

FIRST APPEARANCE AT THE ODEON.

"I am Nicholas Tacobardi—hunchbacked, look you and a fright; Callban himself might never interpose so foul a sight. Granted: but I come not, masters, to exhibit form or size. Gaze not on my limbs, good people: lend your ears, and not your eyes. I'm a singer, not a dancer—spare me for a while your din: Let me try my voice to-night here—keep your jests till I begin. Have the kindness but to listen—this is all I dare to ask. See, I stand beside the foot-lights, waiting to begin my task. If I fail to please you, curse me—'t before my voice you hear. Thrust me not from the Odeon. Harken, and I've naught to fear."

Then the crowd in pit and boxes jeered the dwarf, and mocked his shape; "thing abhorrent," crying, "Off, presumptuous ape! Off, unsightly, baleful creature! off, and quit the insulted stage! Move aside, repulsive figure, or deplore our gathering rage!"

Howling low, pale Tacobardi, long accustomed to such threats, burst into a grand bravura, showering notes like diamond jets—sang until the ringing plaudits through the wide Odeon rang—sang as never soaring tenor ere behind those foot lights sang: And the hunchback, ever after, like a god was hailed with cries: "King of minstrel, live forever! Shame on fools who have but eyes!"

JAMES T. FIELD, in *Harper's*.

SUMMER AMUSEMENTS.

The first warm breath of spring—or rather of summer, for it has been aptly observed that we have no such season as spring—brings out in us that nomad spirit which leads all the children of a forced civilization back to the woods. The Indian is coming out of the ground; we are the red man for the moment, and take to the river, the mountain, and the prairie.

The garden party is the first hybrid which unites nature and fashion. Some lady who has a villa near the city, and who either lives there all the year round, or who goes out early, invites her friends to a garden party, specifying train, boat, and carriage for the route by the latter, and receives her guests from four to seven or eight, as the case may be. Ladies drive out in pretty costumes designed for the occasion, generally in short dresses, with gay bonnets, or the round hat and feathers now so fashionable, and with the most dressy of parasols, a fan hung on the arm, and a generally Amazonian or Watteauish appearance. If Amazonian, one may be sure that the fair athlete intends to play lawn tennis or croquet, to row on the adjacent river, or to try the bow and arrow on the archery ground. If Watteauish, her game is still deeper; she intends to sit under a tree, or to pose gracefully on a bank, the cynosure of neighbouring eyes, or else to retreat to the grove with one attendant cavalier for a tête-à-tête. Lawn tennis is the favourite out-of-door amusement at the modern garden party. Every lawn should boast a lawn-tennis net, and a well-sodded turf to play on. It is a much more healthful game than croquet, and exercises the whole figure more beneficially.

But a garden party is for the elderly as well as for the young. The papas and mammas, elder sisters, quiet girls, and the lazy of all ages, like to sit on the broad piazza and survey the animated scene. For some who are ultra-lazy hammocks are hung under the trees.

Refreshments are spread either in the house or in tents under the trees. They are generally eaten, however, out-of-doors, whether they hail from a sideboard or not. Lobster and chicken salad, croquets, potato-salad, cold chicken, sandwiches, ice-cream, and strawberries are the favourite refreshments. Champagne, iced tea, punch, and sherry are offered, and occasionally frozen coffee—a very agreeable refreshment. Lemonade is on tap somewhere in the grounds. The lady of the house generally receives in a dressy bonnet or round hat, as she is expected to be on the lawn nearly all the time. It is better, in our changeable climate, to have the buffet spread in the house, as a shower of rain is sure to drive people in-doors and to ruin the tables spread outside. It is an anchor to windward.

Asparagus parties are fashionable about New York, as Long Island is famous for that delicate vegetable, and as soon as it is grown, young people are apt to form parties, driving down to some well-known inns on the South Side to eat asparagus and early shad, and home by moonlight.

This leads naturally to the "coaching mania," which fits in well with the asparagus party. The coaches now about New York are manifold, and the establishment of the "Tantivy" recalls that freak of the noble lords who drive in London from Whitechapel to Brighton. These heirs of "a long pedigree" assume the dress and style of an English coachman—Mr. Weller, perhaps—wear a huge bouquet, and accept a tip with all the nonchalance imaginable. The New York coachmen imitate them, and pocket a twenty-five cent fee without scowling. They might have a nobler model, but then, again, they might have a worse amusement, for it requires nerve to drive well. Ladies wear tight-fitting dresses or pelisses on the top of a coach, and are careful as to their floating veils and parasols, so that the whole turn-out shall have a jaunty appearance. The annual turn-out of the Coaching Club is a gay and pretty sight. Yachting is another very favourite amuse-

ment, and the luxury of the modern fitting up leaves almost nothing to be desired. There are very few more beautiful salons in New York than those on the modern yachts. A gentleman asks a lady to matronize, and then selects the young ladies and gentlemen who are to form his party. A sail of twelve hours is not considered too long. Lunch is served on board. Those who are liable to sea-sickness should never accept these invitations, as they spoil the pleasure of others.

