

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

AN International Congress on alcoholism has been opened at Paris.

It is believed that the receipts at the Paris Exhibition will not cover one-half of the immense expenditure.

It is announced that Mme. Thiers intends publishing the speeches of her late husband; the first two volumes will appear in print in January next.

THE visit of another sovereign to the Paris Exhibition is announced. Menelik II., King of Abyssinia, is expected at the commencement of September.

A COMPANY has been formed at Madrid for the introduction of bull-fights in Paris, but it is to be presumed that the requisite permission will not be accorded.

THE Gobelin's manufactory has constructed a large temporary salon, in which some splendid examples of fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth century work are now on view.

It is said that the well-known M. Bois Dubois has bequeathed the whole of his large fortune to the poor of Paris. The amount reaches close upon 2,000,000 francs (about £80,000).

THE Grand Duke Alexis, travelling under the name of Baron de Schelling; the Grand Duke Constantine, brother of the Czar; the Prince Peter of Oldenburg; and the Grand Duke Nicholas are in Paris.

STEAM launches are threatening the lower reaches of the Seine. In the London Times somebody advertises for a craft that can get up the river so far as Paris. The Seine is a very much neglected river, but full of beauties.

It is expected that during the month of September the Emperor of Austria, the Prince of Wales, the Czarowitch, the King of the Belgians and the King of Italy will meet in Paris; and that Marshal MacMahon will give a grand fête in their honour at the Palace of Versailles.

"AH!" exclaimed a Russian, as he gazed on the unfinished French Exhibition, "there's a sad proof of laxity here." "What do you mean?" asked his friend. "I mean," replied he, "that the Exhibition will be finished before it is completed."

TEN Roman mandolinists have started for Paris, where they intend to display this Roman speciality to the visitors to the Exhibition. The leaders of the company are two of the first mandolinists of Italy, M. Bertucci and Professor Caracca. The repertory consists of symphonies and airs arranged for the mandoline out of the *Muet* of Auber and the *Semiramide* of Rossini, as well as some characteristic music and fantasies for the violin which will be played without change on the mandoline by M. Bertucci.

EXHIBITION souvenirs continue to be the rage in Paris, and while humble visitors content themselves with a penny medal, a twopenny fan bearing a plan or a picture of the building, or a pen, paper-knife, or tiny opera-glass, containing microscopic views, wealthy Parisiennes wear the "Exhibition Bracelet," a gold circlet, ornamented by a representation of the Trocadero, in bas-relief, and pierced with innumerable holes through which can be seen minute pictures of the gardens and the animals illustrating the four quarters of the globe.

THE latest idea here is a floating restaurant, which is destined to have as great a success as the captive balloon. A fine little steamer, the *Touriste*, leaves the Pont Royal, from alongside the Bains de la Frégate, every morning at half-past ten o'clock, and steams down to St. Germain in three hours and a half, from whence it returns at six o'clock. The two decks of the boat are covered with tables, and the restaurant is managed by a company consisting of Cotelain freres, Bouvalet and Champeaux. It is needless to add that the cuisine is excellent. We cannot imagine a more charming manner of seeing the scenery of the Seine, which is very varied and interesting.

THE show of horses and asses to be opened on the 10th of this month, promises to be very interesting. There will be about 1,000 horses exhibited. England, Belgium, Hungary, Denmark, Italy, Holland, and Russia will be represented. England will send seventy horses, the Prince of Wales being an important exhibitor; Belgium, 100; Austria, fifty; Holland, forty; Russia, twenty-five. France will naturally be represented in the largest proportions. The races of Normandy, la Saintonge, the draught horses of the Perche and of Brittany, and the saddle horses of the south will be represented by the finest animals to be found.

THE big balloon in the courtyard of the Tuileries must do a good business. It made 15 ascents on Saturday, 24th ult., taking up 355 passengers at 20f. each, whilst 5,636 persons were admitted at 1f. each to the enclosure. The proceeds for the day reached nearly £500 sterling.

A few such receipts will defray the original cost of the huge machine. It remained at anchor throughout the whole of the preceding Friday on account of the raging tempest. The blast of the hurricane nearly caused the balloon to slip from its moorings; it swayed to and fro, and struggled hard to get free, but the stout hempen cable held on without yielding an inch. Another balloon ascended from the Tuileries courtyard on the preceding day, carrying Don Carlos, his brother-in-law (the Count Bardi), the Count de Bari, and the *fine fleur* of Bourbonism. The Legitimists descended safely, two hours later, some thirty miles from Paris.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago the famous Petra Camara revealed the Spanish dance to the Parisians. The coldest were intoxicated with her success, and the most severe became enthusiastic. In one of his marvellous *Camees* Théophile Gautier immortalized the *Cachucas* of the charming ballerine:

J'ai vu ce fantôme au Gymnase,
Que tout Paris admira,
Lorsque dans son lineol de gaze
Parut la Petra Camara.
Impassible et passionnée,
Fermant ses yeux morts de langueur,
Et comme Inès l'assassinée,
Dansant, un poignard dans le cœur.

