto undiscovered history, and not to be brought into too great collision with the established facts. We confess that, even in the burlesque proceedings of Dumas's Three Musketeers, we rather resent than share in the execution of Charles I. Such fantastic beings should give a wide berth to uncompromising realities. Sir Edward Greasy introduces us to Socrates in the market-place, but he very judiciously withdraws his hero before much progress has been made in the definition of justice; and we cannot blame him for allowing one or two distinguished personages to pass, as it were, across the background. On the other hand we are treated at rather too great length to a new account of the siege of Plataeæ. It is undoubtedly a very interesting story; but we confess that, when we wish for the facts, we should prefer Thucydides to Sir Edward Greasy; and when we are in the humor for fiction, we think that the awkward impediments to a free imaginative treatment imposed by the necessity of keeping with more or less strictness, to the historic narrative, might as well have been avoided. The hero might have been provided with work of a similar character elsewhere, in which the exigencies of the story would have come less awkwardly into conflict with the truth of the situation.

We do not look upon this sin against taste as a very grave one, but another defect is more serious. An historical novelist, whose object is rather to amuse us than to give us information, should do one of two things. If he is not so thoroughly penetrated with the spirit of the times he is describing as to be able to reproduce the scenery and the sentiment of the past he may perhaps use ancient story merely as suggesting new situations, and give us the subjects of Queen Victoria masquerading in the costume of the ancient Athenians. *Esmond* may be taken as an example of the work of a great literary artist who has succeeded in transporting himself backwards for a century and a half; though it may be doubted whether any but the very greatest writers have sufficient imaginative power to leap into still more distant epochs, and even *Esmond* may be thought by some critics to show that the author's power was rather cramped by his self-imposed conditions. Of the other variety of writing we might take Shakespeare's historical plays as the highest example, where the Greeks and Romans and mediæval heroes make no attempt to preserve the local colouring, but are simply contemporary Englishmen placed in new positions. Either of these methods may be considered legitimate; but we fear that Sir Edward Greasy has made an awkward compromise between them. His Athenians try very hard to be genuine Athenians, although there is no parade of learning. They evidently believe them to be living in the 87th Olympiad, and though it is true that one of them quotes Shelley—rather exceeding any of the Shakspearian feats of anachronism—he apologizes for the mistake, and requests us to believe that Shelley's lines were a translation from some Greek author. We are supposed to be living in Athens, quoting Athenian poets, believing in the Athenian divinities, and generally taking care to avoid any gross blunders. And yet the story is intrinsically unlike-like, because it is made to turn upon the loves of two beautiful young ladies for an Athenian hero. They meet him at dinner-parties, write notes to him, and carry on a flirtation with him precisely after the fashion of two of Mr. Trollope's young women. An attempt is made to explain the singular freedom allowed to those interesting beings, so remarkably unlike the ordinary Greek sentiment; and one of them is made to show a certain indifference to murder and slave-staling, which may certainly redeem her from being an ordinary nineteenth-century female. Still we think that when Sir E. Greasy resolved to lay his scene in Athens, he should have renounced appealing to us by the same set of motives as are perfectly natural and proper in *The Small Mouse at Allington* or in *Barchester Towers*. A young Greek commander is not likely to be tormented by such delicate scruples as to marrying one girl after having carried on a flirtation with another, who moreover is believed to be dead, as might very naturally beset Mr. Adolphus Crosby when he resolved to jilt Lily Dale. On the other hand, if we are to take the Greek names and Greek events as merely so many pegs on which to hang modern sentiments, Sir Edward has given himself a great deal of unnecessary trouble in adhering to Thucydides and in quoting the Dictionary of Antiquities.

We will not go further in our criticisms; but are impelled to say that *The Old Love and the New* appears to us to be a kind of literary by-product, which is not quite an antiquarian investigation in the shape of a novel, nor a genuine picture of ancient modes of thought and sentiment, nor a modern novel arbitrarily disguised under ancient names. It has something of all three, and is deficient in the vivid and picturesque power which would be essential to any one of them; but it has few positive faults; and persons who would like to rub up the memory of an episode or two of the Peloponnesian war may glance through it without annoyance.—*Saturday Review*.

