

# BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

WHEN is love like a battle?—When it comes to an engagement.

CIRCUMSTANCES alter cases. Red paint, which is a great improvement on the looks of old houses, is but an injury to the cheeks of young ladies.

"You have only yourself to please," said a married man to a bachelor.—"True," replied he, "but you cannot tell what a difficult task I find it."

A FERT little girl boasted to one of her little friends that "her father kept a carriage."—"Ah, but," was the triumphant reply, "my father drives an omnibus."

A LADY being asked why woman is not so much of a "clinging vine" as she once was, replied, "Probably because of the extreme insecurity of the manly oak."

OBSERVE a young father trying to appease a bawling baby, and you'll witness enough ingenuity in ten minutes to make you think that man ought to be an inventor.

"HUMPH!" said a young gentleman at a play with a young lady: "I could play the lover better than that myself."—"I should like to see you try it!" was her naive reply.

A LADY was once asked the reason why she always came so early to church.—"Because," said she, "it is a part of my religion never to disturb the religion of others."

AN afflicted husband was returning from the funeral of his wife, when a friend asked him how he was.—"Well," said he pathetically, "I think I feel the better for that little walk."

"Now, papa, tell me what is humbug."—"It is," replied papa, "when mamma pretends to be very fond of me, and puts no buttons on my shirt till reminded of it a dozen times."

"I HEAR that your husband has lost his hearing," whispered one lady to another.—"Yes," was the muffled reply: "but don't whisper so loud; he doesn't like to hear the subject referred to."

"MOTHER, have I any children?" asked an orphan of eight summers.—"Why, no! What put that into your head?" returned the surprised parent.—"Because I read to-day about children's children," answered the acute juvenile.

THEIR little girl gets confused. After being tenderly tucked up in her crib, mamma said: "Now, your prayers, Janet." The response came from the little one, half asleep: "Now I lay me down to sleep, when the wind blows the cradle will rock. Amen."

TOMMY is fond of sugar, and asked his mother for some to eat with his blackberries. She refused. He appeared resigned, but added gravely, "You know, mamma, what happened round the corner? There was a little boy, and his mother would not give him any sugar on his blackberries, and—"—"And?"—"And next day he fell into a well," concluded Tommy.

Is a thriving town of Michigan, a year or two ago, when the country was full of agents, and almost everybody was agent for something or other, a certain child of that town, being blessed by the advent of a baby-brother, was very inquisitive as to where the little stranger came from. On being informed that the doctor had brought it, he stood in a brown study for a few moments, and then, with the intelligent look of one who has solved a difficult matter, asked, "Say, pa, is he the agent for them?"

A GENTLEMAN discovered an exquisite poetic gem, and, in his delight at the discovery, invited the attention of two ladies to it. They listened with intent ear while the reader gave voice to the glowing and graceful thoughts of the poet. When the reading was finished, the gentleman turned to his companions for a word or look of appreciation. He saw their faces aglow, their lips parted in an intensity of feeling, and their eyes bright with—what? Shade of Homer! "Look there," exclaimed one of the ladies with the utmost eagerness "that woman"—pointing to a lady on the opposite side of the street—"has got on a polonaise buttoned up the back! I should think," addressing her companion, "she'd have a nice job getting into it when she wanted to dress in a hurry."—"I should think so, too," returned the other; "but it hangs pretty—don't you think so?"

## HEARTH AND HOME.

LABOR.—The day-labourer, who earns with horny hand and the sweat of his brow, coarse food for a wife and children whom he loves, is raised by this generous motive to true dignity; and though wanting the refinements of life, is a nobler being than those who think themselves absolved by wealth from serving others.

CHILDREN.—I remember a great man coming to my house at Waltham, and seeing all my children standing in the order of their age and stature, he said, "These are they that make rich men poor." But he straight received this answer, "Nay, my lord; these are they that make a poor man rich; for there is not of these whom we would part with for all your wealth."

AT THE FOOT OF THE LADDER.—It is in vain that ladders are reared for people without strength of purpose. They cannot mount. A boatswain can drive a lazy sailor up the rigging of a ship to the maintop; but it is next to impossible to induce an irresolute man to make his way upwards from the common level. If fate

has placed him at the foot of the ladder, there in all probability he will grovel till he dies.

