

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

BEAUTY has its privileges. A woman who has plainness of countenance must not indulge in the luxury of plainness of speech.

A Brooklyn bachelor mentions the fact that the scratch of a female baby is always more sudden and treacherous than that of a male baby.

"You bachelors ought to be taxed," said a lady to a resolute evader of the matrimonial noose.—"I agree with you, madam," was the reply, "bachelorism is a great luxury."

A MAN may take a cold bath and exercise with dumb-bells every morning, but he won't "whoop-la" much around a woman who parts her hair on the side.

A LADY that would please herself in marrying, was warned that her husband was very singular. "Well," replied the lady, "if he is very much unlike other men, he is much more likely to be a good husband."

AN old lady reading an account of the death of a venerable and distinguished lawyer, who was stated to be the "father of the Philadelphia bar," thus exclaimed:—"Poor man! he had a dreadful set of noisy children."

A GENTLEMAN, taking an apartment, said to the landlady, "I assure you, madam, I never left a lodging but my landlady shed tears."—She answered, "I hope it was not, sir, because you went away without paying!"

LITTLE four-year-old playing with her dolls—"Now, you lay there, my dear, and you lay there." Mother—"Why, Edie, you know that isn't right; you should say lie." "Oh, no, mamma, I'm playing they are chickens."

WE hear of a Washington lady who appeared in company in a calico dress the other evening. She supposed everybody would shed tears over her goodness and economy; but instead every body looked grieved and said, "Good gracious! what's your husband been doing?"

A DANDY in New Orleans, wishing for an excuse to speak to a beautiful lady in the street with whom he was unacquainted, drew his nice white cambric handkerchief from his pocket, as he approached her, and inquired if she hadn't dropped it. The lady glanced at the handkerchief, nodded assent, took it and marched on, leaving the exquisite to be laughed at by his companions.

A YOUNG lady visiting a shop in New York was looking at a music box that had just ceased playing. Wishing to hear it again, she attempted to start it, but without success. "Oh, pshaw!" she said; "it won't go for me." One of the proprietors overhearing the remark, stepped up and said, "I wish I was a music-box—I'd go for you."

DETROIT husbands and wives sometimes—once in a great many years—have disputes. The other day when a Beech street couple were holding an angry argument the husband raised his hands and exclaimed, "Oh, Consistency, thou art a jewel!" The wife at once broke down, and as she sobbed she gasped out, "You saw her at the Opera, I suppose; but, if she had to split wood, wash dishes, and take care of six children, she wouldn't look any better'n I do—hoo!"

WHEN a young man, who has just reached the years of goinghood, has his boots blacked regularly twice a day, puts on a new paper collar before each meal, trims his finger nails every half hour, keeps his three-fuzz power mustache perpetually dyed and scented, and his hair solemnly done up and elaborately parted behind, with semi-occasional practising of graceful attitudes and seductive smiles in the reflective bottoms of new tinware, you can bet your last "rag-baby" that some girl's heart of his'n is in a state of gentle kerflummixment.

If a girl expresses a fondness for majestic men with large whiskers, make up your mind that she will marry a very small man with none. If she declares that "mind" is all she looks for, expect to see her stand before the altar with a very pretty young fellow, who has just sense enough to tie a cravat bow.

If, on the contrary, she declares she must have a handsome husband, get the plainest person in the circle of her acquaintances, and declare "that is the man," for it will be.

Men are almost as bad. The gentleman who desires a wife with a mind and mission, marries a lisping baby, who screams at the sight of a mouse, and hides her face when she hears a sudden knock at the door.

And the gentleman who dreaded anything like strongmindedness, exults in the fact that his wife is everything he detested.

If a girl says of one, "Marry him! I'd rather die!" look upon the affair as settled, and expect cards to the wedding of these two people.

If a man remarks of a lady, "Not my style at all," await patiently the appearance of the name in the matrimonial column in connection with that lady's.

And if two people declare themselves "friends and nothing more," you may know what will come next. There is no hypocrisy in this, and such marriages are invariably the happiest.

HEARTH AND HOME.

DESIRING TO MAKE AN IMPRESSION.—Self-importance, or, rather, a prevailing consciousness of self, is the most universal hindrance to the attainment of agreeable manners. A woman of delicate feelings and cultivated mind, who goes into company determined to be interested, rather than to interest, can scarcely fail to please.

We are assured, however, that in this respect there is something very defective in the present state of society. All desire to make an impression, none to be impressed; and thus the social intercourse of every day is rendered wearisome, if not disgusting, by the constant struggle of contending parties to assume the same relative position.