## VARIETIES.

When in London, early in life, Sir David Brewster dined with a somewhat eccentric philosopher named Cavendish, who invariably had a leg of mutton for his solitary dinner. On one occasion Cavendish announced to his servant that six gentlemen were to dine with him that day. "What am I to give them for dinner?" ejaculated the factotum in dismay; "an ell of mutton won't do for six gentlemen." "Then give them six legs of mutton!" was the philosophical reply.

A CUTE TRICK.—The following story is an amusing illustration of the tricks to which Barnum resorted to to make his museum in New York "the town wonder, and the town talk." A man came to his office one morning begging, and complained that he could get no work. Barnum offered the man a dollar and a half a day if he would take five common bricks and "go and lay one brick on the side-walk at the corner of Broadway and Ann Street; another close by the Museum; a third diagonally across the way, at the corner of Broadway and Vesey Street; the fourth, on the side-walk in front of St. Paul's Church opposite," with the fifth brick he was to march rapidly and in a military manner from brick to brick, stepping at each, taking it up and placing in its stead that which he held in his hand. He was to preserve a rigid silence and a serious countenance, to pay no attention to questions, and at the end of every hour to enter the museum, walking solemnly through every hall in the building, pass out, and resume his work. Before the man had been half an hour at this employment, "at least five hundred people were watching his mysterious movements." "At the end of the first hour," said Barnum, "the side-walks in the vicinity were packed with people all anxious to solve the mystery, . . . and whenever the man went into the museum, a dozen or more persons would buy tickets and follow him, hoping to gratify their curiosity with regard to the purpose of his movements. This was continued for several days, till finally the policeman, to whom I had imparted my object, complained that the obstruction of the sidewalks had become so serious that I must call in my brick man."

SPONSOR AND RESPONDER, SIR.—*God bless (who was a little remiss at the christening)*: Well, my boy, you know your catechism. I suppose. Yes? Well, what did your god-fathers then do or say? *Smart Child*: Why, one of 'em gave me a silver mug, and the other—didn't.

A NUDE MISSIONARY MEETING.—A clergyman, the other Sunday, in a country town, announced to his flock—"There is to be a missionary meeting this evening in the school. I do not mean those who are here to attend, as this meeting is intended for those who have no clothes; and if any of you were to appear it would put them in an awkward position."

FRENCH-ENGLISH.—In a small shop window in the Faubourg St. Germain, Paris, is the advertisement of a patent inkstand, in four languages. It is to be hoped the two other versions of the French announcement are as good as the English one, which says: "People wishes to sell out at very good condition this patent right, which would offer much profit to those who would try to value it."

THE WILTSHIRE DIALOGUE.—The following dialogue actually took place a short time since, between a visiting examiner and a pupil in a school near Salisbury: "Now, then, the first boy of the grammar class." First boy: Here I be, sir. Examiner: "Well, my good boy, can you tell me what vowels are?" First boy: "Vowels, sir? Ees, of course I can." Examiner: "Tell me, then, what are vowels." First boy: "Vowels, sir? Why, vowels be chickens!"

"Why Did He Marry Her?" is the title of a new love story. Probably he was afraid if he didn't marry her she would sue him for breach of promise.

A French merchant of our acquaintance pleads that he cannot meet his engagements because the money market is so tight—he means "tight."—*The Hornet*.

A Baltimore couple, recently married, appended to the announcement of the fact in the papers:—"Advertised for the benefit of a few of our inquisitive friends."

At a pleasant party at Collier's, Lamb was in high spirits. Punssters being abused, and the old joke repeated, that he who puns will pick a pocket, some one said, "Punssters themselves have no pockets."—"No," said Lamb, "they carry only a ridicule."

The presentation of a diamond ring to a Cincinnati actress, the other day, gave a gifted reporter of that city the opportunity for this remarkable outburst:—"It was a trifling tribute from an humble admirer of the noble drama to a brilliant beacon upon the sunset tower of histrionic genius."

