

THE FLANEUR.

Here I am again. Back after a mental, though not a physical absence. I return to my quiet walks along the streets—slow gait, watchful eye, attentive ear, and fragrant cigar. The secret of strolling is known to few men in this country. They all rush along, absorbed in self, and wearing themselves out. Whereas if they merely sauntered on, observant of human and animal life on their way, they would rest their mind, and pick up a fund of useful knowledge.

The French *flâneur* is more expressive than any word in our language. I cannot translate it. My strait-laced friend Willis says its meaning is very like "loafing." Willis is weak in the analysis of words. To "loaf" is to wander without an object, to stand in people's way, to stare at ladies' on street corners, to linger about the vestibules of hotels. Loafing therefore is vulgar. To "stroll," *flâneur*, is to move along slowly, very slowly, but seldom to stop, to catch furtive glances of beauty, to meditate as you go, and study human nature while you smoke. Strolling is artistic. Many a lyric has thus been crooned. Many a dramatic scene has thus been devised. 'Tis thus Barry Cornwall composed. One of Alphonse Karr's quaintest volumes was thus written, and he appropriately entitled it "En Fumant."

But you mustn't smoke on the street. No business man does it. Aye, but I am not a business man. I am a man of letters. When I have written at my desk all day, I must go forth in quest of new ideas. I must ease my brain. I do both by studying human nature and smoking. I have often found a chapter of psychology in the length of a cigar.

I caught the following conversation on the wing, only last night.

Three gentlemen were standing in front of the Merchants' Bank.

"Morris has succeeded in borrowing \$100,000," said the first.

"One hundred thousand dollars borrowed! I didn't think Morris was so poor," said the second.

"One hundred thousand dollars borrowed! How rich Morris must be," said the third.

They have been cleaning out the Craig Street tunnel for some time back. As this lies directly under the street car track, passengers had to get out of one car, walk a little way, and take another car. I was performing this agreeable operation, though the mud, a few days ago, in company of two or three big lumbermen, from the upper Ottawa.

"Hallo!" said one of them,—as he got out to walk. "here is a *portage*!"

A specimen of the Cockney's ideal.

When the Aimée Opera troupe was here about six weeks ago, great crowds attended its performances. The dramatic critic of a certain paper in this city, a thorough Englishman, was present, of course, *ex-officio*.

He was asked what he thought of the play. "Oh! ah!" he replied. "French Opera Bouffe! Who cares for it when he has heard it in English!"

I am much amused these days at the abuse heaped upon candidates for Parliamentary honors, in this city and elsewhere. My political friends, some of them very charming fellows, remind me of "Honest Jack Lee." When some one praised in his presence the good looks of the Duke of Richmond, he exclaimed:

"Good looking? What business have you to say that? That is for his party to say and for us to deny. He is hideous."

Similarly, my Canadian friends deny all the good qualities of their opponents. Sir John is no statesman. Blake is no orator. Tupper is no debater. McKenzie is no administrator.

A certain night editor received a despatch from Kingston, saying: "Seat voided, but Sir John not ineligible." The next day, it appeared in the paper: "Sir John not *inteligible*."

That is just what many of his enemies think.

At a recent amnesty meeting, a speaker persisted in speaking of *Lepine*, pronouncing the *i* very long.

At last, an etymological wag, in the back part of the room, growled out:

"Its not Le Pine, but Le Pen, the thorn."

The fellow spoke more wisely than he knew. The sentenced Metis is a terrible thorn in some body's side.

A good story about house to house vaccination borrowed from a correspondent of my acquaintance.

Doctor raps at the door. Mother opens. "Any body not vaccinated here?"

The mother calls out at the top of her voice: "Matilde! Matilde!"

Instantly, at the head of the stairs, appears a buxom lass, fair, fleshy and ferocious.

"The doctor's come to vaccinate you," says the mother.

"*Qu'il vienne!*" responds the girl, in a tone which the doctor interpreted to mean—"let him try it." He therefore went away.

"You weren't afraid of her," the doctor was asked afterwards.

"O, no! On the contrary, I should have so liked to unscrew her plump white arm."

"Then, why didn't you do it?"

"The girl was chewing gum!"

ALMAVIVA.

PERSONALS.

The Emperor of Germany has conferred on Jacob E. KLATZ, son of Otto Klatz, of Preston, a diploma, together with a medal of merit, for valuable services rendered during the Franco-German war in conveying provisions and clothing to sick and wounded Schleswig-Holstein troops, from Hamburg, engaged at the Siege of Paris, in December, 1870.

Hon. A. McKELLAR incidentally mentioned in the course of a debate in the Assembly, that the Ontario general elections would come on in about six weeks.