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.—The woman that is a happy wife need not long to be courted again. There is no need—she is won. Nor are many compliments necessary. Mutual devotion is an ever-appreciated compliment. Yet, still, you who are married, do not quite forget those old days which drew you to each other. Be lovers always. Many people are; and those who love are safe. The meeting and parting kiss, the kind look, the appreciative word—never forget these. Never let marriage degenerate into the commonplace. So surely as you do worse will follow; for the husband and wife who have no tender sentiment toward each other will become foes.

THE REALITIES OF LIFE.—There is routine work in life, and every man goes through it, but not all in the same way. To some it is a drudgery, to some pain, to some art, to some pleasure but to all life. If a man will not work, neither shall he eat, and the work men do is necessarily routine; the same wants, the same demands, similar duties, meet us every day. There arise endless details and questions of ways and means; but the one thing, life, by duty and by work, is before us! But what wisdom, what grace, we require to meet and fulfil it! There is one thing, that better than all others helps a man—it is cheerfulness. The sun rises every morning in the heavens, and although mists and clouds sometimes cover it, it is there.

LITTLE CHILDREN.—People who habitually put little children out of their hearts, and close their doors upon them, have no idea how much comfort they set aside—what pleasure, what amusement. Of course, the little creatures meddle with things, and leave the traces of their fingers on the wall, and cry, and "bother" a little; but, when one gets into the way of it, as mothers and other loving relatives do, those things become of minor importance. Children say such pretty things, and do such funny things, the touch of their little hands is so soft, the sound of their little voice so sweet, their faces are so pretty, their movements so graceful and so comical, the whole family goes baby-mad—and it is no wonder. No book was ever written that was half so interesting as a little child that is learning to talk and to think, that is developing from a tiny animal into a being with a conscience and a heart.

AT HOME.—The highest style of being "at home" grows out of a special state of the affections rather than of the intellect. Who has not met with individuals whose faces would be a passport to any society, and whose manners, the unstudied and spontaneous expressions of their inner selves, make them visibly welcome wherever they go, and attract unbounded confidence towards them in whatever they undertake? They are frank, because they have nothing to conceal; affable, because their natures overflow with benevolence; unfurled, because they dread nothing; always at home, because they carry within themselves that which can trust to itself anywhere and everywhere—purity of soul with fulness of health. Such are our best guarantees for feeling at home in all society to which duty takes us, and in every occupation upon which it obliges us to enter. They who live least for themselves are also the least embarrassed by uncertainties.

CROSSING THE MAILS ON THE ICE, AT POINT EDWARD.

This sketch represents a scene well-known to the travelling public of Canada who westward "wend their way" in winter. The river is frequently rendered impassable by the quantity of movable ice that loosens itself from the Lake ice, and it is absolutely a hazardous undertaking to cross at these times under any circumstances. Wooden boats do not attempt it, and altho' it has been crossed on foot by single individuals, it is a foolhardy, and perilous act to attempt. The Railway Co., at this place has now placed two iron steamers of about 1600 Horsepower, capable of taking across 21 cars of freight or 9 passenger coaches with perfect ease, and these monsters go through the ice while the passengers are in the coaches and are not aware that the steamer is cutting a path through the ice, so quietly does it crush onward, dividing, breaking, or bearing under, and riding over the different kinds of ice it comes in contact with. The huge framework, partly seen on the left, is a portion of the "Girders" for loading and unloading the iron steamers with coaches, cars, of engines, &c., and are used on both sides of the river necessarily.

THE GLEANER.

FRANCE makes 640,000 dolls every year, many of them wonderful pieces of mechanism. England furnishes the rag dolls, and Germany the wax and china heads.

THE Italian *Movimento* announces that the Workmen's Association of Genoa, who applied to Spain, through the foreign Minister, for permission to remove the remains of Columbus, now interred in Havana, to Italy, have received a favorable reply as far as Spain is concerned, but Havana utterly repudiates the idea.

VIENNA uses 720,000 pounds of genuine meerschaum, worth over \$1,000,000 yearly, and 4,100,000 pounds of meerschaum chips, which are ground and compressed and made into imitation pipes and cigar holders. The imitation is carried to such perfection that the best judges are often puzzled to distinguish it from the real article.

THE right to print and sell the official catalogue of the Centennial Exposition has been bought for \$100,000; \$40,000 is paid for the right to establish restaurants in the main building; soda water privileges bring the finance board \$52,000; cigar stands \$18,000; and it is estimated that with a royalty on beer of \$3 a barrel, \$50,000 will be raised.

AT the recent elections in France for the members of the lower house of the new Assembly there were 8,533,612 persons who voted. Of these 4,687,117 voted for Republican candidates; 2,147,094 for Conservatives, and 1,699,411 for Bonapartists. Thus the Republicans have a majority of 840,612 over all others. The elections, in fact, were a regular plebiscite, at which the question, "Republic," "Empire," or "Monarchy," was put to the people, and they voted for the Republic by a majority of 840,612.

