

long since obsolete in England, come back to us from the United States, that retain very many Shakespearian and sixteenth and seventeenth-century expressions that have long disappeared from the literary language of the nineteenth, and are gradually finding their way into currency mainly through the instrumentality of the newspapers. Of words entirely new to English proper, which have recently come into favour, are *skeddaddle*, *boss*, *ranche*, *bogus*, *caucus*, and *vamoose*. Among political phrases, derived from the vernacular of wild and uncultivated territory, are *log-rolling*, *wire-pulling*, and *axe-grinding*; and of new combinations of old words, and of more or less justifiable innovations upon the old rules of grammatical construction, are to *collide*, instead of to come into collision; *buryle*, instead of to commit a burglary; and to *telescope*—applied to railway accidents when the force of a collision causes the cars or carriages to run or fit into each other, like the lengthening and consequently shortening slides of a telescope. Of them, *collide* must be accepted as a clear gain; *buryle* will pass muster, among comic writers especially, and will doubtless, though wholly irregular, succeed in establishing itself—at first in jest, and afterwards in earnest; while “to telescope” in the sense in which it has lately become popular, is so useful in avoiding a periphrasis, and so picturesque besides, that it promises to become indispensable.

The American word “boss” supplies in some respects a deficiency or corrects an inaccuracy in its nearly synonymous word “master.” The very free and haughtily independent American workman recognizes no “master” in his employer, but calls him his “boss,” and thinks that “master” is a word only fit to be used by negroes in a state of slavery; which in their new state of freedom even the negroes are beginning to repudiate. A boss signifies not so much a “master” in the strict sense of the word, but an overseer, a director, a manager, and the verb to “boss” means to superintend, to manage, to control, or be responsible for the labour of the workmen and the proper completion of their work. The word has been partially adopted by the English newspapers, one of which informed its readers through the medium of its ubiquitous and omniscient London correspondent, that it was well known that Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, the president of the Board of Trade, “was the boss of the Birmingham Caucus.” The *St. James's Gazette* of November 11, 1882, in an article on American politics, and the results upon the state of parties of the recent election of State functionaries, and the pernicious system of exacting an annual contribution from any official, high or low, who owes his place to the organization of either the new Republican or Democratic party, says: “Among the proximate causes of the reaction against the Republican party in America, the scandalous persistence of the leaders in keeping up the system of political assessments on public officers must be reckoned as the chief. The machine theory on the subject is simple enough. The office-holders owe their places to their party; therefore they ought to contribute from their pay to the campaign funds. Control of these funds gives the boss his chief power. The machine methods have failed this time. But that, the boss will say to the reformers, is because you chose to be disgusted with them. You thwarted us, no doubt; but you have still to show that you can lead on the lines of purity, the masses that we controlled by corruption.” “Boss” in this passage is correctly used as an American word for a purely American practice, though it is to be hoped neither the word nor the thing will ever become naturalized in this country. “Boss,” or “to boss,” was, according to some philologists, originally introduced into the New World by Irish or Scottish immigrants, from the Gaelic *bos*, the head. But this is erroneous. The word is derived from the Dutch settlers who first colonized New Amsterdam, first called New York by the English when the colony changed masters by coming into possession of the British government. *Baas* in the Dutch language signifies a master, or the foreman of a workshop. Perhaps even the English-speaking population of the States, if they had known that “boss” was no other than Dutch for master, might in their republican pride have repudiated the word and invented another.

The constant and rapidly increasing intercourse between Great Britain and the United States, the growing influence and enterprise of American newspapers, and the consequent circulation in this country of the most important among them, together with the ample quotations, which are made from them in the London and provincial press, tend, imperceptibly perhaps, but very effectually, to Americanize the style as well as the language of newspaper writers in this country, especially of those who do not stand in the foremost rank of scholarship. Fifty, or even forty, years ago what are called “leading articles” were much fewer and better written than they are now. One really good leading article was considered sufficient editorial comment for one day, but at the present time it seems to be a rule with all the principal journals of the metropolis to publish at least four such articles every morning, even though the subjects really worthy of comment do not amount to half the number. The provincial journals, too, often follow the unnecessary example, and instead of filling their columns with news, which their readers require, fill them with state opinions and vapid commentaries which nobody cares about. So careless and slipshod, for the most part, is the style of these articles, that cultivated