WAKE SNAKES.—The sharp competition in the newspaper trade has had the effect of waking up our sleepy dailies, and some notable improvements are the result. The *Bulletin* has gone recklessly into editorials, and presents us each day with a mass of wisdom that is absolutely appalling. The *Call*, with a more judicious acuteness, has expended untold pænes upon general improvement. The *Examiner* has almost discarded the meat and bludgeon, and is become a more courteous general antagonist without losing an atom of its common sense. Even the *Atlas* has shaken out her frowsy locks, smoothed the creases out of her rumpled calico, rubbed her eyes, yawned, and gone about her business like a giantess refreshed. It must be a matter of endless amazement to Professor Fitz-Smythe how that sheet has come out since it left him. The playful humor of the gamboling hippopotamus, the flashes of elephantine stupidity, which once pervaded every department, from the new advertisements to the funeral notices, have all been concentrated in the editorial notes, where they are much more effective than when spread thinly over the entire surface of the paper. The local matter, over which we used to smile and weep by turns, and in which we used to grope for wormy jokes like a duck at the bottom of a horse pond, we seldom look at now. It is no longer a mine for the grubbing satirist. The cheerful qualities which erst distinguished it have dropped inconspicuously out, and given place to strong good sense and unimpeachable reports of actual occurrences. It has degenerated into what no local department has a right to be; a trustworthy record of real events—an epitome of the more important doings of the city. It is even well written in faultless English. There is seldom a joint in its armour into which we may thrust a lance. Now let us ask the *Atlas* candidly—Does it think this is treating us like a man and brother? But, Lord, how we do run on! The *Chronicle* is insufferably stupid and the editor is addicted to the use of "as though" for "as if." As if he had not been properly educated—which is not for a moment to be supposed.—*American Paper*.

A WRITER in the *Delhi Gazette* is responsible for the following story:—"A native who, in a quarrel with neighbour, had managed to bite off the better part of his adversary's nose, on being arraigned on the charge of assault and battery, stated in his defence, in support of which he was prepared to produce at least half-a-score of witnesses, all good men and true, that it was well known that there had existed a feud of long standing between the rival houses of Ramdeen, with the view of embarrassing him, the defendant, Ramdial, had bitten off his own nose for the purpose of bringing the charge!"

An enterprising undertaker in Illinois sent the following expressly cool note to a sick man: "Dear Sir, having positive proof that you are rapidly approaching death's gate, I have, therefore, thought it not imprudent to call your attention to the inclosed advertisement of my abundant stock of ready-made coffins, and desire to make the suggestion that you signify to your friends a wish for the purchase of your burial outfit at my establishment."

A Parisian, in his late visit to the Pyramids, where all the world has lately been, announces that he found the interior of the wall a fragment papyrus, being nothing else than the receipt of a chemist in the time of Pharaoh, for making a liquor which produces beauty, wit, prudence and virtue in those that drink it, and to whose efficacy the excellence of Joseph's character may be traced. Price, thirty francs the dozen bottles.

A young man who had come into possession of a large property by the death of his brother, was asked how he was getting along. "Oh," said he, "I am having a dreadful time! What with getting out letters of administration, and attending a probate court, and settling claims, I sometimes wish he hadn't died!"

A New York paper says that a laborer in an ice-house, Down-East was killed by a large lump of ice falling on his head. Verdict of the jury. "Died of hard drink."

THE RIGHT SORT OF COT.—An old cynic at a concert the other night in the programme the title of a song viz., "O give me a cot in the valley I love." Reading it attentively, he growled out, "Well, if I had my choice, I should ask for a bedstead."

SILLY PAT! what makes you stare after that rabbit, when your gun has no lock on it?—Hush, hush my darlin', the rabbit don't know that."

In religious excitement in a country town a person met a neighbour, who took him by the hand and said, "I have become a Christian."—"I am glad of it," was the reply, for I suppose we shall now have a settlement of that little account between us. Pay me what thou owest."—"No," said the new-born Christian, turning on his heel, "religion is religion, and business is business."

MR. ABERNETHY rarely met his match, but on one occasion he fairly owned that he had. He was sent for by an innkeeper who had had a quarrel with his wife, who had scarred his face with her nails, so that the poor man was bleeding and much disfigured. Abernethy thought this an opportunity not to be lost for admonishing the offender, and said, "Madam, are you not ashamed of yourself to treat your husband thus—the husband who is the head of all—your head, madam, in fact?"—"Well, doctor," fiercely returned the wago, "an' I may I not scratch my own head?"

