

A LONG-FELT PHILOLOGICAL WANT.**Also a Number of Interesting Views on a Number of Thoughtful Topics.**

BRANTFORD, Ont. Aug. 7.—I wish somebody would arise in the midst of all this torridity and win my eternal gratitude by declaring unto me an entirely new and effective vehicle by which I may convey to my family circle and the public generally my sentiments with regard to the weather. Not that I am conscious of any startling originality upon the subject—which has a somewhat hackneyed reputation, I believe—but simply for my own exasperated relief and that of a few overworked expressmen with which I am too familiar and for which I have conceived an unconquerable contempt. I want an adverbial adjunct to "hot," easily enunciated, elegant and emphatic. I should like it to combine the propriety of "excessively," which is dignified, but weak, with the force of "infernally," which is a good word, but of unpopular derivation, and somewhat shocking withal. It is really too hot to do anything but languidly note how ineffectively polite society communicates the fact. The English dictionaries have failed me, but I feel that I can turn to American ingenuity with a serene confidence that it will be equal to the occasion. I make you my compliments. Somebody on the staff of *Frank Leslie's*, who made last week what ought to become a historical allusion to the interview of Gen. McCook with the "disgruntled Mormon chiefs"—if the subject will admit of compliments. Disgruntled! Admirable in this connection! Did you originate it I wonder, or was it some youth to fortune and to fame unknown, whose sober wishes never learned to stray farther than the cool sequestered path that led to the paternal pen, over which he leaned with pensive grace in the level rays of the setting sun full many an eve and watched his swinish charge preparing for Chicago, until his receptive Western soul evolved "disgruntled." How suggestive of troughs and snouts, how generally onomatopoeic! It deserves to live and be copyrighted for use in Mormon connection only.

It has been reserved for Mr. "Phil Robinson," in the *Graphic*, to add a final flourish to Hugh Conway's scroll of fame. Two camels arrived at the Zoo not long ago, from the Soudan, in a condition of great dilapidation. They had subsisted upon their humps, and were consequently humpless, thus lacking a characteristic that is a dignity and a distinction in its way, and is the ordinary camel's sole claim to consideration. Altogether, they were sorry-looking quadrupeds enough, and, as Mr. Robinson tragically intimates, the spot of their burial had been selected, the rifles loaded that were to hasten their departure to another and a better world, where the Arabs cease from troubling and the Jingsos are at rest, when—presto change! Change of air and scenery and diet and occupation, and the sojourners from the far Soudan unexpectedly began and continued to improve, until they became the pride of the Zoo. And now Mr. Robinson gracefully and delicately suggests that they be dubbed "Called Back." As the immortal autocrat observed to the assembled breakfast table, "a highly merited compliment!"

The Hibernian mind has distinct limitations as to what its wife may complain about. Hear the *Dublin Freeman*: "In Nebraska a woman can sue for divorce on any reasonable and a few perfectly unreasonable grounds. If her husband has been sentenced to imprisonment for three years or more; if he is an habitual drunkard; if he has deserted her for more than two years; if he is extremely cruel; in fact, if he does anything inimical to the wife's good pleasure." Apart from the vexed question of divorce there is something highly entertaining about this catalogue of trivial domestic disagreements, especially the nonchalant summary at the end. The Dublin editor would formally convey his sympathies to his afflicted brethren in Nebraska, to whom the marital shillelah is a forbidden luxury, and who are obliged to be responsible for a black eye in the family circle, or any little thing like that. Evidently, in his opinion, the law permitting "moderate correction" of unruly wives ought to prevail wherever matrimony does. In a country where desertion or drunkenness or cruelty or crime is considered adequate cause for complaint, and where wives, like cooks, occasionally give "warning," his apparent ideal of conjugal felicity would be difficult of realization.

In the same paper I observe the following, quoted with evident approval: "A woman ought to exhibit great modesty as to her learning and to conceal it carefully, especially from other women, when she knows something of which they are ignorant." This was written by a French woman, and it looks like affected humility. It is one thing to parade one's little store of seminary sapience and an altogether abominable thing, but why we should be adjured to "carefully conceal" it passes my comprehension. Are we to veil our indiscretion in venturing beyond the covers of the cookery book for fear of beguiling some unwary sister from her rightful contemplation of pickles and preserves who might otherwise have developed into a housewife extraordinary? Or is it that some of us, having come short of the absolute stupidity required for perfect, patent womanhood, are to propitiate fate by trying to look as stupid as possible in deprecation of intelligence that is our misfortune and not our fault? Otherwise it is difficult to see why we should be requested to refrain from making Aristotle a third party to a *tele-a-tele* or introducing the binomial theorem into general conversation any more than our fellow B. A.'s who wear the additional distinction of whiskers.

I have found much entertainment during these latter dog-days in the autobiography of Lutfullah, "a Mahomedan gentleman," in which he gave the English people his opinion of them in their own language, and several facts with regard to himself, some thirty years ago. The autobiography of a Mahomedan gentleman of no particular consequence would not naturally appeal very strongly to public interest, so this naïf disciple of Islam precedes it with his pedigree—eighty-nine ancestors in a row and all the way back to Adam—thus establishing his undoubted relationship to his reader, vouching for his respectability, and laying modest claim to the most distinguished consideration, which one is quite disposed to bestow on observing the long procession of Sheikhs that step stately down the annals of Lutfullah. Some of the names have a familiar look—Hassan, Abdullah, Noah, Methusaleh—and give one a queer sensation of great-grandfather, under circumstances which he couldn't be expected to approve. I don't see Abraham there, though, and he shouldn't have been left out. Lutfullah's habits of reflection were usually well regulated, and on the solitary occasion when he gave the reins to his imagination his impety received the following gravely recorded check: "Standing one evening at the seaside, looking at the waves on which the large ships moved up and down, I began to think of the Jain tenets, by which matter is eternal and self-existent; but before arriving at the conclusion of the blasphemous syllogism I was startled by a severe bite from a dog in the calf of my leg, who came slyly behind me, and, after punishing me for my crime, ran away like a shot." The way in which he overlooks the possible attractions of the well-developed Mahomedan calf for the hungry and vicious Asiatic cur, and humbly appropriates the canine rebuke, is altogether inimitable. After that, Lutfullah's speculations on the seashore were conducted on a strictly neutral basis and with an eye to the rear. GARTH GRAFTON.