

divided into seven parts, which are sub-divided into forty-nine chapters, again sub-divided into 425 sections or clauses.

THE people of Paris are already making fun of us English travellers. With good reason, if what they say be true. According to them, Englishmen go about the boulevards with conversation-books in their hands and dictionaries in their pockets, and have no compunction in inveigling a polite Parisian into a conversation conducted by means of these artificial aids to a mutual understanding. The Parisian is too well mannered to protest or even to laugh; he does not like to say "Bon jour" and leave the Englishman to talk to his dictionary alone. But, nevertheless, he says in his journal (which these Englishmen never read) that it is too hard upon him to ask him to lose an hour while foreigners are using him for the purpose of learning his language.

### ECHOES FROM PARIS.

SUICIDE in Paris seems to be an increasing mania—almost an epidemic. Every day some poor, wretched creature, driven to despair by one of the two universal wants—money and love—takes the fatal leap into eternity. Now and then a case occurs in which there is no apparent motive, like that of the respectable chief engineer, Nouton, who was buried this week in Paris. The announcement of one suicide is often speedily followed by another, the thoughts of the unhappy being drawn to the subject and to the means of suddenly ending their sufferings.

A HINT worth remembering will be found in the subjoined reflections by one who knows Paris like a book:—What always makes me furious in fashionable French restaurants are the radishes, the pat of butter, and the half-dozen prawns that are placed upon the table by the waiter. These are charged in the bill about four francs. They are the snares for the unwary. If ever I ask a friend to dine with me in Paris, I do so long to beg him to order whatever he likes, provided that he does eat a radish or a prawn. Commit, my friends, what extravagancies you like, but never whilst at Paris toy with a radish or a prawn.

On the night after Sothorn's appearance, a most charming literary and artistic reunion was given in his honour by Edward Ledger, the popular editor and proprietor of the *Era* newspaper, at his charming house in Regent's-park. I don't think I was ever present at a better arranged party. The house, with its rare collection of old blue and white Nankin china, its armour, art decorations and curious theatrical relics, is in itself worth a visit, but when you fill the saloons with representatives of the highest aristocracy and the noblest art, when you find dukes, baronets, tragedians, comedians, painters, musicians, and singers all enjoying themselves, and contributing to the success of the evening, and when, finally, to this is added the nameless art and accomplished grace of a handsome and courteous hostess, then surely Sothorn was appropriately complimented, and the company was generally pleased.

A VERY successful experiment has been tried during the present month in Paris—that of driving in one team four of the famous Russian trotters, magnificent horses of great power, action and speed, rather a difficult task, even for the most experienced whip, on account of their bearing so heavily on the bit in their usual style of going. On Monday, as the drag of his Imperial Highness the Duke Nicholas, driven by Captain Patten-Saunders, passed down the Champs Elysées, the crowd assembled to witness the return from the Auteuil races, and largely augmented by that coming out of the Exhibition, got so enthusiastic at the appearance of this turbot out (added to by the elegance of the toilettes of the illustrious ladies who graced the roof), that they gave it a spontaneous ovation along the whole line.

THE fancy fair, or kermesse, held in the Tuileries Garden, by seventy ladies of high rank, remarkable for wealth and beauty, or both, has been the great fashionable event of the season. The admission was five francs, and the crowd immense. The weather was very fine. The attractions of the day included a theatre, which literally was a floral edifice, and on the boards of which the most popular buffo singers sang their liveliest airs. Judic, Theo, Peschard, Dupuis performed, and also the company of the Théâtre Français, in a theatre built of planks and canvas, according to the Hôtel de Bourgogne playhouse, in which Molière at the beginning of his career acted. Opposite the ladies' stalls there were wheels of fortune, Dutch tops, revolving wooden horses, and puppet-shows for children. The Princess Poniatowski sold drams at an American bar, dressed à la mode de Trianon. The Duchess de la Rochefoucauld, the Princess de Leon, and some other very fair and illustrious dames, retailed milk fresh from cows, which were installed in a dairy shed. A marchioness, dressed as a dairymaid, dealt in palmistry, and a professional fortune-teller divined the future with the help of cards. Gustave Doré, Protais, Detaille, and many other no less famous artists, contributed paintings for the raffle. M. Sardou sent a manuscript page of

his speech at the Academy, and the Princess Sagan, a porte-bouquet in gold and diamonds, worth four hundred pounds. The new summer fashion here shown for the first time is to affect the rusticity which was in vogue in the time of Marie Antoinette. The lady patronesses generally wore deep crimson and rose du roi. Madame MacMahon, whose sister and niece were saleswomen, wanted to pay the entrance fee, but the stewards who received her insisted on her not doing so. She had previously sent for the lottery a Sèvres vase. Mlle. MacMahon accompanied her mother. The attendance of exotic Royalty was numerous. A special pavilion was reserved for it and for the Presidential family.

