

Agatha's hands was one of many another to her brother, a miserable outlaw for debt, of whom she had been so ashamed that she had never mentioned his existence to Allen Ossary.

Allen and his wife, once more united, never touched terrible Lady Agatha's fortune. It was given to an orphan asylum, and at last some good was done with it.

Are they to be condemned if they sorrowed for Gianetto? Too ignorant to comprehend aught beyond his exaggerated sense of gratitude and his boundless love for the children of his preserver, his Corsican blood had looked upon *rendetta* as the only means of paying for the life which had been given him when he was taken out of the snow on the bridge at York.

He was scarcely more responsible than a faithful dog, which kills or tries to kill whatever attacks his master.

Ignorance, not cruelty, led the "stray" to kill Lady Agatha.

And who does not pity ignorance?

J. R. W.

JOAQUIN MILLER IN FRENCH EYES.

In his posthumous work, "La Psychologie Sociale des Peuples Nouveaux," which has just been published in Paris, M. Philarette Chasles, philosopher, member of the Institute and formerly head of the French National Library, thus analyzes Joaquin Miller as a poet: American life and habits have just found their organ. I allude neither to Longfellow, nor to other well-known poets, but to a man of the name of Miller. His genius is natural and brutal. Its waves contain mud and gravel as well as gold and pearl. Miller does not aim at elegance. He is a semi-savage. He is neither from Boston, the learned city, nor from New York, the commercial metropolis, nor from William Penn's philosophical city, Philadelphia. He is a Californian and embodies all the characteristics of California. He does not analyze his feelings nor ponder over his sensations. He is almost unconscious, almost ashamed of his own energy. Joaquin Miller by name, his dwelling hangs between the Pacific and the Sierra Nevada. He was once a gold hunter. One day he descended from the Sierras to Mexico and the extensive plains of the South, thence to New York, thence to London, where he published his wonderful works. Joaquin Miller is a bad composer. His stories are badly put together. He sometimes uses California words or verses out of measure. He is, nevertheless, a poet. His genius is new, impulsive, and varied; he is unconsciously a poet. At a time when every one endeavors to mimic genius and originality Miller may be considered a phenomenon. His descriptions are as lively and as true as Lamartine's; as buoyant as Byron's; as sentimental as Musset's; but the whole is confused, muddy, disorderly. His genius flows from stormy waves. Is he classical or romantic? No one can tell. Spanish or Anglo-Saxon? No one can tell. Savage or civilized? No one can tell. He possesses a little of each. What can be said is that his works betray health and vitality. Goethe would have admired him. Miller is New America itself. Emanating from old countries, Northern America is a chaos where in all races are mixed; she has given birth to a genius who has shared her life and her passions, her follies and her virtues, and has become the Dante or the Homer of that extraordinary part of the world. Poetry is not a toy in the hands of the California Miller. It is a passion which braves his reason. This passion seized him at the bottom of his native abyss, in the canyon, a long Californian gallery or canal closeted in marble walls, at 3,000 feet beneath the rocks—a gallery that is protected by forests of quinas where the orang-outang and the jockos with human features fly between the branches as numerous as the leaves on the trees.

THE POPE ON MUSIC.

A writer says: It is, perhaps, not well known that Pius IX. is a very fine musician. As a young man he cultivated his taste for music very assiduously, and his voice was magnificent. Even now it is very sweet and powerful, and when his Holiness sings at High Mass all who hear him are struck by the superb manner in which he executes the difficult Gregorian chant. The Pope has always been a distinguished patron of music, and it is to him that Rome owed the flourishing condition of her Conservatory of Music, which, however, has sadly deteriorated of late. A few weeks back the Holy Father met Cappoci, the great composer of sacred music, and leader of the superb choir of the Vatican; his Holiness congratulated the *maestro*, and, taking a valuable ring from his finger, presented it to him. At the same time he ordered that the name of Cappoci should be added to the list of Knights of the Grand Order of St. Gregory the Great. Rossini was an intimate friend of Pius IX., and dedicated to him a very fine march, which bears his name. Gounod has also frequently been received by him, and he has given him several notable decorations. When the famous *prima donna* Carlotta Marchisio died, his Holiness ordered that the members of his special choir should sing at the funeral mass said for the eternal repose. Pius IX. is at present much interested in the great church music question, which is so widely discussed in the musical world. He disapproves of the use of profane music in churches, but, at the same time, recently expressed an opinion that, as a rule, what is usually called sacred music was dull and dreary. He thought that sacred music should be dramatic but not theatrical.

