

THE FLANEUR.

In a country parish, a few Sundays ago, the priest preached a sermon on the text: "The letter killeth, but the Spirit enliveneth." He adduced a number of illustrations and wound up with the following:

"You know, my brethren, that I have always been solicitous about young people. I have warned them about being alone together. I have said that a young man and a young woman ought not to be seen going about without witnesses, were it only to keep evil tongues from wagging. I have particularly enjoined that a young man must not go driving with a single young girl. He must get a third person to accompany them. Now, I can't complain that I have not been pretty generally obeyed, but in some instances the obedience has been only according to the letter, not according to the spirit. For example, a young fellow takes two girls out with him, and sits upon their knees while driving."

The good priest pretended to be very wroth when he said this, but there was a lurking smile at the corners of his lips, as he related this *literal* carrying out of his injunctions.

The late Chief Bertram was the most active and wakeful of men. At the first tap of the fire alarm, he was among the foremost at his engine, summer or winter, at any moment of the day, at any hour of the stormiest or coldest night. For a man of his age and broken health, his activity was a marvel. But he lived only to do his duty and he died in harness.

During the two days and nights that he lay in state, prior to the splendid funeral which public gratitude decreed him, it was remarked with satisfaction that there was not a single alarm to disturb his slumber. It seemed as if all the incendiaries of the town, and even the terrible element which he had quelled so often, respected him at that solemn time.

Two gentlemen passing along in front of the Central Station observed this singular fact.

"Very remarkable," said one.

"It is just as well," said the other, "for if the alarm had sounded while he lay up stairs, the old Chief would have leaped from his coffin and rushed to the rescue."

Beautiful tribute!

But it is best as it is. He has heard his last alarm and is now at rest—forever.

A curious way of gathering statistics. A friend of mine, making a tour of the beautiful Richelieu river, the Rhone of Canada, found himself landed at the village of St. Denis, on a Sunday morning, the boat having anchored for Divine service. After strolling about for some time, visiting the battle field of November 1837, where the rebels gave the old Waterloo hero, Colonel Gore, a rather disagreeable drubbing, he pulled up in front of the parish church. There he saw a number of horses and waggons belonging to the *habitants*. He leaned against a telegraph pole and counted them.

There were just 100.

He then began to calculate how much they were worth. Putting the waggons at an average of \$50, and the horses at an average of \$70—horses are low just now—he concluded that the parish of St. Denis was worth about \$12,000 in horses and waggons alone.

Could my friend have counted the ribbons on the pretty girls' heads as they sallied forth from church, I wonder if he could have discovered what they would come to, ribbons and—girls.

A gentlemen in this city is a very hard student, but has very little time to himself. He has been trying for a long while to find a few minutes a week to burnish up his German in which he has got rusty. At last he struck upon an idea. He bought a German prayer book and uses it every Sunday at church.

"What do you think of that plan of making versions?" I asked of a clergyman, relating to him the incident.

"Perversions, you mean," he answered with a scowl.

Somebody was telling me yesterday of a cheese-man out in the country who related that his men were pestered by all the small boys in the neighborhood coming around and poking their fingers into the moulds.

"They spoil all the cheese with the nasty holes they make, the confounded little mites," said he.

"Why, I thought that mites were always welcome in cheese," said I.

Why don't we use the word cheeseeries, instead of cheese factories? It is much simpler and just as expressive. The French say *fromagerie*.

A teacher of Belles Lettres, in this city, called for a rhyme to the word "struggles."

The class thumbed their dictionaries, but had to give it up. At last one boy politician thought he might hand in the following:

This Province has its aches and struggles,
But finds a cure in Levi Ruggles,

and he got a double mark.

ALMAVIVA.

THE GLEANER.

BARNUM pays his new balloonist \$200 per day.

THE British Government paid out last year \$5,403,575 in pensions.

THE silver-workers, of Sheffield will give Mr. PLIMSOLL a five hundred dollar cup.

A PHILOSOPHER presents the following general deductions from his observations at a picnic:

Girls with small feet are the most venturesome in climbing trees or wading swamps.

The girl who will fly in terror to the arms of her escort at sight of a toad, will, if she happens upon a snake by herself, deliberately catch it by the tail and jerk its head off.

One ordinary handkerchief is not large enough for two persons to sit upon at one and the same time.

The young man whose pants have been the most mercilessly torn by thorns is the one who is the most urgently solicited to climb trees and fix swings.

