

# THE GLEANER.

A Maine girl, has soft, fine hair, very thick and beautiful, seven feet and a half long.

A beautiful Parisian girl, worth \$5,000,000, has found a man willing to marry her.

During the present century it is estimated that 200,000,000 copies of the Bible have been distributed.

The bridge across White river, on the Wisconsin Central Railroad, is the largest wrought iron one in the world. It is 1,525 feet long, 107 feet high, and cost \$200,000.

A new fruit has been discovered in Queensland, containing the flavor of the pine apple and the pear. It is thought to be of Mexican origin.

It is said that before the Prince of Wales started for India he was placed in a conservatory heated to an Indian heat to test his powers of endurance. He fainted at the first trial.

A coin of the value of fifty francs, bearing the effigy of the Prince Imperial, and on the reverse the words "Empire Français, 1876," has been found circulating in trade in Paris.

A law has been passed in Germany forbidding the construction of school-rooms with windows on the opposite sides of the room. It is said to be proven that rooms so lighted are injurious to the eyes.

The ancient church of All Hallows in Broad street, London, is to be pulled down. Milton was christened in it, and in 1555 the rector, Lawrence Saunders, was executed for heresy by order of Queen Mary.

The son of a washerwoman with whom Byron lived in Venice, before he resolved to study the Armenian language as a means of avoiding dissipation, is now the proprietor of the Hotel de Lepte, a well known restaurant in Rome.

Disraeli has no children to inherit his earldom. He is wealthy. Besides his own fortune, he has received in bequest from admirers about \$200,000 and he has for some time received a pension of \$10,000 a year from the government as an ex-minister.

The head of the Scottish house of Murray, generally known as the Duke of Athol, a young man of thirty-six, holds one dukedom, two marquises, five earldoms, three titles as viscount and twelve as baron—twenty-three titles in all—six more any other nobleman in the United Kingdom.

Master Humphrey's Clock, which furnished the title of one of Dickens' most popular books, has not, it appears, gone to America. Mr. William Humphrey writes from Hartlepool that the original which was placed in the door of his father's shop at Barnard Castle is now in his possession.

It is rumored in London that Disraeli's reason for occupying the peerage he had formerly refused, is that he is about to again enter the matrimonial state. A few years ago he was reported to be engaged to the Countess of Chesterfield, and his present fiancée is said to be a friend of hers. The new peer was born December 21, 1805.

A street engine has been introduced in Paris, which is described as a kind of omnibus or steam carriage. It accommodates twelve passengers and weighs about five tons. A vertical engine supplies the motive power and occupies a place in the rear of but thirty-nine inches high by thirty-one inches broad; and a Giffard injector forces in the feed water, which is taken from the gutters or any other convenient source.

The London Gazette thus announces Disraeli's accession to the peerage: "The Queen has been pleased to direct letters patent to be passed under the Great Seal of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, granting the dignities of a Viscount and an Earl of the said United Kingdom to the Right Honourable Benjamin Disraeli, and the heirs male of his body begotten, by the names, styles, and titles of Viscount Hughenden, of Hughenden, in the county of Wiltshire, and Earl of Beaconsfield, in the said county."

Among the records of the rebel Government captured at the fall of Richmond was a letter from the Pope to Jeff Davis, in reply to one forwarded to him by the President of the Confederate States. It has been asserted that this letter contained a recognition of the Confederate Government, but such is not the fact. It is entirely non-committal on the rebellion, and the only point in it is an expression of his desire that "the fatal civil war shall speedily close, and that all the people of America may at length attain mutual peace and concord, and be united in mutual charity."

In the year 1800 Latour d'Auvergne, a descendant of Turenne, fell on the field of battle. He had joined the French army in place of his son, had constantly refused promotion, and so exemplary was his conduct that he was named "the first grenadier of France." Napoleon directed that "the heart of Latour d'Auvergne, first grenadier of the Republic, who fell at the battle of Neubourg, shall continue to be carried ostensibly by the quartermaster sergeant of the grenadier company of the Forty-sixth, in which he served. The name of Latour d'Auvergne shall be preserved on the roll call; and, in answer to his name, the corporal of the squad to which he was attached shall answer, 'Dead on the field of honor.'" This custom is still observed. A short time ago Gen. de Cisse took into his head to confer a similar honor upon a

Sergt. Garnier, who captured an Austrian standard at Solferino very gallantly. But *La France* says that the sergeant is not dead. Garnier, says the writer, fills a very modest post at St. Etienne; and, while the name of the hero is saluted in his regiment with "Dead on the field of honor," he painfully earns his bread in his native town.

