

is a still more noisy dealer in songs. He grinds the accompaniment out of a hand-organ, bawls song after song, and when he stops to catch breath, appeals to a discriminating public to buy the words whose tune he has taught them. Fortune-tellers, somnambulists, rope-dancers, masters of white mice, venders of magical waters which dye hair any colour, or cure all diseases, or make brass shine like gold, all with a hand-organ for an ally, give a great animation to the public squares. Besides these, there are orange-sellers, who yell the merits of their "Valencia oranges;" sugar-waffle makers, who shrilly cry: "Here are sugar-waffles, ladies—here are sugar-waffles—regale yourselves;" flower-venders, whose scream is: "Flower yourselves, ladies flower yourselves!" Add the cabstand and omnibus office in nearly every square, with vehicles incessantly going and coming, and you may conceive the animation of the scene, and understand what makes it so attractive to French eyes and to French ears.

I often pause and listen to street brawls, which are frequently mere wordy combats, and amuse myself by discovering traces of this nation's history and character in the opprobrious epithets the disputants hurl at one another. The word oftenest heard is *ostrogot*! (I give it as pronounced,) which evidently is *ostrogoth* I have often heard *sarrasin*! "*Cossack*!" is still very common. *Guillou*! ("will you?") is the only trace of English invasion I have discovered. Since the German war *Prusseen*! and *Canaille de Bismarck*! and *Va donc, Bismarck*! are often used. No epithets sting deeper than these.

The first Revolution passed over Paris as the deluge over the earth, sparing nothing. Don't ask in France for tombs of ante-revolutionary heroes. Nobody can direct you to La Bruyere's, nor to Montesquieu's, nor to Racine's, nor to Pascal's. Moliere's jawbone is in the Hotel de Cluny; half of Cardinal de Richelieu's head had been in market for seventy-five years when the government bought it and restored it to the vault where his whole body was laid in almost royal state. Cardinal de Mazarin's tomb is tenantless, and the fragments of his monument are to be seen in one of the museums in Louvre. Scarron's skull, polished by oft handing to ivory smoothness, is shown for a fee in St. Gervais church; and in another

church, silver will give you sight of the skull of St. Vincent de Paul.

I find great amusement in news boxes, reading odd French translations. Here is Chateaubriand with "Siloa's brook that flowed rapidly by the oracle of God." A translator of "Othello" did "Handkerchief! O Devil," into "Tissue formed of finest threads and doomed to basest uses! O monarch regnant of the infernal regions!" This dilation of the author's phrase is due to the weakness of the French language. I read with astonishment authors who extol this tongue above our own for clearness, accuracy, elegance of expression. This praise is altogether unmerited. The admiration of periphrasis, and the aversion to using the same word twice on the same page, make the language extremely obscure. Until the Romantic school of 1830 tore some swaddling clothes from France, no French author dared speak of a cab except as "a numbered chariot," or of the ocean, except as "the bitter liquid plain." In a French translation of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," a "load of lumber" was rendered a "load of odds and ends of waste." I have seen pine-burrs translated into pine-apples; the Leeward Islands given *les Iles de Leevard*, evidently on the supposition that they had been discovered or owned by Monsieur Leeward, and the Windward Islands, "the Islands under the Wind." I noticed in a book-seller's catalogue, "Indians, its Topography," etc., set down among the *anas* with Seldeniana, Baconiana, etc., and in another list Paul Ding's works. A French scientific work gives us the information that the Falls of Niagara supply motive power to the flour-mills at Minneapolis, and that every moonlight night, thousands of boats are to be seen on the Mississippi, filled with ladies and gentlemen from New Orleans, who row to the Gulf of Mexico, enjoy the sea breeze and return before early bed-time. Another Frenchman translated Koenig, the name of the writer; as Frederick the Great. And still another rendered *asseres*, the rafters of a roof, as if it had been *anseres*, a flock of geese, and gravely told his countrymen that flocks of geese built swallows' nests under roofs, instead of telling them that swallows built nests in roofs' rafters. I have seen "Out! out, brief candle!" translated "Get you gone! To the door, short piece of candle!" And everybody has heard how "All hail!" has been done into French as "Not-