

A severe literary finish is the salient feature of *Appleton's Journal*, New York. In this respect it most resembles the English and French standards, and must, in consequence, be a favorite with people of culture. The illustrations are more choice than numerous, and there is a frontispiece in every number well worthy of being preserved. We fancy that the editor is a hard man to please and that it must be very difficult for a contributor to secure his *imprimatur*. There is no sensationalism in *Appleton's*, no striving after effect. Its contributors are all well-known names, Julian Hawthorne, Henry James, Junius Henri Browne, Lucy Hooper, Nora Perry. It bestows special attention to foreign authors, and we have become acquainted with much recent French and German literature through its translations. The critical department is very conscientiously attended to, confirming what we have previously said about the mental standing of the editor.

It is some satisfaction to know that Canada does not lag behind. Youngest on the list, but not unworthy of its compeers, is *Belford's Magazine*, of Toronto. This has been a pet publication with us, and we hail its advent to a second year under its new buff cover. We know the difficulties which an enterprise of this kind has to contend with in Canada, and it is because of this knowledge that we appreciate so much the energy of the publishers. The illustrations of *Belford's* are generally imbedded in the text, generally incidents of travel, and they add much to its value. In the letter-press a channel has been opened to Canadian talent of all grades, and when the review of the first year is made, it is but justice to say that our writers make a goodly show. It is the clear duty of the public so to encourage such magazines as to enable the publishers to augment the inducements which they extend to native writers. It is thus, and thus only, that Canadian literature will have a chance, for, not more than others, can Canadian writers be expected to write for nothing.

II.

NON-ILLUSTRATED PERIODICALS.

Associated with our school and college days, and thus a part and parcel of our mental education, the *Atlantic Monthly* has a type of pleasant familiarity which accounts in great measure for its large measure of popular esteem. And today, after a career of so many years, it is as fresh, vigorous and varied as ever, under the management of W. D. Howells, a well known writer, and pre-eminently a stylist in the strict French meaning of that important word. The *Atlantic* has been one of the chief factors in the development of American literature, being the original medium of communication with the world of such great men as Longfellow, Holmes, Whittier, Emerson, Lowell, Thoreau, and a score of others. In the ensuing year the best attractions are promised, and among other inducements are magnificent portraits of Whittier, Bryant and Longfellow, either of which is offered for only \$1.00 in addition to the price of subscription.

While the *Galaxy*, of New York, is essentially American in the topics which it discusses, and the writers who contribute to its pages, it is of all the magazines the most French in character—light, airy, clear-cut and outspoken. The reader is always sure to find, in every number, amid a general excellence, one or two papers that rise above the rest, either in subject or treatment. Some of the best pens in the country are enlisted in its service, and the *Galaxy* school has turned out several prominent authors. A particular feature all along has been the treatment of political questions, not from any narrow partisan standpoint, but on general principles, and from this source have been derived articles of much historical importance. Justin McCarthy, Gen. McClellan, ex-Secretary Wells, Richard Grant White, Henry James, and others of equal note are among its regular contributors, but it is not exclusive, and any article of merit is sure to find favour with the editor. We trust this valorous periodical will long continue to flourish.

In this branch of publications, the *Dominion* is again to the fore. The *Canadian Monthly*, of Toronto, is now in its thirteenth volume, with such signs of prosperity as betoken, which we seriously hope, a long career. This magazine has now become an institution among us, and we look for its mensural utterances as naturally as we do those of the daily press. It has had authoritative names attached to its redaction, and "Current Events" have had the continuous honour of citation far and wide. Politics have entered largely in its programme, and some of the most important questions affecting this country have been discussed in its pages. The typographical execution is faultless, and as the new publishers are doing their best to put forth a magazine worthy of the *Dominion*, we trust that the people will show themselves worthy of that confidence and do all in their power to support it. It is a patriotic duty with all Canadians to support Canadian literature.

