

"Lannigan's Ball," in which he was joined by the surviving members of the gallant community, several of whom were seen describing the quadrilles on all fours as they sought their respective chambers.

Another individual arose and flourished a poker uncomfortably near to my cranium; with this implement of domestic argument, he beat the air to a tune, piped in an unintelligible lingo which the vocalist informed us was a Danish hunting chorus. This explanation deemed superfluous, we sang the chorus, although not a man of us knew any more of Danish than we did of "Heathen Chinee," and I virtually believe had the latter language been sung the staff would have joined in the chorus; they never allowed anything having a refrain to pass without participating in the same. The poker was performing gyrations over the heads of several members, and the vocalist oscillated his arm with a rapidity and vigour calculated to decapitate any unfortunate gentleman whose head it should happen to strike. Several members here became alarmed for their personal safety and quietly viewed the swinging metal from the other side of the table. I think had any stray Indian been passing at the time this terrible commotion was at its height, he would have been inclined to think "Old Nick" was having a time on earth. I have an indistinct recollection of having assisted in scattering within the folds of Herr Peshen's blankets the top of a table, a pair of snowshoes, and other available articles of a similar description on which Herr P. slept the sleep of the just; but sore was his body and deep his wrath on the following morning as he withdrew, singly, from out his bed the articles mentioned above.

Next day found the Major packing. He was bound for the Rhine, and the staff clad in travelling habiliments were preparing to accompany him as far as Gysstoro. His departure was regretted by all, as notwithstanding his nationality he was a good old sort.

D. CUE.

(To be continued.)

THE GLEANER.

Not one American vessel of any description cleared for ports in England, Ireland, or Scotland from the harbor of New York during the month of February.

Among the decorations noticed on the table, at the dinner given to Sir John McDonald at Ottawa, last week, was a beautiful new seedling, a trio-color geranium, named after the right honorable gentleman. It was universally admired, and was grown by Mr. Stevenson, at Mr. Currier's conservatory.

Though the French are first cooks in the world, many patriots and gastronomists maintain that the culinary art is on the decline in that country, owing to the invasion of the English, American, and Russian dishes. It is proposed to arrest this degeneracy, by opening a restaurant college, where will be taught to apprentice cooks the old system for preparing food.

THERE is no such protection against the clothes-moth as brown paper. Years ago we purchased an enormous rug of white wolf-skin, which has been an inestimable benefit to the whole family. Every summer I wrap it up in brown paper, and not a moth has attacked it. Why the clothes-moth should have so great an aversion to brown paper I cannot tell, but such is the case. I find that professional furriers employ the same plan, but do not disclose that very simple secret. Annually thousands of valuable sealskin jackets and other furs are handed over to the dealers for preservation during the summer, and nothing is done except wrapping them up in brown paper and letting them be until the dawning of autumn. There are of course instances where furs and other similar articles must of necessity be left exposed during the summer-time. Let every piece of wool or fur be violently shaken every morning, and not a clothes-moth will harbour within it.

HEARTH AND HOME.

SUPERIORS AND INFERIORS.—From the relationship which exists between the superior and the inferior, spring and should arise an infinite number of benefits, giving the strong the power of mothering the weak, giving the educated the pleasure of telling the ignorant that they know more than they do, giving men that have bounty the opportunity of exercising their spirit of beneficence. That is the law of God in human society. And so men in different conditions are enabled to help each other. The low need the high, and the high need the low. They interlace, not simply by compulsion, but by natural necessities and affiliations.

ERADICATING CONCEIT.—Humility has this consolation. It finds that the greatest minds have had the least conceit; that Shakespeare bent down from the imperial height of his intellect to be taught by a clown, to be informed by a milkmaid; that Socrates, in his celebrated voyage in search of knowledge, with his perpetual questions concerning the cause of things, found that knowledge in a workman's shop which he could not find amongst the schools of the professors or philosophers; that Newton compared himself to a child who, playing on the sea-shore had picked up a shell here and a stone there, and thought them pretty, but knew no more of them. The bullet of steel is worn smooth and polished when it has passed through the gizzard

of an ostrich. The most conceited young prig who ever lived will find his level when brought to the rude experience of the world.

THE SORROWS OF OTHERS.—There is no question but habitual cheerfulness is a great blessing, but when cheerful people are lauded let it be remembered, as a general thing, that they are no more to be commended for it than a person for the possession of a pair of beautiful eyes. Cheerfulness is usually a matter of health and constitution. When it is not, the person deserves credit; for an invalid or a nervous person, a very sensitive person, easily affected by atmosphere and other influences, cannot, without great effort, be uniformly cheerful. Many people are cheerful because they are apathetic. The sorrows of others, not being their own are easy to bear. We do not wish to depreciate social sunshine; but let us not forget that they are very sweet flowers that flourish and give out perfume only in the shade and at intervals.

