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THE SILENT SHIPMATE.

Unseen, unheard, he shouted in vain. His vessel faded away in the darkness, and there he was—Luke Walters, first lieutenant of the United States bark *Baltic*, all alone, adrift on an ice-floe, off the dreary coast of Norway.

Just before the middle night-watch, he had been in the warm, pleasant cabin, conversing with his affianced bride, Mabel Roberts, the captain's beautiful daughter, who had accompanied her father for the voyage. Later, he mounted to the deck, to hear the bark grate against a mass of ice, when, getting over into the mizzen chains, unseen by any person in the darkness, his foot slipped and he fell upon the floe, striking his head against it with a force that partially stunned him. When he regained his feet and shouted, the vessel, booming along before a slight breeze, was almost out of sight in the gloom.

The lieutenant now turned his gaze toward the Toffoden Islands, not distant more than half a mile, their white, snow-covered headlands dimly visible through the darkness. In their direction the tide, which had just begun to change, carried the ice floe, finally drawing it past, and within a few feet of the base of one of the headlands, which the young man now reached with a quick, agile bound.

It was a bitter cold winter night, and Walters walked briskly to and fro to keep himself warm. Of a cheerful, hopeful nature, he trusted that he would be picked up by some passing stranger craft in the morning, even though his own shipmates, thinking he had been drowned, should not come in search of him. In about an hour he distinguished the light of a vessel in the distance to leeward.

At the same moment he heard a rippling noise, when, glancing to the left, he beheld the dim outline of a boat evidently with her small mainsail set, dashing along toward the distant light, on a course which must soon carry her past the headland on which he stood. Through the gloom he could make out, seated in the stern, the shadow of a solitary occupant, to whom he now shouted, hoping the man would stop and take him aboard.

"Boat ahoy!"

There was no response. He repeated the hail.

Still there came no reply, although the boatman, being only a few yards off, was near enough to hear him plainly.

What could it mean? Was the stranger unwilling to take him?

Advancing to the very edge of the base of the headland, Walters perceived that the boat would pass within a foot of him.

"I got adrift from my craft, and was carried here on an ice floe!" he exclaimed in a loud, clear voice. "I want to get back to my vessel. May I jump into your boat?"

There was no reply, but the lieutenant thought he could see the man's head nod. Just then the vessel, which the young officer now could perceive was a whaleboat, came opposite the low point of land on which he was stationed, when, with a nimble spring, he entered it.

On rushed the boat, speeding toward the distant light.

"Is yonder craft yours, my friend?" inquired Walters, as he seated himself on the bow thwart.

The man made no reply.

"I mean that vessel we are approaching from which the light is shining?"

The boatman still remained silent, although his head kept up an almost incessant nodding—a short, jerking motion, which, coupled with the darkness of the night, the hollow murmuring of the wind in the sail, and the creaking of the mast, had about it something weird and singular.

The sail, against which the lieutenant's hand had struck when he sprang, was almost as stiff and hard as a board. It was frozen and glazed with ice, which also coated the mast like a glassy sheath.

"Your boat is a cold one, shipmate," said Walters.

No answer, although the head continued to move to and fro.

Otherwise motionless, the man stood in the stern-sheet, bolt upright, one arm resting on the long steering oar, which in the whale boat supplies the place of the rudder, and a huge white cap, probably of bearskin, looming up on his nodding head.

In the darkness Walters could only see him indistinctly—could make out little more than the outlines of his face and form.

"He is a strange person to reply to none of my remarks or questions," thought the lieutenant. "Can it be that he is crazy?"

At that moment, passing a jutting reef, the boat suddenly turned to the eastward by the direction which the current took at this point, and no longer held its way toward the light, but was now passing from it.

The new course, bringing the light vessel before the wind, with her main sheet hauled aft, her mast cracked ominously, and she heeled so far over that in another moment, but for Walter's slacking this sheet, she must have capsized.

"Why, man, what were you trying to do?" exclaimed the surprised officer.—"You do not wish to upset the boat?"

No answer—for certainly that unmeaning nodding of the head could not be construed into a reply.

A strange, hollow roar, growing louder every moment, fell on the lieutenant's ear. Ahead of him, not a mile distant, he beheld a mass of white water, dimly lighted by the pale moon, which, for an instant, was visible through a thin, vapory cloud.

The young man started to his feet, well aware of the appalling danger with which he was now threatened.

