

## LITERATURE AND THE DRAMA.

—*Paul et Virginie* is to be given shortly in Paris. An agreement has been made for Patti to sing in it.

—Princess Alice has written a novel in German. It describes aristocratic life in South Germany, and is called *The Paths of Life*.

—The *Contemporary Review* for October will, it is announced, contain an important article by Mr. Gladstone on Ritualists and Ritualism.

—Gounod, the composer, has written a letter to the English papers, in which he says that the state of his health exacts the most perfect repose.

—It is said that Cadet Smith, the coloured young man who failed to pass his examination at West Point, is writing a book upon the abuses at the Military Academy, and proposes to disclose certain things.

—It is announced that sufficient materials have been left in the hands of Messrs Hachette and Co. by M. Guizot for the completion of the fifth and last volume of his *Histoire de France*. The fourth volume is already in type.

—“John Paul,” one of the best and most original of American humorists, is about to favour the reading public with an illustrated collection of the sketches, stories, poems, and essays which he has contributed to various magazines and newspapers. It will be a pleasant and attractive volume.

—Mr. Wybert Reeve, manager of the Theatre Royal, Scarborough, England, who appeared here as *Count Fosco* last season, will visit this country during the coming season. He has engagements in most of the principal theatres from Montreal to Texas. Miss Elith Gray will sustain him in the leading female roles.

—Mr. Bayard Taylor has yet in hand the great work of his life, the biography of Goethe. During his stay in Gotha he has had every facility for the prosecution of his researches from the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar and various lettered Germans. During the coming winter he will appear as a lecturer, having abundantly prepared himself for that purpose.

—One of the principal works of the coming book season will be Dr. Livingstone's journal. It is now in the hands of the printer, or perhaps more strictly speaking, the editor, Mr. Tom Livingstone. He has no easy task. The journal was written on scraps of newspaper, in ink which the great traveller made from a berry, and the writing is so minute that a microscope often has to be employed. The diary, if printed entire, will form four volumes.

—The *Athenæum* states that the Knebworth edition of Lord Lytton's works, now publishing in monthly volumes, will include, besides the novels and romances, the whole of his miscellaneous writings—hitherto very widely scattered, and many of them never before acknowledged. The series will comprise all the late Lord Lytton's essays, minor tales, biographies, translations, criticisms, poems, and dramas, some of which will now for the first time make their appearance.

—A new journal has just been started by Messrs. Cook, the tourist-agents. It is called the *Linguist*. It is intended, primarily, apparently to teach tourists how to speak and pronounce foreign languages. “Language lessons” are given in which the foreign words are rendered by corresponding sounds in English. Besides these lessons there are “narratives” of travel taken from various writers, and miscellaneous information about foreign lands.

—The salaries of the singers engaged at the Apollo Theatre in Rome for the season of the Carnival and Lent of 1875 amount to the sum of 284,000fr., divided as follows:—Madame Stoltz, 45,000fr.; Madame Wlazach, 38,000fr.; Madame Contarini, 15,000fr.; Madame Sainz, 9,000fr., and Madame Bracciolini, 7,000fr. The men receive: M. Nicolini, 35,000fr.; M. Masini, 31,000fr.; M. Lefranc, 24,000fr. Three bass singers are to receive 30,000fr. Out of the thirteen persons thus named six are foreigners—Messdames Stoltz and Wlazach, Austrian; Madame Sainz, German; M.M. Nicolini and Lefranc, French, and M. Castelmary, first bass, also a native of France. Their united pay amounts to 159,000fr. or about three-fifths of the whole.

—A letter from M. du Chailly, dated Christiania, the capital of Norway, August 26, furnishes the gratifying intelligence that his great work on Norway and Sweden is nearly completed. M. du Chailly has spent over two years in those countries collecting the materials for his book. In that time he has visited every place of interest lying between the North Cape and the Baltic, has mixed familiarly with all classes of the people, from the king down to the Lapp peasant; and now he is going to tell us all about them and their magnificent country in the pleasant, graphic, and vivacious style which makes his African books so popular. M. du Chailly's collection of photographs of the people, dwellings, churches, natural scenery, &c., of Norway and Sweden, all taken under his own supervision, is one of the finest ever seen, and liberal use will be made of it in the illustration of the book.