### THE GLEANER.

IT is estimated that American tourists will leave over \$20,000,000 in Europe this year.

MATTIA SALVATORE, a young priest, has drawn \$422,000 in a lottery at Naples, in Italy.

BRET HARTE left New York for Europe recently to assume the duties of the consulate to which he has been appointed.

RUMOURS are current that the Queen will pay a visit in state to Malta to inspect the Indian troops as Empress of India.

As many as 7,000 salmon are often taken at one haul of the seine in Alaska, some of them weighing from forty-five to one hundred pounds each.

MR. MALET, who has been appointed Secretary of the British Embassy at Constantinople, is said to be the coming man in the diplomatic service of Great Britain.

THE Emperor of Brazil is having a street-car built in New York city for his own use. It is handsome, and will be used to convey the emperor from his country house to his executive palace in Rio de Janeiro.

THE Prince of Wales was recently taken to task in Paris for the cordial manner with which he received Gambetta. The future king replied: "It was a part of the show."

THE Indian troops are in high spirits, and will be terribly chagrined if there is no war, or if they are disappointed in their expectation of seeing the queen and England.

AT the recent fishmonger's banquet in London, Mr. Gladstone declared the French and Italian cooks to be the best in the world, and hoped that the English would learn to imitate them, and stand out against the traditional bloody roast beef.

A PARTY of English engineers and mining managers are paying a visit to the coal fields of the North of France, their object being to examine the geological strata, and ascertain whether the coal bed is not the continuation of that in Somersetshire.

PLAY has become so high in the London clubs that it is asserted that at least £3,000,000 change hands over the card tables every season, and both honour and fortune slide down into the whirlpool of ruin. To the clubs can be traced the downfall of many of the young men of England.

WATERLOO bridge, one of the finest and most elegant bridges crossing the river Thames, has latterly become so insecure that it will have either to be repaired at an enormous cost or else pulled down. It was built soon after the celebrated battle, and opened with great ceremony by George IV.

WHEN Nobeling, the Socialist assassin, was at the University of Leipsic, he was known as an inoffensive, quiet and diligent student, often working late into the night. He relieved his studies by practising pistol-shooting, and once, for a whole fortnight, read the Bible. He is a thoroughly educated man.

THE Pope presided the other day over the Commission of Christian Archaeology, being the first time in 120 years that the Pope has filled the chair at a meeting of savans, and he ordered the excavation of the Catacombs of St. Petronilla at his own expense.

IMBEDDED in the wall of the palace of Assur-Bani-Pala at Nineveh, a round clay cylinder divided into ten compartments, and containing nearly 1,300 lines of fine inscription, has been found by Mr. Rassam. What the inscription means has yet to be determined.

THE recent growth of Paris is in remarkable contrast with former years. In the reign of Henry II., during the sixteenth century, it contained about 12,000 houses. About two hundred years later, in 1750, the number had only increased to 20,000. In 1817 there were but 26,751; in 1834, 29,000. In 1878, after a lapse of only forty-four years, there are 75,273.

THE memory of Luigi Farini, the Italian liberator, physician, conspirator, journalist, historian and statesman, has been honoured by the erection of a monument by the sculptor Pazzi at Ravenna. The King, the Senate, the Chamber of Deputies and one hundred public bodies were represented at the unveiling of the monument on the 9th inst. Signor Minghetti and Signor Cialdini were the orators of the occasion.

DR. WILLARD, of the Chicago High School, declares that school-room walls, for the sake of pupils' eyes, should be tinted with a pinkish, greenish or bluish tinge, and the blackboards

should be green, brownish or drab in colour. He adds that it is a mistake to think that the board must be black to make the chalk mark distinct; and that though the relief and comfort to the eye may seem slight, it amounts to a great deal, taking day after day.

