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OUR CAMBRIDGE LETTER.

Feb. 19, 1872.

At the date of my last letter, the proposed University Commission was the principal subject of conversation and discussion in our Halls and Combination Rooms. Early in December a memorial, urging upon Mr. Gladstone the expediency of granting to the Commission fuller powers than those assigned to it in his letter to the Vice-Chancellor, received the signatures of a considerable number of resident Fellows and Lecturers: the Premier decided, however, to abide by his original scheme. During the vacation, the list of the Commissioners was published, and was, no doubt, eagerly and anxiously studied by many members of both Universities. It is generally regretted in Cambridge that so few of the Commissioners are practically acquainted with the working of the University and College systems. Dr. Bateson and Prof. Price are, indeed, the right men in the right place, as they are thoroughly versed in the details of academic education, and the mysteries of academic finance; but are their colleagues equally competent to deal with questions so important and so complicated as those which will come before them? As, however, the powers of the Commission are strictly limited to the collection of financial statistics, it is perhaps of little moment whether its members have, or have not, taken an interest in educational and academic questions. Indeed it may be doubted whether the terms of their appointment allow them to do more than apply to the Vice-Chancellor and to the Bursars of the Colleges for copies of their balance-sheets and returns of their investments. It would seem that the Commissioners are not empowered to report upon the use which the foundations make of their revenues, still less to frame any estimate of the expenditure which their exertions in new fields are likely to entail. This seems to me a misfortune, since, so far as existing institutions permit, the Colleges have shown of late a laudable zeal in the cause of education, and an ardent desire to promote it, not only in the University, but also in the country at large. It is therefore at once unjust and inexpedient to publish an account of our income unless it is accompanied by an explanatory return of our outgoings. The opinion is, I think, very general, that the financial statements which the Commission is instructed to

require will be of little or no value; and in consequence little interest is felt in its doings.

Mean time the work of the University proceeds as usual. The Vice-Chancellor has circulated copies of a memorial from the North of England Council of Education, in which it is suggested that the University and Colleges would materially advance the cause which it has at heart, by sending lecturers from time to time to reside and to teach in certain of our large towns. Such a missionary effort would, it is thought, be greatly facilitated if the several Colleges were to grant to Fellows so engaged the privileges which are now conceded only to Fellows resident in the University. There is much to be said in favour of this scheme: at the same time it must be remembered that we are bound to consider the requirements of the University in the first instance, and that it is only our superfluities which can justly be applied to the subvention of educational establishments in the manufacturing towns of Yorkshire and Lancashire. When proper provision has been made for the instruction of our Undergraduates, Poll men as well as Honour men,—when our Professoriate has been largely developed and extended,—then, and not till then, I think, we may attempt to carry out this benevolent project. At present the application of the North of England Council may perhaps be considered somewhat inopportune.

The new regulations of the Classical Tripos come into operation in the examination of the present year. The eleven papers of which the examination has hitherto consisted are henceforward to be supplemented by one paper in Philology, and two in certain special subjects appointed by the Board of Classical Studies. The special subjects are to be chosen from the works of Plato, Aristotle, Cicero, Quintilian, and Lucretius. There is every probability that this change will work well; but at present the Undergraduates think it unfair and unreasonable that they should be expected to know something about the subject-matter of the books they read. As the examination began this morning, we may expect soon to hear what the examiners think of the new system.

Finally, it has been decided to place the statue of the late Prince Consort in the vestibule of the Fitzwilliam Museum. It is suggested, however, that whenever the University builds an Examination Hall the statue should be removed thither.

J.

TWO LETTERS OF CHARLES THE FIRST.

27, Queen's Road, Feb. 19, 1872.

A KIND friend, who for some months has been patiently ransacking the numerous volumes of "Gondomar Correspondence," in the private library of the ex-Queen of Spain, with the hope of finding something that might relate to the drama or the dramatists living at the periods when Gondomar was Spanish Ambassador in London, has so far unearthed nothing bearing upon Shakspeare or his works; but amongst many historical odds and ends he has found two holograph letters of Charles Prince of Wales, written during his stay in the Spanish capital, to Count Gondomar, whom he calls in one letter his principal *alcahuete* (go-between).

