

HOUSEHOLD THOUGHTS.

HARD-HEARTEDNESS.—Peaceful valleys, green and flowery, sleeping in loveliness, have been upheaved, and piled in sombre, jagged masses against the sky, by the fingering of an earthquake; and gentle, loving, trusting hearts, over whose altars brooded the white-winged messengers of God's peace, have been as suddenly transformed, by a manifestation of selfishness and injustice, into gloomy haunts of misanthropy.

WELL DONE.—A man was once hotly pursued by his enemies; while they were in full sight upon the descent of a mountain in the rear, the girth of his saddle broke; he coolly dismounted and repaired the breach, then in an instant throwing himself into the saddle he shot across the plain and escaped his pursuers. Had he attempted to push on with the broken girth, for want of time to mend it, he would doubtless have been thrown from his horse and captured. Remember then, this rule: The more thorough, the greater speed!

FLOWERS.—How the universal heart of man blesses flowers! They are wreathed round the cradle, the marriage altar, and the tomb. The Persian in the far East delights in their perfume, and writes his love in nosegays; while the Indian child of the far West clasps his hands with glee, as he gathers the abundant blossoms—the illuminated scripture of the prairies. The Cupid of the ancient Hindoos tipped his arrows with flowers; and orange-buds are the bridal crown with us, a nation of yesterday. Flowers garlanded the Grecian altar, and they hang in votive wreaths before the Christian shrine.

WHAT YOU DO, DO WELL.—This is a lesson which cannot be too earnestly impressed upon the young. Even the eldest may profit by heeding it. No person of experience but knows the ill policy of poorly done work, and yet the world is filled with botching. It is labour going to its tasks slipshod, caring not for permanent accomplishment, but only to provide for the moment's emergency. Half the world's work has to be mended almost as soon as done, the half doing and mending (producing at best only wretched, slovenly results) costing more than would, with greater care and patience, have done every thing well.

ENGAGING MANNERS.—There are a thousand pretty, engaging little ways, which every person may put on, without running the risk of being deemed either affected or foppish. The sweet smile, the quiet, cordial bow, the earnest movement in addressing a friend, or more especially a stranger, whom one may recommend to our good regards, the inquiring glance, the graceful attention which is so captivating when united with self-possession—these will ensure us the good regards of even a churl. Above all, there is a certain softness of manner which should be cultivated, and which, in either man or woman, adds a charm that almost entirely compensates for lack of beauty.

FRIGHTENING CHILDREN.—Nothing can be worse for a child than to be frightened. The effect of the scare it is slow to recover from; it remains sometimes until maturity, as is shown by many instances of morbid sensitiveness and excessive nervousness. Not infrequently, fear is employed as a means of discipline. Children are controlled by being made to believe that something terrible will happen to them and punished by being shut up in dark rooms, or by being put in places they stand in dread of. No one, without vivid memory of his own childhood, can comprehend how entirely cruel such things are. We have often heard grown persons tell of the suffering they have endured, as children, under like circumstances, and recount their irreparable injury which they are sure they then received. No parent, no nurse, capable of alarming the young, is fitted for her position. Children as near as possible, should be trained not to know the sense of fear, which, above everything else, is to be feared in their education, early and late.

FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.—Dear children, I want to say a few words to you on a subject of which I have just been thinking much, viz: The intercourse of children with each other, and the rules which should govern their conduct at all times. All of you, or nearly all, are sometimes, it not daily, brought in contact with others besides your brothers and sisters. You meet in social life, you meet in your places of instruction. All are not lovely in their character or conduct. You may teach them, by your numbers and habits, to do better. Some are placed in very different circumstances from yourselves. Now, I will give you a few simple rules, which, if you will try to remember and be governed by, you will be happier for it, and do good:

1. Be gentle and kind to all.
2. Be slow to believe an ill report of any one.
3. Never repeat an unkind remark made in regard to any one. Never be a tale bearer.
4. If any of your mates have a bodily defect, such as the loss of an eye, a lame foot, a disfigured face or limb, from accident, never injure their feelings by alluding to it in the presence of another person.
5. If any of your mates are so unfortunate as to have an intemperate parent, never allude to it, or in any way let them know that you are aware of it.
6. Never repeat, at your own home, the history of any unpleasant occurrences in your school during the day, which may have involved any of your mates in difficulties, or resulted in their punishment.
7. Relieve the wants of all needy children, as far as in your power.
8. "Do unto others as you would that others should do to you."

THE FLANEUR.

