

## HEARTH AND HOME.

SOME men will believe nothing but what they can comprehend—and there are but few things that such are able to comprehend.

If you have any excellency, do not vainly endeavour to display it; let it be called into action accidentally. It will infallibly be discovered, and much more to your advantage.

It is a mistake to imagine that only the violent passions, such as ambition and love, can triumph over the rest. Idleness, languid as she is, often masters them all; she indeed influences all our designs and actions, and insensibly consumes and destroys both passions and virtues.

IS an active life is sown the wisdom; but he who reflects not never reaps, has no harvests from it, but carries the burden of age without the wages of experience, not knows himself old but from his infirmities, the parish register, and the contempt of mankind. And what has age if it has not esteem? It has nothing.

HEROISM is purely understood to be simply uncompromised duty. Heroism which is not duty is but a dream of the dark ages. Duty that is not performed with the spirit of a hero is but the mortar and brick of hard bondage. In the daily walks of life, unseen and unadvised, there may exist the truest heroic elements, and all may find, if they dare choose, a glorious life and grave in the sphere of commonplace duty.

ABOUT SCOLDING. For the sake of your children, do not scold. It is a great misfortune to have children reared in the presence and under the influence of a scold. The effect of the continuous fault-finding of such persons is to make the young who hear it unamiable, malicious, callous-hearted; and they often learn to take pleasure in doing the very things for which they receive such tongue-lashings. As they are always getting the blame of wrong-doing, whether they deserve it or not, they think they might as well do wrong as right. They lose all ambition to strive for the favourable opinion of the fault-finder, since they see they always strive in vain.

PARENTAL TENDERNESS. The question is often asked, is it possible for parents to be overfond of their children? And is not the humour of those parents very ridiculous who are always playing with their children, and talking of their childish employment and actions? Well, suppose the fondness here intended is that of parents towards their children in their infancy, when the honour of being a father or mother first comes upon them, or when the little fools begin first to talk and play with the great ones, to which we reply, that be always employed in this manner, to plague others with the perpetual relation of insipid, childish follies, or to betray an extravagant and immoderate affection towards children, all these extremes are equally ridiculous. But, then, neither do we here condemn a very great tenderness and complaisance towards children, not even though it should sometimes be in private expressed by such actions as would if more public, appear sufficiently diverting. Socrates told Alcibiades, who caught him playing with a child, and laughed at him heartily, that he would do well to suspend his censures till he was himself a father. There have been in this age persons of prudence, who recommend the conversing with children, as soon as they begin to show the first dawning of reason, as extremely diverting, as well as innocent; and it is a pity those should ever have any of their own who do not think so. There is nothing in the world, says Petrarch, that is more agreeable than the more prattlings and looks of an infant. The little blessings entertain us, in their way, with so much sweetness and innocence, that nothing but a mere barbarian can be proof against it. There being, besides this, a natural tenderness and affection, which is due from any person to that which he has brought into the world, which those that want may learn it even from brute creatures; though the trial of their kindness, and the chief instance of it, is in giving them a pious and ingenuous education, and doing nothing before them, when they grow up, which they would not have them practise.

## BRELOQUES POUR DAMES

To avoid sunstroke, stay in the house and let your wife split wood, take care of the garden and bring in the water.

HEIRESSSES are scarce this season at the resorts. This is another reason why we've concluded to spend the summer at home.

It is a Chinese maxim, that for every man who does not work, and for every woman that is idle, somebody must suffer cold or hunger.

A young lady at Niagara was heard to exclaim "What an elegant trimming that rainbow would make for a white lace over a dress!"

WHEN a Canada girl loves, she does love. In a breach of promise suit the other day it was shown that a young lady wrote to her lover eight times a day.

A gentleman accusing a lady of his acquaintance with having broken his peace of mind, she in return gave him a piece of her mind; but he did not consider the donation as a substitute.

HOUR after hour, stalwart men sit on the seats in the park, while the faithful wives at home pick up codfish for dinner, and skirmish around to borrow tea enough for a drawing.

A little girl was asked what was the meaning of the word happy. She gave a very pretty answer, saying, "It is to feel as if you wanted to give up all things to your little sister."

FIVE or six months of married life, remarks a veteran observer, will often reduce a naturally irascible man to such a condition of angelic humility that it wouldn't be safe to trust him with a pair of wings.

A Sure Appointment.—A young Highlander, taking leave of his sweetheart one Saturday evening, remarked, "I'll see ye at the kirk the morn if we're spared, and whether or no, I'll see ye on Monday."

"I say Jones, how is that your wife dresses so magnificently, and you always appear almost out at elbows?" "You see, Thompson, my wife always dresses according to *Le Follet*, and I dress according to my ledger."