A complimentary dinner was tendered to His Worship Mayor CROBYN of London by the Board of Aldermen and Civic officials.

An Historical Society has been formed at St. John, N. B. with Chief Justice RITCHIE, Patron; J. W. LAWRENCE, President; W. R. M. CURTIS, Secretary; Gilbert MURDOCK, James HANNAY, L. B. HARRISON, Executive Committee.

Hon. Mr. COFFIN, Receiver-General, has been seriously ill at Digby, but is now recovering.

His Excellency the GOVERNOR-GENERAL gave a dinner party last week to his Lordship Bishop DUHAMEL.

Mr. George MORTON, of Kingston, now ships his cheese to England by the way of New York. He is sending the make from the middle of September to the end of the season. Mr. MORTON has purchased some \$35,000 boxes in this country this season. He is a veritable cheese king.

It is said that Hon. L. A. WILMOT, of New Brunswick, has been appointed arbitrator on behalf of the Dominion, in the matter of the boundary line between Ontario and the North West Territory, and Chief Justice RICHARDS has been appointed arbitrator on behalf of Ontario. A distinguished foreign jurist, whose name has not yet been announced, will be appointed an expert between the two Governments.

Hon. Dr. TUPPER was in Montreal for several days attending on Mrs. Tupper who was ill. He then went to Ontario to speak at the nomination of Hon. Jas. COCKBURN for East Northumberland.

Hon. Mr. CHAPLEAU was married at Sherbrooke on the 25th inst., to Miss KING, daughter of Lieut.-Col. KING, Brigade Major.

Mr. Jas. GROOMS, of Napanee, was born in Kingston in 1784, and is, therefore, just 90 years of age. His father was a Revolutionary soldier, and settled in Kingston some time anterior to the first U. E. Loyalists.

Hon. Mr. CHILDERS arrived at London on Monday last. On Tuesday he held a conference with the directors of the London, Huron & Bruce Railway in reference to the construction of that line.

The late H. O. BURRITT, in his will, bequeathed \$500 to the Protestant Hospital, \$500 to the General Hospital, and \$500 to the Bible Society of Ottawa.

It is announced that the memoirs of the late President JUAREZ of Mexico, containing important revelations concerning BAZAINE and MAXIMILIAN, will soon be published.

Among the passengers by the Hibernian was Hon. Wm. MACDOUGALL and family.

Major General SMYTH presented the prizes to the Governor-General's Foot Guards.

Mr. DISRAELI is indisposed. Although his illness is not believed to be serious, it prevents him from leaving town and he is unable to attend to business.

Owing to the non-payment of civic and school taxes, the property of the Roman Catholic Bishop of Fredericton, N. B., and priests have been levied on; namely: a carriage belonging to the Bishop, the furniture of Father MURRAY, and the books of Father CHAPMAN.

Messrs BOUCHETTE, FUTVOYE and DICKINSON, deputy heads of the Departments of the Civil Service, who have retired on superannuation allowance, were entertained to a complimentary dinner at the Rideau Club on last Saturday by their colleagues, the Deputy Ministers of the various Departments.

James RUSSELL LOWELL, the poet, has been offered and has declined the Russian mission from the United States.

M. THIERS, in an interview accorded to a representative of *La France* newspaper, said that Italian unity was irrevocably accomplished, and if France wishes to preserve the friendship of Italy, she must recognize this fact, and not adopt the clerical policy towards that country. In relation to France, Mr. THIERS said the country was neither Bonapartist nor Monarchical, but Republican, and this must be recognized by Marshal MACMAHON.

Mayor HAVEMEYER, of New York, died very suddenly of apoplexy on Monday, in all probability brought on by being obliged to walk some distance against a strong wind.

Several defections among prominent supporters in Spain of DON CARLOS are reported.

Prince ARTHUR has been injured by a fall from his horses.

EVENING PARTIES.

