

tell you in my poor way how much I admire your excellent Magazine.

"I have taken it two years, and wonder now how I ever kept house without it.

"I think I can truly say, I consult it in every emergency, in my large household.

"In the 'Ladies' Club,' one finds information on almost every subject ever thought of.

"In some old numbers belonging to my friends, I find answers to questions I have long been wishing to ask.

"I could fill pages with praises of your excellent book, but so much has already been said, and in a far superior manner than I possibly could, that I will only add that E. S. C.'s pleasant letter in the March number, very gracefully expresses my sentiments in every particular. With one more qualification I have never seen spoken of, your Magazine is so purely American, that it recommends itself to every American household.

"I see you sometimes judge character by the handwriting.

"Pray do not so judge mine, as I am sitting up for the first time after a short but severe illness.

"Thankfully yours,

"Mrs. I."

Pa.

"DEMOREST'S MONTHLY, NEW YORK.—We have a young lady in our town who prides herself much on her gentleness, amiability, and lady-likeness, who however, on one occasion, when a gentleman called on her, committed, as I think, an act of great misbehavior. The circumstances were these:

"The gentleman on rising to go, took up a beautiful bouquet of flowers and said, 'I will take these to my rooms and set them on my centre-table,' and seemed quite likely to put into execution his proposition.

"The lady said 'No, I shall not let you.' He persisted, and she permitted him to take them down-stairs and to the door, when very unexpectedly, she made a grasp at the bouquet, tore them almost to pieces and said, 'give them up,' very excitedly and angrily. The gentleman said, 'avec beaucoup de plaisir M'slle.'

"Please inform me at your earliest convenience, through the medium of your excellent columns, which I peruse every month, your opinion of the matter, and who were right and who wrong."

"There is a particular reason for the reply, and much depends on the promptness with which I am answered.

"WILKINS X."

Ans.—Both were wrong: the gentleman in taking the flowers, the lady in showing so much excitement in trying to get them back. It was a matter which required larger experience than the young lady possessed, to deal with properly; and she doubtless shed more tears over the loss of her self-control, than the loss of her flowers.

PHILA.

"EDITOR LADIES' CLUB.—1. In making bridal presents of silverware, should they be marked with the lady's maiden initial, or with the initials of the groom's family name, or should there be more than one initial upon them?

"2. Would a handsome edition of the Holy Bible be a suitable gift from the groom's brother? Would you name a few articles that you should consider appropriate 'bridegams,' where the donor has but limited means.

"EXPECTANT."

Ans.—1. With the lady's married initials. 2. Yes.

A lace handkerchief, a clock, a set of real lace, books, an easy chair are suitable, or any nice article of jewelry or silver-ware, for table or toilet use.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THERE can be scarcely any doubt that our next season of Italian opera here will be a very brilliant one. The adroit and liberal impresario, Mr. Max Strakosch, is at present in Europe in council with his brother Maurice, who is thoroughly conversant with the mysteries of the profession, and who, being a distinguished artiste himself, and an experienced manager, will aid in sending us a company that cannot fail to attract general admiration and support, and which may be expected to arrive here in September.

Although Tamberlik and some other artists of note arrived in this city from Havana not long since, we are unable to give any clear idea of their movements. The season had closed before they made their appearance, and hence, we presume, the difficulty surrounding their advent. It had been rumored that Mr. De Vivo, sometime ago one of the agents of Carl Rosa, endeavored to engage Tamberlik and others for a short spring season of opera in this city, but failed; what, therefore, induced this distinguished artist to come here immediately afterwards, we are at a loss to know.

After the close of the regular season, the Maretzek Opera Company, with Lucca, Kellogg, and the other leading artistes, gave us one performance of *Mignon* as a grand finale to the various splendid representations already known to the public. The Academy was, of course, crowded upon the occasion; and the singing of the two *prime donne* applauded to the echo. We are, nevertheless, a little out of humor with our good friend Maretzek, for permitting his agent to class Senora Sanz as a prima donna in the same category with Lucca and Kellogg, from the simple fact that she ranks very far below them in every possible relation.

Notwithstanding the superb attainments and genuine ability of Rubinstein, there was something supremely bold and egotistical in his attempt to give a final series of performances here on an instrument so monotonous and imperfect as the piano, and without the aid of a single other artist. So long as his ponderous solos were relieved occasionally, by the exquisite violin of Wieniawski or even by the mediocre singing of Ormeny or Leibhart, the connoisseur felt a sort of grim enjoyment in measuring, for a definite period, their immense masses of harmonies, or in analyzing their startling modulation and various intricacies; but when, for hours, we might say, link after link of a sombre, massive chain came to be dragged slowly before his eyes, as it were, in one voice, the case became widely different, and all simple pleasure was lost in philosophical speculations as to what the composer really meant, or relative to the prodigious powers of memory evinced by the performer. For our part, we are not of those who are inclined to go into ecstasies over the roar of three thousand voices, or a musical elephant playing a maelstrom. Of the peculiar success of these recitals of the grand pianist, we are unable to say, but being necessarily matinee performances, their importance, in this particular, appears to us to have been restricted. In saying this much, however, it must not be supposed that we are not deeply impressed with the thorough originality, profound knowledge, and vast acquirements of this great

man. On the contrary, we believe him to be unrivalled in many relations; although the victim of a school where all, or nearly all sentiment and delicacy lie crushed beneath a ponderous weight of mere learning.