A quaint writer says—"I have seen women so delicate that they were afraid to ride, for fear of the horse running away; afraid to sail, for fear the boat might be upset; afraid to walk, for fear they might fall; but I never saw one afraid to be married, which is far more riskful than all the others put together."

It was a young woman, with as many flowers round her as the planet Saturn has rings, that did it. She gave the music-stool a whirl or two, and fluffed down on it like a swirl of soap-suds in a hand-basin. Then she pushed up her cuffs as if she was going to fight for the champion's belt. Then she worked her wrists and hands—to hinder 'em, I suppose—and spread out her fingers till they looked as though they would pretty much cover the keyboard, from the grooving end to the little squeaky one. Then these two hands of hers made a jump at the keys as if they were a couple of tigers coming down upon a flock of black and white sheep, and the piano gave a great howl, as if its tail had been trod on. Dead stop—so still, you could hear your hair growing. Then another howl, as if the piano had two tails, and you had trod on them both at once; and then a grand clatter and scramble and string of jumps, up and down, backward and forward, one hand over the other, like a stampede of rats and mice.

## THE GLEANER.

THE nearest living relation to George Washington is said to be Dr. Lawrence A. Washington, of Texas.

According to a correspondent of the *Chicago Times*, Sitting Bull is a fair French scholar. He is thoroughly well read in French history and is a profound admirer of Napoleon, after whose generalship he has modelled his own.

THE Fullerites constitute a community at Petersham, Conn., numbering twenty, living on farmaceous food, dressing plainly, and professing to have direct Divine guidance. Their belief is similar to that of the Adventists.

Two thousand five hundred pounds seems a large sum for a bull, but this has just been given by the Canadian Company, through Mr. Ashburner, for the Fourth Duke of Clarence, by Eighteenth Duke of Oxford, from Duchess 109. The animal, which is a rich roan, was sold last year to Mr. Lodge by Colonel Gunter, from his Wetherby herd, and the price it has now realised is, we believe, the largest ever obtained for a bull for exportation.

AN excellent proposal has been started in Liverpool—viz., that children attending the school-board schools should be subjected to medical inspection, with the view of preventing the spread of infectious disease by the removal and isolation of those who may present themselves with such disorders. The principle is a sound one, and obviously capable of being extended far beyond the limits of school-board schools.

It has been noticed that the Prince of Wales has altered the style of his plume. The two side feathers used to overhang. This he now regards as wanting in archaeological propriety. For the future the feathers of his plume are to be represented as they were in the time of the Plantagenets—upright, standing almost parallel to each other. The change is the result of some investigations into the subject made by the Prince of Wales during his voyage out to India.

THE Darien Canal question is once more revived by the announcement from Panama of a sudden burst of enthusiasm there for the construction of a canal by a route selected by M. Gogorza. The proposal is to connect the navigable waters of the Tuira and Atrato rivers by a canal of 52 miles in width, in which the deepest cutting would be 160 feet. M. Gogorza states that this route could be availed of without constructing a single lock; that M. Lesseps approves it; that a mixed commission, representing all nations, are ready to make the canal; and that enough gold to pay the entire cost would be got out of the excavations.

ON the evening of July 16 the presentation of the fitch of bacon took place at Dunmow, England. The fitch is at the disposal of any couple who swear that they have lived together in unbroken fidelity and affection. Two couples sent in claims, the Rev. Samuel Marriot Smith, vicar of Harwell, Berks, and his wife, Caroline, and Mr. James Boosey, clerk of Trinity Church, Ventnor, and his wife. The former couple were unable to appear. Mr. and Mrs. Boosey were escorted from the station to the scene of trial by a band of music. The trial took place in the presence of about 3,000 people. The jury, composed of an equal number of bachelors and maidens, considered the answers satisfactory, and awarded the fitch of bacon to the worthy couple, who were chaired to a high platform, where kneeling upon sharp stones, they took the ancient oath, and the fitch was handed to them amid loud cheering and the firing of cannon.

