

she does move, we may look out for some colossal efforts to put down the ambition of her Montreal rival.

The prayer-reform movement is taking a new turn. In Troy, the other day, a coloured man entered the detectives' office and offered up prayers for the chief and one of the captains. We shall have the newspaper offices invaded next—the Montreal *Witness* always excepted.

The price per car load of cattle from Chicago to New York is said to have been reduced from \$135 to \$80, from Buffalo to Albany, \$50 to \$35, Buffalo to New York \$80 to \$45.

THE FLANEUR.

The Princess Marie, of Russia, speaks the English language in an accent.

The recent marriage of Mr. Gladstone's daughter has elicited the fact that the British Premier is of doubly royal lineage, for his descent is traced from Henry III., King of England, and Robert Bruce, King of Scotland. Lady Joan Beaufort, a descendant of Henry, married James I., of Scotland, a descendant of Bruce, and from this alliance descended Andrew Robertson, whose daughter was the second wife of Sir John Gladstone and mother of the Premier.

At a banquet, in Edinburgh, on the day of Prince Alfred's wedding, the following dear old ballad was sung:

O Logie o' Buchan! O Logie the laird!
They hae ta'en awa' Jamie that delved in the yaird,
Wha played on the pipe and the viol sae sma'—
They hae ta'en awa' Jamie, the tower o' them a'!

The allusion to the Prince's musical taste is graceful, but the last line of the stanza is hardly complimentary to the other Princes, his brothers.

Apropos of the dissolution, a politician says that Gladstone and Lowe should be termed the political Maskelyne and Cooke, who, after keeping it closed so long, have now thrown open and displayed the secrets of their Cabinet. The next thing is the box trick. Mr. Gladstone is to be sacked, sealed, and boxed, the box is to be corded, and, no matter what precautions are taken, he is to be free in a few seconds. Presumably this applies to the trammels of office.

Society verses, or *vers de société*, are not a very lofty species of composition, but they require a certain taste and tact and are generally very pleasing. The French and the Italians are famous for them. Of late, they have been cultivated with much success in England, after the example set by Praed and Thackeray. The following from the pen of Mortimer Collins, is a gem:

AD CHLOEN, M. A.

FRESH FROM HER CAMBRIDGE EXAMINATION.

Lady, very fair are you,
And your eyes are very blue,
And your nose;
And your brow is like the snow;
And the various things you know,
Goodness knows.

And the rose flush on your cheek,
And your Algebra and Greek,
Perfect are;
And that loving, lustrous eye
Recognizes in the sky
Every star.

You have pouting, piquant lips,
You can doubtless an eclipse
Calculate;
But for your cerulean hae,
I had certainly from you
Met my fate.

If by an arrangement dual
I were Adams mixed with Whewell
Then, some day,
I, as wooer, perhaps might come
To so sweet an Artium
Magistra.

Do not lunch heavily. It is vulgar. A copious midday lunch is an insult to your breakfast and an injury to your dinner.

Never take pills. They make a man miserable for at least twelve hours. If you are bilious, drink freely of lemonade every evening before going to bed. Sup lightly, of course. Of course too, you may occasionally put a stick in your lemonade, but be reasonable and let it be a little stick.

Antelope stake. Who knows what that is? Tenderer than deer. Try it.

I luxuriate in a new story. This is why I want you to read the following: We are told that doctors never take medicine of their own or of any one else's recommending. I was reminded of this a few months ago. I went into the office of a physician to obtain a prescription for a cold and hoarseness. While he was writing it out he casually mentioned that, having been out in the terrible storm of the previous day, a severe cold had resulted, and that in the morning he could scarcely speak aloud. As I folded the prescription—which was Egyptian to me, but seems to be the mother tongue of druggists—I ventured to inquire what he had taken for his hoarseness.

'Loaf sugar and lemons,' was the placid reply. Well, that prescription for drugs was never used, and I found 'loaf sugar and lemons' excellent.

At length we are put in possession of the root of evil which has caused the revolutions of the last two centuries. It is the potato. A chemist, named Leidenfrost, hath so pronounced. Nor is he singular in his judgment. Several German writers upon races predict that nations, far from improving, will deteriorate both in physical and mental characteristics, if potatoes become a principal article of diet. The celebrated Carl Voight says that the nourishing potato does not restore the wasted tissues but makes our proletariats physically and mentally weak. The Holland physiologist, Mulder, gives the same judgment when he declares that the excessive use of potatoes among the poorer classes and coffee and tea by the higher ranks, is the cause of the indolence of nations.

ALMAVIVA.

THE PARISIAN "WORLD" OF 1874.

