

THE FLANEUR.

Victor Hugo has still one child left him, a daughter. She is married to an English officer who is now acting as Lieutenant Governor of Tasmania.

Rossini, one of the wittiest of men, once said: "Paris is the devil. Everybody speaks ill of it, and everybody goes to it."

The monkeys in the Jardin des Plantes are now clad in blues to protect them from cold.

Politicians are welcome to all the comfort they can extract from these lines of the poet:

To be suspected, thwarted and withstood,
Although he labours for the public good,
To win no praise when well-wrought plans prevail,
And to be hardly censured if they fail.

A French night repast is always a delight. But the Christmas *réveillon* is a prodigy. Just fancy yourself in presence of such a display as this—devilled kidneys smothered in champagne, pigs' feet truffled and defended with pickles, sausages as various in colour as in make up, with sour-kraut to make all digestible, and onion soup as a substitute for bitters? Yet such is the banquet that ladies and gentlemen rush to patronize, more in restaurants than in private houses. It is calculated that one hundred and fifty miles of black pudding were consumed on Christmas Eve.

Consolation for lovers:
Amantes, amentes.

Recorder. You believe also that the young man who sat with you in the cab has stolen your watch. What makes you think so?

Young girl. He bent so over me.
Recorder. Why did you allow him?
Young girl. O, I thought he only wanted to make love.

We cannot always be laughing. Spite of us, we will sometimes sit alone and forgotten things will troop up into the brain, making the lip to quiver, and the eye to moisten and the heart to swell until it is almost fit to break. I had this feeling the other night, as I penned the following lines:

Like a wail on the desolate seashore, that cold wild gust of December
Makes moan round the gable at midnight—the last of the year—
And like the grin of a ghost, the light of the smouldering ember
Flits in my empty face and mocks me with visions of cheer.

O, where are the dreams that we dreamed, and where the delirious
We loved when the insects fluttered in the warmth and the fragrance
And where are the vows that we made—those clusters of fiery holies
Brightest and fairest to see on the very eve of decay?

The young boy croons at his work, the maiden sings in the bower,
And the air pulsates with the throbs of a cosmic, infinite love.
But the feet are cold that have met in the sun's sensual hour,
And the red leaves cover the trysting seat in the grove.

The old man crosses his hands, and droops his head in the shadows,
The good wife stops at her wheel, for her eyes are filmy and dim;
But O, on the fringe of the wood and out on the billowy meadows
The great gold light is floating in a celestial stream.

The odour of lilacs still clings to the leaves of the family missile,
And the date of our bridal is there—I remember 'twas writ in my blood—

Ah me! yet 'tis only this morning that I heard the bobolink's whistle
Up in the sumach that shelters her grave and where the syringa stood.

Yes, and the rains of the autumn fall chill on the purple slope where
The bones of my babes are enlaced in the root of that funeral tree,
But still when I look out for them in the buoyant, crystalline weather
Their sweet white faces are radiant and smile upon me.

And such is the life of man—a shifting of scenes—with the ranges
From one extreme to the next—the rise and ebb of the soul;
And what is our bliss and our ail? Why, always to change with the charges,
Though our single purpose is fixed on the one immutable goal.

Thus to-night I will chase my sorrow with that last wild gust of Decem-
ber,
The gloom where I sit is gone and the gleams of the morning appear,
The Past shall be buried anew in the dust of the smouldering ember,
For the Future rises before me, in the flush of the dawning year.

Those Frenchmen!

Some weeks ago, the police of Paris arrested a man who attempted to bite off the nose of a wine merchant. He was doubtless attracted by its bloom. After much resistance, he surrendered himself and, on being questioned, answered that he was a fisherman by day, but by night acted as secretary to the Society of Nose Eaters!

Poor Parepa, why did she ever marry? From the fairyland of operatic triumph, she stepped down into the prosy arena of wedlock and her brief career there ended in a dismal tragedy. She died after giving birth to a still-born child.

