MY FRIEND: A PORTRAIT.

Not of the happy souls who sing
Is he my heart loves best;
His speech is not a magic thing,
His thoughts but poorly drest.

His path lies not among the great,
Their praise he doth not speak;
He dwells 'mid those of mean estate,
The lowly and the meek.

He is not beauteous as a god,
As nature's kings should be;
No eye would note him in a crowd,
Nor heart leap up to see.

No guerdons of the world are his,
Nor honours, wealth, nor praise;
Small is his share of outward bliss,
Laborious are his days.

But ah! could others read aright
That mind so pure and fair,
How would they envy his delight,
His joy beyond compare.

While we aspire to heavenly things,
He hides faint and dim,
His spirit mounts on golden wings,
And all is clear to him.

While we lament man's evil days,
By pain and wrong oppress,
His lips are ever prone to praise,
Bright hopes burn in his breast.

His joys come hardly once a year,
While sorrows crowd space—
To him each day is glad and fair,
The world a blessed place.

So small, so great, his pleasures are,
Alternate sage and child,
He looks with rapture on a star,
A tiny floweret wild.

What marvels poets see and hear,
All learn when he is by;
Music affects the heedless ear,
Beauty the careless eye.

He chooseth not, but teaches all,
An i gladness without heed;
His thoughts like dews of heaven fall
On those who stand in need.

Ill-fortune halteth at his door,
And sorrows pass not by;
They leave him tranquil as before,
With spirit calm and high.

His treasure none can take by stealth,
His portion none destroy,
Since things unseen are all his wealth,
And nature all his joy.

Nor is he niggard of his hoard,
He largely gives his own;
A beauteous phrase, a kindling word,
A glimpse of worlds unknown,

For none so full of love as he,
His wisdom hath no end;
The proudest on his bended knee
Might pray for such a friend.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

[FROM OUR REGULAR CORRESPONDENT].

Nothing so much resembles unpacking as repacking, and in this respect the present condition of the Exhibition illustrates how extremes meet; there was the wild freshness of morning about the opening of the Palace, and there exist regret and sadness, even among those who sneered at its short and brilliant life, now that the fitful fever is o'er. When beggars die, Shakspeare warns us not to expect comets; the demise of the Exhibition is connected with no astronomical phenomena—save unpleasant sleet and tropical showers which provoke sympathy for the iron work of the Champ de Mars, the cut stone walls of the Trocadero, and the members of the golden menagerie that have the attitude of playing tricks against high heaven around the dashing, splashing, and spraying basins of the fountains. The stalls are being emptied with a vengeance of their contents; the place a few hours later that once knew them would know them no more. Beneath the intersticed flooring, where boxes, etc., have been largely stored, the porters' favourite whistling is the Chant de Depart. I remark that the stalls in charge of the female sex still blossom like the rose. But woman has ever been famed for being "last out of the grave." Only the blind are capable to at present work their way safely through the galleries; boxes, packages, and parcels move to and fro like the great ones of the earth; a passing truck lifts you off your feet, as if you were a sack of grain or an emigrant's trunk; a man with some planks on his shoulder, missing your eye, grazes your hat; and another sings out to keep clear of a coil of rope, or several square yards of holland, when they have fallen on you, anything but like the dew of heaven; each misfortune has some observation following it, but whether it be a salve or an imprecation you would require to be a polyglot to decide. As a rule, people, when in a hurry and intensely occupied, rarely bestow blessings or fall back on Sunday-school teachings. Ladies are in their element shopping on a large scale—never was such a clearance sale offered to Parisiennes; it is the model *vente d'occasion*. And things are not dear at all; I do not allude to steam-engines, threshing machines, patent medicines, and mineral waters, but to knicks and knacks, the trifles that only women can find useful, and a husband with limited means questionable. There has been a positive run on colonial curiosities, such as textile fabrics, native carving, brazen images and drawing-room whimsicalities. A kind of open house is kept, where strong drinks, cordials, beer, and wine were hitherto guarded with a Cerberus watchfulness; each visitor is supposed to belong to a tasting committee, and all that is required of you in exchange is to accept and put in your pocket a *pensez a moi* business card. In the free distribution of canned comestibles America is most liberal; you can commence with sprats, to be followed with salmon, then with Turkey and ham, roast beef, or corned ditto; the series of vegetables is as varied as the fruits; there are tomatoes as red as an alderman after his last dish at a civic banquet, and peaches as white as the ghost in Hamlet. The only new food supply to be noted comes under the head of eggs; these, instead of being sold by the dozen, are disposed of by the yard, like Neapolitan maccaroni; eggs are smashed, then, by centrifugal motion—whisking by steam—the shells are expelled, and when mixed with the sauce of oysters, make various waters of the fizzing class; the yolks are then dried and cut into lengths, like Mexican beef and after suspender patterns or "strips," which is patriotic. The French name for this preparation is "American omelette." Note—the prefix "American" for anything eccentric, or not within the ordinary calendar of nouns, is certain to pay.