—Whitaker's *Reference Catalogue of Current Literature* contains the full titles of books now in print and on sale, with the prices at which they may be obtained of the bookseller. The book is six inches thick, contains no less than three thousand pages, and weighs six pounds fourteen ounces avoirdupois. A catalogue of current books has long been a desideratum among literary men, and Mr. Whitaker has hit upon an ingenious way of supplying the want. The volume contains the full titles of some 50,000 books, often with explanatory and critical notices. Not a few publishers themselves add an index to their own catalogues, but a general index was still required, and this Mr. Whitaker, with characteristic method and industry, set himself to supply. It was a gigantic work. To index every book was impossible, but his index includes all the chief books and all the collections, in some instances under the names of authors, but generally under the subjects. Every class and every sub-division is also carefully noted. This index contains the short titles of no fewer than 14,000 books.

—Devillier, the new tenor who has of late been all the talk of the town in Paris, is a native of the department of the Pas de Calais, and a very short time ago was employed as a cooper to make herring barrels at a little place called Portel. A lady, a friend of the Empress Eugénie, happening to hear him sing at a concert given at Boulogne for some charitable purposes spoke to him and offered to give him introductions to Paris and pecuniary facilities for cultivating his voice. Here he has profited so rapidly by the means at his disposal, that he soon acquired distinction, and obtained an engagement at the principal opera-house at a salary of \$200 per week. This for a man who was glad to earn a little over a dollar a day by his trade was a considerable advance; but his friends say it is totally inadequate, and he has already received an order for \$20,000 for a tour in the States with all expenses paid. To M. Rubini, of Paris, belongs the credit of advancing the material interest of M. Devillier, who is as modest and sensible as he is talented. He is now 26 years of age; has a wife and two little children, and is not intoxicated with his good fortune. The man who sang sweetly three years ago when making herring barrels on the quay at Portel has now an income of \$400 a week, and probably will command double as much when he returns from his Transatlantic tour.

## A DEVIL FISH DESTROYS A VESSEL.

The following strange story has been communicated to the Indian papers by James Floyd, late master of the schooner ‘Pearl’. “We had left Colombo in the steamer ‘Strathowen,’ had rounded Galle, and were well in the bay, with our course laid for Madras, steaming over a calm and tranquil sea. About an hour before sunset on the 10th of May we saw on our starboard beam, and about two miles off, a small schooner lying becalmed. There was nothing in her appearance or position to excite remark, but as we came up with her I lazily examined her with my binocular, and then noticed between us, but nearer her, a long, low, swelling object lying on the sea, which from its colour and shape I took to be a bank of seaweed. As I watched, the mass, hitherto at rest on the quiet sea, was set in motion. It struck the schooner, which visibly reeled and then righted. Immediately afterwards the masts swayed sideways, and with my glass I could clearly discern the enormous mass and the hull of the schooner coalescing—I can think of no other term. Judging from their exclamations the other gazers must have witnessed the same appearance. Almost immediately after the collision and coalescence the schooner's masts swayed towards us, lower and lower; the vessel was on her beam ends, lay there a few seconds, and disappeared, the masts righting as she sank, and the main exhibiting a reversed ensign struggling towards its peak. A cry of horror rose from the lookers-on, and, as if by instinct, our ship's head was at once turned towards the scene, which was now marked by the forms of those battling for life—the sole survivors of the pretty little schooner which only twenty minutes before floated bravely on the smooth sea. As soon as the poor fellows were able to tell their story they astounded us with the assertion that their vessel had been submerged by a gigantic cuttle-fish or calamary, the animal which, in smaller form, attracts so much attention in the Brighton aquarium as the octopus. Each narrator had his version of the story, but in the main all the narratives tallied so remarkably as to leave no doubt of the fact. As soon as he was at leisure, I prevailed on the skipper to give me his written account of the disaster, and I have now much pleasure in sending you a copy of his narrative:

“I was lately the skipper of the ‘Pearl’ schooner, 150 tons, as tight a little craft as ever sailed the seas, with a crew of six men. We were bound from the Mauritius for Rangoon in ballast, to return with paddy, and had put in at Galle for water. Three days out we fell becalmed in the bay (latitude 8 deg. 50 min. north, longitude 84 deg. 5 min. east) On the 10th of May, about five p. m.—eight bells I know had gone—we sighted a two-masted screw on our port quarter, about five or six miles off. Very soon after, as we lay motionless, a great mass rose slowly out of the sea about half a mile off on our larboard side and remained spread out, as it were, and stationary; it looked like the back of a huge whale, but it sloped less, and was of a brownish colour; even at that distance it seemed much longer than our craft, and it seemed to be basking in the sun.

“‘What's that?’ I sung out to the mate.

“‘Blest if I know;’ baring its size, colour, and shape, it might be a whale,” replied Tom Scott.

“‘It ain't the sea-serpent,’ said one of the crew, ‘for he's too round for that ere crittur.’

