

## PARISIAN CORRESPONDENCE.

The taste for floral decorations indoors is rapidly growing. In a great many houses plants are introduced weekly or bi-weekly, and in nearly all a more elaborate attempt at plant decoration is made on festive occasions. With some reason we are often extolled for our gardening, often proud of it; but the art of arranging plants to the best advantage cannot be said to have arrived at its climax amongst us. The French do it better, though they may not grow their plants so well. Horticulturists are in the habit of despising French gardening, though a visit to the magnificent nursery establishment of the city of Paris, in the Avenue d'Eylau, would speedily undeceive them, as would an inspection of Parisian parks, public gardens, squares, avenues, etc., in summer. This great establishment at Passy, the largest nursery or propagating establishment I have ever seen, is not only used for the increase and protection of nearly three million of plants, which it annually furnishes to the various gardens in and around Paris, at an average cost of about two centimes apiece, but also for the culture of an immense number of plants for the decoration of the halls of la ville de Paris. Ten thousand plants are sometimes removed from Passy to the Hôtel de Ville to decorate it for a single occasion, and many of these are large palms and plants of noble habit. The way these are arranged is so satisfactory, and the effect produced so charming, that a short description may prove interesting to such of your readers as take an interest in the matter.

At the last ball of the season at the Hôtel de Ville this most desirable combination was better attained than I have ever seen it elsewhere, and particularly in one charming group to the right on entering. It was arranged against a high and large mirrored recess, the sides of which were covered with a gilt wooden trellis covered with artificial ivy, etc., which looked very well indeed behind the living plants. At each side were placed very tall plants of graceful and dignified habit, particularly conspicuous being the common sugarcane (*Saccharum officinarum*), which threw its tall arching leaves boldly above the group, and contrasted charmingly with the tall specimen camellias and the ordinary conservatory vegetation that were placed beneath it. Near it a slender palm or two, and then a few of such things as *Ficus elastica*, some dwarf palms in the way of *Thrinax*, useful exceedingly for decorative purposes, and finally, at the base of the group, dwarf flowering plants, from *hyacinths* to *Spirea prussifolia* fl. pl.—a charming hardy shrub, which forces well and early. But instead of being loosely or carelessly grouped, as is usually the case, these were so carefully placed that healthy vegetation and fresh flowers alone were visible or suggested, the pots, or anything else that would suggest the artificial conditions under which the plants are produced, being kept carefully out of sight by very close placing of the specimens, and by surrounding the whole with a dwarf gilt wooden trellis, and putting green fresh *Lycopodium* into the interstices. These two side groups were very tastefully done, and would have been things of beauty in themselves, but they were united by a charming bank of *Primulas* gradually rising from the floor in front to a height of about four feet at the back against the mirror. These *Primulas* looked as if growing naturally out of a bank of young fresh grass. They were plunged in young healthy *Lycopodium denticulatum*, just so that the lower leaves set nicely on the moss. Scattered in separately over the *Lycopodium* nothing could be more charming in effect.

A few days ago I noticed an equally charming but different effect produced by the same materials in the conservatory of the Jardin d'Acclimatation, in the Bois de Boulogne. The conservatory there is very prettily arranged in the "natural style," and much of its surface nicely covered with *Lycopodium*, which is really capable of affording in the large conservatory all the pleasing effect which turf does in the pleasure-ground or flower-garden. Seated in this turf near the entrance, and in a rather open glade, was a bed of *primulas*—of those Chinese *primulas*, of which so many pleasing shades of flower are now to be seen in our greenhouses. But to return to the Hôtel de Ville. The effect of this arrangement of tall and graceful plants, gradually falling down through ordinary greenhouse or conservatory decoration to the dwarf and pretty *primulas* and forced tulips, etc., was most charming from any position, especially from the great staircase, which the group faced. This staircase was also bordered with a beautiful array of plants, well grown, as are most things in the great garden at Passy, but for their beauty of effect chiefly indebted to good arrangement. Here, from the position, tall and graceful plants with arching leaves, could not well be placed in the narrow border, and few things larger than the medium-sized *Ca-*

