

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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 Bell's Hope Campbell, 4th edit. fcap. 8vo. 3/6 cl.  
 Bielefeld's Ballads of Uliard, Geethe, Schiller, &c., 12mo. 3/6 cl.  
 Border and Dastille, by Author of 'Guy Livingstone,' 2nd ed. 10/6  
 Boy's (The Miscellany, Vol. 1, 4to. 3/6 cl.  
 Braddon's Eleanor's Victory, 3 vols. or. 8vo. 3/6  
 Bradley's Lessons in French Prose, 12mo. 5/ cl.  
 Brewer's Flora of Surrey, 12mo. 7/6 cl.  
 Omsaris Commentarii Bello Gallico, Books 1 to 5, 12mo. 3/6 cl.  
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 Flint Steps in Drawing for Beginners, sm. 4to. 2/6 bds.  
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 Hoskier's Winter in Upper and Lower Egypt, 8vo. 1/6 cl.  
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 Laurie's Entertaining Lib.: 'Defoe's History of the Plague,' 1, cl.  
 Magnet Stories (The), Vol. 6, 12mo. 2/6 cl.  
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 Nightingale Florence on Sanitary State of Indian Army, 2/6 cl.  
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 Psalmist (The Instrumental) Score, edit. by Novello, 4to. 10/6 cl.  
 Reid's (Capt. Meyer) Game of Croquet, 8vo. 2/6 11mp cl.  
 Rühle's German Examination Papers, 8vo. 2/6 cl.  
 St. John's Red Queen, 12mo. 2/6 bds.  
 Shadows of Truth, or Thoughts and Allegories, by G.M.C., 2/6 cl.  
 Stevens's Storage of Ships, 2nd edit. 8vo. 8/ cl.  
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## VENUS.

TELL me, thou many-finger'd Frost,  
 Coming and going like a ghost  
 In leafless woods forsaken—  
 O Frost, that o'er him lying low  
 Drawest the garment of the snow  
 From silver cloud-wings shaken,  
 And thro' bare boughs with strange device  
 Weavest fantastic leaves of ice—  
 Say, when will Adon waken?  
 Lo, dawn by dawn I rise afar  
 Beside Apollo in his car,  
 And, far below us wreathing,  
 Thy fogs and mists are dusky curled  
 Round the white silence of the world,  
 Like to its own deep breathing;  
 But crimson thro' the mist our light  
 Foameth and freeth, till by night  
 Snow-bosom'd hills we fade on,  
 And the pale god, at my desire,  
 Gives unto Thee a breath of fire,  
 To reach the lips of Adon.

Tell me, thou bare and wintry World,  
 Wherein the wing'd flowers are furled  
 Like fairies darkly dozing,—  
 O World, within whose lap he lies,  
 With thy quick earth upon his eyes,  
 In dim unseen reposing,  
 Hush'd underneath the wind and storm  
 Still rosy-lipt in darkness warm—  
 Are Adon's eyes unclosing?  
 Lo, dawn by dawn I rise afar  
 Beside Apollo in his car,

Keen-pricking as we go by  
 Sharp tiny rifts in ice and snow  
 Where ice-drops roll and melting show  
 Shapes for flowers to grow by!  
 Wonderful creatures of the light  
 Flutter above Thee, hanging bright  
 Faint pictures glen and glade on,  
 And the pale god, at my desire,  
 Sheatheth in cloudy snows his fire  
 To reach the sleep of Adon.

Tell me, thou Spirit of the Sun,  
 Radiant-lock'd and glorious one,  
 Strong, constant, unforaking,  
 Sun, by whose shadier side I sit,  
 And search thy face and question it,  
 Conferring light and taking—  
 Thou whose eternal brightness throws  
 The shadow-hours on his repose—  
 Is my Adon waking?  
 Lo, dawn by dawn I rise afar  
 Beside thee in thy flaming car,  
 Thou ever-constant comer,  
 And, flashing in the clouds that break  
 Around our path, thy sunbeams make  
 A phantom of the summer.

