

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1892.

SOCIETY IN HALIFAX

AND HOW IT REGARDS SCRIBES WHO WRITE ABOUT IT.

What the Elite Would do "If They Only Knew"—The Consequences of Carrying a Note-book—How Things Might be Different.

"Society journalism in Halifax," says a man who reads the papers, "has grown in the last few years from an exotic possibility to a tangible intrusive fact."

And he is not so far wrong. Every week we are inundated with society news. Paragraphs pertinent and drivelling, kindly or spiteful, long maundering (when news is scarce) on the turn of mind of the writer, abound; with the addition now and again of a pointed thing happily said, or a well delivered blow at a local celebrity.

The public while they buy the Saturday papers, profess to regard them as a source second only to the influenza. As to the abuse poured out on the "society correspondent" by the very people who are most eager to read his articles, it is as curious hearing as the various opinions which run riot concerning him.

One set of people are frankly amused by reading about themselves and their neighbors, and will contentedly chuckle over the feeblest of articles wherein grammar is meagre and style a thing unknown, but which gives their dearest friend three doors off, a rap over the fingers. Other individuals, to all appearance, buy a paper solely to get two or five cents worth of wrath and disgust out of it. Not a simple sentence or statement but is twisted and turned by their agile minds into a direct insult to some member of the community; to whom they forthwith feel obliged to communicate it. Unluckily it never occurs to them that the chronicler may have written that especial paragraph as padding; or at most, as news, "which will do to astonish the Browns," as one scribe safely puts it.

A third division of the patrons of society papers neither laugh nor rave over their contents. They leer politely at the ignorance, the half knowledge, or the downright invention of the writers whom they are convinced are rank outsiders, or at best only dwellers in the suburbs of society in streets from which fashion has fled. Meanwhile, a few people hint darkly to one another, that the writers of society columns are well known individuals, whose ignorance is assumed, whose mistakes are made on purpose; and who may be seen to shake in their shoes when they have produced a clever paragraph, lest they may have betrayed their identity.

But if the public is divided into districts, points of view as to the articles and personality of the society correspondents, it is one grand and unanimous whole, as far as condemnation is concerned. Every man's hand is against him. Anonymity is the only consolation (except a financial one) left that Ishmael, who is regarded by our social magnates much as a Nihilist spy might be by the Emperor of Russia. He is an outcast, a wandering sheep; clamorous friends and acquaintances who are incapable of putting two sentences together. If they could only be certain of his identity they would cut him off from their visiting list forever; failing that, they abuse his articles loudly, on the chance of the ears of the erring one being open.

Yet regarding things impartially and justly the outcast who provides the weekly news deserves more praise than blame, even from the people of whom he writes. He is forbearing and long-suffering enough in all conscience. How much of what comes to his quick ears does he put into print? A very small percentage, in sober honesty. He is, as a rule, faithful to his friends and his town; is careful to spread abroad as little as possible of what might damage the reputation of either. To prove which one has only to look on the one or two purely social scandals of the past year and contrast what was said of them by the best society with what was written by the despised writers for the Saturday papers, of whom, as far as I can remember, one only more than barely referred to the story with which the whole town was ringing.

It is impossible to deny that there have been glaring instances of petty spite; or that some correspondents display in their work "great need, great greed, and little faculty," but for the most part their columns are very harmless; their innuendoes even, arrows from a child's toy, when compared with the cloth-yard bolts of social censors in larger and more liberal centres. And at the worst they only reflect a little of the malice they hear showered on them. One obnoxious epithet, however, has delighted their souls of late. Who would not be proud of the name "Grub street scribbler." Looking back over the illustrious list of men who really wrote in Grub street: Addison, Steele, Goldsmith dwell in that contemptible locality the major part of their lives. The name is an honor.

There is, without doubt, a curious dislike innate in English people and Canadians, to any one having anything to do, in no matter how humble a capacity, with books or newspapers.

Society has a prejudice against being written up; witness the literary exploits of Mr. Ward McAllister and the decline of his social exploits in consequence. Otherwise it is a pity our correspondents cannot leave the shelter of anonymity under which he has his being, but in so small and English a town as Halifax it is impossible; once known to carry a note-book, not all the king's horses, nor all the king's men could procure any to put in it.

It is natural that people should be averse to having their doings chronicled in print; we have not yet arrived at the millennium when there shall be nothing in our daily lives which we prefer left in obscurity. And *par consequens*, every lady of any weight in society, every petty magnate who entertains, is down on the woman

supposed to "write for the papers," a fact which leads to a great proportion of the ill natured things written. A worm will turn—why not a newspaper correspondent?

