

PARISIAN CORRESPONDENCE.

ROBINSON CRUSOE, Offenbach's new piece, was performed last week at the Opera Comique, and drew, as usual, that distinguished crowd which never fails to gather itself together to witness a first representation.

The house was crowded, and the toilets, as a rule, were very novel, and well worth going to see had there been no other attraction. In the first tier of boxes I remarked a good many low dresses, and others with a Marie Antoinette *fichu* over them. The Austrian Archduke Louis Victor occupied the imperial box, while Princess Metternich sat in the box opposite. Her dress was a rich Empress-blue silk, the top of the skirt made very full; the bodice was trimmed with rouleaux of satin to match, and the front breadth of the skirt decorated *en tablier* to correspond. The Princess's hair was arranged in the Louis XV. style, with a mass of ringlets at the back.

I also remarked the Duchess de Morny in a most becoming pearl-gray dress: Mlle. Schneider (the Grand Duchess) in black velvet, profusely trimmed with jet; and charming Adelina Patti in gray silk, with a deep flounce round the skirt, a most original *corsage russe* made of blue satin, and decorated with white guipure.

Most of the well-known faces of the gentlemen of the press, as well as those of several musicians, I recognized listening to Offenbach's new opera. As much as 500*fr.* (\$100) was paid for a box, which is a large sum for the Opera Comique.

The evening receptions in the official world have commenced. The first took place this week, when Mme. Rouher did the honors with her accustomed affability and grace of manner. The Minister was in excellent spirits, and declared more than once that he had only been ill in the newspapers.

Mme. Rouher wore a white silk dress, with a black lace tunic over it, and a wide white sash decorated with black lace above the tunic; a gold necklace round the throat, with a sort of square medallion composed of black enamel suspended from it—a most original ornament; jet links and a spray of white campanulas formed the headdress.

The Countess Willes de Lavalette wore a blue dress striped with satin of the same color, but a few shades darker; the skirt was tastefully trimmed with cross bands of satin; the sash was entirely satin, and over the bodice there was a white lace berthe.

There was a very beautiful Austrian lady present, a *brune*, who excited much admiration among the company. She was dressed in the national colors of her country, and looked exceedingly picturesque. A pale orange satin skirt, cut with an immensely long train; a black velvet tunic bordered with very exquisite black lace, and cut out in deep scallops, opened over the skirt, while at the back of the tunic there was a wide orange satin sash. A spray of flowers in the hair, made partly of black velvet and partly of yellow satin, with the most delicate foliage, intermixed.

Marshal Vaillant, Ministre de la Maison de l'Empereur, has also given a reception during the last few days. Pretty Mme. S. was among the guests, and wore a black velvet dress with an immensely long train, a scarlet moire sash was tied at the back of the waist with a monster baby bow, the ends of which were so long that they touched the ground. Madame S. had her beautiful fair hair thickly powdered with gold.

I am assured on good authority that the fashion is to bring back once more that of hair powder—the real powder of Louis XV.'s days. I hope I am not guilty of gossip, but it is whispered that a certain great lady's hair (the Empress) is beginning to show the inevitable thin streaks of gray, and that some of the young fair beauties who surround her have hit upon the device of powder. The first ball of the season at the Tuileries is announced, and there is a good deal of curiosity evinced about powdered heads on the occasion. I suppose there are more bald-headed and gray-haired men at these Tuileries gatherings than at any other receptions in Paris. There are quite enough white locks to satisfy the most ardent admirers of these hoary signs of age; it would therefore be a pity if the many young and beautiful women who compose and surround the Court circle use artificial means to match the sterner sex. The gold and ebony locks which poets sing about are surely far more to be admired than this powder, which renders a *blonde* paler still, and most certainly

darkens a *brune*. These hoops, patches, and powder belong to another age; it will be much to be deplored if they should be introduced in our days. In former times the French aristocracy formed a circle of their own, and could indulge in what vagaries they pleased; but society nowadays is much more mixed, and a resuscitation of the old Versailles splendor would be worse than folly. The taste of the present day certainly favors both Louis XV. and Louis XVI. styles; but the majority are a long way from accepting them completely and absolutely.

MARIA FOOTE, the once noted, not celebrated, actress, lately died in London. She married the old Earl of Harrington, or rather he married her for her beauty, not for her virtues. The notice of her death concludes as follows:—

"The eminent actress died at a ripe age, honored for every virtue as well as for remarkable abilities."