A wild fellow, a regular prodigal son, went away from home one morning, and was absent for the trifling space of six months. Having acquired sufficient experience of the world to last him for a spell, he thought he would return. He was received with every demonstration of joy. At dinner, there was a great feast, pies, fruit, candies, wines and towering over all, the only flesh meat on the table, an immense knuckle of veal!

"Have a slice, Charlie?" asked the enraptured father.

The boy twigg'd the paternal joke and ate himself sick to show his appreciation thereof.

In a late number of TINSLEY'S MAGAZINE, there is an interesting article on the Poetry of the Pike, wherein the author, quoting some Irish Rebel songs, says: "Dr. Drennan is the one rebel bard of the time who soars above the literature of the pavement. His pithy words:

Corb, or axe, or guillotine,
Makes the sentence—not the sin.

Crystallize the whole gospel of Irish disaffection." I may point out that the lines are neither original, nor Irish, as one Thomas Cornille had long since written:

"Le crime fait la honte et non pas l'échafaud."

A friend of mine, lately connected with the *Harvard*, has a splendid Newfoundland called Duke, perhaps the finest and largest dog of his breed in Canada. When Oliver Dowd Byron was last here, he honored him with a special "gag" on the stage. His owner, after many months of heroic parsimony, having saved enough to buy him a collar, naturally desired to have said collar graced with an apt motto. A classic friend suggested:

Due quo vadis.

which, I am sorry to say, my friend had not the wit to accept.

This reminds me of another inscription on the collar of an old St. Bernard, who bore the melancholy name of Heroditus, possibly on account of the torment he endured from insects in summer. It was simply a transcript of the well-known line:

"Heroditus! Times, misero sic convenit avaro."

At an elegant party, on the Mountain side, the other evening, some gentlemen were lingering over their whiskeys and their wine, when one of the guests, a handsome young widow, happened to pass through the room. Of course, there was a flutter, smiles, gazes, and other mild indications of pleasure.

"Beaute of widowers!" said the host to a particularly old bachelor.

"Always excepting Madame Chisquet," responded the latter with a bow.

And he drained his glass.

Hawkins has been jilted. You are at liberty to imagine that he was broken-hearted, disgusted and the rest of it. I was inclined to think so too, and called upon him last Saturday, with a view to a little cold comfort. I found him sitting before his lighted grate in bonnet, dressing gown, carpet shoes, with a glass of brandy on one side and a long pipe dangling from his fingers.

"What are you doing here?"

"Practising resignation, my boy."

"I always took you for a hero."

"Hero?"

"Yes, resignation is heroism in slippers."

Hawkins, however, is not the man to return a compliment. He has not heroism enough for that. Last night, he came to my rooms, and found me in pretty much the same attitude as he had assumed a few evenings previous. I was lounging lazily on my sofa, languidly pulling at an Intimidiat.

"Coming to the theatre, to-night?"

"Not much."

"Tom King plays at Dr. Bar's."

"Oh! I am satiated with Tom King."

"Poor invalid!"

"Invalid?"

"Yes, the satiated man is the invalid of idleness!"

A Montrealer was showing the city to a newly imported Englishman, a jolly Bohemian who had travelled a good deal and was quite able to appreciate what is good, but who, using the Britisher's privilege of grumbling, determined to find fault with something.

"I don't like these religious names to your streets. Why all these saints' names?"

"We venerate the saints."

"I do not."

"Not one?"

"Not a single, solitary one."

"I'll bet you do."

"Done. Which is it?"

"St. Julien!"

This was too much for John Bull. They both turned into Freeman's and had a bottle.

Two newspaper critics converse. One is tall, the other diminutive.

Minor.—Been to see Madit's pantomime at the Royal?

Major.—Not I.

Minor.—First-rate, I can tell you. I laughed to split my waist-band.

Major.—I confess these pantomimes are played out for me. They are meant only for babies.

Minor.—Big babies or little babies? (chuckling.)

Major.—Little babies, of course, my dear. (Laying his paw on Minor's shoulder and smiling grandly from an altitude of six feet.)

ALMAVIVA.

THE GLEANER.

THE Esquimaux fishers who fringe the Arctic sea-coast down to Kotzebue Sound adopt a somewhat curious and crafty method for killing the polar bear. The hunters bend pieces of stiff whalebone and freeze each into a ball of blubber; then they entice the bear to pursue them, dropping in his path the frozen balls, which he stops to swallow. When the blubber-balls thaw, the whalebones spring open, and put an end to the hapless beast.

THE Empress Josephine was very fond of perfumes, and above all of musk. Her dressing-room at Malmaison was filled with it in spite of Napoleon's frequent remonstrances. Many years have elapsed since her death, and the present owner of Malmaison has had the wall of that dressing-room repeatedly washed and painted; but neither scrubbing, nor aquafortis, nor paint has been sufficient to remove the smell of the good Empress's musk, which continues as strong as if the bottle which contained it had been but yesterday removed.

