

SUMMER.

A time to sit and weave strange fantasies,
While the cool leaves wave slowly overhead;
A time to dream of haunting mirrored eyes,
And to interpret what those lips have said.

A time to sit under a violet sky,
And think on Nature's idly active strife;
A time to hope no sorrowful "Good bye!"
Mars the dew beauty of another life.

The time to love. What traveller on his way
But lingers long aside the dancing rill?
What recks he that the night comes, sad and grey,
Those magic waters leap in beauty still.

Still the sweet Naiad blesses earthly eyes,
Still Heaven is won, in that dear stilly night;
And thus, alas! come saddening memories,
For that grey dawn which rises chill, and cold, and
stern, and white.

Political Lessons in Words of one Syllable.

You have heard me speak of a Scotch boy of the name of George Brown, a long time since? He went to school for years to the Grit school, but when he got to be a big boy, he was not much liked, as he would have his own way all the time, and boys or men do not like to put up with too much of *that*. So George was snubbed for a long time by the head boys. Well, the boys had a boat in which they used to row, but the fun of it was, that as there were two sets of boys in the school, and the boat was for them all, so sure as one lot would get in and try to row her up the stream, the other lot would jump in and try with might and main to row her down the stream; so that they used to stick in the mud. So one fine day in June, what did George Brown do, but he goes to some of the big boys who were not on his side, and he says:—"This is fools work to pull so, we this way and you that way, let us swear friends and I will pull on your side, if you will find room for three of us in your small room." Well, the big boys said "yes," and they let George and his two friends have seats in the small room, and turned out Ike and Mike, and one more, and now George is there as large as you please, and he has such a big sum a year for his work, you can't think. And it would make you laugh to hear how he talks, and says:—"I care na se snap for the big sum I hae for my wark. Na! Na! it's na *that*; but I wad hae ye ken it is a' for ye're gude, and na my ain gude." And it is such fun to read in his sheet, (for he prints a sheet six times a week,) how that all the rest of the print sheets praise him. One says, "A great thing that we have such a boy as George Brown in our midst," and the next, "Oh, dear me! what should we do if George Brown was not in the small room!" and the next, "George Brown is a real good boy, too good for this world." But George does not say how the rest of the print sheets write, but I will tell you. One says, George Brown is a sad boy, he has run from his friends to row in the boat," and the next, "How can George Brown show his Scotch face, we cannot think? Will no one lend him a

mask?" and so on. But George takes it cool, and says he to a boy he knows very well:—"They may fash to write, but they will na fash me, mon, eh! while I hae the *caish*; while I hae the *caish*, mon!"

ARDOR.

"Who can hold a fire in his hand by thinking on the frosty Caucasus?"

What is the heat of passion to the present heat of the weather? The *ira furor* is short, but the days are at the longest and the heat is made to match. To read an account of racing, just now, is perfectly unendurable. Fancy three heats, artificial and smoking, added to the sultriness of the day. Could long separated lovers embrace warmly in such days as these? Or would they wisely contrive a midnight meeting, that the dews of affection should be cooled by the pearly dews of night? We have not entered our kitchen these six days, nor shall we, until the weather changes, for there, sarcastic, lurid, face-shortening and coppery, hangs a dreadful warning pan.

"Please, sir, will you come to dinner? the chops are nice and hot now, sir," said Bertha, our housekeeper and *gouvernante*, for, like Mr. Peggotty, we are a "Batcheldore." Poor Bertha blushed as we eyed her grimly, for we were sitting under a weeping ash, *sans* coat, *sans* all, save pantaloons and shirt, and sighing with the unlucky hunter, "*Venite auras*." But she meant well, and man must eat, or be eaten, and we entered our dining room, "whence, seen through greeny vista, Ontario freshly sparkles." "Those pickles weren't good, Sir, I sent them back; but these are so hot." And Bertha coughed delicately, as who should say, "I took a little bit to taste, so devoted am I to your service, beloved master." "Hot, are they, Bertha? a poor recommendation this weather." "La! sir," blushed Bertha, for, as a rule, we address Bertha monosyllabically, "They wouldn't be good if they were *not* hot, sir, and the weather, sir, isn't so *very*, warm, sir. Shall I get the pale ale, sir? I iced it an hour ago." Well, Bertha was right, after all: mutton chops are best hot, and so are pickles, and pale ale cool, and hot weather may be endured; and Bertha has brought me my meerscham and lighted it, and I have written this for the new planet which has peered above the horizon. And, and—but no matter, I don't think I must talk too much to Bertha, for she's a poor relation of ours, and too pretty, and I will live and die a Batcheldore. And, by George! here comes Bertha with some strawberries and cream. Hang the girl!