The general object of the *International Review*, published by A. S. Barnes & Co., N. Y., is the able, impartial, and popular discussion of the prominent topics of the time, literary and scientific, religious and political, national and international. The *Review* is published bi-monthly, thus enabling it to present to its readers articles upon the chief matters of public interest, while they are fresh and engrossing. As an international literary enterprise, the *Review* fills a place hitherto unoccupied by any serious periodical published on either side of the Atlantic. It presents articles upon questions of in-

ternational importance in every number; its contributors are almost as numerous in Europe as in America; and the articles from foreign as well as home writers are all original, and many of them are prepared by special invitation and at great expense to the publishers. It is safe to say that no periodical published in the English language has furnished, within the period of the existence of this *Review*, an equal number of original articles from eminent writers of all nations. Among the special objects to which the *Review* is devoted are, the improvement of the relations of the United States with other nations, the reform of the law of nations, and the establishment of international arbitration; the elevation of the standard of public morality, the advocacy of a purer literature, the establishment of a fitting bulwark against scientific infidelity in religious matters; also the enlightenment of the American public upon great questions exciting the attention of foreign peoples. It is the plan of the managers of the *Review* not to exclude from its pages writers whose views differ from their own. The leading art events in Europe are described by Philip Gilbert Hamerton in successive numbers of the *Review*, and a sufficient space is given to editorial comments upon the principal events of an international, political, and scientific character.

The success of *Littell's Living Age*, of Boston, is owing to the fact that it enables one, with a small outlay of time and money, to keep pace with the best thought and literature of the day. Hence its importance to every American reader. The ablest living contributors to periodical literature are represented in its pages. It has always stood at the head of its class, both in the quality and quantity of the reading furnished; and in fact it affords, of itself, so thorough and complete a compendium of what is of immediate interest or permanent value in the literary world, as to render it an invaluable economizer of time, labour and money. In the multitude of periodicals of the present time—quarterlies, monthlies and weeklies—such a publication has become almost a necessity to every person or family desiring to keep well informed in the best literature of the day. For 1878, an extra offer is made to all new subscribers; and reduced clubbing rates with other periodicals are also given by which a subscriber may, at remarkably small cost, obtain the cream of both home and foreign literature. Those selecting their periodicals for the new year, would do well to examine the prospectus. In no other way that we know of can a subscriber be put in possession of the best which the current literature of the world affords, so cheaply or conveniently.

We have had occasion lately to refer to the *North American Review*, for many years issued by Osgood & Co., Boston, but now published, under the same editorial management, however, by the Appleton's, of New York. This used to be a quarterly, the sole representative in America of the Edinburgh, Westminster and other great British reviews. Now it is published every two months, and while its character has become more popular, its range of discussion is far wider. There is no better exponent of the higher American thought and culture, the very type and paper pointing to a desire for perfect presentation before the public. In view of these facts, it is altogether desirable that this review should be better known in Canada, and, so far as we are concerned, we shall do our best to keep its merits before our readers. It has already devotion attended to the ecclesiastical question in this Province, and we are assured that no range of inquiry is beyond its attributions. For the ensuing year, therefore, we may expect much from the *North American Review*.

It is a manifest advantage that a periodical which, in England, sells for ten dollars a year, should be supplied to Canadian and American readers for just half that sum, while the press-plates and the paper are identical with those of the British original. This is done in the case of the *Fortnightly Review* by Belford Brothers, of Toronto. The above Magazine requires no commendation from us beyond the publication of the names which stand upon its list of contributors. It is edited by John Morley, assisted by Goldwin Smith, Right Hon. Mr. Lowe, Emile de Laveleye, Matthew Arnold, Herbert Spencer and other lights of the advanced English School of politics and philosophy. All subjects are treated with fulness of scholarship and the authority of conscientious argument, and for thoughtful readers no periodical affords more material for instruction and entertainment.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

THE Princess Louise has contributed a portrait from her own lease to a bazaar now open at Brighton in aid of the Sussex County Hospital.

THE Empress of Austria has engaged Cottesbrook house, near Northampton, for two months for foxhunting. Her Majesty will be accompanied by the Crown Prince Rudolph.

It will account for the recklessness of the van drivers in the metropolis, that they pay a very small weekly sum to a general fund, out of which all fines are disbursed. It is clear that imprisonment is the only way to stop this attempt to frustrate punishment, and bring these men to their senses. Police magistrates should make a note of this.

