LITERARY NOTES.

—A critic—a weekly critic—describes Bret Harding Davis's paper in the last *Lippincott's*, on Men's Rights, as "a sensible and well-done hortatory and dehortatory essay." Many readers have liked it without knowing it was all those things.

—Sainte-Beuve resumed, on January 11th, his "Mondays," in the *Temps*. The article was one on Talleyrand, apropos of the English work on the statesman by Sir Henry Bulwer.

—Alexandre Dumas has read a new work, "The Whites and the Blues," in the grand foyer of the Châtelet theatre; the rôles were distributed the 11th instant. Sardou has engaged to deliver his *drame*, "La Guerre des Gueux," to the Porte St.-Martin, before the end of the month.

—The *Lanterne* publishes a "Revue" of Paris in 1868, in three acts and fifteen tableaux (from the Louvre)." The scene with young Cavaignac at the distribution of prizes, and the removal of the national pictures, are satirized.

—One of the most magnificent efforts of self-assertion ever made by weak women is to be seen in Mrs. Barton's preface to her husband's book on Brazil, recently published. It deserves to be quoted separate and alone:

Before the reader dives into the interior of Brazil with my husband as a medium, let me address two words to him.

I have returned home, on six months' leave of absence, after three years in Brazil. One of the many commissions I am to execute for Captain Burton is to see the illustrating pages through the press.

It has been my privilege, during those three years, to learn as almost constant companion; and I consider that to travel, write, read, and study under such a master, is a small boon to any one desirous of seeing and learning.

Although he reputedly informs me, in a certain Oriental way, that "the Modern can permit no equality with the Ancient," he has chosen me his pupil, for this distinction, in preference to a more competent stranger.

As long as there is a chance of failure, I do, a risk to be incurred, or any chance of improving the matter, of standing corrected, I am a very faithful disciple, but I now begin to feel, that while he and his readers are old friends, I am humbly standing unknown in the shadow of his glory. It is therefore time for me respectfully but firmly to announce, that although I possibly accept of the trust confided to me, and pledge myself not to avail myself of the sanctuary of obscurity, I claim one word of the original text, I protest vehemently against his religious and moral sentiments, which belie a good and consistent life. I point the finger of indignation particularly at what "misrepresents our Holy Roman Catholic Church, and at what upholds that unnatural and repulsive law, Polygamy," which the author is careful not to practise himself, but from a high moral pedestal he preaches to the ignorant as a means of population in young countries.

I am compelled to differ with him on many other subjects, but on the one question, not in the common spirit of domestic ire, but with a mutual agreement to differ and enjoy our differences, whence points of interest never flag.

Having now justified myself, and given a friendly warning to a *pas* or *gentle* reader—the rest must take care of themselves—I leave the rest must take care of themselves—I leave the rest must take care of themselves—I leave