and busy men are often compelled to pass them over unread. A learned man, who filled the position of sub-editor to the *Morning Advertiser*, was, a few years ago, called to account by the committee of management, composed of licensed victuallers, for inserting a paragraph of news one day which had appeared in its columns on the day previous. The sub-editor denied the fact. The indignant committee thereupon produced the paragraph in question—which had been quoted and commented upon in a “leading article”—and asked for an explanation. “I never read the leading articles,” replied the peccant sub-editor; “I have too much regard for pure English to run the risk of contamination.”

When, about forty years ago, Albany Fontblaque of the *Examiner*, John Black, Charles Buller, and W. J. Fox of the *Morning Chronicle*, with other now forgotten masters of style, who were both scholars and politicians, were connected with the daily press of the metropolis, the paucity as well as the purity of their contributions excited general attention and admiration; but in our day the very multiplicity of leading articles deprives them of the notice which they might otherwise receive. Not that the chief lights of our daily literature do anything to deteriorate or vulgarize the language. That unhappy task remains to the third-rate writers, who allow their slight stock of good English to be diluted with the inferior vernacular verbiage that reacts upon us from the United States, where the English of the farm, the workshop, or the counter is considered, with true republican equality, to be quite good enough for debate, the pulpit, or the press. The evils of this ultra-plebeian style of writing are beginning to be felt in the United States themselves. A recent writer in the *Atlantic Monthly*, speaking of the press in that country, condemns in very forcible terms “its insidious blood-poisoning at the well of English undefiled;” “its malign infatuation for coarseness and slang;” “its corrupt and mongrel vocabulary;” “its vampire persistence;” and “its salacious flavouring of scandal.” These are hard words, but it cannot be said that they are wholly unmerited.

But language always deteriorates when the morals of a people become depraved, when the growth of political corruption hardens the heart and dulls the conscience of a nation; when men, and worse still when women, lose the feeling and the habit of reverence, and when the cynical sneer or the senseless ridicule of the high and low vulgar are fashionable. When honest love is designated as “spoons” and spoonies, when disinterested friendship which does not value friendship for its own priceless self, but for what real or supposed advantage it may bring to the person who pretends to feel it, is declared to be folly—the language in which such sentiments are uttered is already in course of putrefaction. And when the lives of the great multitude of men and women, and even of children, are wholly engrossed with the care and struggles necessary to surmount the difficulties and soften the hardships of merely animal existence, and when consequently little time or taste is left them for intellectual enjoyment or mutual improvement, the deterioration of language receives an impetus which gradually hastens the undesirable consummation of rendering the pure speech of our fathers or grandfathers unintelligible to their degenerate descendants.

A noble language leads necessarily to a noble literature, and these in indissoluble union are the grandest inheritances and most justifiable pride of a nation. Rome and Greece as powers in the world have passed away, but their language and literature remain the everlasting monuments of their departed glory. Our noble English language must of necessity receive modifications and accretions as the ages roll onwards. But out present and future writers, without rejecting the new chords that are certain sooner or later to enrich or extend the language, should make it their duty and their pride to transmit unimpaired to posterity the splendid heritage which has been entrusted to their guardianship. The task is more difficult now than it was a hundred years ago. At that date the contaminating influences were few and feeble. Now they are many and strong; but none the less, and all the greater, is the duty of all who can help to do so to keep, like Chaucer, the “the well of pure English undefiled;” let the defilement come whence it will, whether from the corruption of manners or the force of evil example.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

PERSONAL.

ROBERT Browning is said to be an excellent story teller and fond of dining out. He is scrupulously nice in his dress. The *London World* says that everything that Carlyle is or aspired to be in prose Mr. Browning is in poetry.

MRS. LANGTRY is in Paris, where she expects to remain a month, having engaged a handsome suite of rooms for that length of time. Her horses and carriages have been taken over. She proposes to visit every theatre in the city and Worth. It is reported that she will study under the tutelage of Coquelin and Got.