Gondomar was an eager collector of all sorts of manuscripts and books, and it is an historical fact that the Cottonian collection very nearly fell into his hands. How keen the mania was is shown in the letter of his librarian at Valladolid, Enrique Teller, who, writing on receipt of a batch of books and manuscripts from London, says: "I will follow your instructions implicitly with respect to the manuscripts, which are many and very rare, including some Spanish, French, and Portuguese; but as for the English, they are the best I have ever seen in my life, as well historical as on other matters, and it is a pity no one understands them: the same I say of a multitude of papers in the same idiom, very curious, and which merit to be placed where they might be understood." I still hope that some of these papers may turn up somewhere

in Spain: they can scarcely be those bound up in the many volumes of the private correspondence. It is known that a portion of Gondomar's books, &c., were removed from the Casa del Sol, and deposited in the private library of Charles the Fourth, now forming part of that in the Royal Palace at Madrid, and a careful search may yet produce some result. In the mean time here are Prince Charles's two letters, which may be of interest to some of your wide circle of readers.

F. W. COSENS.

"Gondomar: I doe heerby verrie willinglie establis . . . your according to the desyer of your letter, in that honorable office, of my principall Alcahuete, & for prooffe therof I must now pray you in earnest to retorne my humble & hartie thanks to my Mistres for her kynde & louing message sent me by Cottington who I hope shall proue a faithfull servant to us both, I leue it to this bearer my seruant to informe you how thankfullie both the Kings my father & I takes you honest & diligent endeouirs in this greate busin . . . which praing God to prosper I bed you hartilie farwell & rest.

"Your constant frende
 "CHARLES, P.

"In the adress: To the Count of Gondomar my principall Alcahuete."

"Gondomar my frend: I have seene Buckinghams Letter to you all in English, I know no reason why I should not use the same freedome since I loue you as will Wee ar forced to take our ease by wryting short letters in regard of the great pains we take in howrlie fyghting for you, for my Mistres sake whom if I shall be so happie as to obtaine, I shall thinke my selfe largelie rewarded for all my labors which I wryt not for formalities sake, but doe indede fynd my selfe ingaged both in honor & affeccion; but if you wonder how I can loue before I see; the troth is, I have both seene her picture and hard the report of her verteus by a number whom I trust, so as her Idea is ingrauen in my hart wher I hope to preserue it till I enioie the principall: all particulars I refer to the King my Fathers directions, & to the trust of the bearer my seruant, onlie I pray you not to looke now so much to the bonum publicum which the Pope so earnestlie *precases* to be added but rather to looke backe & consider how much we have alredie granted and to remember that ye euer promised that the King father should be no farder *preaced* in matters of religion, them his owen weal & good reason might perswad him though ther wer no matche & upon the other side to consider what malum publicum must of necessitie enferre upon our Roman Catholiques if my matche should be broken ofe (which God forbid) upon these now aye points. And so God blesse you and all your labours

"Your faithfull frend
 "CHARLES, P."

"Cartas y Provisiones Reales," in-fol. Bibl. de Palacio-Madrid; Sal. 2^a; Est. C. —pl— 8.

TRANSLATIONS.

Athenæum Club, Feb. 19, 1872.

I VENTURE to hope that your columns will afford room for a few lines which propose to meet a want long felt in our national literature.

Some years ago I undertook a "labour of love," in the shape of translating the diaries of a brother African traveller. This was Dr. Francisco Almeida de Lacerda, the first European ever known to have penetrated into the remote and dangerous country of the Mnata, or King, Cazembe; and after his death, caused by fatigue, privation, and anxiety, the expedition was led home, *tant bien que mal*, by his chaplain.