Bugs have no sense of propriety.

AN official report places the loss of property by the recent floods in France at 80,000,000 francs, and of life at 550.

MIRAMAR, once the home of Maximilian, is being put in order for the use of Don Alfonso, the Bourbon brother of Don Carlos.

GOV. HARRIS of Pennsylvania has brushed away a world-wide custom. He will no longer have Friday observed as hangman's day.

A HITHERTO unexplored tumulus near Middlehill, Worcester county, England, is to be opened by the Archaeological Society of London.

THE Prismoidal or one-rail railroad completed from Houston to San Antonio, Texas, is now open for traffic. Japan is building one of the same kind that will be 500 miles long.

THE French Assembly increased the salaries of teachers, in the national schools at the last session, so that males now receive from 900 to 1,200 francs per year, and females from 700 to 900.

TWENTY forts and a large number of provisional camps are being constructed in a circle about twelve miles from Paris, and will be completed in 1878, three years sooner than was anticipated.

THE population of Trebigne, the principal town of the Herzegovina, is about 3,000, and a wretched sort of life they lead. Their agriculture is of the rudest and laziest kind, and as there are no good roads in the country, there is no trade.

PROFESSOR LIGHTFOOT deals, in the *Contemporary Review*, with Papias of Hierapolis, pressing the theory that he commented on an existing gospel so far as to maintain that the numerous translations which everybody made as he could had already been superseded when Papias wrote by an authorized Greek translation.

SAYS the N. Y. Sun:—"Having carefully considered a new book which he has just published, we are prepared to say—and we say it boldly—that Mr. ELI PERKINS is an American humorist." He may be an American humorist, but that is no compliment to mark Twain of Bret Harte. Eli is one of the biggest frauds in literature. The man cannot write English.

THE reorganization of the Russian cavalry, just ordered by the Emperor Alexander, amounts to the permanent mobilization of some 50,000 horse. In accordance with this important measure, the greater part of the cavalry in European Russia will be always kept on a war footing, and stationed a long railway lines, so as to be ready to act at a moment's notice.

Two divers who were engaged in clearing a wreck in the sea near the Island of St. Honoret, on the French coast, are said to have been seized by a gigantic octopus, who clutched them in its hideous folds. One of them, fortunately, had his arm free and rang the alarm bell, which brought down a crowd of divers armed with pickaxes and axes, with which they cut the monster to pieces. He was found to measure three metres.

A GERMAN paper expresses uneasiness at the decreasing population of Prussia proper. Between 1861 and 1864 there was an increase of 8,409, but between 1864 and 1867 there was a decrease of 12,922 and between 1867 and 1871 one of 56,440. Allowing for the loss of life in the last two wars, and for the Prussian soldiers quartered in France at the time of the census, the loss of population of ten years amounts to 52,200.

M. THIERS is an enthusiastic horticulturist. He knows each flower in his garden, and treats it as a personal friend. The little semi-circular pleasure-ground at the back of his mansion in Paris is tended by two gardeners. The master's ideal is so high that they scarcely suffice for the work. There is no fresher or more delicious spot in Paris than this oasis. Birds are encouraged to settle in it. The Commune did not destroy the old trees; but a fine poplar and mountain ash were killed by the demolition dust.

THE *Frankfurter Zeitung* states that a merchant belonging to Buisen, near Cologne, was summoned before the tribunals for having, during his sleep, uttered some words which might be construed as injurious to M. de Bismarck. No sentence was passed on him; but the president of the court remarked with severity that the accused had only to thank himself for the inconvenience to which he had been put, because, if he were not an enemy of Prince de Bismarck, he

ought not during his sleep to have insulted the benefactor of Germany.

A NEW variety of the Mennonite, or Continental Quaker sect, is gaining ground in Hungary to an extent that threatens considerable embarrassment to the Administration. These so-called Nazarenes not only disown all clerical organization, and refuse to take any oath or enter any military service, but they dispute the lawfulness of taxes that go to support State Church or army. All assessments made on them are therefore levied under protest. They are said to be an offshoot of Calvinism, but have of late been largely recruited from among the working population, so that their numbers, estimated a few years since at 6,000 only, are now officially stated at 30,000, and said to be really much larger.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

Too late for the fair.—An old bachelor.

WHEN is a lover like a tailor?—When he presses his suit.

LOVE is said to be blind, but Billings says he knows lots of fellows in love who see twice as much in their girls as he can.

