

all competitors. Grave people assert it is a sign of the times not to be neglected, though of no immediate importance. Beyond doubt there exists an organization to run the Prince, because France has no idol at present, and never likes to be long without one. Taken in connection with the revival of Bonapartism at the theatres, and Napoleonism in literature, the movement contains evidence of being well log-rolled and wire-pulled. During his exile, the Prince has lived most correctly, has indulged in no spasmodic politics like the Comte de Paris and his son, and though the pretenders have little chances apparently, the Prince is not on the losing side.

There are a few remarkable incidents connected with the running of the "Grand Prix." The weather remained fine, as if by a miracle. Next, the popular passion for betting never was more doggedly intense, and the vertigo of colours in toilettes was extraordinary. The total value of the prize was 235,000 fr. Parisians wished "Matchbox" to win, not to lose by a neck, as Baron Hirsch, the proprietor of the horse, would have given the winnings to the city charities. Then "Dolma," accepted as the champion of France, though the owner, Baron de Stickler, is a resident German, was the conqueror of the English, and that was the main point. Over two millions of francs were staked at the official gambling pools or booths, and the government tax on same realized 250,000 fr. That money is employed to aid in keeping up the breeding studs, and relieving in part the poor. It is time for France to rear and train native jockeys; a French horse guided to victory by an English jockey is not full glory. No suicides are recorded as a consequence of the day's betting; this must be due to the fact that there were two favourites.

The "Hippic Fortnight," which commences with the French Derby and closes with the Grand Prix, is the height of the season for blacklegs, sharpers, etc., to reap their best harvest on the racecourses. This year their syndicate was dropped on by the police. Gangs of swindlers are drilled to operate in fives, and supplied with cash and apparel by capitalists called "barons." The latter meet in an obscure shop near the racecourse an hour before the running commences, and give their men full campaign instructions. In the evening the men meet in Paris, at another rendezvous, to divide the day's spoils. We have seen the "last of the barons"; they constituted a syndicate of 20, and 19 have been arrested, and their money bags impounded. The police next formed a mouse-trap round the house where the men met in the evening, and captured some forty-three individuals; the whole institution is now in prison, and, as their private papers have been seized, quite an extensive organization has been unearthed.

Occasionally a bridal party ends the happy day in the police office. A carpenter was married a few days ago, but his best man, rather abusing his privilege to embrace the bride, high words ensued between him and the bridegroom, when the tavern keeper called in the police, and they were marched to the cells. The bride implored to be allowed to share her husband's captivity, which was done. The magistrate reconciled all the party on their promise to be good, and the dinner took place, followed by a ball.

Politicians may rage, and diplomatists intrigue, but there is one class that will remain happy—the anglers. They have for

some days been enjoying their simple sport—like simpletons, as they can hardly be classed wise; those individuals who day after day sit on the quay walls, with rod, line and baited hook, to catch nothing. They are good souls, as they feed the fish that bite off the worm, but have the knack of avoiding the hook. It is said that alienists recommend recovering patients to "take plenty of exercise in angling."

Baron de Hickey is an Irish Californian whosome years ago, though a foreigner, threw himself hotly into partizan monarchical politics, and sank a good deal of his wife's fortune in founding newspapers. As might be expected, he was in due time requested, as a foreigner, to try change of air. He was lost to sight for a time; he has now turned up, possessed of an island—kingdom of his own—off Brazil, and called "Little Trinity"; he offers all the advantages of his realm to French immigrants and capitalists; he will entrust them with the formation of his cabinet; he also announces that every Cook's, or other excursionists that visits his island, will have the right to be elected member of an order that he has founded, with medal, ribbon, etc. And no fees are charged by his chancellery.

De Goncourt was anxious to study the hand of the executioner; he consulted a friend in the treasury, who arranged for the sight. The executioner came the first day of every month at noon, to receive his salary, 500 fr. a month. On the occasion of de Goncourt's visit the money was handed, with an apology, all in pieces of silver, so that the headsman had to be some time engaged in picking them up. The executioner's hand was very thick and clumsy.

