

please." The gentleman I first heard making use of this stratagem, was a bright particular star in boarding-house qualities. He used no brief measures in getting what he wanted. He had a very big head, large saucer eyes of a bright color, and a bald square face, on which no hair grew. When in the humour his appetite was enormous; but he was of a hippish tendency, and frequently would vary his indulgence in beef and mutton by a change to pills, draughts, and mixtures. At such times he would fill the house with his complaints, enlist everyone he could in attending upon him in some way or other, and, if he came to the table, it would be only to express his astonishment and disgust how human beings could continue to eat in such a manner. He had a loud, arrogant manner, and if not satisfied with what the carver gave him, he would bawl out, "I say, What's-your-name, this is all fat you have given me. Cut under there for me," and he would point with his fat finger to the place he meant. "You have given Smith the piece that I like," and his saucer eyes, with their indefinable color, would look over at Smith with an expression as if that gentleman had given him some dire offence. X.Y.Z.

STREET READERS.

THE streets of Paris, which differ in almost every imaginable respect from those of our own capital, are frequented by a species of the human race almost wholly unknown to London. This is the street reader, who devours the pages of his journal as he walks along, and endeavors with limited success to combine locomotion with mental improvement. An unusually lively contributor to the 'Patrie' gives a graphic account of these curious persons, some of whom every one familiar with Paris will remember to have run against in the course of his walks abroad. The 'Patrie' believes that the existence of the species dates from no more ancient date than 1830. Before that year the street readers who were to be seen occasionally were mere exceptional specimens belonging mostly to the pedagogic or theatrical class. But for nearly the last half century the street reader has been a familiar object. Few are those whose toes have not been trodden upon, whose hats have not been knocked off, or at least whose meditations have not been roughly interrupted by the charge of this misguided being as he flounders along the pavement. The temptation to read one's paper in the streets is no doubt strong in the Paris capital. Almost every one buys his daily paper at a kiosk, and if the news contained in it is suspected of being exciting it requires some patience to carry it quietly all the way home without even glancing at the contents. It is true that there is the alternative of retreating into the nearest *café*, or, shorter still, of taking refuge under the *café* awning, at one of the *al fresco* tables invitingly set out. But to that most important of all mortals even this delay is insupportable; and the neighborhood of the kiosks is at one or two periods in every twenty-four hours a sort of debatable ground upon which eager readers, journal in hand, rush in erratic lines against the more sedate folk who expose themselves to their attack. The remarkable thing is that the street reader has, if the 'Patrie' can be believed, his favorite hours. From seven to ten in the morning and from four to five in the afternoon are the chosen times in which he indulges in the mental feast. He is, therefore, a member of one of the industrious classes, often a working man, sometimes a working woman, shop girl, seamstress, or lady's maid. The *flâneur* pure and simple is never found indulging in the practice. — 'Exchange.'

THE BISHOP OF ORLEANS ON THE FRENCH CLERGY.

A BRIEF report is given in the 'Galignani's Messenger' of the speech of the Bishop of Orleans in the Senate, in reference to the reductions made by the Chamber of Deputies in the payments to the clergy. Monsignor Dupanloup observed that an attentive perusal of the Budget had revealed to him some sad things. In order, however, not to cause any embarrassments, he would accept in advance the propositions of the Financial Committee, but could not refrain from pointing out that about three thousand communes in France were without cures; aged priests had no asylum; and those in active service were worse paid than in any country in Europe; and still, notwithstanding these facts, a diminished credit was demanded! Was the country honored by showing itself so parsimonious in affairs of religion? The reduction proposed would almost wholly apply to country parishes. Relative to the free admissions to the training schools for priests, France required 3,493 additional cures in order that the religious services should be properly celebrated, so that the present moment was not suitable for suppressing the three hundred free admissions. The stipends of many of the country cures scarcely enabled the recipients to live; the priests in many large towns had positions scarcely more tolerable, and the subsidies granted by municipal councils were becoming less frequent. Touching on the question of cures who were not resident in the commune of their functions, the right rev. senator declared that there was no abuse. The real object was to respond to the most absolute needs of religious worship in communes where there did not exist any residence for the curé. After referring to the bitter charges made against the clergy, he affirmed that he could reply in the words of Jesus Christ Himself—"We have done many good works among you, for which of them do ye stone us?" But he was far from wishing that any complaint or bitterness of feeling should go forth from the French episcopacy, which was esteemed throughout the world, and was attached to the Church and to the chair of the Vicar of Jesus Christ. It wished for everything that gave vitality and grandeur to the nation. The body of the priesthood in the country was actuated by the same views; its members were poor, simple, and devoted; and whenever there was a grief to console or a service to perform, they were always to be found.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE SIEGE OF STRASBOURG.