NO REMEDY.—A poor man who had been sick, on being asked whether he had taken any remedy, replied: "No, I haven't taken any remedy, but I've taken lots of physic."

HEARD.—"Why, dear me, Mr. Longswallow," said a good old lady, "how can you drink a whole quart of that hard cider at a single draught?"—"As soon as the man could breathe again, he replied, 'I beg pardon, madam, but upon my soul it was so hard I couldn't bite it off.'"

HARD UPON THE SEX.—A bachelor thus impeaches woman:—"I impeach her in the name of the great whale of the ocean, who e bones are torn asunder to enable her to keep straight. I impeach her in the name of the peacock, whose strut without his permission, she has stealthily and without honour assumed. I impeach her in the name of the horse, whose tail she has perverted from its use to the making of wavy tresses to decorate the back of the head and neck. I impeach her in the name of the kangaroo, whose beautiful figure she, in taking upon herself the Grecian bend, has brought into ill-favour and disrepute."—*Chicago Times*.

A VERY "absent-minded" professor was coming out of a college one day, when a cow brushed slightly against him; the doctor mechanically lifted his hat and muttered, "I beg your pardon, ma'am." He was a good deal rallied about this, and a day or two afterwards, as he was again coming from his class he stumbled against a lady, and at once exclaimed, "Is that you again, you beast?"

## THAT ONE LITTLE TOUCHING AFFAIR.

In "the Circular" first I espied her,  
She was riding a pretty brown mare;  
I can never forget our first meeting,  
Or that one little touching affair.

'Twas just where the Rifle band plays,  
One glance at that face fresh and fair,  
The first seeds were sown which bore fruit,  
In that one little touching affair.

She was tall, yet most charmingly form'd,  
Her figure was perfect, I swear,  
In her lost my heart, save the once,  
In that one little touching affair.

I saw her again the next evening,  
It was dusk, but the gleam of her hair,  
Retrayed the sweet source of my sorrow,  
And that one little touching affair.

I approach'd the sweet angel I worshipp'd,  
I whisper'd my love in a prayer:  
She trembled and blushed, it was thrilling!  
Ah! that one little touching affair.

She reclined in my arms, as she murmured,  
Alas fleeting pleasure so rare!  
I supported her head on my bosom,  
In that one little touching affair.

Our lips met in sweetest collision,  
She sigh'd "we must part I declare,  
Tis dinner time! O what would Charles say,  
At this one little touching affair?"

I vowed that I loved her, I prayed her,  
For my sake all others to dare,  
But she shrill'd "O that would be silly,  
For this one little touching affair."

The next evening I borrowed a charger,  
A Chestnut, his name was "All There,"  
I have noticed his hoofs have been shaky,  
Since that one little touching affair.

We met, but oh! Fate! she was driving,  
On Galle Face, a low basket-chair,  
With a hairy civilian, a monster!!  
Thus ended this touching affair.

The above was picked up together with a small lace pocket-handkerchief, and a fragmentary portion of a Trinebopoli cheroot, beneath one of the seats in the Cinnamon Gardens, on Sunday evening.

## THE WOUND AND THE BALM.

Beneath an arbor's shade fair Sylvia slept,  
When tired of labor and the noonday's heat;  
Dan Cupid, roaming, on her slumber crept,  
And 'neath her dark-fringed eye-lid took his seat.  
Not long he rested; for, with straying feet,  
Young Damon wandered musing through the wood;  
And stumbling on the maiden's cool retreat,  
Arrested by her beauty, gazing stood.  
A smile played on her lips; she op'd her eyes;  
Gay Cupid grasped his bow and tiny shaft,  
With lightning speed the pointed missile flies,  
Transfixing Damon's bosom to the shaft.  
With nimble, frightened steps, the poor youth sped,  
To where his mother plied her busy wheel;  
With bated breath, these words he quickly said:  
"What balm can 'suage the anguish that I feel?"  
His mother listened with an air profound;  
Then smiling said—"Lay this, my son to heart;  
A maiden's eyes gave thee that painful wound—  
A maiden's lips alone can heal the smart."

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