HEARTH AND HOME.

EMPLOYER AND EMPLOYED.—It is very common for young men now-a-days to study how little they can make suffice in the way of the labour they perform for their employers, rather than how much they can possibly do to render themselves useful. We say this is common now, and we suppose it always has been common. But we think it will be found on examination never to have been the course pursued by men who in after-life became distinguished for their success. Such men worked for their employers as afterwards, when they got into business on their own account, they worked for themselves.

INDIFFERENCE AT HOME.—Ingratitude and indifference sometimes mar the character of men. A husband returns from his business at evening. During his absence, and throughout the live-long day, the wife has been busy with mind and hands preparing some little surprise, some unexpected pleasure to make his home more attractive than ever. He enters, seemingly sees no more of what has been done to please him than if he were a blind man, and has nothing more to say about it than if he were dumb. Many a loving wife has borne in her heart an abiding sorrow, day after day, from causes like this, until, in process of time, the fire and enthusiasm of her original nature have burned out, and mutual indifference spreads its pall over the household.

FORCE OF HABIT.—There is an Eastern tale of a magician who discovered, by his incantation, that the philosopher's stone lay in the bed of a certain river, but was unable to determine its exact locality. He therefore strolled along the bank with a piece of iron, to which he applied successively all the pebbles he found. As one after another they produced no change in the metal, he flung them into the stream. At last he hit on the object of his search, and the iron became gold in his hand; but, alas! he had become so accustomed to the "touch and go" movement, that the real stone was involuntarily thrown into the river after the others, and lost to him for ever. This story well allegorizes the fate of the coquette. She has tried and discarded to many hearts, that at length she throws away she right one, from pure force of habit.

FUN AT HOME.—Don't be afraid of a little fun at home, good people; don't shut up your homes lest the sun should fade your carpets and your hearts, lest a hearty laugh should shake down some of the musty cob-webs there. If you want to ruin your sons, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyment must be left on the threshold when they come in at night. When once a home is regarded as only a place to eat, drink and sleep in, the work is begun that ends in gambling-houses and degradation. Children must have fun and relaxation somewhere. If they do not find it at their own hearthstones, it will be sought in other, and perhaps less profitable places. Therefore, let the fire burn brightly at night, and make the home ever delightful with all those little arts that parents so perfectly understand. Don't depress the buoyant spirits of your children; half an hour around the lamp and firelight of home blots out the remembrance of many a care and annoyance during the day, and the best safeguard they can take with them into the world is the unseen influence of a bright little domestic sanctum. For Canadian homes we recommend cards (without playing, ever, for money, no, not for a stake however small) dancing (without dressing up for it), part-singing, and for one to read aloud (Dickens' novels stand this severe test of excellence best) while the rest do needlework, carving, or drawing. Parents who deny their own inclinations to foster these innocent amusements, are to our certain experience, rewarded by sons and daughters who love their homes, a sure sign of their loving their parents themselves.

