

doctor. The chief article of heavy calibre is entitled "The Catastrophe of Sedan"; there is some fair poetry and a couple of papers upon "Goethe" and "Severn, the friend of Keats." Altogether the number is of exceptional importance—the periodical is one which holds its own among hosts of lesser but more pushing lights.

### LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

DR. SCHLIEMANN has commenced a new book on archaeology, which it is believed will be the most important of all his works.

It is announced that Mr. Andrew Carnegie has offered to give the money necessary to rebuild the Johnstown Public Library.

THE publisher, Nicolai, of Florence, has brought out the third volume of the work of Ernesto Rossi, the famous actor: "Forty Years of Artistic Life."

WALTER BESANT has undertaken a life of Captain Cook, and Archibald Forbes one of Sir Henry Havelock for Macmillan's "English Men of Action."

It is a gratifying statement from Paris that the old co-workers, Erckmann and Chatrian, have become reconciled, and that they have an important literary enterprise in view.

PHILOLOGICALLY MacMahon and Bjoernson are the same name. MacMahon is the Irish translation of the Norman Fitz Urs, and Fitz Urs the translation of the Norwegian Son Bjarnar, which has been modernized into Bjoernson.

MACMILLAN AND COMPANY have now ready for the American market Tennyson's new volume, "Demeter, and other Poems." In London, nearly 20,000 copies were sold within one week of the day of publication (December 13).

MAX O'RELL has returned to America, and on a recent evening 2,500 people listened to the first lecture of the series he is to deliver under the management of Major Pond. It was in the Star Course, at Tremont Temple, Boston.

MISS OLIVE SCHREINER, the author of "The Story of an African Farm," writes to a Boston publisher that she has not yet completed her second novel, the newspaper report that the work was already in the hands of printers being untrue.

ALL France is laughing over the following announcement that lately appeared in an advertising sheet: "M. Ernest Zola (of Paimbœuf), inventor of the spring nippers, notifies his customers that he has nothing in common with his namesake, Emile Zola, writer."

"ARTISAN SONGS, by a Queen, for the German People," is the title of a collection of about 150 songs, written by Carmen Sylva and set to music by August Bungert. They are popular songs of shoemakers, tailors, bakers, coopers, etc. They will be published in numbers.

MRS. MARGARET HUNGERFORD is the every-day name of "The Duchess," the celebrated novelist. She resides at a beautiful place near Cork, Ireland. She enjoys a munificent competence from her books, the most popular of which, "Phyllis," has had a sale of 250,000 copies.

MARSHAL MCMAHON is at work upon his memoirs, and expects to finish them in January. The work will not be published for general circulation. Only six autograph copies will be printed,—one for the author and the others for his wife, their sons Patrice, Eugène, and Emmanuel, and their daughter, the Comtesse de Piennes.

ROBERT BROWNING is the first poet in the history of the world whose voice lives after death. He survived long enough to win a touch of literal immortality from the hand of science. The phonogram has preserved his voice, and if all goes well, Browning can speak in his own living tones to the unborn generations of a thousand years hence.

WHILE taking tea with Sir Theodore Martin in Wales last summer, Queen Victoria is said to have confided to her host her intention to issue a further volume of extracts from her journals, and it was arranged that he should again act as literary adviser and editor. The volume may include a selection of original verse from Her Majesty's pen.

ROBERTS BROTHERS will publish early next month "Albrecht," a new novel by Arlo Bates, and "The Bagpipers," by George Sand, translated by Katherine Prescott Wormeley, so favourably known through her translations of Balzac's works published by this house. They have now in preparation Miss Wormeley's translation of Balzac's "Sons of the Soil."

LORD TENNYSON is to write his own name in each of the one hundred copies of a volume, about to appear in England and America, which will contain three poems of the Laureate's—"To E. L." (Edmund Lear), "The Daisy," and "The Palace of Art,"—illustrated with photogravures of twenty-two drawings by Lear, the artist's portrait, and Watt's portrait of Tennyson. Scribner and Welford will import the book.

THERE will soon be published at Vienna a book entitled "A Summer in the South," which has been written by the Empress Elizabeth of Austria and by the Archduchess Valerie. The Empress describes the southern part of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, which she has visited this autumn, while the Princess speaks of the persons whom she met there. The Archduke Francis has furnished several designs to illustrate the work.

