

able charge, breakfast, too, will be provided; but it will be found more convenient to take meals away from home, either at a restaurant or at one of the Hotels (where you may join the table-d'hote without living in the house.) In this way the expense of meals need not exceed five francs a day. Take for instance the Milles Colonne, one of the most celebrated restaurants in the Palais Royal, (which is not frequented by the bourgeoisie, but by ladies and gentlemen.) the breakfast, for which a franc and a half is charged, consists of half a bottle of good wine, (Macon or Chablis,) two courses at choice, and dessert. The dinner costs 2 francs and consists of the same as breakfast, with the addition of *potage* and another course, or for half a franc extra a *whole* bottle of *old* wine is given. There are places nearly as good which are cheaper, as Halarant's, or the five arcades; the main difference being in the quality of the wine. Then you get a cup of coffee or a glass of sherbet at one of the Cafes on the Boulevards, where you may also read the papers. For a small party it is better to dine in this way than *a la carte*, but for a large party (five or six) you may by a judicious selection from the *carte* make a better dinner, with greater variety of dishes, and for the same cost. Of course there are restaurants more expensive than those I have named, such as 'Les trois freres Provencaux', or 'Very,' but having tried them we find very little difference except in the *bill*. No doubt, if regardless of price, one *can* get a better dinner at these places than at the others, but we are speaking of the daily meals of an ordinary moderate man.

So it will be seen that the *expense* of a visit to Paris is not alarming; and there is always enough going on to repay one for the trouble.

Being anxious to get back again to London, we left our friends on Friday night and returned by the same road we went, reaching London at nine o'clock on Saturday morning, after only a week's absence—and having spent something less than *six pounds*! Was it not worth the money?

D. S.

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## DYING WORDS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS.

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II.—"I MUST SLEEP NOW."—BYRON.

He who had ruled the glorious world of song  
 The victor in the intellectual race;  
 Playing upon the precipice of wrong,  
 As children sport in some unguarded chace,  
 Drooped down his weary head in silent pain,  
 While death laid icy fingers on his brow;  
 Lulling those troubled thoughts whose changful train  
 Had oft oppressed and wearied him till now.