RICH WITHOUT MONEY.—Many a man is rich without money. Thousands of men with nothing in their pockets, and thousands without even a pocket, are rich. A man born with a good sound constitution, a good stomach, a good heart, and good limbs, and a pretty good headpiece, is rich. Good bones are better than gold; tough muscles than silver; and nerves that flash fire and carry energy to every function are better than houses and land. It is better than a landed estate to have the right kind of a father and mother. Good breeds and bad breeds exist among men as really as among herds and horses. Education may do much to check evil tendencies or to develop good ones; but it is a great thing to inherit the right proportion of faculties to start with. The man is rich who has a good disposition—who is naturally kind, patient, cheerful, hopeful, and who has a flavor of wit and fun in his composition.

COLDNESS OF MANNER.—There is no other way by which friendship may be so completely broken, or so thoroughly or completely crushed out of existence, as by coldness of manner; hard words are no competitors at all, for they are so often satisfactorily explained. It is frequently said that "like begets like," and we believe that it is often so. If we meet with an acquaintance who grasps our hand cordially, and gives it a generous and hearty shake, and their countenance lights up with a cheerful smile as they utter a pleasant and welcome salutation, if we are feeling dull and moody, we are, or at least should at once be, ashamed of that feeling, and instantly put forth our energies to disguise and banish it. If, on the contrary, we meet with one who repels our very attempt to be cordial by a studied coolness of manner, we very soon become impervious to any genial feeling for him, and a larger stock of pride springs to our aid than we ever dreamed our heart possessed, and a gulf is then and there formed over which a passable bridge can never be erected.

SECRET OF HAPPINESS.—Men and women wed each other to be happy. And why not, if they marry wisely? The man should always be a little bigger than his wife, a little older, a little braver, a little stronger, a little wiser, and a little more in love with her than she is with him. The woman should always be a little younger, and a little prettier, and a little more inconsiderate than the husband. He should bestow upon her all his worldly goods, and she should take good care of them. He may owe her every care and tenderness that affection can prompt; but pecuniary indebtedness to her will become a burden. Better live on a crust he earns than a fortune she has brought him. Neither must encourage sentimental friendships for the opposite sex. Perfect confidence in each other, and reticence concerning their mutual affairs, even to members of their own families, is a first necessity. A wife should dress herself becomingly whenever she expects to meet her husband's eye. The man should not grow slovenly even at home. Fault-finding, long arguments, or scolding end the happiness that begins in kisses and lovemaking.

TO A YOUNG GIRL.—You think you love the man who is coming this Sunday night to visit you. And he acts as if he loves you. Suppose he "declares himself," and asks you to become his wife. Are you prepared to say to him, "I love and will trust you through life with my happiness, and the lives and weal of our children?"

He is jolly, gay and handsome, and the darts of Cupid are twinkling and sparkling in his eyes; but will those eyes always find expression from the love of a true soul?

To-night he says many pleasant things, and draws pretty pictures for the future.

Does he go to-morrow to work which gives a promise of the fulfilment of your desires in life?

Does his ambitions and achievements satisfy you?

Does his every-day life shine with the noble endeavors of a trustworthy man?

If you think and desire a companion in your thinking—one who can unlock the deepest depths of your mind, to what strata of humanity does he belong in the scale of excellence and morality? Is he doing all he can to build up future usefulness and happiness in which you can share and feel blessed? These are questions which the experience of after-years make many women weep in bitterness that they were not thought of before they answered "Yes."

BURLESQUE.

LOOKING AFTER THE SHEKELS.—One day after King Solomon had written a column of solid nonpareil wise and moral proverbs, he took his eldest son by the elbow, led him down the back stairs of the palace, through the back yard, past the wood-shed, out into the alley, backed him up behind Acitophel's wood-pile, looked warily around to see that no one was listening, and whispered into the young man's ear: "My son, a little office in a spread-eagle life insurance company is better than a cart-load of preferred stock in the Ophir mines." And then the monarch threw his head on one side, drew in his chin, shut one eye, and gazed at his offspring in silence. Three years afterward, when the great Hebraic Consolidated Stormy Jordan Life Insurance Company, of which the intelligent young prince was president, went into bankruptcy, the man was able to let his father, who was a little short at the time, have 255,000 shekels for ninety days on his simple note of hand.