At length there is a fair prospect of the statue of John Stuart Mill being placed on the embankment. It is four years since he died, and his effigy in marble is now ready, and will be erected as soon as the consent of the Metropolitan Board of Works and the Metropolitan District Railway can be obtained.

THE first Meeting for the season of the Society of Biblical Archeology, also inaugurates the lectures on the languages and literature of ancient Egypt and Assyria, which were organized three or four years ago under the auspices of this Society. These classes which for three sessions have been very successful and largely attended, are of considerable interest and significance, as helping on the agitation which many learned Orientalists are now conducting with the view of establishing at Oxford and Cambridge chairs in which Assyrian and Egyptian learning might be professed.

Now that the roof of the Natural History Museum at South Kensington is nearly finished, and the facade fairly exposed to view, the result affords a finer elevation than that of which the earlier stages of the building gave promise. There is something repellant in employing for works of art sham or imitation material, and the new Museum is constructed of terra cotta bricks, which at the best afford but a poor counterfeit presentment of the best building stone. The whole is intended for the extensive collections now gathered together at the British Museum, but not adequately displayed there, many specimens never having been arranged for public inspection.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

AN Envoy of the Japanese Government has come to Paris to study the theatres.

A firm of enterprising Parisians has recently addressed a circular to all the London wine merchants, offering to supply them with a patent for making champagne, at the cost of sixpence a bottle.

DORÉ, who is also an accomplished musician, has bought a villa near Paris, on the *façade* of which he has had inscribed the notes Do, Mi, Si, La, Do, Re, that is to say, *Domicile à Doré*. This reminds us, of Mr. Edwin Long, who has named his house on Marlborough Hill "Longsdan."

DURING the war of 1870-1871 a considerable number of persons hid securities and jewels in the ground before quitting Paris. On their return many of the valuables were missing, and all attempts to recover the property proved unavailing. In one case, in particular, a gentleman was the loser of a large amount in City of Paris Bonds.

QUEEN ISABELLA is expected at her residence in Paris—the Hotel Basilewski—towards the middle of the present month; and Her Majesty is expected to remain at the capital until the 20th of January, when she will leave for Madrid, in order to be present on the 23rd of the same month at the marriage of her son, King Alfonso XII.

THE scaffolding is being taken down from the exhibition building. Turkey is said to be the most advanced in her preparations of all the nationalities. In the English section the offices for the Prince of Wales are being rapidly pushed forward. The trees are planted in proportion as the contractors clear off, and already have quite an at-home look.

A number of Esquimaux and animals from Greenland have arrived in Paris, and may be seen at the Jardin d'Acclimatation, where their seals, white bears, and dogs have attracted much attention. The Society of Anthropology of Paris has named a committee to examine the Esquimaux and report upon them. The members of the said committee are Dr. Broca (president), and Doctors Bordier Dally, Gerard de Rialle, Mazard, and Topinard.

As many trees will be needed to ornament the Champ-de-Mars and Trocadéro, those planted near the houses in the Avenues d'Essling, des Terres, and de MacMahon are being transplanted with due precautions. The proprietors of the houses near which stood the trees in question had complained of the humidity and shadow occasioned by the trees, and the authorities in removing them achieve a double purpose.

THE mansion owned by Mr. Charles Laffitte, and given by that gentleman to his daughter—the Marquise de Gallifet—as a marriage portion, has, since the death of the well-known capitalist and sportsman, been sold. It is now occupied by a club which bids fair to become one of the most aristocratic in Paris. Among the members of the Committee may be named the Duke de la Rochefoucauld, Duke de Bisaccia, Duke de Mouchy, Marquis de Jancourt, Baron Hottinguer, Baron Alphonse de Rothschild, Lord Cardington, Lord Lascelles, Lord MacDuff, Sir John Stanley, P. M. Sartoris, Hon. A. C. Darrington, and others.

BEFORE THE FOOT LIGHTS.