The National Lottery is a very immoral affair, and does not redound to the honour and glory of the Republic; it is more the heritage of an imperial regime, where *la bagatelle* replaced manliness and liberty. The 12,000,000fr. have been subscribed for as usual by waiters, porters, nurses, and cooks; even school-boys have spent their pocket money on tickets to try their chance of becoming suddenly rich. Subscribers with great expectations on the brain, are positively ill, being weary, weary with waiting for the drawings. It is as difficult to obtain a ticket as a share in a Big Bonanza; a special class of sharpers buy them up in the morning at the government printing office, and resell them—like opera and other theatrical tickets—at a premium; thus many Parisians find it cheaper to lay in stocks at London than here. The "ring" system is in our blood. The twelve series, representing so many millions, will each have its own special prizes, and the number that the wheels spin out will corre pond at once to twelve prizes; thus the drawing will be a matter of ten days, instead of, as was expected, as many months. For the *gros lots*, over which so many mouths water—prizes in diamonds and cash, for 125,000fr. and downwards—will be open to the holders of all tickets. By the close of December the drawings will be over. The number of prizes is so considerable that the large Palace of Industry is not capacious enough for their display, and to see them one franc will be charged; the total of these receipts will in turn form also a prize.

The moiety of the Champ de Mars, commencing from the Ville de Paris kiosque and sweeping up to the Trocadero, will be retained; a winter garden, a slice for a museum of machinery in motion, another for an international bazaar, are the uses to which the Municipality destine their new property. The Minister of War will have the other moiety for army stores. Peace and War—fit symbol of life. The concert hall at the Trocadero will not prove a winter resort; at a charitable *matinee* a few days ago, the leading *artistes* who gave their services, caught colds, as if cholera was raging.

Political parties here are as usual abusing each other like pickpockets and scratching like cats. The out-going Senators intend to elect to three life vacancies candidates notoriously hostile to the Republic; this is the last occasion such monarchical conservatives will have for injuring their country, as the Republicans have the incoming majority. "Young" Cassagnac, aged 36, was allowed a two days' fling at the constitution and everything respectable, but his *mandat* of deputy was quashed, and he thus loses some 18,000fr., arrears of salary since October, 1877, and that he bitterly feels, as he is deeply in debt; indeed, like other Bonapartists, he suffers from being out in the cold. After the years of plenty, those of famine. Cassagnac was violent, abusive, and insolent, as a matter of course, and, which is strange for a man who claims to be a kind of glass of fashion and mould of form, his attacks on the Marshal were very coarse, and were enthusiastically cheered by the clerical monarchists. MacMahon can thus see what bad company he kept last year, and how he was wise to bow to the will of the nation, instead of playing at a *coup d' etat*; those who would have pushed him to a crime would have left him to his shame, and would have thrown him at last aside like a sucked orange. Cassagnac solemnly asserted he never wrote a letter insisting that a poor national teacher, but a republican, in the constituency, be dismissed. The letter was produced, when he at last publicly avowed he had lied. Since then he has fallen lower, for in the lowest depths, there is a lower still; even the congratulatory letter sent to him by the Prince Imperial can only act like "spermaceti to an inward bruise." The character of the discussion illustrates the profound observation of Falstaff, as to how the world is given to lying. Raspail shot a whip and a crank at Cassagnac: the latter replied: "I take no notice of the impertinences of the infirm." The point is that Raspail is a sturdy, youngish man—but has a wooden leg.

People here ardently wish that the Russians would cease making Christians in Bulgaria and try their hand on the King of Dahomey, and also that the Amcer was as safe under bolts and bars as his son—a Don Juan captivity. The "theocratic" question, as the Ultramontane agitation in France is called, will have to be faced by the Republicans, which they are prepared to do by firmly but prudently applying existing laws. It appears the parliamentary returns of the Jesuits' establishments in this country are incomplete; a large college belonging to that order at Bordeaux, for instance, has been emitted. All the convents and monasteries not recognized by law, some 980 at least, will henceforth have to pay taxes, and an order of Nuns, "Barefooted Trinitarian Sisters," residing at Marseilles, and having no legal recognition, have been, it seems, in the habit of burying their deceased members for thirty-five years, without the permit of the inspector, certifying to the death and its cause. There are as many formalities to be observed in this country for quitting as for coming into the world.

The last Exhibition ball was given by the Minister of War; it differs from others in the fact that those who prefer a glass of good beer to wines, ices, and liqueurs, can obtain it by sidling into the garden, under pretext of admiring the electric lights in the trees; you can roll a cigarette in the meantime, or suck half a weed, but then back to the ball room, lest "your presence might be missed," among 2,000 guests, and by a host that never saw you before in his life. The English, mere than the Americans, connected with the Exhibition, regret having to leave Paris, but then all good Americans return here when they die. Paris has sent its contingent of sturdy invalids to the Riviera, of which Nice as usual carries off the palm—there are Parisians who back their opinion by lady oaths that the Promenade des Anglais is equal to the Bois de Boulogne. The atmosphere of Paris is of late years not so pure, and Cobden is blamed for the evil, as by his treaty English coal is being consumed instead of wood; in a poetical point of view nothing can exceed the singing and flickering up of the latter, and its subsequent settling down into oriental somnolency.

