

and our 'noble King,' and the names, dates, and hours of breaking up of all the balls she attended at Berlin and Coblenz, generally without further detail than that she 'danced every set with old and young' (which formula appears more than once), 'and made herself as amiable as she could!' On one occasion, the Chinese Embassy showed her respect at a concert by attempting to feed her (she was in the row in front of them) with ice cream from their 'own spoon,' (query, had they only one among them). She refers to this as a 'ludicrous calamity,' and directly afterwards as a 'highly interesting ceremony;' perhaps, however, she calls the concert a ceremony; if so, it is the first time we ever heard one so named.

The Princess's style is, at times, as in the preface, inclined to 'spread-eagle.' 'The genius of the age looks smilingly from its sunny height upon flying superstition, carrying tyranny on its back.' *Diplomast* can hardly be chargeable to the printer, and to write *Cazadores* for *Cacadores* is to sacrifice orthography to the principles laid down by that radical newspaper known as the 'Fonetik Nuz,' (Anglice 'Phonetic News'). Some errors are attributable to the Princess having spoken much in foreign tongues; we know what it means to say a lady is *passée*, but refuse to recognise the phrase 'rather past.' To foreign construction, too, we are indebted for this sweet sentence: 'He had scarcely so much a month as cost sometimes one dinner at his brother's.' And lastly, *are* we to believe that the rules of the Catholic Church were suspended in favour of Princess Salm-Salm, when she gravely assures us that 'Monsignore himself conferred on me the distinction of celebrating, assisted by one priest, a private mass, on the grave of St. Peter.'

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TRIED, TESTED, PROVED. THE HOME COOK BOOK. Compiled from recipes contributed by ladies of Toronto and other cities and towns. Published for the benefit of the Hospital for Sick Children. Toronto: Belford Bros. 1877.

Since man must eat in order to live,—and what he eats has no little bearing on how he lives,—and since no 'higher education of women' is complete without a competent knowledge of housekeeping, it is well that our infant literature should include a Canadian Cookery Book. The present is, we believe, the first appearance of the kind, and should be duly welcomed. It comes out in a neat and tasteful dress,—as a feminine book should,—is very clearly printed, and is published for the benefit of the Hospital for Sick Children,—all which attractions should help to secure it a favourable reception. The recipes, which are the

main feature, we cannot yet say we have 'tried, tested, and proved;' but we have feminine authority for saying that they 'look good,' and the names of the ladies who furnish them is a guarantee for their excellence. But it strikes us there is rather an *embarras de richesses*, in having occasionally a confusing number of recipes for the same dish, when one or two good ones would have sufficed. And how is it that in a Canadian Cookery Book we look in vain for a recipe for 'strawberry short-cake,' which is such a favorite institution with our neighbours? We should have liked, also, to have seen a little more space devoted to sick-room cookery, one of the most important branches of the culinary art. Also, there might have been, with advantage, added to the remarks on luncheons, dinners, &c., some words on the important matter of children's dinners, a subject on which a few judicious hints are by no means unnecessary, and to which a good deal of attention has been paid of late in some English family newspapers. In a second edition, however, the book could easily be made more complete in these departments. The preliminary remarks on House-keeping, Table Service, &c., are sensible and useful, though occasionally, we think, unnecessarily detailed, and going a little too much into the A, B, C, of social deportment. For instance, is it necessary to tell any one who is likely to 'dine out,' that 'asparagus should not be touched with the fingers,' and that 'fish is eaten with the fork'? Some of the remarks, too, on 'social observances' are rather curious. Thus, we are told that 'unmarried ladies do not give their hands in salute to any but gentlemen relations,' and that when ladies do condescend to give the hand, 'the gentleman respectfully presses it without shaking.' However, perhaps no book on social etiquette ever appeared without containing something absurd, and we are sure that the 'Home Cook Book' will have—as the object for which it is published deserves—a wide circulation. We hope it may realize a large sum for an institution so benevolent and so important as the Hospital for Sick Children.

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MADCAP VIOLET. By William Black. Harper Brothers, 1877.

'Madcap Violet,' notwithstanding its unpromising title, touches higher chords than any former novel of William Black's, since his 'Daughter of Heth,' which we have always thought the most touching of all his stories. His later ones have been too much filled up with 'word painting,' and the mere surface of human life, to be anything better than a recreation for an idle hour. The same remark will apply to much of the present book; still