

THE FLANEUR.

Wonders will never cease. A young girl named Richard, of the parish of St. Leonard, and aged thirteen, went nine whole months without taking any food, solid or liquid, except an occasional sup of cold water. But within the past few weeks she changed her mind, took to eating like any other feeble-minded mortal, and has at present attained a normal *raisonpoint*. Her parents are particularly glad to see that she is now like every body else. I think myself the girl is decidedly mistaken. It is so much nicer to be like nobody else.

The New York papers inform us that Tweed is much worn.

It is wonderful how circumstances alter cases. Some time ago a certain portion of our press was loud in its praise of English comments on the Pacific scandal. Now that the British papers, after fuller information, modify their opinions very considerably, they are ignored or abused by their former friends here.

If English journals choose to change, why may not ours enjoy a similar privilege?

"Don't do that again, John. I am five years old to-day, and the parson says it is not proper for young ladies to kiss on the mouth." And Minnie sailed out of the room wiping her lips.

There never were so many organ grinders in the city before. They all belong to the same type, with a single exception. That one is a young woman, not unhandsome, whose instrument is on wheels, and contains in a recess, a cosy place where an infant quietly sleeps, as she grinds her screeching music. Gazing at this pretty sight some weeks ago, I felt softened, and fumbled in my pocket for a penny. Just then two high-born dames passed, with a scowl and sneer on their faces.

"That's a baggage," said one, pointing to the poor woman with her parasol.

"The child is not hers," rejoined the other. "She borrowed it to impose upon honest people."

I let go my penny, and diving to the bottom of my pocket, pulled out my last five-cent piece, which I handed to the woman.

Where has the poor musician gone, now that the snow has come?

The glory of Jack Sheppard and Bill Edmonson has departed. Sharkey is the hero of the day. A gambler, black-leg, "political striker," and murderer, he was the terror and desecration of his fellow men, while his handsome face and dashing figure made him the admiration of the sex. Poor Maggie Jordan! He treated her more shamefully than ever Bill Sykes did Nancy. And yet she loved him. Beautiful Maggie! Fit to be the lawful wife of a nob. During Sharkey's trial, she sat constantly by his side. During his imprisonment, she was the only one who visited him. Little by little, she brought articles of female dress to his cell, until his disguise was complete, when he quietly walked out of the Tombs, leaving the poor girl to face the enraged keepers. Sharkey is now free, thanks to Maggie Jordan. O fair, chaste ladies, raise not up your white hands in holy deprecation. Love is stronger than death, and such charity as Maggie's covereth a multitude of sins.

Have you ever received a letter which bore on the face, or rather on the back of it, unmistakable evidence of being a disagreeable letter—perhaps that of a dun or a poor relation? And have you not caught yourself in the act of slipping that letter in your pocket, saying: "I will read it to-night or to-morrow." Now that is cowardice. "But if I read it, it will make me angry or miserable." If it makes you angry or miserable, there is a remedy. Read it over a second time, slowly, deliberately, chewing every word. Then you will feel better. Homeopathy.

A French student's view of the collapse of the Chambord restoration is worth preserving. He rejoiced at the collapse. And why? Because if Chambord had reigned, it would have made the history of one more king to learn by heart.

"Kiss me quick and go."
Said Sally to her lover:
Her cheek was all aglow,
She wished the thing was over.

"Kiss me quick and go?"
Said the lover to the maid:
His spirits fluttered low,
And he stood as one dismayed.

"Go where?" he gasped with pain.
"Do you mean to drive me off?"
She glanced at him again,
And gave a little cough.

"Why, go to daddy's quick,
And ask him for my hand:
Now mind you do it slick,
I hope you understand."

He kissed her quick and scooted,
In a jiffy he was back:
He jumped about and hooted,
And gave his gal a smack.

Quoth Sally, with a stare,
"What did the old man say?"
"Why, he said he didn't care—
"I might kiss you slow and stay."

