

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

A NEW slipper is cut very low and fastened across the instep by a real gold bracelet.

M. EDMOND ABOUT is completing an important novel, of which the title is *Le Roman d'un Brave Homme*.

A SNOWFLAKE costume for skating is made in the new black velvet, dashed with white, and trimmed with black and white fur.

THE death is announced of the Countess d'Andigné, widow of the Vendean General, at the age of eighty-two. She studied under Robert Lefèvre, and was an accomplished amateur.

A SMART Parisian lady has discovered an interesting illustration in support of the claim that woman is superior to man. She contends that the last creative work of the Deity must have been the best, and that as woman was created after man, she must have represented perfection. On the other hand, she urged that if the earlier created beings were the strongest proofs of the Almighty power, then man was inferior to the beasts, birds, and fishes.

BASTINE's work, telling how he worked off his compulsion, has been done off into French, and all the fat women in Paris are trying on his regimen to try out their superfluous flesh. The Paris correspondent of the Boston Post tells us of this dialogue, which he says he overheard at a ball:—"Have you seen Madame G—?" Since she has embraced M. Bastine's religion she has diminished at least one half.—"Then she must be charming," said Mlle. — with *coquetterie*.—"Not at all; she looks like a cathedral that has lost all its spires, and preserved all the niches from which they were taken."

MADAME THIERES has resolved to keep the study of her husband in the same state as he left it; nothing is changed. It has the appearance as if the owner had left for a few moments. The last book he read—Plato's *Dialogues*—lies open, having a pencil with which he annotated the text, for, when an author in this case, Cousin presented him with a copy of these writings, it was specially printed to leave margins of margin; all Hugo demands is that presentation copies be richly bound. An addition has been made to the library; it serves as a storehouse for all the "crowns" that could not find a place in his tomb; in a press is the plaster model of his features taken after death. No shelf was in the library higher than he could reach from the floor. He loved his workshop—entered it every day at five o'clock. He never had an almanac, so that he was puzzled frequently for the date, and, when uncertain, never dated his letter. One day a young man called on him to be recommended to a Minister.—"What day of the month is it?" he demanded of the visitor, who confessed he did not know;—"Don't know, Monsieur, and how can I write a recommendation without a date? Take my advice, sir, never be without a pocket-almanac."

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

THE last number of the *Canadian Illustrated News* contains some excellent cuts.—*Kingston Whig*.

THE Christmas number of the *Canadian Illustrated News* is not with a festive spirit representing the Canadian snows and smiling while he passes around the "compliments of the season" to friends and persons. The child's dream of a "Carnival of Toys" is a very pretty picture, in which Santa Claus, perched on a big drum and the loaded branches of a fine Christmas tree all around him is dispensing a magnificent display of children's delights of the season. On a two page supplement is a beautiful picture of the birth of the Saviour, which is well worth framing. Various other Christmas scenes are prettily represented. The literary selections are choice. A Christmas story by Mr. W. S. Humphreys and other features make the number a very interesting one. Canadians may well feel proud of their *Illustrated News*.—*Montreal Star*.

THE *News* is the only Canadian illustrated newspaper worthy of the name, and is in all respects a first-class journal worthy of the support of every Canadian. The regular price of the *News* is \$4.00 per year, but to any of our subscribers who desire to take it we will furnish both the *TELEGRAPH* and *News* for 1880 for only \$4.25 in advance.—*Prescott Telegraph*.

THE *Canadian Illustrated News*, published by the Burdall Lithographic Co., Montreal, is before us, and from it we cannot fail to notice that Canada is fast overtaking our neighbors in literature as in everything else. Its illustrations are neatly and beautifully executed, and its reading matter embraces many original and selected articles of a high order.—*Cornwall Observer*.

"CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS."—The Christmas number of this paper is a credit to Canadian journalism. The illustrations are not only in keeping with the season, but are instructive and well executed. The letter press is up to the mark and compares most favorably with papers of a similar class.—*Montreal Herald*.

Canadian Illustrated News.—We wish we could find room this week to give our readers an idea of the splendid Christmas number just issued. This journal is now fully equal to any of its American rivals, and being strictly a Canadian enterprise, should receive the preference. It is a welcome festive visitor.—*Shorncliffe Gazette*.

THE illustrations in the *Canadian Illustrated News* are now scarcely inferior to those of the highest grade of art papers, and the ability with which the paper is conducted reflects great credit upon the enterprising management. Subscription \$1 in advance. THE *EXAMINER* and *Illustrated News* will be sent one year for \$4.25. See the *Crisis* in number just issued; everybody should get one.—*Shorncliffe Examiner*.