OF all the ornamental and decorative stones, the marbles are the most abundant and varied, and at the same time the most extensively employed. Any rock susceptible of a fine polish is termed "marble" by the stonemason; hence we hear of "Connemara marble," which is a true serpentine, and of "Sicilian marble," which is often a brecciated lava. The term, however, should be, and is, Mr. Page tells us, restricted by geologists to limestones capable of receiving a polish, and frequently exhibiting a variety of colours in veins and blotches.

MR. SAM WARD is a philosopher as well as a poet, and his great resource is a dinner with everything good, and a single dish of transcendental, almost supernatural perfection. Over such Apician feasts Mr. Sam Ward presides; and, "if I give them a ham," he says, "I soak it four days in water, changing it four times a day; then I boil it five hours in cider, with a wisp of new hay; then I baste it with brandy, sherry, or claret, according to the weather, and when they have tasted a slice of that ham why they would pass anything I wanted in Congress."

THE elder Dumas has furnished the text for many an amusing tale of inadvertence in respect of money matters. The following is the latest. He was at the railway-station, just starting to rejoin his yacht at Marseilles. Several friends had accompanied him to say good-bye. Suddenly he was informed that he had a hundred and fifty kilogrammes excess of luggage—a mere bagatelle when it is remembered that on foreign lines nearly all luggage is charged for. "Ho, ho!" cried Dumas. "How many kilogrammes are allowed?" "Thirty for each person," was the reply. Silently he made a mental calculation, and then in a tone of triumph bade his secretary take places for five. "In that way," he explained, "we shall have no excess."

THE best Latakia tobacco is cultivated in the most northern and elevated parts of the Anti-Lebanon Mountains, Syria. Great care is bestowed thereon by the mountaineers, who depend upon it for their chief support. The small strips of land near their houses are carefully prepared, the earth being well pulverised and manured, and the seeds planted. The beds are afterwards thinned, the young plants pricked out, and watered once when put into the ground. The tobacco harvest is in October in the mountains, and earlier in the lower ranges. The leaves are gathered and strung upon strings of goats' hair, and then let to dry in the shade, after which they are hung to the rafters of the houses for fumigation or otherwise, and thus left till the tax-gatherer comes. They are sold in loads of one hundred or one hundred and fifty strings. The very best kind of Latakia is known by the name of "about riah," or father of scent, but of this a very small quantity is annually raised.

The long-talked-of monument to Edgar A. Poe will be erected early in the summer over the poet's grave in Westminster Cemetery, Baltimore. The column will be of the finest Maryland marble, of a simple, but chaste and elegant design. On one side will be a medallion portrait of Poe; on each of the other sides there will be appropriate verses, selected from the poet's writings. The whole will be surmounted by a marble effigy of a raven. The base of the monument will contain the following simple inscription: "Edgar A. Poe, born Jan. 19, 1811. Died Oct. 7, 1849. Author of 'The Raven.' My tantalized spirit here blandly reposes." No stone has ever marked the spot where the poet is buried. Within a year of his death a tombstone was prepared but it was accidentally broken only a few days before it was to be erected. Now, more than a quarter of a century later, his long-neglected and almost unknown grave will be adorned by a monument erected by the public school teachers of Baltimore.

In rating risks, in every locality, the "Stadacona" Fire Insurance Company, office: No. 13 Place d'Armes, Montreal, takes into consideration the ready means of putting out conflagrations, the fire apparatus efficiency and the more or less abundant supply of water.

This explains why the "Stadacona" cannot accept as a fixed rule the narrow stipulations of the foreign companies tariff.

HOW GOETHE WORKED.