Having no dramatic news to chronicle this week, I must fall back on generalities or reminiscences. It is ever thus, and I am not displeased thereat. It is rather a boon than otherwise not to be forced, by the routine of vocation, to spend one's precious evenings in a glaring theatre, listening to the inanities that constitute the staple of modern drama, and to the crudities which are the most salient characteristics of modern acting. Also, is it a blessing in disguise that I have not been called upon for months to sit and listen to the music of amateurs, whether vocal or instrumental. Thus am I privileged to sit all alone in my darkened study, and do one of three things—awake the soft thunders of my old violoncello, lean back and croon all the ancient bits of opera sodden with delicious memories; or, while weaving circlets of white vapour from the amber mouth-piece of my chibouk, recalling the figures that flitted before the footlights in the bygone Paris days.

Ah! yes, there is Tamberlick back again, I see, to the scenes of his old triumphs. Tamberlick, the Roman pauper, now the Spanish grandee, careless, handsome, magnificent, taking no meticulous care of his grand voice, but living as he listeth, and preserving through it all the phenomenal romance of his high C. It is of him that Sims Reeves has said that he is the master of musical declamation. *Laudari a viro laudato*. And a commission of Parisian doctors once sat on him. Examining his larynx scientifically, they found that it was endowed with vocal chords which looked like cables, and their report was "an incomparable throat paved with diamonds."

Harry Peakes recurs to me—the best Mephistopheles of the American operatic stage. Absent, I salute him with my hand, and a greater than he immediately steps forward for recognition—Faure! the greatest of modern baritones, consummate actor, accomplished composer. And to think that the world lately came near losing that glorious voice. It was after a long and dangerous illness. The whole constitution was shaken, and the doctors could promise only a dubious convalescence. But what cared the artist for health, if his voice was gone, and so he let the days pass silently and sadly. At last, when told that he might venture out of doors, he took a solitary walk to the Gardens of Versailles. Here, all alone, on the great staircase, overlooking the Orangerie, trembling, he threw open his cloak, and intoned the grand air of "Hamlet," written for him by Ambroise Thomas. The sentinel on the terrace suddenly halted, the birds on the trees hushed their carols, and the group of Apollo at the fountain bent forward to listen. It was an exquisite moment. When he had finished, Faure wrapped his cloak about him and walked away, with ecstasy in his heart. His voice was still perfection!

Si j'étais Roi! No, thank you, I wouldn't be king, not if all my taxes were paid till doomsday, and especially not in France. But, surely, I may sing the delicious theme of Adolph Adam, as it is now being repeated, after many years in Paris. It was in May, 1852, that d'Ennery brought the poor, sick artist the poem, stipulating that the music should be completed before September. Adam wrote the work piecemeal. As soon as one bit was finished it was taken to the theatre to be rehearsed, and not a note was wanting to the orchestral partition. It was thus, too, that *Il Barbiere* was composed, only that work cost Rossini no more than three weeks of labour, from the end of December to the 23rd of January. When one piece was done he had it rehearsed at his piano, and then sent the pages to the Argentina Theatre, where it was sung. A masterpiece was the result. Yes, and how many masterpieces were thus struck off in moments of inspiration? And what of minor defects, so long as the inspirations lasts and is immortal!

A STEELE PENN.

SPIRITUALISM.—Judge Pitman is much interested in the subject of spiritualism. He met a "trance medium" in the cars, the other day, and invited him to hold a séance at his (Pitman's) home. The company assembled in the front parlor, and the medium went into the back parlor and shut the door. He said before he went that, as the "conditions" were not good, the manifestations might come rather slowly, but that they would not come at all unless there was loud music upon the piano. It was half-past seven when the medium withdrew, and the company sat there waiting for the spirits to begin. They waited until half-past eight, and then the Judge went to the door to listen. He heard nothing; but he thought the medium might be in a trance, and that it would be better not to disturb him. So they all waited until nine. Then the Judge opened the door softly, and perceived that the medium was not in the room. Then they began to hunt for him. They did not find him, but they discovered that the spirits, or somebody, had gone off with two dozen silver spoons, with a cake-basket, with sixteen damask napkins, two breast-pins, forty dollars in greenbacks, and a pair of sugar-tongs. The Judge has now become skeptical upon the subject of spiritualism, and he wants to see that trance medium to interview him about it. If the spoons and the napkins have gone into the celestial regions for use there, he don't care so much, but he is afraid there is something earthly about their disappearance.