Thinking that the reading public might wish to learn something about a court and a city—essentially African both—where Dr. Livingstone lately lived, it is said, under detention, and which may be visited by the expedition now setting out, under command of Lieut. Dawson, R.N., I offered my version, or rather abstract, for publication to

the Council of the "Hakluys," with the assurance, under personal guarantee, that the Society should not lose by the transaction. The answer was *tout bonnement*, that the Portuguese explorer wrote in A.D. 1792, and that a regulation prevented the issue of any work dating after A.D. 1700. As a subscriber to the fund, I could not blame the bye-law, well knowing that we have rarely prospered by breaking through, as was unwisely done of late, a wise rule and, with practised resignation, I submitted to a rejected address. The publishing public will not, of course, look at the manuscript. "Translations don't pay: write us a good novel, like 'Not Wisely, but Too Well'; write us a bad diary, any twaddle, in fact, you like about the 'Holy Land,'—only please remember the 'swaddlers.' So sorry; Dr. De Lacerda is very interesting indeed; so is Dr. Livingstone; but—we can't publish translations." And these gentlemen are wise in their generation: why should the publisher lighten his pocket to purchase what the public wants when the latter ignores its wants?

Thus it came to pass that I resolved, with your permission and assistance, and by the advice of friends, to propose establishing a General Translation Fund. But you will not aid me until it is proved that such Fund is necessary to supply a requirement of the day.

An incident. Many years ago—too many, in fact, to remember with pleasure—I had the honour of sitting as guest at the dinner of the Royal Literary Fund. I have reason to remember it: on that occasion H.R.H. the Duc d'Aumale made the great political speech, which was not printed and published in Paris, yet all Paris read it. He ended with, "Potior periculosa libertas quieto servitio"—noble words of the great Roman historian, which "brought down the house" with a clamour of cheers. Later in the evening, the late Mr. Thackeray, whose memory for good seems to gain growth and increase with its years, when replying to the toast of "Belles Lettres," remarked of the French—"I had almost said, the wisest literature in Europe." The question at once suggested itself, "Why 'the wisest'?" and the answer came as readily, "Because the most cosmopolitan—cosmopolitan because most given to translating!"

During the early part of the present century, French, I need hardly assert, was still, *par excellence*, the social and political language of Europe, which is now threatened with a new diplomatic Tower of Babel. Frenchmen thus dispensed themselves with the trouble of learning strange tongues, whilst their literary wants were ministered to by a body of able translators—how able, let the versions of Burns and Dickens prove. Thus their literature had the enormous advantage of being capable of comparing native with foreign ideas and views of the world. It was a traveller who sees many men and their cities, instead of studying the circle, large or small, of his immediate neighbourhood. It was the novelist who seeks fresh impressions from life beyond his study, instead of "eliminating his camel from the depths of his self-consciousness"—I will not quote that hackneyed camel again—and drawing solely upon one imagination, which is necessarily a limited liability affair, uncommonly likely some day not to honour his cheques.

But you will expect me to establish the fact that French literature has that one great advantage over English, and that translations, whether they pay or not, are, at any rate, printed and published, circulated and read by our neighbours, miscalled "lively." As the field is wide, and your space is narrow, we had better confine ourselves to a single corner of the ground, the literature of the Brazil. Others may speak of Scandinavian, Dutch, Walloon, Flemish, Basque, Bernais, Spanish, Portuguese, Russian, Greek, and many others, too many to enumerate.

A digression. I should much like to know how many of your numerous and learned readers are familiar with the details of Brazilian literature. Few men can expect the "blessed privilege" of three years' residence at Santos, São Paulo. Many must want time to master its language, which is

certainly the most difficult of those neo-Latin tongues, prodigious coquettes, who "vouchsafe their smiles to many, their favours to few." More have been deterred from studying Brazilian by the trouble and difficulty of importing books, until my friend Mr. Trübner took in hand that little matter of Transatlantic bibliography.