Pic-nics, from the basket of bread and cheese taken up on the hill-side, to the three weeks' sojourn in the Adirondack's, are of course among the best of all summer amusements, and in a country so wild as ours they are especially enchanting, as the botanist, the fern-lover, the ornithologist, and the entomologist can each pursue his favourite pleasure as he wanders through the woods. Few people but are benefited by a day in the open air. Nature never fails in her programme: she always gives us more sights and sounds than she promises. It is a cheery spectacle at a watering-place to see a group of young girls in stout shoes and strong plain dresses, with tin boxes in their hands, and good serviceable hats on their heads, going off for a ramble in the woods. Of the monster pic-nic we have not so agreeable a remembrance, but to those who like them they are certainly to be commended.

Archery, that graceful remnant of the fable of Diana, is so far on the high-road toward being fashionable that a meeting of the Grand National Archery Association of the United States was held lately in Brooklyn, and a national tournament arranged for the 14th of July next. There are clubs in twenty-one States, including California. The Archery Club meet at the Prospect Park Grounds. Gentlemen shoot at double ends, ladies at single ends, thirty-six arrows at sixty yards. The club has a foundation of \$1000, to be raised to \$3000, and five hundred members. The bows and arrows can be bought at the places where lawn tennis are purchased, so we may definitely hope that the game of Robin Hood and Maid Marian, the prettiest of all outdoor sports, may be one of our familiar belongings.

The going to the races has been since the days of Horace a very familiar and favorite pastime. "Some love to gather the Olympian dust," says the elegant Roman in one of his odes. The New York races at our beautiful Jerome Park are in every sense fashionable, gay, and delightful. The equipages, the well-dressed women, the fresh green and the perfume of lilacs, the orderly crowd, and the splendid horses, all make this a summer pastime of the best. The great admirers of horses should follow the races about from one watering place to another, and are sure to find a crowd and a very agreeable excitement wherever the races are. About New York the lovers of racing have the privilege also of driving through the beautiful Brooklyn park to the race-course at Coney Island, breathing that fine sea air, dining afterward at the Brighton or the Manhattan, and then returning to the city by moonlight—a day of perfect enjoyment. As the races are now conducted, betting being forbidden by law at Jerome Park, and the horses having no great work to do, but allowed short heats, it is thought by the humane to be shorn of almost all the hurtful practices which once made racing so obnoxious to the thoughtful. It is merely an excuse for a picnic to most of those who attend the ladies' meetings.

Rustic dinners at way-side inns have become very fashionable at Saratoga and Richfield, Sharon, Long Branch, and New London. People get tired of the stereotyped bill of fare, and like to go to the farm-houses about for the familiar country-kitchen diet. In the expeditions thus made on the south side of Long Island many bits of old china, furniture, and bric-a-brac have been picked up which had escaped the collector.

Bathing and swimming of course come in at the sea-side places as amongst the summer privileges. Every woman should learn to swim. It is a very easy thing to save one's life after having learned to swim—an almost impossible feat in the water before having learned that simple accomplishment. At Newport, last summer a young married pair went out into the deep water in their own yacht every day took "a header" into the Atlantic amongst the porpoises, and came up after a half-hour's swim, much refreshed with the tumble into old Ocean. It is suggestive of all the beautiful myths with which the water-loving Greeks surrounded the wave and "Aphrodite rising from the sea"—this familiarity with which our modern Venuses lay their delicate hands on the mane of the sea-monster, and tame him to their will.

With croquet, lawn tennis, yachting, horse-back riding, driving, fishing, garden parties, races, rustic dinners, picnics and moonlight walks, Adirondack rambles, private musicales in the parlor, and archery on the lawn, it does seem as if a person of contented mind could get through one summer.—*Bazar*.

A BILL FOR ADVICE.