A QUEBEC EPISODE.—We wonder, says the *Chronicle*, is there no possibility of teaching those wrestlers with dry goods boxes, who are in the habit of standing at the corners in John street, the secret of perpetual motion? Yesterday evening three or four young men were plastered up against the wall in this locality, got up regardless of expense, smoking cheap cigars and with an abundance of shirt collar; it is a profound mystery how they succeeded in putting on their hats. They, in very animated manner, were discussing the financial prospects of the country, in which the word *pluie* seemed to predominate. One of them, being tempted into superfluous speech by exuberant volubility, passed some insulting remarks on the appearance of a young lady who happened to have a male protector a short distance behind her, and it was simply ridiculous to watch the look of astonishment that crept into the dry goods clerk's face, as he felt a hand on his shoulder and some one vigorously filling his coat-tail with shoe leather.

THAT'S IT 'XACTLY.—A man came into the *Dunbury News* office the other morning with one side of his face looking very much as if it had been used to grate horseradish. He said with deep feeling:

"If a man is chasing a wagon to catch a ride, an' gets hold the back board, an' goes to make a leap, an' springs up, has the man who is driving any right to stop the boss dead still at such a time? That's what I want to know?"

In a flash came before Bailey the picture of a man poised in air over the tail board of a moving wagon—then the sudden stoppage of the wagon. And he looked on his face, and felt called upon to say that the driver's action was most injudicious.

"Of course it was," said the visitor, with increased feeling. "A man who'll do that is a mean, pesky whelp, and should be punted at with scorn, by jimminy. And you can tell him so in the paper if you want to."

And with this permission he gravely withdrew.

PHILOLOGY VERSUS PRIZE PACKAGES.—"Have a candy package, boss?" said the train boy, addressing an elderly passenger with a broad-brimmed hat and spectacles. "Candy package," said the old man after a moment's pause. "Candy—let me see—a saccharine substance prepared by the aid of various deleterious ingredients, and pleasingly coloured to the eye by the admixture of chemical pigments. Young man, do you know that?"

"Oh cheese it, boss. Try a package." "Cheese, did you remark?" continued the old gentleman, wiping his spectacles. "Ah, yes; cheese, the curd of milk coagulated and pressed; is prepared in many varieties, such as Limburger, Swiss, Brie, Neufchâtel."

"Got the bulge on me this time, boss."

"The bulge, did you observe? Oh, indeed, I see; bulge—to swell in the middle, to bulge; a word, however, seldom used by philologists or linguists in gen'ral."

"Ah, come now, boss, brace and take a package! may draw a prize, yer know."

"Prize—Spanish, Presso; French, Prize; supposed to be from the Latin *Prendo* signifying 'to lay hold of.' Now young man, if you don't leave this in about two seconds, I'll lay hold of you in a way that will make you wish prize-candy packages had never been invented."

The youngster concluded that old Broadbrim didn't want any candy that day, and went for the next man.

VARIETIES.

THE FRANCISCAN TENOR.—Frate Giovanni used to belong to the Ara Coeli Brotherhood. When that church was expropriated he went to St. John, in Laterano. Lately the Pope has given him a fine post in the Sistine or Papal choir, the one left vacant by the death of the excellent singer, Rosati. It is about two years now since Frate Giovanni's voice first began to attract attention in public. He is a native of Lucca, and not young; some say he is thirty-five; some older. Frate Giovanni sings by ear principally. Some musical friends of ours met him at the Bagni di Lucca last summer; they tell me he is *un bon enfant*; sings every thing, no matter how difficult, at the first hearing, with remarkable facility and quickness; he is excessively good-natured and is capable of devouring any amount of *bouillons*, which do not seem to hurt his voice. He would eat all sorts of *dolce*, then go to the piano with Rotoli and sing like a bird. His

voice is not only extensive, clear and powerful, but is what the Italians call so expressively "*simpatico*," it is tender, passionate, imploring, glorious; it goes to the heart. Later in the afternoon of Holy Thursday he sang the "Miserere" at St. John in Laterano, with the wonderful soprano of that basilica choir, and the effect was truly *incantevole*. Few tenor voices could hold their own against that vibrant, high-soaring soprano of St. John in Laterano, but Frate Giovanni's moved closely beside it and showed how much more beautiful is the natural tenor voice than the most successful artificial male soprano.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

REFORM.—The last number of the "Canadian Illustrated News" has a pointed cartoon of the relation of the present Mayor of Montreal and the Board of Health. His Worship is represented as holding each of the most deadly diseases within his control, these diseases taking the shape of so many hideous creatures which seem anxious to make a break and prey upon the public. It is just a question whether Mayor Beaudry has not carried his Civil Service Reform too far.—Kingston *Waig*.

ARTISTIC.

MEISSONIER has painted a portrait of Alexandre Dumas, the author being represented sitting before a table covered with books.