*mellias* were used, though not a few of them of great grace. These were chiefly of the *Dracena* family—one which cannot be too strongly recommended to your readers as most useful for the house, the conservatory, or the flower-garden in summer. It is very much grown in France, and seems as popular as a decorative plant here in private houses as in large gardens. Almost every member of the family is worth growing, from elegant gracilis to young plants of the Dragon tree of Tenerife (*Dracena Draco*), or the beautifully colored kinds in the way of terminalis that have lately been brought from their native islands in the South Sea. They are at all times available for placing among flowering plants, and never fail to impart grace and varied beauty to such. Nothing could be more charming than the two lines of vegetation which lined this staircase, *Camellias* full of bloom among the taller plants, then an odd one of those dwarf palms which must some day be grown extensively in our gardens, with here and there a spike of *Genesira*, or dwarf bush of the white lilac, so much seen in Paris in winter and early spring, the whole edged densely with *Cinerarias*, *Primulas*, etc., but these in every case mixed with verdure and graceful foliage, and the whole edged off with moss and *Lycopodium*, and gilt trellis rockwork about a foot high inclosing pots and moss, which trellis-work was fastened behind the pots for the occasion.

A still more charming effect was produced near the great ball-room by placing tall palms, with very graceful leaves and pendulous leaflets, against opposing pillars, and letting them arch over, the group being finished off with flowering plants, and a thin line of plants connecting the pillars and the bolder groups. Of course it is not every garden that possesses palms with which to produce effects of this kind, but assuredly it is only by cultivating them and plants of somewhat similar habit that we can hope to decorate well and gracefully. In the refreshment-room a good many artificial flowers were used, and the gilt trellis-work covered with artificial ivy is much used, and placed behind the living plants was a pleasing effect. It is here and there dotted with artificial flowers and fruits, such as bunches of grapes. Though there are so many great conservatories at Passy, filled with plants suitable for decoration, all is not enough without a little pardonable deceit. In midwinter, instead of sending things when there was any chance of their suffering, they make very handsome specimen pyramidal laurels, bays, cypresses, and all sorts of handsome evergreens, by cutting off boughs from healthy plantations, tying them tastefully and firmly to a strong, straight stake, and then inserting that in a pot, and filling the pot with a sort of mortar which hardens and keeps the "handsome evergreen" in an erect state till it is removed. Of course the visitors to the Hôtel de Ville know nothing of this, nor should I did I not notice a group of such at Passy, thrown aside after having done duty at a previous ball. The way they make the most of the camellia blooms may also prove worthy of note. It is not always possible to have plenty of flowers on the best specimens of camellias, and in any case there are always plenty of flowers on plants in the nursery, so they fasten on to each camellia plant a beauty not its own by attaching the blooms brought from Passy. But instead of cutting off several laches of the stem with the flower, and thereby hurting the plant, as the best buds or eyes are those usually under the flower, they simply pull off the flowers, burying them in shallow boxes; have a lot of slender copper wire cut into pieces a few inches long at hand, and running one end of one through the back of the flower, twist it round and fasten it, attaching the bloom to a camellia plant with the other end of the wire, and placing the bloom so that it reposes naturally on or amidst the leaves at the end of a shoot. If such contrivances be useful where they have abundant resources in the plant way, they may be even more so where there are but limited collections.

The following is very good, coming, as it does, from an infidel. Voltaire says, about marriage:—

"The more married men you have the fewer crimes there will be. Marriage renders a man more virtuous and more wise. An unmarried man is but half of a perfect being, and it requires the other half to make things right; and it cannot be expected that in this imperfect state he can keep the straight path of rectitude any more than a boat with one oar, or a bird with one wing, can keep a straight course."

But Mons. Voltaire, a boat with one oar can keep the straight path; as those who have been on the grand canal at Venice and seen the gondolas rowed with one oar, can testify.



## PARISIAN CORRESPONDENCE.

The most charming *fête* of the season has decidedly been the children's ball which was given by Mme. Fleury, the wife of the Emperor's *Grand Ecuier*. Mme. Fleury lives in the Louvre, and on the evening when this long-talked-about entertainment came off the square court of the Palace was literally ablaze with lights. The doors were opened at eight, and for two hours the leading members of the French aristocracy now residing in Paris might be seen ascending the staircase in a continuous stream.

The children to whom the entertainment was offered ranged in age from five to twelve, and truly no bouquet of flowers, composed of lilies and roses, could possibly have looked prettier and fresher than did this juvenile crowd of miniature *coquettes* and *beaux*.

Mme. Fleury's two little boys, wearing the uniform of the French Guard during Louis XV.'s reign, and with powdered heads, were stationed at the entrance of the reception-room, and shook hands with, smiled, or kissed their guests by way of welcome, as their fancy and inclination led them.