The boat was in one of the currents of the Maelstrom, toward which it was rapidly drawn, the white water he saw ahead being that of the great whirlpool.

"Idiot!" he shouted to the strange steersman, "you have brought us into the tides of the whirl! No earthly power can save us now!"

But the man remained silent, while his head, surmounted by the huge bearskin cap, seemed to nod faster than before.

On rushed the boat, drawn with fearful rapidity nearer and nearer the dangerous circle of white water ahead.

Walters knew that the accounts of the Maelstrom had been greatly exaggerated; but as he looked upon the huge whirlpool, now in its fury, and heard the rush and roar of its eddying tides clashing and foaming, he realized that there was death in its angry waves—that it had more than sufficient power to draw the boat far down and dash it to pieces on the angry rocks.

The moon, which had been struggling in the embrace of the angry clouds, was soon beaming from a clear place, lighting the ocean far and near. Ahead of him Walters saw a long, black rock, which he thought a single twist of the steering oar might enable him to gain, by causing the boat to pass within leaping distance of it.

"We are saved," he exclaimed to his companion, "if you port! Lively! lively! my man!"

There was no respose. The cold, clear rays of the moon fell on the person of the steersman, who the lieutenant now perceived was of tall form, clad in a dark peajacket, gray, woolen trousers and heavy boots, which were covered with a thin glaze of ice, where the snow had fallen and frozen. From the edge of the bearskin cap little icicles also hung, partially hiding the eyes, which were fixed on the whirlpool ahead.

"Idiot! What ails you? Don't you see the rock? Quick! Port your oar! It is our salvation!"

Silent, as before, the man remained, and as his head continued to nod some of the icicles fell clattering from his cap.

With a cry of impatience, the lieutenant sprang aft.

"Here, give me the steering oar!" he shouted.

But the other spoke not, and, as the young officer put the oar a-port, the stranger's hand relaxed not its grasp of the instrument, but moved with it.

An exclamation of surprise and horror escaped the lieutenant as he touched that hand, which was stiff and cold, and peered into the face to plainly see the glazed, staring eyes, the hard, rigid features.

The mystery of the man's silence was explained. He was a corpse, frozen to death at the steering oar.

A minute after this startling discovery Walters sprang out on the friendly rock, holding the boat-warp with one hand. He made the boat fast to a "speer," and there, in company with the dead, remained until morning, by which time the tide had changed, and the whirlpool had subsided to a few eddies.

A mile distant lay a whale-ship, evidently the vessel whose light he had seen during the night. He signalled her, and she lowered a boat, which soon gained the rock, when her men at once recognized the frozen sailor as a shipmate who had deserted the whaler in the boat, at night, a few days before.

"Poor Ben!" said one of the men; "he has deserted in good earnest now."

The dead and the living were soon on board the boat, the former to be launched a few hours after into his ocean grave.

On the next day the lieutenant was fortunate enough to behold his own vessel to leeward. He boarded her in one of the whale-boats, to receive in his arms the overjoyed Mabel, who had been half distracted, thinking he had fallen into the sea and been drowned.

In relating his story he spoke calmly of the perils he had escaped, but shuddered every time he alluded to the strange nodding of the frozen man's head, as he sat there before him in the stern-sheets.

The motion had simply been caused by the rocking of the boat on the waves; but it was one of those things to haunt the mind for a life-time.

A curious incident took place in Paris. A drunken man, Philippe Bochen, was staggering to his home in the Rue St. Jacques. As he swung along, taking the entire pavement, he ran afoul of a passenger, who, with an oath, dealt him such a blow that he fell prostrate, bathed in blood. While the brutal assailant fled, others ran to the aid of the poor devil and took him to an apothecary's, where, lo and behold! they discovered that a magnificent diamond, evidently detached from the setting of a ring worn by the assailant, had lodged in the cut produced by the blow.

Mind may act upon mind though bodies be far divided; for the life is in the blood, but souls communicate unseen.

A FAMOUS BRITISH REGIMENT.

The Record of the Achievements of the Coldstream Guards.

The Coldstream Guards were raised in the year 1650; but it was in 1660 that they marched from the little town of Coldstream (whence it derives its name), near Berwick-on-Tweed, to London, under the command of its first Colonel, George Monk (afterwards Duke of Albemarle), for the express purpose of restoring the monarchy by placing Charles II. on the throne. Monk was a General in the parliamentary forces, and an admiral of the fleet, and owing to this latter fact the regiment is permitted to bear upon its queen's color a small union jack, in honor of its first Colonel's naval rank; a proud privilege, not appertaining to any other regiment in the service.