The programme gone through at nine evening parties out of ten is almost identically the same. Be moderately punctual in putting in an appearance at one and the chances are that you are placed in a drawing-room in which you form one of a party of forlorn creatures who cannot get their tea because, though the same is quite ready, there are yet two or three guests to arrive. In the dreary interval which occurs between your appearance on the scene and the coming of the late ones, desperate attempts are made at conversation, but the same are of a singularly unsuccessful character. At the tea-table you will probably find yourself between persons with whom you are quite out of sympathy, and confronted by an individual who smirks idiotically at every thing that is said, and whose grin becomes depressing almost beyond the limits of endurance when the wit (self-constituted) of the party relieves himself of a little jokelet. In the various topics of the disjointed remarks that are made you can scarcely feel any interest, but you are at liberty to draw as much comfort as you can from the reflection that most of your neighbours feel rather less than you do. The drawing-room having been reached once more, the real business of the evening commences. After an awkward pause of say twenty minutes the hostess asks, generally, if any one can sing or play. There are present ladies and gentlemen who imagine that they can do both these things, but their modesty prevents the aspiring beings from saying so. At the same time, they nerve themselves up for the occasion, and ultimately, after considerable pressing, a young lady is induced to place herself before a piano. Then she sings with a profound disregard for time and tune some exasperating melody of the *tra la la* order, during the course of which she very carefully shirks the high notes, or, attempting them, comes to grief, and seemingly takes great pains that the piano alone shall have the benefit of the low ones. She is followed by a tenor, who possesses a talent for setting one's teeth on edge, and who is succeeded by a succession of ladies and gentlemen who do their best to disgust one with the art of music. Then you are appealed to, and your announcement that you neither sing nor play is received with incredulity, and you do not convince people of the fact until you have dilated upon it for some five or ten minutes. After you have succeeded in doing this, your position is very little improved, for it is argued that if you cannot make an exhibition of yourself in the musical line, you must surely be able to do so in some other way. After music comes another interval of dulness, during the course of which the guests take stock of each other, with a view to future criticism. Then some venturesome soul proposes a game, and immediately blushes at his own audacity. But the consequences which follow his temerity are the reverse of awful. Indeed, people seem in too comatose a condition to say anything either bad, good, or indifferent about his proposition until they are directly appealed to, when they simper and smile and hazard the statement that it is an excellent one. The games are played, during the course of which the wit comes out strong, and the high-spirited member of the party shines with a brilliant lustre until he discovers himself in the act of going a step too far, when he hopelessly collapses. After a little more eating and drinking, and just when people are beginning to know a very little of each other, the party breaks up and the various members thereof proceed to their respective homes, the males vowing that they will not be caught napping again, and the ladies resolving that they will shortly get up an affair of a similar pattern.

FORTUNES IN SMALL WAYS.

The New York correspondent of the Boston *Journal* writes: "One can count on his ten fingers the heavy merchants that have stood unmoved during a quarter of a century. The heaviest houses topple down and the richest men pass out of sight. But there is a class of men who maintain uninterrupted prosperity. These are men who began small, had a specialty, always sold the exact article they professed, kept grubbing on from year to year, and waited for fortune till she chose to appear. One of the heaviest paper houses in New York was begun by a man who was a rag-picker. He began in the smallest possible way. When he had only a small basketful he assorted them fairly and honestly. He soon got the confidence of the trade. His rags were always the quality that he represented; and he walked over the course, always making progress, always making money. In his immense warehouse to-day buyers are sure to find when they get home the exact article that they purchased. Some years ago a man set up a little cigar store. His specialty was that he would not keep a domestic cigar on his shelves. The article that he sold was invariably good, and he made a fortune. There are half a dozen old caterers in New York. They are fifty and sixty years old. Two or three of them are in cellars or in small rooms. The floor is sanded; the seats are without backs; the tables are without cloths; the head of the house waits on his customers; coat off, white apron round his waist, the perspiration on his forehead; he broils and stews and fries for his customers. Everything about the room is just as it was thirty years ago. In these little dens from twelve to two one cannot sit or stand for the crowd. The first merchants in New York fill the place. Chops, beef-steaks, hams, English mutton, are specialties. The man who waits on these clerks and merchants could buy a house on Fifth Avenue and live in it if he wanted to."

LITERARY.

EDITING a paper is like carrying an umbrella on a windy day. Everybody thinks he could manage it better than the one who has hold of the handle.

MR. THEODORE MARTIN'S "Life of the Prince Consort" is to be published before Christmas. Mr. Martin has been at work upon it for a long time, under the superintendence of Her Majesty, and the first volume is now in the press, with a portrait of the Prince.

M. DENTU, the Paris publisher, celebrated All Saints' Day by publishing, with the consent of Queen Victoria, a French translation of *Thoughts on Death and Eternity*, which in its English form has reached a tenth edition.

VICTOR HUGO gave the other day in Paris one of those little dinners which for a day or so constitute the town chat. It was in honour of M. Castelar, then in Paris. Among the guests were Louis Blanc, August Vacquerie, Paul Meurice, Theodore de Banville, etc. At the dessert M. Hugo proposed a toast to the ex-chief of the Spanish Republic, and expressed the hope of seeing a union of the four Latin nations, France, Italy, Spain, and Greece. M. Castelar, in a few felicitous words, thanked the excellent Hugo for the honour.

