RIVAL MAGAZINES.

You announced in the Athenaeum of July 23rd last that a new magazine, entitled the Bibliographer, was to be issued by Mr. J. A. Stock in the autumn of the present year. Since then a large number of prospectuses have been issued, and the new venture has received the support of many subscribers and readers. In the last few days, and just as the first number of the Bibliographer is ready for issue, a prospectus has been handed to me. It is the result of a proposal made by the publishers of a new magazine, to be called the Antiquarian Magazine and Bibliographer, the first number of which is announced for January 1st, 1883. It is described as a new and improved series, with a more legal question is here raised, and that, therefore, some notice should be taken in your pages to print my own version, at least, of its direct infringement of the rights of priority, so that the literary public may be set upon their guard in this matter.

H. B. WHEATLEY.

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS.

’Tis, Tekse, Nov. 12, 1881.

Kindly allow me a few lines of personal explanation in reply to many friends:—Packard’s work is not yet prepared; I have been commuting Africawards to the gold mines of the Guinea coast—compel me to save time.

Many years ago I was with my old and lamented friend Dr. F. Steinhaeuser, of the Bombay army, I began to translate the whole of ‘The Thousand Nights and a Night. The book is mutilated in Europe to a collection of fairy tales. This unique work, which I called The Arabian Nights, is unique as a study of anthropology. It is a marvellous picture of Oriental life; its shifting is those of the kaleidoscope. Its alternation of pathos and bathos—the boldest poetry (the diction of Job) with the boldest prose (text of the Gospels)—and, finally, its contrast of the highest and purest morality with the orgies of Alcaeus and Petronius Arbiter, take away the reader’s breath. I determined to render every word with the literalism of Ureulatz’s Rabais, and to save the publisher trouble by printing my translation at Brussels. But sos omnia possimus. Although a host of friends has been eager to subscribe, my work is still unfinished; nor could it be finished without a year’s labour. I must therefore, to show that Mr. John Payne, under the Villon Society, has addressed himself to a realistic translation, I have, only to wish him success, and to express a hope that he is resolved to write reobreer serene, without deference to any prejudice which would prevent him from writing in a style original with himself and with the literary public. I want to see that the book has fair play; and if it is not treated as it deserves, I shall still have ‘Villon,’ however, makes me hope for the best.

RICHARD F. BURTON.

LETTERS OF GEORGE ELIOT.

We owe the opportunity of publishing the following letters to the courtesy of Prof. D. Kaufmann, to whom they were addressed. Prof. Kaufmann is well known by his remarks on the history of civilization and by a series of articles on the life and works of George Eliot. Mr. George Eliot was the author of such masterpieces as 'The Mill on the Floss,' 'Romola,' 'Silas Marner,' and 'Middlemarch.' He was one of the most brilliant and prolific writers of his time, and his works have had a profound influence on the development of modern literature. His writing is characterized by its depth of feeling, its sensitivity to human emotion, and its power to capture the essence of the human condition. His work was widely read and admired, and his influence can still be felt today. The letters that follow are a selection of those written to and written from George Eliot.

To Your Kindly, May 31, 1877.

My DEAR SIR—I trust it will not be otherwise than with the best possible intentions that you have undertaken to publish a collected edition of George Eliot. I have been more than once that he feels that this edition will not be made to win success. In writing to send you this note, I have in mind the expression of the warm thanks for your kindness in sending me the Hebrew translation of the 'Arabian Nights,' a kindness which I felt myself too much to receive. I have also been much pleased to hear that he had such a means of having fresh, living, spiritual food within reach. I can hardly turn my thoughts toward Eastern Europe just now without a mingling of pain and regret; but was more to write events in an unreal way, and one would like to believe that the present troubles will not at any

reporting) the general character of the notice or something in particular which strikes him as showing either an exception or something that is gross enough to be amusing. Very rarely, when we are dealing with the latter, I should write a sentence, saying: "You must read this." And your esti-