

PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.—Several very brilliant and animated balls have taken place lately, and a few more are talked of for the close of the month. Several marriages are on the *tapis*, marking the close of the gay season. Upon the occasion of one of these, which is to take place in a few days, the Hôtel de Castellane was thrown open for an evening reception, of which the signing of the marriage-contract was to make the principal *faits*. To give your readers some slight idea how differently most of the important acts of life are carried on in this country from what they are in our own, I am tempted to ask them to follow me for a while into the handsome saloons of this modern nobleman's residence, which some years ago acquired a well-deserved celebrity from the artistic taste which presided over and directed its *fêtes*, still remembered in the higher circles of Parisian society.

The Hôtel Castellane contains on the ground floor a handsome suit of reception rooms, known under the names of the marble saloon, the statue gallery, the tapestry saloon, etc. etc., fitted up as the various names import. All these were thrown open to the numerous but chosen guests, who were on that evening to sign, or witness the signature of the marriage contract between Madlle. de Castellane, the young and charming daughter of the house, and the bearer of an illustrious name, well known in French annals. The *trousseau* of the bride, provided by the parents of the young lady, the *Corbeille de mariage*, presented by the bridegroom, and containing, as usual on such occasions, the most magnificent shawls, laces, and jewels, and the various wedding gifts offered by relatives and friends, were all laid out for inspection (and, doubtless, admiration) on tables in the various saloons above spoken of. The care with which the various articles had been classed, so as to accord best, or form a striking contrast with, the *locale* in which they were placed, showed no small skill of arrangement on the part of the designer. Thus, whilst the various articles of linen, displaying marvels of embroidery, fine stitching, and elaborate workmanship, were exhibited in a plain, large saloon, rather austere fitted up with Gothic furniture and carved woods, the diamonds, pearls, and other jewels heaped on the fair bride, sparkled in the tapestry chamber, amid profusions of laces for flounces, shawls, robes, bridal veils, and a thousand other articles of female wear, the brilliancy of the gems, and light, exquisite texture of the laces, relieving, and at the same time showing off, the rare and precious hangings of the room. Rich shawls, furs, and velvets, the contents of the *Corbeille*, were laid out in the Statue Gallery, as well as many articles of massive plate, presented to the young couple by wealthy relatives on either side. The richest silks, satins and brocades, in such abundance as to make one wonder *when* such things could be worn out, were thrown in heaps on the *divans*, *causeuses*, and tables of a beautifully fitted up modern drawing-room and coquetishly furnished boudoir adjoining. Amidst these costly adjuncts to a French marriage in high life, where the contracting parties are rich, the friends and acquaintances invited, wandered for a couple of hours, admiring, examining, and commenting on all this luxurious display, and no doubt pronouncing the bride a most enviable being, and the whole affair a most happy one.

Meanwhile in an adjoining room, a massively fitted up library, sat the *Notaire* (the same identical *Notaire*, we have all seen some time or other in any French *caveau* and comedy), with the marriage contract, the

object of the evening's reunion, before him, passing the pen from one gloved hand to another, sparkling with gems, the one important fact of the evening, though perhaps the least regarded, being the signature to be affixed to this document. As a matter of pride, the family on such occasions invite the highest and most distinguished persons among their circle of acquaintances to perform this act, and many of the best known names in France were collected together in the Hôtel Castellane on the evening in question for this purpose.

Great excitement and curiosity prevail in private circles here on the subject of three representations got up for charitable purposes by Mme. Tascher de la Pagerie, to be given at the hotel of the Countess de Meyendorff. These are to consist of a series of *tableaux vivants*, the subjects taken from some of the best-known works of great artists. Most of the leading beauties of the day, foreign as well as French, are to take part in these *tableaux*, which are being got up with the greatest care and minute attention to all the details of the originals. The first of these soirées takes place this evening, and it is said that nearly as many tickets of admission have been already refused as the saloons of the hotel are capable of admitting. The rush for the second soirées may therefore be expected to be tremendous.

The Prince Imperial, now seven years old, is a fine boy, bearing a marked resemblance to his mother about the lower part of his face, of which the upper portion, however, is broad, and cast more in the Napoleonic type. He was dressed in a black suit of knickerbockers of rather a sombre aspect, with a small straw hat edged with blue, and a knot of the same colored ribbon. The Empress, whose toilettes are universally allowed to be unrivalled for good taste and elegance, was draped in a bright blue silk dress, made exceedingly ample and sweeping out at the back into a half train; the only trimming consisted in five rows of white taffetas at the lower part of the skirt, which was also repeated on the *basquines* of the body, and edged the round cape, or *collet*, worn loosely over the shoulders, and which was of the same color and material as the robe. A blue bonnet made of crape, and unrelieved by flowers or feathers, completed her costume. But I should not say completed, for it was evident the most novel and important item, not only in the fair wearer's, but in her attendant ladies' eyes, was the natty, zephyr-like parasol, carried in the Empress Eugénie's hand, and which, composed entirely of white marabout feathers, looked as if every puff of wind would blow it away and dissolve it into air.