It was hoped that the Prince Imperial would have been present at the ball—indeed, the entertainment had been postponed more than once with that expectation—but the young Prince's health is at present by no means what could be desired, and he is unable to attend any of these festivities. Among the children who excited very general admiration at Mme. Fleury's were Princess Metternich's two little girls. The eldest, who inherits her mother's bright, intelligent expression of face, personated a very piquante *vicandière*, and the youngest, who has just completed her fifth year, was a *coquette*. My readers are probably aware that the ultra-elegant of 1867 are called "*coquettes*." The celebrated Worth made this small toilet, and it would be impossible to describe seriously the laughable manner in which the little girl managed her long training skirts and waved her miniature fan. M. Vandal's (the Postmaster-general) children were very successfully got up, the boy as a postman, the girl as a letter. Mlle. Dollus, granddaughter of the Prefet of the Seine, was a village bride, a pretty little boy having been selected as a suitable bridegroom. Mlle. Janvier appeared as a white cat, Mlle. d'Anlan as Red Riding Hood, M. Louis Conneau (the Prince Imperial's great friend) as a page.

The most popular fancy dresses were those in imitation of the costumes worn during Louis XV.'s reign, but it almost seemed a pity, in my opinion, to disfigure with powder so many beautiful flaxen heads of hair. Mme. Fleury did the honors of the *fête* with charming grace; she looked on at the dancing with such evident pleasure, just as if all the children belonged to her own family. Her portrait, which has lately been hung in the drawing-room, called for much praise, as the toilette in which she was portrayed had been chosen with more than ordinary taste. It is always difficult to know how to dress for a portrait—to select something that will not be eccentric and yet never look unfashionable, is a knotty problem to solve; something depends on the artist, but much more of the responsibility lies with the sitter. Cabanel, in this instance, has painted Mme. Fleury in a black satin dress, plain and low, with a black velvet sash arranged carelessly as a scarf upon the skirt, and with a lace and jet *berthe* round the bodice. The hair is arranged in flat *bandeaux* slightly turned from the forehead, and a thick plait as a coronet is wound round the head. As the hair is light with golden hue, and very thick, this plain style shows it off to advantage. The portrait of Mme. Fleury's great friend—Viscountess D.—also appeared to me in good taste. Imagine a very graceful fair woman, her hair arranged à l'*Ariane*, with small waved *bandeaux* in front and other *bandeaux* below combed so as to expose a portion of the temples; two long curls at the sides falling almost to the waist; a mass of ringlets, commencing at the top of the head and falling over a *chignon* of thick plaits pushed high from the nape of the neck. A pearl gray silk dress, with low square-cut bodice trimmed with pear-shaped pearls; a plain skirt opening at each side and discovering a white satin petticoat underneath, and the openings fastened down with pearls.

**OPPOSITION TO HOOPS.**—Miss Lloyd, an English land-owner, has given wholesale notice to quit to her tenants in Caermarthenshire and Pembrokehire, in consequence of their wives and daughters wearing crinoline, a practice to which she objects.

**MEDICAL.**—It has been observed that in northern countries the cold invariably proceeds to extremities.

An English paper, after stating what Englishmen can do, concludes by saying:—

"But there is one thing which baffles all the inventive genius of the engineers, mechanics, philosophers, and the rest of them. They cannot contrive a piece of string or wire by which passengers in a railway carriage may pull at the arm of the engine-driver and tell him to stop or they will be roasted to death. This baffles them, or at least most of the railway directors say it does, and certainly act as if such were the case."

That is a fact; after having had two Parliamentary committees sitting upon the subject, they have not yet decided how it is possible to make the connection.

**SOMETHING ABOUT THE ATTAR OF ROSES.**—In a report to the British Foreign Office the Vice-Consul of Adrianople gives an account of the rose fields of the villayet of Adrianople, extending over 12,000 or 14,000 acres, and supplying by far the most important source of wealth in the district. This is the season for picking the roses—from the latter part of April to the early part of June; and at sunrise the plains look like a vast garden, full of life and fragrance, with hundreds of Bulgarian boys and girls gathering the flowers into baskets and sacks, the air impregnated with the delicious scent, and the scene enlivened by songs, dancing, and music. It is estimated that the rose districts of Adrianople produced in the season of 1863 about 700,000 miscal of attar of roses (the miscal being 1½ drachm), the price averaging rather more than 75 cents per miscal. If the weather be cool in spring, and there are copious falls of dew and occasional showers, the crops prosper, and an abundant yield of oil is secured. The season in 1866 was so favorable that eight okes of petals (less than 23 pounds), and in some cases seven okes, yielded a miscal of oil. If the weather is very hot and dry it takes double that quantity of petals. The culture of the rose does not entail much trouble or expense. Land is cheap and moderately taxed. In a favorable season a donum (forty paces squares) well cultivated will produce 1000 okes of petals, or 100 miscal of oil, valued at 1500 piasters; the expenses would be about 540 piasters—management of the land, 55; tithes, 150; picking, 75; extraction, 260—leaving a net profit of 960 piasters, or about \$50. An average crop generally gives about \$25 per donum clear of all expenses. The oil is extracted from the petals by the ordinary process of distillation. The attar is bought up for foreign markets, to which it passes through Constantinople and Smyrna, where it is generally dispatched to undergo the process of adulteration with sandal-wood and other oils.

