

it is not their habit when smitten on one cheek to present the other for similar treatment. The combative instincts of Naval and Military officers may possibly tincture the proceedings of the committee which do not seem to be characterized by the more congenial and gentle spirit of the gospel. Had Lord Randolph Churchill's indiscretion been deemed worthy of notice a dignified remonstrance when opportunity offered, if less productive of subscriptions than the hum of the hornets, would assuredly have inspired less contempt for those persons contumeliously called "souters" and their zealous but possibly mistaken patrons.—*Extracted from the Saturday Review by "Saxon."*

YOUNG LADIES' BEAUTY.

A beautiful person is the natural form of a beautiful soul—a vacant mind or soul takes all the meaning out of the most exquisitely formed face. Bad passions transform a face into an image of ugliness. There is nothing which so beautifies the expression and ennoble the face as the constant presence of noble and kind thoughts. More powerful than all in rendering a face angelic is kindness in the heart: affection is the organizing force. Woman is fairer and more lovely than man, because she is more affectionate; and loveliness is but the exterior of love. The angels are beautiful, I suppose, and if so they must be good. All young ladies who desire to be beautiful must first of all be good, and must lead rational lives. I am sorry to say there is a certain class of young ladies who are devoted to fashionable frivolities, to stupid ceremonies, to conceited idleness, to insatiable curiosity—who are "useless as a butterfly, untrue to friends, and caring only for physical comfort and mental inclination, tired of living, but afraid of dying, and dying in the harness of pleasure rather than drop out of the race and live naturally"—who are like caged birds of beautiful feather but unhealthy look, whose nights are spent in dancing, and whose days are passed, vegetating in bedrooms or parlours, recuperating for another frivolity, whose conversation is idle gossip, spoken by slanderous tongues, whose loves are sickly romances over gaping, lisping, eye-glassed fools, whose duties are unfulfilled, whose charities are nil, whose religious thoughts are church-bonnets and whose hearts are flints. This is a severe, but true description, of a certain class.

Why do they not live naturally and rationally, avoiding all social excesses? Why do they not go out into the warm sunshine, and under the blue sky add lustrous beauty to their eyes, peach-bloom to their cheeks, elasticity to their steps, health and vigour to their frame? Take exercise; climb the mountain, enjoying the scenery and making the woods gay with your laughter; ride with the Hunt, when it does *hunt*; row on the river; go for a bathe; and spending your days in unrestrained liberty and healthy enjoyment, return home with good appetites and happy hearts. It is very fashionable for the ladies who do not do these things to sneer at those who do, and to call them "dairy-maid" beauties, but the rosy-cheeked and bright-eyed young lady, blooming in perfect health, who can darn a stocking, make her own dresses, enjoy exercise, and be a lady when required, can well afford to laugh at the pale "aristocratic" (?) beauty, and is one who will make her husband's home happy, and be a good mother to her children.

But you moping, wasp-waisted, limping, doll-dressed, music-murdering, "Nana"-devouring daughters of dissipated idleness and senseless fashion will no more make a good mother than a cuckoo. You want more natural exercise, more liberty of action, less fashionable restraint, and less dancing in overcrowded and over-heated ball-rooms; less driving in fine equipages. You want more house-keeping duties and less parlour posturings; more walking and less couch or sofa; more frankness and sincerity and less mock-modesty. Loosen your waist-strings, giving your lungs freedom of action and breathing pure atmosphere, and become as cheery and beautiful as Dame Nature designed. There is one thing that is to be avoided, and that is, fastness, even of word alone, which is always vulgar.

If young ladies are natural and live rationally, they will live to form part of the picture thus given by Oliver Wendell Holmes:—"Oftentimes I have seen a tall ship glide by against the tide as if drawn by an invisible tow-line with a hundred strong arms pulling it. Her sails unfurled, her streamers drooping, she had neither side-wheel nor stern-wheel; still she moved on stately in serene triumph, as with her own life. But I knew that on the other side of the ship, hidden beneath the great bulk that swam so majestically, there was a little toilsome steam-tug, with a heart of fire and arms of iron that was tugging it bravely on; and I knew that if the little steam-tug untwined her arms and left the ship, it would wallow and roll away and drift hither and thither and go off with the effluent tide no man knows where, and so I have known more than one genius high-deck, full-freighted, wide-sailed, gay-penned, but for the bare toiling arm and brave warm healthy heart of the faithful little wife that nestled close to him so that no wind or wave could part them, he would have gone down with the stream and been heard of no more."