(From the French of M. Victor Tissot.)

On the morrow I felt the need of breathing a little fresh air, for everything oppresses you in these streets, which are at once like a prison, a sewer, and a tomb. I went upon the platform surmounting the tower of the cathedral. It was eight o'clock in the morning. A distant rolling of a drum proclaimed the distant reign of order, and that M the Governor might prolong his slumbers without fear. The pigeons swarmed about the roofs, shaking their humid wings to the sun. To the left the Vosges prolonged the line of their calm verdure. It seemed as if a great peace had descended from heaven upon the murdered (*suppliciée*) city, belted in by the forts and the soldiers of the emperor.

The watchman approached me.

"You come from France?" he asked, with eager interest.

"Yes, monsieur."

"Do they still think of us there?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Ah! when one looks at the force keeping guard below, and can see no other coming, one feels inclined to despair. We are here like the crew of a wrecked ship; this tower is the mainmast; and for four years I have daily scanned the horizon, searching in vain for that little tricolor sail which will import our deliverance. Alas! each day there is but the lengthening white line."

"The white line?"

"Yes, monsieur; the line, or rather circle, within which we are enclosed. You can see the white points united to each other by a black thread. There are nine on the left bank of the river, and three on the right. The black thread is the railway which establishes communication between them. For a moment it serves to transport the materials which have been in part provided by the levelled works of Schelestadt and Phalsbourg. It is said that we shall have so wide a chain of forts as to render bombardment of the city impossible. This will be no evil after all, for the cathedral cannot bear much more. In 1870 I thought it would crumble under me."

"Then you were here during the whole of the siege?"

"Up to the burning, monsieur."

"The 25th August?"

"Yes, the day after the day of the destruction of the great library. Ah! what nights we passed then. I awaken sometimes still dreaming that I have below me a sea of flames and above me a livid heaven ridged with the burning shells. The Protestant church of the Temple-Neuf, the hospital of the Protestant gymnasium, the library, and ten other houses blazed at once. The silence of death reigned in the city; one would have said it was doomed to die, and, resigned to the sacrifice, was stretching itself upon the pyre. The cathedral stood out redly in the light of the conflagration, as though its walls were covered with blood. The enemy selected this as a guide to the aim, and very soon the shells hissed all round me. They burst everywhere, disfiguring the columns and smashing the stony saints that seemed to be praying for the victims. At last the day dawned. The fires continued burning, and the eye had vistas of ruin. In the afternoon the bishop went to the quarters of General Mundolsheim, where the Grand Duke of Baden was giving his amateur aid to this appalling tragedy. In the name of humanity the prelate besought the Grand Duke to solicit the sparing of the churches, the hospitals, the public edifices, and the suburbs, wherein there was a laboring and inoffensive population. But the prince did not receive him, and General Werder replied that the sick and the children were elements of feebleness to a besieged town which he could not allow to be removed. The moment night fell the bombardment recommenced with double fury, and it was now the turn of the cathedral, against which the Germans flung bomb after bomb. I was on the staircase, when all at once an obus came with a hissing that made me tremble from head to foot. It came crashing through the roof and then burst. A column of smoke rose and enveloped the spire, and from this black mass leaped out enormous tongues of flame. I thought all was over. The shells succeeded each other with fearful rapidity, giving stroke on stroke to the rent, battered, and burning edifice. The glass of the windows was shattered to pieces; the bells shook and clanged; and the *débris* of iron and stone fell to the pavement below with a noise loud enough to waken the dead. We ran upon the platform and cried aloud to the city for succor. The tocsin pealed its lugubrious notes. The firemen arrived as the zinc roof was giving way, but they had nothing to do. The fire burnt itself out from want of food on which to live. Ah! monsieur, what moments. Ten times I believed the cathedral was about to perish and disappear. It was the sight of the flag that cheered our spirits through the ordeal. It floated up there above the flames, victorious, and braving the projectiles of the enemy."

I raised my eyes, but it was not the tricolor which reigned in air. The Prussian had planted his sombre standard on this cathedral where France, in vestments of mourning, never ceases to recite the Acts of Faith and of Hope.—'N. Y. Tablet.'

Captain Boyton has accomplished the feat of swimming down the river from Turin to Ferrara, a distance of 540 miles. On reaching the latter place he is stated to have been received with great enthusiasm by the foreign as well as the Italian residents. In Nov. he swam from Turin to Castel Nuovo in his life-saving dress, 260 miles, in 83 hours, but was obliged to leave the water, feeling that a fever, caused by the malarious atmosphere of the river and his exertions, was coming upon him. He was laid up for several days at Castel Nuovo. On starting again from that place, however, he completed the journey down the Po to Ferrara, 280 miles in 96 hours, without a single break. This he states to be the last, as it has been the longest, of his feats.