O breathe upon the Moon, that she  
 May use her magic witchery  
 When snowy hills we fade on,  
 That, in the dark, when thou art gone,  
 She speed the resurrection,  
 And stir the sleep of Adon!

Tell me, O silver-wing'd Moon,  
 That glidest to melodious tune  
 Ice-sparkling pallid skies up—  
 O Moon, that to the sunset gray,  
 Drinking faint light that fades away,  
 Lifest immortal eyes up,  
 And walking on art thro' the night  
 Troubled to pain by that strange light—  
 When will Adon rise up?

Lo, dawn by dawn I rise afar  
 Beside Apollo in his car,  
 Imploping sign or token,  
 But night by night such pale peace beams  
 Upon his slumber that it seems  
 Too beautiful to be broken!  
 O gentle goddess, be not cold!  
 But some dim dawn may we behold  
 New glory hill and glade on,  
 The leaves and flowers alive to bliss,  
 And, somewhat pale with thy last kiss,  
 The smiling face of Adon!

W. BUCHANAN.

## THE NEWEST PARIS.

Paris, Sept. 1, 1883.

AFTER an absence of only a few months from Paris, he who knows the imperial city well finds new caprices, new phrases, new fashions, and—old books in new bindings. Privat d'Anglemont, albeit a Bohemian *pur-sang*, understood, I think, the Parisian character as developed by high and low, by the bourgeois of the Faubourg St.-Honoré, and the *dandin* of the *Chaussée d'Antin*, and the *lion* of extravagant tailoring, who airs his toothpick behind a hundred-and-fifty-guinea horse. The vanity, the folly, the wit, and what we should call emphatically, the swagger, of the few hundred men of all ages, who, talking, riding, lounging, and eating, drinking and playing between Tortoni's and the Bois de Boulogne, make up the Paris that is written about in *Figaro* and described in the romances of the *Librairie Nouvelle*, or the *Librairie Centrale*, were at the finger ends of the Prince of Bohemians. He understood the light side of his love. It was his belief that Paris was the centre of the civilization of the world; that her example was taken blindfold in all things, and that unfortunate folks born beyond the frontiers of France could resign themselves to their disgrace only by dint of copying with a slavish earnestness the manners and the *mise* of incomparable Lutetia. Her follies, to him, were worth all the greatneses of London, Vienna, Berlin and St. Petersburg. Her ever-changing *argot*; the rise and fall of her *lions* who spend their fortunes in two years, not in extravagances natural to youth, but in prodigious follies, for the sole delight of being the wonder of the Boulevards for two seasons; her sensations and manias, were the atmosphere in which Privat lived and died; a Bohemian of the Quartier Latin, or of the *Café Leblond*,—a universal, most pliable vagabond.

Poor Privat's contributions to the *Sicéle* were spirited reflections of his hasty and errandless career. He tasted the sweets of Paris life, and ground his teeth against its sharp necessities, and laughed all the time, as became a child of Paris, who, by the way, was a child of St. Rose in the Antilles! His genius and his tastes were Parisian, however. His soul was on the Boulevards or by the Luxembourg. It was his delight to carry the last Paris slang word, or impertinence, or extravagance about, and bandy it lightly as the wash-leather balls are buffeted under the Tuileries chestnuts. He was of the joyous band who are the delight of romance-writers and the despair of fathers and uncles. *Ce que c'est que la jeunesse!* the old gentlemen cry, sitting in the strait-laced, severe *café*, under the Palais Royal, whence Camille Desmoulins issued to address the angry mob, and inaugurate the Revolution. *Jeunesse*, it must be confessed, has gone a little mad in Paris. *Jeunesse* reads Dumas the Younger and *Figaro*, and the 'Yellow Dwarf,' and is pleased to glance at the free-and-easy morals pictorially developed in the *Journal Amusant*. A very serious gentleman of the old school, who has passed his life doing solid work, a well-informed, high-minded but not brilliant man, who loves the classics of his country and has made some sacrifices in an endeavour to spread the knowledge of them among his countrymen, said to me a few days ago, "It is frightful to contemplate, this *Jeunesse* of ours: smoking at the *cafés*; supping at the *Maison Dorée*; driving about the Bois de Boulogne; chaffing, and snapping jewelled fingers at every honourable relation of life; ignorant as a *chiffonnier*—with Shame, in an India shawl, on its arm. I look at the noisy, gaudy