Willie Winter, dramatic critic of the New York *Tribune*, of whom it may be said that he has revived in America the method of a Charley and a Jules Janin, lately set the climax to delicate, courteous word painting. Speaking of Carlo Leclere, who appeared in the *New Magdalen*, and wishing to insinuate to her as gently as possible, that being fat and forty, she was unsuited to the part of *Merry Merriek*, he got out of the scrape by saying that she was "too massive and mature." I have seldom read anything more exquisite.

This definition of a jockey is worthy of Douglas Jerrold:
The pair of pincers with which sportsmen draw their chestnuts out of the fire.

It is remarkable that in almost all languages the word "dear" signifies beloved and of high price. Through the Latin *carum*, the Italians have *caro*, the French *cher*. We have *dear* and the Germans *theuer*. All with the double meaning.

A young fellow who had to pay one hundred dollars for a dispensation to marry his first cousin, used to answer, whenever she told him (as women always do) that he could not possibly love her as fondly as she loved him:

"O Mimì, you are *doubly dear* to me."

I have discovered a beauty for Hotten's new edition of Curious Sign-boards.

In this very city, (I can give you street and number, if you like) there was a furniture dealer, who added the business of undertaker to his other cares, for one of his windows was filled with coffins large and small. Over his front was painted this sign in French:

"X—, &c., &c. ENCOURAGE HOME MANUFACTURE!"

Robert Dale Owen says that he saw more pretty women, in five weeks, in New York, than he did during a five years' stay at Naples. This is one of those wild assertions which mean nothing. They are true under one sole point of view and false in every other. I may say with equal truth and equal untruth that I saw more pretty faces, in one day's stroll on the Strada Nuova, than I met in Broadway, during a week's promenade. And yet what would it prove?

ALMAVIVA.

THE QUEEN OF OPERA BOUFFE.

Olive Logan sends to the *Spirit of the Times* from Paris the following spicy gossip about the great Schneider: "Until New York has seen this *artiste* it can never truly say that it knows anything about the possibilities of Offenbachian opera bouffe. That vulgar creature, Tostee, got all the cream of the 'Grand Luchas' in New York. The music was such a novelty that it was bound to be a success anywhere; but if you can imagine Frank Evans getting hold of one of Lester Wallack's pieces, and going to Omaha and playing it, you may have some idea of the *rapprochement* between Schneider in 'La Grande Duchesse' in Paris, with half the crowned heads of Europe elbowing each other for her smiles, and Tostee in New York, getting tipsy on bad champagne with Gotham's gamblers, and croaking through the part on nights when she was not 'indisposed.' The extraordinary charm of Schneider was her elegant and dignified bearing; she looked like a Grand Duchesse, and had the carriage and manners of one. It was only by occasional flashes, scarcely lasting a moment, that she gave you glimpses of the wild devilry of reckless fun which lay beneath the imperious and high-bred demeanour which was her habitual manner. Add to this that instead of the plastered mask—our recording map of hideous orgies—behind which Tostee grinned, and through which her lascivious little eyes twinkled, Schneider has a delicate and intellectual face, which, despite her life of an undeniably unvestal-like character, bears no traces even now of the ravages of dissipation. Her life has been passed among the finest flower of the nobility of Europe—of course I mean among men of that stamp only—and they have formed her. Such men may be dissipated, reckless, frivolous; but they are not coarse and vulgar, nor will they tolerate these traits in any one with whom they associate. Her first love was the Duke de Grammont-Caderousse. He idolized her, and used to walk arm-in-arm with her on the boulevard in the day time. Any body who would not bow to him with her on his arm, he cut most remorselessly afterwards. He was a descendant of the Crusaders, and had the red hair which the *cajets rousses* of the Grammonts have flourished for six hundred years. He died young, leaving Hortense a good part of his fortune. I saw her in a private box of the theatre of the *Délassements Comiques* night before last. It was easy to see that her presence rendered the actresses on the stage very nervous. She applauded the singer once or twice, however. She was accompanied by a very 'swelly' man, and was simply but richly dressed in black silk. Priceless black pearls hung from her ears—gems fit for Cleopatra's wear when dressed in Sunday best. Schneider owns one brooch, a monogram of the letters H and S, formed of diamonds as big as horse-hoofnuts, there or thereabouts. It is said to be worth the ransom of a king—a vague statement as regards money value, for there have been some kings I wouldn't give a dollar-store breastpin for."