SUPERSTITION.—There is, we believe, a degree of superstition lurking in every mind; and we doubt if anyone can thoroughly examine all his secret notions and impulses without detecting it, hidden, perhaps, from himself. It seems, in fact, to be a part of our nature, like instinct in animals, acting independently of our reason. It is often found existing in lofty natures, especially those that are poetical and aspiring. Caesar, it is well known, was greatly under the influence of such belief, and Napoleon had his good and evil days, and his presiding star.

SECRETS.—We must regard every matter as an entrusted secret, which we believe the person concerned would wish to be considered as such. Nay, further still, we must consider all circumstances as secrets entrusted, which would bring scandal upon another if told, and which it is not our certain duty to discuss, and that in our own persons and to his face. The divine rule of doing as we would be done by is never better put to the test than in matters of good and evil speaking. We may sophisticate with ourselves upon the manner in which we would wish to be treated, under many circumstances; but everybody recoils instinctively from the thought of being spoken ill of in his absence.

LUCK AND LABOUR.—It is not luck but labour that makes men. "Luck," says an able writer, "is ever waiting for something to turn up; labour, with keen eye and strong will, always turns up something. Luck lies in bed and wishes the postman would bring him news of a legacy; labour turns out at six, and with busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation of a competence. Luck whines; labour whistles. Luck relies on chance; labour on character. Luck slips downward to self-indulgence; labour strikes boldly upward, and aspires to independence."

COURTESIES.—Somebody has called courtesies the small change of life. Be that as it may, we all get into a habit of expecting them, and when we do an obliging thing, we hold out our hand for our "change." Most of us keep account-books, into which we should not like to have others look—kept all the same, though written only upon the pages of an unconsciously sharp memory. What we prettily call love is too often only a loan—not indeed to be paid in kind, but in degree, with handsome interest. We are affectionate and obliging and friendly, we help somebody in a moment of dire emergency, and then we hold out our hand for our "change." We are a little uneasy lest it should not be generally known how good we have been, and, lest it should be hidden under a bushel, we take all the bystanders into our confidence.

THE SECRET OF BEAUTY.—The secret of beauty is health. Those who desire to be beautiful should do all they can to restore their health, if they have lost it, or to keep it, if they have it still. No one can lay down specific rules for other people in these matters. The work which one may do, the rest he must take, his bath, his diet, his exercise, are matters for individual consideration, but they must be carefully thought of and never neglected. As a rule, when a person feels well, he looks well, and when he looks bad he feels bad, as a general thing. There are times when one could guess, without looking in the glass, his eyes were dull and his skin was mottled. This is not a case for something in a pretty bottle from the perfumer's, or the lotion that the advertisements praise so highly. To have a fresh complexion and bright eyes, even to have white hands and a graceful figure, you must be well. Health, and the happiness which usually comes with it, are the true secrets of beauty.

THE WOMANLY WOMAN.—The question is, what constitutes a womanly woman? Where does womanly self-sacrifice end and unwomanly want of dignity begin? And who can draw the exact line of demarcation between that sweet submission which is one of the distinctive feminine charms, and the sickly slavishness which we despise, even in a dog, and hold as a sign of mental meanness and spiritual poverty in a human being? What is it to be a loving, faithful, tender, and obedient woman? What a craven, cowering, servile spaniel! Some men are the natural tyrants of women, whom they look upon as their slaves—mere necessities of life, born to minister to them. And to such men as these some women cannot be too spaniel-like. Neither rancour nor revenge enters the soul of her whom he derides and calls a spaniel, her admirers womanly. When she has been ill-treated she can forgive; and the divine precept of seventy-times-seven seems to her a law of love, by which greater things are to be attained than the childish pleasure of manifesting "a high spirit." She asks for nothing beyond the leave to love, the privilege to bless; her joy of life is found in worshipping rather than in being worshipped. Even when ill-usage rouses her to dignity, self-protection, and defence, it never rouses her to resentment or retaliation. To the offer of repentance she answers back with forgiveness; and only repeated failures can convince her that her trust has been misplaced, that her tenderness is misunderstood, and that, if she would be true to herself and her ideal, she must abandon all hope of influencing to better things that terrible failure—the real. And this is the hardest lesson which life can set a woman of this kind to learn; the bitterest chapter of that whole tear-stained book of experience in which we all have read our daily service of sorrow and disappointment. But it is learned after

a time even by the "spaniel;" and when repentance has become a mockery, her forgiveness refuses to be its sport. Yes, even the spaniel woman will assert herself at last, and the limit of womanly forbearance be reached. And it is well so; for humility, sweet as it may be as a trait of character, may degenerate into vice if not upheld by self-respect.

