

moned as witnesses, and that the fun will be fast and furious.

In the meantime *vive le begatelle*. I have found out all the little bits for the ladies to talk about over their tea pots, viz:

Le bon ton of Boston commences its parties at 3 p. m. and terminates them at 8 p. m., which gives ample time to do the gossip, the German and the supper and says gas.

In New York, at the soirees, just before the oysters, anchovy toast, jollies and champagne, the waiter hands you a cup of beef tea as you enter the refreshment room and hands it round also in the intervals of the German. It is nourishing and harmless in its effects.

The young men of Fifth avenue, Chawles, Fitz Henry and Augustus, are coming out at the fashionable receptions in maroon velvet coats and breeches with silk stockings.

The ladies of New York have adopted powdered wigs for full dress. This was tried in Chicago once, but didn't work.

The card mania has become epidemic, and has assumed the most bizarre style imaginable. A card big enough for an express package, rough enough for sand paper, with a monogram outre and fantastic to the last degree, invites you to Brown's dinner or Mrs. Brown's "at home." If the monogram were confined to the square yard of Bristol Board it might do, but it has broken out on coach panels, on harnesses, on trade marks, on plate and furniture, which is in exceedingly bad taste.

For the tall and slender ladies of the willow pattern a new fashion has been introduced in the looping up of skirts, which are trimmed with a large *revers* bound with silk of a different hue from the robe, and fastened at the back with a bow and a gimp button. The *revers* are usually of white silk, embroidered with chenille of the color of the upper skirt; while the under one is generally cut with a train, giving a fine and picturesque effect to evening costume.

A rumor is floating about that Papa Bateman tried to get Liszt for a concert tour. Substitute J. Grau for Bateman and the rumor is true. J. G. offered the Abbe Liszt \$2,000 per night for a concert tour in America, whereupon Liszt made the consoling reply that when a bridge was built across the Atlantic he would come. The Abbe has as profound a fear of salt water as the devils have of holy water. So he continues in the service of Pio Nono, and is making a good thing out of the old gentleman.

Miss Helen Western, who is coming here by-and-by, was the first to introduce the fashion, now so common among the ladies, of wearing a solitary long curl swung over the left shoulder.

Brignoll has overcome his scruples, and is actually engaged to a Miss Glover, of New York city. *On dit* that they will be married this winter, and are going to live in "a sweet little cottage all covered with roses" on the Hudson. It will not be in order, therefore, for young ladies to send their cartes to Brig. any more.

Orlandini, the baritone, and Boschetti, the light soprano of Grau's last winter troupe, have got married and gone to housekeeping in a quiet way in Paris.

Hermanns, Johannsen, Rotter and Habelmann are singing in German opera at the Thalia Theatre, New York, and are fighting like cats and dogs because Tannhauser fell like a wet blanket one night upon the audience. The fight grew so furious that the management had to shut up the house, and which party has taken Holland has not yet been announced.

Mr. Kloss, one of the best amateur musicians Chicago ever had, had the honor of playing at a concert the other night in New York, at which appeared Camilla Urso, Frederici, Wolfsohn and the German Liederkranz.

The inevitable Wehli is about to start with his left hand shortly on a concert tour.

Lotti, who ran away from Grau in Havana, and went over to Mexico, has turned up in New York.

Ristori is *en route* for Memphis, having had a splendid season at St. Louis, and Strakosch has swung round the circle as far as Cincinnati, losing money badly. His next season is at Pittsburg, when his contracts expire. Max, however, intends to stick to opera, and is going to Europe, where he is on the track of a big thing, as I have before intimated.

Carlotta Patti has made a pocket full of money in Europe, and is building a pretty villa in the *Quartier de Lazaret* at Nice, while the *diva* Patti, like a naughty little goddess, goes to hear Theresa sing in the Alcazar, and claps her pretty little hands at the *double entendres*, in spite of tobacco smoke and poor vin.

Mary Cosgriff, a woman of the town, found guilty of killing a man by shooting him, has been set at liberty. The man she killed could well be spared from society, but the principle of the sanctity of life is one which is worth observing. I am told that she has undergone a moral change, and henceforth will lead a better life. As that is nothing more than ordinary duty and decency require, I do not regard the resolution as very magnanimous, but would suggest that the remainder of the book should be very clean when the first part was so black.

Literature during the past week has been almost a drug. Among the new books of the week are Gayarre's History of Philip the Second, Havet's French Manual, Mrs. Muhlbach's Joseph II. and his Court, Ticknor & Field's "Diamond Dickens," Kirke's Life of Jesus.

Charles Reaue, in a letter published in the London Sun, confesses himself indebted to the "Pivardiere case" in the *Causas Celebres* for the main incidents in Griffith Gaunt.

The fifth edition of the late Mr. Buckle's "History of Civilization," one of the most readable books of the present century, has just appeared in London.

Among the new operas which have made their appearance lately in Europe, are "La Duchessa di Guisa," by Serrao; an opera of Mozart's, hitherto unknown, called "Il curioso Indiscreto;" "Maria Van Burgondle," by Mly; an operetta called "Franz Schubert;" "Astorga," by Abert, "Saul," by Volkman, and the "Fabi," by Langert. Among other items the following are especially of interest:

A dramatic author of reputation, Paul Dupoit, has died in Paris. He was one of Scribo's *collaborateurs*, and aided to give several works to the Theatre Francais and Opera Comique.