# HEARTH AND HOME.

**NUISANCES.**—The idle levy a very heavy tax upon the industrious, when, by frivolous visitations, they rob them of their time. Such persons beg their daily happiness from door to door, as beggars their bread; and like them, sometimes meet with a rebuff. A mere gossip ought not to wonder if we evince signs that we are tired of him, seeing that we are indebted for the honour of his visit solely to the circumstance of his being tired of himself. He sits at home until he has accumulated an intolerable load of *ennui*, and he sallies forth to distribute it amongst all his acquaintance.

**FLOWERS.**—Flowers seem intended for the solace of ordinary humanity. Children love them; quiet, tender, contented, ordinary people love them as they grow; luxurious and disorderly people rejoice in them gathered. They are the cottager's pleasure, and, in the crowded town, mark, as with a little broken fragment of rainbow, the windows of the workers in whose hearts rests the covenant of peace. To the child and the girl, to the peasant and manufacturing operative, to the woman of the world and the nun, the lover and the monk, they are precious always.

**TAKE COUNSEL WITH YOURSELF.**—Young men cannot estimate too highly the advice of parents and friends. It affords them the benefit of experience, and is given from sincere solicitude for their welfare. It should be remembered, and weighed, and acted upon. But, after all, every man has his own individual existence; he has his own life to live, for which he alone is accountable. He should derive all the benefit he can from the counsel of those older and wiser than himself. Then he should sit down, and meditate by himself, and make up his own mind, as to the course which he wishes to pursue in the world. Having done this, he should enter upon the execution of his plans, with a determination to accomplish what he undertakes, without reference to the opinions of others. No man is of any real account in the world unless he is something in and of himself.

**UNCONSCIOUS EGOTISM.**—With what average person do you talk for fifteen minutes without having him make some reference to himself? "I did it," "I think so," "I should have done so and so." Expressions similar to this are continually falling from his lips. Probably no one who stops to think really believes himself so much wiser than his fellows as to be capable of arranging all their lives more wisely than they could do for themselves; but the temptation to give advice is perhaps the one folly from which it is hardest to escape. To each one of us himself is, of course, the central figure in the universe. That we should talk of this wonderful self is not very strange. The misfortune is that we are talking to other selves, each one just as important to himself, just as valuable in his own eyes. While we are telling our companion what we think, we believe, we do, he is impatiently waiting to bestow similar information on us. The recollection of this fact might give us a pause before we inflict on any patient listener too long a chronicle of our own hopes, and fears, and achievements.

**THE GOVERNMENT OF THE EYE.**—The influence of the eye in the discipline of children has not been sufficiently noted, but anyone can convince himself of its power by experiment and observation. Not an angry look at all, but a steady one—an almost magnetic gaze—is the expression required. This gives the impression of superior will, of latent force held in reserve, which arrests the attention and ultimately ensures the submission of the most rebellious. The animals control their young by the eye and voice combined; no violence is used, no reasoning (that we are aware of) attempted, yet perfect obedience is exacted and rendered. A calf or lamb, a few days old, on being for the first time placed by its mother in a fence corner among the bushes, and left hidden there while she grazes, will soon leave its shelter and come out either to seek its mother or to play; but the watchful parent goes at once, without delay of an instant, and leads the little one back again, and yet again, until its learns to obey. Each time that she makes it lie down she stands looking intently at it awhile. Then presently, when it has remained quiet long enough, she, standing a short distance in the field, will call gently, and the little creature immediately leaps and runs to her side. A hen will separate two of her chicks who are fighting, and lowering her head look at the aggressor steadily until he is subdued and peaceable. It is also very interesting to watch a cat training her playful family, who give her but little trouble until they get their eyes open. Then all wish to come sprawling and tumbling out of their basket, and as their mother has hunting to do, she must train them to remain quiet during her frequent absences; and one morning spent in teaching her babes generally suffices for pass. Now, if we were wiser than the animals, what a nation we should become, every child being properly trained.

# BRELOQUES POUR DAMES

WOMEN think, like historians, that no age is so barbarous as the middle ages.

It is better to be laughed at for not being married, than to be unable to laugh because you are.