THE CULTIVATION OF SYMPATHY.—Sympathy is an especial characteristic of women, and its effect upon the human heart may be compared to the action of light upon the optic nerve: it transfers the picture from without, and seats it in the soul. By exciting all the feelings proper to the suffering object, it gives us the most perfect conception of his misery: causes us almost to forget our own situation, and fancy ourselves the sufferers. Though it is probable that this principle is no other than a modification of self-love, yet, as its effects are instantaneous, and habit reduces it to a kind of secondary instinct, experience justifies us in the distinction between this source of benevolence, and that which is an act of reason, grounded on any principle. Sympathy is not improperly termed a moral taste; and, like taste in the fine arts, will admit of improvement by reason and cultivation. The sense of danger, frequently experienced, strengthens our antipathy to vice; and the sense of utility increases, by a common effort of the mind, the love of that moral beauty, which we learn to be profitable to us. In very refined persons, sympathy proves a fruitful source of virtue; but, in common minds, its operations are feeble and uncertain; for, as the sympathetic feelings may be increased by proper cultivation, so they may be almost annihilated by false reasoning, by being conversant with scenes of cruelty, or even by neglect. Reason, then, furnishes us with a rule of conduct, founded on the considerations of our real and permanent interest; and sympathy, by a kind of instant inspirations, prompts us to those benevolent actions where self is not immediately concerned. In the training, therefore, of the future woman, care should be taken to educate the sympathies in order, that the desirable mean may be attained, which distinguishes between the sympathy of reason and that mere blind impulse dictated by feeling, which wastes its pity on unworthy or undeserving objects.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

THERE are two periods in the life of man at which he is too wise to tell woman the exact truth; when he is in love—and when he isn't.

THE look a man gives his wife when he suddenly awakes in the morning and finds her going through his vest pockets, is not a studied expression, but it is excellent in its way.

A weak female will berate a man for letting her stand up in a horse car, and she will then dance from ten o'clock till two. This shows that dancing is better than standing up.

"CHARLES!" she murmured as they strolled along the other evening, and gazed upward at the bejewelled firmament; "Charles, dear, which is Venus and which is Adonis?"

A wife will hardly ever notice whether her husband has had his hair cut or not, but let him go home with a strange hairpin sticking in his overcoat and she'll see it before he reaches the gate.

A girl in Berks county, Pennsylvania, only twelve years old, rises daily at four A. M., milks thirteen cows, and prepares a breakfast for the family. Her hair isn't "banged," and she doesn't wear a one-legged dress.

A little boy in a Scotch school was asked if he did not wish to be born again. "Born again!" said Tommy; "no, I wadna." "You wouldn't?" cried the teacher sadly; "why not?" "For fear I'd be born a lassie," said Tommy.

AMONG the premiums recently given at the Eaton County Fair was one of \$10 to the woman going longest without a new dress. The woman who won it put it to such good use that she cannot win another of the same sort this winter.

"MRS. HENRY," said John to his wife the other morning, "if you give me a Christmas present this year, please arrange it so that the bill won't come in till the next month. It's just as well to keep on the illusion for a short time."

A fashionable woman's clothes weigh twenty-four pounds, exclusive of hat, furs, and rubbers, while a man's outfit hardly goes over fifteen pounds. This is a free country, however, and any woman is at liberty to carry as much as a mule can draw if she wants to.

MRS. LIVERMORE says girls are not particular enough about the man they marry. Mrs. Livermore is right. Many a young girl has become wedded to a man and found out, when too late, that he couldn't whitewash a bedroom without streaking the walls.

BOB LONGLEY (with modest fervor): "O, Jack! O, for a woman's love! O, for a true-hearted woman once, once in one's life, to throw her arms round one's neck, and tell one she loves one!" Little Jack Horner: "Ah! If you had as much of that kind of thing as I have, old man, you'd be precious tired of the whole concern!"

SARDOU recently expressed to an American lady, to whom he had been introduced, his pleasure at meeting her, and she turned upon him thus: "I should think you would be glad, M. Sardou, for, to judge by your 'Uncle Sam,' this must be the first time that you ever met an American lady."

"REALLY, my dear," said poor Jones to his better half, "you have sadly disappointed me. I once considered you a jewel of a woman, but you have turned out only a bit of matrimonial paste." "Then, my love," was the reply, "console yourself with the idea that that paste is adhesive, and will stick to you as long as you live."