Another digression (one of too many!). It is curious to compare the early poetry of the Luso-Brazilian with its contemporary, the Anglo-American. The former is still, and it ever was, read and admired by the *élite* of the 97,000,000 representing the total of the Latin race in Europe. The latter is, if it was not in its own day, scouted by the 93,000,000 "Germans," because it represents the most prosaic prosing of prose. The "American book" began its life of poverty and mediocrity with the days (1640) when Thomas Wilde, of Roxburg, and Richard Mather, of Dorchester, thus warbled in native wood-notes very wild the Songs of Zion—

The rivers on of Babylon
There where we did sit downe,
Yea, even then we mourned when
We remembered Zion.

About which time Michael Wigglesworth—poetic cognomen!—could describe after this fashion the "Day of Doom"—

They rush from beds with giddy heads,
And to the windows run.

(Ah! compare Tassoni's alarm of the burghers.) And even, in the eighteenth century, Timothy Dwight's 'Conquest of Canaan,' and the stilted and rugged 'Columbiad' of the estimable Joel Barlow, show how far inferior in a similar state of physical civilization and of anthropological development was the homely and hard-worked Northern muse to her fair and gracious Brazilian sister. It is only since the birth of the last generation that the "American book" has taken merited high rank in England.

And now to the point. Brazilian literature is, I have said, a field still virgin to the English labourer. In France and Germany M.M. Ferdinand Denis and Ferdinand Wolff, to quote only two names, have ably translated and have illustrated with the notes of native commentators, e.g. M.M. Pereira da Silva, F.A. de Varnhagen, and Innocencio Francisco da Silva, the *chys-d'aur* of the older Brazilian literature. These are the 'Caramuri' of Fray José de Santa Rita Durão (born 1737), of which two translations have appeared in French; the 'Uruguay,' of José Basilio da Gama (born 1740), and the 'Lyra' of Thomaz Antonio Gonzaga (born 1744). To us they are still sealed books, written in "bastard Latin" or in a "jargon of Spanish." *Che beatissima!*

I have translated the 'Uruguay,' of which that refined and classical genius, the Visconde de Almeida-Garrett remarks, "It is the modern poem" (of course meaning Luso-Brazilian) "which, in my opinion, has the highest merit. Nature picturesquely painted, with a touch at once broad and beautiful; phraseology pure and unaffected; versification simple without being prosaic, and rising on necessary occasions to the sublime without the turgid—these are no common merits. The Brazilians especially owe to José Basilio the richest wreath of their poetry, which in him is truly national and legitimately American." But translations "don't pay."

Amongst the prose writers of the present Brazil, I must single out only three, time compelling me to pass over a score of notable names. M. F. A. de Varnhagen is familiar to your readers, not, however, as a writer of history, geography, and biography in sound and sensible Portuguese, but as a cosmopolitan diplomat, who composes as readily in French and German. M. J. de Alencar, of Rio de Janeiro, has produced historical novels which rank amongst the highest of their school, yet 'O Guarany' is as little known in England as the admirable prose fictions of Prof. Herculanô, of Lisbon. We (i.e., myself & Co.) have translated his 'Iracema, a Legend of Ceará,' one of the prettiest specimens of a style now waxing somewhat obsolete, like 'Paul and Virginia,' 'Atala,' and others of the same school, but—Finally, M. J. M. Pereira da Silva, the author of 'O Parnasso

Brasileiro,' 'Varões Ilustres,' and 'O Plutarco Brasileiro' (Laemmert, Rio de Janeiro, 1847), has written, besides biography, charming historical sketches of the old romantic days, when Portugal colonized, and São Paulo conquered, nearly one-fifth of the New World. We have translated his 'Manoel de Moraes,' but again—

I copy from my note-book an abstract of what might be made a long list calling for translation—

