

Book Reviews.

MY MISCELLANIES. By Wilkie Collins. New York: Harper Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

"My Miscellanies," the author tells us, first appeared as contributions to the "Household Magazine" and "All the Year Round." They are written in a racy, easy style, and display an entire freedom from the old didactic and "approved" lingo essayists were accustomed to preach in.

They overflow with humour and wit, and evidence an intimate acquaintance and keen appreciation of the every-day oddities of life.

Mrs. Bullwinkle's consumption of provisions in the capacity of nurse, is very ludicrous, and no wonder her mistress thought she was a cow! and her master grew pale at the length of the butcher's and grocer's bills.

Mr. Collins' Memoir of Douglas Jerrold is very interesting. He was one of that brilliant dramatist's earliest friends, and, it seems, as much gratifies his own esteem for Jerrold and admiration of his genius in writing this biography as his readers' curiosity.

Harper's List of Books for 1874 also comes to us from Dawson, and will prove a useful guide to their publications.

UNDER THE TREES. By Samuel Grenasus Prime. New York: Harper Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

This is a very passable book, and contains the musings and literary effusions of a gentleman of leisure "Under the Trees," on the banks of the Hudson, New York. His essays on Birds and Dogs are very interesting. "A Parson's story" tells how two innocent young women are blasted by the libels of a Mrs. Flint, who accuses them of dishonesty. They are driven mad in consequence, but romantically enough, the sequel brings them two merchant lovers whom pity for their misfortunes ultimately marries them.

They recover from their madness for a while, and are sane for some time after their marriage. But the curse returns—they rave again, and death and trouble are the climax of this pitiful, well-written tale.

MISS MOORE. By Georgiana Craik. New York: Harper Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

"Miss Moore" is a children's book. It is clever, natural, and withal of a good moral tone. "Miss Young" and "Miss Moore" are both ably delineated characters.

The dialogue is easy and lively, and we have great pleasure in commending it to our readers as a very charming and suitable *brochure* for children.

FRENCH HOME LIFE. Second Edition. Toronto: Adam, Stevenson & Co. Montreal: Robert Bennet.

The author of "French Home Life" thoroughly understands his subject, and gives us a most excellent and reliable insight into the French character and manners. As so large a proportion of our citizens are either French or of Franco-extraction, this book is of even more interest to us than the country from whence it first emanated—England.

The essay on "manners" is very complete and well deserving of the quotation it has already received from several journals.

Manners with our neighbours in the "old country" are a science, partly natural, partly acquired.

By them the Frenchman can express his meaning more amply and expeditiously than the most copious flood of words. A shrug of the shoulders, to use the trite old phrase, literally "speaks volumes," a wave of the hands, the eye-brows raised, a bow, &c., are in "la belle France," most *a propos* and expressive.

The sway and influence of the ladies in society is another peculiar trait of the French.

They are the great civilizers, so to speak, of the land, and seek, by the exercise of their charms and conversation, to keep men from the grosser pleasures of the world.

The perfect ease with which a Frenchwoman arranges her hair before a railway mirror, or attends to her baby's underclothing in company, may seem a little strange and perhaps indecorous to her reserved neighbours of Canada and England, but in reality she is only natural after all, and merely acts free from that conventional restraint so binding on us. She has always been brought up so.

A WIT once asked a peasant what part he performed in the great drama of life. 'I mind my own business,' was the reply.

THE greatest labor that devolves upon a woman is to tear down and rebuild one dozen times each day her back hair, and still the beastly males accuse them of idleness.

TIMKINS aroused his wife from a sound sleep the other night, saying he had seen a ghost in the shape of an ass. 'Oh, let me sleep,' was the reply of the irate dame, 'and don't be frightened at your own shadow.'