## THE GLEANER.

HE who goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing. A MOTHER and her daughter married brothers in Tucaloosa, Ala., and the mother got the youngest husband. We know of a precisely similar case in Montreal.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES used to lecture for \$15 a night and expenses. This was in the good old days when money was money—and lectures lectures.

THE trade in horses between England and Canada is rapidly increasing and promises to become of great importance. They are found precisely of the stamp desired for useful purposes.

THE biggest gun on the world, Victor Emanuel's 100-ton gun, has fired its first shot at Spezia with 330 pounds of powder and a ball weighing 2,600 pounds only. The hydraulic work moved perfectly.

PARIS has a grave difficulty to solve, what to do with her dead? For ten years has this subject been under consideration, and Baron Haussmann complained that the dead gave him far more trouble than the living.

A PRACTICAL English writer treats of ex-Premier Gladstone's humane position upon the Eastern question in this way: Cr., by sale of pamphlet, \$13,000. Dr., to subscription to relief fund, \$500. Net gain, \$12,500.

THE annual income of the charities of London amounts to nearly \$12,000,000. Of this large amount nearly two-thirds are derived from voluntary contributions, the other third being derived from dividends, property or trade.

Mr. Guildford Onslow has written to a friend in Leeds to state that his agent at Melbourne has telegraphed to him that "Arthur Orton is found alive," and that a survivor of the *Bella* has also been found.

M. MARCHAL, a French naval officer, estimates the relative strength of the war navies of the European powers as follows: If England be represented by 1,000, France will be represented by 767, Germany by 334, and Italy by 255. The Turkish fleet comes next, and then the Russian, which stands at 138.

THE British Admiralty Board recently instituted an inquiry in regard to the number of transport ships the Government had at command in case of war. It was found that, with the addition of sundry steamers belonging to fifteen private companies, it had means of transporting to the Mediterranean, within three weeks, 90,000 men, with horses, cannons, and other war material.

MR. MACHADO, a rich Portuguese who died some time ago at Paris, had fifty pet ravens, and was also in the habit of daily feeding a number of others who came punctually to his balcony. He desired in his will that at his funeral his body should be laid in the spacious and handsome room occupied by his pets. At his death his order was obeyed, and as neither the domesticated ravens nor the outsiders had received any food that day, they gave vent to a constant and most dismal series of croakings, which gave a most grotesque character to the scene.

## AMONGST THE HEATHER.

It is matter of wonder why the thistle, with its defiant motto, has been adopted as the emblem of Scotland rather than the heather, which so regally mantles its hills. The rigid angularities of the national character live, indeed, in one; but the tender grace, the breadth of colour, the fragility and yet the endurance of the heather, point to the higher and finer aspects of the Scotch nature, and the deep affection and strength of will which underlie it. The fact seems to be that until the Union, the aggressive, prickly nature of the thistle only too aptly symbolised the rough and warlike disposition of Scotland. Few sentiments save patriotism found favour with its people before the middle of the eighteenth century. They took no thought of poetry or the refinements of life when the sword was at their throats and their ears rang with denunciations of Stuart or Hanoverian. When this question was definitely settled, and commerce took her place in peace upon her throne, border feud and national animosity alike faded into the emotional love of country and home, which finds its expression in so many beautiful ballads and songs, the slogan being exchanged for those pathetic love-songs which are the glory of Scotch literature. Then heather was twisted in many a chaplet of song. Thus Thomas the Rhymer speaks of

"Flodden's high and heathery side."

And the ballad of "King Henri" runs—

"Oh, pu'd hae he the green heather,

And made to her a bed."

while it serves to heighten the pathos of

"Faithless Donald"—

"When first ye climbed the heathery steep

We me to keep my father's sheep.

The vows ye made ye said ye'd keep!"

The "brown heath" was Scott's favourite plant, and naturally occurs again and again in

the Ettrick Shepherd's songs, perhaps never more beautifully than in his exquisite poem to the Skylark—

"Then when the gloaming comes,

Low in the heather blooms,

Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!"