"Well, go ahead then, Mister,
And take your time," said she,
He took his time and kissed her,
From twelve o'clock till three.

Do you know how to cook a mutton chop? There are few persons who do. In "Shirley," the big Irish Vicar has this point in his favour and this only, that he *did* know how to cook a chop. I confess my ignorance, but I will give you a receipt from a friend who, like Dumas, combines the talents of a writer and a caterer. Place your gridiron—the frying-pan is an abomination—over a clear fire, and keep it there till it is very hot. Then take your chop—one of good thickness preferred—and set it over the bars, turning it over every thirty seconds, till it is done. To know when it is done requires instinct. All good cooks have instincts. But, in the name of decency, do not dab your fork into it to ascertain whether it is done. Next take a dessert spoonful of Tarragon vinegar—don't start, it is only twenty-five cents a bottle—and pour it in drops on both sides of the chop, after which put it on a hot plate, pepper and salt it, and set the plate in a very hot oven for about a minute. Eat the chop thus prepared and let me know how you like it.

I always recognize an American by his delicate, well-shaped boot. An Englishman is always badly shod.

On the other hand, John Bull is distinguished for his elegant head-piece, while, as a rule, Jonathan wears a shocking bad hat.

Who can tell me why a bandy-legged man always looks vulgar?

Why is it that drinking claret while smoking a cigar generally induces headache?

A case of conscience.

Supposing a street car conductor forgets to ask you for your fare, are you bound to remind him of it? I have heard people relate, as a tremendous joke, that they had a free ride on the cars.

Opposite the room where I write these melancholy lines there is a house. In that house there are two windows. In those windows there are curtains. That is all simple enough, you will say. Yes, but the mischief of it is that of those two curtains one is always down and the other always looped up. Now, why are they not both drawn down or both looped up? Some people are very provoking.

ALMATIVA.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

THE GOURMAND.

BY

A

I have heard some reckless mortals exclaim that they didn't care what they eat. Just something to satisfy hunger, they didn't care what and they were content. *Ma foi*, to eat only to appease the pangs of hunger is animal; but the *gourmand* is an artist. I have no patience with people who have no relish for good things. I tell you, sir and madame, there is a poetry in eating as well as in every thing else that is natural. There are those who hurry through the world in an express train and they never look at the landscape. Mont Blanc at sunrise, the vast stretch of the ocean, the cultivated plains undulating in varied shade, the stream purling between flower-clad banks, the sun, like some grand old monarch, wrapping his purple and gold drapery about him in death, the moon, in melancholy grandeur, followed by her vassal stars, are all unheeded because the unfortunates have no poetry in their souls. We pity them. I tell you the poor mortal is to be more greatly pitied who hurries through life, taking breakfast, dinner and supper, day after day, without a special *goût*, who eats what is placed before him, without regard to the savory flavors of delicately cooked dishes. Why should a man refuse to receive pleasure from his palate, tickled with a carefully prepared *menu* any more than from his ears charmed with music or his eyes pleased with painting and sculpture. The man who derives no more pleasure from Strasbourg *pâtés de foie gras* or the delicious truffles than from a dry crust and a tough beef-steak, who can swallow his small beer with as much relish as his Moot or old crusted port, is a miserable for whose unfortunate condition prayers ought to be offered up weekly in the churches!

I tell you eating is the *primum mobile* of a vast array of events. Deprive a people of wholesome food and your aristocracy become *Sans-culottes* and your rabble break out into open rebellion. I maintain that the communist and the *pitroleuse* of Paris arose out of famine by as sure a law as myriads of disgusting animalcules will grow out of putrid water. It is your lean cadaverous looking men, who snatch hasty and unwholesome meals, who become radicals and obstructionists. Your well fed men are conservative to the last. Look at the honoured bench of bishops of the Episcopal Church. They are tolerant and easy and comfortable. They don't start new religious theories to disturb mankind. They don't rush red handed against dissenters. *Pourquoi?* Because they are good liverers. They know the virtue of port wine and grow paunches beneath their silk aprons. Dys-pepsia, *mes amis*, is the great foe to order.