It has been said, and perhaps truly, that women are what men make them—if this be true, be it then the duty of women to make men better, and be it the duty and pleasure of men to follow—but if some young ladies continue to

spend their days in "hare-brained chatter" and "irresponsible frivolity," they will certainly find themselves equalled by a number of bank clerks and others.

Geo. Rothwell.

POPULAR SAYINGS ABOUT CATS.

The character of the cat is such that we must not wonder at the position it has taken in the popular superstitions and sayings of many nations. Its appearance and movements have been regarded as ominous, and it has supplied an excellent theme for proverbs and comparisons. The latter only will form the subject of the present paper, although the superstitions are often curious and interesting. We must risk the taunt of Lady Macbeth—

Letting I dare not wait upon I would,
Like the poor cat i' the adage.

The sayings which have come down to us about cats are not always complimentary and suggestive of kindness. Thus, Shakespeare's "If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and shoot at me" is a reference to a barbarous sport, of which Dr. Brewer says, "In olden times a cat was for sport inclosed in a bag or leathern bottle, and hung to the branch of a tree as a mark for bowmen to shoot at." Among the many expressions which are comparisons, either in form or in reality, the following occur: Grinning like a Cheshire cat; Living a cat and dog life; To be like Kilkenny cats; As a cat loves mustard; As gray as grannum's cat. The meaning of all these is obvious, and they are rather forcible than elegant. For "living a cat and dog life" the French say "To love like cats and dogs"; and this leads us to observe that many of the sayings which are current in the language appear in others, more or less modified. Thus, we say "to buy a pig in a poke"; but in France, Flanders, and elsewhere they say "to buy a cat in a bag."

The well-known motto of the Grants, "Touch not a cat but a glove," in which "but" means "without," has been explained to mean "Touch not the clan Cattan, or mountain cat, without a glove"; but, as a fact, the saying is common to the French and to other languages. Equally general is the saying, "A mitted cat catches no mice"; and perhaps even more so, "When the cat is away the mice play." Others which are widely spread are, To bell the cat (to hang bells about its neck); By night all cats are grey; The cat loves fish, but won't wet her feet to catch them; The cat did it; He would not harm a cat, &c.

Instead of our "tit for tat," or "A Roland for an Oliver," the French say, "For a good cat a good rat." In French "To cast a cat between one's legs" is to lay the blame on anyone; and "To remove the cat from the house" is to sneak or steal away. Some folks are said "to love neither dog nor cat," when they love nobody; or to be like bad cats which lick before they scratch, when they feign kindness but mean mischief. That a cat may look at a king, is well understood; and so is using a cat's paw for getting chestnuts out of the fire. In some places they pay in cats and rats, and know the meaning of "kitten" without needing "cat" to be said. Letting the cat get at the cheese is wrong; but it is right not to wake a sleeping cat, and to mistrust a cat even when she is asleep. To call a cat a cat is merely our calling a spade a spade. A scalded cat dreads cold water, just as a burnt child dreads the fire; and though a scalded cat does not go back to the kitchen, the Spanish idea is good, "One eye on the pot, and the other on the cat." The Italian means cat when he is in earnest, does not mean cat when he is in jest, and plays the dead cat when he dissimulates. He calls the cat when he speaks plainly; he sets about skinning a cat, when he undertakes a hard task; and when he sees no one he finds neither cat nor dog. That evil-doers are caught at last, he shows by saying the cat goes so often to the bacon that she leaves her claws there. He goes to see the cat drowned when he lets himself be imposed on, and he cheats another when he gets him to go and see him fish along with the cat. Though every cat would like a bell, the cat of Masina scratched out its own eyes in order not to see the rats.

The Spaniard, like the Italian, plays the cat when he dissimulates, but it is not a dead one. The Spaniard says the cat would be a good friend if it did not scratch, and he thinks a cat which mews is not a good mouser. An Italian says one had better be the head of a cat than the tail of a lion; a wary German goes like a cat round hot broth, and believes it too late to drive the cat away when the cheese is eaten. Many believe that a good cat often loses a mouse, that no cat is too small to scratch, and that you cannot keep away the cat when it has tasted cream. The Russian thinks that play for cats means tears for the mice; the Arab says that when the cats and mice are on good terms the provisions suffer; the Turk tells us that two cats can hold their own against one lion. Another Turkish saying is, It is fast day to-day, as the cat said when it could not get at the liver.

The Englishman fancies that some people have as many lives as a cat—that a cat, in fact, has nine lives; yet he holds that care will kill a cat, and that May kittens should be drowned. He is scarcely alone in thinking that the more you stroke a cat's back the higher she raises her tail—in other words flattery feeds vanity. He lets the cat out of the bag; but so do others, and they all