This is the English notice of a virtuous woman. Have they forgotten Colonel Berkely, to whom she was not married? and her suit for a breach of promise of marriage against a poor idiot, who went by the soubriquet of Pea Green Hayne, and from whom she recovered £3,000? Her husband was a miserable imbecile when he married her.

One of the London papers says:—

"Covent Garden admirers applauded her, while those of Drury Lane were hissing Edmund Kean for the same sort of not very exemplary conduct."

A WRITER in *Harper* says:—

"One characteristic of the American in Paris particularly amuses the Parisian; it is his child-like faith in the Grand Hotel! As the Irishwoman's affection for her spouse grows under the daily administration of the cudgel, so grows the American's simple trust in the Grand Hotel under the extortionate charges to which he is there subjected. What these charges are generally may be gathered from the following: A gentleman arriving in Paris from the South at daybreak drove to that hotel, and announced that he wished only to wash, breakfast, and then start at nine o'clock for London. He was shown to a room just slept in in the third story, where he washed his face and hands, then descended to breakfast; for the ten minutes' use of this room he was charged nineteen francs, as much as it would have cost him to stay three or four nights at any other hotel in the same neighborhood."

We can match that. A friend of ours went to a hotel in New York with his wife and daughter about ten A. M., and left at four P. M. He had a dozen fried oysters and a cup of tea, and his bill was \$6. That is quite equal to the Grand Hotel charges.

LITZ, the celebrated pianist, has written a letter to a piano manufacturer, and the following lucid paragraph is to be found in it:—

"Pianists of the least pretensions will find means of drawing from them agreeable effects; and in face of such products—which truly do honor to the art of the construction of instruments—the *role* of the critic is as simple as that of the public; the one has but to applaud them conscientiously and with entire satisfaction, and the other but to procure them in the same manner."

A LETTER was received at the post-office to which it was directed, with the following written on it: "This letter contains \$10, if you want it more than my mother, take it." Wonderful to say, it was received by the person to whom it was addressed. Perhaps some of our correspondents had better adopt this plan; but the best way of remitting is to procure a post-office order or a draft.

A HINT.—If your sister, while tenderly engaged in a tender conversation with her tender sweetheart, asks you to bring a glass of water from an adjoining room, you can start on the errand, but you need not return. You will not be missed, that's certain; we've seen it tried. Don't forget this, little boy.

"This is my first attempt, I of course expect remuneration." Now, who is to remunerate us for the valuable time spent in reading a "first attempt?" We feel inclined almost to return the MS. without reading, but our good nature prompts us to suppose that we may meet with a wonder. A "first attempt" worth publishing we never have seen. My dear young ladies, you never sewed well when first commencing; no man ever made a steam-engine at a first trial; and we are very much inclined to think that no one ever wrote a good story at a first attempt. Now, we propose that when a writer's first story is sent us, instead of asking us to pay them, that they render pay to us for reading their "first attempt."

Appos to the above, a story has been going the rounds of the papers how Lowell played a joke upon Fields, of the *Atlantic Monthly*, by sending him an article as a first attempt. We did not believe the story when we saw it, and it has since been contradicted. But had it been true, we would not have censured Mr. Fields for throwing the MS. aside. He, like ourselves, has so often been taken in by "maiden efforts," that very naturally he would pronounce the article worthless.

There is another thing very common. A MS. is sent to us saying Mr. So and So has read it and pronounced it very good—the late N. P. Willis was a favorite reference—and in most cases the stories would prove to be positively bad. We have frequently returned articles from authors of great reputation, and have received in return their ill will, we presume, for they ceased writing for us. The loss was theirs, not ours. We do not care what the reputation of the author is, if we do not like the article, we won't purchase it.

OPERATIC HUMBUG.—Next to circus managers, those who cater for the operatic public are the greatest humbugs. Signorini Patti was engaged to sing at Havre, in France. For some reason it did not suit the manager to go there, so he had it proclaimed that if he had gone there, she would have been abducted. He said in his notice that an American steamer lay there manned by young men from New York, who would have carried her off as she left the theatre, hurried her on board, put on a strong head of steam, and carried her off to that city. The best part of the joke is that the Havre people believed the story. This story is quite equal to the one told of Elliston, who could humbug an audience better than any other manager of his day. He once took a celebrated pantomime down to Portsmouth—company, scenery, dresses, and all; but lo, when the company were dressing for the evening, it was found that the harlequin's dress had been left behind. Elliston was equal to the emergency. He went before the curtain and addressed the audience in this wise: "Ladies and gentlemen, I have brought to this city, this celebrated naval depot of his most sacred majesty, my celebrated pantomime of Jack and the Bean Stalks. I wish to do honor to this maritime city, celebrated for its naval depot, its vast congregation of sailors and ships of war. The costume of harlequin consists of a dress in many colors—a parti-colored dress. Now, we know of but one party in this country, and that is the party of our sailor king." His majesty was a sailor. "This is a great naval depot. Most of its inhabitants get their living by the sea, and, therefore, I have resolved that my harlequin, instead of wearing his usual dress, shall be dressed in sailor's costume." The address was received with cheers, and thus Elliston got over the absence of his harlequin's costume.