## MIDDLEBIB'S HOLIDAY.

Mr. Middlebib was charmed with the restful days enjoyed in the peaceful groves in the suburbs of Peoria. It seemed as though he couldn't take enough of the beauties of nature which surrounded him on every hand and both feet. He took sulphur baths until he felt that he only wanted to rub a bit of phosphorus on top of his head to pass himself off for a match. He drank the water of the springs until he smelled like a gun barrel; he wandered up to Spring Hill and gazed in silent admiration at Col. Desno's zoological gardens; he spread himself out on the grass under the trees and communed with nature and fought gnats until his mind was filled with the beauties of creation and his skin was densely populated with "chiggers," which kept him actively employed all night; he sat down on old decayed stumps so full of ant colonies that there wasn't enough of him to go more than half round; and he flopped down under the cherry trees and rolled around in an ecstasy of nothing to do until his raiment looked as though it had been seized with a bad case of hives, and they had broken out through his clothes, and every time he went into the house, a trail of leaves and sticks and bits of grass and cherry pits and abandoned fragments of green apples and a general suggestion of irreclaimable vagabondage followed him through the hall and dragged after him into the rooms and brought out of unsuspected corners and improbable lurking places, anxious looking women with dust pans and brushes in their hands, and "How long are you going to stay?" in their eyes. And whether dancing around stumps, frantically shaking ants out of his garments and wondering why Solomon should advise the sluggard to go for the ant, when he must have known with what alacrity the ants most assuredly go for the sluggard, or whether lying awake in the silent watches of the night, scratching "chiggers," which the bounteous and impartial hand of nature had bestowed upon him during the day, or wringing his gentle face into the most hideous distortion and grimaces while trying to reach a hive between his shoulders, Mr. Middlebib never forgot that he was having a holiday.

But Mr. Middlebib's greatest delight, escaping from his daily wrangle with phlegmatic Peorians, was to seek some cool, sequestered spot, where the air was vocal with the song of birds, there to read, and ponder, and doze, and blend with the melody of the woodland warblers wrathful objurgations of the gnats, and bees, and mosquitoes, and hard-backed bugs that nobody knew the name of. But his poetical nature rose above all these minor distractions, and he enjoyed his seclusion and its sylvan delights. The other morning he sat in a vine-embowered porch, with four cages of canaries hanging above his head, and the trees around fairly alive with the wild birds, and as he listened to the varied, melodious passages of the wild wood orchestra, he grew enraptured, and in a moment of enthusiasm gave himself up to poetry for Mrs. M.'s benefit. He opened the book in his hand, and in a hush of the music he began:

"A cloud lay cradled near the set—"

"Two-ee, twee, twee, twee twee twee twee twee twee!" broke in ear piercing chorus from the four cages, "two, twee, twee deedle, twee!"

"What a delightful interruption," said Mr. Middlebib, sweetly, and with a tender smile wrinkling his placid face like the upper crust of a green apple pie, he waited for the music to cease, and resumed:

"A cloud lay era—"

"Two-ee twee twee-ee, twee, twee, twee! Twee-twee-dee-dee, twee, twee! Twee-dee-dee, twee, twee, twee, twee!"

"A poem without words," said Mr. Middlebib, softly, glancing from his book towards the cages wherein eight yellow throats were manufacturing music of the shrillest key that ever developed an ear-ache or woke up a deaf and dumb asylum. Presently he got another chance, and resumed once more:

"A cloud lay cradled near the set—"

"To-whoet! To-whoet! Whoetle-toot-toot!" came from a bird in the nearest hickory, a solemn looking bird with a brown back and a voice like a wooden whistle. Mr. Middlebib paused and glanced toward the tree, while the benign smile which made his face like a damaged photograph of one of the early Christian martyrs, faded away like a summer twilight. He resumed:

"A cloud lay era—"

"Too-toon, too doodle toot-toot! Where-de-dee, twee twee twee twee, twee twee whoet-dee too chip-pity-wippity, cheep-cheep-cheep-choot, whoot, squack squack!" went off the whole chorus, cages and trees, supplemented by a visiting party of cat birds, all roused into indignation and jealous protest by the obtrusive solo of the wooden whistle bird, who appeared to be an object of general dislike. Mr. Middlebib thinking he would read down opposition went right on:

"—died near the setting sun,

A gleam of erim—"

"K-r-r-r-r-r-r!"

A woodpecker tapped his merry roundaway on the roof of the porch and Mrs. Middlebib sprang from her chair with, "Mercy on us! what is that?" Mr. Middlebib made a cutting remark about people who had no appreciation of the beautiful in nature or art and remarked:

"A gleam of crimson tinged its—"

"Twee-ee, twee, deedle-dee-dee twee twee twee! K-r-r-r-r-r, krk! twee deedle eet twee! teedle idle, whoot, toot, twoot! whoot! squack, squack, k-r-r-r—" Shut up, ye nasty, squawking, yallipin' howlin' little beasts! shoo! Light out o' this or I'll stone ye from here to Halifax! seat with her noise! Oh," exclaimed the exasperated worshipper of nature as he hurled his book into the nearest tree and went off the porch to look for some stones, "if there is anything in this world I hate more than another, it's a lot of nasty, flittering, fidgety, fidgety yowping, howling birds!"