Liszt has quitted his residence in the Monte-Marlo, Rome, where he lived up to now, and gone to the monks of Santo Francesco Romano, whose cloister is in the middle of the ruins of the old Forum.

Letters from St. Petersburg state that the Emperor of Russia has signed a decree suppressing the Italian Opera, in that city, for the year 1867. The reason appears to be the smallness of the receipts compared to the enormous cost.

Mr. Gye has secured for the Royal Italian Opera the two new works about which, at the present moment, all musical Europe is most interested—the "Don Carlos" of Verdi, which is to inaugurate the opening of the New Grand Opera in Paris, and the "Romeo et Juliet" of Gounod.

Auber is far advanced in the composition of his new work for the Opera Comique.

Rossini has composed an "O Salutaris" expressly for Madame Alboni.

Killernan, the violoncellist to the King of Denmark is dead.

The German musical papers have been publishing a few letters by Mendelssohn not in any published volume. Beyond a few remarks about Bach's music, they are however devoid of interest.

The theatres have been steadily pursuing the even tenor of their ways, with Dillon the comic, at Wood's, and Dillon the tragic, at McVicker's. Wood is down to Prairie du Rocher trying to get that Long-Tailed Night-Shirt, in spite of the protestations of his Fat Woman, and McVicker is in New York looking after "Clairvoyance," which, having been a success here, will shortly be given to the New Yorkers.

PEREGRINE.

THE WORLD OF AMUSEMENT.

Art, Literature, Music and Fashion.

McGinnis and Lee—A Bad Attack of Modesty—What Mr. Lee Should Have Done—A New Volume for Sunday Schools—The Height of Cruelty—A Subscriber After His Five Dollars—Fashionable Parties and Beef Tea—Court Costumes and Powdered Wigs—The Card Mania—J. Grau and Liszt—Brignoll Engaged—Operatic Gossip—Musical and Literary Items—The Theatre.

CHICAGO, February 1, 1867.

To the Editor of the Chicago Tribune:

Crosby's thunders have died away in the distance of Prairie du Rocher, and a dead calm has settled down over the world of amusement. McGinnis, the mysterious, sailed a week ago for Stockholm, before I had time to establish his entity. I am glad to see that the ruthless Senate has rejected his nomination. When McGinnis returns with a large-sized flea in his ear, I shall resume my investigations.

McGinnis' impudence is only equalled by Mr. Lee's modesty.

If I had been Mr. Lee, I should have sat upon the stage in my long-tailed night-shirt, and summoned before me all the artists and music people, and I should have said unto them:

"Poor devils! This is a cold, unfeeling world. Allow me to make you a present of your rents for five years to come."

And I should have gone down to Kingsley's in my long-tailed night-shirt, and ordered a magnificent spread for the Board of Trade, and with my \$100,000 and my long-tailed night-shirt I should have gone to Prairie du Rocher and said to Mrs. Lee, "Not in vain did you make this long-tailed night-shirt."

But Mr. Lee was too modest for all this. And with all the little tempting baits floating round him he bit at the first one that got in his way and got hooked, and now neither Mr. Lee nor his L. T. N. S. are of any more consequence.

As a sample of the height of modesty, however, history will delight to record the visit of Mr. Lee to Chicago, and for Sunday School libraries nothing will be more charming than the thrilling tale which I am about to write, entitled "The Wheel of Fortune; or, the Fluttering of the Long-Tailed Night-Shirt," narrating how Mr. Lee preserved his integrity among the elevator men, pork packers, scalpers, boarding house keepers, and Aldermen of long-tailed night-shirts, and the influence of long-tailed night-shirts in moulding the character of the young. The book will be embellished with a life-size engraving of the long-tailed night-shirt, and an exact view from a photograph of the identical button which has caused so much trouble in the Lee family.

As a sample of the height of cruelty, the case of Mr. Sills, of the North Side, who has sued U. H. C. for the value of a ticket, before Justice DeWolf, is in point.

If Mr. Sills desired to indulge in the light fantastic, he ought to be content to pay the fiddler and not grumble at the fiddler over the quality of his music.

McGinnis and Lee have given me much trouble, and now I have got to solve another question: Who is Sills?

G. C. B.—who has known Sills ever since he was an infant, tells me that Sills was born in humble circumstances of parents, and at a very tender age displayed signs of his later talents. When quite young he burned his fingers and made a desperate attack upon the stove for doing it, and one day chancing to catch his finger in a door he knocked a panel out in revenge. G. C. B. doesn't remember anything more of Sills, but knows a man who knew an intimate friend of Sills, and has promised to get me a biography of him.

But enough is given to show the tendencies of Sills.

I understand that U. H. C., Lee and his L. T. N. S., the man who bared his arm, the pretty girls that sold tickets, Coolbaugh, Clint Briggs, the American Express Company, Gen. Grant, Bierstadt, Nickerson, the Fleet Horse, the Great Wheel and the Little Wheel, and other gentlemen, have been sum-