The "gallant Coldstreamers," as they were called, materially assisted in the happy restoration of the English monarchy; and while marching to London they met with an enthusiastic reception in the villages and towns through which they passed. In the meantime, Col. Russell, an old loyalist officer, had raised a corps which he called the "King's regiment of guards," and on the arrival of Charles it was united with the "Royal regiment of guards" which came with him. After the restoration, the three regiments, which now formed the brigade of guards, were assembled on Tower Hill to take the oath of allegiance to the King; and, as a sign that they repudiated the commonwealth, they were ordered to lay down their arms. Having obeyed this order with the utmost alacrity, they were commanded to take them up again in the King's service as the first, second and third regiments of foot guards. The first and third regiments did so with cheers; but the Coldstreamers, to the astonishment of the King, who was present, stood firm.

"Why does your regiment hesitate?" inquired Charles of Gen. Monk.

"May it please your majesty," said the stern old soldier, lowering the point of his sword, "the Coldstreamers are your majesty's devoted servants; but after the service they have had the honor of rendering to your highness, they cannot consent to be second to any corps in your majesty's service."

"And they are right," said the King; "they shall be second to none. Let them take up their arms as my Coldstream regiment of foot guards."

Monk rode back to the line and communicated the King's decision to the regiment. It had a magical effect. The arms were instantly raised amid frantic cries of "Long live the king!" Since this event the motto of the Coldstream guards has been "*Nulli secundus*"—"second to none."

The regiment has had a part in every important campaign which has taken place during the two hundred and twenty-six years of its existence, and has on many occasions greatly distinguished itself. Its colors bear the words Lincelles, Egypt (with the Sphinx), Talavera, Sarosa, Peninsula, Waterloo, Alma, Inkerman and Sebastapol. And the badge of the regiment is the star of Brunswick with the garter and motto, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*"

At the battle of Fontenoy occurred that ever-memorable scene, when for the first time the English and French guards found themselves face to face, and both corps hesitated, from a noble sense of chivalry, to commence the attack. At length, Lord Charles Hay, a Captain of the English guards, called out: "Gentlemen of the French guards, fire!" But with characteristic courtesy and *sang froid*, the French commander replied: "Gentlemen, we never fire first; fire you first."

THE FEARFUL RIDE OF A TRAMP.—He boarded a train at Omaha, and, after having been ejected from several trains, reached Green River, in Wyoming. Here the trainmen became more vigilant, and the dead-head saw that he must find a very secure hiding-place. Accordingly, while the trainmen were busy, he crawled into the fire-box of a stationary engine that was standing on a flat-car, and which was going through to San Francisco. Soon after the train started some one shut the engine door, and the man was a prisoner. He could not sit down, and he could barely turn round, and in this way he rode for four days and nights, without a mouthful of food or drink, except a few crackers he had in his pockets. When the train arrived at Verdi, Nevada, a distance of nine hundred miles from Green River, he attracted the attention of the conductor by scratching on the inside of the engine with his finger-nails. He was liberated, almost dead with cold and hunger.

Mr. Augustus Lumley, who has just succeeded the Hon. Spencer Lyttleton as Marshal of Ceremonies to Queen Victoria, is a natural son of the late Earl of Scarborough, and about the best known man in fashionable London. For years he has been *arbiter elegantiarum* to all balls given in the upper ten, and duchesses depend on him to make their dancing parties a success. He is very popular, and his appointment is considered to place the right man in the right place. Once Mr. Lumley, having lost money, thought he'd take to commerce, and began traveling for a house in the iron trade. At Stockholm a merchant asked his address in the town. "Well," said Mr. Lumley, very simply, "I am staying at the palace." "The palace?" "Yes; the King heard I was here, and very civilly asked me to be his guest." It was quite true; but the agreeable royal guest somehow didn't prove a success in the iron business; possibly merchants preferred less distinguished drummers.

THE DUELLO.

