

LITERARY NOTES.

Bret Harte is threatened with the loss of his eyesight. Mrs. Oliphant is writing a volume of "Scenes of Florentine Life."

Ernest Renan has nearly completed his "Origin of Christianity."

A new novel by Mrs. Pender Cudlip (Annie Thomas) is announced.

A novel by Senor Castelar is announced at Madrid—"The Story of a Heart."

It is denied that Victor Hugo ever refused to allow "Quatre-Vingt-Treize" to appear in German.

Delavigne is the real name of "Julius Verne," the extravagant French pseudo-scientific fiction writer.

Henry M. Stanley has a book in press entitled "Coomassie and Magdala; the Story of two British Campaigns."

Saint Paul's, the English monthly magazine, has been changed into a weekly paper called the *Saturday Journal*.

Mr. Disraeli is reported to have completed a new political novel; if so, it is not likely to see the light during his reign of office.

"The House that Baby Built" is the title of a brochure recently issued by the author of "The Fight at Dame Europa's School."

The Laureate's welcome has been turned into Russian for the Duchess, although she speaks English well, and it is even better in Russian.

"Waldried," Auerbach's new romance, will appear simultaneously in English, Dutch, Italian, and Russian. There will be no French translation.

The biography of Edgar Allan Poe, now being written by J. H. Ingram, will, it is promised, advance a defense of his memory against the assertions of Griswold.

Vice-President Wilson has finished the second volume of his history of slavery in the United States. This volume brings the narrative down to the Presidential election of 1860.

George Augustus Sala has succeeded Shirley Brooks in the editorship of the *Home News*, a weekly paper of European intelligence for circulation in India. It is needless to say that he is well paid.

THE CANADIAN MONTHLY for April has reached us rather late. It contains a number of useful and well-written papers. Its serial is a prize story entitled, "For King and Country," of which chapter ix. has been reached.

Erckmann, the dramatist, does all the writing for the firm, for his collaborator Chatrian never touches the pen. But Chatrian has remarkable taste in the matter of style, and, being a master in groping, knows how to throw the characters into proper relief.

Prosper Mérimé's mysterious "Unknown," to whom so many of his philosophic, sentimental letters were addressed, is now believed to have been wholly a myth, like the "Clara Gazel" whose poems the same author once pretended he had translated "from the Spanish."

Prof. Blackie is writing a new volume of essays which will be opposed to many of the views of Mr. Grote and Prof. Max Müller. There will be discussions of "The Theology of Homer," "The Prometheus Bound," "Mythological Interpretation," "The Onomatopoeic Principle in the Formation of Language," and other historic, literary, and philological subjects.

Victor Hugo is systematic as tireless in his literary labour. He eats fish very plentifully to keep up the supply of phosphorus to the brain, dictates his novels, poems, and political absurdities to his two jaded secretaries from early morning until late at night, and on the day of his son's burial, some weeks ago, left his proof-reading in the morning to attend the funeral, and returned to it after the ceremonies.

Two well-known German writers are just now analysing two English authors. Friedrich Spielhagen, in *Die Gegenwart*, is making a profound and exhaustive study of George Eliot, or, more correctly, of the philosophy of the novel in the abstract by the light of "Middlemarch." In other words, in setting forth his theory of the art of writing romances, he takes George Eliot as the typical artist. Could a greater compliment be paid to that brilliant writer? Dr. Julian Schmidt, the author of a rather dull history of German literature, is contributing to the *National Zeitung* a series of articles on Mr. Carlyle.

Edward King takes us through Tennessee, Georgia, and South Carolina in the present number of *Scribner's*. These papers maintain themselves excellently, and the illustrations are in the highest style of art. When collected into a volume they will be very valuable. We cannot enumerate all the articles which grace the pages of this splendid magazine. We must call attention, however, to a study of Alfred Tennyson, begun in this number, by Stedman. It is a case of *laudari a viro laudato*.

THE ATLANTIC came to us with the announcement of a great poem on Agassiz by James Russell Lowell. We read it with great interest. It is worthy of its subject and its author, but by no means to be compared to the "Commemoration Ode," "Rachel at the Well" is worthy of Trowbridge. "Behind the Convent Grille" is a mediocre bit of padding. Warner and Aldrich contribute their pleasant fancies. The critical department of the magazine strikes us as very satisfactory this month, especially the portions devoted to Art and Music.

ST. NICHOLAS for May is perhaps the brightest number yet issued of this bright little periodical—the queen of juveniles. The illustrations, from the full-paged frontispiece to the Rubus, are not only well chosen but well executed. "Something New," in the Riddle-box, is a pleasant study for the little ones. Of the letter-press we can only say that it maintains itself at the usual standard of this monthly. There is little conventionality about it, and much freshness. We particularly note "The Peach Boy," "The Magic Keys," "Miss Fanshaw's Tea Party," "Chrestmor City," "The Robin's Nest," and "Not such a Noddy as He Looked."