crowds, laughing along the asphaltum, and what the next generation will be. What can be! That which is new in Paris at this moment is *le Sport*. Not the sport of the field: the head morning on the breezy moor, the manly and after the deer; no, the sport that is added to other vices of the Boulevards is the low gambling over horseflesh which has long been seen at public-house doors of England. *Jeunesse*, having vices enough, has taken to betting: *lions* have taken to keeping studs. The Duc de Morny counts his seventy racers and his eight trainer. Whether the Caderousses lead, the *employés* of the Admiralty or War Office will follow. They who cannot drive in a tandem like in a *coupé*, but all go the same route. "We are a race of monkeys," said lively Privat; "we can be ourselves; we must imitate our neighbors: the north or the south, or we must imitate another." Here follows a bit of profound observation: "Abroad, in England, for instance, man is esteemed according to his character as a *humorist*, that is, according to his disengagement from his companions!" The *stud* is not a *stud* set in London as it is in Paris; but we are not so completely *humorists* as the French *Bolshoi* paints us. Sport, in other words betting, and an affected knowledge of horses, is, however, roughly established in Paris. The head game has turned his empty noddle towards the race-course and the flock is following. The *gentlemen* permanent figures in the Paris gallery of *extrait* sites. The fop is learning to make his book like national betting has been fairly set on foot this year; and I am told, the Duc de Morny will be content until he has won a Derby. The *lions* of Paris have their regularly appointed agents at our English races. The great betters will have their humble imitators; and now the day is not far distant when the wine-shops will be the headquarters of sweepstakes. Sporting is decidedly the new aspect of Paris. The race of horses will improve, and the human race will deteriorate. The profligate of Tortoni's has added the *stud* to the stable to his attractions.

With this new incense about him, let me present the young man of fast Paris life (and this is little save fast life here) as painted by Privat d'Anglemont, who knew him well. I have seen up dozens of books that have appeared lately, and all of them tend to prove that Privat's caricature not overcharged with colour. We read one volume after the other, only to be astonished again and again at the people and things set out before the reader for his amusement. *Vintus*, it would appear, has found a hiding-place at last, and at two o'clock in the morning, the reckless *jeunesse* in the company of *ces dames*, are wishing her *bon voyage!* Privat writes of his beloved Paris: "At the present day people still like to be thought aristocratic, but they much prefer being considered rich. The love of money has destroyed in us all noble ambition; there are only a few *millionnaires* who now care to earn a reputation for the sake of glory, and they are the mark for the attacks of all their contemporaries. It is considered shameful to do anything for the sake of honour; it is neither gives us good dinners, good clothes, nor cheap pleasures, nor does it help to keep up appearances." To keep up appearances is the idea of the epoch. You may be a *faux* *millionnaire*, a wretch without house or home; you may do what you like, steal, murder; who matters? You will still be clever, rich, honest, *millionnaire*, if you know how to keep up appearances. In France, the greatest evil that can befall a man is to be original. Originality almost amounts to insult. The original man has no chance. Endeavour to get a place for him, and the *jeunesse* whom you apply will answer, "I should be delighted to do any service for you without power. Command me in all things, but do not let me to help this friend of yours. Why, my dear fellow, he is an *original!*"

Young gentleman, who aspire to the honours of sitting eight hours a day at an office-desk or writing letters, and making reports under the eye of an insolent head clerk—if you wish to attain the object of your ambition, station yourself every day at the