Canning's manifest sympathy with and predilection for the "code of honor" betrayed themselves more than once, and more especially in his last encounter with a young sprig of aristocracy, a member of the House of Commons, whom Canning's scarifying satire had rendered furious. A meeting was the result. At the first fire, no harm being sustained by either, Canning hurled his pistol at his antagonist, contemptuously remarking, "Kennel, sir!" The young nobleman insisted that this was "no satisfaction at all," and demanded that they should fire again. At the second fire Canning was seriously wounded in the thigh—a result, we believe, which pretty effectually cured one of the most gifted Prime Ministers that England ever had of his duelling propensities. Sheridan's well-known encounter with Captain Matthews, of the British army, growing out of a feeling of jealousy, cherished by both, in regard to Miss Lindley, has about the same claim on our attention as Canning's affair with the young nobleman. The initiative, we believe, lay with Sheridan, who challenged Captain Matthews as his most formidable and hated rival in the affections of Miss Lindley. It was the result of the duel, consequent upon this state of things, that enabled Lord Byron to compliment his friend Sheridan, by remarking that he had "written the best comedy ever acted, made the best speech ever spoken, and married the handsomest woman that ever lived." In his first encounter with Matthews (they fought with swords), Sheridan had decidedly the advantage, poor Matthews having been reduced to the necessity of begging his life. He was at once "sent to Coventry" by his brother officers, and, to redeem matters, resolved once more to "try it on" with Sheridan. Again they fought with swords, and *this* time poor Sheridan presently found himself in the very same predicament to which he had reduced Matthews on the former occasion—that is, prostrate on the ground, with Matthews' weapon pointing at his throat, and its master insisting that Sheridan, *this* time, must "beg *his* life." It would seem that Richard Brinsley was not in the least appreciative of Matthews' demand, and refused point blank, and with an unseemly oath, to do anything of the sort. Thus terminated a duel whose bloodless character alone redeemed it, in great measure, from infamy. The duel, however, which has always appeared to us as exceeding in magnanimity all others we have read of (so far, at any rate, as *one* of its principals was concerned) was that of the late Duke of York and a certain Colonel Torrens (we think that was the name), of the British army. The Colonel challenged his Royal Highness (the offence charged, we well remember, was a most trivial one), and the Duke promptly responded to the challenge. They met—and that the Colonel meant mischief became obvious from the accuracy of his aim. The ballet very materially disarranged the Duke's *curl*. The Duke had wholly abstained from firing, and manifested no intention whatever of doing so. He as coolly as courageously, however, demanded of the Colonel if he was satisfied, magnanimously inviting him to "fire again" if such was not the case. The Colonel, it would seem, was not altogether a brute, and desisted from his audacious impertinence.

PERFECT FAITH.

John B. Gough related the following pathetic episode in a lecture in St Louis recently:

A story was told of a street boy in London who had both legs broken by a dray passing over them. He was laid away in one of the beds of a hospital to die, and another little creature of the same class was laid near by, picked up with famine fever. The latter was allowed to lie down by the side of the little crushed boy. He crept up to him and said:

"Bobby, did you never hear about Jesus?"

"No, I never heard of him."

"Bobby, I went to mission school once, and they told us that Jesus would take you to heaven when you died, and you'd never have hunger any more, and no more pain, if you axed him."

"I couldn't ask such a great big gentleman as he is to do anything for me. He wouldn't stop to speak to a boy like me."

"But he'll do all that if you ax him."

"How can I ax him if I don't know where he lives, and how could I get there when both of my legs are broke?"

"Bobby, they told me at mission school as how Jesus passed by. Teacher says as he goes around. How do you know but what he might come around to this hospital this very night? you'd know him if you was to see him."

"But I can't keep my eyes open. My legs feel so awful bad, Doctor says I'll die."

"Bobby, hold up your hand and he'll know what you want when he passes by." They got the hand up. It dropped. Tried again. It slowly fell back. Three times he got up the little hand, only to let it fall. Bursting into tears, he said:

"I give it up."

"Bobby, lend me yer hand; put yer elbow on my piller; I can do without it."

So one hand was propped up. And when they came in the morning the boy lay dead, his hand still propped up for Jesus. You may search the world, and you cannot find a grander illustration of simple trust than that of the little boy who had been to mission school but once.

DRINKING.—In the bottle discontent seeks for comfort, cowardice for courage, and bashfulness for confidence.

A STORY WITH A MORAL.

A New York correspondent of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* tells the following: A few evenings since, a young man, fond of hearing and telling a good story, was talking at a fashionable reception with a Mrs. Robinson about a recent wedding. The subject leading to the discussion of marriage, he mentioned an anecdote of Cam. Hobhouse, Byron's friend, who had disagreed with his wife and separated from her.

