

LITERARY GOSSIP.

THE White House will be described, and fully illustrated, in the April *Century*.

BLACKWOOD & SON, the English publishers, announce a new volume of *Essays* by George Eliot.

MESSRS. I. SUCKLING & SONS, Toronto have published a very pretty waltz, entitled "With Pleasure," and composed by E. A. Jones.

THE devout pilgrims to Carlyle's house at Chelsea have become such a nuisance that the house now bears a huge placard, reading: "No questions about Mr. Carlyle answered here. Please do not ring."

THE CONTINENT for March 8th has for its most interesting feature a paper on "Nihilism" by D. Cumming Macdonald. The instructive series of papers on art by Henry Blackburn are concluded in this issue.

A LIFE of Chinese Gordon has just been published in England, to be sold at a penny for the benefit of the poor. He is at present, and deserves to remain so, the most popular hero since the Duke of Wellington.

OF the articles culled for the last issue of *Littell's Living Age*, probably those on "Chinese Gordon" and "Recreations of Men of Letters" will be most read. They both originally appeared in *All the Year Round*.

THE AUK is the name of a new quarterly published in Boston for The American Ornithologists' Union. We notice that Mr. Montague Chamberlain the best known of Canadian Ornithologists is an associate editor of the periodical.

BY arrangement with E. C. Armstrong & Son, the Putnams will shortly bring out a limited *edition de luxe* of Poe's works. It will contain Mr. Stoddard's *Memoir*, the *Essays* by Lowell and Wills, and various other interesting material.

MR. J. E. NETTLE, of Ottawa, has been induced to send the MS. of a series of private readings which he gave on "Reminiscences of a cruise to the Mediterranean in H. M. S. 'Hastings,'" to the press, and they will probably soon appear in volume form.

"RICES' SURPRISE PARTY" played "Pop" to good audiences in the Toronto Opera House last week. There is no plot in the piece, which is characteristically named, and depends chiefly upon the effervescences of Kate Castleton, Mr. Mackay, and Mr. Fortescue.

THE New York *Daily Graphic* devoted a whole page to illustrations of the principal scenes in Barrymore's "Nodjezka," in which Madam Modjeska plays the title role. So successful has this production proved that it is possible the talented star may be induced to postpone her departure.

ON Saturday last Dr. Bryce read a paper before the Canadian Institute on "Some Factors in the Malaria Problem," in which was given the result of observations at several points on the Grand River. Next Saturday Mr. Wm. Houston will read a paper on "Old English Spelling and Pronunciation."

A CORRESPONDENT directs attention to what he considers striking resemblances between Mr. Charles Reade's story in the March *Harper*, entitled, "The Picture," and a novel, "Where Shall He Find Her?" translated from the French and published by the American News Company in 1867.

MR. ED. W. BOK, an enthusiastic young autograph-collector of Brooklyn, announces that at an early date he will publish a pamphlet descriptive of his collection of autograph letters—some 1,500 in number, and including the signatures of many of the greatest names of modern times, as well as some equally distinguished in the past.

THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE for March is a strong number. The articles on "Christian Unity," by the Bishop of Niagara, and "Heredity," by Dr. Clark, of Toronto, are specially worthy of attention. Rev. Alfred H. Reynar has also an analysis of "The Poems of Owen Meredith," accompanied by a capital portrait of Lord Lytton.

"I UNDERSTAND they are getting up another Art Imposition," said Mrs. Blank the other day. But they needn't expect me to loan 'em anything. Last year the clumsy things broke an arm of 'Venus de Medicine' and then had the cheek to tell me it was that way at first. Just as though I was foolish enough to pay \$15,000 for a second hand statoo—the idea."

KATE FIELD says that when she goes to Massachusetts, "the land of the Pilgrim fathers, the home of Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Whittier, Lucy Stone, and Julia Ward Howe," she finds that the women, the most enlightened in this country, are praying in vain to have a voice in the making of the laws. When she goes to Utah, "where education is at its lowest, and culture is almost unknown," she finds women enjoying suffrage.

MR. ARNOLD says that our newspapers show great enterprise and ability, but that they pay a great deal of attention to police news. Mr. Arnold is right. It has become a question whether any leading daily can be safely left on the library table, or put into the hands of children. The details of crimes of every character, and especially of all kinds of domestic infelicities, are given with disgusting fulness. Our hope is that the thing will go on until it creates a reaction so strong that the publishers of the newspapers will not mistake it.

IN his forthcoming work on Prince Bismarck, Herr Moritz Busch states that some time before the war of 1866 Prussia asked Austria to join her in a war against France for the possession of Alsace. The *National Zeitung*, however, declares that the account of Herr von Gablenz's mission, as related by the author, was published by a Saxon journal in 1859, and promptly contradicted by Herr von Gablenz. There is no doubt that the new book on the German Chancellor will give rise to many discussions when it shall appear in print.