1. The detached papers of Dr. de Lacerda.
 2. Cartas Chilenas, popularly attributed to Gonzaga, like the 'Lyra,' called 'Marília de Dirceu,' (Rio, Garnier, 1862).
 3. Confederação dos Tamoyos of Magalhães.
 4. Collecção Completa das Maximas do Marquez de Marica. (It is curious to compare these sayings with those of La Rochefoucauld, like the new Syriac with the older Syriac proverbs.)
 5. The School History of the Brazil, by General José Ignacio de Utica e Lima.
 6. Historia dos Indos Cavalleiros da Nação Guaycurú, by Francisco Alves de Prado.
 7. Vasconcellos, Chronica da Companhia de Jyces do Estado do Brasil.
 8. Orbe Serafico, by Antonio de Santa Maria de Jabotão.
 9. Cartas Selectas, by the Padre Antonio Vieira.
 10. Poetry of Antonio Gonsalez Teixeira e Souza.
 11. Poetry of Joaquim Roberto de Souza Silva especially.
 12. Romances, por Joaquim Manoel de Marceiro.
 13. A Assumpção, por Frei Francisco de S. Carlos. (Rio, Garnier, 1862.)
 14. Selections from the Revista Trimenal do Instituto Historico Geografico e Ethnographico of Rio de Janeiro. (Thirty volumes.)
 15. The Geographical Works of Mendes de Almeida.
 16. The very valuable statistical work upon the Amazons, by the Deputy Tavares Bastos.
 17. Obras de João Francisco Lisboa. (4 vols. S. Luiz do Maranhão, 1864.)
 18. Discursos Parlamentares of Dom Gabriel José Rodrigues dos Santos. (Rio, 1863.)
 19. Calabar, Historia Brasileira. (Rio, 1863.)
- Many of these works, especially the Luso-American novel class, although they will not bear to be rendered *verba e verbo*, form excellent bases for free translations, or rather adaptations. We have now brought within the range of successful fiction the Redskin of the North, the Maori cannibal, and the degraded "black fellow" and "gin" of Australia. How is it that we despise or at least neglect the Tupy, the Guarany, the Aymará, and other races of tropical South America, whose picturesque savagery, framed in the most glorious of scenery, becomes a manner of poetry, and whose historical relations to the early colonists have affected, and still affect, the social state of the mighty Brazilian Empire. I venture to recommend the subject to any young English *littérateur* who, gifted with the courage to attack the arduous and strongly defended Portuguese tongue, has time before him to fell a few acres of virgin forest. I can promise him many a wondrous picture of tropical beauty and splendour, animated, like 'At Last,' by the perfume of the tropical breeze, by the strange forms of the tapir, the cayman, and the ema, and by glimpses of man wilder than the puma and the ounce. My friend J. Winwood Reade may leave Africa for a time, and betake himself, mentally, to the Brazil, with no small benefit to others, perhaps to himself. Translation does not pay—adaptation may!
- Surgam corde!* Let us not be behind our neighbours in the race for a truly cosmopolitan literature. We have a society for publishing, and another for translating Oriental texts. Why not go further afield, and establish a fund for translating from all languages, except, of course, the Oriental, which are already provided for? England surely numbers a thousand men who are willing to subscribe a guinea per annum—and let my name be the first in seniority—for value received in the satisfaction of having contributed to supply a real literary want. Some may object that good, truly good versions of popular and solid works in foreign tongues will be

printed and read, and that the publisher is the best Judge in such matters, in fact, the defender of the reading public. I reply that translations do not pay; that as a rule well-known firms will not take the trouble to read the manuscript, and that I am willing to supply a long list of works which should be translated, and which are not translated.

To conclude. I hope presently, with the assistance of sundry friends,—to quote a few, Messrs. W. S. W. Vaux, Clements Murkham, E. M. Fulmer, Lamprey, and J. J. Aubertin, an excellent "Brazilian" scholar,—to draw out a scheme for the General Translation Fund, which your courtesy has enabled me to advocate.

R. F. BURTON, F.R.G.S.

Since these lines were written, my friend, Mr. Lates, the naturalist on the Amazons, has supplied me with a case in point. The Swedish professor, J. E. Nordenskiöld, has sent to England an excellent English translation, by himself, of his own physical description of Western Greenland, its geography, geology, mineralogy, and so forth. The Royal Geographical Society, when appealed to, found that it was not wholly geographical; the Geological said the same of the geology, and thus the book was returned to Sweden, through the hands of its friend, the secretary of the Meteorological Society.

NOTES FROM NAPLES.

Naples, Feb. 10, 1872.