Whereas given a little knowledge of the great world; a little tolerance; a little kindly feeling, (*de hacet en bas, if you like*) the magnates and dames of degree would go down to posterity none the worse for it. Their entertainments would be described as equal to the Arabian Nights in splendor. If such tolerance from high places is only to be found in Arcadia, justice is a work-a-day quality. It is hardly fair to make one or two people suspected of journalistic tendencies the scape goats for a whole town.

It is impossible to sign the frothy articles demanded by the public, till the leaders of society learn liberality. "Society" buys society journals, sends them abroad to its friends, is itself the only excuse for their being, and yet would not willingly allow the writer of a single paragraph in them to enter its gates on a footing of equality.

In print and out the battle rages. When the town is dull, people fall back on it; when the town is gay, it adds fuel to the flames.

And yet to know of what the public care to read is the great desire of every one who caters for them in social subjects. They would only too gladly obtain praise in place of blame. It is society itself which makes their paragraphs objectionable.

MORRIS GRANVILLE.

A NORTH SHORE ORATOR.

Euston Hache's Famous Address to the Electors of Gloucester County.

There are a few of the readers of PROGRESS who have not heard of the famous Caraqueet Shore oration. So far as I am aware, however, it has never appeared in print. There are many versions of it afloat, but the appended is believed to be verbatim if not more so. Its author was Euston Hache, of Caraqueet, Gloucester county, who stumped the county against Mr. Burns in the election of 1887, but prudently retired before election day. It is not easy by means of the English alphabet to convey a correct idea of Mr. Hache's oration.

Shentleman Electair of de Caraket Shore—Nere I am today behind you, shentleman, to tote you dat I am your future represen-tab-teeve for de House of Commons of Otta-wah. Everybody and oder peep as well down de Caraket shore es talk about Mr. Born. But I want to know, shentleman, what Mr. Born done or de count-tree? De first ting last on all Mr. Born done for de countree, shentleman, was to bil de walkstades from de station-houses to de village at Bathurst. Was dat good for de countree? I say no.

De next ting belor dat Mr. Born done for de countree was to bil de Caraket rode-rail way down up to Shippegang. Dat was a good ting for some peep, but a bad ting for some peep more. De first ting you see, shentleman, was tree men walk up down de poor man's feel with a beaver hat on der head and a tree-corner stick with a spy-glass on top, and troo dat poor man's feel dey walk and dere dey say de Caraket rode-rail she will pass in spite of all. Bimeby, after dat de bulgine hes come along an blo de wissel on de smokestack an scare all de cows, and de cows dey leaf der tails and run for de fence dat was bil along de track and buss der bags and speel de milk all oware de poor man's feel? You call dat good for de countree? I say no. It was no good.

Shentleman electair of de Caraket shore, I tote you one ting and dats not all—eef you go lect Mr. Born as your represen-tab-teeve for de House of Commons of Otta-wah—sure, sure, dar will be nothing left for you but de grace of God an' de crow! But, shentleman electair of de Caraket shore, eef you go lect me as your represen-tab-teeve for de House of Commons of Otta-wah, I promise you, and may I be dam eef I don forget, dat I will spick an' I will vote an' I will pass de bill to shoot de wile goose on de Caraket shore de whole year roun!

Shentleman electair of de Caraket shore, I am gine legislat for you. De bill I will bring in will make de rich man poor; de poor man he be poor too, an' what I say to you today, shentleman, I say twice more, dat I am in favare to oppose de gouvernment dat put de stumpage on de moose's tail.

Shentleman, as I tote you behind once more when you come to count de ballack-box you will fine dat Mr. Born he was turn down his toes and de peep vote for myself me.

Shentleman, you all know my re-cord. He Honerbel Robert Young, president of the Execution coun-sel, which I see not here, can tell you what I am, likewise his brudder Jack. I was a magistrat, peelah (pilot) judge of de dead (coroner) and trustee of tree schools. My fader's name he was a Hache; my moder's name he was a Cormier, and don you forget dis, mind you, shentlemen of de Caraket shore, dat those two familese mix up together like me make a dam fine breed I tote you!

BILDAID.

He's Sensitive, Though.