All Bands but the right.

"Royal aromatic bands, and patent elastic bands," a pretty young lady read aloud from the *Globe* newspaper. "I do believe," she continued musingly, "there are all sorts of bands about, except *husbands*."

AND THE END, DUMPLINGS.

SCENE—An Almshouse at Washington.—Tempus, 1884.

(Enter MR. WILLIAM SEWARD, *he soliloquizes*.)

How wearily drags on this lengthened war,
Giving the lie to my famed "ninety days,"
Which now are passed into a time-worn jest.
Heavens! how time flies, 'tis eighteen eighty-four,
Since when—let's see how long ago was it?
I donned Elijah's mantle? Elijah!
Nay, I am wrong, not the *true* prophet's mantle;
'Twas a *false* spirit then moved William Seward.
How long ago was't? Soft! I remember,
'Tis a long while, and I am gotten old,
And frail, and weak, 'Tis a queer prospect
To think of the strange past, and then to think
That Abe and I together, in our age,
Should the same almshouse tenant. Poor old Abe!
...e's in his second childhood. Ha! he comes!

(Enter ABRAHAM LINCOLN, *on crutches*.)

A. L.—Hello, Seward! Ain't them despatches gone?
Why Johnny Russell now will darn your eyes
As slick as any Yankee. I say, William,
I jest mind years ago—it must have been
Before I went to Richmond? No, not Richmond,
But somewhere—anyhow I was the President.
It *must* have been at Richmond? And yet, no,
Because 'twas there Jeff Davis was—answer,
Was not he President? And if he was,
How then could I be? Why I must have dreamed!
But we had generals then, no end of 'em:
But they were all too generally alike (*chuckles*).
I charged the jury, down Ohio way,
'Twas all about some lumber, so I said:
This is a lumbering plea. "Lord! how they laughed,
I wish you'd seen 'em, Billy! Where was I?
Talking of Hooker? How the fellow drank,
Or was't the Tribune man? 'Twas one of 'em.
Old Horace Greasy, now, was that his name,
Or Greeley? Well," says I, "this lumber gentlemen—
[Dinner bell rings.]

Hello! William Seward, darnation! haste,
For this is dumpling day—

[Exit A. L. hastily.]

(WILLIAM SEWARD, *solus*.)

W. S.—Aye! poor old Abe! He lives but for his dumplings!
Heavens! how we change; and can this really be,
'Old Abe' of sixty-four? Well, I'll go
And have my share of dumplings, old men's gums
Fight sturdily with dumplings. [Exit W. S.]
(Scene closes.)

A GOOD FAMILY HORSE.

We see that "a good family horse" is offered for sale in Toronto. GROWLER pricked up his ears when we read the advertisement. "A good family horse." It cannot be a clothes-horse? And it surely cannot mean the quadruped? If it *does*, and remember we only mean it as a possibility, not a probability; it must be a horse of great length, a *lineal Bucephalus*, a noble animal, whose proportions are akin to the celebrated spotted horse, that delight of children, that true exemplar of the adage *vita brevis est, ars longa*. We can fancy "a good family horse" equipped for a country excursion. *Pater familias* first puts on a saddle, in the rear a pillion, and then tightly straps behind again, the longest bolster the *menage* affords, for the accommodation of the three eldest children. Mamma, her face glowing with pleasure and perspiration, ascends; assisted, as to skirts, by Bridget; as to altitude, by a hall chair. The three children are ranged according to age, the youngest having the posterior position; whilst papa mounts the hall steps and steps into his saddle. He cries, "all aboard," and away they go;—happy, happy, party. *Quid rides?*