

passengers who travelled on the railways of France between September, 1835, and December, 1875, only one of every 5,178,890 was killed, while the proportion of wounded during the same period was one to 580,450. This is highly satisfactory to all except to the one.

M. DEPELLEY, a gentleman connected with the French postal administration, has just brought to the notice of the public a new envelope, possessing the property of reproducing upon the letter within it the post-marks printed upon its exterior. This result, which is not without its advantages for business correspondence, is obtained by means of a simple preparation, in which the envelope is steeped, and which causes the date or name of the town printed on the outside by the post-officials to be reproduced on the enclosure in legible characters, more visible and clear, M. Depelley assures the public, than those on the exterior, which are not unfrequently blurred and indistinct in consequence of the stamp used to impress them being either too liberally or too sparingly supplied with ink. The new envelope has yet to give solid proof of its worth; but if the promises held out be fulfilled it will rally to itself the suffrages of the commercial and mercantile world, and obtain favour with all persons having voluminous correspondence, who find themselves spared much trouble and time when obliged to refer back to the date of letters by this simple innovation.

A SERIOUS writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, summing up his final impressions and those of his cultivated friends, on the English display at the International Exhibition, says a few sensible things which English art tradespeople would do well to read; but M. Henri Houssaye—clever man as he is—has taken no note whatever of the vast improvement in English taste which the last ten years have shown. He and his friends still labour under the traditional belief that nothing can be worse than our taste in colour. "La population anglaise n'a nullement l'instinct de la couleur." The bourgeoisie of London, he adds, goes about in crude and horrid hues; by which, of course, he must mean the magentas and purples, which really have well-nigh disappeared even from Islington and Newington Causeway; and not the sage greens and olive browns which even the parlour-maid, on her Sunday out, has been wearing all through the season. He says we cannot blend colours in carpets. That is true enough; but somehow no one can who was born west of Smyrna. He declaims against our wall-papers, but knows nothing of the influence of Queen's Square. Our coloured table glass displeases him, and perhaps he is right that no one has quite got the secret of old Venice. He finds our goldsmith's work coarse—no lightness, grace, nor delicacy. And, finally, his finger is put on a weak point when he examines our bookbinding. M. Houssaye has seen our faults, in other respects, more keenly than our virtues.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

MR. BROCK has been commissioned to execute a statue of Mr. Robert Raikes, the founder of Sunday-schools. The statue will, it is believed, when completed, be erected on the Thames Embankment.

AN experiment now being made in the Marylebone Board Schools is one of the most hopeful educational moves that have been made for some time. The boys are being taught French. The success is marvelous. The lads take to it with a vigour and an intelligence which were hardly expected. They relish their lessons most appetizingly.

FIVE hundred different people have ordered electric lamps, and they will be put up in various parts of the Metropolis immediately. It appears the inventor has found a way of keeping the lamp burning for twenty-one hours without changing the carbon points, and that he can now work lamps 500 yards apart with the same steam engine, reckoning about one-horse power for each large lamp.

THE Lyceum, under Mr. Irving's management, will remain closed until after Christmas unless the negotiations for an autumn and early winter season of English opera are successful. An endeavour is being made to secure Mr. Sims Reeves for three nights a week, but the great tenor is said to be doubtful of his powers of endurance. It is only natural that Mr. Irving should be desirous of letting the theatre when he is not using it himself. His rent is £5,000 a year.

THE promised visit of the Comédie Française company to London will be made next year, when all the *artistes* will appear for a season of six weeks in June and July in the whole of their *répertoire*. This will be the first time they have ever migrated to England in their entirety, and they will not appear again under the same condition for ten years. M. Perrin, keeping an old promise, has left the matter for the present in the hands of Mr. John Hollingshead and Mr. M. L. Mayer.

IT is said that a new secret society having for its short title, the "O. C. R." has come into existence. Tyrants need not tremble, for the

watchword of the new association is *Beati pacifici*. The objects of the society are to effect changes in the Church. According to the founders of this order "a crisis has arisen with which existing religious societies are powerless to deal, for it is found to the sorrow and shame of many, that the spiritual freedom of the Church, together with the actual jurisdiction of its Episcopate, is practically extinct."