One day, in a trial for petty larceny before the Tribunal Correctionnel of Paris, a handsome young lady, smartly and stylishly dressed, was called upon to appear as a witness. The presiding Judge asked her for her name, and then put the usual question concerning her profession. "I faint," answered Madame, in her weakest though most silvery tone. The gallant votary of Themis told an officer of the court to bring her a chair, and allowed her sufficient time for recovering. Then, "Be not afraid, Madame," said he: "and please to tell me, before you are sworn, what is your profession?" "I faint," again bashfully whispered the pretty witness, in a scarcely audible voice. This time the vice-president sent for a glass of water. The interesting dame sipped it slowly, then, bowing gracefully to the Judge, she looked at him, seemingly waiting for further questions. And again she was required to state her profession. Wondering and thoroughly amazed, she replied, "But,

Monsieur le President, I had all ready twice the honor to tell you that my profession is to faint." "To faint!" exclaimed the Bench, with one voice. "Can that ever be a profession?" Madame answered in the affirmative, and explained that she earned a livelihood, and not a despicable one either, by sitting every evening, in a most fashionable dress, in a prominent balcony-stall at the Théâtre de la Porte Saint Martin, and appropriately fainting away, out of sheer emotion, at the tragical moment pointed out beforehand by the author of the play. She added that her services were highly valuable, and that the manager had never had to complain of the impressive manner in which she, for one, performed her part.

ALL the old residents at Saratoga, and not a few of the visitors, know Tom Cammel, a genuine son of Africa, who possesses in a large degree all the peculiarities of his race, including a strong vein of wit and a hearty love of the bottle. On one occasion Tom was hired by a gentleman residing in the environs to take off some dead branches from the trees on his lawn. Tom had been imbibing a little, and went to work accordingly; coolly seating himself on the outermost end of a large limb, and sawing away vigorously at the portion next the trunk. By and by down came limb, Tom, and all, tumbling in company. Some persons near by, on seeing the fall, ran to the aid of the sable functionary. Tom's first remark was—

"Is dar any lawyer 'mong dese gemmen! 'Cos if dar is, dis nigger wants to make his will."

That Tom not only survived, but recovered his bodily and mental powers may be inferred from the following, which took place a few months after his fall. It was on one of those excessively warm days of the past summer that Lawyer B. met Tom in the street. Now everybody has a word for Tom, and the latter is never backward in replying.

"Terribly hot weather this!" said the gentleman. "How do you stand it, Tom?"

"Oh, massa," said Tom, stepping one side, taking off his hat and making a low bow, "don't speak a word 'bout it. I 'se most as brack as a nigger myself, al-ready."

T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Publishers of this city, have issued a catalogue of the works they have published. We advise all who want good, and at the same time cheap reading to send for a catalogue.

MATCH MANUFACTURE.—So extensive a branch of industry is match manufacture, that in London alone one saw-mill is pretty nearly always at work in cutting up large timbers into splints, 5,000,000,000 of matches yearly being produced in the metropolis. The cases for the matches imported by one of the merchants weighed 400 tons annually. The greatest seat of match-making is, however, located in Austria. The principal makers were well represented in the late Exhibition; but the scale on which their works are carried on almost defies belief. M. Pollak at Vienna, and M. Furth in Bohemia, employ together about 6,000 persons, producing the amazing number of 44,800,000,000 matches annually. The low price at which they are produced is equally startling. M. Furth sells boxes, each containing eighty matches, at one penny per dozen. M. Harris, of Suhl, sells 1,400 splints for a farthing; and De Majo, of Moravia, sells a case of fifty boxes, each containing 100 lucifers, for fourpence.

LOOKING over "Godey" for March, 1862, and in the "Arm-Chair," I saw a notice, asking some of your subscribers for a receipt for "skeleton flowers or leaves." Though I am not a subscriber, I am partial to your Book, and get it often, therefore I take the liberty of giving you a receipt which I think very good for skeletons.

