

THE BRIGAND JOKE ON THIERS.

The *Soir* pursuing the joke about the capture of M. Thiers by brigands, says that M. Thiers, having obtained *la parole*, proceeded to address the brigands in these terms:—"Gentlemen, I frankly confess that my sympathies are not for you, but for the gendarmes. During a long and laborious career I have always defended the cause of the gendarmerie. Recently (alluding to the Commune) I caused it to triumph at the peril of my popularity. But, gentlemen, after an existence of seventy-five years entirely consecrated to the cause of order, I recognise that the gendarmerie has had its day, and that that institution is no longer compatible with our customs. The execution in the Rue Haxo, the deplorable accident which happened to the police agent Vincenzini, the affairs of Marseilles, Lyons, and Pisa show an irresistible current which pushes us in the direction of new destinies." &c. The Paris correspondent of the *Pull Mall Gazette* writes:—"The latest intelligence states that M. Thiers, who has been dressed in the brigand costume, had been offered the leadership of the band, but had refused owing to previous engagements with the rabble of Paris. The joke respecting the capture of M. Thiers by brigands has been turned to account by the whole conservative press. We are told that the ex-President on being brought before the brigand chief was questioned as to his private fortune, which appears to be considerable. He was asked if the amount of his wealth had not induced him to oppose the income-tax, and finally he was told that his ransom had been settled at £120,000, which was a small sum for a man who had paid five milliards to the Germans. M. Thiers protested that he had not paid that sum himself, but the brigand chief replied that he received the *Bien Public* (the organ of M. Thiers), and had frequently seen this fact asserted. The *Paris Journal* says that M. Thiers, who made such a good thing out of the destruction of his house by the bandits of the Commune, will no doubt manage to reap an advantage from his capture by Fra Diavolo."

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

Among the novelties of the stage arrangement of "Hamlet" at the London Lyceum will be the acting of the play-scene by torchlight, in accord with the original directions.

OPERA-BOUFFE would appear to be a very lucrative property. Within the last year, according to the *Belgian Times*, M. Offenbach has received £80,000 for the author's rights of three of his pieces.

NEW YORKERS do not seem to be very well versed in Scriptural lore—at least, if we judge by a spectacular drama now being played at Niblo's Theatre—"The Deluge; or Paradise Lost," the two events being entirely considered contemporaneous.

THE causes of Madame Patti's recent failure at Paris have been chiefly political. She is suspected of not being very "patriotic." When we say "failure," we mean artistic failure, in being attacked by the newspapers, not commercial failure, as the receipts have been large.

A YOUNG cantatrice, Angelica More, born at Bissone, in the Canton of Tessin, has already achieved a reputation upon the stages of some of the principal theatres in Europe. She has recently been singing at the Victor Emmanuel Theatre at Turin, and there met with an enthusiastic reception.

THE acoustic properties of the new Paris Opera House were tested, the orchestra playing the overture of Auber's "Muette de Portici." The results were considered satisfactory, but the space allotted to the orchestra proved so limited that it has been decided to extend it, by the suppression of one row of the orchestra chairs.

MILLE PATTI, who has left Paris for St. Petersburg, had, it is reported, a narrow escape while performing Marguerite in "Faust." A scene fell on her head, and would have seriously injured her but for the thick wig she wore. She merely experienced a little dizziness, from which she recovered in a quarter of an hour.

In the Theatre Royal, Montreal, Marietta Ravel filled a very successful engagement last week. This week John Jack and Annie Firmin are playing the emotional play of the "Sphinx" with gratifying success. So far manager Lindley deserves great credit for the manner in which he has conducted the theatrical season.

MADAME DOMINIQUE, the teacher of dancing in Paris, has at present in her academy a future Tagliioni, who has been engaged for three years by Halanzier for the new opera. The director appears to be so charmed with his young recruit that he allows her annually a three months' leave of absence, but imposes at the same time a forfeit of 50,000 francs. This Tagliioni of the future is called Amélie Colombine, and is a sister of Marie Colombine. She is only fifteen, but very gifted, and has a musical turn, besides being an adept at drawing and sculpture.