In prose no one has emphasised its cheerful appearance and fitness to the localities it chooses better than Mr. Ruskin, and certainly no one ever drew it with exacter delineation of every curve and grace. When roaming over a highland corrie, however, or marking the sunlight fall on the granite blocks of Dartmoor, all but swallowed, as they are in summer, by the purple ocean of heather that surges in upon their desolation, the traveller is apt to forget that there are more than one species of heather in the kingdom. There are seven (or, omitting *Calluna*, six) even in England, while the whole family boasts some 400 species, to say nothing of the innumerable hybrids and varieties which our gardens produce. Every one knows the common ling or heather (*Calluna*), which is the most widely distributed of the family, ranging, as it does, from Labrador to the Azores, and spreading all along the western coast of Europe from the Atlantic-washed side of Africa, which is the original home of the race. The Scotch heather proper (*Eriogonum*) is somewhat thicker and taller than this last, with reddish-purple flowers which delight bees, while its tender shoots are dear to the grouse and blackcock. The cross-leaved heath (*E. tetralix*) once seen is never forgotten. Fairies might have modelled it in wax, as, rising four or five inches from the ground, it hangs its delicately-tinted, rose-flushed flowers over some boggy spot where the cotton-grass flutters in the wind and the plover whistles against the bleating snipe, hence known in Scotland as the "heather-bleat."

## LITERARY.

THE American edition of "Daniel Deronda" is said to have already reached 10,000 copies.

Charles Mackay's "Forty Years' Recollections of Life, Literature, and Public Affairs," is announced.

THE new volume of the "Life of the Prince Consort" was sold out in a few days, and a second is now being printed.

THE Russian edition of Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet has reached a sale of 20,000 copies, chiefly in St. Petersburg and Moscow.

THE latest production of Paul Heyse, the German novelist, is a drama the publication of which is awaited with great interest.

FREILIGRATH's German translation of Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner" is to be published in Leipzig this month with forty illustrations by Doré.

"Hell and Furies," exclaimed the Marchioness, is the somewhat startling and sensational opening of a modern work of fiction.

Colonel Rustow, the well-known and able historian of the two latest great wars, has begun a narrative of the present conflict in the Turkish Peninsula.

Professor Sidney Colvin has in preparation a complete prose translation of the Homeric Hymns, to be published with introduction and illustrations from Greek art.

THE Princess Liechtenstein, authoress of "Holland House," has in preparation a novel entitled "Nero," taken from the German. It may be described as prelude to an entirely original work by the same authoress.

TRIPPER has four sons and three daughters. The latter have written a volume entitled "Poems by Three Sisters," as well as "Translations from the Swedish and Original Poems," etc. They contribute to various English magazines and newspapers.

THE New Shakespeare Society has obtained the help of Colonel Chester in compiling for it a volume of the Wills of Actors and Authors of Elizabeth's and James the First's times, to form part of the society's eighth or miscellaneous series. The volume will also contain notes by Colonel Chester on the ancestry and descendants of every testator, with extracts from the very extensive collections of parish registers, &c., which Colonel Chester possesses.

Bayard Taylor says of Joaquin Miller's play, "The Shadow of Naurou," that it hints at a hero with numerous virtues, and "if even an approach to the reality of such a situation could be represented on the stage, I should predict its immediate success. What theatre-goers now demand is not dramatic art, but an entirely new sensation, and I suspect that nothing but a combination of acrobat, pugilist, revival preacher, and Centennial orator, all in one, would fulfil the popular ideal."

THE *Illustrated Kalender* gives the number of volumes in the German University libraries as follows: Berlin, 155,000; printed volumes, Bonn, 180,000; Breslau, 340,000; Erlangen, 110,000; Freiburg, 250,000; Gießen, 150,000; Göttingen, 400,000; Greifswald, 70,000; Heidelberg, 300,000; Jena, 100,000; Kiel, 150,000; Königsberg, 250,000; Leipzig, 350,000; Marburg, 120,000; München, 283,000; Rostock, 140,000; Tübingen, 280,000; Würzburg, 200,000; Strasbourg, 300,000. The library of the Vienna University contains 211,230 volumes, and that of Basle (Switz.) 100,000. Nearly all the libraries have large collections of MSS.

## PERSONAL.

M. LAFAMME has been sworn in as Minister of inland Revenue.

LEPINE's term of imprisonment having expired, he is once more at liberty.

Professor and Mrs. Goldwin Smith are visiting Professor Huxley in Oxford, England.

Chief-Justice Dorion has been appointed Administrator of the Province of Quebec, owing to the illness of Lieutenant-Governor Caron.

Hon. P. Fortin, Speaker of the Quebec Legislature, has resigned. Hon. Mr. Beaubien was elected in his place.

Don Carlos has been refused permission to live in Paris or even France, and he will travel in Belgium and Switzerland.

It is rumored in India that Lord Lytton, the Viceroy, is going to resign his post after the great Delhi pageant, not liking the country, nor the people, nor his life there.