THE four pictures disposed of at the sale of the Duke d'Albe, brought the following prices:—"Portrait of Dona de Antonia de Haro," Velasquez, 7,500*fr.*; "Landscape," by Rubens, 23,000*fr.*; "Portrait of the son of Murillo," by the father, 23,000*fr.*; "Portrait of the Infanta Marguerite," Velasquez, 45,000*fr.*

ST. PAUL'S is to have three pulpits. It possesses already a fine one in the choir, and a very ornate edifice indeed as a post of vantage for the preacher under the dome. But France is going to give it a third. Paris wishes to show its thankfulness to London for the subscriptions which London gave in 1870 to the sufferers by the Franco-German War; and setting aside the question of religion the Chambre Syndicale des Ouvriers Menuisiers en Bâtimens à Paris have offered the Dean and Chapter a sculptured monumental pulpit.

LITERARY.

LONGFELLOW'S works are published in England by twenty-two publishers, but only one or two have the courtesy to pay him any royalty on the books.

GERUSALEMME LIBERATA, turned into English prose, is shortly to be published in London under the title of "Tasso's Enchanted Ground: the story of the Jerusalem Delivered."

It is said that Mr. Theodore Martin is at present engaged in editing another book of the Queen's. It recounts her life in the Highlands, and is likely to be published shortly.

BAYARD TAYLOR says that "with all the sympathy which I still keep for the hope and uncertainty of beginners, I have never yet found that my frank criticism was of any avail, except to make me enemies when the ardent young poet subsides into the reporter or paragraph-writer."

JOAQUIN MILLER, the Western poet, who has been abroad, lectured in Philadelphia last week on "Literary London." The Press says:—"He is not an orator, and as a lecturer he cannot conscientiously be called a success. Mr. Miller was exceedingly severe on his own country for its refusal to recognize the claims of literature and literary men."

MR. TENNYSON, during his present stay in London, has been giving readings from his own works to a select circle of friends, Maud being his favorite. Mr. H.F. Dickens, the youngest son of Charles Dickens, has also been giving afternoon readings from his father's works, and there are those who are bold enough to say that the son promises to be even a more effective and dramatic reader than the father.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

PATTI'S pet is a tame bullfinch that flies about her rooms all day.

It is stated that Mr. Mallandaine has set Mr. Tennyson's *Harold* as a five act opera, the adaptation being by Mr. Matthison. The work will be produced in the new opera house being built at Leicester.

RUDOLPH ARONSON, the young American composer, is to write a grand concert march, for orchestra and chorus, to be named the "Lafayette," for the Paris Exposition in 1878. It will be brought out by the celebrated band of the Garde Republicaine.

MISS CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG and Miss Annie Louise Cary are to appear under Mr. Max Strakosch's management next season in concert and oratorio. Miss Kellogg will receive \$30,000 in gold for a series of fifty appearances, and will sing for the first time in San Francisco in September next. Mr. Tom Karl, Signor Verdi, a baritone, Mr. Conlon and Mr. Behrens are to be of the company.

NEXT season it is understood that Miss Eyttinge will devote herself, under Mr. Max Strakosch's direction, strictly to the legitimate drama, a new departure warranted by her great success as *Lady Macbeth*. She will enact *Constantine* in "King John," *Katherine* in "Henry VIII.," *Hermione* in "A Winter's Tale," and *Maria Antoinette*; and will appear for the first time as *Cleopatra*, a role for which she would seem eminently qualified.

MR. STEPHEN FISKE, of the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, issues a circular in reference to a memorial window which it is proposed to erect to the late John Oxenford, theatrical critic, to the London Times, in St. George's Cathedral, Southwark. The cost of the window will be about \$500, and Mr. Fiske thinks that "the leading members of the journalistic and dramatic professions here" will be glad to contribute to this "lasting record of reverence and affection in which Oxenford was held." Contributions sent to Mr. Fiske, at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, will be duly acknowledged in the New York Herald.

M. GOUNOD has "dashed off *Cinq Mars*." Whether walking with bent head, or riding in railway carriage, Gounod is ever absorbed in himself as much as Victor Hugo under similar circumstances. His melody is spontaneous and sparkling, but is subject to repeated revision. Gounod is fifty-nine years of age, and the mysticism or melancholy of his nature is said to be the consequence of his theological studies, for he was destined for the church. Like Mozart, he has a feminine genius; his Marguerite, Juliet, and Mireille are adorable types of life and truthfulness; he is the divine musician with the fair sex, as Ingres was their divine painter. The score has been sold for 100,000 francs. In the royal chorus some of the performers exhibited a rather republican antipathy, which Carvalho conquered by begging them to imagine they were singing the *Marseillaise*.