Literary Notes.

NEW BOOKS.

A poem of some thousand or twelve hundred lines is under any circumstances a somewhat ambitious undertaking. But what shall we say of a young lady of sixteen who boldly plunges into an ocean of verse, and undeterred by the faint praise or the ridicule of the critics fearlessly places her production before "a discriminating public." While we admire her pluck, we cannot but consider the author of "Constance" as unwise in supposing that the public will look with the same favourable eye as her own friends upon the elaborate and somewhat stilted production she has put forth upon the world. While we do not deny that within the thousand odd lines that form the book before us there are some that possess a merit of their own, we cannot but congratulate the writer upon her prudence in withholding her name from an effort of which in the future she may have reason to be ashamed. As the production of a young lady in her teens "Constance" is not without its good points. As a book that the public is supposed to read and pronounce upon, we fear that it will fall flat. As to the typographical work, the book is a marvel of the *bizarre* put together with the least possible amount of taste.

MAGAZINE LITERATURE.

Old and New for February is a sprightly and entertaining number, on the principle of being a popular and useful magazine, instead of being useful, and taking the chance of being popular. Mr. Trollope's novel grows readable and interesting. Mr. Perkin's novel contains some curious matters illustrating the interior of the book-agents "dreadful trade;" and the Washington novelette fills the second of its three parts. Bishop Ferrette of the Syrian Church—a man of much curious Oriental learning, and who can read the "Arabian Nights," at sight, into good English, from the Arabic—contributes a fanciful legend, which might well be added to the famous Eastern story-book. Mr. Harlew's sketch, "The Lost Child," is a sad but interesting legend of Wachusset Mountain, which the author says, "is well known in all that region to be entirely

* Constance. A Lay of the Olden Time. By Maple Leaf. Montreal: John Lovell.

true." Mr. Hale gives us a capital practical paper on "Exercise," a spirited introduction full of patriotic memories of the Revolutionary War and a likely introduction to the Examiner, with suggestive thoughts about poetry, and magazine poetry too. In the "Record of Progress" there is a bitter epigram on Carlyle, and some seasonable information on money matters and on the American Social Science Association. There are two poems—"Sea Tangle," by G. T. A.; and "Mistaken," by Clara F. Guernsey. And there is a fervent and forcible article by one of the Old Guard of Kentucky Republicans, Mr. Fairchild of Berea, in favour of having all public schools open equally to black and white children. And Mr. Quincy, whose articles on the proper way of exempting public institutions from taxation have attracted a great deal of attention, has another pungent paper on the subject.

The February number, the second of the new volume of *Lippincott's Magazine*, sparkles with interesting and attractive articles. In this number Mr. George MacDonald's long-promised serial story, *Malcolm*, really begins. It is brimful of fine Scotch humour. Its characters are clearly and skilfully drawn. It is altogether a most stirring and captivating story. The continuation of the "New Hyperion" maintains the universal interest already created,—an interest which is constantly surprised and intensified by the singularly original and suggestive illustrations of Doré. "Josephine and Malmison," illustrated, is, its padding notwithstanding, an interesting sketch of Napoleon's life at Malmison and of his relations with Josephine, by Marie Howland. "A Western Seeress," by Will Wallace Harney, is a graphic and curious piece, descriptive of adventures illustrative of the faculty of second sight. "Two Marquises," by Reginald Wynford, contains a sketch of the Marquis of Hertford, who was the original of Thackeray's famous character. "The Marquis of Steyne," "How we Met," is a charming story, by the author of "Blindpits." "Kismet," an Eastern poem, by George H. Boker, will command universal attention. "Among the Alligators," is a lively Florida hunting sketch, by S. O. Clarke. "The Romance of a Tin Box," by Louis A. Roberts, is, as its title indicates, a very amusing story. "Modern French Fiction," by Francis Asheton, is an able critical article on a subject of constantly increasing interest. This number also contains "A Queen's Adventure," a very sprightly paper, by R. D. Key; and "A Famine in the East," by Fanny R. Feulge. "Our Monthly Gossip," in the February number is equal in style and variety to any of its predecessors, and to say that is to commend the Magazine to all readers of refined taste and good judgment.