This year of grace has in a fashion point of view been very favourable to the Japanese. Imitation is the truest kind of flattery; when Louis XIV. took to wearing bag wigs, to hide a wen, his courtiers did the same. Japan has adopted European dress and stuffs, and we in Paris are adopting the discarded costumes of the far East. The Mikado reigns here, ladies' robes and mantles are in Japanese materials, and furniture, tapesty, ornaments, etc., seem to be manufactured in his honour. Even several of his dapper, almond-eyed subjects are at home on the balconies of the crack clubs, looking down on vulgar mortals. The German practice of engaged parties wearing similar bouquets in public is making way here; what will be less liked is the sending of Prince Bismarck's newly-made son-in-law as first attache at the German embassy here. It is the psychological moment for international love. The theatres commence, but slowly and with heavy hearts on the parts of the directors, to mount new pieces; in the meantime the circuses continue to flourish like a bay tree; since M. Worms, a millionaire, married a young circus-rider, mammas crowd to have their daughters brought up to jumping through hoops on the backs of galloping horses. Oceana is very popular; none can surpass her in dressing for a representation, a capital point for winning spectators on their first glance; she performs a Mazeppa-ride in the *Pirates of Savannah* at the Odeon theatre at midnight—the hour sacred to robbers, lovers, and yawning churches; she dazzles, as Phryne did the Athenian judges.

At Saint-Etienne, the butchers continue on strike, save those engaged to slaughter cattle for the Jews, which is performed in a peculiar manner. The cause of the quarrel is a decree ordering the butchers to kill according to the Braneau process—the winkers and marlin-spikes—and that they refuse, as being more cruel, by three minutes, for the beasts. In order to preserve the inhabitants from being vegetarians, an American exhibitor sent canned meats to the city, and made a handsome thing of it, assuring the people that the animals had been slaughtered on the less painful system. Not much interest is being taken in the leading literary event, that of the creation of man following the account of Genesis, or of his appearance on earth according to the evolution process; the public seem rather interested in a "revolution" promising them time narcotics, by which if a traveler desires to sleep five, ten, or twenty hours on a railway journey, or as long as Rip van Winkle himself, he can swallow his potion accordingly. At junctions the physic might be thrown to the dogs. The death of an attache of the Italian Embassy is not yet cleared up; he was in love with a mother, aged 40, who gave back sigh for sigh; he had a *liaison* with her daughter, and died after dining with both—"feeling ill, he drank castor oil at the dessert."

PARIS, France, November 9, 1878.

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

THERE is no wretchedness like self-reproach.

As charity covers, so modesty prevents, a multitude of sins.

THOSE who will not be ruled by the rudder are likely to be ruined by the rock.

IT is as easy to draw back a stone thrown with force from the hand, as to recall a word once spoken.

A MAN shows himself greater by being capable of owning a fault, than by being incapable of committing it.

HOPE very often opens the door for Disappointment to shut it.

COMPLAINT against fortune is often a masked apology for indolence.

SUCCESS.—If you wish for success in life, make perseverance your bosom friend, experience your wise counsellor, caution your elder brother, and hope your guardian genius. With these you can hardly fail.

Under Fire.

The renowned physician, Senac, then at the height of his reputation, related to Colle an anecdote of his illustrious patient, Marshal Saxe, during the convalescence of the latter. "Wherever he went, he insisted on Senac's accompanying him; and one day, while besieging a certain town, wishing to examine more closely the works that had been constructed, he ordered the carriage in which the physician was sitting to be drawn up within cannon shot of the enemy, and mounting his horse, bade his companion wait there till he came back. 'But, Monseigneur,' objected Senac, 'I see the gunners yonder pointing their pieces this way, and aiming at the carriage.' 'In that case,' retorted the Marshal, 'I recommend you to pull up the glasses,' and without another word started off on his expedition. No sooner had he done so than his Esculapius quietly opened the carriage-door, slipped out, and took shelter in a trench until M. De Saxe returned, 'and I must say' (adds Colle), 'that in his place I should have done exactly the same."

MISS ELKINGTON, daughter of the head of the celebrated London house of that name, recently presented to the Princess of Wales a bouquet of real flowers, the leaves and petals of which have been indued, by means of four distinct processes of electro-metallurgy, with a coating of as many different metals—gold, silver, copper, and iron. A smaller bunch of flowers, all gilt and half a century old, is preserved under a glass case in the Queen's drawing-room, presented by the Duke of Wellington.

AN IDLE WORSHIP.—A magistrate on his holiday.

A Strike for Millions.

The Heirs of Roger Merritt, a Revolutionary Soldier, claiming to own the City of Portchester, N.Y.