A hen-pecked husband declared that the longer he lived with his wife the more he was smitten by her.

WHY are some women very much like tea-kettles?—Because they sing away pleasantly, and then all at once boil over.

EVERY man makes himself useful in this world, if only by holding a sunshade over a young lady who is playing croquet.

SAID he, dreamily contemplating her coil: "Carrie, how beautiful—how very beautiful is your hair! Where did you get it?"

"AMATEUR gentlemen," says an old lady, "is a pretty good description of a certain class of young men."

A MAN being asked, as he lay sunning himself on the grass, what was the height of his ambition, replied, "To marry a rich widow with a bad cough."

It was George D. Prentice who declined to discuss the question of woman suffrage because he had considered women, from the creation, as a side issue.

A fashionably-dressed young woman, putting fancy touches to the music, was heard singing, "Backward, pin backward, oh, skirts in your flight, make me look small again, just for to-night."

NOTHING sets so wide a mark between a vulgar and a noble soul, as the respect and reverential love of woman-kind. A man who is always sneering at women is generally a coarse profligate, or a coarser bigot.

A DOCTOR recently gave the following prescription for a sick lady:—"A new bonnet, a Cashmere shawl, and a silk dress." The lady, it is needless to say adds our New York authority, entirely recovered.

CON.—In what respect does a spinster who, notwithstanding her frost-sprinkled hair, still looks out for a husband, resemble a young girl who adjusts my lady's toilet?—In being a waiting maid.

"MADAM," cynically observed a gentleman to a leader of fashion, "woman doesn't seem to be as much of a 'clinging vine' as she once was." "That's because of the extreme insecurity of the manly oak," returned the lady.

A LADY who had married an inveterate smoker was once asked if she had no prejudice against tobacco, to which she replied that she had undergone the smoking process so long that her prejudice had been perfectly "cured."

"OH, uncle," said a fond mother to her father's bachelor brother, "wouldn't you like to have a group of rosy children about your knees?"—"No, I'd rather have a lot of yellow boys in my pockets," answered the unfeeling old miser.

THE whirligig of fashion may bring round the most sudden and dazzling changes, and the duties of the toilet may multiply like leaves in Vallombrosa, but there is nothing that will make a woman stand before her looking-glass so long as a sunburnt nose.

"HENRY," she said, "you don't know what a soothing influence you have on me."—"My darling," he whispered, softly, while a glad light came into his eyes, "can it be so?"—"Yes," she said, "when you are here, I always feel inclined to sleep."

A YOUNG farmer who was "no orator as Brutus is," having set his affections upon a young lady, recently proposed marriage without any preliminaries. The young lady, equally frank, rejoined, "Deed, Jamie, I'll tak' ye, but ye mair gie me my duns o' coortin' for a' that."

A returned Enoch Arden was tearing around and railing at a Christian community that would allow a woman to starve to death in the absence of her husband. The truth is he left her, in the days of hoop-skirts, looking like this O, and on his return found her pinned back and looking like this I. The impression that she had starved was natural.

A RICKERING pair of Quakers were lately heard in high controversy, the husband exclaiming, "I am determined to have one quiet week with thee!"—"But how wilt thou be able to get it?" said the taunting spouse, in that sort of iteration which married ladies so provokingly indulge in—"I will keep thee a week after thou art dead," was the Quaker's rejoinder.

THE very latest sensation at Saratoga is dubbed the "chicken step." The novelty of the movement is mainly indulged in by certain young ladies while passing along the corridors or through the parlours of the hotels, and consists of very many rapid evolutions or steps per minute, very similar to the duplex shuffle, the body elevated on toes, and inclined at an angle of forty-five. Like the Grecian bend, it must have its day.

I stumbled over a broken drum  
That lay upon the floor.  
I bruised my shins, and sprained my thumb  
Severely—nothing more!  
  
A tail-less horse from overhead  
Came plump upon my crown!  
An infirm hand that horse had shied—  
So, I could only—frown!  
  
Three most alarming spots of ink  
Upon my cherished Hume;  
I know the culprit well, I think—  
So, I can only—fume!

I see two broken vases here—  
Rare Dresdeners are they!  
Three panes of glass are cracked, I swear!  
But then—our boy must play!  
  
At last a horrid crash is heard  
(Our dinner-set above);  
But Bella murmurs, "How absurd!"  
Is only baby, love!

