

THE PERIODICALS.

THE CENTURY for February opens with a very remarkable reproduction of a head by Rembrandt, from the museum of the Hermitage, St. Petersburg. The engraver is Mr. T. Johnson, whose work displays the vast capabilities which have been developed in the art of engraving on wood. The initial article is on "Gustave Courbet, Artist and Communist," by Mr. T. M. Coan, and the illustrations thereto are cut by Mr. Cole, who is in Europe for the *Century* Company, working on the block with the masterpiece which he aims to reproduce before him. Of the two serials, "Dr. Sevier" and "An Average Man," the former is making by far the most satisfactory progress. Mr. Rowland E. Robinson contributes a paper on "Merinos in America," and Mrs. Alice Meynell writes of "How Edwin Drood was Illustrated." The short story of the number is "A First Love-letter," by J. S., of Dale. An article of great interest to Canadians is Mr. S. G. W. Benjamin's "The Cruise of the Alice May," which treats of the Gulf of St. Lawrence and its shores. Salvini gives his "Impressions of 'Lear,'" and Miss Rossetti writes of Dante illustrated from his work. Mr. E. C. Stedman has a short note on Keats; a long and valuable paper on "The Convict Lease System in the Southern States" is given by Mr. Geo. W. Cable; and a timely article on Lt.-General Sheridan is contributed by Mr. Adam Badeau. There is a strange little lyric from the late Sidney Lanier entitled "A Song of Love." Mr. Edmund W. Gosse contributes "The Butcher's Row;" and Mrs. Celia Thaxter writes perhaps the finest poem of the number, "A Song of Hope." The poetry of this issue is much better than usual. The departments of Topics of the Time, Open Letters, and Bric-à-brac, are rich, full, and well varied.

THE February number of *Lippincott's Magazine* opens with a paper on that picturesque and ancient suburb of Philadelphia, "Old Germantown." The illustrations are exceedingly refined, especially that on page 121, Wakefield Mills, which is poetically treated in characteristic modern style. Mrs. Lizzie W. Champney, well known as a writer of short stories, continues her novel of "Sebia's Tangled Web." A most racy and amusing story is "A Mental Masquerade," by Esther Warren; and good also are "The Great Jigtown Failure," by C. F. Johnson, and "Explained," by Alice Brown. This magazine is very strong in short stories. Mr. Felix L. Oswald contributes Part II. of his thoughtful and sensible paper on "Healthy Homes." We cannot too strongly commend to our readers all Mr. Oswald's writings on health topics, wherever they may be found. H. S. White, in "A Pilgrimage to Sessenheim," talks of the youth of Goethe. The best verse of this number is a brief lyric of much beauty, by John Moran, which we quote:—

UNRESPONSIVE.

Through vast aerial quietudes of night
Star speaks to star with softly answering light;
Sea calls to sea where sundering distance parts
With waves that beat like multitudinous hearts.

But I have made love's infinite murmur sweep
Through all thy hollow soul's unanswering deep,—
That desolate cave where icy dews are shed
On Echo, the pale oread, lying dead!

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE for Jan. 26th has its usual judicious selections from the great contemporary magazines and journals. The "Last Reminiscences of Anthony Trollope," is the *piece de resistance* of this number, and will well repay perusal.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & Co. are issuing a new edition of Tennyson's Poems, with the poet's complete revision.

IN the March number of *Harpers'*, will appear a poem by Walt Whitman, entitled, "With Husky, Haughty Lips, O Sea!"

AT the meeting of the Canadian Institute on Saturday evening, Prof. G. P. Young read a paper upon "Real correspondents of imaginary points."

MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN'S illness is an attack of gastric fever. It has delayed the publication of his new poem, "The Great Problem, or Six Days and a Sabbath."

TO the January number of the *Canadian Law Times* Mr. C. C. McCaul contributes an important paper on the "Constitutional Status of the North-West Territories of Canada."

JULES VERNE, the startling and prolific novelist is about to start on a trip to the Southern ocean, and the world may soon expect another volume of his daring stories.

IF union is strength, much is to be expected from the union of two such strong periodicals as *Good Literature* and *The Critic*, which have joined forces. "The Gossip" wishes them a happy union and all success.

THE eminent English sculptor, Thomas Woolner, author of "My Beautiful Lady," and other chastely executed verse, will shortly publish through Macmillan's, a new poem under the name of "Silenus."

JOHN WILEY & SONS will publish immediately a "people's edition" of Ruskin's works, beginning with the 'Modern Painters,' which, for example—five volumes, bound in two, with all the wood engravings—will be sold at two dollars.