AFTER the wreck of the German ironclad, the "Grosser Kurfurst," the crew of a fishing-smack brought up two bodies of drowned sailors in their nets. The thrifty fishermen, being possessed of a fear lest they might have to bury the bodies themselves, let them sink again. When they reached the shore they were pleased to see that the German ambassador had offered a reward of \$10 for each corpse recovered.

THEY tell a funny story in Paris à propos of the high prices charged by cabmen this year to unsuspecting strangers. A fare of seemingly foreign aspect, and speaking with a strongly-marked foreign accent, hailed a carriage, and desired to be driven to the Trocadéro. The cabman observed, "Twenty francs, milord." "Aoh, yes!" the apparent Englishman ejaculated, but on arriving he dropped sham insularity, and, informing Jehu with the most perfect Parisian accent that he had mistaken his man, handed him the exact legal fare, and left him to his reflections.

THE revenue of the Dominion of Canada for 1878-9 is estimated at \$23,800,000, and the expenditure at \$300,000 less, exclusive of \$7,500,000 needed to meet the Dominion debentures falling due to England, and \$8,300,000 which is to be spent on the Pacific Railway and the enlargement of the Welland and Lachine canals. The debt of Canada is now \$160,000,000, or \$40 per head of the population.

IT is a curious fact that so many dwellings once the homes of poets should have been public houses at one time or another. Burns' native cottage was a house of this description; the house in which Moore was born was a whiskey-shop, and Shelley's house at Great Marlow a beer-shop. Even Coleridge's residence at Nether Stowey, the very house in which the poet composed his sweet "Ode to the Nightingale," became a beer-house. A house in which James Montgomery lived for forty years at Sheffield was a beer-shop; and the birth-place of Kirke White is now a house for retailing intoxicating beverages.

### HEARTH AND HOME.

PRESENT DUTY.—Pleasant is it to entertain the picture of ourselves in some future scene, planning wisely, feeling nobly, and executing with the holy triumph of the will; but it is a different thing—not in the green avenues of the future, but in the hot dust of the present moment; not in the dramatic positions of the fancy, but in the plain prosaic now—to do the duty that waits and wants us. Without great effort was nothing worthy ever achieved; and he who is never conscious of any strong lift within the mind may know that he is a cumberer of the ground.

A PERFECT FRIEND.—What we want, or ought to want in a perfect friend is, above all, an ally for our best self—an ally against our own faults and weaknesses as well as against the world. If to this alliance can be added a sympathy so minute and flexible as to reflect our lightest emotion and to quiver with every passing ripple of apprehension, of fun or of regret, which crosses our minds, we are indeed singularly blessed. But life is not so rich that we can afford to reject or despise lower degrees of helpfulness. As we grow older we learn to welcome and to enjoy many a clumsy expression of goodwill at which inexperienced youth would chafe or wince, and amongst other things we discover the value of yesterday's sympathy.

THE PECUNIARY VALUE OF TASTE.—People in general have a very inadequate appreciation of the pecuniary value of taste. Taste measurably supplies a deficiency of means in almost everything. How often do we see a cheap but tastefully planned and arranged cottage excelling in attractiveness the spacious and costly but ill-contrived dwelling! The difference between taste and the want of it is strikingly manifest in the laying out of grounds and planting of trees and shrubs. It is also manifest in other ways. One person always appears well-dressed; another never; yet the one who is ill dressed may pay his tailor twice as much in a year as the other. So it is with the dress of women. One who does not understand the adaptation of style and colors may be loaded with costly garments and finery, and yet never appear well dressed. To some persons taste in everything seems natural; but in all it admits of cultivation. And the cultivation of one's taste not only saves money, but is a source of much satisfaction and happiness.

PUNCTUALITY.—Punctuality is the soul of business, and yet it is astonishing how many people are unpunctual. It is not only a serious vice in itself, but the fruitful parent of numerous other vices, so that he who becomes its victim is soon involved in toils from which it is almost impossible to escape. It makes the merchant wasteful of time, saps the business reputation of the lawyer, and injures the prospects of the mechanic who might otherwise rise to fortune; in a word, there is not a profession nor station in life which is not liable to the canker of this destructive habit.