A WELL-KNOWN theatrical manager in London finds himself unable to use the electric light inside his theatre, for the extremely sad reason that it threw up the facial defects of the actresses so severely as to make it evident that nobody would come to look at them if the light were not softened. "Bless you," he remarked, "the paint and powder on their faces were as plain as if in broad daylight. I tried a little coloured glass over the light; but it was almost useless; they looked as ugly as hobgoblins. I very soon had to put the light out, and use gas."

THE METROPOLITAN HOTEL, PEMBROKE.

The above hotel is in all respects a very superior establishment. The guest gets a very good idea of the house directly he enters the doors. The office is large, lofty, tastefully fitted up, light and cheerful, and these are the characteristics of the hotel throughout. From top to bottom, all is first-class. Dining-hall, drawing-room, parlours and bedrooms all reveal the same good taste and careful attention to details—an air of comfort prevades the house, and everything is so nicely arranged and managed that one feels quite "at home." The drawing-room is a magnificent apartment, handsomely furnished; the bedrooms are simply splendid—all are large, well furnished and command a pleasant outlook. For families, or persons of luxurious habits, there are rooms *en suite*. There is a bath-room upon each floor. Commercial gentlemen have the choice of a range of excellent sample-rooms. The hotel is situated in the best part of the town, near the railway station, and from its elevated position commands magnificent views of the lake, which is Pembroke's great charm. In front are the beautiful grounds of the Supple estate, a portion of which, including a fine croquet lawn, has been secured for the use of guests. Occasionally promenade concerts are given by one of the bands of the town, the grounds then being prettily illuminated. The rates at the Metropolitan are very reasonable. The proprietors, Messrs. C. B. Jones and A. B. Macdonald, are gentlemen who thoroughly understand their business, and such as would make any house popular. The hotel has enjoyed a very fair run of business this season, and now that the News is making the beauties of the Upper Ottawa widely known, the prospects are that it will command a large share of public patronage, especially pleasure travel, in the near future.

FLORAL BEAUTY.

Most girls love flowers, and their taste and industry can hardly be put to a better use than in designing floral adornments for their homes. Under the windows plant running vines—honeysuckles, morning glories and nasturtiums. Don't forget nasturtiums, for they thrive in any soil or any weather. In the dry season, without being watered at all, they will keep on blooming bravely, and the foliage will not suffer as much as the foliage of most other plants. And with what wonderful rapidity do the vines grow in rainy weather! They remind us of Jack's bean-stalk. They fairly revel in the rain. We may sally forth in waterproof and rubbers, and gather the half-open nasturtiums, with their dripping green leaves, and we shall find them as beautifully fresh and lovely as Venus emerging from the bath. The foliage of the nasturtium, rarely destroyed by the insects, is one of the greatest charms. A few brilliant nasturtiums, each accompanied by its own stalks and leaves, arranged in a slender vase on a bracket in the shaded summer parlour, form an exquisite bit of ornamentation. So much for this, our favourite vine. Then there is the arrangement of flower-baskets to look after. For about sixpence each very serviceable wire baskets can now be had; and a half-dozen of them filled with suitable plants and vines will go a great way towards rendering the door-yard and porches attractive. Or exercise your skill in putting rustic frames round old flower-pots. Flower culture ought to be added to the accomplishments of our girls. A fashion for it would be much more sensible, and lead to greater and more pleasing success, than the mania for dabbling in "art" or doing fancy work.

VARIETIES.

TOMATOES.—One of the nicest and simplest ways of dressing tomatoes is to cut them in half, lay them in a baking-dish, cover each piece with some bread-crumbs, a little pepper and salt, and some finely chopped parsley, pour a little oil over, and bake in a good oven.

A WITTY Frenchman, noticing a faded belle occupying the position of wall-flower at a grand party, remarked to his companion: "Do you see that woman? When she came out, it was 'who will I have?' Ten years later, it was 'who will have me?' and now—it is 'good Lord, anybody! with her.'"

THERE is not, as yet, to be a King of Servia, although Prince Milan is now as independent as any other sovereign prince in Europe. His Council of Ministers have suggested that he should assume the title of "Sovereign Highness" for himself and the Princess, and the title of "Most Serene Highness" for the hereditary Prince, with all of which Prince Milan seems content.

IT appears from report of German friends that when the murdered Mehemet Ali Pasha was in Berlin, he took the opportunity of paying a visit to his birthplace, Magdeburg. Here he was so touched by old reminiscences that he declared that he should lay down his military duties in Turkey as soon as possible, again become a true German, and settle for the remainder of his life in some pleasant town in the Hartz.