COLONEL FORNEY, describing the audience at the first night of "Hamlet" at the Lyceum, London, says: "In a private box to my left was John Oxenford, the critic of the London *Times*, a copy of 'Hamlet' open before him—tall, white haired, red faced, and evidently eager for the play; Mr. George W. Smalley, London correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, and lady at my side; directly in front, Mr. George Augustus Sala, a strong head, protruding brow, and short, turned-up nose, with his beautiful wife; a few seats further on, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Yates; at the end of the first row, Charles Reade, quiet and alone; close by, Chevalier Wikoff, with Mrs. Boucicault and her family; and Mrs. E. A. Sothorn; on my left, Mr. Charles Dickens, with the face of his father; back of me, Lord and Lady Harding, well-known in literary and dramatic circles; then Mrs. M. E. Braddon and husband; and in the same vicinity, Lord Houghton, a noted author. I noticed also Justin McCarthy, James McHenry, and many other celebrities of the press, the stage, the bar, of Parliament and society."

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

VERDI has become a member of the Italian Senate.

THE CAMILLE Urso Concert Company performed in London and Hamilton last week.

LONDON will have the same operatic stars next year as last season, including Patti, Nilsson, and Albani.

MISS NEILSON, the eminent English tragedienne played "Juliet," in Toronto last week, before crowded houses and with her usual success.

THE IMPERIAL Opera of Vienna has promulgated a law that no *artiste* may bow, pick up a bouquet, or answer a call until after the fall of the curtain.

THE SCENE of Offenbach's "Madame l'Archiduc" is laid in Parma in 1820. Offenbach is said to have written no such sparkling music since the "Grande Duchesse."

Mrs. SCOTT Siddons has a new comedietta in one character, entitled "My Love-Letters," which she intends playing in New York. It has been very successful in the English provinces.

MR. IRVING wears very picturesque dresses in "Hamlet" at the London Lyceum, the close-fitting black silk shirt and tights and the two surcoats—one of cloth trimmed with fur and the other of violet-lined silk—suited him to perfection.

MISS NEILSON played *Juliet* for the first time in Washington, and the *Chronicle* says: "We expected to behold the best *Juliet* on the modern stage, but had no adequate idea what was implied by such expectation."

THE TOTAL number of all the performances of Boucicault's plays must have been nearly 50,000. Assuming that the receipts to each performance averaged \$500, the money paid by the public to witness these works would amount to twenty-five millions of dollars. The profits of *London Assurance* when first produced at Covent Garden Theatre, were \$123,000. The profits of *The Colleen Bawn* were \$120,000 in one year; the profits of *Arr-a-na-Pogue*, \$180,000. The gross receipts of *Led Astray* last year at the Union Square Theatre N. Y. amounted to \$124,000, of which \$83,000 were profit. On these four pieces the theatres cleared upward of \$600,000.

HUMOROUS.

A VERMONT singer is said to have a gold mine in her voice. Her notes ought to be good.

A MAN with a big nose isn't always handsome, but he's nobby.

NO MAN can truly feel for the poor without feeling in his pocket.

WHY WAS Ruth very rude to Boaz? Because she pulled his ears and trod on his corn.

AN OLD lady, hearing somebody say the mails were irregular, said: "It was just so in my young days—no trusting any of 'em."

THE SHAH frightens his wives into submission by wearing a European plug hat pulled down threateningly over his right eye.

ACCORDING to an Auburn paper, they are going to put up in that city an addition to their seminary, "to accommodate eighty-six students 200 feet long."

WHAT'S the use, in these days, trying to be honest? exclaimed a grumbler. Oh, you ought to try it once and see, retorted one of his companions.

A WESTERN paper chronicles a marriage in this suggestive style: "The couple resolved themselves into a committee of two, with power to add to their number."

DOUGLAS JERROLD says, in his "Hedgehog Letters," that "respectability is all very well for folks who can have it for ready money; but to be obliged to run in debt for it, is enough to break the heart of an angel."

A CANADA man tied his dog to the end of a rear car the other day, and then bet the beast could keep up with the train. Strange to say, when they got into Detroit, the dog was ahead—there was nothing else left of him.

A POPULAR clergyman says it is interesting to observe how many people go to the circus "just to please the children," and very curious to notice that sometimes it takes several able-bodied men and motherly women to look after one little boy or girl on such an occasion.

MARK TWAIN says that since he has become a Director in an accidental insurance company, the Hartford, "accidents have assumed a kinder aspect. I look upon a cripple now with affectionate interest, as an advertisement. To me there is a charm about a railroad collision that is unspeakable."