The following story is related of a very penurious physician, in a certain town in the region of "down East," which shall for the present be nameless. The story is entirely authentic, and is told in the dialect of those parts by a simple-minded narrator:

"I expect you've heard tell of Dr. A— hain't you?"

"No, I never have."

"Well, then, I'll tell you. You see, one day met the doctor at Simpkin's store, a buying some groceries. It was awful cold, I felt a

little hoarse, and my tongue was dreadfully furred up. So says I to the doctor, says I:

"My head feels a little achish like: what do you think I had better do?"

"Why, friend S—," says the doctor, says he, "the best thing you can do is to go straight home and soak your feet, and take a sweat, 'cause if you don't, says he, 'like as not you may have a fever.'"

"Says I, 'Doctor, I was just a thinkin' that a little sweat would do me good, and I guess I'll go home and try it right away.'"

"Well, I did; I went home and took a bowlful of tansy-tea, bitter as gall, and if I didn't sweat like a beaver, 'taint no matter. The next morning my head was as clear as a bell, and I was as good as ever I was."

"Well, a day or two afterward I met the doctor, and after a little talking, says the doctor, says he:

"Neighbour J—, I've got a little bill ag'in you."

"I looked at him clus, and says I, 'A bill, doctor?'"

"Yes, says he, 'a bill for advice, you know, at Simpkin's store the other day.'"

"What do you think he had gone and done? He'd act'ally charged me tew dollars for telling me to go home and take a sweat, which I was just going to do myself."

"Well, doctor," says I for I didn't want to appear small, you know, 'it's all right; I'll bear it in mind.'"

"Well, a few days after, the doctor was passing my door in his chaise, and somehow or 'nother one of the wheels got a little loose; so says I, 'Doctor, if you don't drive that lynch-pin in an inch or so, that wheel will come off.'"

"Says he, 'Thank you,' and he took a stun and driv in the pin."

"Well, I went into the house and jest made a charge of it; and when he came along the next time I presented him with the bill:"

"Hello!" says the doctor, says he; "what on airth is this for?" says he.

"Why, it's for advice," says I.

"Advice?" says he; "what advice? I hain't had none of your advice."

"Why, for driving in your wheel-pin; and I've only charged you two dollars and twenty-five cents; and if I hadn't given you the advice, it might have cost you twenty times as much."

"Well," says the doctor, "the difference between your bill and mine is just twenty-five cents."

"That's all you owe me," says I.

"Well, I'll bear it in mind," says he.

"And I expect he will; he's as tight as a candle-mould, the doctor is, and I guess he is able to bear it in mind."

STORM AT THE SIGNAL HOUSE, MOUNT WASHINGTON.

Noticing that the sides of the summit were strewn with boards, beams, and debris of all sorts, my guide explained that what I saw was the result of the great January gale, which had demolished the large shed used as an engine-house, scattering the loose fragments far and wide. I begged him to give me his recollection of it.

"During the forenoon preceding the gale we observed nothing unusual; but the clouds kept sinking and sinking until the summit was quite above them. Late in the afternoon my comrade, Sergeant M—, came to where I was lying abed sick, and said, 'There is going to be the devil to pay, so I guess I'll make everything snug.'"

"By nine in the evening the wind had increased to one hundred miles an hour, with heavy sleet. At midnight the velocity of the storm was one hundred and twenty miles, and the exposed thermometer recorded twenty-four below zero. With the stove red, we could hardly get it above freezing inside the house. Water froze within three feet of the fire—in fact, where you are now sitting."

"At this time the noise outside was deafening. About one o'clock the wind rose to one hundred and fifty miles. It was now blowing a hurricane. The wind, gathering up all the loose ice of the mountain, dashed it against the house with one continued roar. I lay wondering how long the building would stand this, when all at once came a crash. M— shouted to me to get up; but I had tumbled out in a hurry on hearing the glass go. You see, I was dressed to keep myself warm in bed."

"Our united efforts were hardly equal to closing the storm shutters from the inside, but we finally succeeded, though the lights went out when the wind came in, and we worked in the dark."

He rose to show me how the shutters, of thick oak, were first secured by an iron bar, and secondly by strong wooden buttons firmly screwed in the window-frame.

"We had scarcely done this," resumed Doyle, "and were shivering over the fire, when a heavy gust of wind again burst open the shutters, as easily as if they had never been fastened at all. We sprang to our feet. After a hard tussle we again secured the windows, by nailing a cleat to the floor, against which one end of a board was fixed, using the other end as a lever. You understand?" I nodded. "Well, even then it was all we could do to force the shutters back into place. But we did it. We had to do it."