MR. STEAD's new *Review of Reviews*, a periodical whose first number has just appeared in London, with an edition of 50,000 copies, is a fresh exemplification of the increasing specialization in all fields of activity. One is sometimes minded to ask where it is all going to end. Life is daily becoming more complex; the subjects pressing for consideration are rapidly multiplying; yet Time remains a constant quantity, and, strive how we may, twenty-four hours continue to be the maximum which can be carried into a day. How long the increased pressure can be met by increased condensation is a vital question which social philosophers will soon be called upon to answer.

SOME one, a man apparently, who signs himself "B. F. P.," is writing a series of papers on "Authors I Have Met" for the Boston *Transcript*. How do you suppose he has met his authors?—at the club, or in the drawing-room? Not at all. In a much more practical way: as a proof-reader and compositor; and he discusses them from the manuscript point of view. The most of his meeting was done in Boston, and he tells us how amiable were such men as Robert C. Winthrop, Josiah Quincy, Joseph Story, and other equally distinguished Bostonians, when they visited the printer's. As a rule these gentlemen wrote carefully, and their manuscript was not difficult to read.

THE new letters of Lord Chesterfield have made a hit in England, the whole of the first edition having been sold on the day of publication. The collection has been admirably edited by Lord Carnarvon, whose memoir of Lord Chesterfield is very interesting. It is a mere chance that these letters were not given to the world fifty years ago, when Mr. Charles Greville searched the archives at Bretby with the express object of discovering the private correspondence of Lord Chesterfield; but all these manuscripts were then (and for a long time afterwards) hidden away in a locked-up cupboard. Mr. Greville found only a number of volumes containing Lord Chesterfield's despatches when he was Minister at the Hague.

JEFFERSON DAVIS spent the last year of his life in literary work. He wrote an article on Andersonville for the *North American Review*, exonerating the Confederate Government from the charge of wanton cruelty toward Federal prisoners. On the publication of his reply to Lord Wolseley in the *North American* (which, Mr. Davis charged, was mutilated by the American editor in the interest of the English Government), Mr. Davis refused to permit the *North American* to publish his article on Andersonville unless the editor should agree to publish it uncut. The editor refused to give that pledge. Mr. Davis thereupon withdrew his article and transferred it to *Belford's Magazine*. It will appear in the January number.

MR. FREDERICK KEPPEL calls attention in the *Tribune* to the similarity of the poet's thought in the last two stanzas from Tennyson's last book ("Twilight and Evening Bell," etc.), with that in the last two of Whittier's "Burning Drift-Wood," in *The Independent* of January 2. The latter lines are as follows:—

I know the solemn monotone  
Of waters calling upon me;  
I know from whence the airs have blown,  
That whisper of the Eternal Sea.

As low my fires of drift-wood burn,  
I hear that sea's deep sounds increase,  
And, fair in sunset light, discern  
The mirage-lifted Isles of Peace.

SOME interesting autograph letters from Dickens, Thackeray, Keats and others were sold recently in London. One from Dickens to Mrs. Macready brought £6 15s. A letter from Hood to Samuel Lover, referring to Thackeray's visit to America, contained the familiar anecdote of Thackeray and the Bowery boy. An autograph manuscript poem, in four verses, entitled "As I See with Mine Own Eyes," beginning

They call thee false as thou art fair,  
They call thee fair and free—  
A creature pliant as the air  
And changeable as the sea,

was signed "W. M. Thackeray," and brought £3 12s. 6d. Ten lines of poetry in the handwriting of Keats, on a small half sheet of paper, included the familiar line,

And joy whose hand is ever at his lips  
Bidding adieu,

which the newspapers speak of as unpublished, went for £3.

OF the novelist, Cable, and his home in New Orleans, Mrs. Emily Pierce writes in the *Washington Capital*: "In his literary labours, George W. Cable is a marvel of neatness. His chirography resembles a Spencerian copy-book, and every manuscript is carefully copied by letter-press, neatly bound and laid away upon the shelves of his library. His study is rather a dull room, and suggests a workshop. Two low book-cases, books meagre and plain, an ugly, high desk and map of Louisiana are opposite the open grate, above which hangs a strong head of Homer. On the mantel stands an artistic bust of Clytie. Some etchings and sketches suggest the taste of the master, while a well-worn Webster's dictionary hints that he is not beyond the needs of his fellow-man. The only attractive spot is the low window dividing the book shelves, where the broad seat among the cushions suggests dreams of the 'Old Creole Days.'"