MATTHEW ARNOLD will lecture in Shaftesbury Hall, on Tuesday next, February 12th. The afternoon subject will be "Literature and Science," the time of meeting being six o'clock. In the evening at eight he will speak on "Numbers."

MME. MODJESKA'S new play, by Maurice Barrymore, is called "Nad-yezda" (hope). She plays the mother in the prologue, and daughter in the following three acts. It is profoundly tragic, and she expects it to equal her performance of *Camille*.

THE Queen's book containing references to John Brown is announced for publication on the 17th instant. Not all the respect felt by Her Majesty's children for their royal mother has sufficed to conceal their chagrin at the approaching issue of this volume.

MR. DION BOUCICAULT and Mr. Lawrence Barrett will conclude their American seasons in April and March respectively, after which the former will start for Australia, and the latter will take the place of Miss Mary Anderson at the Lyceum, London, the boards of which he will occupy until Henry Irving returns to them.

A book containing some bitter articles upon Berlin society, which recently appeared in the *Nouvelle Revue* of Paris, has been seized in Berlin by the authorities. The articles are grossly libellous of the Emperor William, the imperial family, and the German Ministry. The work has created great irritation at the German Court.

THE HOMILETIC MONTHLY for February is a strong number. It contains sermons by Bishop Simpson and Dr. Sprecher. A valuable series of papers is that of Dr. Dio Lewis on "How Clergymen may secure Health." Particularly interesting is the "Symposium on Evolution." Drs. McCosh and Duryea have taken part. Professors Winchell, Patton, Gulliver, and Dr. Buckley are to follow.

A new magazine, to be entitled *The Lords*, edited by a peer, and containing only the contributions of members of the British Upper House, is to be immediately issued in London. If the aristocratic literary exclusive is not of better quality than the performances given by noble amateur actors in the great Queen-street Theatre, Labouchere *et hoc genus omne* will have additional butts for critical shafts.

ONLY on rare occasions does Cardinal Newman appear in print, but he has departed from his usual habit to answer M. Rénan in the *Nineteenth Century*. The latter gentleman had stated the Roman Catholic Church could make no compromise with science nor accept the results of philological inquiry impairing the inspiration of Scripture. The Cardinal fights M. Rénan with his own weapons, and meets him with his usual dialectics, more ingenious than conclusive.

A NUMBER of letters written by Prince Bismarck during Prussia's revolutionary era have just been published in Berlin. The book also includes some noteworthy private utterances of Marshal Manteuffel with respect to his doings in Alsace-Lorraine. The collection is chiefly interesting as revealing to an extent the inwardness of the statesmen. In 1850 Bismarck, corresponding with his friend, Herr Wagener, editor of the *Kreuz Zeitung*, wrote:—

I am leading an incredibly lazy life here, smoking, reading, strolling about, and playing the Paterfamilias. Of politics I only read in the *Kreuz Zeitung*, so that I am not at all in danger of heterodox contagion, and this idyllic solitude suits me very well. I loiter about on the grass, read poems, listen to music, and wait till the cherries are ripe. . . . A State which cannot by a good wholesome thunderstorm tear itself away from a bureaucracy like ours is, and remains, doomed to destruction, since it lacks the instruments requisite for the performance of all the functions incumbent on a State, and not merely for the supervision of the Press.

I cannot deny, like Khalif Omar, I have a certain longing, not only to annihilate all books, except the Christian Koran, but also to destroy the means of restoring them. The art of printing is the choice weapon of anti-Christ; more so, indeed, than gunpowder, which though originally the chief, or at least the most visible engine for overturning natural political order and establishing the Sovereign *rocher de bronze* is now more and more assuming the character of a salutary medicine against the evils created by itself—albeit, perhaps, in some measure it belongs to the physis stock of that doctor who cured a case of cancer in the face by amputating the head. To apply this remedy to the Press were like a fancy production in the manner of Callot. . . . But our bureaucracy is eaten up with cancer in head and limbs; its belly only is sound, and the excrements it parts with in the shape of laws are the most natural dirt in the world. With this bureaucracy, including Judges, we might have a Press constitution like that of the angels, but for all that it would not help us out of the rack. With bad laws and good officials (Judges) we could always get along, but with bad officials the best laws would avail us naught.

Four months later, writing to the same correspondent, Bismarck says:—

On reading your Monday's budget of news the evening before last, I was so delighted that I rode round the table on my chair, and many a bottle of champagne has been drunk to the health of Herr von Radowitz on this side of the Gollenberg. Now let there be war, where and with whom you like; and all our Prussian sword-blades will glitter high and blithely in the sun.