

hats, marching to their strains of old French military airs; women pursuing various occupations in the cap and *fichu* made familiar to us by the pictures of Marie Antoinette, in her captivity, and Charlotte Corday; seeing the serving men in the cafés, attired in long flapped coloured coats, all looking as though they had never worn any other garments; for the French are dramatic *dans l'âme*, and enter into the spirit of the thing, as no English ever could; thus forming a whole which strikes the imagination far more than the Old London Street, so much talked of and remarked, at the Health Exhibition, held in London two years ago.

The old houses are here all occupied by a trade; close under the tower of the Bastille is a fan shop, from the upper windows of which leans a huge bear a fan delicately poised between his paws. The Tavern of the children of Bacchus has an old sign made of wrought iron, with the holly bush swinging in the breeze. Next to the church of Sainte Marie a strange little medieval house contains a potter working at his trade surrounded by a quantity of plates and ornaments for show and sale. A great Paris printer has gathered together a curious collection of last century presses and implements with which he is turning out antique handbills and proclamations in the original type. A public writer has an open stall where the passerby can get his letters indited, and two men offer you a ride in a genuine old sedan chair; in a *crémère* dedicated to *Le Petit Trianon* milk is sold at two *sous* the glass—such are a few of the details of this wonderful show.

Passing through the portals of the church we find ourselves in presence of four panoramic pictures which are wonderfully vivid and powerful, the first represents Latude's escape, a ghastly swinging figure, swaying in mid air far above the roofs of Paris, then the reception of a prisoner at the Bastille, Paris the night following after the destruction of the great prison by the people and lastly Camille Desmoulins making his famous speech in the garden of the Palais Royal. This restoration of old Paris will certainly remain the most interesting feature of the exhibition held in honour of the Centenary of the great French Revolution.

The experiments on the effects of the Lebel Gun of which the results were embodied in a report presented to the Académie de Médecine have aroused much interest in France and Germany. Twenty corpses were placed at varying distances and the force of the new projectile tested with the greatest care, it was found that the bones of the human body were simply traversed without fracture, the extreme velocity of the shot causing the aperture of the wound to be so small as to render it impossible or at least very difficult of treatment from a medical point of view. The Lebel gun is also almost smokeless and soundless so that the din and roar of battle will become a thing of the past in the coming European Wars, for, though for the moment the French have managed to keep this invention only known to themselves no doubt something analogous will soon be discovered in Germany.

The engagement of Princess Letitia Bonaparte to her uncle the Duc D'Aoste brother to the King of Italy, has delighted the Imperialists of all shades in France, for it is said that a general family reconciliation will take place on the wedding day, when there will be assembled together the Empress Eugénie, who will dower the bride, Prince Jérôme, who can hardly escape being at his own daughter's marriage, and Prince Victor, whose mother, the good and pious Princess Clotilde, has been persuaded to throw aside party feeling on this joyful occasion. The bridegroom is forty-three and has three grown up children, he is well known in Paris having been for years the intimate friend of the late Prince of Orange. The bride is two and twenty and has shared her mother's task of peacemaker to the whole family who are all fond of her, but for this matrimonial arrangement she would probably would have become a nun, no marriage seeming possible for a Catholic and Bonapartist Princess living in a small Italian town where the only *distractions* consisted in a rare visit from one or other of her male relatives who, not being on speaking terms with each other, always came in solitary state.

Those well informed here seem to think that a Fourth Empire is on the cards, sooner or later. The Bonapartist interest is strongly kept up in the Paris world by the Princess Mathilde, a clever and remarkable woman, to whom all deem it an honour to be presented. She is very wealthy, and receives largely "all sorts and conditions of men," caring little about their politics as long as they are famous in art, literature, or the world for any special gift. It is said that the bulk of her large fortune will enrich her nephew, Victor, but she hopes to live long enough to see him Emperor, where a few millions more or less will be of little consequence to the great nephew of Napoleon I.

Last week M. de Maupas died, at the age of seventy. To him Napoleon III. owed, more than to any one else, the conception and success of the *coup d'Etat*; nor was he unmindful of the debt he owed to his friend. Till the war of 1870 De Maupas' power steadily increased, and he was left several personal *souvenirs* of his unfortunate master. M. A. B.

THE highest court in this State has passed upon the legality of the boycott as applied to a non-union labourer, and holds that no organization has a right to insist on the discharge of an objectionable workman or prevent him from obtaining work elsewhere. This is a wholesome and satisfactory decision. Five members of the Knights of Labour were arrested on a charge of conspiracy in the case of Hartt, a shoemaker, who refused to join in a strike, whose discharge they secured, and whom they prevented from getting work in other shops. The accused men secured writs of *habeas corpus*. Justice Barrett and the general of the supreme court in turn dismissed the writs, and these two decisions have been confirmed by the court of appeals.—*New York Tribune*.

ODE TO BENLOMOND.

BENLOMOND, once more
I have sought Scotia's shore,
Through the track of the desolate sea,
(Before I pass on
To the awful unknown)
To take my last farewell of thee:
With a heart running o'er
I behold thee once more
Stand forth in thy garments of blue;
Unchanged thou'rt by time,
Ev'ry feature sublime,
That so well in my boyhood I knew.

Over land, over sea,
Thou hast haunted me—
Yea, hung o'er my head like a spell;
When I heard some old air,
Lo! behold thou wert there
Of the haunts of my boyhood to tell;
The sunlight and air
Of life's morning were there;
And the tale and the ballad that thrills—
Once more o'er the main,
A young rover again
'Mid the glory that dwells in the hills.

Yes, back thou didst bring
All the joy of life's spring,
I breathed in youth's passionate air;
Inhaled the perfume
Of the bud and the bloom,
And knew naught of sorrow and care.
Oh joy, of all joy!
When a happy schoolboy
Aloft on thy bosom to climb,
Among the fresh bloom
Of the rich golden broom,
The wild myrtle, heather and thyme.

At morn how I'd shout,
When I saw thee start out
Of the great rolling vapoury sea;
Thy head in the blue,
While the purple dawn threw
Such garments of glory round thee.
Well remembered that dawn,
As I gazed from the lawn,
Such purples thy bosom hung o'er;
The delight of my heart,
To such rapture did start,
That a song leapt to life from its core.

Then in gloaming, how weird!
Unto me you appeared
In thy mystical mantle of grey,
While the moon with her train,
Through the magic domain,
Came forth their mute homage to pay;
And how thou didst shout
When the tempests were out,
And the lightnings around thee did leap!
I still hear thy voice,
With the thunders rejoice,
While around thee their revels they keep.

Then, as with a shock,
In my spirit awoke
Great thoughts that lay there all asleep—
In a moment of time
Inner regions sublime
Athwart my roused vision did sweep;
And how thou didst draw
Admiration and awe
As a garment my spirit around;
Till I felt we are here,
In a magical sphere,
Floating mist-like above the profound.

The green earth supernal,
With beauty is vernal,
Encompassed with glory are we!
Tho' strangers in time
Our whole being's sublime,
And awful as death and the sea—
Yea, in travail through time,
All I've felt of sublime
In the firmament, earth or the sea,
Ev'ry colour and sound,
Ev'ry heart-leap and bound,
Were somehow related to thee.

Amaranth Station.

ALEXANDER McLAUCHLAN.