S. R. STODDARD, the canoeist, who started last month to make a water voyage of about eighteen hundred miles around New England, has abandoned the project for this season, and has arrived in Boston to put the *Atlantis* in winter quarters. Mr. Stoddard says it is probable that next July he will take the *Atlantis* to Edgartown, and starting from thence make a

renewed effort to finish the voyage as mapped out.

MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE, who returned to America recently, has enjoyed another four-in-hand tour in Scotland with some dozen friends. The party left Aberdeen for Montrose, whence they proceeded to Aberdeen, Braemar, through the Spittal of Glenshee, to Blairgowrie, and afterwards to Glencoe, Oban, the Trossachs, and on to Stirling. Lord Rosebery, who is at present visiting Newport, opened last month at Dunfermline the free library Mr. Carnegie presented to that town. The foundation stone was laid two years ago by Mr. Carnegie's mother.

COUNTESS F., one of the nieces of the late Pope Pius IX., has been for several years separated from her husband. The latter has recently come into a large fortune, and the countess appeals to the law to oblige him to increase the allowance which was assigned to her at the time of the separation, in proportion to his increased means. The court has decided in her favor, declaring that “a husband separated from his wife is under an obligation to increase her allowance in proportion to the increase of his own property.”

THE lately-born Infanta of Spain, Mary Isabel, sleeps, wakes, and cries in a cradle shaped like a conch-shell, and lined with the palest of pink satin. Her tiny form is covered with point d'Alençon lace, specially made from a pattern designed by the Queen of Spain's mother, in which the arms of Spain and Austria are gracefully blended. She has a couvrepied and tiny pillow, on both of which the lilies of the House of Bourbon and the Y of her pretty name, Isabel, are laced and interlaced. The other new royal baby, the young hereditary Prince of Sweden, has a much less delicate cradle, as becomes a hardy young Norseman. It is shaped like a swan, the wings coming up, fished, and sheltering the little Prince, and is well provided with down stuffed accessories.

THE Comte de Paris has rustic tastes, and appreciates the blessings of country life. He resides in the summer and early autumn in the beautiful Château d'Eu, which Queen Victoria twice visited in Louis Philippe's reign, and in restoring it he was rich enough to obtain the assistance of M. Viollet Leduc. This seat is near the coast, and close to a pretty river that keeps, within view of the château, a flour and a saw mill at work. Some of the most beautiful sites of Normandy are in the forest of Eu, which also belongs to the Comte de Paris. The stables are well furnished with powerful horses for drawing wagnettes and charrs-à-bancs; with park hacks which the Comtesse de Paris rides, and ponies that she drives four-in-hand.

WHEN the majority of Miss Drake, only daughter of Sir Francis and Lady Drake, and heiress to the extensive family estates, which include the beautiful old seat and demesne of Nutwell, the manor of Buckland Monachorum, near Tavistock, and the large property of Yacombe, near Chard, was celebrated, the tenants presented Miss Drake with a massive silver bowl of antique workmanship, and the tradesmen gave her a handsome bracelet. The company was afterward entertained at dinner in a marquee which was erected on the lawn, and before leaving they were conducted in parties through the house, and were shown the flags which were borne on Sir Francis Drake's ships, the plate presented to him by Queen Elizabeth, and the fine collection of old pictures, china and articles of virtue.

MR. ABBEY was present at Mary Anderson's first appearance in London, and characterizes it as the most brilliant theatrical success he ever saw. He says: “After the first act of ‘Ingomar’ she captured her audience, and I do not recall such another scene of enthusiasm in my theatrical experience. During the first act she was a little nervous and spoke at times inaudibly. This led some one to call out: ‘Speak louder, Mary!’ She looked up in the direction the voice came and then deliberately raised her voice to a new pitch and kept it there. This exhibition of nerve won her fight. She was recalled three times and the assemblage cheered her to the echo. I went into her dressing-room shortly after to compliment her on her pluck and coolness, and she told me she never was so frightened in her life.”

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

PARIS, Sept. 6.

EVERY taxed Paris dog is to have a collar officially stamped.

THE Duc de Broglie will, we hear, visit London during the autumn, the object of supervising a corrected English edition of his works.

THE Earl of Leicester, as president, has just added to the permanent fund of the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital the princely donation of £15,000.