"The rest of the night was passed in momentary expectation that the building would be blown into Tuckerman's, and we with it. At

four o'clock in the morning the wind registered one hundred and eighty-six miles. It had shifted then from east to north-east. From this time it steadily fell to ten miles, at nine o'clock. This was the biggest blow ever experienced on the mountain."

"Suppose the house had gone, and the hotel stood fast, could you have effected an entrance into the hotel?" I asked.

"We could not have faced the gale."

"Not for a hundred feet! not in a matter of life and death?"

"Impossible. The wind would have lifted us from our feet like bags of wool. We would have been dashed against the rocks, and smashed like egg-shells," was the quiet reply.

"And so for some hours you expected to be swept into eternity?"

"We did what we could. Each wrapped himself in blankets and quilts, binding these tightly round him with ropes, to which were attached bars of iron, so that if the house went by the board we might stand a chance—a slim one—of anchoring somewhere, somehow."

Somewhere, indeed! When, on the following morning, I busied myself getting ready to go down the mountain, I heard a profound sigh, followed by some half-audible words, proceeding from the adjoining room. These words rang in my ears all that day:

"Ah, this horrible solitude!"—S. A. DRAKE, in *Harper's*.

DEDICATIONS OF MUSIC.

As old copies of favourite pieces of music grow tattered and tumble to pieces with much playing, and are replaced by new ones, I am surprised and sorry to see that the dedications have disappeared from the new editions. I find no exception; it is the same whether published by old or new houses. There may be a reason for this, and I hope that there is, and a good one, as otherwise it is a species of robbery. After a composer's death, the fame of his works belongs to him, the profit to his publishers, the sentimental association to those to whom they were originally inscribed. The dedications are data for the men's memoirs. There are, no doubt, unwritten ones, not always understood even by those to whom they are addressed. The young daughter of Count Esterhazy, one of Schubert's generous friends, herself the ideal love of his short, sad life, asked him once why he never dedicated anything to her. "Everything I write is dedicated to you," he replied. So, doubtless, said Chopin to George Sand, whose name, written so indelibly on his life, appears on no composition of his. These dedications belong to the inner, secret history, which is told only in the music. But one the title-page of the first copy is generally the name of a splendid patron, like Beethoven's Prince Lichnowsky; of a woman of fashion, whose smiles have encouraged the artist, and perhaps brought him into notice; a brother or sister musician, composer or performer; sometimes of a humble, obscure friend. With many of these, noble or obscure, the dedication is their best title to remembrance, and the honour which was paid them by a genius should connect their memory with his. All dedications have historical value: Thackeray's to the tailor who gave him credit is a touching bit of biography. In taking a number of books from the shelf at hazard, I find the original dedication in the latest editions. If this right of property be respected in literature, why not in music?—*July Atlantic*.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MRS. LIELA LOWERY has been engaged by Colonel Mapleson for five years, beginning next October.

EDWIN BOOTH sailed recently for home. He has cancelled all his engagements, and will not return to London before May next.

Mlle. BERNHARDT says her own net profit from her American visit was nearly a million francs (\$200,000), her manager making rather more.

"NANA" is now being played at Brussels to the highest pitch of realism, and is said to have taken that city by storm.

The Shakespeare Cottage at Stratford-on-Avon was visited by 12,300 persons in the course of the year ending on the 30th of last April.

SALVINI has bought a theatre at Florence which, hereafter, will be called by his name—the Theatre Salvini—and conducted under his management.

The French journals state that Mlle. Bernhardt is in excellent health, and one of them says that she has "almost grown fatter," during her American tour.

CONSTITUTIONS OF IRON ARE UNDERMINED and destroyed by lung and bronchial disease consequent upon neglect of a cough. A foolishly disregarded that warning symptom is unfortunately very common, and that is the main reason why consumption figures so conspicuously among the causes of premature death. A timely use, inwardly and outwardly, of Thomas' Electric Oil, a benign, pure and undeteriorating anti-spasmodic, soothing and healing agent in-dorsed and recommended by the faculty, as a sure, prompt and inexpensive way of arresting a cough or cold. Besides being a pulmonary of acknowledged excellence, it a matchless anodyne for rheumatic and neuralgic pain; cures bleeding or blind piles, sores and hurts of all kinds, and remedies kidney troubles and lameness or weakness of the back. Some of the most experienced and best known stock-raisers and owners of "crack" trotting horses, recommend it for diseases and injuries of horses and cattle.