THE GALAXY has several very readable papers. The first of a series on Scandinavia, by Clemens Petersen, promises a good deal of information on a subject little known in this country. Richard Grant White has another of his articles on Language, which are full of interest, though somewhat marred by quaintness, prolixity, and obscurity. "Rachman and Terzag" is a singular story of the Thugs. Among the sketches we have particularly noticed are "M. Roque's Hobby," and "In the Dark." The poetry of the number is not beyond the average, although such names as William Winter and Howard Glyndon figure among the contributors. The Editorial Miscellanies at the end are very full.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

The English Old Testament Revision Company concluded their twenty-second session on the 27th of March, after revising for the first time the translation of the Book of Joshua and Judges I, III.

The A. P. U. C. (Association for the Promotion of Unity in Christendom), an English High Church guild, have at last apparently achieved some success in the direction in which they have been striving for the last fifteen years.

The annual report of the Procurator of the Synod of the Russian Church to the Czar contains a section on union with the Anglican body. It states that a petition has been presented to the Synod by 122 Anglican ministers praying the Synod to promote the union of the two Churches. The petitioners express a willingness to accept the Russian Church's doctrine, but prefer their own ritual. To this the Synod has signified its assent.

Ritualism was one of the principal matters that occupied the attention of the delegates at the recent annual meeting of the English Church Association. The report states that the Ritualistic movement, which at the outset seemed confined to a mere question of rites and rubrics, has developed into an overt attempt to build up the alien Church of Rome upon the ruins of the Church of England. One by one nearly every doctrine and ceremony of Popery has been adopted, until it has become almost impossible to distinguish the churches and books under the direction of the Jesuits from those under the control of the Ritualists.

A letter from Japan in the *Cologne Gazette* says that the religious question, which is an increasing topic of discussion among the Japanese, has again been brought before the public by a memorandum issued by two officials of the religious department. The memorandum begins by pointing out that Japan has made such immense progress that her civilization and commerce are equal to those of Europe, but that in religious matters she still hesitates between Buddhism and Christianity. It therefore proposes that public disputations should be organized between Buddhist and Shinto priests on one side, and Christian preachers on the other. Each of these disputations would take place on a specified subject, to be agreed upon beforehand by the contending parties. The speeches would be taken down by shorthand writers, and published in several languages; and an interval of ten days would elapse between one disputation and the next. By these means, the memorandum continues, the world would be able to decide which religion is the true one, and make its choice accordingly.

Cardinal Franchi succeeds the late Cardinal Barbabo as Prefect of the Propaganda at Rome. He is one of the new cardinals, has been secretary of the Congregation of the Propaganda for Oriental rites, and is fifty-five years old.

Some very valuable statistics of the Waldensian Church have been recently published in the *Annuaire de l'Eglise Evangelique Valdais*. There are sixteen of the ancient churches remaining—fifteen in the valleys and one in Turin. A theological school is also maintained in Florence. The members of the valley churches vary from 264 to 1,394 for each. Sunday-schools and day-schools are maintained, the latter attended in winter by one-fifth of the entire population. The entire number of ministers is fifty. This venerable Church is active in missionary work throughout Italy, and has united with the Free Church, the Wesleyans, and the Episcopal Methodists in forming an interdenominational committee, with the design of securing harmonious co-operation.

The Rev. Navayan Sheshadri, whose visit to this country last year has doubtless not passed out of the recollection of our readers, has been on a preaching tour through parts of Ireland, where he met with more than one experience. At Dublin, Coleraine, Belfast, Derry, and elsewhere, he met with the heartiest receptions, and addressed large crowds of eager hearers. Of his reception in Connor, a correspondent of the *Christian Intelligencer* writes: "He appeared there on their fast-day, before communion, at the close of a service of two hours, and when he ascended the pulpit every neck was stretched to catch a sight of him. Most of them had never seen a Hindu or a turban before, and for an hour and a half he had a breathless audience. When he and the Rev. W. F. Stevenson, the convener of our foreign missions, got out of the church they found the people ranged in two lines on each side of the footpath and along the road he was to pass, in order to get another look at him. Seeing this, Mr. Stevenson proposed they should shake hands with him as he passed. From each side a perfect forest of hands was extended. All went well till he got to the church-yard gate, when those behind made a rush to get near him again, and he was actually swept away for some distance by the surging crowd."

From all appearances, 1874 is to be a great year for pilgrimages. One has already been planned from the United States to Rome. In England, Archbishop Manning will in person conduct a number of the faithful to St. Edmund of Canterbury, at Pontigny, near Sens—a place doubly interesting to English Catholics as being the home of St. Thomas of Canterbury during two years of his exile, as well as the resting place of St. Edmund for eight hundred years. This pilgrimage is arranged to take place in the second half of August. In France the pilgrimages will, it is said, far surpass those of last year; and more than this, the pilgrims will give proof of their fervent piety by submitting to unwonted bodily mortifications. There will be more travelling on foot than in sleeping railway carriages, and there will be none of the proxy pilgrims of last year. A great development is further anticipated in the form of international pilgrimages; one is to be organized for England in June, being a return to the English religious excursionists to Paray-le-Monial.

HOME NOTES.