LITTLE THINGS.—Springs are little things, but they are sources of large streams; a helm is a little thing, but it governs the course of a ship; a bride-bit is a little thing, but we know its use and power: nails and pegs are little things, but they hold the parts of a large building together; a word, a look, a smile, a frown, are all little things, but powerful for good or evil. Think of this, and mind the little things. Pay that little debt; if it is a promise, redeem it; if it is a sovereign hand it over. You know not what important events may hang upon it. Keep your word sacred; keep it to the children—they will mark it sooner than anyone else, and the effect will probably be as lasting as life. Mind little things.

TRUE CHEERFULNESS.—Along with humility we should cultivate cheerfulness. Humility has no connexion with pensive melancholy or timorous dejection. While the truly humble guard against the distraction of violent passions, they cherish a cheerful disposition of mind. There cannot, indeed, be genuine cheerfulness without the approbation of our heart. While, however, we pay a sacred regard to conscience, it must be enlightened and directed by reason and revelation. And happy are the individuals who can say, "Our rejoicing is this, the testimony of our conscience, that, in simplicity and godly sincerity, we have had our conversation in the world." An approving mind will contribute greatly to cheerfulness, and that equanimity which results from it, from trust in Providence, and from hope of a blessed immortality, is equally remote from sour dissatisfaction, desponding melancholy, and frivolous hilarity. It smooths our path and sweetens our cup, rendering duty easy, and affliction light.

### BURLESQUE.

FOOLING WITH A QUAKER.—He was a peaceable looking man, with a quiet-looking horse attached to an unattractive sleigh, with unostentatious bells. He wore a wide-rimmed hat and a shad-bellied coat, and he drove easily down the South-East hill, journeying from Bucks county to the land of Northampton. He was observed by a fellow of the species rough, whom much loafing made impudent, and who lifted up his yawp:

"S-a-a-y! hat, where are you going with that man!"

"Verily, I journeyed beyond the river, friend," mildly responded the Quaker, "and thither goeth my hat also."

"Hold up, and take a fellow along, can't you?" called out the man of wrath.

"Nay, friend, my business and inclination forbid it."

"I'll soon fix that," and the fool ran forward and jumped on the runner.

"Verily, friend, if thee insists upon getting into my vehicle I will help thee," and the man of peace reached out a right hand as resistless as an oyster-dredge. It caught the youth around his throat worse than a four-year old diphtheria, jerked him into the sleigh, and slammed him down among the straw, where he had got trampled on by a pair of No. 13 cowhides, until he thought he had got caught in a shower of pile-drivers. Finally he got a kick that lifted him clear over the side of the sleigh and ran his head into the bank by the roadside, where he dwindled down in a heap like a gum shoe discouraged by a street car, and murmured, as he rubbed his ensanguined nose in the snow:

"Who'n blazes'd a ever thought the cast-iron man'd gone around with steam up, disguised as a blamed old Quaker!"

### MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MISS FANNY DAVENPORT is said to be worth \$75,000.

It is said that should Aimee again visit America she will appear in English opera bouff.

JENNY LIND made \$1,000,000 in America, and Mr. Goldschmidt invested it so successfully that it has doubled itself.

HENRY J. BYRON has received a royalty of \$20,000 for the London Theatre, where his comedy, "Our Boys," has been running four years.

It is said that English audiences prefer dialogue and are quicker to discover its nice points than Americans who rather enjoy the excitement of action.

JOHN E. OWENS talks of starting on a professional tour of the world next spring, to last two years, which will conclude his public life. Mr. Owens will not have any farewells.

A BIG Yankee from Maine on paying his bill in a London restaurant, was told that the sum put down didn't include the waiter. "Wal," he roared, "I didn't eat any waiter, did I?" He looked as though he could though, and there was no further discussion.

BISMARCK writes in a grand, square and upright style, cutting his letters across the corners, dotting his i's and omitting all flourishes. We regret that it would be a breach of confidence for us to print his last note, received this morning, announcing the results at which the European congress will arrive.

MISS THURSBY has had a very real success in London. The press speaks very warmly of her, and engagements are flowing in upon her rapidly. Immediately after the first Philharmonic concert, at which she sang, she was re-engaged for a second during the season, an unusual honour, as the same singer is very rarely engaged by the society for two concerts in the same season.

AN enthusiastic autograph hunter addressed a note to Verdi, asking the composer of "Il Trovatore" to favour him with a few lines for his autograph album, enclosing a twenty centesimi (four cent) postage stamp. He received the following reply from Verdi's secretary: "The Commandatore Verdi directs me to return your postage stamp."