# HANDEL.

Handel was a man of most extraordinary activity of mind, and an intense worker, and one of the most learned men who has ever lived. His opera of "Rinaldo" (the first opera, I believe, ever performed in England, and one which met with an extraordinary success) was so rapidly composed that Rossi, the Italian poet who wrote the words, declared in an advertisement to the reader that the composer was so swift in his work that to his (Rossi's) great astonishment it was entirely produced in a fortnight. The grand oratorio of "Samson" was composed within the space of thirty-five days. The sublime and magnificent "Messiah" appeared in manuscript entire within twenty-three days from the date the composer penned its first note. Handel seems to have been perpetually working. He had no sooner conceived an idea than it took shape, and with a little turning over in the brain appeared ultimately, and in a marvellously short space of time, he it said, either as some elaborate composition of consummate workmanship and skill, or as a less pretentious piece of music of score harmony and beauty. His life seems to have known no idle moment. Half a mile or more, perhaps, from Whitechapel is a rude wooden shed standing in the main street or thoroughfare of the village of Edgeware. One day, as Handel was on his way to Cannons, he took shelter from a shower in an humble cottage which stands at the back of this shed. The cottage was the dwelling place of one Powell, who to his energetic if humble calling of blacksmith united the more exalted office of parish clerk of his grace of Chancery's chapel at Whitechapel. After the usual salutations had passed, between the chapel-master and his colleague, the blacksmith fell to work at his forge in the shed, and being, like most blacksmiths, light of heart as well as strong of limb, he sang a song to himself while he wielded the hammer. Handel listened for a moment. By an extraordinary phenomenon, the hammer striking in time drew from the anvil two distinct harmonic sounds, which, being in accord with the melody Powell was singing made a sort of continuous bass. Handel fell a-thinking. His brain conceived an idea, and forthwith it began to take shape. The ring of the hammer on the anvil and the voice of the blacksmith should be made to form a piece for Handel's favorite instrument, the harpsichord. At once he drugged home, and in due time "The Harmonious Blacksmith" was given to the world, which after the lapse of a century and a half is still held to be one of the most charming and popular melodies ever composed by man. The shed where Powell sang at his work yet stands.

# A GREAT EDITOR.

Mr. Charles A. Dana, editor of the New York *Sun*, is residing with his family at his beautiful island home on the Sound, near Glen Cove, Long Island, to which place he repairs every afternoon after his arduous editorial labors. The steamer *Saratoga*, a Home Journalist reports, carries Mr. Dana to Glen Cove, where a spirited and swift pair of horses impatiently await the arrival of the boat to convey their master to his summer home. Mr. Dana "handles the ribbons" with as much dexterity, and seems to be at least as expert in this amusement as the high official in Washington whose name so often appears in the columns of the *Sun*. Anybody who is driving in the direction Mr. Dana is going must perforce ride in that gentleman's dust, so skillful a driver is the editor, and so full of merriment are his sleek and handsome steeds. Each morning, on the return from Glen Cove to Peek Slip, while sailing smoothly down the Sound, Mr. Dana is comfortably seated in his private cabin on board the *Saratoga*, evidently not anxious to invite public gaze or curiosity. When the boat makes its first landing in its course cityward, as it does at Great Neck, the morning papers are brought on board the boat, and a copy of each sent to Mr. Dana's cabin. These he peruses, marking certain passages or articles which attract his attention, so that when he reaches the *Sun* office, he is ready to preside at the editorial council, which resembles, in some respects, a cabinet meeting at Washington. Mr. Dana is a man of tall and well-proportioned figure, with a fine, expressive eye, and a strong, intellectual face, partially covered with a full iron-gray beard and moustache. Studied physiognomically, his countenance, even in repose, shows force, determination, and courage. He makes no attempt to dress in style, nor even to don fine clothes. He wears a plain dark "business" suit, and a dark hat of the Derby shape, not because it is fashionable, but because it is comfortable to his head and becoming to his features. The *Sun* editor is in good health, does not seem overworked, and is apparently between fifty and fifty-five years of age.

# SCIENTIFIC.

It is certainly the height of imprudence, in hot weather, to lay aside woollen under-clothing in favor of a cotton garment; and yet no error is more common than this. A thin flannel shirt, or, if a cotton shirt is worn, thin woollen under-clothing, would save many of the worst colds of the summer season—colds which are often more dangerous and more troublesome than those of any period of the year.