

FRACTIONAL CURRENCY.

The Spiritualists of London, Eng., have set about the organization of a movement having for its avowed object the controlling of certain annoyances alleged to be received at the hands of what are designed as evil spirits. Does this mean a Temperance Crusade? Or is it merely an Anti-Liquor-Adulteration League?

They call it a 'self-feeder' in St. John, N. B. A breech-loader.

Guelph has been in a ferment over a green flag that a citizen exhibited during the visit of the Governor General. The offender lay under the suspicion of Fenianism until he explained that he had borrowed the article from one of the Irish Protestant Benevolent Societies of Toronto and hung it out in honour of the nationality of the Governor. Now, we presume, some officious individual will come out in denunciation of the Toronto I. P. B. S. for sporting false colours.

A gross case of insubordination is reported from England. At the trial of the "Enchantress" the sea behaved so badly that the Lords of the Admiralty, with one exception, were violently sea-sick. "Britannia rules the waves" — no more.

The managers of the street car railway in Halifax actually thank newspaper-correspondents who venture to make suggestions for the better safety and comfort of passengers. Halifax has its peculiarities, and this is one of them.

Idle people in England who are unable to find congenial amusement divert themselves by sending perplexing conundrums to the editors of fashion papers. Here is a sample: — "I want to find the name of a child's book, the hero of which was a boy called Basil. It has pictures, and one is of a lady sitting on a garden seat by this little boy." This is good and refreshing. The picture—everybody knows it, good little boy with his legs dangling in the air from an immensely high seat, listening to the story of King Alfred and the Cakes, with a moral tacked on at the end—will alone be sufficient clue to discovery. There is reason to fear, however, that the discoveries will be more numerous than satisfactory. There are so many good little boys who have been petrified, by the artist and engraver, in the act of dangling their legs and listening to the mouldy old story, and its objectionable modern wind-up, "This story teaches us, &c."

Another of this class of anxious enquirers informs the public that she has built a house and is at a loss for a name for it. This is unwarrantable when there exists a recognized, conventional code of nomenclature for use in such cases. By its rule a staring new red brick building, standing on level ground, should be called "Rosebank." A house in a row, with two stunted bushes in front of it, ought to be dignified as "The Shrubbery," and "Ivy Lodge" is regarded as a sweet appellation for a dwelling that has no ivy about it. The system, as will be seen at a glance, is one involving no useless waste of brain-power in mastering its details. It may perhaps be objected that the names suggested are slightly inappropriate to the stately homes, etc., they are destined to adorn. This, however, is a matter of detail, and the objection may be promptly met by the fact that the system is very fashionable in the highest circles.

A correspondent of the *Daily Graphic*—evidently a victim to buttonless shirts and undarned hose—makes a vigorous attack upon the present form of dress for men. Every man, he says, is astonished when first told the number of garments worn by him during the day. These "garments" he makes out as no less than nineteen in number, including cuffs, studs, sleeve-buttons, suspenders, gloves, cane, umbrella, over-shoes, handkerchief and hat. Then he finds fault with the number of pockets that the male human finds necessary, and finally winds up with an appeal in favour of "a modification of the Roman toga with a belt at the waist for ordinary occasions." Why "for ordinary occasions," or what he would substitute for the belt on extraordinary occasions, he does not say. It is strange, too, that he finds it necessary to go as far back as the days of ancient Rome to look for a suitable habilliment. Why not take one, or a modification of one, of the "garments" he mentioned. An umbrella is certainly not a picturesque "garment," but it is useful while it rains; and the cane, though not calculated to keep out the cold, is handy to have by one when attacked by a rowdy. The stud, and often the sleeve-button, is an expensive and useless form of "garment," but it has the compensating advantage of being pretty to look at, and when set with diamonds or other precious stones is apt to attract attention. Should none of these, however, succeed in giving satisfaction, there is yet another form of garment, unenumerated in the list, which is in frequent use in various establishments both in Europe and America, and which the *Graphic* correspondent might do to the contentment and admiration of a large number of condoling friends—the ladies especially. We refer to the straight-jacket.