IN my hours of visionary indulgence (says Mrs. Willis) I have sometimes painted to myself a husband—no matter whom—comforting me amid the distresses which fortune had laid upon us. I have smiled upon him through my tears—tears, not of anguish, but of tenderness; our children were playing around us, unconscious of misfortune; we had taught them to be humble, and to be happy; our little shed was reserved to us, and their smiles to cheer it. I have imagined the luxury of such a scene, and affliction became a part of my dream of happiness.

"MAKE me no gaudy wristlets," ought to be the song now, in view of the new ones in fashion.

They strolled upon the beach so long
He missed the train, belated;
And so they played a game of chess
For pastime, while he waited.

It must have been a charming one,
For both seemed quite enraptured;
She took a Castle and a Knight,
And the white Queen captured.

I cannot tell who lost or won,
Because it is related,
Although the game was only drawn,
The players both were mated.

IN France the parents of the interested ones first consider the matter of their marriage. "Look, Monsieur, says Madame, 'here is my daughter, with all her graces and accomplishments, and her good heart: and here, also, is the dower I will give with her.' "And here, Madame," says Monsieur, who is very likely her neighbor or friend, "here is my son, and his probable inheritance; his education has been what you know; his professional talent, what you know, also; as to his amiability you shall judge, for I'll give you every opportunity of observing; and moreover, when he marries, I will give the boy—so and so." The youngsters meet and, unless they are very difficult to suit, are obliging enough to further their parents' plan.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

ONE of the characters of Dumas's new comedy, "L'Etrangère," is called Mrs. Clarkson, an American.

ROSSI, although he has made an immense artistic success in Paris, has not had, it is said, a pecuniary one.

W. S. GILBERT's new fairy comedy—said to be his masterpiece—will soon be produced at the Court Theatre, London.

IT is a Baltimore critic who informs a cultivated public that Miss Emma Thurbys sang "a beautiful aria from 'Ah non Credea' ('Sonnambula,' Bellini).

THEODORE BARRIERE's new comedy, "Les Scandales d'Hier," has proved completely successful at the Vaudeville, Paris, where Mlle. Pierson sustains the leading character.

MADAME ADELINA PATTI has written to Mr. Gounod to comfort him in his sickness by informing him that she was recently called sixty times in his opera of *Romeo and Juliet*.

MISS EDITH WYNNE, the Welsh ballad singer, has just been married in London to Mr. Agabeg, an Armenian by birth but a practising lawyer in that city. She will continue to be a public singer.

CHARLES MATTHEWS made a farewell speech at the London Gaiety which was egotistic, and yet a very pleasant one—full of neat turns of expression, good stories, humorous sallies, and genial chit-chat.

MME. NILSSON has been raising a London audience to enthusiasm by her delivery of two songs by Davison, "I Fear Thy Kisses" and "Sweet Village Bella." At the conclusion of the latter the singer was thrice recalled.

Mlle. DUPARC is eclipsing Mlle. Geoffroy in Texas, as she did in New Orleans, and "Les Diables Roses" will therefore not profit by her co-operation at the Lyceum Theatre. Mlle. Duparc's *Clairette* ranks next to that of Aimée in point of spirit.

A provincial critic gets rather the best of an antagonist who said that, compared with Forrest, Davenport is but a tallow candle compared to a gaslight, by saying: "If Davenport is a candle he certainly is a wax one, the subdued light of which is preferred, by those who can afford it, to the flaring of gas."

OFFENBACH has novelties at the three theatres. At the Gaiety, *Le Voyage dans la Lune*; at the Bouffes, *La Crinoline*; at the Variétés, *La Boulangère a des Ecus*. The receipts are very large. For instance, one night at the Gaiety was reckoned at 9,640 fr.; at the Variétés, 5,400 fr.; at the Bouffes, 5,035 fr.—total, 20,045 fr.

MR. HOWARD GLOVER, the well-known English musician, professor, and composer, died recently in New York, where he had resided for the last seven years. He was a son of the late famous actress, Mrs. Glover, and will be remembered among musical amateurs by his opera, *Ruy Blas*, his cantata, *Tom O'Shanter*, and a great many charming songs.