MELBOURNE journals announce that Madame Arabella Goddard has made a precipitate retreat from Sydney to Melbourne, from fear of personal violence. The whole affair arose from the Sydneyists taking up the cause of a music-hall prima donna, with whom the pianist declined to appear, on the ground of professional etiquette. Rather than have this vocalist's name on her programme, Madame Goddard broke a contract she had made to give recitals at Bathurst and Orange; but Sydney took fire at this breach, and the lady received anonymous intimations that personal violence would be resorted to. Madame Goddard escaped to Melbourne; but legal proceedings, it is said, have been taken against her.

SCRIBE was spending the autumn with friends in the country, whose evening amusement consisted in listening to English novels, read aloud by the governess. One day this lady, during a pause in the reading, said to Scribe, with a sigh—"Oh, that I could hope some day to possess an income of 1,200 francs, which would give me rest and independence!" Some days after this, when the last chapter of the novel, which was but a poor one, had been read, Scribe suddenly said to the reader—"Do you know, that story is a capital subject for a one-act comedy—you supplied me with it, will you write it with me?" It is needless to say the compact was made and carried out. When the piece was about to appear, Scribe said to his dramatic agent—"Whether this play succeeds or not, the lady who is associated with me in the authorship must receive from it 1,200 francs a year for life; this must be made to appear as a mere matter of business." And so it was arranged. The governess, however, delighted with her success, continued to find fresh subjects for Scribe, who always declined them. Then, when he was praised before her, she would say—"Yes, he is a charming young man, but rather ungrateful. We once wrought a piece together, which brought us in 1,200 francs a year each, and now he won't write another!"

SCIENTIFIC.

Sick headache is mostly caused by too much acidity in the stomach. A pretty good cure consists in merely eating a little burnt or very brown bread-crust.

To rescue the drowning, convey the body to the nearest house with head raised. Strip and rub dry. Inflate the lungs by closing the nostrils with the thumb and finger, and blowing into the mouth forcibly, and then pressing with hand on the chest. Again blow in the mouth and press on the chest, and so on for ten minutes, or until breathing begins. Keep the body warm, extremities also. Continue rubbing—do not give up so long as there is any possible chance of success.

M. de Cherville in the *Paris Temps* gives the following useful hints for deciding whether red wines are, or are not, artificially coloured:—"Pour into a glass a small quantity of the liquid which you wish to test, and dissolve a bit of potash in it. If no sediment forms, and if the wine assumes a greenish hue, it has not been artificially coloured, if a violet sediment forms, the wine has been discoloured with elder or mulberries; if the sediment is red, it has been coloured with beetroot or Pernambuco wood; if violet-red, with logwood; if yellow, with 'phytolac' berries; if violet-blue, with privet berries; and if pale violet, with sun-flower."

The white of an egg has proved of late the most efficacious remedy for burns. Seven or eight successive applications of this substance soothe the pain and effectually exclude the burn from the air. This simple remedy seems preferable to collodion, or even cotton. Extraordinary stories are told of the healing properties of a new oil, which is easily made from the yolks of hen's eggs. The eggs are first boiled hard, the yolks are then removed, crushed and placed over a fire, where they are carefully stirred until the whole substance is just on the point of catching fire, when the oil separates, and may be poured off. It is in general use among the colonists of Southern Russia as a means of curing cuts, bruises, and scratches.

ODDITIES.

It is better to be flush in the pocket than in the face.—*Danbury News.*

At last Count Von Arnim is set at liberty, and goes to a favourite resort in Italy for his breath. That's Nice.

A man in Weston (Missouri) fired in the dark at a man who was stealing his corn, and the next day the county sheriff was around with his arm in a sling.

The title of a song is "Give me your hand once more." It is a favourite with those who like to have their bills backed.

I want to know," said a creditor fiercely, "when you are going to pay me what you owe me!" "I give it up," replied the debtor, "ask me something easy."

The opinion is being strengthened everyday that the man who first made a shirt to button behind did more for the world than one who has discovered five comets.

"Uncle, how do you do? Which would you like best, work for wages, or part of the crop?" "Waal, I'dlar, I tink bofe de best, if you kin only brang 'em togedder."