Did I hear the voice of some pale faced little belle, with a waist that I could span, exclaim that I am deifying gluttony? *Ce n'est pas vrai*. I am elevating gastronomy into a science. Come here, *ma belle*, and I will tell you a secret that I learned long ago from perhaps the best Polonius that ever graced the British stage. Have you a lover and do you want to charm his heart—the avenue, my dear, is through his stomach—or an obdurate husband who refuses the cash for a new dress? I will tell you my secret. I will give you a receipt for the *princeps obsonio-um* that will charm him into loving compliance. Take lamb's kidney. Split it open, my charmer, and place in the inside a piece of butter the size of a filbert nut, a little cayenne pepper, the squeeze of a lemon, a pinch of salt, a *souppon* of mustard and a drop or two of Worcestershire sauce. Bring the gaping lips together. Take a Spanish onion, split it in two and from the centre remove sufficient to enable you to introduce the kidney. Close the onion, tie it round and suspend it before the fire and cook till the kidney is done to its heart of hearts. *Ciel!* what a morsel! What a combination of flavors. The snices from the inside of the kidney and the delicate juices of the onion from without permeate that morsel of meat till it tastes like the food of the gods. The trembling lover falls captive at your feet, the obdurate husband yields up his purse.

I said I received the information that I am giving you, *m'amie*, from an actor. I can recall his manner as he took me by the shoulder, standing behind the scenes of the Theatre Royal, Dublin, and leading me into his private room, recounted with watering teeth and a peculiar inhalation of the breath, as though he were breathing the fragrance of the dish, how to cook a kidney. *Helas, hélas!* I was younger then. It is some *lustra* since that night and have you, old friend, passed beyond the dark Styx? You have had ere this, I warrant me, many a chat with Shakespeare himself and he has given you an approving smile. Actors are all great eaters. I had almost committed myself to an apothegm—that all great men are great eaters. Not measured by quantity, madame, but hearty eaters, men who relish their food, whose mouths water over delicate morsels, calling forth nature's juices to aid in the wonderful process of digestion. If I see a student, or a newspaper writer, or a medical man or a lawyer passing by savory dishes for a dry crust or pitchforking his food into his mouth, with mind intent on other matters, I prophecy no good concerning his career.

I said actors are good liverers. I have known something about that class in my day. I have seen them pandered and plushed on the stage and I have seen them in threadbare coats and faded dresses in shabby little rooms. I have sat down to a feast with them, where the champagne bottles made a cannonade accompaniment and I have partaken of a little stewed tripe and onions, washed down with hot gin and water and, my little dears, I have enjoyed myself. There is a heartiness about them. You are welcomed to their board, whether it has silver plate on it or only iron forks, with a right good will. They mean to enjoy themselves and they mean that you shall enjoy yourself. There is no fuss and flummery. Polly puts the kettle on with a grace and if she partakes of a little of the steaming punch after, it tastes none the less sweet to you for her company.

I see a vision, a gaunt, dyspeptic, lantern-jawed vision. I am reproved for preaching animalism and sensuality. *Tenez, monsieur*. I look upon you as the sinner to pass by the good things of life. You might be plump and mellow and I declare, good looking, instead of being a scarecrow and a fright, had you enjoyed life. Bah, I have no patience with asceticism. Why should I drink vinegar and set my teeth on edge, when I can have nectar? I despise a glutton as heartily as you, sir, but a *gourmand*, I repeat, is an artist.

Politicians in this country don't know enough of the effects of good eating in keeping their friends together and winning over deserters. They would be the better for recollecting the celebrated instructions of Napoleon to the Abbe de Pradt, when despatched to gain over Poland to his cause: *Tenez bonne table et soignez les femmes*.