MINNIE HAUCK is said to have taken Lucca's place on the stage in Berlin, where she has lately been singing *Marguerite*. A critic says: "While Lucca, in the cathedral scene, affected me more than did Minnie Hauck, the latter's rendering of the scene in the prison was far superior in point of dramatic and musical excellence to any performance I have witnessed."

Mlle. TITIENS having quite recovered from her severe illness has left New York for Baltimore, where she will sing on Wednesday and Friday evenings. Later Mlle. Titiens will appear in Washington in oratorio. Mr. Strakosch is understood to have been compelled to refuse an extraordinarily advantageous offer for the appearance of Mlle. Titiens in concert in New Orleans late in the present month by an engagement of the eminent soprano to appear in oratorio in Boston on Christmas Day.

MISS ADA PATTERSON, who had previously gained local favour by her remarkable high voice, sang repeatedly at Plymouth with great merit, and in one air especially caused immense applause by the amazing altitude of her voice, running up with ease, and sustaining B flat octave above the ordinary soprano high B flat, a note up an octave and a half ledger lines. This is higher by three notes than has ever been sung before in public in England, and the feat is regarded by musical critics as both brilliant and unparalleled.

DUMAS read his new comedy to the *sociétaires* of the Théâtre Français. The play bears the provisional title of *L'Etrangère*. It was received unanimously, and the actors who were present speak highly of the first piece which Dumas has written for the first theatre in France. It is computed that forty rehearsals will be necessary, and that the comedy cannot be produced before January at soonest.

Mme. ANTOINETTE STERLING relates the following anecdote:—Having been invited by Canon Kingsley to Eversley Vicarage, she sang to him his ballad "The Three Fishers." She says: "He had never seen me before, and when I came to the part of the song which expresses the suspense of the weeping women on the shore, I heard him say 'Go on—that's right.' But when the suspense was over, and the bodies were lying on the sands, listening his precious exclamations, I looked up and saw him sitting with his face in his hands, crying at his own pathetic story."

THE Muscovite songstress, Mlle. de Restke, is nightly gaining ground in public esteem at Paris. She has been endowed by nature with a noble, clear, mellifluous voice, which is an extremely difficult thing to manage, and she has not yet acquired the art of keeping her powerful notes within proper bounds. This defect was manifest the other night in the jewel scene in *Fruel*, when she incautiously plunged into a treacherous torrent of *fortitudo*, which carried her into unknown depths, whence she extricated herself, however, with remarkable dexterity. She has also been endowed by nature with what Brantome calls "*des formes complues*" and a pleasing expression, a Scandinavian aspect, admirably adapted for the rôle of Marguerite, in which she has just made her *début*. She is destined to achieve a great future.

An amusing description of the method adopted by French singing-masters was recently given by a writer in the *Paris Figaro*. Take M. Delcorte, for example, who lives at *sixième* at Montmartre. When a young man goes to this professor, something like the following scene takes place. "Have you courage?" "Yes." "I warn you my method is severe. But we will try it. Run down my six flights of stairs as quickly as possible, and then run up again, crying out 'Bonifacio' in varying tones. Do that for eight days, an hour and a half each day. Then we shall see about beginning lessons." The famous M. Wurtel is less severe, though equally original. He asks a candidate to vocalise with closed mouth, and if a protest be entered against the possibility of such a thing, exclaims, "So much the worse. You must do it. I am to be your professor." But a well-known tenor employs a stranger method still. A young lady goes to him, for example, and is met by an order to stretch herself at full length upon a couch. She remonstrates, but finally obeys, and then the master piles upon her a heap of books, surmounting the whole with a glass filled with water. "Now sing," he commands. "Sing, sir!" exclaims the victim. "Yes, my child; in singing you must respire as little as possible. When you sing thus, so as not to spill the water, I will undertake your training—not before."