PARISIAN CORRESPONDENCE.

"AMERICANS are the rage this year, as they were last, and the daily importations from New York, Washington, and Baltimore swell to a quarto folio the visiting list of Mrs. Dix, the wife of the American Minister in Paris.

"Mrs. Dix issued cards at the beginning of the year for nine receptions; they are very agreeable. Dancing goes on till twelve, when, punctually with the striking of the clock, the music ceases as the Sabbath dawns. Nothing can be more gracious than Mrs. Dix's manner with all who press into her small rooms, nothing more quiet and paternal than the General's greeting, nothing more lively and bright than the welcome of Miss Dix—who, unlike some daughters of grandes called upon to receive, helps her mother in the task of making every invited guest pleased with the world in general and him or herself in particular, instead of selfishly devoting herself to her personal pleasure and enjoyment in the criticism of her compatriots. Miss Dix is engaged to be married to a Mr. Walsh, an American of property, who is to deprive Paris next year of one of its most attractive ornaments, by taking 'it' away with him to China or Japan.

"When the other night, Mlle. Patti was prevented by indisposition from singing at the Italiens, and when it was too late to change the programme, Miss Harris, a young American *cantatrice* took Patti's place without preparation or rehearsal and won a brilliant success in the difficult part of Lucia. Many, carried away by their admiration, declared that she will quite equal Patti in a short time; but although this is exaggerated, her marvellous execution, and the purity with which her voice attains the goddiest heights, predicts for her a bright future. She had to repeat the character of Lucia by general request.

"A lawsuit with a curious story will begin shortly. About forty years ago a young peasant girl left her village in the environs of Lyons, and came to Paris. She was extremely pretty, and her manners were most pleasing. The beautiful *paysanne* entered immediately as servant into the house of a rich *bourgeois*, and in a short time her master, who was a widower, was so charmed with her face and manner that he married her, and the peasant girl stepped without hesitation from the kitchen to the drawing-room. Speedily she became very much like a *grande dame*, lived magnificently, dressed tastefully, took part in every *fête* she could gain admittance to, and made the most of the world's amusements till her husband died, leaving her a fortune which, although impaired by her prodigality, amounted to a very fair sum. Then, suddenly, the ex-cook left Paris, returning to her native village, bought some ground, resumed the cast-off garb of her peasant's life, the wooden shoes, the rough work, its dialect even, and its parsimony. A short time ago this *originale* died, leaving her accumulated money to all the members of her family who bear her name, thus putting an endless number of namesakes into wild excitement, and necessitating the help of the law.

"Scribe, the great dramatist of Paris, used to relate the following: 'He had hired a house in the country to pass the summer. As soon as he was fairly installed in it he went in search of a farmer who had a milch cow. Having found one, he stated his want.' 'My good man, my servant will come every morning to buy a pint of milk.' 'Very well, it is eight sous.' 'But I want pure milk, very pure.' 'In that case it is ten sous.' 'You will milk in the presence of my servant.' 'Oh! then it is to be fifteen sous.'"

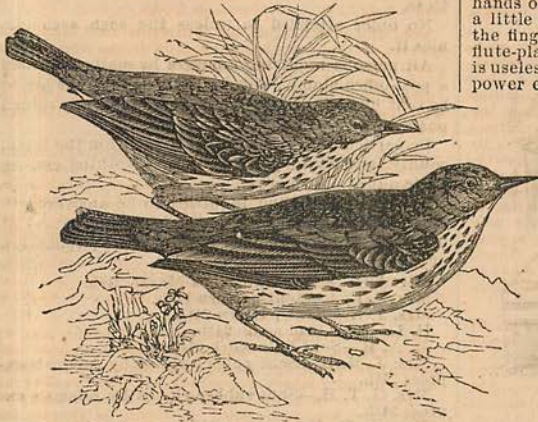
THE Lord High Chamberlain of England, the person who introduces at the presentations to the queen, has been behaving naughty—not to put too fine a point on it—has been behaving like a black-guard. We are anxious to see what her majesty will say about it. The *London Pall Mall Gazette* says he also raises fancy dogs to sell; but this latter may pass, as we do not see there is any crime in that; it may be lowering the dignity of the English nobility a little.