THE Marquis Marcello Staglieno, who is deeply versed in the history of Genoa, has recently discovered the site where Christopher Columbus's house once stood. The present building, which is situated in the Carruggio diritto di Ponticello, bears the number 37, and was erected in 1690.

It seems to be thought that the first price which the Comte de Paris will have to pay for his new dignity as head of the Bourbons will be an indefinite exile. He must, says his friends, put forth a manifesto, and a manifesto most certainly will entail expatriation. The Comte de Paris is not the least prudent of a prudent family, and it has yet to be learned whether he sees the necessity.

A FRENCH writer speaks enthusiastically of the charming Emma Nevada, now residing at Aix-les-Bains, and says that opposite her hotel there is a tree wherein once there used to assemble a colony of nightingales, but since they have heard Nevada sing they have fled. Which way shall we construe this? Flatteringly, of course, we must; but the poetic scribe should not have raised the doubt that the double meaning leaves.

VISITORS and tourists who pass through Paris will hear with some regret that Mr. Charles Hawkins, the active manager of the Continental Hotel, is about to resign his post. Since the opening of the hotel Mr. Hawkins has received nearly every crowned head and reigning prince in Europe, and the Continental Hotel has often been raised to the rank of a temporary embassy. Mr. Hawkins is about to take the management of a hydropathic establishment at Bushey.

DURING the year 1882 no less than 140 millions of postal cards circulated in England, whereas in France the distribution of postal cards only amounted to 32 millions. The reason of this great difference must be looked for in the love of the French for etiquette, which indispenses against the open card, which can be read by everyone. It has been suggested to the Postal Department to issue closed postal cards, like the closed telegrams, and there can be no doubt but that the superior advantages offered by these cards would cause them to be exceedingly popular with the public.

A CORRESPONDENT, who has met M. Damala at Tunis, describes him as thoroughly satiated with the honor and glory to be obtained by service in the French army. The heat of the climate had produced the effect of causing him to grow fat instead of reducing him according to the usual result. This had rendered him still more averse to the hard military duty imposed upon him, and he had determined to return to Paris and resume his place upon the stage, by the side of Sarah, feeling quite sure that she will receive him joyfully after his long absence and probation.

THE French are every day making discoveries concerning the meaning of English customs, and the motives of English manners. At Dieppe the Irish jaunting car of M. de Janzé is the great sight of the place, and the one which produces the greatest emotion. The admiration inspired by the skilful riding of the ladies, who manage to keep their seats in spite of the jolting, is manifested by the loudest applause as the car is driven through the streets. It is thought to be invented solely for the purpose of shooting, so that the sportsman can spot the game without having to alight, and crowds run after the vehicle in order to secure the chance of beholding how the sporting gentlemen and ladies manage to fire while jolting on.

THERE appears to be something wrong with the Paris police administration, as it seems to oscillate between extreme severity and dangerous laxity. Before the advent of the present Government the complaint was general that crime was on the increase in Paris, and that in some quarters the inhabitants were obliged to take upon themselves the duties of police for the protection of life and property. It is now contended by the Paris press that the police are too severe. One of its latest despotic acts was the arrest of a woman, who was detained five days in prison for insulting a policeman, the excuse for this high-handed act being that the roll of accused persons was so heavy that there was not time to send the case before a magistrate.

A SINGULAR petition has been forwarded by certain inhabitants of Algeria to the French Government, praying that President Grévy may be divested of the royal right of pardon. The petitioners object to the exercise of the right; first, because it is a royal right, and on this account alone ought to be abolished under a Republican Government; and secondly, because of M. Grévy's merciful disposition or mania for pardoning criminals tends to weaken the prestige of the French colonists. These colonists contend in a right royal style that the natives are kept down by fear only, and that if the reins of Government are relaxed the French had better leave Algeria at once. The petition is anything but Republican in tone, and might, with very little alteration, have emanated from a Russian official.

A good Baptist clergyman of Bergen, N.Y., a strong temperance man, suffered with kidney trouble, neuralgia and dizziness almost to blindness, over two years after he was told that Hop Bitters would cure him, because he was afraid of and prejudiced against “Bitters.” Since his cure he says none need fear but trust in Hop Bitters.