



THE LADIES' BEACH, CACOUNA.

Miss O'MOONEY, deeming it a good joke, takes the children of Mrs. de Bobbs on to her new swimming apparatus, and makes them carry an umbrella to shield them from the sun. *Horror of Mrs. de Bobbs*, who never could venture into the water until maternal affection and anxiety for her darling babes effectually broke the spell.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

QUERY NO. 1—JULY 16.

I agree with your correspondent, "A. B.," in Currer Bell's "Puir Mary Lee" being counterfeit Scotch. The lines

"But hide from the storm and guffaw
O' villains like Robin a' Ree,"

do not mark Scottish sentiment or feeling,—“storm and guffaw” disagreeing harshly with the strain of the first line,—

“And never melt awa thou bonnie wraith o' snaw.”

A Scottish song-writer would have drawn something far deeper from the heart than the tame word “storm,” or the vulgar “guffaw,” to mark such a villain as Robin a' Ree.

It is surprising that “A. B.” should doubt the nativity of the word “guffaw,” for a broader Lowland expression can scarcely be found. I recollect many years ago, when in the “Saut Market o' Glasco’,” at a time when the “Fair” week was the grand annual carnival of that city and district much more than it is now, overhearing an angry wife saying to her husband: “There ye wiz, staunen bletherin' and guffawen wi' thae haiverals, keepen me and the weans waiten for ye,—knocket aboot in this habble, frae ae place tae anither, like as monie auld bauchles.”

I wonder if “A. B.” can give you the English of her story?

The verb to “blether,” though not synonymous with “guffaw,” is near akin to it. A Clydesdale man who styles his foolish friend a “guffawen, bletherin' cuddie,” expresses the Englishman's idea of a “d—d senseless, boisterous, horse-laughing jackass,” which Robin a' Ree was not. Robin

was simply a villain. Consequently, the word is inapplicable in the lines quoted, for a man may be a buffoon and yet not a scoundrel. Disc.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A PLEA FOR THE PIPE.

MY DEAR DI:

In your defence of the “divine weed,” in the last issue, you omitted one or two authorities, which I venture to supply.

Does not some old Latin author say, “Sine cerere et Bacche friget Venus?” which I translate thus: “Without beer and tobacco even Love grows cold.” This should enlist the ladies on our side, and warn them against forbidding to their spouses the moderate malt and pipe. Coleridge also sings:

“Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on *Honeydew* hath fed,
And drank the milk of *Paradise*.”

There cannot be a question that, by *Honeydew*, the poet means the favorite *plug* of that name;—while the Milk of Paradise is probably either Milk Punch or the mild *Gin* known as *Cream of the (Happy) Valley*.

Yours,

CUTTY.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

“GUIDE.”—The ground has been traversed before.

TASSIE.—Received.