Rochefort is writing an autobiographical novel in the *Rappel*.

George Sand is writing a new novel in the *Temps*—*L'Orgue de Titan*.

Charles Kingsley was to have sailed from Liverpool for New York on Thursday.

An account of the Chinese war will be shortly published by the Comte de Pallkao.

Onlin is about to publish a short story, in one volume, entitled "The Wooden Shoes," which will be illustrated by herself.

It is stated that the author of *Gin's Baby* is going to write a book with the strange title of *Luchmee and Ditto*. The scene of the story is to be in the West Indies. What new grievance is Mr. Jenkins about to submit?

M. E. Eckmann-Chatrian are now writing a new serial story, which will shortly appear in *Cassell's Magazine*. It will be entitled "The College Life of M. H. N. Nabot," and will be based on the adventures of a young collegian during the Louis Philippe era.

A book which will create considerable interest on its appearance next month will be the *Life and Letters of Lord Minto*, edited by the Countess of Minto. It contains a multitude of private letters referring to all the principal personages and events of the first years of this century.

Shelton & Co. announce a work which will be received with great interest everywhere. It is an interior history of the Lincoln Administration by ex-Secretary Welles, who was connected with it from the start, was in most of its secrets, and has a vast amount of accurate data to draw from.

Notice of action for libel has been sent (says the *Times*) to the publisher of *Once a Week* by the solicitors of one of the Liverpool shipowners, on account of certain statements made by Mr. Pimms in his appendix to "Ship Aboard," the Christmas annual of *Once a Week*. The shipowner referred to is, the *Liverpool Daily Post* says, Mr. W. J. Fernie.

They have got an epidemic of criticism at Minneapolis. At a recent inquest over the works of Tenyson one speaker pronounced him a third-class poet, and "a very small pattern of a man, who fell in love at the age of fifteen and was continued so ever since." A clergyman said that "The Princess" "always reminds him of the rag-tag and bob-tail thoughts of a man of talent in a delirium." It is apt to go hard with people at the first, but they will recover in time if they live long enough.

The members of the Prussian Order *Pour Le Mérite* who are entitled to vote have proposed to the Emperor the great English historian, Mr. Thomas Carlyle, as a member of the civil division of the Order, in place of the late Sigar Manzoni. It was no easy task to find a successor to the celebrated Italian poet, as, for reasons easily understood, there could be no question about the election of M. Victor Hugo, who under other circumstances would undoubtedly have obtained the greatest distinction for merit in art and science which is at the disposal of the Sovereign of Prussia.

The following is the text of C. A. Bristed's (Barl Banson) last letter: "I am still alive. For twelve days I have suffered such agonies as cannot be described or imagined. On May, the 12th, I was easter. I took the sacrament, and hoped to die quietly, but I am reserved for more suffering. My family and friends have shown me the greatest kindness. I think I ought to be made legal to kill such invalids as myself. I say this as a Christianian."
CHARLES ASTOR BRISTED.

P. S.—My servants have been like angels to me. Were I to live I should write a pallinode on the Irish.

The *Publishers' Circular* informs us that 3,163 different books and pamphlets have been published in the United Kingdom in the year 1873, the highest number reached in any other country being 659. Some of these are American importations, but the number excludes all new editions. The pamphlets are extremely few, only 170, and the works of fiction stand foremost, 831. Next comes theology, with 770 works; and next, to our surprise, 538 books of art, or books so illustrated as to be books of art. After these follow histories, books of poetry, and 252 works of travel, geography, or geographical research.