



TOO HASTY;

OR,

NIPPED IN THE BUD.

"Is it hot enou—" he said and paused;
He saw the furious fire in our eye;
This was the question oft before had caused
Full many a man to lay him down and die.

Felled by a blow that would have slain a bull,
Provoked by that one question. Yea, he stopped.
A vacant grin upon his visage full,
Then down upon our sanctum couch he flopped.

"I merely asked if this was hot enough—"
Once more he ventured to repeat: but lo!
Propelled by rear attacks so swift and rough,
Out through the friendly doorway he doth go.



Wha— what—" he gasps "whatever have I done
I meant no harm: you're just a bit too fast,
And I protest against that kind of fun,
And I object to being rudely cast

From out your room: I called to ask if you
Deem that the weather now is hot and fair
Enough to warrant me my frames t'eschew,
And grow pineapples in the open air."

"A thousand pardons, sir," we blandly said,
"We thought you one of those foul fiends who say
'Is't hot enough for you: we are not ill-bred,
Excuse our haste, but we have learnt to dread
That question asked a million times a day."

THE TRAVELLED BORE.

Of all bores, and heaven knows there are enough of them of all descriptions, perhaps the travelled bore is the most objectionable. My cousin Clara was one of this class: I say was, for she is very much less of a nuisance now, for reasons which will hereafter be seen.

My cousin Clara, then, with her sister Mary, came on a visit to me at Rosedale, and after the first greetings, I remarked,

"Well, since you have never been here before, it will be strange if we can't find you something both new and striking."

"What, my dear," was her response, in a surprised tone, "What can you possibly have to show me?" Temple, whirlpool, ruin,—no, you've no ruins in Canada.—geyser, volcano,

I've seen them all. Ah, you should have climbed Vesuvius; these stairs remind me of Vesuvius,"—she was ascending to her bedroom—"only of course there were no steps there. Ah! what a charming little bedroom,"—she had reached that apartment. "You should see the bedrooms in Germany, snowy white and eider down, only the bed is on top of you there. Gedenken Sie unser Bedroom zu Cologne, Marie?" she went on to her sister, who, however, paid no attention to Clara;—she was accustomed to her.

"What a charming view! and what a pretty little river!"—looking out of the window. "Ah! you should see the Mosel: you pronounce it wrong: fifty times as broad as that stream. There now, do you know that bay reminds me immensely of the Gulf of Catania in Sicily, only of course on a very humble scale." I did not like to hear my beloved Toronto Bay disparaged in this style, and was about to take up the cudgels in its defence, when the dinner-bell rang. "My goodness," exclaimed Clara, "is that the dinner bell?" Dy'e know, in some places in the Tyrol, we were called to dinner by a horn? so romantic, was it not? I'll be down directly: five minutes was always sufficient for me to prepare for the tables d'hotel abroad."

Down she came to dinner soon afterwards. "Trout! I adore trout, and these, for their size, are excellent; but you should see the trout at Quirico, in Italy. Ah, me! how you would enjoy dear Italy: and that beautiful Napoli."

"Where?" I asked.

"Napoli: what you call Naples; such an enchanting place! All noblemen, and such macaroni! Yes, thank you, a cup of tea; this is very nice cream, but you should taste the goats' milk upon the Wengern Alps, shouldn't he, Mary?"

"Sour," answered Mary, curtly.

"Well, there's a piquancy about goat's milk which requires a continental taste to appreciate, perhaps," and so on, and so on, in one continuous stream till bed-time, when she said, "Good night. I've so much to tell you to-morrow about the Switzer Hof at Lucerne, and Pahree, and ever so many places: *Buono notti* as we used to say at Florence. *Gute nacht.* Good night," and she was gone, and a great silence fell around.

Next day was occupied by one continued string of reminiscences from Clara of foreign parts, and in the evening I had invited my friend Dr. Blandford, who is a most intellectual man, to meet my cousins at dinner. He came, and appeared to read Clara's character like a book.

"Ah!" he began, soon after being introduced, "these beautiful Canadian scenes: what a pleasant relief they must be to you, Miss Clara, after the more brilliant pictures you have met with in your travels on the European continent and elsewhere."

"Ah! sir," replied Clara, with a pitying shake of the head, "you were evidently never in the Tyrol."

"Nay," answered the doctor. "I am perfectly acquainted with every detail of the country. Does not this one spot remind you of the valley of the Inn, near Innspruck?"

"Well, perhaps it does," confessed Clara, "but then how small, how confined!"

"Nay, but I think a cabinet picture has its charms as well as a cartoon. Look at Suss, now, in the Engadine Oberland: You have not seen it? ah! then you have missed something indeed."

"To tell the truth," resumed Clara, rather vexed, I thought, "Italy, and more particularly Turkey, effaced a good deal of Swiss scenery from my recollection."

"Indeed," said my friend in a tone of curiosity, "what places particularly struck you?"

"Well, the village of Rocca di Papa, for

instance; though that is out of the ordinary tourist's way."

"Oh! yes; the little place at the foot of Monte Caro. That spot reminds me a good deal of Hamilton, though it wants the bay and the lake beyond."

"After all," resumed Clara, "Italy has something soft and effeminate about it, which you do not lose till you go further eastward: I suppose you never got so far as the Temple of Aegina?"

"There are two," said the doctor. Do you mean that in the Saronic Gulf, opposite Salamis? ah! well, should you call that particularly masculine. Now I call Thunder Cape at the head of Lake Superior much grander and quite as lovely."

I was delighted at the way the conversation was going, and was pleased to think she had caught a Tartar.

"Well, Dr. Blandford, there is something in what you say: neither Greece nor Italy can be said to combine every excellence of natural scenery: it is reserved for Turkey, the garden of the World, to surpass all other countries in that respect."

"Indeed, I should like to hear your opinion of the more remarkable places, for I have but a very small experience of the Empire of the crescent, myself"

"Well then, I think the finest spot in the world for scenery is, without exception, Buyuk Echekmedge, on the Sea of Marmora: Its mosques, its minarets, its kiosk: I should never forget them, and the beautiful burying grounds."

"Pardon me," said the doctor, "I think you must mean Kutchuk Tchekmedge not Buyuk Tchekmedge: I know one as well as the other: they are both pretty but it is the former which has the burying grounds. The whole mere *ordinary tourist*" (emphasis returned with interest) "part of Turkey is as familiar to me as that of France or Belgium, but I thought you might have seen more of the Balkan than I. A walking tour over those mountains is the pleasantest thing you can imagine, but mine was so short it was scarcely worth mentioning; still I really think, after all, that there is no place like home. From Switzerland, from Turkey, from Russia even, I return to Canada, having found nowhere any thing more charming."

"There is a great deal in what you say, sir," said Clara, perfectly humbled as she rose and retired, when I said to the doctor, "I had no idea, Blandford, that you had been such a traveller."

"No more had I," replied he with a quiet laugh, "I have never been out of Canada, but I can get all the mere *ordinary tourist* information I require out of *Murray's Hand Books*, and I have the whole of them!"



The Boston Ideal Opera Co. is announced to appear for a brief season at the Zoo theatre, commencing next Monday evening. The name of this Company is known throughout America, and is everywhere recognized as a synonym for first-class playing and singing.

Mr. Bengough's comic Opera, "Bunthorne Abroad," is shortly to be played at Ashbury Park by Mr. Randall's New York Company. The piece has been greatly improved by the author since its presentation in Toronto.