Amongst the latest musical performances of the season, were those of Aimée, the Church Music Association, the Philharmonic, the Orpheon Society, and that of Madame Anna Bishop, who has bid farewell to New York, and, by this time, to America. There were, of course, other concerts of minor note, but they went only to prove how prevalent and deeply seated is the love of music in this peculiar region. Most of our artists are, as may be anticipated, now reposing beneath the shadow of their laurels, in the privacy of country life; but only for a season. In the course of three or four months, we shall again hear the note of preparation, and welcome to the concert-room and operatic stage some well-known faces. In the meantime, we must content ourselves with our outdoor entertainments, such as those afforded by Thomas's unrivalled orchestra at Central Park Garden, and the music we may hear in our public squares and parks.

We learn that we are to have the celebrated actor, Tommaso Salvini, with us next season. To make any decided impression after Booth, Sothern, Boucicault, and Fechter, he must, indeed, be a man of rare genius. Fechter's *Monte Cristo*, at the Grand Opera House, was a great success, and Miss Neilson's *Amy Robsart*, at Booth's, was equally lucrative and popular. Sothern's closing nights at Wallack's attracted large houses. The engagement of this unrivalled actor must have been highly satisfactory to the management of this latter theatre, so long and steadily did he draw in his great roles, and so few changes had there been made on the bills.

Madeleine Morel, the new play that succeeded *Divorce* at the Fifth Avenue, was admirably cast, and well received. It is of the usual joint-production Daly character—able in its way, but with the authorship a little shadowy. The Union Square was more successful with *Frou Frou*, than with *Without a Heart*, and Niblo's has been largely patronized by the admirers of Lulu, in the *Magic Charm*. We understand that Mr. G. L. Fox, of *Humpty Dumpty* celebrity, is going to drop pantomime for a period, and appear in comedy. Will it, under any circumstance, be possible for him to keep his fate straight. How shall he restrain his tendency to grimace and humor? He is said, however, to possess wondrous versatility, and to be perfectly at home in most relations upon the stage. We have just got a glimpse of a new tragedy, *Napoleon*, by a very clever young actor, Mr. J. S. Norton, whom a leading daily berates for having the audacity to copy-right the name. Surely, if the play is a good one, the author has done right in securing his interest in it; and if it be otherwise, it will soon find its level without this advance opposition on the part of the press. The Bowery and the Theatre Comique have had very successful seasons, and the same may be said of Wood's Museum. In fact, managers, generally, have done a good business of late, whether in music or the drama, and look forward to a remunerative fall season. We must have amusements, and in endless variety. Hence, success appears to attend all our sources of recreation, from the beer garden to the opera, from the negro "break down," to *Hamlet*.

Ices, strawberries and cream, and all the cooling luxuries of summer are now in constant requisition, as well as all the light beverages peculiar to the season. Our parks and promenades are thronged every evening, and the sound of mirth is heard far and wide in the twilight. Our trees are robed in their most luxuriant attire, and the voice of song is heard among their branches. In short, the year is in its prime, and all things conspire to praise the Author of so much that is so bright and beautiful.

THE GARDEN CURRANT.

THIS fine fruit is much less known, and much less appreciated in this country, than it deserves. In England it is esteemed as one of the most useful and valuable of the productions of the garden. The acid flavor, which some persons think renders it unfit for the stomach, is delicate, though pungent, and possesses rare medicinal qualities. It is, perhaps, the *prettiest* fruit grown, makes a charming dish for the tea-table, or for dessert, and only needs to be better known to be thoroughly appreciated.

The black currant is even less known, and much less esteemed here than the red and white currant. In England, on the contrary, while the latter varieties are more used for ordinary purposes, the black currant is considered invaluable for preserving, and for use in cases of fever, sore throat, and other ailments.

Some persons have a repugnance to the flavor of black currants, but those who like them think there is hardly any fruit comparable to them, and they are especially desirable as a winter pie and pudding fruit, not only on account of their deliciousness (to those who like them), but because they "keep" so easily, and cook thick, retaining their own juices.

The general ignorance in regard to the currant has led to its destruction by worms in many sections, and prompts us to reprint the following communication to the *Woman's Journal*, which contains some sensible suggestions in regard to the best methods for its preservation:

"In the early part of June this pest appears on the currant-bushes in the shape of a worm, about three-fifths of an inch long, and one-tenth of an inch in diameter; they are green, spotted with black in nine distinct series of bands across the body, each band ending in two larger spots covering the breathing holes. They have black heads, three pairs of legs, and seven pairs of false or prolegs, and are greasy to the touch.

"After feeding about two weeks, the worms go into cocoon in the ground, where they remain for a week or ten days, according to the state of the weather. At the end of that time they emerge in the shape of a small saw-fly (a species of wasp), about one quarter of an inch long, and half an inch broad from tip to tip, with black head, colorless wings, brownish antennae and feet. Its body is large and yellow, with the exception (in the male) of a black spot on the thorax. This insect which, at the approach of danger, folds up its wings and drops to the ground, may be seen flitting about the bushes, and laying its eggs, from the middle to the last of June; the eggs are very numerous, white, about one thirtieth of an inch long, and are laid on the three main ribs, on the under side of the leaf. After a few days these are hatched, and form the *second* crop of worms, which go into cocoon about the tenth of July, where they remain until the following spring.