A correspondent of the *Times* has been calling attention to the degradation of fashionable literature in Paris, and to the causes by which he thinks it explained. One of the reasons given is the subordination of the literary elements to the dresses worn by the performers. The writer says: "When it is remembered that the actresses of Parisian theatres receive on an average from £30 to £40 a month, and that in the pieces in question dresses were changed five or six times, and that each costume represented a month's salary, an idea may be formed of the immediate consequences of the system. Literary art counted for nothing in the success of the author and his interpreters. The pieces played were merely intended to make the most out of the actress, to whom the author had supplied the situations best calculated to bring out the graces of her costume, and who procured for the author the public which fought at the theatre doors less for the sake of applauding than for the sake of seeing. From the stage the corruption in dress and its consequences stepped into the real world. Ladies who had come to see the piece dreamt thenceforward only of the dress; and seeing how easy it made success, they began to dress like actresses. Literature had begun by preparing the journal, the journal prepared the theatre, the theatre created dress, the dress made the actress, who reduced her art to a mere accessory—the actress produced the *cocodette*, and Satan supplied the *cocodette* with the man-milliner, who was to complete the whole edifice. All French literature, or what is generally so called, had for its culminating point, its key-stone, the man-milliner, who created a costume for each personality, and who succeeded in getting it believed that each of his dresses was adapted to the particular physiognomy of her who wore it. At bottom the contrary was the fact. The inventor created a dress according to his fancy, and his art consisted especially in creating dresses which justified the enormous price he asked for them. Once the toilette created, it was for the physiognomy of the wearer to adapt itself to it; and it must be added that those dresses seldom required a modest demeanour or eyes cast down. When the *petites dames* who were making their first steps in the path of cocodettism came to the man milliners, the young ladies were called whose business it was to try the dresses on and show what they must represent when worn. Those young ladies, who are chosen with particular care, form a pretty numerous corporation in Paris dressmaking houses. They have a slender, curved, elegant waist, they walk with rare perfection, and conform to Voltaire's maxim by gliding along without making their weight felt. They are blondes or brunettes, have their hair dressed with the utmost elegance, wear fairy-like boots, and earn an average of £3 or £4 a month. When a dummy has to show off a dress to advantage, a fair or dark one is chosen by the saleswoman according to the complexion of the buyer. The saleswoman has none of the elegance of the dummy; she possesses a talent for selling, and the self-denial to make the graces of the dummy appear to more advantage. An intelligent dummy, who can suit her hair to the dresses she tries on and to the demeanour she assumes, is highly prized, and contributes enormously to the success of the sale. At 7 p.m. the dummy leaves the warehouse and practises attitudes on her own account. But the demeanour she assumed during the day is not lost upon the *petite dame* who has been to the man-milliner's, and a week later she has modified her deportment to suit the dress supplied her, instead of having chosen a dress to suit her natural gait and appearance. Unfortunately, such transformations have deeper consequences than are apparent, and it is of this compound of novel, newspaper, comedy, man-milliner, actress, dummy, *cocodette*, and *gommeux* that is composed the light, superficial, dissatisfied, and turbulent society which forms what is called, by those who belong to it, 'the Parisian world.' The war and its fatal consequences, which it was hoped would modify that society, have not produced the effect expected. No new serious work has risen above the decline which has been going on for ten years."

Literary Notes.

THE MAGAZINES FOR MARCH.

St. Nicholas, the children's paper *par excellence*, is filled with excellent stories, sketches and pictures, suitable for children of all ages. There is no publication of the kind in the whole world that can compete with it. The editorial work, illustrations and type work are gems of taste, and naturally the magazine is in wide favour with the little ones. A year's subscription to this paragon of periodicals for the little folk is a treat that no parent should deny his children.

The *Galaxy* contains, in addition to the usual serials, another paper of Richard Grant White's interesting series of "Linguistic and Literary Notes and Queries" (John Stuart Mill's autobiography); biographical sketches of Tom Marshall, the Kentuckian orator, and of Johann Sebastian Bach; a critical paper on Gustave Doré, by Justin McCarthy, three short stories, and an important paper by J. L. M. Curry on the Confederate States and their constitution.

Scribner's opens, as usual, with an instalment of "The Great South," in which Mr. King gives his experiences of the western region of North Carolina. These sketches in the Southern States form a most important addition to American

literature, and we trust that the publishers will see the advisability of issuing them in book form. The serials running in this volume of *Scribner's* are Adeline Trafton's "Katherine Earle" and Rebecca Harding Davis's "Earthen Pitchers." The current number further contains papers on the Credit Mobilier, the condition of women among the Arabs, the Heiress of Washington, and John Stuart Mill's autobiography. There are several amusing short stories, notably "The Tachypomp," and poetry galore.

Harper's for March contains two valuable papers (of the kind for which it is famous) on the Lighthouses of the United States, and the Observatories of the United States, both full of interesting practical information. There are, besides these, three more illustrated articles, on the Chevalier Bayard, the Island of Bermuda, and Archibald Constable, the Edinburgh publisher. A feature in the current volume of this magazine is a serial by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," entitled "My Mother and I." Other papers and sketches are "The Rights and Wrongs of Seamen," by Charles Nordhoff, "Jo and I," "The Night Train for Paradise," "Recollections of an Old Stager," "A Scheme for Vengeance," and "Lewis Gaylord Clarke."