The average unmarried man who is old enough to be better than a single man in variably impresses me as at a loss for something to do or somewhere to go. If I see him at a hotel, at a theatre or on the streets, I always feel that I could do him a kindness if I would only go up and chat with him or walk with him a few minutes. He has the appearance of being so bored with himself that he would be glad of any relief, and I cannot help wishing that he would get over being so selfish and timid. Feeling in this way I acted on the impulse the other day and broached the matter to a good friend. What did he do? He acknowledged that he was selfish and timid, he confessed that he was horribly lonesome at all times, and then he got hopping mad at me for reminding him of his condition, going so far, even, as to offer to "put on the gloves to a finish" with me.—*Trois Free Press.*

A LEAP YEAR AUCTION.

THE GIRLS HAVE A CHANCE AT WEST BROOK MILLS.

The Successor of Post Fulton Explains the Scheme. Verse. The Eventful Day is the Thirty-First of May—All Ages Will be Accommodated.

"Poets are born, not made," said a born poet many years ago; but although Horace was born with a silver tongue between his toothless gums, his life on a Sabine farm added much to the beauty of his poetry.

There places even in his world of song, where a born poet will have his birthright taken away from him by surroundings that do much to quench the poetic fires kindled in his bosom. There are other places where every breeze fans into flame the in-born fires of a born poet.

The Lake Country of England has helped the born poets who dwell along its shores; the beauties of the Scottish lowlands have affected the songs of Burns; the breezes of the Tantramar marshes have blown into fire the fancies of our own Roberts.

And surely any man with a spark of poetry in his composition, who has visited picturesque West Brook, in the county of Cumberland, Nova Scotia, must have exclaimed, "What a place for a born poet!"

In this pretty little village is a stream that resembles the god-sent serpents that crushed the life from Laocoon. A stone oven, which evidently belonged to some relation of the Cyclops, is one of the wonders of this marvellous spot. The happy land of Canaan may be seen in the distance, and the smoke of the Springfield mines darkens the reflection of the sun's rays at setting.

The famous "thundering hill" so called because a vehicle makes such a thundering noise while passing over it, is full of suggestions to the mind of a poet. In the bowels of this mountain is the buried treasure of buried Acadians, and if a hill in the Acadian land, with buried wealth, will not appeal to the sympathies of a poet—he's not a born poet, that's certain.

But West Brook, which seems to have been prepared by Nature for a born poet, has witnessed the birth of many who had the gift of song bestowed upon them in their nativity. Samuel O. Fulton, the renowned author of "The Red Tarn,"—A Thrilling Temperance Poem,—a book of about two hundred closely-printed pages—spent much of his life at West Brook. Readers of his most celebrated work have found "The Red Tarn" very deep. According to some of the inhabitants of West Brook, Fulton "writes very much like Milton." Surely he needs no further eulogy.

But now that this poet has deserted the scenes of West Brook, now that his Pegasus causes no reverberations of the thundering hill, is West Brook bardless? Nay, for the mantle of Fulton has fallen on the shoulders of a younger singer; and the vales of West Brook still echo with song.

Fulton sang of tarns such as are not known in this vicinity, where the Scott Act is rigidly enforced; but the singer whose mantle sets as nicely as if it were made for him, sings of the doings near the babbling brook from which the village takes its name.

Listen, devoted reader, to the latest poem of the bard of West Brook Mills:

"Between two lofty rows of hills
We find West Brook and West Brook Mills.
These places form a little town,
Though perhaps not of great renown."

The next few verses show that West Brook is a veritable Sleepy Hollow—an ideal place for a day-dreamer:

The houses, though perfect of art,
Are like the monuments of art,
The inmates that within them dwell,
Each like a monk within his cell!
Each other's face they never see
Without a special bit to tea,
And this event they hold most dear,
Because it comes but once a year!
Someone hath said, with serious laugh,
All that we need's an epitaph,
Written in letters large and clear,
Here lies the town, aged such a year!"

The poet then pleads for "a little less formality," and "some kind of new society," and then this tale of woe:—

"We cannot have 'society,'
Because there are no girls to see!"

And this, O Gods of Love! In a world where, in order to equalize matters a little, a book of gold, which equalizes the finder to become the ruler of Mormonism, was put by Heaven into the earth,—in a world in which, as a sentimental statistician has informed us, "not every lass can have a lad!" A maidenless village! Can thundering hills that will thunder forever, and buried treasure that will remain buried, offer compensation for such a misfortune?

Why is West Brook as destitute of girls as some villages in the far West? Judging from the following verse of West Brook's bachelor poet, it is not because there are no single men in that singular village:

"Of bachelors there are a score,
From twenty five to thirty four,
Noble and fine young men are they
Made of the very best of clay."