[From the New York Times]

A suit, which is likely to be protracted and to produce much public interest, is about to begin for the possession of real estate variously estimated in value at between $5,000,000 and $10,000,000. The estate is nearly all that comprised within the limits of the town of Portchester, Westchester county. It is said by his heirs to have been the property of one Roger Merritt, who was a commissioned officer in the Revolutionary army, and who is likewise said, by his descendants, to have performed several acts of valour which history has failed to record. In addition to the property about to be contended for, Roger Merritt owned much farming land. In the disturbed period of the war for independence, when "Skinners" and "Cow boys" alternately ravaged Westchester county, Merritt is alleged to have executed a lease of the Portchester property for ninety-nine years. A copy of the instrument was properly recorded in the office of the clerk of Westchester county. In the life-time of Roger Merritt the original was carefully guarded, but after his death it was neglected, and finally lost. Little attention seems to have been paid by the Merritt family to the property leased by their progenitor, and as the ground was from time to time parceled out and sub-leased or sold, the fact that it was not owned by the persons in possession became almost forgotten. The lease for ninety-nine years expired several years ago, and soon afterwards the fact of its execution was recalled to the minds of members of the Merritt family. Search was then made for the original lease, but it could not be found. The records in the office of the county clerk of Westchester county were next searched. It is now said that an index to the copy of the lease was found, but that when the page indicated was turned to it was found to have been cut out of the book. A meeting of members of the Merritt family was then held, and the action to be taken to recover possession of the property was discussed. It was decided that as both original lease and copy were lost nothing could be done. The idea of recovering such a valuable estate was not dropped, but the more energetic and persistant among the heirs devoted themselves to procuring oral testimony to sustain their position. This testimony, it is now said, has been obtained, and upon it legal proceedings for the ejectment of the present occupants of the disputed territory are to be based.

A meeting of the heirs of Roger Merritt was held last Saturday in the office of ex-Judge George M. Curtis, No. 21 Park row. About twenty persons were present. The nature of the evidence obtained was then carefully detailed for the information of those heirs who had not participated in the search for it. It was said that the reason why proceedings were not instituted at the expiration of the lease for the ejectment of the occupants of the land was that it was then impossible to prove the contents of the missing instrument. A fact more important then stated was that a man has been found who has not only read the copy of the instrument recorded in the county clerk's office, but also made a copy of it for his own information and use. The heirs were also pleased with the information that several of the persons who now possess the estate have admitted, in conversation, that their titles to ownership are not good. The alleged mutilation of the county records was discussed indignantly, and it was said that such a spoliation was evidence in favour of the claims, as it proved that some persons, and presumptively those bound by the lease, expected to be benefitted by the obliteration of the fact of its execution. The heirs finally decided to begin suit for the possession of the property, and engaged ex-Judge Curtis as their counsel. The preliminary papers in the case are now being prepared. There are said to be about eighty heirs of Roger Merritt living, one of whom is reported to be Collector Merritt, although he has not taken an active part in the search for evidence.

Feminine Fixin's.

Short costumes are now *de rigueuer* for street wear when walking.

Even great painters do not scorn to paint designs for fans nowadays.

Square yokes and simulated pompadour fronts on high corsages are leading styles.

Winter bonnets like those of the fall and summer, will be of various shapes, and trimmed in various styles.

Indestructible jardiniers are the latest novelties in decorative art for either indoor or outdoor embellishment.

The newest white ties have peacocks embroidered on the ends, the plumage being artfully copied in fine flosses.

Immense quantities of crystal-coloured head embroideries appear on the handsomest imported evening and full-dress toilets.

Garnet red in dark shades is very popular for felt hats and bonnets, but such chapeaux are suitable only for garnet costumes.

One of the prettiest metal or jet bonnet pins of the season is a scythe or sickle holding down a reaped ear of wheat and a cut flower.

Fans of fine wire gauze, on which are fine hand-painted designs, are novelties which are sometimes utilized for hand fire screens.

There is a novelty in sleeve-buttons of very light tortoise-shell representing horses' heads, with the bit, bridle, and head-gear of gold.

The fancy for plaid dresses continues, but they are always considered *negligee* fatigue costumes, or are worn for travelling or indoor toilets.

Gloves are self-stitched with heavy silk, and some have the monogram embroidered on the wrist. Caster gloves will be used instead of undressed kid for winter.

Satin is the most fashionable of silk tissues this winter for full dress occasions, but it is always combined with moire, faille, velvet, or some other silk fabric.

The newest slippers have one broad strap crossing the instep and buttoning on the outer side of the foot with one button. Other slippers have duchess bows of ribbon which entirely cover the instep.

The fermiere casaquin, a Paris out-door garment, is of velvet or corduroy, and shaped precisely like the popular Louis XV. casaquin, except that it is closed all the way down the front with handsome buttons.

Gold pins and ear-rings in Japanese designs have the fans in coloured enamel: an open fan, with flying birds painted on it, needs to be examined with a glass in order to appreciate the delicate workmanship.

For town wear there are two distinct types of fashionable bonnet. The small-trimmed mushroom, or cottage bonnets, and the elegant broad-brimed chapeau in the Gainsborough, beef-eater or Roger de Coverly style.