THE University of Jena announced autumn courses for teachers in the various sciences. The entire number of students in the German universities for the summer semester, was 29,491, distributed among the faculties as follows: Theology, 6,000; law, 6,835; medicine, 8,883; philosophy and natural sciences, 7,773.

### READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

#### THE FUTURE.

WHAT may we take into that vast Forever?  
That marble door  
Admits no fruit of all our long endeavour,  
No fame-wreathed crown we wore,  
No garnered lore.

What can we bear beyond the unknown portal?  
No gold, no gains  
Of all our toiling; in the life immortal  
No hoarded wealth remains,  
Nor gilds, nor stains.

Naked from out that far abyss behind us  
We entered here;  
No word came with our coming to remind us  
What wondrous world was near,  
No hope, no fear.

Into the silent, starless night before us  
Naked we glide;  
No hand has mapped the constellations o'er us,  
No comrade at our side,  
No chart, no guide.

Yet, fearless toward that midnight black and hollow,  
Our footsteps fare;  
The beckoning of a Father's hand we follow—  
His love alone is there,  
No curse, no care.

Augusta C. Winthrop.

#### MR. BROWNING'S ONLY PUBLIC SPEECH.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Scotsman* writes:—Though an accomplished and fluent talker in private life, Mr. Browning had a pronounced and life-long antipathy to speaking in public. Edinburgh enjoys the honour of having been the scene, and the students of Edinburgh University the credit of having been the direct instigators, of probably the only public speech that the poet ever made. During the celebration of the tercentenary of the university, in 1885, Mr. Browning was one of the most popular of the many illustrious guests that thronged our city, and he thoroughly appreciated the unexpected tribute to his work. At the end of the famous week a "Students' Reception" was organised in the United Presbyterian Synod Hall, and Mr. Browning was present, not as one of the *savants* who had agreed to address the students, but as a guest. When he appeared to take his seat on the platform, he was hailed with a perfect storm of applause by the students. Mr. Browning was profoundly affected by the heartiness of the welcome; he could scarcely believe that he had conquered such a position in the enthusiasm of the younger generation. He turned to the writer of these lines, who, as a platform steward, had the honour of ushering the poet to his seat, and embracing him as a kind of convenient epitome of the students in general exclaimed in a voice full of feeling—"You dear young men, how I love you all!" At the close of the reception, after Lesseps, Laveleye, Virchow, Helmholtz, Lowell, and the other famous men had spoken, shouts for "Browning!" "Browning!" once more broke out tumultuously. Mr. Browning could not resist the appeal; the antipathy to public speaking had to vanish on an occasion like that. "My dear young friends," he said, "some people are good enough to say that my writings are sometimes unintelligible; but I hope to make myself intelligible now, when I say how affected and impressed I am by this noble, this magnificent welcome, which you have given to one so unworthy as myself." It was not a long speech; but, when a thing is unique, size does not go for much.

#### THE USE OF THE HYPHEN.

ONE of the most difficult punctuation marks to place is the hyphen. The following common-sense directions by a practical printer are of more value than the rules in grammar: When two nouns come together, and the second one implies the act of containing the first, a hyphen is used to connect them, thus: Coffee-pot, a pot holding coffee; grain-drill, a drill holding grain. Many other familiar compounds may be mentioned, such as type-case, shell-box, spear-rack, paper-box, and an infinite number of others, which may be easily detected by the simple test I have given. When, however, the first noun indicates the material of which the second is made, no hyphen should be used, thus: Gold pen, silver dollar, rag doll, iron nail, etc. Evidently the hyphen would be ridiculous here, and not less so in such expressions as common sense, good nature, ill will, etc., when used simply as noun and adjective. When two adjectives stand before a noun, and the first one belongs rather to the second than to the noun itself, a hyphen should be used between the adjectives. Before me is a story about a "red haired girl." That means a red girl with hair, but a "red-haired girl" means—business! I don't mean that adjectives qualify adjectives, but a noun may be used as an adjective, and thus render the hyphen necessary; thus, the ten-hour plan, a ten-cent toy, a rosy-cheeked girl, etc. Read these words without the hyphen, and its omission would be intolerable. It takes the *Scientific American* to tell what "nine inch cannons" will do; that is, nine cannons, each of one-inch bore. The question may be asked, right here, if common sense would not tell the meaning in the above case. Yes, I think it would, and by the same line of reasoning we may dispense with all punctuation; but as long as a judicious use of the