It is a pretty well accepted axiom in the age of advertisements that judicious advertising pays, and so, if the poem be not merely the fancy of an imaginative mind, the bachelors of West Brook are up to the times:

"But not contented with their lot
In a place where girls are not,
They now decide to advertise,
Expecting each to get a prize."

Here follows the "ad."

NOTICE.
"Come all ye maidens young and old,
A score of men are to be sold,
And on to the thirty-first of May,
We'll have a general marriage day,
In the church at half past nine,
All must be there at standard time,
The ministers, Craig and McKen,
Will be on time for once, I deem.
Now, ladies, do not satily sigh,
And say, 'I'm old, I can't apply!
For two or three I have a mate
Though there be thirty-five or eight!"

The bachelors of West Brook, judging from the following, do not seem to be any more particular than the age-converted maids of Lee:

The pretty and the homely,
And those of mediocrity,
To each a man we will release,
Till they have got a man apiece

27 and 29 KING STREET.

MANCHESTER,

ROBERTSON

and ALLISON.

Novelties

—IN—
FRONT STORE.

New and Pretty Silk Bows, Light Tints in Chiffon Bows.

ATTRACTIVE SHADES IN CHIFFON TIES.—Narrow and Wide Chiffon by the yard, in plain Colors. A full assortment of Shades and widths, in embroidered Chiffon.

DOUBLE WIDTH CHIFFONS FOR DRESSES.—Self-colored Striped Chiffon, new shades. Chiffons with Fancy Silk Stripes.

FANCY AND PLAIN RIBBONS.—Shot Moire Brocades and Striped Gauze Ribbons. Plain Colors, several qualities; an extra quality in Fine Corded Ribbons for Millinery purposes.

PLAIN AND FANCY HANDKERCHIEFS.—China Silk Embroidered hem stitched and Embroidered Lawn Handkerchiefs. Mourning Handkerchiefs, Embroidered and hem stitched.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON.

The poet then draws a striking picture of the happiness to be in this happy spot, so near the happy land of Canaan:

"And then so happy all will be,
The town will hold a jubilee—
'Is this the place that -our-our said
Lay numbered with the silent dead?'"

After a few more lines of judicious advertising, the poet himself addresses the ladies, making this touching

APPEAL.

Samantha Ann or Susan Jane,
I care not what may be your name,
Can you resist the urgent call
That come from out these bachelor halls?

That the poet has read and re-read the "Red Tarn," and has imbibed, not at its waters, but at the Castalian streams of S. O. Fulton's genius, is evident from the verse or two following, in which the ladies are warned not to favor license laws. For the information of the ladies who have not seen these verses, it may be stated that it is the liquor license laws which our poet wishes the ladies to veto, and not those license laws which are of especial interest to ladies.

The poet then gives a description of the goods to be sold:

"Our boys are good, none of them bad,
And seldom do we see them mad,
Lovers of flowers and birds are they,
That bloom and sing in month of May."

In other words, they are born poets.

"One of our dudes is pretty lame,
When he goes out he takes a cane,
He wears fur coats out in the frost,
And once he pretty near got lost."

A prominent educationalist is immortalized as follows:

"One dude invariably contrives
To give each school-ma'am many drives,
No matter if the horses creep
In mud up to the axle deep!"

The close of this remarkable poem is like a trumpet-call. The dangers of delay are vividly expressed:

"Remember the eventful day
On morn, the thirty-first of May,
Wait not until the afternoon,
For the delay might seal your doom!"

The morn of the thirty-first day of May in this leap year of gracefulness will be held many a maiden with her baggage checked for West Brook Mills. There is no fairer spot in Nova Scotia, and the fairest country in this fair world. If we are to believe the poet, there are no fairer bachelors in Nova Scotia, and if we are to believe a Nova Scotian poetess, Nova Scotia's bachelors are the best to be found.

On all this terrestrial ball,
Where men will keep bachelor's hall!"

The bard of West Brook is appealing to modern Priscillas. And when John Alden appealed for his ungrateful friend, the fair Priscilla blushed and murmured, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" And what joy will fill the bachelor bosom of West Brook's poet when, on the morning when the red flag will float over the heads of the twenty bachelors, two or three hundred young ladies will visit the poet none knew but to love, and severally cry, "I knew that you were speaking for yourself, O, poet?"

And when June, the month that poets love the best, adorns the fields of the village, West Brook will be once more without a poet. For the bard will be on his way to the land of the Mormons, leaving twenty disconsolate bachelors to end their lives in single blessedness. HAW!