THROUGH THE PARIS SEWERS.

A party numbering about 60, composed of French, English, and Spaniards, and comprising several ladies, assembled on the Place du Chatelet. The ladies had prepared their scent and salt bottles; some of the gentlemen, too, had provided themselves with bottles of disinfecting vinegar, precautions which were hardly necessary. We descended one by one the narrow spiral staircase of iron that leads to the sewer world, and found ourselves in what may be called a series of vaults lit up by oil lamps. Iron pipes of all dimensions, some hung to the ceiling, others supported on props, ran right and left in all directions. The sewers were running on quietly under the dark arches which surrounded the central station where we were assembled. As soon as the eye got accustomed to the darkness, we discovered that under our feet was a series of railway lines, and looking further, we saw several carriages shunted into a side vault. It was in these that we were destined to make the first part of our journey. The cars hold twelve persons; three in front, three behind, and three on either side in the middle. They are lit up by four lamps with white globes, one at each corner. A beautifully-polished brass-railing runs round at the bottom, to prevent the passengers falling out. The seats are cane-bottomed, and the whole trim of our little train was as clean and inviting as the most fastidious could desire. With customary French politeness, the ladies were placed in the front seats or *coups*, and we were forthwith shunted into the sewer which runs under the Rue de Rivoli. The guard sounded his trumpet, and off we went. The train runs over a sewer about two yards wide, on rails fixed on the curbs of the side walks. Each car is propelled by two men drawing in front, and two men pushing behind. The sewer is not lit up, but the light from our lamps was quite sufficient to distinguish everything. However, it must be confessed, there was not much to see after all, save the black, dirty water below, over which we were riding, and the large iron pipes that ran on either side. The walls of the tunnel, the pipes, and the side-walks were all excessively clean. The names of the streets and the very numbers of the houses by which we were passing are posted up on the walls on enamel plates, exactly in the same way as in the world above. Every house has its little drain, which runs down under a small arch into the bigger one beneath us. The noise of the traffic above was not so audible as might be expected. Of smell there was little or none; the air was more stifling than disagreeable; of course, I do not mean to say that it was pleasant. Under the Place de la Concorde there is a regular station lit up by oil lamps, and provided with rails, and other precautions against falling into the drains. We all descended from the cars, and were led into a far larger sewer, some seven or eight yards wide, where we found several punt-like boats waiting for our service. One by one we walked along the narrow side-walks flanking the sewer-river, occasionally knocking our heads against the huge drainpipes suspended above, and one by one we were handed by our commissioners into the black gondolas. Each boat is lit up with a lamp, and provided with a steersman. The boats being very wet, the administration had been kind enough to cover the seats with clean sacking. When we were all seated, the head commissioner again blew his trumpet and off we were drawn by four men with ropes attached to each barge. The sewer we were now gliding through is lit up with reflecting lamps suspended at certain distances. On glancing at the wall I perceived that we were under the Rue Royale. Here the noise of the traffic above rumbled in and out of the smaller side-drains into ours and created a succession of distant thunder, while the noise of falling waters made some of our party think that a storm was bursting over the capital. On we glided over the lake, which appeared to be nothing more than the dirty water from the streets, and in which pieces of straw and paper shone out in bright contrast. On we glided, looking at the pipes above, the big top-booted men that were drawing us, and wondering if the people above dreamt that we were down below searching through the very soles of their boots. On we glided, rocking to and fro, and thinking what a horrid thing it would be to be drowned in such a river, until at last we reached the Church of the Madeleine, where our voyage came to an end. We then disembarked, and having given a *pour boire* to our captain and his motley crew, mounted another spiral iron staircase, and found ourselves once more in the land of the living. It is true we had experienced no overpowering smell, we had seen no rats or anything else to offend the sight, and we were just as clean as when we started from the Place du Chatelet, but in spite of these favourable circumstances we were none the less glad to emerge again into sunlight and fresh air.