French gold and silver necklaces have several rows of small coin-shaped pieces, with highly polished surfaces. The ear-rings to match have two strings of coins which look as if they were passed through the ear and hang down in long pendants.

New lace pins in fine gold, are in the form of oars, brooms, trumpets, whip handles with the lash twisted around them, pens, keys, rolls of music, sections of a fence with the bars half down, ladders, on whose rungs flies, beetles, or toads are perched, and others of strange devices.

Amber is very fashionable. Amber balls are used as ear-rings, or several cut amber beads are strung together to form pendent ear-rings. Cut glass beads in amber colour are used to form a net work to trim white evening bonnets, for ornaments in the shape of butterflies or flowers to be used with pheasant breasts on white bonnets.

Keys and snakes are just now the favourite designs for jewellery; it would be rather hard to tell why. A fan chatelaine is a snake with coils around the waist, and being pliable hangs down at the side in very unpleasently suggestive twists: while ear-rings in plain dull gold represent a lock with the tiny key of gold. When once locked they are evidentally more secure than some bank safes.

Ornaments made of the blood of bullocks are the latest mania among fashionable dames, according to the Paris *Figaro*, women admiring the pecular black tint which pervades the ornaments, and which is absent from those of similar appearance derived from the mineral instead of the animal kingdom. The blood is first dried in a sieve and reduced to powder and then again sifted to insure the utmost fineness in the material. The powder is next fired in moulds and powerfully pressed for five or ten minutes and is ultimately cut and polished to the necessary shape.

"How even that lawn looks, my dear!" said she to her husband, as they were taking a suburban stroll. "Even!" he exclaimed, "I'm disposed to think it's sod."

Francis Joseph's Home.

The Charming Every-Day Life of the Emperor and Empress of Austria.

Deep in the beautiful valleys of the Salzkammergut, at the spot where the wild mountain streams of the Traun and the Ischl unite, embosomed in woods of fragrant pine, upon which look down from afar the snow-clad peaks of the Bavarian Alps, is the summer retreat of the most hard-working and conscientious, and yet, perhaps, the most unfortunate of European crowned heads.

Driving up a broad gravel road, bordered on both sides by a closely-shaven sward dotted with clumps of majestic evergreens, extending on your right, to a lofty pine-clad hill with winding paths and rustic summer houses, known as the Kaiserberg, you approach the house, a plain mansion of white stone, looking cool and refreshing in the sunlight with its bright green jalousies and its frame-work of pine-wood dahlias. In front is a wide parterre, ablaze with beds of hothouse flowers in all colours of the rainbow. Flanking the vestibule are two grand hunting subjects in bronze, the size of life, purchased by the Empress at the Vienna Exposition.

You enter the spacious hall, and are told that the splendid antlered heads, each with a little ivory tablet, bearing a date, which line hall and staircase from floor to roof, are all trophies of the Emperor's prowess in the chase. A capital shot and a passionate sportsman, this is his only relaxation from the cares of state. You happen to have a friend among his personal attendants. Their Majesties are driving out, and you are invited to see their apartments. Those of the Emperor are simple enough—two large, plain rooms, covered with Indian matting, and simply furnished in dark, sober-looking walnut. By his bedside stands, before a prie dieu, a silver crucifix, with ivory Christus, the gift of his father, the late Archduke Franz Karl, on his first communion, as the inscription at its base tells you, and which always accompanies him on his travels. On his writing table are lying some coarse Virginia cigars—for he is an inveterate smoker—and on a shelf above are a well-worn military cap and a few books in several languages.

A long corridor divides these rooms from the apartments of the empress, still, in spite of her rising family of grandchildren, a celebrated beauty. Here is imperial splendour enough. Ante-chambers filled with choice exotics, Louis Quatorze furniture in white and gold, rooms in rose and blue and pale green silk,, Aubusson carpets, gilded mirrors, curious cabinets, and, what most attracts your notice, a fine collection of water-colour drawings, of Tyrolese scenery. In one of the ante-rooms is lying, on a deer-skin mat, a big full-blooded English mastiff—a great favourite with her Majesty, and her companion on all her journeys. This imperial dog has a special attendant devoted to his service—a gaily-dressed Moor, sent as a present to the Emperor by the Viceroy of Egypt, after his last visit to Vienna. As you step out of the villa, you notice a large swing, with which the royal children amuse themselves; and grazing in the paddock are half a dozen Hungarian mares.

The flash of a chasseur's white plume comes in sight, and their Majesties drive past on their way home, in a low, open carriage drawn by a span of greys. A tall, spare man, of soldierly bearing, in the light blue uniform of an Austrian General, who does not look much over forty, though he is nearly fifty, with sandy hair, cropped close to the head, and turning an iron grey, regulation military whiskers and moustache, small, restless grey eyes, and the blunt features and heavy lips that distinguish the Hapsburg family. This is the man whom, thirty years ago, a bloody revolution called to the throne of Austria. He is master of half a dozen European languages, and wins the hearts of his subjects by addressing deputations from Hungary and Bohemia, from Austrian Poland and Croatia, each in their mother tongue. In spite of his almost proverbial misfortune in war, he is personally very popular all over the empire.