"SWITZERLAND comes out strong in the carving line. Especially admirable is a clock, ornamented by a heron, the size of life, in the act of defending itself against the attack of a serpent. The attitude of the bird indicates terror and courage, while, with open beak, flying at a reptile, it shields its young with an outstretched wing, it endeavors to shelter the young bird, which, with the pluck of its race, likewise is prepared to strike for its life. The work is carved from a single block of wood. The lamps, which serve as pendants, spring from a circle of long reeds, some of which are broken; at their base are wild ducks and young water fowl, the size of life."

The above is from an article upon the Exposition in Paris. We copy it for the purpose of giving our countrymen visiting Switzerland a word of caution. In the first place, the dealers there take no pains in packing the goods, and they are mostly received in a damaged state. Secondly, the wood work won't stand our apartments that are warmed by heated air. They split almost immediately. If that clock mentioned above, although composed of one piece of wood, should come to our country, one winter would try it severely.

LORD DUNDREARY has just given his opinion with regard to that much vexed question—marriage with a deceased wife's sister. "I—I think," he says, "marriage with a deceased wife's thither is very proper and very economical, because when a fellow marrieth his deceased wife's thither, he—he hath only one mother-in-law."

WHAT A FIB.—Julia: "Gusta, dear, do see the love of a bouquet Captain Dash gave me!" Gusta (who is a little jealous): "Yes, dear, it's very pretty. He offered it to me before you came down."



## PARIS ITEMS.

A GOOD story is told of an American lady who besieged the Duke of Bassano (the grand chamberlain) for an invitation to Eugenie's Monday night reception—the invitations to which are very difficult to procure, as they are very select. The Duke resisted some time; the lady persisted. "Oh!" said she, "I will put on all my diamonds, and I am sure the Empress will be glad to see them." She was successful; and made her appearance—and such a display of diamonds had never been seen upon one lady—whether it was the diamonds or the good nature of the Empress, she is a constant attendant on the Monday night receptions.

Now, we should like to know who was the American lady who could thus surprise an Empress with diamonds.

A GOOD JOKE—A comical quarrel, says a Paris contemporary, took place the other day on a boulevard. A gentleman roughly accosted a working man, and accused him of swindling. "You sold me," he said, "a pomade to make my hair grow; see, my head is as smooth as a piece of leather." "Sir," answered the vendor of the ointment, "you wrong me. There are lands where the best seed won't grow. It is not the fault of the seed; it is the soil." The gentleman did not continue the discussion.

The manager of one of the Paris theatres recently required an ass for a fairy piece. The animal performed his part with brilliant success for a fortnight. The thirtieth night the milkman failed to bring him. Messengers were sent; he refused to come. At last the manager and the authors of the piece went to the milkman to press him to bring the ass to the theatre. "No gentlemen," replied the milkman, "I'm not going to let my jackass go on the stage again. I did not let father and mother know that I had introduced our jackass to public life; but, Lord a' mercy, if everybody in Paris ain't talking about our jackass, and all my kinsfolk, even my father-in-law and mother-in-law, are reproaching me for what I have done; because, gentlemen, I belong to a respectable family, and we have never before had artists in our family."

In Paris a widow of forty-five summers married a young man aged eighteen. By her first husband she had a son whose age at the time of her second marriage was twenty-one. She recently died, and by her will left her fortune to her son and husband. As her husband was not of age, her son was appointed his guardian.

A NEW whim of the ladies is reported from Paris. The alabaster brow and snowy neck are going out of fashion, and instead of cosmetics to produce whiteness, ladies are now dyeing their skin an olive brown tint, in emulation of the beauties of Spain and Mexico.

Who but a Frenchman could ever get off the following? Here are a couple of items of gossip:—

The first is from the Court of Assizes. "A young man was put on trial for killing his father. The President asked him what was his motive for so atrocious a crime? 'I will tell you, Mr. President: I draw this year in the conscription, and fearing an unlucky number I wanted to be the son of a widow.'"