THE Christmas number of the *Canadian Illustrated News* is marked by special enterprise. The edition is very attractive.—*Kingston Whig*.

AUTHORS AND BOOKS.

"I have known all the famous authors of my time—Dickens, Bulwer, Thackeray, Carlyle, Trollope, Ouida, Miss Braddon." The speaker was a man of medium height, well built, with a bright, animated expression, wearing a white moustache and chin whiskers; frank in his manners, simple in his dress, entirely devoid of the ostentation usual in men who have risen from small beginnings to commanding positions. It was Mr. J. B. Lippincott, the great Philadelphia publisher. We were sitting in his private office, in the centre of his mammoth establishment—he alone, as the head of the firm, enjoying the distinction of an inclosed apartment. Two chairs, a sofa and a desk comprise the office furniture of a man whose note for any amount would be gladly discounted by any bank in the country.

DICKENS AND THACKERAY.

"How did you like Dickens personally?" "Dickens was naturally a good-hearted, jolly, pleasant fellow. But his early and brilliant success turned his head. Like Napoleon, he was intoxicated by his own glory. To use a horse expression, he 'felt his oats' a little too much. He was a good deal of a fop and a little of a snob in his dress and manners. It was pert, if not impertinent for Dickens, a young man of thirty, to call Washington Irving, an old man of sixty, and the most famous living writer, 'My dear Irving.' But his snobbery and foppiness were forgotten in the presence of the man himself, he was so hearty, fresh and jovial."

"But his novels still sell well." "Oh, yes; they sell, but a reaction in favor of Thackeray has set in. Thackeray won his way slowly to recognition, and he was all the better for it. He was thirty-seven when he wrote 'Vanity Fair,' the novel which established his reputation. After that his course was right onward. Thackeray was less effusive than Dickens, but he was more genuine. He was delightful at a private dinner, but not so ready as Dickens as a public speaker. The latter was particularly happy upon such occasions. Once, at a meeting of the Authors' Fund Society, Tom Campbell, the Chairman, could not preside, and Dickens was called upon, at a moment's notice, to take his place. He made a brilliant and impromptu speech, which surprised and delighted all who heard it. Thackeray enjoyed a good dinner. He was particularly fond of American oysters and canvas-back ducks. In fact, he was too much of a club man—he ate too many good dinners. His literary fame, though less splendid than Dickens' during life, will probably be more lasting."

A DUKE AT A FEED.

"You have entertained the Duke of Buckingham, have you not, Mr. Lippincott?" "Yes; it happened in this way. When Robert Chambers visited the United States some years since I gave a dinner in his honor. The Duke of Buckingham happened to be stopping at the Continental Hotel at the time, and hearing of the affair that was to come off he signified to me his desire to be present at a genuine Philadelphia 'feed.' Of course he was invited and sat down, as he told me afterward, to the 'most elegant entertainment he had ever enjoyed.' There were present at the dinner the Governor of Pennsylvania, the Mayor of Philadelphia, and the most distinguished men of the day to the number of one hundred. When I next visited England the Duke invited Mrs. Lippincott and myself to Stowe, where my wife remained two weeks. Stowe is one of the most magnificent seats in Great Britain, the house 200 feet long, the grounds an earthly paradise, everything on a scale of royal splendor; in fact I doubt whether royalty itself has a more sumptuous domain than the princely Duke of Buckingham. I highly appreciated the honor of being invited to the duke's seat, where an English publisher's horse would as soon be invited as himself."

THE ENGLISH PUBLISHING PRINCE.

"Speaking of English publishers, of course you have met John Murray?"

"Oh, yes; I have dined with Murray many times, both in town and at his country seat, about five miles from London. It is a pretty little place of about twenty acres, highly cultivated, with fruits and flowers of all kinds. He is the prince of English publishers."

"Is he on such intimate terms with the noblemen as his grandfather was with Lord Byron?"

"No; he is never invited to the seats of the neighboring gentry. In England the lines are closely drawn between the aristocracy and the shop. Byron was a democratic lord in his life, but in his feelings he was a thorough aristocrat, and prouder of being a descendant of the Biron who came over with the Conqueror than he was of being the author of 'Manfred' and 'Childe Harold.' Murray is a fashionable publisher, but he is not a fashionable man. The noblemen invited me to their houses because I was an American and only a temporary sojourner in England."