At Ischl the Emperor rises with the sun, and after a cup of coffee and a kipfel, starts off in an old undress uniform jacket and foraging cap, with a thick stick for a companion, on a solitary hour's ramble in the woods. Toward 8 the imperial courier arrives from Vienna, and some time is spent in attending to despatches and papers of State—for Francis Joseph holds the strings of two or three portfolios in his hands, and is not a crowned puppet. Then, if the weather is fine, he breakfasts with the Empress and his children in a pretty garden pavilion. At 4 he dines, generally *en famille*.

Prosaic and matter-of-fact as the Emperor looks, there is a touch of romance about his marriage. The Empress Elizabeth is his cousin. Her elder sister, now the Princess Thurn-Taxis, was destined for the imperial throne. But the young monarch, on going to Munich to visit his intended bride, was so struck with the charms of her younger sister, that after a ball at the Schloss of her father, Duke Max, he presented to the young Bavarian Princess, then a girl of 16, a bouquet, telling her that she was henceforth Empress of Austria and Queen of Hungary and Bohemia.

Chinese Dentistry.

It is well known that the Chinese attribute toothache to the gnawing of worms, and that their dentists profess to take these worms from decayed teeth. But how they performed this trick, and so artfully concealed it in the hurry of daily business, was a secret only recently solved by a European inquirer. After some difficulty and delicate negotiation, an intelligent-looking native practitioner was induced to hand over the implements of his trade together with a number of the worms, and to give instructions in the method of procedure. When a patient with toothache applies for relief, if the tooth is solidly fixed in the socket, the gum is separated from it with sharp instruments and made to bleed. During this operation the cheek is held on one side by a bamboo spatula, both ends of which are alike, and on the end held in the hand some minute worms are concealed under thin paper pasted to the spatula. When all is ready, this is adroitly turned and inserted in the mouth, and the paper becoming moistened is very easily torn with the sharp instrument used for cutting the gums; the worms mix with the saliva, and the dentist, of course, picks them out with a pair of forceps. The patient having ocular demonstration that the cause of the disease has been removed, has good reason to expect relief, which in many cases would naturally follow the bleeding of the gum. When the pain returns the same operation is performed over again, and a fresh supply of worms fully accounts for the recurring trouble. These worms are manufactured in quantities to suit the trade, and they are cleverly done; still to carry out the delusion fully, the dentists are obliged to keep on hand a few live worms to show their patients, explaining that most of those taken from the tooth are killed either by a powder which is often applied, or by the process of removing them with the forceps. The practice just described, it may be added, is resorted to when the tooth is firmly set in the jaw.

AT Kiev, in Russia, on the night of Oct. 24, a murderous attack was made on an officer of police. Two elegantly dressed women accosted the officer in one of the principal streets, and while one of them engaged him in conversation, the other aimed a blow at him with a dagger, which, fortunately, did not wound him severely. He shouted "Murder!" and ran off to call the watch. Meantime, the editor of a local newspaper, the *Listok*, who chanced to pass at the moment, asked the women what provoked them to such a deed. "Mind your own business; you, also, will not escape our hands," was the answer he received. The women were able to withdraw without molestation, and the editor saw them step into a handsome carriage, which was evidently waiting for them. The number of Nihilists who are in prison in Odessa amounts to 340. Precautions have been taken for suppressing at once and effectively any disturbances at their trial, which is expected to take place shortly.

THE arrival of the new Greek patriarch in Constantinople has given rise to a movement having the ostensible object of reconciling the religious differences between the Greeks and Bulgarians, but really tending to effect a union of all the Christians of the empire under the auspices of Russia. The persons at the head of this movement proceed with extreme caution, and their efforts at present are chiefly directed to gain the adhesion of the Patriarch and his clergy to their views.

THE eruptions of Vesuvius still nightly present a beautiful spectacle, gratis, to the citizens of Naples; and Prof. Palmieri reports the probability of a very "prolonged animation in the sismic apparatus," which is nothing more than a metre the Professor keeps at the Hermitage to measure the mountain's outcome.

Wine-Making in France.

Picturesque in a Charente Vineyard — The Process of Making Wine.

A correspondent of the New York *Tribune* writes from La Rochelle, France: The annual vintage season, that carnival which attracts to the vineyard throughout this sunny section of grape-growing fame all the superfluous unemployed labour of the cities, and makes the landscape re-echo for the brief period of a week or two with merry jests and laughter, is about drawing to a close. It is indeed a pity that every bottle of wine that finds its way from these vineyards to American tables could not carry with it, in its generous fragrant fumes, a vision of the soft, sunny scenes in which it has been fostered and nurtured. Pictures, which Claude Lorraine might have envied, might thus be conjured to please and entertain the epicurean eye. Upon such a scene it was my fortune yesterday to look. *Non cuivis contigit adire Corinthum*, and certainly to few Americans has fallen the good fortune of a more thorough inspection of the process of wine-making than that which was yesterday vouchsafed your correspondent at the hospitable Chateau Godet, situated in the environs of this city, and not over three miles distant.

