

## English Jottings.

The latest to become an "Immortal," as those elected to the French Academy are called, is Charles Louis de Sancies de Freycinet, who has been so prominent in French politics since the coming in of the republic. He is sixty-three years old, and until 1870 was a mining and railroad engineer by profession. In Paris, where he has been nicknamed "the Little White Mouse," he is known as an accomplished speaker and writer. M. de Freycinet, in Paris, is prodigiously proud of his election to the Academy, says the New York Sun. He attributes his success to his literary merits, which he has himself always rated much higher than the world has done. In reality his election to a seat among the Immortals is the result of the feeling that to him is due most of the credit for reorganizing the French army, which it is fondly believed by all Frenchmen is now quite a match for the hosts of Germany. Here is a good description of De Freycinet, written by a man who knows him well: "As a writer and speaker he has a thin, elegant, and lucid style. He excels in clean statement, an orderly marshalling of facts, and delicate, though striking, innuendo. In arguing most he never seems to argue, but gently compels his hearers to deduce the conclusions at which he wishes them to arrive. He is a delightful fire-side talker, and one of the best chess players in France. American visitors to Paris should be well acquainted with his stately courtesy and his wonderful mastery of the English language."

"The Commonwealth of Australia," though the most practical and advanced of the would-be independent colonies, is wise in its generation. By an overwhelming majority it has determined to remain true to the mother country, and has voted £10,000 a year towards the stipend of the Governor-General, who is to be in every case appointed by the Queen. The Governor-General must approve of all measures before they become law, and should he see fit he has the power to refer measures to the direct consideration of Her Majesty in England. This is really very marvellous moderation in view of the fact that the Australians are the proud proprietors of a really very useful little fleet. It is not at all likely that they will ever get into trouble with Chili, which is the paramount naval State of the Pacific, but a few additions to their navy would enable them to do even this with every prospect of success.

Some people affect to despise titles, and to regard orders and decorations as little better than pickle-bottle labels. But even a baronetcy has its uses. It should not be overlooked that nearly everyone of the fathers whose collective wisdom has framed the new constitution of "the Commonwealth of Australia" is a Sir Somebody Something. We do not attempt to suggest that the fact affected the deliberations of these statesmen, but even a Colonial Governor has his ambitions, and his wife invariably thirsts to be called "My Lady." When Independence spends no more knight-hoods, loyalty is proportionately stimulated. If the Powers that be were to recognize the recent labours of Sir Henry Parkes and his fellow "sirs" by elevating the lot to the Peerage, it is all Lombard Street to a tin of preserved mutton that Independence in Australia would receive its death-blow!

Experiment has been in progress for some time to establish telephonic communication between London and New York. The idea was started long before the Paris telephone was successfully carried into effect, so that the present endeavour was not suggested by that event. Up to the present, the attempt to talk across the Atlantic has not been successful, but this much has been accomplished—it has been found feasible to transmit sounds, though they are unintelligible. That is so far encouraging that it is believed it is only a matter of perfecting the mechanical means to establish perfect telephone communication. It is probable that a specially-constructed cable may have to be laid for the purpose, the experiments now, of course, being conducted over the ordinary telephone line.

An American physician, who has just returned to the States after a visit to this country, has written very plainly, and very sensibly, in a New York paper on the much-vexed question of the nasal twang affected by his countrymen, and more especially by his countrywomen. "Let us," he writes, "absent ourselves from our beloved country for a few weeks' travel across the sea, and there hear for a time the soft and musical voices of our English cousins; then it is upon our return that the American drawl—it is not a voice—of our beautiful young girl in Society grates upon our sensibilities, and we feel as though the beautiful creature and the thing by her side that by courtesy is called a man, ought to be taken in charge by a doctor, who will first cure their 'nasal catarrh,' and then cure their nasal 'twang.'"

A monitory voice comes from America on the passion for consuming chocolate, which is not unrequired, we are afraid, on this side of the Atlantic. Five million pounds of the pulverised meat of the cocoa bean found its way into the American stomach last year, and the American stomach suffered accordingly. Several persons died from the effect of over-indulgence in cocoa mixed with sugar which is called chocolate. Cases are perpetually cropping up of persons who have permanently injured their digestive powers by the nibbling chocolate in lieu of food, and a foremost New York physician has pronounced an emphatic opinion on the subject. This is described as a "chocolate age," and those who prefer the little brown tablets to any other food are warned to remember that there is such a thing as "chocolate inebriety."

Henry George has retired from the editorship of *The Standard*, and will henceforth devote himself mainly to the oral publication of what Goldwin Smith calls, the Doctrine of Unrest. As a lecturer in England, Scotland, Australia, and New South Wales, Mr. George is a great success. There his single tax ideas are listened to, and, best of all, understood. The chances are that Mr. George will locate in London and devote himself to authorship. His present plans include a primer of political economy, an annotated edition of the "Wealth of Nations," and a reply to Professor Huxley's attack on "Progress and Poverty." It is a curious commentary on the fitful character of appreciation that Mr. George—fame as a thinker, a forcible and logical writer, and a lecturer or not—"George the social philosopher and George the man" are two curiously different persons. He stands alone among modern political economists, but socially he is the simplest and most approachable of men. He is conspicuous as a listener rather than a talker, and in any company of men he seems anxious rather to draw out the opinions of others than to exploit his own. His intellectual methods are peculiar. He has a habit, when reading a newspaper, of tearing out articles bodily and handing the ragged fragment to his son, with instructions to preserve it. Perhaps a month later he will suddenly call for the article, having hit upon a subject to which it bears some relation. In habit he is the most active and restless of mortals. He sits still only when at work, and a formal dinner has peculiar terrors for him because it does not admit of peripatetic performances between courses. He is a devoted husband and father, a sympathetic friend. His chief associates are a little group of faithful single taxers, some poor, some well to-do, and a few rich.

Earl Granville was a personal friend of Mr. Gladstone, besides being his *fidus arates* in politics. The world must be getting very empty and cold to the Queen—one by one her contemporaries, trusted advisers and friends drop off, and with the new she is not in touch. It was a sad beginning to her sojourn in the sunny south. The exaggerated news, too, of the disaster in Assam affected her Majesty sensibly, and the day on which she received the news she dismissed the band which nightly serenades her at the dinner-hour—she was too sad for music. A deep-feeling, sympathetic, tender-hearted woman in all that touches the human breast is Victoria Regina.