The man who has not anything to boast of but his illustrious ancestors is like a potato plant—the only good belonging to him is under ground.

A newly started paper delicately announces that its charge for marriage notices is "just what the ecstasy of the bridegroom may prompt."

A ferryman was asked by a timid lady whether any persons were ever lost in the river over which he rowed. "Oh! no," said he, "We always find 'em the next day."

Love's language—Young bride: "Was she his own darling duckums?" "Yes; she was owny danty darling duckums." Exit old married man, enraged and disgusted.

Girls, as you value your lives, don't get up and get breakfast in the mornings. A young lady attempted it one day last week, and was burned to death. Show this to your mammas.

A young blood at a hotel was requested to pass a dish near him. "Do you mistake me for a waiter?" said the exquisite. "I mistook you for a gentleman" was the prompt reply.

Washington Irving once alluded to a man of superior pomposity as "a great man, and, in his own estimation a man of great weight. When he goes to the west, he thinks the east tips up."

"The Mysterious Island," a novel which has been running through *Scribner's Monthly*, is now published in pamphlet form. It is very interesting, and reminds one of "Robinson Crusoe."

"Alas!" said the nurse who attended the witty divine, Sidney Smith, in his last illness, "I have made a mistake and given you a bottle of ink." "Then," said the dying wit, "fetch me all the blotting paper there is in the house."

Next to a rooster in a rain-storm, or a man with his mother-in-law on his arm, the most wretched-looking thing in the world is a candidate who has just overheard some friend wanting to bet three to one that he won't be elected.

Poor young thing! she fainted away at the wash-tub, and her pretty nose went ker-slop into the soap-suds. Some said it was overwork; others, however, whispered that her beau had peeped over the back fence and called out: "Hullo, there, Bridget, is Miss Alice at home?"

A young man has been arrested in New York for sleeping in a standing position. He would stand on the street for four hours at a stretch, with his eyes closed, and not move a muscle. It is hereditary. His father was a policeman.

It is related that the secretary of an insurance company, being in command of a platoon during the late unpleasantness in Arkansas, struck up the gun of one of his men who was about to fire at a staff officer, with the explanation, "Don't fire, we've got a polley on him."

If the times are hard stop your paper, but do not shorten your allowance for whiskey or tobacco. A good paper in a family is a great comfort to the wife and children, but that is no reason why you should provide them with a weekly luxury at the expense of a daily necessity.

It was in a Massachusetts village that an old scissor-grinder, calling on a minister, made the usual query, "Any scissors to grind?" Receiving a negative answer, it was the minister's turn, which he took by asking, "Are you a man of God?" "I do not understand you." "Are you prepared to die?" The question struck home. Gathering up his kit and scrambling for the door, he exclaimed, terror-stricken: "O Lor! O Lor! you ain't a going to kill me, are you?"

A new oomer at a New York hotel wrote his name in the book thus—"J. Smith." The polite and gentlemanly clerk seized the pen after him, and bending over the book, as if to complete the entry, inquired, "What tribe?" When the visitor had recovered enough to answer, he replied with much dignity, "No tribe, sir, but of English origin, from North America." "Beg pardon—Canadian?" "No." "Ah! Perhaps Nova Scotia?" "No, sir; I am from the United States of America." "Oh, very good! Thank you." Exit Yankee, smaller.

LITERARY.

Allibone's Poetical Quotations will be illustrated by the Messrs. Lippincott for the holidays.

The third volume of the "Memoirs of Quincy Adams" is particularly rich in historical and personal matters of interest.

The publishers have used up over fourteen thousand pounds of tinted paper in printing Theodore Tilton's new novel, "Tempest Tossed," and it has been printing almost constantly since its first publication four months since.

Charles Sumner's gift of 4,000 volumes to Harvard Library can hardly be utilised, on account of the narrow quarters of the library. Gore Hall is only about half large enough for its 150,000 occupants. And its family increases at the rate of 5,000 volumes a year.

It is said that the members of the Astor family paid taxes, a few days since at the tax-office in New York, amounting to \$259,057.83. The value of their estate is estimated, in round numbers, at \$24,000,000, and is probably cheap at that.