The dancers from Madrid who are now at the Gymnase are a mockery and a delusion. We were told to expect the daughter of Petra Camara. In her place we find a colossal, masculine, heavy woman, whose legs resemble a weaver's beam, and who moves with the rapidity of the minute hand of a church clock. If we are to judge by the present troupe, Spanish dancing is in a complete state of decadence.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

A CURIOUS report has got about that Lord Acton is to succeed Mr. Winter Jones as Principal Librarian at the British Museum.

AFTER all, the long-talked-of visit of the Prince of Wales to Australia is likely to be made, probably next year. He is reported to be anxious to see the loyal colony.

It is said that the cause of the sickness in the 42nd may be traced to the fact that there still lurks in it the seed of the fever of the West Coast of Africa. The 42nd was in Ashantee, and perhaps this is the cause of the present outbreak.

It has always been a matter of conjecture why the buildings of many places of interest in London should turn black. Professor Paley says the blackness is not caused altogether by a deposit of smoke and dirt, but of small black lichen. Sunlight is destructive to this stealthy destroyer.

APPROPOS of new peerages and baronetages, the last rumour of this kind concerns the Lord Mayor. He is to be knighted before the expiration of his mayoralty, and there is a rumour that Sir Henry Drummond Wolff in going to Roumelia as Her Majesty's Special Commissioner, is going into training for the Ambassadorship at the Porte.

DR. DUFFY, who was almost a celebrity in his way, has died in London at the age of 71. He had lived for years in Spanish South America, and witnessed, or taken part in, most of the revolutions in which that region is most prolific. He was in treaty with Mrs. Brassey for the translation of her *Voyage of the Sunbeam* into Spanish. It is said Mrs. Brassey has netted a good £3,000 by her book.

MR. GEORGE GRAY, in conjunction with Mr. A. H. Hill, is actively engaged in perfecting a scheme by which it will be possible for clerks, unable to obtain lucrative employment with the quill, to learn a useful trade, such as carving on wood, stone-engraving, &c. About a dozen carefully selected handicrafts will be taught, under competent supervision, at the institution, which, from the outset, will be conducted on self-supporting principles. A preliminary conference will shortly be held in London.

THE report of the Science and Art Department just issued states, in regard to South Kensington Museum, that the purchase vote having been reduced very little has been bought for the collection. Still, something has been acquired, enamels from Limoges and some specimens of Majolica ware especially; and, seeing that the new articles take up several pages, and that the Natural History Museum is going to South Kensington soon, that part of the world seems to have no reason for complaint.

THE promoters of the completion of the inner circle railway for London have just made another application to the Board of Works, having for their object to induce the Board to lend its support to a slight extension of the plan for uniting Cannon Street Station, commonly called the Mansion House Station, of the district railway, with the Aldgate terminus of the Metropolitan Railway, so as to provide an endless series of circular trains, and to furnish accommodation to the Mark-lane and Mincing-lane district of the city.

A NEPHEW of Osman Pacha's has been for several months residing at the Constabulary Depot in the Phoenix Park, Dublin, learning the organization, drill and duties of the Royal Irish Constabulary, with a view to the introduction of a similar force in Turkey. Yousif Aril Bey is the name and title of the visitor. It was at Lord Beaconsfield's suggestion that the Irish Constabulary was selected as the model of the future Turkish Police, and that Osman Pacha's relative, who was one of the heroic defenders of Plevna, was despatched to Dublin to acquire a knowledge of his professional duties.

A VERY industrious enumerator has set to himself the task of counting the number of hours spent by Parliament in actual work during the past Session. He recounts that the Lords had devoted 100 days to legislative labour, the Commons 136; and in the 136 days managed to extend their work over 1,100 hours. "The House of Lords sat for less than a sixth of the above number of hours. The House of Commons sat beyond midnight eighty-five times, and on thirteen nights sat until later than 3 a.m., extending its sitting of the 2nd of August until past 4 o'clock on the next morning, its sitting of the 1st of April until past 6 a.m., and its sitting of the 13th of May until half-past nine on the next morning." The Times reports at the rate of about a column per hour, and had 1,200 columns of speeches during the year. These very important facts must have taken more than a day to discover. "What do they prove?"