M. Schneider, in his memoirs of Napoleon III., remarks that on the downfall of the Second Empire, 4th September, 1870, nearly every person fled the Tuileries. M. d'Azy wanted to see the Empress; not a valet was visible; he went towards the private imperial apartments: knocked at the door; a lady opened it, and welcomed the visitor: "You see I'm already alone, M. d'Azy," sadly remarked Her Majesty.

Z.

HARMONY AND ITS INFLUENCES.

The influence that harmony exercises on our senses, and consequently on our health, cannot be questioned. Harmony, in the general sense of the word, signifies positive accord. We say that our functions, our vital faculties, are or are not in harmony, when concord reigns or is broken between them. When there is a persistent appetite and no digestion, harmony is destroyed between a sensation and a function. Harmony represents the homogeneous and well arranged circle of the elements and functions of our body, a truth proven by the fever which supervenes whether from the single thrust of a thorn into the finger, or by the strange disorder of the whole body which follows the introduction of a poisonous substance into the stomach.

There are many kinds of harmony in the organism of living beings; that of mixture or of temperament, of the equilibrium of elements, and the relation of the vital or animal faculties and functions. No organized being, vegetable or animal, could subsist in the universe, if it were not constituted in some harmonious relation with every thing that touches it or surrounds it. The plant needs water, air, earth, light and gentle heat; food of different kinds is necessary for animals. We are affected

by climate, air and the place we inhabit. We require to accommodate and habituate ourselves to the seasons and variations of temperature. We can receive only a certain modicum of things, and when the equilibrium is broken, when discord displaces harmony, the man, the animal and the plant fall sick or die, because their concert with nature is disturbed.

But independently of the concord of these general relations, necessary between animated bodies and exterior objects, there is a particular harmony that rules in the human organization, still more than among other animals and plants. All the pieces or parts that compose our organization cannot act simultaneously without being well proportioned and indented, one into the other, like the wheel work of a clock; or stretched rather, pursuant to certain relations, like the strings of a harp. Even counterpoises are necessary, partial equilibriums in the general equilibrium, to establish unity, or the happy medium, which is health; a salutary and harmonious disposition between opposite morbid extremes. Health that results from an harmonious concurrence of our organic system, and the more perfect this concurrence is, the more the individual will enjoy that plenitude of vigor necessary for the happy exercise of all his functions.

The laws of harmony preside over the formation of organized beings. Look at man issuing in all his beauty and original grace from the maternal womb! love in infancy; Adonis in youth; the Pythian Apollo in manhood; the most perfect model of strength and regularity, and considered by the Greeks as the rule or canon of organic proportions. Such is the charm that attaches to the most perfect productions of nature and those of art founded on her models, that their harmony enraptures us by unveiling the sublime features with which the Author of all things was pleased to adorn His noblest creations.

The symmetrical human body is composed of two classes of organs whose functions establish two kinds of life. The internal organs serve for the nutrition and reparation of the individual, digestion, circulation, respiration and secretion. The external organs place us in relation with the objects that surround us by means of motion and the senses, the nervous, muscular and osseous systems. The heart, or circulative apparatus, presides in the first rank of functions over our nutritive or internal life. The brain or nervous system dominated in the second order, in the external or sensitive life. Internal life acts without interruption during our whole existence; external life has intermissions of repose, and needs tranquillity and reparation in sleep, because it exhausts itself.

Circulation operates by regular rhythmic returns; locomotion, or sensitive motion, by harmonic irradiations of the muscles or double sense. Hence we observe that musical rhythm, or measure, affects our heart or internal life, but that modulated accordant sounds, on the contrary, charm the ear and mind. The first gives warmth and melody, the second form images and colours. Their proper combination constitutes supreme harmony—the result of equality and symmetry in organized bodies.

The harmony between the male and female sex manifests itself even in their accord of voices. It is known that if a man and woman sing in unison there is constantly between them the affinity of an octave, the sweetest and most natural of all harmony.