Messrs. Chatto & Windus will publish next month a book of grotesque designs and historical notes, about the births, deaths, and characteristics of some "Kings, Queens, and Other Things," drawn and written by S. A. the Princess Hesse-Schwarzbourg. The work will be beautifully printed in gold and many colours.

The Italian journals state that Monsignor Liverani, a Roman prelate, has discovered a method of interpreting the inscriptions on the ancient Etruscan monuments. He has devoted much time to the study of the subject at Chiusi, where Etruscan monuments exist in great abundance. He is about to publish, at Siena, an account of his discovery.

A society for the protection of literary property and dramatic art has been formed in Russia. The society is to keep up relations with all the managers of theatres, and sell them the right of producing new dramas. The royalty goes into the society's funds, and the authors receive the percentage granted by the general meeting of the society.

The queen of Holland has a most exquisite taste for literature, and writes with capacity and judgment; the Empress of Germany is renowned for her eloquence; the Empress of Austria is considered to be the most beautiful woman in Europe, and the Queen of Denmark is remarkable for her polished manners and the way in which she receives her guests. As for our own gracious Majesty, whatever may be the alleged faults of England and her politics, she is looked upon by friend and foe as a woman of womanly excellence—to say nothing of her talents as a writer, conversationalist, and musician. La-bla-che, speaking of her, used to say "that the Queen of England was among his most apt pupils."

The late M. Guizot's "History of France" has been left by its author only completed to the end of the reign of Louis XIV., but the notes in the possession of his family will enable the work to be brought down to the Revolution of 1789. The dedication to his grandchildren was something more than a formula. Every evening at five o'clock the grandchildren used to gather in the library at Val Richer, and the old statesman would tell them, in plain, simple terms the history of his native country, frequently joining to his recital the chronicles of old historians, which he put into everyday language. His daughters were accustomed to take down in writing the history as it was told, and when M. Guizot resolved to publish the book he merely revised and enlarged these notes, while it will be by their aid that the work will be continued.

VARIETIES.

"Men often speak of breaking the will of a child," says Theodore Parker, "but it seems to me they had better break the neck. The will needs regulating, not destroying. I should as soon think of breaking the legs of a horse in training him as a child's will. I would discipline and develop it into harmonious proportions. I never yet heard of a will in itself too strong, more than of an arm too strong, or a mind too comprehensive in its grasp, too powerful in its hold. The instruction of children should be such as to animate, inspire, restrain, but not to bow, cut, and carve; I would always treat a child like a live tree, which was to be helped to grow, never as a dry, dead timber, to be carved into this or that shape, and to have certain mouldings grooved upon it. A live tree, and not dead timber, is every little child."

Quetelet, in his work on the relation of probabilities, speaks of the ridiculous prejudice existing on the pretended danger of being the thirteenth at table. If the probability be required that out of thirteen persons of different ages one of them at least should die within a year, it will be found that the chances are about one to one that one death at least will occur. This calculation, by means of a false interpretation, has given rise to the prejudice, no less ridiculous, that the danger will be avoided by inviting a greater number of guests, which can only have the effect of augmenting the probability of the event so much apprehended.

In Russia there is but one physician to every 17,000 souls. There are governments, such as that of Perm, circles like that of Cherdink, where the proportion is still smaller, and there is scarcely one physician to 60,000 souls. There is, moreover, one hospital to every 175,000 inhabitants; one for foundlings to every 1,350,000; one lunatic asylum to every 390,000; one deaf and dumb institution to every 11,000,000. A Russian journal says that the army is better provided for, there being one hospital to every 3,000 men. In Prussia the proportion is one to 1,250. In Italy there is one physician to every 2,290 inhabitants; in England there is one medical man (surgeons included) to every 3,180.

Whatever good advice you may give your children, if the parents pursue a bad and reckless course of conduct, depend upon it the children will follow the example instead of following the advice. They will turn out ill, and probably worse than the parents whose example they are imitating. There are few principles of human nature stronger than that of imitation; and where children see a man and wife quarrelling, the mother dirty and the father drunken, and the house uncomfortable, it is not in human nature possible that those children should be the girls clean and well-conducted, the sons sober, honest, and industrious.