SELDEN'S TABLE TALK.

A writer in *Temple Bar* says: "By far the largest part of the *ana* of 'Selden's Table Talk' bear on ecclesiastical questions naturally, for they were the topics of the age. But his sayings are strangely unlike what we might expect from such a time. 'Many men look after religion as a butcher does after his knife when he has it all the while in his mouth.' 'When priests come into a family they do as a man who wishes to set fire to a house. He does not put it to a brick wall, but thrusts it into the thatch. So they leave men alone, and work on the women.' 'Enjoy life, and be not melancholy and wish thyself in heaven. If a king should give you the keeping of a castle and grounds, and bid you use them, promising in twenty years' time to make you a privy councillor, do not neglect the castle, refuse the fruits, and sit down, whine, and wish yourself a privy councillor.' 'A great place strangely qualifies. There was one Jack Read, groom of the chamber to the Earl of Kent. On the death of Attorney-General Noy he said: 'Any man can execute his place.' 'How? Could you?' said the Earl. 'Let the King make me attorney,' answered Jack, 'and I would fain see the man who durst tell me there's anything I understand not.' 'The Pope is infallible when he hath the power to be obeyed, like any other prince. To stretch his infallibility further is to do you know not what.' 'There never was a merry world since the fairies left off dancing and the parson left off conjuring.' 'To have no ministers but presbyters is the same as having no officers but constables.' 'Ceremony (good breeding) is like a pennyglass to a rich spirit, without it the spirit were lost.' The following will hardly satisfy modern notions of gallantry: 'A husband,' said Selden, 'should be made to pay for his wife's trinkets. If a man will keep a monkey, he should pay for the glasses it breaks.' The above are illustrations of 'Selden's Table Talk.'

Some of his wittiest parallels will not bear quotation, for very plain speaking was the fashion of the seventeenth century, in the pulpit, in the Senate, in common life. The age was not nice in its analogies, and Selden was no nicer than his times."

LOUIS'S LAKE.

A correspondent, writing of the King of Bavaria, says:—"King Louis has, it is said, entirely lost in these last few years the slenderness of figure and the youthful look which so lately distinguished him. He has become stout, and is now a large, finely proportioned, and handsome man, instead of an elegant, poetic-looking boy. He is said to be in treaty with the royal family of Prussia for the hand of the daughter of Prince Frederick Carl, who is, consequently, grand niece to the Emperor of Germany. He has not yet outgrown his mania for odd and whimsical follies, though he has not equalled, of late years, his notion of having a lake constructed on the roof of the Royal Palace, where, I believe, it still exists, and whereon he meant, in imitation of Lohengrin, to sail in a boat drawn by swans. The architect, when summoned to receive his orders for this watery sky-parlour, declared at first that the thing could not be done. 'But it must be done,' quoth King Louis; and the 'must' of princes being still potential, even in this republican age, the lake was finally constructed. Then a new difficulty arose. The waters of the lake were not a pretty colour. The King wanted them to be blue, after the orthodox fashion of poetic and romantic sheets of water. So the water was drawn off, and the sides and bottom of the tank were painted blue, but still the water refused to show the proper azure tint. Then an infusion of indigo was tried, and the lake looked blue enough in all conscience, but the unhappy swans got dyed the same tint by sailing upon its bosom, and presented a splotchy and streaky appearance, which was anything but romantic. So the modern Lohengrin had the tank filled with pure water, and resigned himself to the idea of a colourless lake. This odd construction was at one time shown to strangers, but a travelling Frenchman once wrote to one of the Parisian papers a highly ludicrous account of it, which narrative, coming to the knowledge of the King, so incensed him that he forbade the guardians of the palace ever to show his cherished lake again to strangers, and so a heartless and unsympathising public is shut out from all prospect of ever again inspecting this marvel."