Hobhouse imagined that everybody knew of his domestic trouble, in which he was entirely mistaken. One afternoon he met at the club in London an old acquaintance, whom he had not seen for several years. The latter, after a few remarks, said: "By-the-by, Hobhouse, how is your wife?" Cam. looked at him inquiringly for a few moments, and then replied angrily: "Well, since it has come to that, how is your wife?"

Mrs. Robinson received the story without a smile, rather solemnly, indeed; and as the teller had just heard it, and thought it very good, he resented what he conceived to be her stupidity. He left her shortly, and repeated the anecdote to a Mrs. Jones, who showed no more appreciation of it than the other woman had. Later, he repeated Hobhouse's speech to a Mrs. Brown, who had the reputation of possessing a great deal of humor. She did not appear to see any point in it either, and he was so irritated that he finally declared to an intimate feminine friend that he had never before been in so dull a company, mentioning his three disappointing experiences.

"You have been unhappy, indeed," was the lady's rejoinder. "Mrs. Robinson has just secured a divorce from her husband; Mrs. Jones has separated from hers, and Mrs. Brown contemplates a return to her parents. Do you think it strange that they regarded your story as slightly inappropriate?"

MORAL.—Before you repeat anti-matrimonial jokes to married folks, and expect them to laugh at them, try to ascertain how they stand in their connubial relations.

BLUE LAWS OF CONNECTICUT.

No one can wonder at the inaccuracies of history who is at all familiar with the impostures which have maintained a place in popular belief. One of the most noted of these goes under the name of "The Blue Laws of Connecticut," which, though a work of pure fiction, is often referred to on both sides of the Atlantic as having been a part of the statute book of the good old colony of New Haven. Even to the present day there are thousands who accept the statement, so often made, that the following were among the laws of the colony:

"No one shall run on the Sabbath day, or walk in the garden or elsewhere, except reverently to and from meeting.

"No woman shall kiss her child on the Sabbath or fasting day.

"To pick an ear of corn growing in a neighbor's garden shall be deemed theft.

"Every male shall have his hair cut round, according to a cap.

"No one shall read Common Prayer, keep Christmas or Saints'-days, make minced-pies, dance, play cards, or play on any instrument of music, except the drum, trumpet and jews' harp."

These are selected from a list of 45 statutes, often printed in due form, and said to have been adopted by the people of New Haven. They were published as such in New York so lately as 1867, by a member of the New York Bar. Prof. De Vere, of the University of Virginia, in his volume of "Americanisms," published in 1872, speaks of them as "confirmed beyond doubt." In April, 1870, *Blackwoods' Magazine* reproduced and endorsed the old calumny, and in a thousand forms it has been repeated for the purpose of exciting prejudice against New England and this country generally. Time and again the whole thing has been shown to be false, but the calumny and its author have never been thoroughly exposed until the work was undertaken by James Hammond Trumbull, L. L. D., of Hartford, Conn., who has just produced a volume that must set the whole matter at rest.

LAMARTINE AND BULOZ.—The following is an anecdote of Lamartine and Buloz, of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, just dead: In 1847 Buloz wished to obtain an article from Lamartine, and after a good deal of persuasion extorted from the distinguished author and statesman a promise to write one, one of the principal arguments being the payment in advance of 4,000 francs, Lamartine being "a trifle short." Months rolled by with no signs of the article, though Lamartine, to quiet Buloz, gave him a little copy of verses that he had lying in his desk. The revolution of 1848 came, and Lamartine was too busy in politics to write; so one day, after an angry scene, when Buloz taunted him with taking money in advance, and neglecting to render an equivalent for it, Lamartine gave the editor back his 4,000 francs. Buloz thereupon, with great magnanimity, insisted that Lamartine should be paid for the verses, and Lamartine refused to receive pay. "You must," said Buloz, with crushing dignity, "I never publish an article that is not paid for," which, indeed, was not the case. "Name your price." "Very well," remarked Lamartine, sweeping the 4,000 francs back into his drawer, "that makes us square."

An elevated purpose is a good and ennobling thing, but we cannot begin at the top of it. We must work up to it by the often difficult path of daily duty—of daily duty always carefully performed.