A REMARKABLE *nurora borealis* appeared on the night of the 4th inst. It was first observed at about six o'clock, and so lit up the sky from north-west to the north-east with a deep red rather than pink colour, that it might have been mistaken for the reflexion of some extensive distant conflagration. Thus it remained one solid glare for a long time, until coruscations shot up at intervals from the horizon to the zenith, but they were rare, and not of varied colours. The arc, which to the eye appeared to extend from Ischia to Sorrento, and rose nearly to the zenith, did not, as usual, rest on a bank of clouds; indeed, near the horizon the sky was painted a delicate pale green colour, so bright, however, that at a distance it brought out the houses of Naples in distinct relief. As far as the coruscations were concerned, it was not so striking a phenomenon as the aurora of October, 1870; but in point of colour it was superb—of an intensely red colour, which lit up the bay for some miles around, and made it almost possible to read. So it continued with alternations till near 11 o'clock, so far as I was a witness. It was so transparent that the stars were plainly visible through it, and unless I was deceived, that which I never observed on any similar occasion was perceptible—a slight rustling sound as of the motion of a silk dress. The beauty of the spectacle was increased by a slight eruption of Vesuvius, which has for several months been comparatively inactive, but which, about a fortnight ago, began to throw out more smoke. On the evening in question lambent flames played about the summit, rising and falling at intervals. An eruption never takes place without creating much alarm for the Observatory of Vesuvius, which contains many curious and valuable instruments. I have often seen the current of lava flowing and "crankling" down at the back of it, increasing in volume and rising in height so as to threaten this interesting building with almost certain destruction. Prof. Palmieri has therefore begun to construct a dyke, to prevent the future invasions of the lava; and Signor Sella, who on his recent visit went to see the works, has since his return to Rome granted funds for their completion. Whilst speaking of Vesuvius, it may be as well to say that the road which leads from the Observatory to the Atrio del Cavallo has been enlarged, and made extremely convenient for the hosts of travellers who at this season of the year visit the mountain. The path, too, from the foot of the mountain, in the direction of the Atrio, leading to the grand cone, has been repaired and made more practicable. Vesuvius is, in fact, a standing treasure for Naples, and every farthing spent upon it is repaid with

enormous interest. The Roman journals tell us that the Marchese di Montemar, the Spanish Minister in Rome, lately invited the principal Spanish artists at that time in the capital to a breakfast. On this occasion he informed his guests, that on his arrival in Madrid, for which he was about to leave in a few days, he would present to his Government a project for transforming the Church of S. Giacomo dei Spagnoli, in the Piazza Navona, into a spacious building, to serve as a studio and lodging-house for Spanish artists (sculptors and painters) residing in Rome. It is unnecessary to add that the announcement was received with great applause. Should the project be approved, the two great Latin races, the French and the Spanish, will henceforth have their academies in the capital of Italy. Another piece of intelligence is, that the Minister of Public Instruction has lately created in Rome a superior Consulting Commission (Giunta) for archaeological, historical, and palæographic studies. On the Commission appear the names of Minervini, Conestabile, Tosti, Anari, Ricotti, Tabarrini, and Ferrari, most of whom are well known in Italy for their scientific or literary labours. Another Commission is engaged in giving effect to a wish expressed twelve years ago for the formation of a fund for increasing the salaries of masters and mistresses of elementary schools, or providing pensions for them. At present they are most inadequately paid, and many are resigning, from dissatisfaction at the small stipends they receive, and the consequent uncertainty which hangs over their future. Unable to propose at present any increase of salary, the Minister of Public Instruction insists on some provision being made for their future. In 1868 the teachers in public and private schools amounted to 37,900; in 1870 to 40,300; showing an increase of 1,800. This number is now sensibly diminishing, and hence the movement which is being made to render the profession of a public teacher more attractive.