The leaves or flowers are to be placed in a small quantity of water until they are completely decomposed. (Warm weather is to be preferred.) They are then to be taken out of the water and laid on a marble slab or flat surface. Clean water is then gently poured in a small stream over them, and thus the decayed particles are washed away, leaving behind only a series of woody fibres, or sap vessels, which constitute a beautiful network, particularly in small leaves. This operation being performed, they should be placed in the sun, and when dry, may be fixed with glue on a background of black velvet and placed in a glazed frame or glass case, as taste may direct; a beginner should commence the experiments with the largest leaves, as with them failure is less likely than with more delicate ones.

MRS. ELLIOTT.

A STATISTICIAN has been calculating the chances of widowers of getting married as compared with those of bachelors. It appears that according to marriage registrations the chances are three times greater of widowers between the ages of twenty-five and thirty getting married than those of bachelors; five times greater between the ages of thirty and forty-five; and eleven times after the age of sixty. The chances, it would appear, of bachelors getting married, rapidly diminish after the age of thirty.

MUSIC RECEIVED from Horace Waters, 461 Broadway, New York, and O. Ditson & Co., 277 Washington Street, Boston, Massachusetts:—

A collection of songs, quartettes, by J. Dayton, Leader of Band First Conn. Artillery.

Morning Dreams, a collection of popular songs, with brilliant variations for the piano-forte, by Mrs. Parkhurst.

Foster's Melodies, among which are, "When this War is Ended," "There's Plenty of Fish in the Sea."

WE find two sentences which may comfort some of the homely women.

"A woman," says one, "can only be beautiful in one style, she may be charming in a thousand."

"A woman," says the other, "may lose her beauty with her youth; her thousand superior charms she may retain to old age."

DEAR SIR: Please ask some of your correspondents for a receipt for cleaning lace veils, and oblige a

SUBSCRIBER.

HOW TO COLOR THE PHOTOGRAPH.—Messrs. J. E. TILTON & Co., Boston, have just published a little manual on the art of painting the photograph, which is for sale at the bookstores, or will be sent by them, post-paid, for 10 cents.

The same publishers are about publishing a capital story for the boys, by the author of "Father Bright-hopes." It is to be called "The Drummer Boy," and is a true historical account of "The Burnside Expedition." It will be illustrated by F. O. C. Darley, and issued in the Messrs. Tilton's well-known attractive style.

A LETTER FROM PARIS.

AN unusual degree of animation marks this year the close of the gay season in Paris. At the Tuilleries, the Monday family dinners of the Court have been resumed, followed by the Empress's *soirées dansantes*, at which social evening reunions the fair mistress of the mansion has latterly set an example of great simplicity of toilet, which the ladies invited have not been slow to adopt and emulate. On Monday evening last, the Empress appeared in a simple dress of white muslin of the finest texture, without other trimming than the long floating ends of a wide pale blue sash; her sole ornament consisted of eight rows of magnificent orient pearls round her neck, while branches of white lilac were tastefully arranged in her hair. Almost all the ladies present were likewise dressed in white tulle, muslin, or thulle; velvets, moire antiques, and heavier materials being wholly discarded, as well as such jewelry as savored too strongly of the heated atmosphere of the late winter's entertainments. Instead of the gorgeous *parures* there displayed in such profusion as almost to fatigue the eye, flowers most suited to the season are now the sole ornaments admitted; and if a few sparkling diamonds do venture to show themselves, they must do so merely as adjuncts to the more simple imitations of nature, which it is the good taste of our fashionable ladies to patronize.

The last great display of diamonds and precious gems may be said to have taken place at the *soirées* given at Mme. de Megendorff's hotel, where a series of *tableaux vivants*, representing some of the most celebrated *chefs-d'œuvres* of modern and ancient artists, had been organized for the benefit of the distressed weavers of the suffering cotton districts of France. As most of the well-known beauties of the season were to take a part in these artistic *soirées*, and as, moreover, great secrecy was observed as to who was, and who was not, to appear in such and such characters, not a little curiosity was excited, and demands for tickets came pouring in long after more than the admissible number the rooms could contain, had been completed. The result, as far as charitable purposes are concerned, was highly satisfactory; and so, no doubt, was the process of getting up for the *tableaux*, to the parties more immediately concerned. But in an artistic point of view, it must be confessed that something was wanting to satisfy the eyes; and one was reminded in a strangely ludicrous and almost painful manner, of a certain exhibition at Barnum's, the wax figures of which must be impressed so indelibly in all our infantine memories, and which the glare of the rich gems and the profusion of ornaments and draperies employed, somehow only served the more strongly to bring before one's eyes. A magnificent-looking "Judith," coming out from the tent, from Horace Vernet's famous picture, which ought to have elicited our feelings of admiration, from the complete embodiment of the painter's ideal by the lady who represented it, was, perhaps, one of the very pictures which most lent itself to this species of criticism. The face, attitude, gorgeous draperies—all was perfect, all, save that certain atmosphere which separates the gazer's eye from the picture he looks upon, and which serves to soften its crudities. A few gauzy transparencies might have done much to tame down this effect, and so an artist at my elbow whispered, had been suggested but indignantly rejected by the fair living models on the evening in question, who, having had to prepare long and arduously to be gazed at a few minutes, were evidently not inclined