The next is from the Police Court. "The charge was that the prisoner had appropriated his brother's share in an estate. 'But, Mr. President, my brother was in California.' 'What has that to do with it?' 'Ma foi! I was perfectly justified in regarding him as a distant relative.'"

The third is from the house of no less a person than M. Prudhomme. "He surprised one of his servants not long ago in the act of reading a letter which was not directed to him, and exclaimed, indignantly: 'Mais! you are committing an act of Vandalism, Jean, if I may venture to use the expression.'"

"NAPOLEON has requested the artists of Paris not to work for the present in the galleries of the Louvre during the hours when visitors are admitted. To compensate them he has given them permission to enter the galleries at six in the morning, and to remain until six at night."

The above is from one of our exchanges. We presume that the visitors are allowed to visit from six at night until six in the morning. As there is no artificial light in the Louvre, it seems to us that it will be difficult to see the pictures.

AN INSECT THAT IS "NOT PARTICULAR."—While roaches partake largely of the common articles of diet in the ship's stores, they also rather like books, clothes, boots, soap, and corks. They are also partial to lucifer-matches, and consider the edges of razors and amputating-knives delicate eating. As to drink, these animals exhibit the same impartiality. Probably they do prefer wines and spirits, but they can nevertheless drink beer with relish, and even suit themselves to circumstances and imbibe water, either pure or mixed with soap; and if they cannot obtain wine, they find in ink a very good substitute. Roaches, I should think, were by no means exempt from the numerous ills that flesh is heir to, and must at times, like human epicures and gourmands, suffer dreadfully from rheums and dyspepsia; for to what else can I attribute their extreme partiality for medicine? "Every man his own doctor" seems to be their motto; and they appear to attach no other meaning to the word "surgeon" than simply something to eat. I speak by experience. As to physic, nothing seems to come wrong to them. If patients on shore were only half as fond of pills and draughts, I, for one, should never go to sea. As to powders, they invariably roll themselves bodily in them; and tinctures they sip all day long. Blistering plaster seems a patent nostrum, which they take internally; for they managed to use up two ounces of mine in as many weeks, and I have no doubt it warmed their insides. One night left a dozen blue pills carelessly exposed on my little table; soon after I had turned in, I observed the box surrounded by them, and, being too lazy to get up, I had to submit to see my pills walked off within a very few minutes by a dozen roaches, each one carrying a pill. I politely informed them that there was more than a dose for an adult roach in each of these pills; but I rather think they did not heed the caution; for the next morning the deck of my little cabin was strewn with the dead and dying, some exhibiting all the symptoms of an advanced stage of mercurial salivation, and some still swallowing little morsels of pill, no doubt on the principle of *similia similibus curantur*, from which I argue that roaches are homœopaths, although, had they adopted the other homœopathic theory first, and taken infinitesimal doses, they would then have experienced the full benefit of that noble doctrine, and the medicine, while doing them no good, would have done them just as little harm.

## THE REASON WHY.

Some go to church because they're made to,  
And some go there because they're paid to;  
Some go to flirt with frivolous girls,  
And some to show their ribbons and curls.

Some go to gossip with their neighbors,  
And some as a respite from their labors;  
Some go from an inward sense of duty,  
And some from an outward sense of beauty.

Some go to show new bonnets and clothes,  
And some to see their friends and beaux;  
Some go to sing, some go to sleep,  
Some go to gaze, and some to weep.

But of all this mixed and thronging crowd,  
Who join in the response long and loud—  
How many of their number on a Sabbath day,  
Go there to hear, to *heed*, and pray?

MARION V. BOND.

EXTRACT from a foreign correspondence touching the Grand Exposition:—

"The German jewelry looks well, even when compared with the French, and has the reputation of being of purer quality, as it is certainly cheaper in price by ten or fifteen per cent. The two chief novelties I remarked were some beautiful specimens of brooches made of natural butterflies, exquisitely preserved, without the slightest blemish, the body of course being artificial, but the wings being inclosed so admirably *entre deux glaces*, as to make the casing quite imperceptible at a short distance. The effect of these ornaments would be very beautiful if worn in the hair, as was very fashionable here a year or two since. They are made chiefly at Lugano, by Artaria. Another pretty novelty in Swiss jewelry is the *mouches-montre*, the smallest watch ever yet manufactured, and placed under the wings of a beetle, which lift up by a spring to disclose the face."

A WOMAN named Virtue Innocent has been fined in London for using unjust weights.