THE March *Manhattan* opens with a particularly interesting paper on Dartmouth College. A bright article is that by Mr. William Willard Howard, [entitled "Rafting on the Alleghany." Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford's quite unbelievable story, "Transformation," ends happily in this number. Mr. Edgar Fawcett's "Tinkling Cymbals" begin to rival "An Ambitious Woman," but is not quite so strong a story. Especially timely is the paper by Loring Pasha entitled "What will become of Egypt?"

To sing of merrier things, I will cite the case of an irritable author who went the other day to "have it out" with his publishers, Messrs. Chatto and Windus. He had never seen either of them in the flesh, having only communicated by letter with the firm, and when he found himself in the presence of one of them felt timid and confused, so he stammered with oblique indignation: "Sir, I don't know whether you are Mr. Chatto or Mr. Windus, and I don't want to be rude. But if you are Chatto, d—n Windus; and if you are Windus, d—n Chatto!"

THE editors of *St. Nicholas* are gratifying the spirit of adventure and heroism which all boys have, by furnishing sketches of "Historic Boys,"—some as wonderful as fiction, and all true. Papers giving the boyhood of Marcus Aurelius, Harry of Monmouth, afterward Henry V., and Giovanni of Florence, afterward Pope Leo X., have appeared in late numbers of the magazine. Among the others promised are: "The Boy Viking (Olaf of Norway); The Boy Crusader (Baldwin of Jerusalem); and the Boy-Chieftain (Brien of Munster). Had the boys of this series died before manhood, they still would worthily rank as Historic Boys.

IT was shown a short time since that a celebrated line in one of Lord Tennyson's poems has undergone more than one change. At the dinner of the "Odd Volumes," it was mentioned by a Chinese scholar that when Lord Tennyson wrote "Locksley Hall" he could not have been aware of the exact nature of a Chinese cycle. "Better," he exclaimed, "fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay." It being granted that Cathay is poetical English for China, it was stated that a Chinese cycle consists of sixty years. By these cycles the lapse of time has been computed in China during the whole of the present dynasty. The poet, therefore, was less complimentary to Europe than he probably intended to be when he said that fifty years of Europe were only equal to sixty years of China. Perhaps he was not so far wrong after all.

How curiously the Queen's book strikes the American mind! The closer judgments of great minds as revealed in private diaries are oftentimes of the greatest interest; but when a person, greater in royal rank than in mental power assumes that his or her purely personal affairs and sympathies are invested with a sacred and profound interest, because of inherited station—that his or her little worriments, common to the humblest, are of especial moment to the great, busy world—that the public is inclined to weep, not so much on account of the thing over which royal tears are shed as that it has disturbed the royal mind, we, who have lived in a land where there are no "Court grammars" in which a single individual is pluralized, cannot understand why the Queen's book, with its trivialities, its pettiness and pettishness should ever have been published, and it is gratifying to realize that our understanding is not assisted by perusal of the English press.—*The Current*.

HERE are some American criticisms on Mrs. Langtry's performances in "Peril" at New York:—"Her face is as immobile as a mask, and her voice as expressionless as a Cape Cod fog-horn." "Her dresses were of a splendour rarely seen, and her appearance in the third act was assuredly that of extraordinary beauty." "It is a lamentable truth that to the amusement-seekers of this city (N.Y.) as a body, Mrs. Langtry is the most interesting figure on the New York stage." "She did a double-header fall, à la Bernhardt, which caused roars of laughter—she shook the boards." The headlines of one criticism are: "She pleases—she is very cold—a humorous fall." Another critic says: "An astonishing marvel of textile architecture." Still another: "Failed to create surprise or enthusiasm." One critic wishes "she would not act, but simply keep on changing her dresses, and thus carry out the intention of Providence, and that was to make her a lay figure." And another says: "her neck is lovely, her hair beautiful, her waist aristocratic, and her hands large, loose, coarse and red—in fact, awful." Still another says: "She is twenty-nine, and hasn't been home to see her papa for ten years." Fred Everill seems to have made an immense hit as the Doctor, in "Peril"; but Coghlan, they say, is again showing too much reserved force.

AN interesting account of the respective conversational powers of some of the lights of French literature says that Alexandre Dumas does not shine in a salon. "He has a tendency to stand in corners, with arms folded, and nursing his chin between the thumb and the index of his right hand, while he relates some anecdote of himself or of his father, in a roughish, hoarse voice, and with a certain brusqueness of language." Augier is a nervous and incisive talker, "joyous, gaulois at times, and gifted with a communicative laugh." Renan is "urbane, unctuous, priestly, and unaffirmative." Alphonse Daudet retains the awkwardness of Bohemian antecedents; Sardou "will talk your head off; a single word is sufficient to start him." Edmond de Goncourt talks "well and elegantly, and with great originality of language." Victor Hugo "used to be reputed an excellent talker." Barbey d'Aureville, who is one of the lions of the Baronne de Poilly's salon, is a master in the art of causerie, both as a narrator and in repartee. About, "of course, is a capital talker." Zola is a "boor in all respects; he never appears in a salon, and when by chance he visits one of his colleagues in naturalism he invariably talks about the circulation of his books, and the scurvy thievery of those American publishers who translate his novels and never pay him a cent."