HOW A JEWESS MARRIED A CHRISTIAN.—Mr. H. L. Oliver, a young lawyer of good standing at the Nashville bar, and of respectable family connections, was married to Miss Hannah Weil, daughter of Mr. S. Weil of that city, at her father's residence, Friday evening, by Justice Creighton. Feeling that her parents would oppose the match, as it is against the Jewish creed to inter-marry with other people, she went to her father, and put to him the following insurmountable interrogatories:

"Father, how old am I?"

Father—Nineteen years old, my daughter.

Daughter—When does a young lady become of lawful age?

Father—At the age of eighteen.

Daughter—Then I am free to act for myself, am I not, father?

Father—I see no objection to it.

Daughter—Well, then, Mr. Oliver loves me ever so much, and I love him ever so much. I want you to consent to our marriage, for if you do not I fear we will have to run away, and I'd much rather be married at home.

The father was very much astonished at her pointed inquiries, and more so when he found her betrothed a Christian gentleman; but, after pondering the matter awhile, he gave the sensible response: "Well, if you are bound to marry, I would rather you would be quietly married at home."

And so the young people were married and left for Huntsville that evening.

ENEMIES.—Have you enemies? Go straight on, and mind them not. If they block up your path, walk around them, and do your duty regardless of their spite. A man who has no enemies is seldom good for anything; he is made of that kind of material which is so easily worked that every one has a hand in it. A sterling character—one who thinks for himself, and speaks what he thinks—is always sure to have enemies. They are as necessary to him as fresh air; they keep him alive and active. A celebrated character, who was surrounded with enemies, used to remark: "They are sparks, which, if you do not blow, will go out of themselves." Let this be your feeling while endeavoring to live down the scandal of those who are bitter against you. If you stop to dispute, you do but as they desire, and open the way for more abuse. Let the poor fellow talk; there will be but a reaction if you perform your duty, and hundreds who were once alienated from you will flock to you and acknowledge their error.

A FRENCH STORY.—One day, on the Boulevard Pereire, Paris, a mad dog started in pursuit of a velocipede, mounted by a boy of fourteen, named Dupraty, living in the Boulevard, No. 16. The chase was a terrible one, and ended in the fall of the boy. Happily it was in the iron of the velocipede wheel that the teeth of the mad bulldog closed. * * * There ended the first act of the drama. The second follows. In an impulse of passionate joy at seeing her son saved from so great a danger, Mme. Dupraty pressed her lips to the wheel of the velocipede. Some hydrophobic virus had remained on the iron, and after an agony of a fortnight the poor mother died, raging mad.

A GENTLEMAN.—A gentleman is a rarer thing than some of us think for. Which one of us can point to many such in his circle—men whose aims are generous; whose truth is constant and elevated; who can look the world honestly in the face, with equal, manly sympathy for the great and the small? We all know a hundred whose coats are well made, and a score who have excellent manners, but of gentlemen, how many? Let us take a little scrap of paper, and each make his list.

Correspondence.

FOR THE GAZETTE.

NOTES OF EUROPEAN TRAVEL.