“I went into the cabin for my rifle, and as I was preparing to fire Bill Darling, a Newfoundland, came on deck, and, looking at the monster, exclaimed, putting up his hand, ‘Have a care, master; that ere is a squid, and I will capsize us if you hurt him.’

“Smiling at the idea, I let fly and hit him, and with that he shook; there was a great ripple all around him, and he began to move.

“‘Out with all your axes and knives,’ shouted Bill, ‘and cut at any part of him that comes aboard; look alive, and Lord help us!’

“Not aware of the danger, and never having seen or heard of such a monster, I gave no orders, and it was no use touching the helm or ropes to get out of the way. By this time three of the crew, Bill included, had found axes, and one a rusty cutlass, and all were looking over the ship's side at the advancing monster. We could now see a huge oblong mass moving by jerks just under the surface of the water, and an enormous train following; the oblong body was at least half the size of our vessel in length and just as thick; the wake or train might have been one hundred feet long.

“In the time that I have taken to write this the brute struck us, and the ship quivered under the thud; in another moment monstrous arms like trees seized the vessel and she heeled over; in another second the monster was aboard, squeezed in between the two masts, Bill screaming, ‘Slash for your lives!’ but all our slashing was of no avail, for the brute, holding on by his arms, slipped his vast body overboard, and pulled the vessel down with him on her beam-ends; we were thrown into the water at once, and just as I went over I caught sight of one of the crew, either Bill or Tom Fielding, squashed up between the masts and one of those awful arms; for a few seconds our ship lay on her beam-ends, then filled and went down; another of the crew must have been sucked down, for you only picked up five; the rest you know. I can't tell who ran up the ensign.”

## THE MAGAZINES.

*Harper's* for October contains several papers of interest, the majority of which are illustrated. Prominent among these is a sketch, the first of a series, on Decorative Art and Architecture in England; and also a scientific article on subjects astronomical. Life on a whaler is described in a *préface* of the recently issued work *Nimrod of the Sea*; and Portsmouth, N. H., and the Isles of Shoals form the subjects of two chatty descriptive papers. The *Emigrant's Story*, by J. T. Trowbridge, will be enjoyed by all who rejoice in the semi-sensational, semi-religious poetry of the school of Bret Harte. The Rape of the Gamp and Senor Castelar's history of the Republican Movement in Europe are continued. A fancy sketch entitled the Golden City, two short stories, a couple of poems, and the usual ‘departmental’ literature complete the number.

The *Penn Monthly* opens with a thoughtful and studious paper on the Economic Wrongs of Ireland, which is followed by a consideration of the defects of the Public School system in the States, and in Philadelphia in particular. In ‘The Romance of Artist-Life,’ George Lowell Austin gives some interesting details relative to the lives and careers of certain artists who, though great in their day, are almost forgotten at the present. Dühring's *National Economy* and Mary C. Ames's *Memorial of*

*Alice and Phoebe Cary* are reviewed at length in a thorough fashion that is unfamiliar to most American magazine readers. The contributions to the current number of this magazine are few in number but they all show traces of unusual care and thought in their preparation.

The reader of *Lippincott*, on receiving his new number, will naturally turn at once to Edward Strahan's ‘New Hyperion,’ which, he will be pleased to see, gives no sign of an early conclusion. What a capital book for leisure hours these sketches will make—for we presume that it is the intention of the publishers to put them in book form—and what a lively sale the volume ought to have. Nothing so fresh and quaint has appeared for some time past in the magazines—not, we think since the publication in *Blackwood's* of Blackmore's *Maid of Sker*. Besides ‘The New Hyperion’ we find in the current number, in the way of serial, the continuation of William Black's ‘Three Feathers,’ and of George MacDonald's ‘Malcolm,’ and the concluding paper of the set on the Dolomites. The familiar Junius Henri Browne discourses on Benjamin Constant, and Reginald Wynford tells us what he knows about the British Peerage. Robert Somers, Jr., describes Grouse-Shooting in Galloway, and Lucy Ellen Guernsey contributes a short story.

The pages of the *Atlantic* for this month are crowded with instructive and entertaining reading matter. In the latter class we notice the commencement of a promising serial by H. James, Jr., entitled ‘Eugene Pickering’; the continuation of Dr. Howell's serial ‘A Foregone Conclusion’; a short story, ‘Marty's Various Mercies,’ and a pleasant account of a wedding in the backwoods of Canada. In the more serious line of literature we have another instalment of ‘A Rebel's Recollections’; some notes by a visitor in Europe on Great Contemporary Musicians; a study on Berthold Auerbach; an account of Theodore Aubanel, one of the Provençal poets who have recently been brought into special notice by the Petrarch Celebration; and lastly a curious paper, ‘Have Animals Souls?’ in which the writer comes to the conclusion that there are no reasons for supposing that plants and animals terminate with their death the principle of life, that, on the contrary this principle has probably only reached a crisis which consists in the putting on of new forms and ascending into a higher order of organized existence. There are in the number several poems, of which that by Bret Harte is by no means the best.

