

we cannot hear the name of the one without involuntarily thinking of the other. Written for a Parisian public, Tartarim of Tarascon is far better and more widely known than Mireio, although the bombast of the former is not one bit more characteristic of the region than the beauty and native grace of the latter.

In our own land the subject of Modern Provençal has hardly reached a higher level than the magazine article, and the attention of those who are amused with any new account of an odd and unfamiliar corner of modern Europe. The leading monthly magazines have lately had chatty and well illustrated articles on Southern France and in the current volume of "The Century," there is a very entertaining series of papers by an author whose express object it is to report the present condition and activities of the leaders of the movement, to whom he goes as ambassador. As such, let us leave to him the last word! T.

A NEWSPAPER IN LATIN.

A real curiosity comes to us in the shape of a little newspaper in the Latin language publication, at Aguila, a small town in the Abruzzi, Italy. The enterprising editor, variously known as Signor Arigo Ulrico or Carolus Henricus Ulrichs, would be plain Harry Ulrichs with us; he was a few years ago a student in Munich, whence he transferred his learning and his activity to the little place above named. He calls his paper *Alandae*, "the Larks," and nourishes for the diminutive sheet an ambition quite out of proportion to its size. For, with the idea and the motto that "the Latin language has a wonderful power of uniting mankind," he actually aims at restoring the tongue of the Cæsars to its former place as the language of diplomacy, of art, of science, literature and law; with the added purpose of making it a universal language. The editor believes that the speech of ancient Rome can be adapted to modern ideas, and bent to the uses of recent discoveries, inventions and modes of life, disregarding the fact of the rise of

a whole set of languages, the Romance group, on the ruins of a speech which was found twelve centuries ago too set and too flexible for further use in the daily vicissitudes of life.

The notion of a universal language is one that recurs periodically in our days and is never completely lost sight of. Yet no idea is more delusive. Max Muller says that it is "one of those reforms which we must leave to the next century to carry out,"—a graceful way of shelving the whole question. For if there is anything that modern philology has shown, it is that language is no artificial and arbitrary creation, at the will of any set of men or any nation. The discovery of Grimm's law, Verner's law and a host of minor principles has shown that language is a growth, a steady and orderly progression. The study of Phonetics alone accounts for many an apparent vagary, many a seemingly capricious alteration or new form of expression. Besides all this, in the natural course of events and by an almost sub-conscious process, one language is fast becoming the accepted medium of communication on all the routes of travel and avenues of trade. Through the conquests, the enterprise and the persistence of the Anglo Saxon race, English is rapidly taking for the world the place that French still holds in Europe, Arabic in Asia and Northern Africa and Malay in the East Indies,—the place of a common dialect. No language has in its diffusion so shrunk the globe for us as the tongue which now leads one easily and agreeably around the world in less than "eighty days"

A direct inference from this is, that if the devotees of Volapuk, or any other puk, would turn their attention from delusive artificial systems to the study of English, they would simply fall in with a movement already begun and steadily advancing; and better than all, would at the same time unlock to their use a rich storehouse of literature and learning. Let them give up dabbling in strange compounds which like those of organic chemistry, often change and vary under one's