

DESCRIPTION OF THE PALAIS ROYAL, the residence of Prince Napoleon, by a Paris correspondent:—

"The other day I found myself with a party of foreigners within the Palais Royal, whose doors have been long closed to the public. As we passed through the *salons* and galleries, the events of history rose up before us like spectres evoked by the sound of our footsteps. What *fêtes*, what revolutions, what death scenes, the old *Palais-Cardinal* has witnessed; yet, in spite of the part it has played in history, it can scarcely ever be an historical monument, but will preserve to the last its reputation of a temple of pleasure. History has passed through it a hundred times, but has never sat down within its precincts—perhaps because no one ever offered it a chair.

"The palace and its inner garden, surrounded by rows of shops under colonnades, what a story they have to tell! All the Paris of Balzac is concentrated in the life of the Palais Royal. Nearly all the actors in his *comédie humaine* have one day or other crossed that strange stage, lighted by all the passions, where all Europe has passed—where a great crowd, laughing, screaming, and panting in its brilliance and wretchedness, has come and gone.

"The Restoration was one of the brightest moments of the Palais Royal; all Paris met, talked, lounged, and played there; it was what the boulevard is now—more still, for the boulevard is but a street, while the inclosed garden of the Palais Royal was a *salon*. A writer of the time calls it a *séjour enchanté*, and adds that if a young man, possessed of twenty summers and an income of 50,000 francs, were there, he could desire nothing more.

"I doubt whether the young man would be as happy nowadays; but the interior of the palace, after its many changes and vicissitudes, is most charming again, and full of artistic beauties. A gallery, decorated in the Pompeian style, and containing an excellent collection of ancient pictures, leads into Prince Napoleon's beautiful study, and to a little sanctuary, wherein are six splendid busts of Napoleon I., surrounded by the simple blue-covered furniture which once stood in the room where he was born. The first bust shows the beautiful young face of the scholar at Brienne; next, the energetic head of the young man, in revolutionary dress; then the general; the emperor, crowned with laurels; farther, the exile at Elba; then the prisoner at St. Helena; and on a cushion the mask of the dead man's face. The man's whole history is written in these marbles. Next is a delightful summer *salon*, adorned with four landscapes, painted by our best-loved modern artists, and bright and sunny as the room. I should keep you hours if I were to linger amidst the luxury and treasures of all the rooms, the curiosities and gems in the Venetian cabinets, the panoplies of arms, and the boudoir of the Princesse overlooking a hanging garden on the roof of the public gallery below. We will only pause to look upon Clesinger's exquisite busts of Rachel as Tragedy and Comedy; the marvellous forehead and the firm exquisite lines of the mouth so tell the intense passion of Tragedy, that I scarcely recognized her smiling under her wreath of flowers; and I am told that it was only in intimacy that the sunny side of her character shone out and could be appreciated. A gentleman asked an old servant in attendance in which room Richelieu had died, and which was the boudoir where the Regent fell, struck with apoplexy. 'Richelieu! The Regent?' repeated the white-haired domestic; 'I have been thirty-four years in this palace, and have never heard of *ces messieurs*.' We left the old man in his happy ignorance.

"On reading the other day of Ingres, the old painter and much-loved master who has just passed from among us, I met with a characteristic anecdote—an incident wherein originated the friendship between him and Auber which was to bind them in close intimacy for sixty-two years. Auber had recomposed the old opera of 'Julie,' and while assisting at the rehearsal of his work he perceived a first violin in the orchestra whose bow was wandering absently over the strings, while the musician was intently contemplating the actress who was filling the part of Julie. Auber approached him and said, timidly: 'Monsieur, will you be kind enough to follow the music? You are not quite in time.'

"That is very possible, monsieur. But look, I beg of you, at that young actress. What a perfect profile; what graceful symmetry of form! The painter is stronger in me than the musician, and when an

exquisite model comes before my eyes, my admiration bursts out and deafens me.'

"The first violin was Ingres. In after years, when the painter triumphed and was celebrated, he still kept a pleasant souvenir of the musician, and was often prouder of his violin playing than of his greatest works. E. DE * * *

THE GREEK BED.—I do not know that there is any form of bedstead, from the four poster to the French, which may not be found described by writers or represented in works of art. Ulysses manufactured one for himself of olive wood inlaid with gold and ivory. The bed rested sometimes on boards laid across the frame, on thongs of ox hide stretched over one another, or on a netting of cord. Plato speaks of bedsteads made of solid silver; Athenæus describes them as made of ivory and embossed with beautifully wrought figures; and Lucian has them veneered with Indian tortoise-shell, inlaid with gold. In Thesaly beds were stuffed with fine grass. According to Athenæus, effeminate gentlemen sometimes slept on beds of sponge. Fashionable people in Athens slept under coverlets of dressed peacock skins, with the feathers on. Clearchus, the author of a treatise on sleep, describes the bed of a Paphian prince in such a way that one can hardly keep his eyes open while reading of it. "Over the soft mattresses, supported by a silver-footed bedstead, was flung a short grained Sardinian carpet of the most expensive kind. A coverlet of downy texture succeeded, and upon this was cast a costly counterpane of Amorginian purple. Cushions variegated with the richest purple supported his head, while two soft Dorian pillows of pale pink gently raised his feet."

One of the greatest improvements introduced by the Greeks into the art of sleeping was the practice of undressing before going to bed—a thing unheard of until hit upon by their inventive genius. Bed-coverings were often perfumed with fragrant essences from the East. Counterpanes were not only perfumed, but embroidered with figures of animals and men. The luxury of laziness was celebrated by Ehippus:—

"How I delight

To roll upon the dainty coverlets

Breathing the perfume of the rose, and steeped

In tears of myrrh!"

Theocritus speaks of

"Carpets of purple, softer far than sleep,
Woven in Milesian looms."

VERY TRUE.—Young men and young women are not content that they should begin as their fathers and mothers began before them, with a limited income, and a power of restraining their wants, so as to suit their necessary expenditure to the money they have to lay out. They have been accustomed in the homes of their parents to enjoy comforts and luxuries which were the accumulated result of the gatherings of years; and they appear to expect that, when they start for themselves in business of their own, they should be surrounded by all the good things that they have had before—in fact, that they should set out from the point to which their seniors have attained through lapse of time and long-continued careful management.

In some countries it is an act of reverence to wear nothing on the head. Our ladies are becoming very reverential.

REGISTERED LETTERS. We again proclaim that we are not responsible for losses, even when an affidavit is sent, for money sent in registered letters. All the losses that have occurred this season have been from letters that were registered. Is it not plain enough? You say at once to a post-office thief, there is money in this letter. For the twenty cents you pay, a draft could be procured that would be perfectly safe. No person has as yet ever received the money lost in a registered letter. Many persons suppose that the department is responsible, but they are not.

ONE of the gardeners to the Queen, in London, it has been discovered, has brought up five children, on a salary of less than \$3 a week. The fact is considered creditable only to the gardener.