A SUBSCRIBER is anxious to know who was the author of "Though Lost to Sight to Memory Dear." Can any one give us the information?

WHAT is always invisible, yet never out of sight? The letter.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

WHAT I WAS MADE FOR.



God made the little Bird to sing
Up in the tree so tall;
He made the castled Snail to cling
Close to the garden wall.



He made the Flower to charm the eye,
And scent the air around;
He made the tree so broad and high,
To shadow all the ground.
He made the Stars to cheer the night,
And yon dark sky adorn;
He made the Sun, so warm and bright,
To ripen well the corn.
I cannot twinkle like a Star,
Or blossom like the Flowers;
But God hath made me greater far,
And given me nobler powers.

Affection, reason, knowledge, will,
Lord, thou hast given to me;
Then shall not each, Thy law fulfil,
And all be used for Thee? S. W. P.

GAMES.

THE COMICAL CONCERT.

This is a most amusing game, if a good "leader of the band" can be procured. Each of the party selects an instrument, on which they are expected to pretend they are performing—one chooses the violin, and holds out the left arm, moving the fingers as if touching the strings, whilst the right hand saws backwards and forwards as if wielding the bow. Another sets herself in a graceful attitude, draws a

chair before her, and sweeps the "viewless chords" of an invisible harp. Another runs her nimble fingers up and down a supposed piano-forte, for which a table forms a substitute. A fourth places his hands on an angle with his mouth, turns the head a little on one side, draws down the nose, and moves the fingers quickly, being a capital imitation of a flute-player's position, features, and action; but it is useless to particularize—there is always imitative power enough in any juvenile group to furnish "a band" without instruction. How to use the band must be our task to tell. The "leader" having been selected, takes his place in front of the band, and having determined what piece of music shall be performed, (which ought to be some well-known air, chorus, march, etc.), holds up his baton, or roll of music, and spreads out the other hand as a signal for "the whole band" to commence playing on their instruments, and making music which imitates their respective sounds. The leader then claps his baton on his left hand, which is a signal for the band to stop; then he instantly imitates the harp, and the harpist must pretend to play; from that he passes to the drum, and so on to various other instruments, and all at once holds up both hands as a signal for a grand crash; and he thus alternates as quickly as possible the different orders for silence, *solos* and *concertos*; the failure of any player to imitate his leader, or obey his orders, of course entails a forfeit. The sound of the various voices, the sudden pauses, the timid *solos*, the incessant changes, are all productive of great amusement, which can be increased by the skill of the *impromptu Costa* or *Jullien* of the party in adding a few extra directions as to the *time*, and *crescendos* and *diminuendos* of the piece being performed.

TERTIA, OR TOUCH THIRD.

This game ought to be played in a field or park, where it makes a capital addition to the amusements of a picnic party. The company stand two and two in a circle, excepting in one place, where they stand three deep. One stands outside of the circle, and is on no account allowed to go within it. The object is to touch the third one, wherever the pursuer finds her; but when you attempt this she darts into the circle, and takes her place before some of the others. As there must never be three together, the last one now becomes the object of pursuit, darting off until she can likewise slip into the circle and take her place in front of another. The pursuer is thus led from point to point of the circle; for she must always aim at the one who forms the outside of a row of three. Any one caught changes place with the pursuer. This game affords most excellent exercise. Sometimes it is agreed that the pursuer may touch the third one with a handkerchief, which is of course more likely to be effected than by the hand. When joined in by young people of both sexes, it proves most exhilarating and amusing. It can be played in a large room or hall.

A DOLL'S HOSPITAL.—A London toy dealer advertises his establishment as "Dolly's Hospital." He undertakes to cure all complaints incidental to dollhood. Lost hair is restored, bodily defects are remedied, impaired vision corrected, damaged limbs made whole, and young heads put upon old shoulders. We think such an institution would pay here.

We respectfully call the attention of the friends of Mrs. Hale to the following:—

J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston (Mass.), have just published a new work, "Manners; or, Happy Homes and Good Society all the Year Round." By Mrs. Hale. The book is elegantly printed in large type; pages 377. Price \$2 50. Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price.

Harper & Brothers, New York, have in press a new edition, revised and enlarged, of Mrs. Hale's "Distinguished Women," etc. Large octavo, double columns, and over 900 pages.

T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, have lately issued new editions of Mrs. Hale's "New Cookery Book," and also her "Receipts for the Million."