A London correspondent writes: "Nothing recalls the venerable past so vividly as the old houses and inns except, perhaps, the remains of Roman London constantly being brought to light by excavations in the improvement of the city. These are portions of the old city walls foundations, and buildings, tessellated pavements of great beauty, baths, sewers, bronzes, and various ornaments admirable as works of art. A Roman bath still exists nearly complete in Strand-lane, and a Roman hypercaust remains under the Coal Exchange in excellent preservation, which was discovered in preparing the foundations of the new building. Houses and house fronts of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries are still standing, and some of the old palaces are also well preserved. Of the ancient inns there are only a few interesting specimens; but what is left of the Inns of Court are visited by thousands."

A good story is told of Mr. Gladstone by Lord Granville. Shortly after their accession to office the practice of paying the clerks in the various public offices their salaries monthly was adopted. Lord Granville caused to be circulated through the Foreign Office a paper on which the clerks of the department were to state whether they preferred the old system of quarterly payments or wished the new practice to be introduced into the Foreign Office. Mr. Gladstone added, in his own hand, "Mr. Gladstone experiences great satisfaction in receiving his own salary at the end of the month, but considerable disappointment at the end of each quarter."

Canning's industry was such that he never left a moment unemployed, and such was the clearness of his head that he could address himself almost at the same time to several different subjects with perfect precision and without the least embarrassment. He wrote very fast, but not fast enough for his mind, composing much quicker than he could commit his ideas to paper. He could not bear to dictate, because nobody could write fast enough for him: but on one occasion, when he had the gout in his hand and could not write, he stood by the fire and dictated at the same time a despatch on Greek affairs to George Bentinck and one on South American politics to Howard de Walden, each writing as fast as he could, while he turned from one to the other without hesitation or embarrassment.

An exchange says: "Of all the lost articles that have been found in Paris a lost bride must be one of the rarest. We are afraid it isn't a true story. She was a country girl, who came to Paris with her betrothed to get married. They took a cab at the station. On the way to church the man got out to make some purchase. The driver was tipsy, and instead of waiting, drove on, so they were separated in the wilderness, and the police found the bride weeping in the cab. The officials issued this advertisement: 'There was found yesterday at mid-day a bride, eighteen years, blue eyes, black hair. Can be obtained on application at police head-quarters.'"

The changes in woman's gait are more mysterious than the transformations in her garments. One year she walks a queen, stately and graceful, the next she frisks along painfully, like a spring lamb or a playful kitten. Now she bends forward, lets her limp hands drop from the wrists, and wriggles as if she wished to advertise the fact that her boots are tight—a thing which is totally unnecessary; anon she throws her shoulders back, and goes bravely forward with long steps. The next change must always inevitably tend to show languishing movements. No other style of locomotion will be possible with the narrow skirts which are to be worn.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

Chicken Salad.—Having skinned a pair of cold fowls, remove the fat and carve them as if for eating; cut all the flesh entirely from the bones, and either mince it or divide it into small shreds. Mix with it a little cold tongue or ham, grated rather than chopped. Have ready one or two fine fresh lettuce, picked, washed, drained, and cut small. Put the cut lettuce on a dish (spreading it evenly) or into a large-bowl, and place upon it the minced chicken in a close heap in the centre. For the dressing, mix together the following ingredients, in the proportion of the yolks of four eggs well beaten, a tea-spoonful of powdered white sugar, a salt-spoon of cayenne (no salt if you have ham or tongue with the chicken); two tea-spoonfuls of made mustard, six table-spoonfuls of salad oil and five of vinegar. Stir this mixture well; put it into a small saucapan, set it over the fire, and let it boil three minutes—not more, stirring it all the time. Then set it to cool. When quite cold, cover with it thickly, the heap of chicken in the centre of the salad. To ornament it, have ready half a dozen or more hard boiled eggs, which, after the shell is peeled off, must be thrown directly into a pan of cold water to prevent them from turning blue. Cut each egg (white and yolk together) lengthways into four long pieces of equal size and shape; lay the pieces upon the salad all round the heap of chicken, and close to it; placing them so as to follow each other round in a slanting direction, something in the form of a circular wreath of leaves. Have ready, also, some very red cold beet-root, cut into small cones or points all of equal size; arrange them in a circle upon the lettuce, outside of the circle of cut egg. To be decorated in this manner, the salad should be placed in a dish rather than a bowl. In helping it, give each person a portion of everything, and they will mix them together on their plates.