to be only half seen, or have any of their charms, real or artificial, obscured. One of the prettiest pictures of the evening was Ary Scheffer's "Marguerite," whose pose and features were wonderfully rendered by the lovely Mme. Dollfus, the Prefect of the Seine's daughter. Mme. de Castiglione had, it was said, been invited, and consented to take a part; and as this lady is equally remarkable for her originality of costumes, and her beautiful form and face, much was expected from her appearance; but the spectators were destined to disappointment of more than one kind, for the picture in which she was to appear was withdrawn for that night, and it is said even for the succeeding one, without any apparent reason.

The second day of the races of Long-Champs was, if possible, more fully and brilliantly attended than even the preceding one; the tribunes, as on the previous occasion, being filled with well-dressed women, composed of the *élite* of Parisian society. The brilliant sunshine, the green coloring of the trees, and the charming scenery which surrounds the race-course, forming, as it were, a setting to it, of which the heights of Meudon, St. Cloud, and the picturesque Mont St. Valerien, are the most striking features, impart to the whole scene, thronged with gayly-dressed and beautiful women, magnificent equipages, and prancing and excited steeds, an animation and a magic effect, to which it would be difficult to find a parallel in any other race-course in the world. The Empress was there; one of the most important prizes of the day being that called the Empress's prize. Her Majesty was dressed in a very pale gray taffetas dress, shot with blue, the *casaque* being similar to the robe, and the sleeves in front of the latter trimmed with narrow bands of the same material, edged with white, placed like brandenburghs, and terminated at the point of each narrow band with a white silk button, the whole costume having somewhat of a sporting air. The bonnet worn by the Empress was of the same shade of pale gray as the dress, in *crêpe*, very simply ornamented by a tuft of black berries or currants. Among the most remarkable equipages were those of the Marquis d'Agado, and of the Duke de Morny, the latter of whom came up to the race course in a *d'Aumont* with four horses and postillions; the latter, as well as the *piqueurs* who preceded the carriages, wore bright scarlet liveries, slashed with gold, with white and gold embroidered caps, the whole effect being very gay and dashing.

Several toilets were remarkable for their originality, and all for the extreme elegance and good taste they displayed, giving the tribunes the aspect of an elegantly filled drawing-room, rather than of a public resort out of doors.

Mme. Rimsky Korsekow, the Russian *lionne*, wore an English alpaca, of the shade called *cuir de Russie*, or leather-color, with belt and trimming of leather, studded with steel nails, with shining heads; a straw hat, with a feather matching the shade of the dress, completed a very rakish and altogether sporting-looking costume. Steel ornaments, and steel mingled with leather, both in the form of plain bands, of horse-shoe trimmings and other designs, is gradually creeping into favor, though as yet only ventured upon by way of being original. Some loose *casoques* are to be seen in the shop windows, with a small leather pouch, studded with steel, hanging by a leather and steel chain at the side, the whole garment being edged with a narrow leather band, dotted over with steel, and on these is affixed, in large characters, the word *English*.

In the biography of Victor Hugo, just published, appears the following:—

A WOMAN BRANDED.—At Paris, in 1818 or 1819, on a summer's day, towards twelve o'clock at noon, I was passing by the square of the *Palaise de Justice*. A crowd was assembled there around a post. I drew near. To this post was tied a young female, with a collar round her neck and a writing over her head. A chafing-dish, full of burning coals, was on the ground in front of her; an iron instrument, with a wooden handle, was placed in the live embers, and was being heated there. The crowd looked perfectly satisfied. This woman was guilty of what the law calls *domestic theft*. As the clock struck noon, behind that woman, and without being seen by her, a man stepped up to the post. I had noticed that the jacket worn by this woman had an opening behind, kept together by strings; the man quickly untied these, drew aside the jacket, exposed the woman's back as far as the waist, seized the iron which was in the chafing-dish, and applied it, leaning heavily on the bare shoulder. Both the iron and the wrist of the executioner disappeared in a thick white smoke. This is now more than forty years ago, but there still rings in my ears the horrible shriek of this wretched creature. To me, she had been a thief, but was now a martyr. I was then sixteen years of age, and I left the place determined to combat to the last days of my life these cruel deeds of the law.