BACK TO SCHOOL.

This year the fatal date was the 2nd September. It is more fortunate when the date is the 6th or 7th of the same month, as then the schoolboy gets a few extra days thrown into his vacation.

Why is September adopted all through the United States and Canada for the re-opening of the scholastic year, whereas, in England and on the Continent, October is chosen? The only reason I can see, and a valid one at that, is that September lies at the threshold of the cool weather, and that the summer vacation is well set in the calendar months of July and August. The only offset to this theory is that the same months are at least as hot in Europe, and that, in spite thereof, schools run on there till the first of August.

Throughout America the first Monday of September is a memorable day. For the very few it is marked with a golden star, but to the many a black cross stamps it forever.

It is very hard to associate so untoward a date with the departure of the glories of summer, with the first fall of the leaf, and the return of the calm autumnal days.

There is no use moralizing about it. Schooling is one of the hardships of young life, the effects of which are felt far on in the maturity of age.

We have no royal road to learning. The fruits of instruction, like the fruits of the earth, may be gathered only after patient sowing, patient husbandry, and patient harvesting. Children know this by instinct, and hence the feeling of burden with which they always enter each scholastic year.

Hence, too, I repeat, while some exceptional characters are found who hail the re-opening of the school with pleasure, the great majority of boys and girls see it approach with shrinking of the heart valves, and when the dread day at length arrives, it is like a separation as for the dead to exchange the easy, unrestrained freedom of home, for the seclusion and formal discipline of the school-room. Especially is the separation a doleful one for those poor children who are obliged to go to school in a distant town, or to be locked up in a boarding institution, far from the sight of parents and the companionship of brothers and sisters.

Poor little Johnnie! Only seven years old and yet he has worked himself up to the sticking point. Got a big pile of books, and a leather satchel strapped to his back, like a rifleman, when he needs only a primer; a big slate and a box of lead pencils when he can't write a stroke. The fatal morning comes; he kisses mamma and sisters with just a little quiver of the thin lips, but turns away with papa and marches bravely to school. On the road talks big to keep up his courage and promises all sorts of things. At length they reach the school-house; mistress receives them; last recommendations of papa; and the final kiss and farewell. Then the great brown eyes open, the arms are thrown out to the father and the childish form clings to the big man. Poor little Johnnie has broken down, and can the father stand it?

Poor little Mary! Only six and she, too, must go. Mother intends to do wonders with her daughter. Drawing and music from the start. Lessons in deportment and dancing to follow shortly. The child is fascinated and consents to everything. On the first Monday in September she trips gayly away. Mother has no difficulty at the first. The little thing goes from the parlour in the custody of a mistress; is covered with kisses by the other girls, and the school begins before the romance has worn out. But gradually the little eyes become fixed and the tiny rosy ears distended and the mind is already far away. That evening, Mary nestles more closely to her mother, and when at length she falls asleep, it is to dream that she has lost her home and she calls out to her mother for help in her plight. Poor little Mary!

Courage, however, and patience! The law of compensation applies in the case of these kids, as it does in all the difficult passes of life. Within a few weeks, especially if the studies are congenial, if the tutors are gentle and generous, and if the set of companions happens to be of the right sort, the school yoke will become less irksome, and at intervals, under the stimulant of prizes, or under the charm of favourite authors, reading will become a delight. There is also a soothing resignation in habit. A boy gets used to his daily grind, and after a while does not appear to care.

Montreal.

MUFTI.

LITERARY.

MR. ANTHONY TROLLOPE has just completed a novel with the title "An Eye for an Eye." It is a story of English and Irish society.

THE London Graphic, though still young, is said to have paid one hundred per cent. on its capital of £20,000 for the year ending with June.

JOAQUIN MILLER will publish next month a volume of poems dedicated to Lord Houghton, entitled "Songs of Far Away Lands."

THE friends of Walt Whitman announce that the poet is projecting a new book, "Far and Near at Fifty-Nine" (fifty-nine is his age), comprising all sorts of themes, mostly in prose.

MRS. MORTIMER COLLINS has finished a novel left incomplete by her husband, entitled "You Play Me False." It will be brought out next month.

MR. GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP has become the editor of the Boston Courier. For some years past he has been one of the critics of the Atlantic Monthly.

A GENTLEMAN who visited Richard A. Dana lately at his country seat at Cape Ann, Mass., found the venerable poet in good health for one who bears on his shoulders the weight of ninety-one years.