NUMBER CX.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—All the modern houses of Paris are built of a rich, cream-colored, soft stone, which is very easily worked; all the blocks are sawed, and the mallet and chisel are used only in the trimmings and embellishments. Many of the public buildings are built of white marble, while many others are built of a stone darker than the darkest gray granite, and thousands are, I think, dark from age, as in London. The reason I think they have grown dark from age is that, in demolishing vast numbers of houses to construct new boulevards, I saw that the stone was of rather a cream color. All the houses on the new boulevards are six storeys high; it is rare to see one five, and very rare to see one four storeys. The balconies commence at the second storey, and every storey has one the full length of the house. In the most of cases the mansard (or what we call garret) has one. Just think of a boulevard four times as broad as Chestnut street, Philadelphia, lined on both sides with houses built of that cream-colored stone, having those richly wrought balconies of every imaginable design, the beautiful pilasters, columns, brackets, cornices, figures, flowers and fruits, all worked in this fine, soft stone, and everything as well executed as if it were performed by the most noted artist of Europe. Many of the houses of the new boulevards that you enter, in addition to the elaborate carvings of fruits and flowers, have on each side of the door various fancy designs, sometimes animals, such as dogs, lions, or some grotesque figures; sometimes they are perfectly beautiful; for instance: on the Boulevard Sebastopol (and it is one of the boulevards to which I have reference) a house in which concerts or soirees of various kinds occur, has standing on pedestals, on each side of the door as one enters, female figures, life-size. These two females are attired in flowing drapery; each one holds in her hand a tulip, or rather a jet of gas, and over it is placed this glass shade in the form of a tulip. These figures are executed in white marble, and are so beautiful and graceful that I often thought they were more unique in the way of good taste than anything I saw in Europe. (I mean that which was intended to attract attention to any place of amusement; though the French are a people of such exquisitely good taste that one is never astounded at anything he sees in France.) If there is anything the French excel in above everything else, it is the stairs of the houses on these new boulevards. I have often stood in front of a door where these fine stairs are to be seen, only to admire, for I cannot describe them. Perhaps it is asked what these fine houses are intended for. Well, the ground or first floor is occupied by cafes, stores, and, as in other fashionable parts of the city, the second or what the French call the first storey is occupied by dressmakers, book establishments, milliners and other fancy occupations; the fourth, fifth and sixth storeys are occupied by families, while others are taken by certain persons, who furnish them most superbly, when, if you wish, you can get one, two, or a suite of rooms, or a whole apartment. But the price is out of all reason. Almost all the rooms of the houses of the new boulevards are papered. It is a rare thing to see plaster of Paris (or what is called in America "hard finish") used; these parlors, drawing-rooms and bed-rooms are papered with velvet paper, apt to be crimson and gold, or purple and gold, with a gilt bead, and where these colors are not used, it is pearl, with a silver-gilt beading. The rooms have every convenience that can be thought of. There is one great improvement in the houses of the new over the houses of the old boulevards. The bed-rooms of the new houses have none of those alcoves and cabinets that the most of the houses in the old boulevards have; and in some parts of the city one end of a large room is taken up with an alcove which is big enough to hold one bed and sometimes two, and there is at one end of the alcove a large cabinet with a glass door, where the occupant can make his toilet; all this has a folding-door, which, when closed, shuts off all signs of a bed-room. There are many reasons for disliking the alcoves. One is that they are too close—not enough ventilation. Speaking about the renting of these floors by persons, and they renting out the rooms or suites of rooms to others, reminds me of one case, out of many: a German woman came from Baden, and, having capital as well as nerve, she rented several floors in a magnificent house; then she rented furnitnre from one of those establishments that have every kind of furniture to let; she furnished the various suites of rooms very handsomely, and soon had every room occupied by paying customers. Her income was so considerable that she was enabled to occupy the whole of a splendid mansion near the Louvre, where she met with the same success. The best paying customers who take rooms at Paris are the English, Americans and Russians. Those having rooms to let always prefer those I have named.

Now, I do not wish it understood that every street in Paris is a boulevard, or that every house is a palace, for there are some very narrow, crooked, dirty streets in Paris, and they are choked up with seven, eight, nine and ten storey houses. In these streets are to be found the *marchand du bois* (the wood merchant), *la boutique legume* (the shop having vegetables), *le fournier* (the meat man), *la jonque* (the junk establishment), and various other such establishments, besides cheap restaurants. Some of these streets are only wide enough for the coal cart, or the man with his hand cart, who cries "pomme de terre" (Irish potato), and "cerise" (cherries.) Of the cheap restaurants that are to be found in these streets I will speak hereafter. There are but few of these dirty streets to be seen north of the river, and I have no doubt that many who visit Paris believe that the whole city is just one continuation of magnificent streets. When I first arrived at Paris there was quite a number of these dirty streets south of the river Seine, but they gave place rapidly to the boulevards, and if Napoleon III. could have remained Emperor they would all have disappeared.

Of the private houses in Paris I know of none more interesting than those on one of the islands (Paris has two islands in the river Seine, and they are in the center of the city), the name of which I have forgotten. On this the houses are very high and all very old and good looking, and are occupied by private families. I was told that almost every house is occupied by the old, aristocratic families of Paris, and that their interior was as ancient looking as their exterior. All those on the eastern part of the island were inclosed within one high fence, which was so high that, standing between the water and the fence, you could see the houses only from the third storey up. The houses on the other island—the island on which Notre Dame stands—are all very old and common-looking, and are all very high—from six to eight storeys. Many of these houses were from eight hundred to a thousand years old, but the most of them were demolished during Napoleon's administration, in order to make room for a fine square in front of Notre Dame, and also for the continuation of Boulevard Sebastopol across the island to the southern part of the city. I have given you an account of the private buildings, old and new, of Paris. In my next I will endeavor to name over a few of the public buildings of the city.

VOYAGEUR.