BEEFSTEAK A LA PARISIENNE.—Take a piece of rump-steak about three-quarters of an inch thick. Trim it neatly and beat it with the cutlet-bat, sprinkle it with pepper, dip it in oil, and broil it over a clear fire. Turn it after it has been on the fire a minute or two, and keep turning it until done; eight or ten minutes will do it. Sprinkle with salt, and serve with a small quantity of finely-minced parsley and a piece of butter mixed together, and placed over or under the steak. Garnish with fried potatoes.

THE BONAPARTE VIOLET.—The origin of the emblem is this:—The violet blooms in spring—it was intended that Napoleon should return to France from Elba in this season. Accordingly, a colored engraving of a bunch of violets was prepared with the inscription beneath it "*Il reviendra avec le printemps*," (He or it will return with the spring,) and the leaves and flowers were so arranged that they embodied profiles of the emperor, his wife and son. These engravings were circulated among the Bonapartists and served as the signal for the new revolution of 1815.

FRENCH HOMES.—A writer in *Blackwood* says:—The English home, in its main outlines, is a massive fortress which its occupiers defend against all comers; the German home is a woman's laboring place, which offers weak attractions to men; and the French home is a common ground of union, where all the members of a family, and each of their friends, find a seat awaiting them. There are exceptions everywhere in quantities; but who that knows and can compare the daily life of the English, the Germans, and the French, will deny the general accuracy of these rough definitions?

MOTHER.—It has been truly said that the first thing that rushes to the recollection of a soldier or a sailor in his direst difficulty is his mother. She clings to his memory and affection in the midst of all the forgetfulness and hardihood induced by a roving life. The last message he leaves is for her; his last whisper breathes her name. The mother, as she instils the lesson of piety and filial obligation into the heart of her infant son, should always feel that the labour is not in vain. She may drop into the grave, but she has left behind her an influence that will work for her. The bow is broken, but the arrow is sped, and will do its office.

HOUSEWORK.—"I am so tired of housework," sighs the tired wife. "And after all, what does it amount to? I seem to be a mere cipher in the world." Don't you feel one bit discouraged, my dear little woman. Your work is of just as much importance as any man's. Even if it is nothing but sweeping and dusting, mending and darning, broiling and baking, over and over again, it is a business that would wear out a stout masculine heart. Let your round of ever-repeating duties be neglected for a few days, then the importance of your work is painfully visible. Home is what man works for, and what we all live for, and without the tiresome duties are faithfully and pleasantly performed, a truly "sweet home" is never obtained. The humblest lot in life may be honoured by cheerfulness and fidelity.

MILK AS A VEHICLE FOR QUININE.—Mr. R. L. Batterbury, M.B. Lond., Berkhamstead, writing to the *British Medical Journal*, observes:—"It is not, I believe, generally known that milk is an elegant and convenient solvent for quinine, and that it disguises to a great extent its bitterness. If one grain of sulphate of quinine be dissolved in an ounce of milk, we shall find that the bitterness of the draught is hardly perceptible; with two grains there is rather more bitterness, but it is not at all marked. A dose of five grains may be taken in two ounces of milk without an unpleasantly bitter taste; and, if the same quantity be put into a tumblerful of milk, the bitterness is all but lost. This method of administering quinine must in some cases be preferable to the ordinary way of dissolving it in acid or spirit, especially where the bitter taste is objected to—as in the case of children—or where the required dose is large; and it will doubtless be found to possess other advantages."

THE ORIGIN OF "SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER."—A singular anecdote is related of Goldsmith's last journey to Edgeworth's Town, previously to his entrance at college. Having left home on horseback, he reached Ardagh, where it was necessary for him to sleep, at nightfall. He had a guinea in his pocket, and was determined to enjoy himself. He asked for the best house in the place, and from a piece of Irish literal comprehension, or waggery, was directed to a private house instead of an inn. Goldsmith had

no thought of a mistake, and, being readily admitted by the servants, who, from his confidence, concluded that he was some well-known friend and invited guest of their master, he gave directions concerning his horse, and being shown into the parlour, found there the owner of the mansion at his fireside—a Mr. Featherstone, a gentleman of fortune and somewhat of a wit. Oliver began to call about him with authority, as one entitled to attention; and his host having soon detected the youth's error, and being willing to enjoy an evening's amusement, humoured his guest, caused wine, and whatever else Oliver chose to order, to be brought him; accepted with his wife and daughters an invitation to supper at his own table, and received with becoming attention strict injunctions to have a cake ready for breakfast on the following morning. It was not till he called for his bill that the abashed school-lad discovered his blunder, and learned that he had been entertained at the residence of an old acquaintance of his father. The adventure was subsequently made to furnish the main incident in the comedy of *She Stoops to Conquer*.