Picture, if you please, a wide stretch of open, undulating, thoroughly cultivated country. In front, the soft blue waters of the Bay of Biscay stretching away to where Napoleon Vendee and Brittany are faintly visible in the distance; in the rear, on the one hand the city surrounded by its grass-grown battlements, itself half hidden amid a wreath of foliage, but with its cathedral tower, its spires, and its masts of shipping traceable in every line against the eastern sky; on the other, a landscape dotted with chateaux and farm houses, and occasionally a village, with here and there a clump of trees, or a platoon of aged willows marking a watercourse; shining down upon all this peaceful scene a genial October sun completes the picture, and gives to it a richness and warmth of colour which no painter could hope to reproduce.

Where two cart-roads intersect each other in about the centre of M. Godet's vineyard of one hundred and fifty acres, the vintagers, a motley group of men, women, and lads, are taking their noonday rest as we approach. One cannot but recall the pictures he has seen of a gipsy bivouac, so unconsciously rich in colour are the costumes of these fifty labourers, gathered together mostly at random by the proprietor, from the crowds who have offered their services. Great tubs stand full to overflowing, with tempting clusters of white grapes, and a lad, picturesquely clad in a red shirt and flat blue cap, presses them down with a club, mercilessly mangling them in a common mass of pulp and juice. Scattered around upon the grass, stretched at full length, some upon their faces with their heels high in air, others upon their backs, and sleeping soundly, lie the men, wearied with having laboured since 4 o'clock in the morning. Most of the women, too, in their white caps, short skirts, and hideous wooden shoes, lie nestled away in some grassy nook with great blue umbrellas standing over them to protect them from the sun. A solitary dog keeps watch at the outposte, an ill-favoured cur who at our approach beats an ignominious retreat and devotes himself to the sundry bones and crusts with which the vintagers' midday meal has strewn the adjacent sod. A pleasant scene, one would exclaim; and so it was. Yet these vintagers, dreaming away their noonday hours, and careless of the morrow, have, after all, no easy task. The stooping posture which the gathering of the grapes from the vines, not over two feet in height, entails, is not the least wearisome feature of their labour. Beginning, too, before the sunrise, and working until dusk, they laugh the eight-hour law, it will be seen, to scorn. A faithful workman will in a day pick grapes enough to make a hundred and twenty-five gallons of wine, and that, too, for wages amounting to only sixty cents and his board. This is the highest price paid. The average male vintager receives only forty-five cents, and the women receive twenty-five cents per day, together with board.

From his vineyard of one hundred and fifty acres, M. Godet will realize this season two hundred and fifty *barriques* or casks of five hundred gallons each. This is a fair average annual yield. In fact, in this region, which has not been attacked seriously by the phylloxera, the crop this year promises at least to equal that of 1877. The greatest care is required in the protection and nourishment of the vines. No vine is productive until its fifth year; on the other hand, some vines bear their best grapes at the age of fifty years. The phylloxera, in anticipation at least, has proved a source of serious anxiety to vine-growers in this Charente-Inferieure department. A single one of these insects, will, in one season, reproduce its kind to the number of thirty thousand. From the vineyard at evening the day's vintage is carried in waggon-loads to the press-house. There it is first passed through a pulping machine very similar in size to a large-sized Yankee clothes-wringer, which completely destroys every vestige of its original symmetry, and delivers up a welter-ing mass of stems, seeds, pulp, and juice. This conglomeration, or "mash" as a distiller would term it, is piled upon the floor of a press in the form of a pyramid flattened at the apex, and then, by either hand or horse power, an immense pressure is applied from above by a flat wooden surface, descending on a spiral. The process is very similar to that seen in a good old New Jersey cider-mill. Under the tremendous pressure thus applied the grape is divested of every drop of juice it ever possessed. The precious fluid runs off into a basin, thence into a trough lined with copper to prevent absorption, and is then delivered into the great hogsheads which stand waiting to receive it. The fermenting process then begins; in about two weeks the wine is drawn off into other casks, leaving behind it any impurities it may have collected during its manufacture, and is thereafter ready to put away into the cellars and held for any requisite time to be ready for the market. As may be inferred, the wine and brandy trade of this section necessitates the use of immense quantities of casks and barrels. As a consequence, the cooperage business of La Rochelle is not unimportant. Nearly two million barrel staves are imported here annually from northern Europe.

Finger Nails.

Indications of Character that May be read by Close Observers.

[From the St Louis Post.]

Hardly any personal peculiarity is more noticeable or more indicative of character than the finger nails. There are some who believe that palmistry, or the reading of character from the hand, can be reduced to a science, just as much as phrenology. If so, it would necessarily be an obscure science to the majority of people, but the signs of character indicated by the finger nails may be read by all with a little study.