## THE HOUSEKEEPER.

To Preserve Vegetable Marrows, Squashes, etc., for the winter choose such as are fully ripe—turned yellow. When cut arrange them in a dry place, resting on the flower end, with the stalk end upwards. They will then keep the whole winter.

A new method of preparing coffee is becoming popular in France. After roasting, the coffee is ground to a very fine flour, which is then slightly moistened, mixed with twice its weight of powdered sugar, and pressed into tablets. Coffee prepared in this manner is claimed, pound for pound, to be susceptible of far more complete utilisation.

Grease on carpets may be completely removed by covering the grease spot with whiting and letting it remain until it becomes saturated with grease; then scrape it off, and cover with another coat of whiting, and if this does not remove the grease repeat the application. Three coats of whiting will, in most cases, remove the grease, when it should be brushed off with a clothes brush.

A new Kind of Table Decoration is described by an English correspondent as being in use in the house of a Russian lady in London. The table is entirely covered with moss, and the only evidence of a white tablecloth was seen in that portion which hangs at the sides of the table. Flowers were profusely introduced, and the effect was altogether unique. This is one of the most ordinary kinds of table decoration in the aristocratic houses of Russia.

Wet Boots, says an authority on the subject, should not be dried by the fire, as this is a mistake. When the boots are taken off, fill them quite full with dry oats. The grain has a great fondness for damp, and will rapidly absorb every vestige of it from wet leather. As it takes up the moisture it swells and fills the boot like a tightly-fitting last, keeping its form good, and drying the leather without hardening it. In the morning, shake out the oats and hang them in a bag near the fire to dry, ready for the next wet through.

Stewed Eels may be served either white or brown. To stew them white, clean and skin them, cut them up, and put them into a stewpan with just water enough to cover them, and an onion stuck with cloves, a bundle of sweet herbs, three blades of mace, and some white pepper tied up in a muslin rag; cover them close, and stew gently till they are tender. Take out the bag of spice, &c., put in a piece of butter rolled in flour, some finely-chopped parsley, and a little salt. Stew gently for a little while longer, and serve on a hot dish with the sauce poured over. Garnish with lemon.

To make a superexcellent Cold Stew the finest heads of bleached cabbage should be selected. Cut up enough to fill a large vegetable dish, the number of heads to be regulated by the size of the cabbage and the quantity desired. Shave very fine, and after that chop up, the more thoroughly the better. Boil four eggs till hard; mix the yolks smoothly with a little cold water, and gradually add to them a cup of sweet cream, two table-spoonfuls of mixed mustard, one heaping table-spoonful of sugar, a teaspoonful of salt, a quarter of a pound of butter, and a little pepper if you choose. Place all these ingredients, mixed together, in a small stew-pan over the fire. Put the cabbage in the dish in which it is to be served. Let the sauce come to a boil, pour it hot over the cabbage, and lastly add half a tea-cupful of good vinegar.

Omelette aux Fines Herbes is a tasty, cheap, and easily prepared breakfast dish. The following is the French way of making it:—Take 1 lb of good fresh butter or lard, six eggs, the fresher the better, half a teaspoonful of chopped parsley if liked, a little very finely minced onion, pepper and salt to taste; use a very clean frying pan, put into it the butter or lard, and bring to a boiling point; then, having well beaten all your eggs together with the parsley, onions, salt, and pepper, pour the mixture into the pan. When the part nearest the bottom of the pan sets, raise it carefully with a fork, and let the uncooked part take its place, and go on till your eggs are cooked. Be careful not to cook them too long, or they will be like leather; an omelette when completed should combine a savoury gravy of its own with a certain degree of firmness. When the mass is slightly browned on the under side, give it a dexterous turn in the pan, and as you tilt it into the hot dish you must have ready to receive it, with a tap fold it in two, and then you have your omelette complete. Now this requires just a little practice to accomplish, but it soon comes; the great secret of success is to have the eggs very fresh, the butter quite boiling in the pan, and an equal heat over the bottom of it. Once a plain omelette is achieved, of course endless varieties are introduced, as various herbs chopped up and mixed with the eggs, oysters, kidneys, fish, and so on.