THE young woman who fainted away has been told by her family that it would be more delicate for her to faint at home.

A RUSSIAN PROVERB says:—"Before going to war, pray once; before going to sea, pray twice; before getting married, pray three times."

AN "engaged" young man, whose girl makes him go home four hours before daylight, wishes the nights were three months long, as they are in Norway.

In the form of an enchanted fan appear a galaxy of lovely heads typical of the beauties of the Austrian capital. The whole combination is picturesque and artistic.

LADIES should remember to keep their mouths shut when going out of a warm room into the cold air. In fact, it would not hurt much to keep them shut most of the time.

A MILWAUKIE young man has a scrap-book containing the marriage notices of all women that he has loved, and he sits out in the moonlight and reads it and cries.

WHEN a Canada girl loves she loves like a hand-engine going to a fire. In a breach of promise suit the other day it was shown that a young lady wrote to her lover eight times per day!

AN Indiana girl wanted to see if her lover really loved her, and she got a boy to yell "mad-dog!" as they were walking out. The lover flew over a fence and left her to be chewed up, and she went right away and married a store-clerk.

AN officer in the army laughed at a timid woman because she was alarmed at the noise of a cannon when a salute was fired. He subsequently married that timid woman, and six months afterwards he took off his boots in the hall when he came in late at night.

A MASSACHUSETTS man is currying favor with the fair sex by a tract in which he seeks to show that there are two heavens, one for men and one for women. The latter are to pass into their heaven without discrimination, but the men are to be sifted before admission.

A LADY who was in the habit of spending much of her time in the society of her neighbours, happened one day to be taken suddenly ill, and sent her husband, in great haste, for the physician. The husband ran a few rods, but soon returned, exclaiming, "My dear, where shall I find you when I get back?"

The other day some ladies were out visiting. There being a little two-year-old present one of the ladies asked him if he would kiss her. He answered, "No." "What is the reason that you will not kiss me?" "I'm too little to kiss you; papa will kiss you; papa kisses all the big girls." He was permitted to play with his toys.

CURIOUS answers often come out in examination for the civil service. The word "inheritance" occurring in a page of reading, the examiner interrogated the youngster; "What is inheritance?"—"Patrimony."—"What is patrimony?"—"Something left by a father."—"What would you call it if left by a mother?"—"Matrimony."

A SHORT time since, two young ladies near Camberwell were accosted by a gipsy woman, who told them that for a shilling each she would show them their husband's faces in a pail of water; this being brought, they exclaimed, "We only see our own faces!"—"Well," said the old woman, "those faces will be your husband's when you are married."

In a certain French comedy a young man about to be married is found under somewhat suspicious circumstances purchasing a piano. He assures his prospective father-in-law that he intends the instrument for his bride. "But you know very well," objects the father-in-law, "that she doesn't play." "Of course I do," responds the ready-witted bridegroom, "otherwise I shouldn't be such a fool as to give her a piano."

SPEAKING of the Greek style of wearing the hair a correspondent says: Scarcely one American woman out of ten thousand has a head and face of classic mould, and nothing can be more trying to piquant faces, pug noses, and heads on which one "bump" is developed at the expense of another, than just this style of wearing the hair. It takes away all the piquancy with which nature makes up for the want of regular features, and transforms the saucy beauty into a demure-looking Quakeress. For this reason, notwithstanding its convenience, we predict that it will not be universally adopted, nor long popular.

VICTOR HUGO.