A writer in an English magazine waxes cynical over the dress follies of fashionable worshippers. Such a congregation 'worshipping' in their Sunday clothes is, he says, a sight to feed upon. "Madge Wildfire stuck straws in her hair, and the humane pitied her; only the cruel laughed at her. But Mrs. Smith comes to her devotions with half a sheaf of artificial wheat on her head (as trimming for a two-guinea bonnet), and no one seems to think it an odd item in her toilet. With a cloth hood, or part of a shawl turned over her head, Mrs. Smith would look like the good, kind soul that she is; but with all the beard of the wheat-ears bristling round her face, she is as little like a sensible woman as she is like Ceres. Captain Horshue-Pinn confesses on his knees that he is a sinner, and his 'sackcloth and ashes' consists of the tightest of gloves and boots, the 'loudest of ties, and jewelry typical of his sporting tendencies. The Lady Angela mourns her transgressions in spotless attire, thinking of that horrid shabby woman in who brushed against her as she came into church." So long as our writer is fair and above board, dealing out his reproaches indiscriminately to both sexes, he is welcome to rail, as far as the *monde* is concerned. But it is rare to find a man—we presume it is a man who wrote the above—so just to "the poor women," as to include his own sex in his censures.

Here is another cynic, but one of a different kind; unsparing in her criticism, though there is not a little truth behind the sting she uses so unmercifully. She writes from Paris. "You never see a young girl in velvet and her mother in tulle except they are an American mother and daughter, and I never saw a French woman whose front hair looked like a poodle dog's back. Vanity without common sense has made more 'frights' in looks among American women than their Creator is accountable for, and nowadays, when fashions are so adaptable, no one is excusable in not being at least presentable. But so long as the word 'stylish' supersedes all others in our vocabulary, and so long as 'oldity' is the synonyme of style, I suppose those of us who are neither one or the other can only fold our hands and wait for our turn."

A new thing in riding skirts has recently been brought out in Paris, namely, jupecloche, or bell-skirt. In appearance it must present much the appearance of the habits in vogue a century ago. (For a description consult Charles Reade's "Wandering Heir.") The bell is to be "as tight as an umbrella-case," exceedingly plain, with a few gatherings behind, and indescribable circular ornaments of untold gracefulness all round, with a tight bodice or corselet, over which comes a rich scarf of cambric or lace tied up in an opulent bow behind. Ladies whose *force* does not correspond with Praxitelean proportions, or those who have the figure selected by Balzac as indicative of a kindly disposition and faithful heart, are allowed by the *arbitre elegantiarum* to wear a velvet or other jacket over the treacherous "corselet."

Gas-light silks is the name given to some Parisian novelties of manufacture. Among these are *écluse*, or foam green, azure and Indienne blue, pale rose, *gris-perle*, a tender lilac with pinkish hue, and a new faint grey almost as blue as the sky.

Apropos de gants, which is very far from being the same thing as *apropos de botte*, it may interest the reader to know that there are no less than twelve hundred shades in new gloves. This is official from Paris. With so many shades to choose from, a few hints to guide the choice may be found useful. The leading colours are silver grey and silvery drab. Then there are greys with a dash of another colour in them, such as blue-grey like slates, green-grey or mignonnette, black or ink grey, and the blue-black with greyish tones. With dressy black toilettes the following gloves are worn: Buff, pearl, lavender, salmon, and tea rose. For outdoor wear long-wristed gloves with three buttons are now invariably used, but for full dress four or six buttons are seen. *Gants de Suède* or undressed kid are worn by *élégantes* with morning costumes. They are now made in dark drab and buff shades, with two, three, and four buttons, while others have closed tops that fit the arm as though moulded to it, and these require only one button.

From dress to diamonds is no very great leap. The Baltimore *monde* is in ecstasies over a diamond cross recently made for one of the daughters of the monument city, at a cost of \$2,000. The design is unique and the workmanship of the most artistic and elaborate character. The centre is composed of a large diamond, surrounded by eleven smaller diamonds, all of the purest water. The arms and their floriated terminations are studded with the same precious jewels, the ends being adorned with a cluster of four diamonds. The space not covered with the glistening stones is adorned with purest gold and fine enamelled work in black, heightening the effect of the diamonds. The length of the cross is about three inches.

The Baltimore jewel, however, pales its ineffectual fires before the glory of the diamonds belonging to the French actress, Mlle. Duverger, which were recently disposed of at auction at the Hotel Drouot, in Paris. Among the jewels sold was a magnificent necklace, which contained twenty-seven diamonds of the purest water, was the first article sold. It was not disposed of in one lot, but was divided into fourteen, which produced the sum of 150,000 francs. The earrings (belonging to the set), which were composed of two superb solitaires, with pendants each formed of a single pear-shaped diamond, were sold for 75,000 francs, while a single large rectangular diamond brought 50,000 francs. The most beautiful of all the ornaments is yet to be sold. It is a brooch formed of a large sapphire set in diamonds, and with a sapphire pendant. This superb trinket is said to have cost 200,000 francs (\$40,000)! The oddest part of the sale was the disposal of the morocco and velvet cases which had once contained these sparkling treasures, and which in several instances were stamped with the coat-of-arms of the noble or royal donor. This lot was sold to an old-clothes vendor of the Rue de Provence for the sum of 60 francs.