ST. PAUL.

A SUBSCRIBER inquires in the September number how to clean black lace veils. I recently cleaned some in the following manner: Put the lace in a dish, and pour over it a mixture of two parts alcohol, and one part water, taking care to keep the lace entirely covered; then light the liquid, let it burn five minutes, extinguish it, and turn the lace; relight it, and after it has burned five minutes, take out the lace, and press it while damp. Can I obtain from you the February number for 1857, and for March, 1861? Please answer in the next number, and oblige

A FRIEND TO THE BOOK.

We can furnish the above numbers.

A SKEPTIC ANSWERED.—"Ah," said a skeptical colleague to an old Quaker, "I suppose you are one of those fanatics who believe the Bible?" Said the old man, "I do believe the Bible. Do you believe it?" "No; I can have no proof of its truth." "Then," inquired the old man, "Does thee believe in France?" "Yes; for although I have not seen it, I have seen others who have. Besides, here is plenty of corroborative proof that such a country does exist." "Then thee will not believe anything thee nor others has not seen?" "No." "Did thee ever see thy own brains?" "No." "Ever see a man who did see them?" "No." "Does thee believe thee has any?" This last question put an end to the discussion.

THINK OF IT, GIRLS!—Nothing can prevent an increase of bachelorism save an amendment in the code of educating women. When they learn common sense instead of broken French; when they learn some useful employment instead of beating the piano; when they learn to prefer honest industry to silly coxembury; and when men find woman is a helpmate, instead of a burden; then, and not till then, may we expect to find fewer bachelors.

A LADY wishes a receipt for cleaning white kid gloves.

39*

It chanced one evening, at one of the great hotels, that a gentleman, seeking in vain for a candle with which to light himself to his room at a late hour, passed a young lady who had two candles, of which she politely offered him one. He took it and thanked her, and the next morning acknowledged the courtesy in the following epigram. Luckily for the poet (for his epigram would otherwise have been quite pointless), the young lady was as handsome as she was polite:—

You gave me a candle; I give you my thanks,
And add—as a compliment justly your due—
There isn't a girl in these feminine ranks
Who could—if she tried—hold a candle to you!

AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY PREMIUMS.—We believe that the *Lady's Book* is the only magazine offered as a premium by the various societies in the different States.

THE following we consider a little humbugous:—

HOW MRS. BONAPARTE PUTS ON HER CLOTHES.—A Paris correspondent thus gossips about the dresses of the Empress Eugene. He says it is universally conceded that she is the best dressed lady in Europe. She sets the female fashions for the world; and employs not only *modistes* but *artistes* to invent them. Her "department of ready-made clothing" is something immense. To say that she has a new dress for every day in the year would not begin to convey an idea of the extent and variety of her wardrobe. In the front centre of the ceiling of Her Majesty's private dressing-room, there is a trap-door opening into a spacious hall above filled with "presses," each containing a dress, exhibited on a frame—looking like an effigy of the Empress herself. In a part of these "presses" there is a little railway leading to the aforesaid trap-door, through which the dress is "descended" into the presence of the Empress. If it pleased her Majesty, the dress is lifted from the frame, and placed upon the imperial person; if not, it is whipped up, and another comes down in its place; and not unfrequently another, and another, and another, so fastidious is the taste which gives the law to the world of fashion. In public the Empress never looks overdressed. A severe simplicity always characterizes her toilet, while everything, in material, fit, and color, is as complete in harmony as a sonata of Beethoven.

MUSIC RECEIVED.—"Out in this Terrible War." Words by Mary W. Janvrin; music by H. T. Merrill. Published by H. T. Merrill & Co., Chicago.

PARISIAN LADY IMPROVERS.—A French correspondent notices a new academy in Paris: They have lately come to the decision that all elegant dames ought to wear the hair in the form of a *cortogan* descending to the waist, bound in the middle with pink, green, and blue ribbons, and curled at the extremity in five of those long curls which we call "cork-screws" in France. It may look pretty enough; but how can those ladies who are not blessed with an abundant hirsute crop manage the matter? Let me also whisper, as in duty bound, that hoops are worn in two ways; some are round, others oblong. Some dancing belles present to the admiring gaze a perfect circle—a geometrical figure, which the ancients regarded as the ideal of beauty. Others seem to walk beside their dress, and suggest the impertinent question which Beau Brummel once put to a duke, "Do you call this thing a coat?"