Arsène Houssaye writes:—I went to take tea with VICTOR HUGO. I wanted to see, at one glance, so to speak, the two most illustrious men who remain in France. Victor Hugo, who is almost as old as M. Thiers, has a superabundance of life which is inexplicable. We have been friends since 1830, and I have always found him the most valiant of men; rising early and going to bed late, a worker and a fighter, like Henry IV., having his "triple talent" in another kind. No one to-day is more gallant with women, more brilliant with men, more poetical in solitude. He continues the "Legend of the Ages," with superhuman energy, and with all the splendor of his best years. And do you know how he rests himself from all this? At three o'clock in the afternoon he climbs nimbly upon the imperial of an omnibus, without knowing where it is going. What is that to him? so that he can breathe the fresh air, and be isolated, as he says, in the midst of the crowd. For he does not like to be recognized and so he has worn for years past no decorations. He wishes to be treated as the first comer, not from any democratic sentiment, for he estimates himself at his true value, but simply that he may not be stared out of countenance. The omnibus takes him sometimes to the Arch of Triumph, sometimes to the Barrier of the Throne, sometimes to the Observatory. His enemies say sometimes to Charenton. He does not know where he is going until the stage stops; he has passed his time dreaming or rhyming. He comes back the same way. When he comes home—dressed winter and summer in a simple dark *paletot*—he finds his guests awaiting him, for he has always seven or eight friends to dinner, poets and statesmen. His poetry is always tinged with politics, but his politics are always illumined with poetry. He dines at eight o'clock, as does M. Thiers. His grandchildren, the son and daughter of Charles Hugo, are there with their mother, a woman full of charm and grace. It always seems a family party at Hugo's, he throws so much of his heart into his wit, at his table. His enemies say there is nothing else there. Do not believe it. There is not an abundance of rare wines, but there is good wine in abundance. The cook is a *Cordon bleu*, to whom Hugo would willingly give his red ribbon, so well has he preserved the good traditions of the French kitchen. You do not go to supper after dining with Victor Hugo, as you must after so many official dinners, where they try to poison you with an endless succession of bad dishes.

ARTISTIC.

HERR BANDEL, the sculptor of the Hermann memorial, has received from the Emperor of Germany the Order of the Iron Crown of the third class.

DR. SCHLIEMANN is engaged in visiting the prehistoric museums of the north of Europe, including those of Stockholm, Copenhagen, and Germany.

A work supposed to be by Sir Joshua Reynolds has been discovered in Chicago. It is a portrait of Mrs. Sherman's great-grandfather, and was painted by Sir Joshua, if at all, in the prime of his powers.

THE father of the late Henry Regnault, the young painter killed near Paris during the war, has presented to the Louvre a hundred sketches prepared from the compositions of his son. The most remarkable of them will shortly be exhibited at the Luxembourg.

THE Marquis Campana's collection, so far as it remains in the Mont de Piété at Rome, is to be sold. The collection comprises no less than 1244 numbers of Etruscan antiquities, and the value is estimated by connoisseurs at nearly a million of francs.

A gigantic statue of William the Conqueror is to be unveiled at Falaise on the 29th of September. The monument will be surrounded with the statues of the six first Dukes of Normandy, and has been erected by subscription. It is the work of M. Louis Rochet.

MR. GEORGE DENNIS the author of the *Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria*, is preparing for publication a work on Syracuse and its antiquities. Mr. Dennis has for some time past been British Consul at Palermo, and there are few places which offer a richer field than Syracuse to the veteran explorer and archaeologist.

THE monument to be erected near Metz, but on French soil, in memory of the battles of Mars la Tour, Gravelotte, and St. Privat has been temporarily placed in the Champs Elysées. It represents France in an erect attitude placing a wreath of *immortelles* on the head of a wounded soldier whom she is supporting in her arms. At her feet two children seated on an anchor are catching the rifle falling from his hand.

M. CHARLES TIMBAL has just finished the great fresco entrusted to him by the City of Paris for the Church of Sorbonne, and to which he has devoted three years. This fresco, which is at least six metres in width by as many in height, occupies the whole of the wall at the foot of the right transept of the church, where the tomb of the Cardinal Richelieu stands. It is a vast allegorical picture representing Theology.

MR. ROGERS, whose plaster groups are so much admired, and adorn so many homes, has succeeded in adapting artificial stone to statuary purposes. With the assistance of Professor Joy, he has produced an artificial stone, which is cast in moulds, and the figures come out with all the lines, even the most delicate, sharply defined. The artist warrants their durability under the severest tests of any climate. The material is white, and not unlike marble in appearance.

PROFESSOR BRUNN, of Munich, condemns as work of the Cinque-Cento period the two celebrated onyx vases in Naples and Brunswick. As to the Brunswick vase it may not matter so much, since doubts had before been entertained about its antiquity, notwithstanding the fact of its history being known back to the year 630. But to throw suspicion on the Farnese Tazza at Naples must, when it is done by a person of Brunn's authority, lead to grave doubts as to the genuineness of large cameos generally.

In the MSS. Department of the British Museum a whole series of admirable drawings have been found, which were made by W. Hodges, R.A., during the second voyage of Captain Cook. He accompanied this navigator as draughtsman. The drawings accompany the MS. account of Cook's voyages, and are, of course, hardly ever seen. One portion is in a huge portfolio, which requires the strength of several men to lift it from the shelf where it has lain a long while. Another portion is united to the journal.