In the first place the shape of the nail is very significant. The slender, tapering nail of a rosy-pink hue, with a shell-like transparent edge, is always the accompaniment of a refined nature. Broad, stubby nails, of a yellowish-white colour, and with opaque, muddy-looking edges, indicates natural coarseness, though they often accompany great good nature, while the other variety as frequently goes with a sharp, shrewish temper.

The care of the nails is one of the most revealing marks of personal habits, and one of the most important of the minor operations of the toilet. Nails may be greatly improved, both in shape and colour, by proper attention. The best appliance is a nail-brush used in water, softened by the addition of a little borax and really fine toilet soap. In well-brushed and well-cared-for nails, the little curtain-like rim which surrounds them is well pushed or rolled back, displaying generally a delicate little crescent at the root. The skin of the finger should never be allowed to grow up on the nail. In paring and trimming the shape given should always be as long and oval as possible. To cut a nail square off gives the finger end a stubby look. The corner should be carefully and closely cut, and the centre left rather long, so as to give the long oval shape. In cleaning the nails the knife should never scrape off the inner substance of the nail, as this renders the edge opaque and muddy in appearance, whereas it should be transparent. The nail is susceptible of a high degree of polish by rubbing with the towel when drying the hands.

The habit of biting the nails is one against which children should be carefully guarded. It is ruinous to the very structure of the nail, and once acquired is one of the most difficult habits to break. This is evidenced by the fact that some men and women, but more especially men, have a habit of biting their nails when reading or studying, of which they are perfectly unconscious. Not a few lawyers and clergymen occur to mind whose nails are almost a deformity as a result of the habit.

Horse Physiognomy.

(From the Englishman's Art Magazine.)

His well-shaped delicate ears are capable of being moved separately in every direction, and every movement is full of meaning and in sympathy with the eye. The eye is prominent, full, and large, and placed laterally, so that he can see behind him without turning his head, his nose being his principal weapon of defence. His nostrils are large, open and flexible, and his lips fleshy, though thin and extremely mobile and sensitive. The large open nostril is essential to him, as a horse breathes solely and entirely through it, being physically incapable of breathing through his mouth, as a valve in the throat actually precludes him from so doing; hence the mouth of a horse without a bridle in it is opened only for purposes of eating or biting, but never from excitement or from exhaustion, like that of most other quadrupeds, except the dear species. The lips are, perhaps, even more characteristic; they are his hands as well as part of his mouth, and the horse and others of his family alone use them in this way. The ox, the sheep, the goat, the deer, the giraffe above all, and, in fact, we believe all granivorous animals, except the horse, either bite their food directly with the teeth, or grasp and gather in with the tongue, which is prehensile, and gifted with more or less power of prolongation; but the horse's tongue has no such functions, and, therefore, no such powers, as these services are all performed in his case by the lips, and no horseman who has let a favourite horse pick up small articles of food from the palm of his hand can have failed to be struck with the extreme mobility, and also the sensibility and delicacy of touch with which the lips are endowed. Now, all these physical characteristics are patent without any knowledge of anatomy to any one who applies intelligent observation to an animal which he sees daily; but in pictures, both by mediæval and modern painters, what wonderful libels on horse nature do we perpetually see! He is commonly represented as an animal either with human, or else with small piggy eyes, with a blunt, solid nose, with two small round holes for nostrils, with an open, foolish mouth, with a long body, like a bolster, straight shoulders, and round, shapeless legs, and this not only in the case of the old Italian masters, who seem to have lost, with the loss of Greek tradition, all sympathy with and appreciation of the horse, but also in the case of English painters of eminence of the present day in this horse-loving country. Let the reader, for instance, turn to the large illustrated edition of Tennyson's poems, and to other books illustrated by leading artists, whom it would be invidious to mention, and then let him say whether the above description is an exaggeration of what he generally finds.

Cut this Out—It May Save Your Life.

There is no person living but what suffers more or less with Lung Disease, Coughs, Colds or Consumption, yet some would die rather than pay 75 cents for a bottle of medicine that would cure them. Dr. A. Rosehee's German Syrup has lately been introduced in this country from Germany, and its wondrous cures astonish every one that try it. If you doubt what we say in print, cut this out and take it to your Druggist, and get a sample bottle for 10 cents and try it, or a regular size for 75 cents.

Business Items.

A "SACRED" concert was given in Indianapolis, Ind., a week ago Sunday by Bleesenberg's orchestra, the programme including "Whoa, Emma" and "Johnny Morgan!"

THE ladies unanimously vote Cooper's Shirts the best made. The buttons remain, button-holes perfect. Altering unnecessary. Order them at once at 109 Yonge St., Toronto.

A GENTLEMAN at a musical party asked a friend in a whisper:—"How shall I stir the fire without interrupting the music?"—"Between the bars," replied the friend.

ONE of the most signal triumphs achieved by any exhibitor at the recent Provincial Fair was won by the Oshawa Cabinet Company. This company obtained the First Prize on their Bed-room fur