Caverns of Africa.

Scattered over the western part of the Kalahari Desert in South Africa are the famous Bushmen, who welcome the discovery of a spacious cave as one of the greatest of earthly blessings. Very few of them live in huts; caverns are the home they prefer; and when in their wanderings they fail to find caves, they enlarge holes dug by animals, into which they crawl. They live so far from the equator that they regard it as a luxury to go to sleep upon the warm ashes from the fire that has cooked their evening meal. These miserable little people may well compete with some of the native Australians for the distinction of being at the bottom of the scale of humanity. The translation of the name of Boers applied to them means "inferior beings."

These are all the cave dwellers as yet known in Africa. It is noteworthy that, with the exception of the Mount Elgon natives, they are believed to be the aborigines of the regions they inhabit. The people in the big cave villages near the Mediterranean are of nearly pure Berber stock; the Tibbus are Berber with some admixture of negro blood; the Katanga cave dwellers were certainly earlier possessors of the land they inhabit than the people who now lord it over them; and the Bushmen are closely allied to the dwarf tribes of the equatorial regions who anthropologists believe were in possession long before the people with whom they now live entered the country. There is little doubt that the northern troglodytes are among the descendants of the cave dwellers of whom Herodotus wrote.

BITS FROM "RUTLER'S JOURNAL."

The Editor Tells His Subscribers the Facts of the Case.

Some of our subscribers seem to have forgotten that since the enlargement of *The Journal* to eight pages in July 1891 the subscription price has been 35 cts. and have sent in and paid to the editor the old price 25 cts. although the new rate has been advertised conspicuously on the first and second pages. Of course we have said nothing; we were very glad to get it, and would not have our friends think that we were mean enough to stick at 10 cents, but we wish them to consider that the extra 10 cents on every subscription mean a great deal to us. We would gladly furnish the *Journal* free to our country friends as we have received the worth of a great many subscriptions from them in hospitality and entertainment, but they know our position, and we think can sympathize with us. We published the *Journal* for the first year, half the first six months as a four page paper, half the present size, and the last six months as a six page paper. With the commencement of the second volume we secured a little extra advertising and ventured to increase it to eight pages, thus only charging them one third more for a paper double the size and more than double the amount of reading matter. One would think they should have been satisfied with this, and still some of them have kicked. We give more than a week of our time each month in writing up the matter, and superintending its publication; for which we do not receive a cent, and we venture to say that with the advertising, the town sales and the subscriptions, it they were paid promptly, we would not clear ten dollars in a year. So, to make our living we must do what we can at peddling in the short space of time allotted to us, and the business, never a good one, is much poorer in winter. Besides with mother to see to there are a variety of things to attend to which keeps us still longer from our work, and sometimes we can only get a week's peddling and at best only a fortnight out of a month. This leaves us indeed a very small margin to live on, and without asking any favors, we would solicit a continuance of the patronage of our old friends both advertisers and subscribers, and a trial by those who call themselves our friends, but have not yet patronized us.

He Doesn't Like the School.

The soldiers' bear is getting to be an unbearable animal. He handled a troop of the I. S. C. the other day, and it will take a regiment of such men as that body is composed of to keep him in bounds. We would suggest that he be given free access to the canteen, and when drunk and incapable, as many of his comrades have been, be brought up before Col. Mannsell and court-martialed. If the military do not take him in hand somebody else will, and the town be rid of a nuisance.

"Old Isaac's" Accomplishments.

I make good time that day, stopping only at a few houses among which was Mr. Henry Culligan's, where I took dinner, and the mercantile establishment of Isaac Dolby. Old Isaac is a spectacle and he has got a wife who is another, which makes a pair of spectacles. Blind from his youth he has struggled along against great odds and always made an honest living, for which he deserves credit. He possesses occult powers by which he can unravel "the tangled skein of fate" and read the future as an open book. He can make a song and sing it as he goes along. Here is a specimen:

He carried sword and pistol,
All in his own defence;
And he never was defeated till
He met the nigger wench.
She caught him by the whiskers
And threw him in the snow;
And in plaintive tones he murmured
"Now please to let me go."

He has discovered a tea kettle full of gold buried by Capt. Kidd or some other freebooter who sailed up the Penniac in early times, and intends to dig it as soon as the frost is out of the ground.

The Male and Female Voices.