Tomato Sauce.—Scald some large ripe tomatoes, to make them peel easily. Then quarter them, and press them through a sieve to divest them of their seeds. Put the juice into a stewpan, adding some bits of fresh butter dredged with flour; add finely-grated bread-crumbs, and season with a little pepper, and, if liked, a little onion boiled and minced. Set the pan over a moderate fire, and let the tomatoes simmer slowly till it comes to a boil. Continue the boiling ten minutes longer. Serve it up in a sauce-tureen. It will be mellowed and improved by stirring in (as soon as it comes to a boil) a table-spoonful or a lump of white sugar.

Potato Mutton Chops.—Cut some nice chops or steaks from the best end of a neck of mutton. The loin will be still better. Trim off all the fat, but leave a small part of the bone visible, nicely scraped. Season them with pepper and salt, and fry them in butter or dripping. Have ready plenty of mashed potatoes, with which cover the chops all over separately, so as to wrap them up in the mashed potatoes. Glaze them with beaten egg, and brown them with a salamander or a red-hot shovel.

Rancid Butter made Sweet.—Rancid butter can be made as sweet as when first churned by the following process:—To one quart of water add fifty-five drops of the chloride of lime; then wash thoroughly in this mixture five pounds of rancid butter. It must remain in the mixture two hours. Then wash twice in pure water and once in sweet milk; add salt. This preparation of lime contains nothing injurious.

Stewed Potatoes.—Having pared some fine raw potatoes, quarter them, and put them into a stew-pan with a little salt, pepper, and some green sweet marjoram stripped from the stalks, and scattered among the potatoes. Put them into a stew-pan with milk enough to prevent their burning, and some fresh butter—no water. Cover the pan and let the potatoes stew, till, on trying them with a fork, you find them thoroughly cooked, and soft and tender all throughout. If not sufficiently done, they are hard, tough, leathery, and unfit to eat.

Boiled Cabbage.—All cabbage should be well washed, and boiled in a large quantity of water with a little salt; the loose or faded leaves being stripped from the outside. They should always be cut or split in two, or in four pieces if very large. Cut the stalk short, and split it up to where the leaves begin. Put it on in boiling water, and keep it boiling steadily till quite done, which will not be till the stalk is tender throughout. If a young summer cabbage, split it in half, and when well boiled, and drained, and pressed in a cullender, serve it up with a few bits of cold fresh butter, laid inside among the leaves. Season it with pepper.

Macaroni with Cheese.—Take half a pound of large macaroni, cut it into convenient lengths, and place it into a saucapan with plenty of fast-boiling water, add salt to taste, and let it boil rather less than half an hour. Drain off the water, place the macaroni in a deep dish, pour over it a couple of ounces of butter melted till it just begins to colour, add plenty of grated Parmesan cheese, turn over the macaroni with two forks as a salad is mixed, then put on a final layer of Parmesan, place the dish in a brisk oven for a few minutes, and serve.

Breakfast Dishes.—Scotch Woodcock: Break two or three eggs into a saucapan; mix well, with a little salt and cayenne, and a good gravy spoon of milk or cream; cook it gently over the fire, and, as it warms, put in a lump of butter as big as a small egg; stir well from the bottom, as the mixture clots. Have ready two slices of toast, slightly buttered on both sides; put between them about three anchovies, washed, scraped, and chopped; pour on the top the mixture from the saucapan and serve very hot.—*Lobster toast:* Take one or two thirds of a shilling tin of lobster, separate it, put into a saucapan, with a little cayenne, powdered mace, salt, and a lump of butter; warm it gradually, add a good squeeze of lemon. When quite hot, spread it on toast slightly buttered on both sides, and serve very hot.