The March number of *Old and New* has some good story reading, some striking poetry, and some reasonable and instructive papers on social subjects. Although "Scrope" is omitted for this number, Mr. Trollope's novel proceeds as usual; the lively three-part Washington novelette is concluded; and there is a very bright California sketch by H. A. Burton, called "The Quickledge Partners." Biography is also pretty strong in this number, there being a curious account of Thomas Muir, who was a victim of the British seditious laws about the time of the French Revolution; a sketch of Mrs. Mary Somerville, the famous lady mathematician, and another of the late Dr. John Warren. Of the three poems, one is a sententious translation from Ruckert, by Rev. C. T. Brooks; one is a gloomy but striking meditation among the tombs at New Orleans, by the late Joseph M. Field, father of the well-known lively newspaper lady, Miss Kate Field, and the third is an imaginative and thoughtful picture of the Athenian "Winged Victory" and its meaning. The strongest department of the number is its social science, however. Under this head, comes a paper on Labour Organization, with a plan for running a factory on co-operative principles; another of Mr. Quincy's acute papers on charity tax-exemption; and more especially an instructive paper on the U. S. Shipping Law, so-called, and its efficiency in protecting merchant seamen from the infamous sharking and abuse of the sailor landlords. Under this head also comes sensible recommendation, by Mr. Hale in the Introduction, that it should be made the regular business of the churches to conduct, each in its own district, the "out-door poor relief" business. Some of the minor papers in the "Examiner" and "Record of Progress" belong under the same head, particularly two intelligent and strongly written reviews, one by a man and one by a woman, of Dr. Clarke's remarkable book, "Sex in Education." Altogether, this is an unusually valuable number of the magazine.

The March *Atlantic* continues T. B. Aldrich's serial "Prudence Palfrey," Charles Dudley Warner's "Baddeck and That Sort of Thing," and William M. Baker's "Mose Evans," "Life in the Backwoods of Canada," by H. B. K., is a disappointment. With such a subject the writer could have produced something respectable, as it is he is neither amusing nor instructive. Three articles especially deserving of perusal appear in this number, viz: "A Medieval Naturalist," (Phillip de Thaum, poet-naturalist to Henry I. of England,) the "Aborigines of California," and "Owen Brown's Escape from Harper's Ferry." There are also several short stories and poems.

OBSOLETE WORDS REVIVED.

A work published by Dr. Charles Mackay brings out prominently the fact, which, however, will be far from new to well-informed readers, that many obsolete English words have either preserved their existence or taken fresh life in America. "Soggy," wet, which has been long used in this country, and has been supposed to be an Americanism, is found in Ben Jonson. "Snow," as a preterite of snow, is found in Chaucer. "Spry," is used in Somersetshire. "Spook," for ghost, is an old word. "Squelch" occurs in "St. George and the Dragon." "Squirm" is common in the south of England. Dr. Mackay mentions as obsolete two words for strong—"stalwart" and "stark." Both words are used here. The author says that "stark" is here used for "utterly," but at least one writer—Emerson—uses it for "strong;" "the living sinew stark at once." There are some words obsolete in England which exist in this country in a somewhat altered form. "Bender," which used to mean "a hard drinker," has now come to mean "a spree." Some of the words which have slipped out of use are already well-nigh reclaimed. "Bale," meaning "sorrow," "damage," is put down as in use in Shakespeare's time. Mr. Matthew Arnold has used it happily in his fine poem of "Heine": "The thick-crashing, insane, tyrannous tanpests of bale." "Bangled," to express a field of corn beaten down by the wind. "Barm" and "barmy," to describe the cream of beer, are beautiful words. Dr. Mackay's book is full of curious bits of information. "Poesie" was given as a name for a nos-gay because the gallant who sent it always attached to its stalk a "poesy," poetical quotation. Again, the word "batten," which is usually supposed to mean "to grow fat," we are told really means "to feed insufficiently;" "Go and batten on cold bits," says Shakespeare.

Joaquin Miller thinks Bryant the second greatest poet America has produced. Every one knows whom he considers the first.

Victor Hugo, after twenty years' absence, intends to take his seat in the Paris Académie on the occasion of the election of Alexandre Dumas.

Calcutta possesses a curious Jewish weekly newspaper, the *Macdussair*, or *Glad Tidings*. It boasts of ninety subscribers, is published every Friday, and is printed in the Arabic language and Hebrew character.

It may interest some of our readers to learn that *Constable's Miscellany*, an old magazine of which a few volumes may occasionally be found on the shelves of second-hand book-stores, inaugurated the cloth bindings which are now universally adopted in England and America. The *Miscellany* was commenced in 1825, and extended to seventy-two volumes.