BULWER AND HIS BIOGRAPHY.

"Did you meet Bulwer?" "My personal acquaintance with Bulwer was very slight. He was not a very approachable man—excessively aristocratic, high-toned and reserved, even for an Englishman. In his last years he was very deaf, and this infirmity made him avoid society. Strange that his early name

of Bulwer should cling to him, although he bore it only for the first thirty-five years of his life. As Bulwer he made his early reputation, as Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton he lived many years and as Lord Lytton he died."

"Why has his life never been written?"

"His son, Lord Lytton, the present Governor-General of India, is writing the life of his father, or rather, was writing it before he was sent to India, but his official duties have been so engrossing that he has been compelled to abandon it for the time. I am to be the American publisher of the book."

"It will be looked forward to with great interest."

"Yes; Bulwer was an interesting man, what the Germans call a many-sided man—a novelist, poet, historian, essayist, dramatist, statesman, orator, nobleman, editor, society man and dandy; but as a novelist he will be remembered. By the way, have you met Dr. Shelton Mackenzie?"

"Not yet."

A WALKING MEMORY.

"You should see him," said Mr. Lippincott. "He is full of anecdotes of authors, and his memory goes back to the time of Charles Lamb, Campbell and Hood. He was introduced to Lamb at the India house, where the author of 'Elia' was one of the chief clerks. This was in 1825. Mackenzie's brother was a junior clerk, and calling there one day he was taken in to see Lamb as one of the celebrities of the place. Lamb was mounted upon a high stool, bending over a ledger, when the elder Mackenzie came in with his brother and said: 'Mr. Lamb, have you any objection to being introduced to my brother?' 'As the gentleman is present,' said Lamb, 'it would not be polite to decline being introduced to him.' Whereupon he descended from his chair, and, after being introduced, stood in his favorite position, with his back to the fire and his hands behind his back. Lamb at that time drew a salary of \$3,500. In a year or two he was retired on a pension of \$2,500. Dr. Mackenzie also met Hood in London—sad Hood, writing for a livelihood. He was not very entertaining in company; in fact, he seemed to keep all his good things for his books. George Cruikshank was another of the doctor's London acquaintances. The true story of the origin of 'Oliver Twist' is not generally known. It is this: After the amazing success of the 'Pickwick Papers,' Dickens was thinking of following it up by a story of London life, with which he was more familiar than with English country life. Just about that time he happened to visit the studio of George Cruikshank, and was shown some drawings the latter had made illustrating the career of a London thief. There was a sketch of Fagin's den, with the Artful Dodger and Master Charley Bates, pictures of Bill Sikes and his dog and of Nancy Sikes, and, lastly, Fagin in the condemned cell. Dickens was much struck by the power of these character sketches; and the result was that he changed the whole plot of 'Oliver Twist.' Instead of taking him through spiritless adventures in the country he introduced him into the thieves' den in London, showed up their life of sin and shame, but brought his hero through pure and unadulterated. Thus, it will be seen, that George Cruikshank, not Charles Dickens, was the originator of the leading characters that appear in 'Oliver Twist.'"

THE SAGE OF CHELSEA.

"You have met Carlyle, I suppose?"

"When I was in London last winter Carlyle invited me to Chelsea, saying he 'wanted to see the man who had the pluck to print a variorum edition of Shakespeare.' He is a queer man, a bundle of inconsistencies who delights to surprise people. To literature alone he owes his reputation; yet, his advice is, 'Of literature keep well to the windward. In fifty years it will be a credit to declare, I never tried literature: believe, I have not written anything.'"

ENTER ANTHONY.

"My experience with English authors has been rather peculiar. One day I was sitting in this office when a stranger entered and in a gruff voice, without mentioning his name, said, 'I want you to publish my views upon America.' I asked him what he had seen of the country, what he knew of our people, our institutions, &c. He said he had seen New York, Boston, Niagara Falls. In short, he had seen American society in hotel parlors, on steamboats and in railroad cars, and was fully prepared to write up America in the most approved style of foreign tourists. I asked him why he had honored our house by selecting it to publish his book. 'I have been so awfully cheated by other publishers that I want to see whether you will not treat me better.' All this time, the visitor had not announced his name. At length, I said: 'With whom have I the pleasure of conversing?' 'I am Anthony Trollope,' he replied, with an overwhelming air. Having survived this tremendous announcement, I proceeded to talk business, and finally agreed to publish his proposed work. I divided the edition with the Harpers, each house putting its own name upon the copies it published. When Trollope heard this he thought it was some trick to cheat him, and denounced us both as 'pirates.'"