THERE is a remarkable waiter at a hotel in Antwerp. He waits at table with great attention, and receives the smallest fee with gratitude, yet he has hanging up in one of the rooms of the same hotel pictures worth at least \$150,000. Among them are works of Teniers, Van Dyke, and other famous artists, all undoubtedly originals. He has been offered \$100,000 for one "Holy Family" and \$6,000 for another picture, but he is deaf to all inducements to sell. He will show his pictures to visitors only after a formal introduction, and then he shows them with dignity and talks about them with great intelligence.

THERE were 4,400,000 letters received at the returned office in London last year, of which 20,000 were not addressed. One of them contained over \$10,000 in bank notes. Among the odd addresses were the following: "Mr. Smith, at the back of the church, England," and "My dear Father in Yorkshire, at the White Cottage with White Pailings." One was directed, "This is for her that makes dresses for young ladies, that lives at t'other side of the road to James Brockslipe, Edensover, Chesterfield." And another, "This is for the young girl that wears spectacles, 30 Sheriff Street, off Prince Edwin street, Liverpool."

HABITS OF BEETHOVEN.

Beethoven used to sit for hours at the piano improvising the thoughts which he afterward put down on the paper, and, subsequently, elaborated into the music with which he astonished the world. If he discovered that he had been overheard at such times—as happened once when Cipriani Potter called upon the great composer, and was shown in an adjoining room—he was incensed to the highest degree. In another mood, and especially after he had become deaf, while working out a subject in his mind, he would leave his house at night or in the early morning, and walk for many hours through the most remote and solitary places, through woods and by lakes and torrents, silent and abstracted. In this way he sometimes made the circuit of Vienna twice in a day, or, if he were at Baden, long excursions across the country. When engaged on his magnificent "Sonata Appassionata," he one day took a long walk with Ferdinand Ries, his pupil. They walked for hours, but during the whole time Beethoven spoke not a word, but kept humming, or rather howling, up and down the scale. It was the process of incubation. On reaching home he seated himself at the piano without taking off his hat, and dashed into the splendid *finale* of that noble work. Once there he remained for some time, totally regardless of the darkness or the fact that he and Ries had had nothing to eat for hours. His appearance became perfectly well known to people of all classes, who exclaimed, "There is Beethoven," when they saw him; and it is related that once, when a troop of charcoal-burners met him on a country path, they stood on one side, heavily laden as they were, to let him pass, for fear of troubling the great master's meditations. When composing in his own room at home he would sometimes walk about in a reverie, pouring cold water over his hands alternately, from jug after jug, till the floor of the room was inundated, and the people came running up stairs to know the cause of the deluge. At his death he left, besides his finished works, a quantity of rough sketches, containing, doubtless, the germs of many more works which never passed the stage in which they appear there. The first drafts of his well-known compositions show the successive alterations which their subject suffered before they pleased him; and these form a most interesting study, as exposing his manner of working. One of his sketch-books has been published *in extenso*; and, beside a host of matters of minor interest, it contains three separate drafts, at length, of the *finale* of one of his symphonies—a striking proof of the patience with which this great and fiery genius perfected his masterpieces. Even when completely finished, and perfected to his own satisfaction, his manuscripts presented many difficulties to the reader, and his copyists and engravers are said to have had a hard time of it. In one of his letters, in which he gives his publishers the corrections of some proofs of a stringed quartette, he concludes by saying that "It is four o'clock. I must post this; and I am quite hoarse with stamping and swearing!"

LITERARY.

AN autograph letter of St. Thomas Aquinas has been discovered among the archives of Monte Cassino.

THE first number of an Arabic newspaper has just been issued in Paris, edited by M. Florian Pharaon. It is intended for the instruction of the Arabs in Algeria.

THE late Bishop Thirlwall of England is said to have been a perfect prodigy of precocity. At three years of age he read English so well that he was taught Latin, and at four he read Greek with an ease and fluency that astonished all who heard him.

THE Camden Society of London has accepted the offer of Dr. Jessopp to edit "The Economy of the Fleet," from the MS. in possession of the Duke of Westminster. It contains a curious account of the condition of the Fleet Prison in the reign of James I.

A recent decree of the Mikado gives complete freedom of postage to journalists, each of whom is now allowed to send whatever communication he may think fit from one part of the empire to the other, free of expense.

It has been mentioned in a London paper that a marriage between the son of one poet and the daughter of another—Mr. Lionel Tennyson, son of A. Tennyson, and Miss Locker, daughter of Mr. Frederick and Lady Charlotte Locker,—has been arranged.