MR. JOHN RUSKIN is the owner of the MSS. of Sir Walter Scott's "Black Dwarf," "Woodstock," "Peveril of the Peak," and "The Fortunes of Nigel."

M. TAINÉ is fifty years old, and lives handsomely in the midst of the Faubourg St. Germain, in a house whose windows have a clear view of the Hotel des Invalides, across the Gardens of the Sacré Cœur.

REV. FRANCIS HODGSON, B.D., scholar, poet, and divine, better known as Provost Hodgson, from his long connection in that capacity with Eton College, was one of the most intimate friends of Lord Byron. A memoir of his, about to be published, will contain letters from Lord Byron and his sister, Mrs. Leigh, throwing much light on the relations between Lord and Lady Byron.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI, the poet, a woman now in middle age, is an invalid and a recluse. Her sweet nature has not, however, been soured by illness; she is one of the most amiable and charming of women. She has a pleasant face, with prominent eyes and a fine head, and she is extremely industrious, writing constantly.

SHAKESPEARE got \$25 for "Hamlet;" Boccaccio has made \$150,000 from the "Shanghran;" E. A. Poe was paid \$10 for "The Raven;" Dr. Holland got \$12,000 for "Bittersweet;" Charles Lamb wrote two years for \$425 a year; George Eliot made \$50,000 from "Daniel Deronda."

TENNYSON'S two sisters, Mrs. Kerr and Mrs. Jesse, are extremely cultivated and intellectual women, now past middle age. Mrs. Kerr is tall and stout, Mrs. Jesse short, wiry, and dark-haired. Mrs. Jesse is the "Emily" who was engaged to marry poor young Arthur Hallam, the hero of the Laureate's "In Memoriam."

THE Old Testament revisers, who began their work on the 30th of June, 1870, have sat for four hundred and sixty days for six hours each day, and have gone over the whole of the Old Testament, with the exception of part of Esther, Job, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, Solomon's Song, and Daniel.

THE house wherein George Eliot lives and writes stands in one of the most secluded nooks of London. It is a plain, comfortable building, surrounded by a generous measure of soft turf and graceful trees. Awnings shade the windows, and a high wall about the lawn contributes to the almost rural retirement of the most distinguished of living women.

VICTOR HUGO has a habit of working upon four or five subjects at once, rarely knowing which he shall finish first. In the morning he begins with whichever subject first takes his fancy, and after devoting himself for a few hours to verse, turns to his novel after luncheon, and finishes the day by writing on some theme utterly unlike that which he took up in the morning. He has now in preparation six prose works and four poems.

MR. CARLYLE, although now past eighty-three, is so well and strong that he has been making a summer visit to Scotland. His pleasant but simple home in Cheyne row, Chelsea—a house nearly 200 years old—is presided over by his niece, Miss Aiken, an amiable lady of middle age. In the bright garden the sage comfortably smokes, and twice every day he walks abroad among the quiet and narrow streets of Chelsea, one of the oldest and most interesting parts of London.

"STELLA," the author of "Sappho," which has reached its fourth edition in England, recently recited a new poem at a garden party given by Mr. Gallup at his beautiful villa, at Gypsy Hill, near London. The poem was very effective with its audience, and has been sought for publication by several well-known publishers. Mr. Gallup, by the way, is the proprietor of the "Floriline," now so largely advertised in this country, and is a man of large fortune, but also of a large and generous nature and cultivated literary tastes.

SAMUEL ROGERS had a sufficiently good opinion of his own work, if one may credit the anecdote related by a literary celebrity to the late W. H. Harrison. The literary celebrity said that on one occasion the poet referred to the following lines as the best he had ever written:

"Long," he exclaimed, "long may such goodness live; 'Twas all he gave—'twas all he had to give."
"I was in bed," added Rogers, "when I made them, and I put my hands outside the counterpane and treated myself to three rounds of applause."

THE novelist, Alphonse Daudet, when he came to Paris at the age of sixteen, had only two francs in his pocket, or rather in the lining of his tunic. He is now a rich man—thanks to foreigners, not fellow countrymen, for purchasing his romances. As in the lowest depths, there is a lower still, so with attics; he lived in an attic over an attic, opposite Ricord's mansion, where, he confesses, he is at present a welcome guest. (Gambetta was at the time a law student, and, at a common table d'hôte on Sundays, dominated the guests with his persuasive eloquence. Gambetta was considered a millionaire among the students, because his father allowed him 300 francs a month to live on.)

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