"—tinged its braided brow,  
Long had I wat—"

"Caw, caw, caw! Ca-a-a-w!" came from the pensive crow, startled from its quiet retreat in the old cottonwood, and Miss Middlebib giggled. But Mr. M. inflated his lungs and roared on:

"—ched the glory moving on,  
O'er the still radiance—"

"Twee-dee twee, caw, caw, twee-dee twee twee! K-r-r-r-r-r, krk, krk! twee deedle eet twee! teedle idle, whoot, toot, twoot! whoot! squack, squack, k-r-r-r—" Shut up, ye nasty, squawking, yallipin' howlin' little beasts! shoo! Light out o' this or I'll stone ye from here to Halifax! seat with her noise! Oh," exclaimed the exasperated worshipper of nature as he hurled his book into the nearest tree and went off the porch to look for some stones, "if there is anything in this world I hate more than another, it's a lot of nasty, flittering, fidgety, fidgety yowping, howling birds!"

## AUTHORS AND SPELLING.

Nearly all the great authors have contributed something towards reforming and simplifying the chaotic orthography of the English language. Milton wrote *seren*, for instance, *therefor, light*, in which last he was followed by Landor, who also wrote *Aristotles* on analogy of Empedocles, which is rarely, except in a young ladies' finishing school, pronounced Empedocle. Tennyson has adopted *plow*. The timid Cowper was bold enough to write *Arctura* in his translation of Homer, after the fashion of Greece. Lardner wrote *charabaster, frauda*, in words of this kind the final "e" seems not only useless, but injurious, *peruse, seis, profuse*. A sample of Mitford's peculiarities is *dash, cab-rac*. He considered the "s" in the former word—what, indeed, it is—a graft of ignorance. Hare, lately followed by Furnival, held it so much of a baseness to spell fashionably that he roundly abused such pot-bellied words as spelled for *split* in the pretenses of weak verbs, and gave us *peacht*, etc., with such gentrified plurals as *genties*, and threw into the bargain *coos* and *atiches*. He also maintained that the mute "e" should be expunged when not softening a preceding consonant, or lengthening a preceding vowel. Byron, finding it impossible to determine but from the context, whether "read" be past or present, wrote *redde*, though he might have written *red* like led, there being little fear of its being confounded with the color. Thirlwall inveighed against our established system, if the result of custom and accident may be called system, as a mass of anomalies, the growth of ignorance and chance, equally repugnant to good taste and common sense. Tytwhitt made variations, such as *rime*, a spelling which derivation, analogy, and ancient use alike support, and *coed*, which adds, in its present state to the unnecessary anomalies in our language. The obtaining orthography arose out of uniformity probably with *would* from *will* and *should* from *shall*, and even in these words the "l" has, unfortunately, long ceased to be pronounced. With regard to *rhine*, it were perhaps better written *rhime*, to distinguish it from hoar-frost. The Elizabethan inquiry of the "h" has been traced to Daniel. It arose most likely from the notion that the word was connected with rhythm.

## HUMOROUS.

SOME one who believes that "brevity is the soul of wit" writes: "Don't eat Quembers. They'll W up."

ONE of the proudest moments of a fat man's life is when he cannot eat buckwheat cakes without getting molasses on his shirt-front.

A chaplain was once preaching to a class of collegians about the formation of bad habits. "Gentlemen," said he, "close your ears against bad discourses." The scholars immediately clasped their hands to their ears.

BROUGHAM, speaking of the salary attached to the rumored appointment of a new judgeship, said it was all moonshine. Lyndhurst, in his dry and waggish way, remarked—"It may be so; but I have strong notion that moonshine though it be, you would like to see the first quarter of it."

THE late Dr. —, being one of the moderate, did not satisfy by his preaching the Calvinistic portion of his flock. "Why, sir," said they, "we think you dining tells us enough about renouncing our ain righteousness." "Renouncing your own righteousness!" vociferated the doctor. "I never saw any ye had to renounce!"

A fence made from a railing of a scolding wife. A plate of butter from the cream of a joke. The small coins in "the change of the moon." The original brush used in painting the signs of the times. The hammer which broke up the meeting. Buckle to fasten a laughing stock. The animal that drew the inference. Egg from a nest of thieves. A bucket of water from "All's well."

NOT a hundred miles from the Highland abode of Royalty there lived, some years ago, a cannibal worthy. A church was in course of erection in a village some miles off, and our worthy friend was employed to cart stone to it. One morning he harnessed his horse and set out forgetful of the fact that he had forgotten his cart. It was only when he arrived at his destination and was about to prepare to fill his cart that he discovered the omission. Without saying a word he turned round and proceeded homeward with his horse. "Hill, man, fer are ye wi' the horse?" cried a workman. "Oh, I'll need the gang home. I've forgot a bit though!" was the reply.