I conclude my letter with announcing that the Carthusian Monastery of S. Martino, which, as every visitor knows, is decorated with the beautiful productions of Neapolitan art, has been lately enriched with the Museo-Bonghi, purchased by the Government. In its way it is, perhaps, the most valuable that is known, consisting of pottery of the Abruzzi, and biscuit work, and painted porcelain of the Capo di Monte manufactory, which now no longer exists. This remarkable accumulation of artistic wealth will, it is said, be increased by a collection of historical monuments, which was left to the National Museum by the late Marchese del Vasto: So, at least, says the *Princolo*. Amongst these treasures are the tapestries, executed from the designs of Titian, which formed the tent of Charles the Fifth when he conquered Francis the First at Pavia. A Marchese del Vasto had an important command in that battle, and so won the favour of the Emperor that the latter presented him with the richest articles in the camp. To these interesting memorials, together with the pictures of the late Marchese, will be assigned a distinct part in the Monastery of S. Martino. H. W.

Literary Gossip.

MR. RUSKIN has, we hear, given up his house at Denmark Hill. He has bought a small estate at Conniston Lake, where he intends to reside, dividing his time between Conniston, Oxford, and the Continent.

It is a singular circumstance that hitherto there has not been one Shakspearean collection in all Scotland. This will now no longer be the case. Mr. J. O. Hullivell has presented his choice and valuable Shakspearean library to the University of Edinburgh. We understand that in this remarkable collection, besides many rarities of nearly equal value, there are no fewer than thirty-eight of the original early quarto editions of the plays.

THE Poet-Laureate has presented to the Prime Minister a memorial, in which are set forth the claims of Mr. R. H. Horne to be allowed to participate in the pensions awarded from the Civil List in recognition of literary, scientific, and other public services. Among Mr. Tennison's co-signatories are Mr. Browning, Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Rossetti, Mr. Morris, Mr. Matthew Arnold, Mr. Carlyle, Lord Lytton, Sir Henry Taylor, Mr. Ruskin, Prof. Owen, and Miss Harriet Martineau.

THE buildings at the eastern end of Guildhall for the new Library and Museum having now made considerable progress, it has become necessary, in order to complete the entrance from the porch of the Hall to the new building, to close the present library, which was erected in 1823, for a period of about three months. The librarian and his assistants intend to avail themselves of the opportunity thus presented and to re-arrange the collection. It is expected that the works will be finished about the month of June. On Saturday last, by permission of the Chairman of the Committee, to whom the task of superintending the erection has been intrusted by the Corporation, a considerable number of the Members of the Architectural Association visited the buildings.

MR. DAYMAN'S long-promised 'Mediæval Latin-English Dictionary,' based upon Ducange, will appear shortly. The edition of the 'Glossarium' of Ducange by Henschel, from the press of Didot, 6 vols. 4to., Paris, 1840, has been followed. The editor, however, claims to have added many new words, especially from the Glossaries appended to the works published by the Record Commission, from the 'Promptorium Parvulorum,' edited for the Camden Society by Mr. A. Way, and the works on Ancient Music by Mr. W. Chappell, and to have attempted, in some of the longer articles, a more systematic arrangement than is found in Ducange. In explaining words, the rule adopted has been, first, to give the *congeners* of the word in most or some of the languages in which it occurs, unless it be so common as not to need this; secondly, to explain its meaning in English; and thirdly, to give the variations of its usage in alphabetical order. No attempt has been made to assign a philological order or value to the meanings of the words explained; because in Mediæval Latin, where the word may have been transplanted simultaneously into many European languages, the order of precedence is so uncertain that the editor thinks the attempt could lead to nothing but confusion and mistake.

MR. THOMAS COOPER, author of 'The Purgatory of Suicides,' and who used in former days to describe himself as "the Chartist," has an autobiography nearly ready for publication.

WE hear that steps are being taken to found the Occleve and Lydgate Society, suggested once or twice in the Early English Text Society's Report. So little of Occleve has been printed, and so few trustworthy texts exist of the printed part of Lydgate, that the proposed Society will do good service if it can make accessible all the works of these two authors. We only hope that it may come across some of those MSS. of Lydgate's, which he says Chaucer (till 1400) used to scratch and mend for him. It can hardly be doubted that the marked superiority of some few of