DRAMATIC DOINGS.

Mr. Wilkie Collins will shortly write a new play for Miss Ada Cavendish.

According to a Neapolitan journal, Marie Taglioni, the famous danseuse, is in great distress in London.

Madame Adelina Patti is to receive no less a sum than 800*l.* for singing four songs at the forthcoming Liverpool Musical Festival.

Bjornstjerne Bjornson has produced two comedies of the present time, and it is expected they will be received with Copenhagen generosity.

Among the musical novelties of next season, it is said, will be an oratorio, founded on Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," to be produced at Manchester.

Sir Julius Benedict has been visiting the chief music schools of Italy and Germany in order to examine the principles and systems on which they are worked.

The Duke of Saxe-Coburg, who is an accomplished amateur and a composer of operas, has conferred upon Madame Nilsson, Rouzeaud and Mr. Arthur Sullivan the Order of the House of Coburg (second class) for art and science.

Miss Minelly, of the opera-bouffe troupe at the Lyceum Theatre, N.Y., is a decidedly pretty woman. She is tall and dark-eyed, with pearly teeth, and a dimple in either cheek that has been declared irresistible.

It is said that Charles Eyttinge will appear as *Iago* to McCulloch's "Othello" before the conclusion of the latter's engagement at Booth's Theatre. Kate Field is also to make her *début* at the same theatre on one of the Jefferson off-nights.

The rôle of *Bertha* in the "Sphinx," shortly to be produced at the Union Square Theatre, N. Y., forms a decided contrast to that of the heroine, and was embodied by Sarah Bernhardt in Paris. It will be played there by Miss Charlotte Thompson.

"*Le Tour du Monde en Quatre-vingt Jours*" will, it is said, be the most splendid *fête* ever produced in Paris. In this tour of the world in eighty days every place of note will be visited, and a national *fête*, with *à propos* adventures, will be given.

The very ingenious plot of Mr. Daly's new and much-talked-about play, "What Should She Do," lately produced at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, is taken from Edmond About's novel, "Germaine," a translation of which was published in this country some twelve or fourteen years ago. The book was dramatized in France on its first appearance, and met with great favour, the play having a run of more than a hundred nights. Sundry changes have been introduced into the American version, which do not heighten the plausibility of the Frenchman's clever story.

No less a sum than 1,604,000*fr.* has been voted by the National Assembly of Versailles for certain lyric and dramatic theatres and other institutions in Paris, the majority of which, time out of mind, have been accustomed to the Government "subvention"—a privilege unknown to this country. The Grand Opera gets 800,000*fr.*, with 20,000*fr.* additional for its "Caisse des Retraites"; the Théâtre Français, 240,000*fr.*; the Opéra Comique, 140,000; the Théâtre Lyrique, 100,000; the Odéon, 60,000*fr.* To the Paris Conservatoire and its provincial branches a sum of 220,000 francs is awarded, a fresh subvention of 4,000 francs accruing to the Conservatoire at Dijon.

"Much Ado About Nothing" is to be the play in which Miss Nilsson is to reappear before American audiences. It will be given at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, October 19. Miss Nilsson has not yet been seen in the rôle of *Beatrice*, and, although the charm of her *Juliet* is undiminished, many of her admirers will be glad to have her add a fresh and notable personation to her repertoire. She is now in Normandy, and intends to sail for America at the close of the present month. A new leading actor from London has been engaged to support Miss Nilsson this season.

One more has been added to the long list of medical triumphs that have been achieved during the last few years. One of the most acutely painful diseases to which man is liable has at last been successfully treated by a harmless and painless application, which produces certain and almost instant relief. For Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Sciatica, Nervous Headache, and all chronic and nervous disorders there is nothing like the Diamond Rheumatic Cure. The effect of this valuable preparation is little short of miraculous, as has been tested by hosts of reliable witnesses in Canada and the United States.