THE GLEANER.

THE amount of money paid to the press for advertising in America, annually, exceeds £60,000,000.

THERE is still living a member of the House of Lord who succeeded to his title before the deaths of Pitt, Fox, and Nelson. The Earl of Clanwilliam inherited his Earldom on his father's death, in 1805. He was then a minor, a boy of ten years old.

THE *Journal du Loiret* announces the coming publication of documents showing that Napoleon III. offered Egypt to England in consideration of the occupation of Morocco by France, and that, notwithstanding the refusal of Lord Palmerston, he persisted in this proposal for two years.

THE Shah is in treaty with an Austrian firm for lighting Teheran with gas. His Imperial Majesty has also under consideration a projected new road between Araxus, Tauris, and Teheran, and the establishment of direct postal communications between the latter place and Tiflis.

CAPTAIN CAMERON has left in her Majesty's troopship *Orontes* for Cyprus, a passage thither having been granted him by Government. The gallant officer, after a short stay in the newly acquired island, will proceed on a mission having for its object to ascertain the practicability of the Euphrates Valley for railway communication with the North-western Province of India, and the elucidation of the most desirable line to be taken to that terminus, when the course of the great river must be abandoned on its nearing the Persian Gulf.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

WIENAWSKI, the great violinist, recently refused an offer of \$3,000 in gold for his favourite violin.

ANTOINE RUBINSTEIN, the composer and pianist, has a brother, Nicolas, who is winning great applause in Paris as a violinist.

MUSICIANS will be interested in learning that the ancient organ played upon by the famed Sebastian Bach for four years is being repaired at Arnstadt.

MR. THEODORE THOMAS arrived in Cincinnati last week, and will assume at once the dictatorship of the new College of Music, in the success of which he has great confidence.

THE fund raised in England in Signor Mario's behalf is about £3,000, and his friends have decided on purchasing him an annuity which will amount to £300 per annum, and thus secure the famous tenor from pecuniary difficulties in the autumn of his days.

FEW would think that so quiet a man in public life as Sir Stafford Northcote is in private capable of taking a leading part among amateur theatricals, but it is said that in a short time, probably next publishing season, there will appear a selection from the dramas with which he has already delighted many juvenile circles.

COL. MAPLESON is a great, tall, powerful man, of splendid presence, with sinew and muscle strongly developed; a large head, sparsely covered with hair, with a wide forehead and bold, striking features. There is a wonderful air of freshness and youth about this veteran manager, whose hair still resists the first tinges of gray.

LITERARY.

M. VICTOR HUGO is understood to be completing two volumes of poems, which are expected in the beginning of winter.

A monthly illustrated review, *Annales de l'Extrême-Orient*, has been started in Paris, the object of which is to keep the Western world informed of the literary, artistic, and scientific progress of Southern Asia, the Malay Archipelago, and Australia.

GEORGE BANCROFT, the historian, has presented to the town of Lancaster the sum of \$1,000, for the benefit of the town library, the income to be expended in the purchase of books in the department of history. It is to be called the Samuel Ward fund, in honour of Captain Ward of that town, who assisted Mr. Bancroft in defraying his college expenses.

PROF. WESTERGAARD, one of the greatest authorities on the Sanskrit and old cuneiform Persian dead languages, died recently at the age of sixty-three. His principal work, the "*Zendavesta*," is a standard book for all students of Indian literature. The deceased never quite recovered from the sufferings and fatigues which he went through during his journey in Persia and India.

THE widow of the late Mr. Charles J. Matthews has put, it is said, into the hands of Mr. Charles Dickens abundant material for a life of the famous comedian. This material includes, for the early life, an autobiography, prepared for publication by Mr. Matthews, together with notes for the continuation of the same, letters, &c. Mr. Dickens intends further to supplement this matter by all the letters and information bearing on the subject that he can collect from other sources.