MR. THOMAS ARD, author of "The Old Bachelor in the Old Scottish Village," and other works, the friend of "Delta," and who in early life was one of the party of the Noddy Ambrosians, is seriously ill at his residence, Castlebank, Dumfries.

MR. GEORGE CARTER SLEUT, an Englishman living in Shanghai, has just published a collection of Chinese ballads. One of them bears the name of "Chang Liang's Flute," and according to tradition its melancholy tones induced 8,000 soldiers to desert their camp for their homes in a single night.

AN important work on the decipherment of the Hieratic writing of Central America, by M. Léon de Rosny, is on the eve of appearing; it is accompanied by a large number of plates in folio. The French American Society has had a fount of characters specially cast for this work, so that every facility may be given to scholars of studying these curious writings.

A correspondent recalls a characteristic anecdote of Dickens and Forster. One night Dickens was conveyed from the play by a cabman, who addressed him by name. It turned out that he knew Douglas Jerrold, Macready, and others of the guild of literature set. He was asked if he knew Forster. Not by name. His personal appearance was described. "Oh, yes; I know the gent—a werry arbitrary cove," said caddy.

ACCORDING to the *Augsburg Gazette*, Holland will figure prominently at the Centennial Exhibition with splendid paintings and books. In Amsterdam, 1,800 works on education, natural history and medicine, 354 journals, 237 magazines, and 147 paintings of the great Dutch masters are already collected in a building specially set apart for the purpose. The products of Java will form a separate and very interesting collection.

THE *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung* publishes the following recently discovered letter, written by the infamous Lucrezia Borgia to her husband, the Duke of Ferrara, on the occasion of her mother, Vannozza's, death: "My august Lord, I thank your Highness infinitely for the condolence you have expressed in your dear letter. It has much diminished the little grief I at times, and *malgré moi*, felt at the death of my mother, the more so as I learn, to my greatest joy, that your much longed for return is imminent." This precious epistle is dated the 2nd of January, 1519.

AN interesting question of copyright has just been decided by the Italian Court of Appeal. Father Pasquale de Francesco, the publisher of a collection of the Pope's recent speeches, commenced proceedings for breach of copyright against the Abbot D. Grolamo Milone, who had published a similar collection. The Court has decided in favor of the defendant, holding that the "speeches of the supreme governor of the universal church can be subject to no rights of private ownership, either by their substance and their own nature, or by the conception of him who delivered them."

THE game of "the Spelling Bee," says a Scotchman, is of Scotch origin. In giving the story of how the game began he says, "A teacher in Forfar, about fifty years ago, being one day in a merry mood, put the question to his class, 'Whether is a bull's ft (foot) the biggest (largest)?' When with one voice, the scholars shouted, 'The bull's ft!' When taking the chalk and writing up a 'B' the full size of the black board, on which he usually illustrated his arithmetical problems, he appealed again to his pupils whether they had ever seen a 'bull's ft' as big as that 'B' when they unanimously replied in the negative; but added, 'O, but we thought it was a bumber you meant!'

MADAME LOUISE COLET, a literary celebrity, is dead, aged 66. In early life she obtained four prizes for poetry from the Academy, the subjects being the Versailles Museum, Molière's monument, the Métray Colony, and the Athens Acropolis. Later, a novel, with the brief title "Lui," describing her relations with Alfred de Musset, made a considerable noise. She quarrelled with Alphonse Karr, and stabbed him, drawing blood, but inflicting no serious injury. She attended the opening of the Suez Canal, and her published impressions of the event are interesting. Subsequently she lived long in Italy, and the result of her observation was her latest important work, "Italy and the Italians." Many years ago Father Prout was a constant attendant at her soirées, where generally might be seen, fast asleep in an armchair reserved for him, privileged guest, the philosopher Babinet.

ROUND THE DOMINION.

THE Royal Albert Bridge has been withdrawn.

THE Canadian debt amounts to \$184,065,996.

WILD ducks are numerous in the bays near Hamilton.

MR. PRICE, the American Consul at Ottawa, has resigned.

THE Halifax crew to compete at the Philadelphia regatta go into training this week.

THE ancient capital will be represented at the centennial regatta by a four-oared crew.

THE people of Kingston are indignant at the vote of the Council in favour of Sunday work on the Welland Canal.

THE Quebec Music Hall has been leased by Major Holliwell, of that city, and Mr. McDowell, of Montreal, for a term of years. It is proposed to turn the building into a theatre.

THE Centennial Advisory Board have completed arrangements for the entertainment of members of the Canadian Press Association at Philadelphia during their visit to the exhibition.