Here is an account of Goethe's days at Weimar, according to Mr. G. H. Lewes. He rose at seven. Till eleven he worked without interruption. A cup of chocolate was then brought, and he worked on again till one. At two he dined. "His appetite was immense. Even on the days when he complained of not being hungry he ate much more than most men. . . . He sat a long while over his wine, chatting gayly, for he never dined alone. . . . He was fond of wine, and drank daily his two or three bottles." There was no dessert—Balzac's principal meal—or coffee. Then he went to the theatre, where a glass of punch was brought him at six, or else he received friends at home. By ten o'clock he was in bed, where he slept soundly. "Like Thorwaldsen, he had a talent for sleeping." No man of business or dictionary maker could make a more healthy arrangement of his hours. Some men need active influences as their form of mental stimulus. Alfieri found or made his ideas while listening to music or galloping on horseback. Instances are common in every-day life of men who cannot think to good purpose when shut up in a room with a pen, and who find their best inspiration in wandering about the streets and hearing what they want in the rattle of cabs and the seething of life around them, like the scholar of Padua, whose conditions of work are given by Montaigne as a curiosity. "I lately found one of the most learned men in France . . . studying in the corner of a room cut off by a screen, surrounded by a lot of riotous servants. He told me—and Seneca says much the same of himself—that he worked all the better for this uproar, as though, overpowered by noise, he was obliged to withdraw all the more closely into himself for contemplation, while the storm of voices drove his thoughts inward. When at Padua he had lodged so long over the clattering of the traffic and the tumult of the street that he had been trained not only to be indifferent to noise but even to require it for the prosecution of his studies." The fellow instance of imaginative work triumphantly carried on under the most admirably healthy conditions is that of Scott. He used to finish the principal part of his day's work before breakfast, and when even busied seldom worked as late as noon. And the end of that apparently most admirably healthy working life we also know. "Ivanhoe" and the "Bride of Lammormoor" were dictated under the terrible stimulus of physical pain, which wrung groans from him between the words.

LITERARY.

MR. SWISBURNE is engaged studying the old ballads, preparatory to writing something about them.

THE centennial of the birth of Leyden, the early friend of Scott, and himself a distinguished poet and Oriental scholar, will be celebrated at Hawick, Scotland, on the 24th of next September. A new illustrated edition of his works will be published on that day, containing a portrait of the poet hitherto unpublished.

CHARLES LAMB'S copy of the folio of Beaumont and Fletcher's Works, from which he wrote an *Essay*, is in the possession of an English nobleman. It has Lamb's marks on passages for quotation, and is full of manuscript notes by Coleridge, the last of which is: "I shall not be long here, Charles! I go; you will not mind my having spoiled a book in order to leave you a relic." S. T. C., Oct. 1811.

JOYQUIN MILLER, since his return to England from Italy, has been busy on a novel of Californian life. "First Families in the Sierras" was his first choice of title, but the book will be published under the better name of "In a Californian Eden." Mr. Miller knows something of the life of which he is writing, and wastes no time in getting at his subject. "Now there was young Dehoun from Boston," the tale begins, "who was a very learned man; in fact, he was one of those fearfully learned young men. A man who could talk in all tongues and think in none. Perhaps he had some time been a waiter." In this wise the reader plunges in *medias res*, and finds himself in the turmoil of an election for Judge at "The Forks."

PLANCHE'S "Cyclopedia of Costume" is being issued on this side by Scribner, Welford & Armstrong. His "History of British Costume," in Bohn's Library, is well known. This work is more extensive, since it will comprise 24 quarto parts, each with a plate in colors, and numerous wood cuts; and it differs also in plan, each article of dress being found in its alphabetical place, so that the changes—or evolution, as it is nowadays more proper to say—may be directly traced. The dictionary includes civil, ecclesiastical, military, and regal dress, from the earliest English period to the reign of George III, with notices of contemporaneous fashions on the Continent, and it is prefaced by a general history of costume in Europe.

MR. MATHEW, a cousin of Lord Houghton (Mr. Monckton Milnes) and late British Minister to Brazil, is in New York on his way home. It is supposed that he has been recalled with a view to re-entering the House of Commons or assuming some responsible position under the Home Government. Mr. Mathew was Member of the House over 30 years ago, when Benjamin Disraeli delivered the famous speech in which he broke down, sat beside Mr. Disraeli, when he finally abandoned, as the hooting and jeering of the House deafened his voice, only to exclaim at last, when he succeeded again in gaining their ears: "You will not listen to me now, but the time will come when I shall make you hear me." R. Grant Watson, for some time attached to the British Legation, Washington, is likely to succeed to the charge of the Legation in Rio Janeiro. He has served his Government already in India, Persia and Greece.

A VERY interesting discovery has lately been made on the Esquiline Hill, Rome. Not far from the walls of Rome, at the period of the kings, the workmen have uncovered a solid wall covered with votive inscriptions, in which an allusion is made to the worship of Jupiter, hitherto unknown, and the name of a city is mentioned unheard of before. The greater part of these votive inscriptions appear to have been made by soldiers of the Fifth and Sixth Legions, who were probably encamped in the "Castrum Pretorium." Other inscriptions appear to belong to native citizens of Dalmatia. The excavations will continue till this wall, probably forming part of a temple to Jupiter, shall have been completely exposed. These inscriptions, for the most part well preserved, will be placed in the museum of the Capitol. A small statuette of Jupiter, without head, has also been found.