Vive la bonne table. James, I will have a devilled bone for supper and a little brandy and water after.

NEW BOOKS.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE. By Wilkie Collins. 12mo. Cloth. Illustrated. pp. 543. Price \$1.50. New York: Harper & Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

POOR MISS FINCH. By Wilkie Collins. 12mo. Cloth. Illustrated. pp. 454. Price \$1.50. New York: Harper & Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

Among the living English novelists of the present day Wilkie Collins stands *facile princeps*. He possesses a wonderful aptitude for constructing a story, investing it with intense interest, and completely carrying his readers along with him. Perhaps there is no living author of his class whose works are in such wide and continued demand. Messrs. Harper & Brothers have gracefully commemorated Mr. Collins' visit to this continent by the publication of a neat library edition of his works, of which the books before us are the first two volumes. They are elegantly and substantially bound in green cloth—matching the well known Harper's Library Edition of novelists—handsomely printed on good paper, and illustrated by English and American artists. Some of the illustrations have been drawn especially for this edition, the first volume of which bears in a facsimile of the author's handwriting the dedication, to the American People. One volume, it is announced, will be issued each month until the completion of the series. There can be no doubt that the edition will prove a complete success, and will be met with a very large demand from the reading public of the United States and Canada.

MODERN MAGIC. By Mr. Schele de Vere. Cloth. 12mo. pp. 466. Price, \$1.50. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

Mr. de Vere's book has proved a disappointment in every way. In the first place the title is delusive; it gives a very false idea of the nature of the contents, and appears to have been selected more with an eye to profitable sales than preciseness. The information given is of the most meagre description—a careful compilation from Collin de Plancy's *Dictionnaire Infernal* would be more comprehensive and by no means less readable—while the object of the author as expressed in the Preface has been entirely lost sight of. "The aim of this little work," he writes, "is limited to the gathering of such facts and phenomena as may serve to throw light upon the nature of the magic powers with which man is undoubtedly endowed. Its end will be attained if it succeeds in showing that he actually does possess powers which are not subjected to the general laws of nature, but more or less independent of space or time, and which yet make themselves known partly by appeals to the ordinary senses and partly by peculiar phenomena, the result of their activity." In reaching this aim the writer has been anything but successful. The subject he has chosen is one of such infinite and varied scope, that though it would be difficult to do it justice it would be a comparatively easy task to construct thereof a readable work, in which amusement and instruction would be combined. As it is, Mr. de Vere's subject has entirely run away with him, and though there is an amount of cheap learning displayed in the book, it is impossible to overlook its shallowness.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A MAN OF PRINCIPLE.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS:

SIR,—In this age of compromise, when the highest political science is an adroit yielding to "inevitable necessity" (necessity which we contribute to create and then style inevitable) it is some consolation to find a man of kingly rank ready to say at all hazards—"Personally I am nothing, the principle I represent is everything." The materialists, whose short-sighted wisdom extends no further than an immediate advantage, cannot understand the gravity of concessions. They marvel that the *Comte de Chambord* should attach importance to a rag,—it is thus they talk of a national flag. They forget that the tricolor is the emblem of the revolution, and that the establishment of *Henri Cinq* on the throne of France means the end of revolution, or it has no significance whatever. *Personally he is nothing*, and if he is to be only the representative of revolution he has no greater claims to respect than the Imperial Charlatan whom he follows. Perhaps less; for he may want skill in the art which has rendered the name of Barnum illustrious. To us the letter to Mr. de Chesnelong marks one of the most instructive passages of history. In it we trace the spirit of a true king. He may not succeed according to the vulgar measure of success; but his words will not perish—his self denial will never be forgotten. The triumphs of virtue are certain and imperishable. The grosser successes dwindle and are lost. The memory of *Dives* only lives to glorify *Lazarus*.

M. L.