PRESCOTT.

"It was a lucky hit of yours to take Prescott's works from Boston."

"I was determined to have them, cost what they might, so I gave my agent orders to offer \$5,000 more than anybody else."

With them you secured the services of Mr. Kirk, Prescott's last secretary—the one who was with him the longest. It is a pity, however, that the author of the 'History of Charles the Bold' should be lost in a magazine editor."

"Perhaps he finds it more profitable to edit a magazine than to write books. You remember what Sir Walter Scott said, 'Literature is a good staff but a poor crutch.'"

"What do you think of Americans as a reading people?"

"They are the greatest readers in the world—men, women and children all read."

"What do they read?"

"Books of all kinds—good, bad and indifferent. The literary taste of the country has greatly improved during the last twenty years. With wealth have come leisure, culture and appreciation of art and literature."

MRS. WISTER.

"Mrs. Wister's translations from the German have been very successful, have they not?"

"Remarkably so. One day a fashionably dressed lady came in here, and throwing down a roll of manuscript, said, 'Mr. Lippincott, I want a hundred dollars for that.' I took up the package, opened it, and read the title, 'Old Mlle.'s Secret,' by E. Marlitt. After turning over the leaves and glancing at the matter I told the lady I would give her a hundred dollars for it, and immediately signed a check for the amount. This was the first of Mrs. Wister's translations, or rather adaptations, from the German. It was at my suggestion that she 'adapted' these novels instead of literally translating them. They thus read like original works. Mrs. Wister now derives a handsome income from her literary work, and has made a national reputation."

THE MYSTERIOUS OUIDA.

"Who is Ouida?"

"Ouida is a mystery that no person has yet been able to solve. All that is really known of her is that she is the daughter of a Frenchman, and her name is Rose de la Rue. She was an obscure contributor to the London magazines, glad to earn a pound a page for her stories, when I came across 'Granville de Vinge.' Struck by its powerful delineation of character and the dash and brilliancy of its style, I published it under its original name of 'Held in Bondage.' The name was unfortunate. People thought it was a novel about slavery, of which they had a sufficient just then. Consequently the book failed to attract attention, and only 800 copies were sold, and that was more owing to our immense distributing facilities than to any public interest in the novel itself. When 'Strathmore' was published in England, I republished it here, still having faith in Ouida as a strong writer, although I did not know at that time whether the author was a man or woman. 'Strathmore' was a success, and upon the strength of that I brought out a new edition of her first novel, under the better title of 'Granville de Vinge, or Held in Bondage,' using the second title to avoid deceiving people who had already bought the book under its original name. It made a great hit, and Ouida's reputation was established. She says she is indebted to me for her success, and is grateful for it."

"Where does she live?"

"Two miles from Florence, in a lovely villa. Dogs are her pets, and the house is full of them; wherever she goes she is surrounded by her canine favorites. She says they are more faithful than the human race. Whenever one of them dies he or she is buried with more respect than is sometimes shown to men and women."

"Is Ouida pretty?"

"She is dashing-looking rather than pretty. Her manners are fascinating, her conversation lively, her eyes bright and expressive. She is saucy and audacious in her remarks and sometimes indulges in ladylike slang; but in spite of all this she is a great favorite among English and American residents at Florence, and they are glad to accept invitations to her villa, for she entertains magnificently."

A PALMETTO PREACHER.

"In your dealings with authors you must have some singular experiences?"

"Yes, here is one example out of a hundred: A South Carolina clergyman delivered a sermon which delighted his rural congregation; it was praised in the village newspaper. Whereupon the divine thought he would seek a larger audience for the eloquence, and wrote to me to publish his sermon in pamphlet form, and suggested 20,000 as the least possible number that should be printed, saying that he would undertake to sell 5,000 himself. The pamphlet was printed to the number of 1,000; 100 copies were sent to the author, several hundred were disposed of through our numerous correspondents in the South, and that was the end of it."

SORROWS OF THE UNKNOWN.

"The publisher's experience is not always couler de rose. He occasionally witnesses cases of real distress. Sometimes young girls, after spending years of toil over a volume of verses, come to have it published, having the freshest and most innocent ideas about the demand for such things, thinking that because a piece has been printed in a country paper, and been praised by admiring friends, the world at large is upon tiptoes to read it. In many cases they leave the publisher's presence drowned in tears at their failure to convince him that their volume is worthy of publication."