The difference in the tone of the voice of men and women arises chiefly from the variation in the length of the vocal chord; the longer the cord the more slowly it vibrates. The length of the vocal chords in men and women differ as follows: In the case of a man their length, when at rest, is generally about 73-100ths of an inch, and when they are stretched to the greatest extent about 93-100ths of an inch. In the case of a woman their length varies from 51-100ths to 63-100ths of an inch. It will, therefore, be seen how it is that a deeper note, or one in which there are a smaller number of vibrations per second, proceeds from the vocal cords of a man than from those of a woman. One of the deepest notes sounded by a bass voice is produced by no more than eighty double vibrations in a second, while a soprano voice can give forth

a note in which there are 992 such vibrations. The different quality of the notes depends also, to some extent, on the character of the walls of the larynx. In women and children these are more flexible and smoother than in men. The male voice owes its greater roughness to the greater hardness and firmness of the cartilages of the male larynx, approaching in old age nearly to ossification. The larynx of a boy resembles that of a woman; but, as he approaches manhood, it assumes a more masculine character, and the voice begins to change, or, in common parlance, to "break," and, until the change is completed, the voice is imperfect, and unfit for singing. A soprano singer has a very small throat, contralto a size larger, tenor larger still, baritone larger again, and a bass voice the largest of all. The compass of male and female voices taken together is about four octaves.—*Ex.*

A Young Writer.

An old newspaper man is reported by an exchange as making some remarks which may be of use to readers who aspire to be writers for the press. In his younger days, he says, he was a reporter for the New York Herald under the elder Bennett. One day Mr. Bennett sent for him. "Young man," said Mr. Bennett, "I notice that in your efforts to find men whom you have been instructed to interview, you never enter a hotel." "Never enter a hotel?" the reporter answered. "No, sir; you invariably write that you 'drifted in,' and when you do drift in you never meet the man." "Never meet him?" "No; I observe that in every case after 'drifting in' you either 'run against' or 'stumble across' the object of your pursuit. I wish that in future you would simply walk into the hotel and meet people. That's all, sir." The reporter was angry. He prided himself upon his literary style. "Mr. Bennett," he said, "I have been writing now for nine or ten years, and have worked on a number of newspapers as good as the Herald. I flatter myself I know something about the English language, and I—" "Young man," interrupted Mr. Bennett, "did you ever read how a man once boasted to Sydney Smith that stick he carried had been twice round the world, and how Smith took the stick, and after carefully examining it, said, 'And yet—and yet it is only a stick after all?'" The reporter was angrier than before, but this time he said nothing. As he expressed it himself, he "maintained a tumultuous silence," and did not drift, but went somewhat hurriedly out of the room.

Where the H Was Lost.

Sir Henry Hawkins was accustomed, before his elevation to the bench, to practice a great deal in the court of admiralty. The presiding judge at the time was the popular Baron Channell, who, though renowned for his legal acumen and for the facility with which he disentangled the most knotty problems of marine law, was never able to master the letter *h*. On one occasion he was engaged in trying a case in which a vessel named the *Hannah* had been run down just off Dover by the steamboat *Waver*. Mr. (subsequently Judge) Huddleston represented the owners of the latter, while Mr. Hawkins appeared for the proprietor of the *Hannah*. Throughout the trial Judge Channell persisted in referring to the lost vessel as the *Anna*. Finally, Mr. Huddleston, gravely rising from his seat, pulled his wig down over his forehead with a gesture that was habitual to him, and, after slyly winking at the opposing counsel, remarked in his most solemn impressive manner: "There appears to be a good deal of doubt as to the name of this vessel which my clients are asserted to have run down. Some call her *Anna*, and others again the *Hannah*. Perhaps my learned brother Hawkins will be good enough to state definitely for your Lordship's information what the real name of the unfortunate vessel was. Before Mr. Huddleston had time to resume his seat, Mr. Hawkins was on his feet. "Certainly, m' Lud," he replied, with equal seriousness and uncton. "The real name of the vessel is the *Hannah*, but the *H* has been lost in the chops of the Channel!"—*London Herald.*

A Dog Peculiarity.

Charles Graybell, a New York dog fancier, told a peculiar thing about dogs to a party of friends at the Southern yesterday. "I have watched this for many years, and I have never known it to fail but two or three times," he said. "If a dog has any white upon his body at all, you will find that the tip of his tail is also white. I believe this is true in 999 cases out of 1,000. I don't know just why it is unless it be that there is an absence of coloring matter in the hardened stub that is the end of the spinal elongation. You know when the hide of a hairy animal is badly injured the hair grows out white when the wound heals. But watch that dog peculiarity."