

and Rhea, and she is likewise the goddess of the household sanctuary, or rather of the fire burning on the hearth (Cox's 'Introduction to Mythology and Folk-lore,' p. 167). And, moreover, among the many remarkable features of the hearth worship belonging to the Ovaheréro tribe of South Africans, we have it put plainly before us that "the eldest unmarried daughter of the chief has charge of the sacred fire, since this must never be allowed to go out" (South African Folk-lore Journal, vol. ii. p. 66).

If Cinderella, then, represents in modern traditional folk-tales the archaic guardian of the sacred house-fire, she should be the eldest daughter. But surely there is no doubt that the story as we have it in our nurseries represents her as the eldest daughter of her father. The other daughters are but step-daughters, and, in point of years they are older, in point of status they are younger; or if, carrying out the archaic origin of the story a little further, we view the second marriage of the father as a relic of polygamy, still Cinderella, it appears to me, is in the story not the youngest but the eldest daughter. As such she can be identified, I doubt not, with the old hearth religion of primitive times—she is always the cinder wench, her place is at the hearth, and the world-known story which takes its name from her thus opens up a glimpse into the primitive home of man.

G. LAURENCE GOMME.

SALE.

THE sale of the library of the late Mr. Comerford has been continued since we last went to press at the rooms of Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge. The prices have ruled high. The lots which attracted most attention were the first Brighton Guide, a sixpenny pamphlet, which sold for 2l. 10s.; Brighthelmstone Directory, 5l. 10s.; Britton's Architectural and Cathedral Antiquities, 22l. 19s.; Braun's Civitates Orbis, 3 vols., 13l. 13s.; Braybrooke's Audley End, large paper, 13l. 15s.; Brydges's Northamptonshire, 2 vols., 14l. 10s.; Buck's Views, 33l.; Byble of 1539, imperfect, 24l.; Christi Vita, manuscript with miniatures, 14l. 14s.; Chronicles of England, Scotland, Ireland, France, &c., 17l. 10s.; Collinson's Somersetshire, 10l. 15s.; Coryat's Crudities, 25l. 5s.; Dallaway's Sussex, 75l.; Chronicon Nurembergense, 15l. 15s.; Chauncy's Hertfordshire, 21l. 15s.; Clutterbuck's Hertfordshire, 46l.; Comberford's Map of Virginia, the original drawing, dated 1657, with his signature, 16l.; Crome's Norfolk Scenery, 13l.; Dibdin's Typographical Antiquities, large paper, 26l. 10s.; Dibdin's Bibliotheca Spenceriana, 31l.; Dibdin's Decameron, 14l. 5s.; Dibdin's Tour in France and Germany, 16l.; Doleman's Conference about the next Succession, the printer of which was hung, drawn, and quartered, and even the possession of a copy of the work was made high treason, 12l. 15s.; Dorat's Baisers, 24l. 10l.; D'Urfe's Pills to Purge Melancholy, 14l.; English Spy, 9l.; Collection of 378 Drools, 20l. 15s.; Drake's York, 12l. 15s.; Drayton's Polyolbion, 17l. 5s.; Drummond's Noble British Families, 12l. 10s.; Dugdale's Warwickshire, first edition, 12l. 10s., and that enlarged by Thomas, 45l.; Dugdale's Monasticon and St. Paul's, enlarged by Caley, Ellis, and Bandinel, 30l.; Queen Elizabeth's Proclamation for Repayment of 1571 Loane, manuscript, with her autograph, 6l. 10s.; Eytton's Shropshire, 20l. 5s.; Gay's Trivia, illustrated, 35l. 10s.; Gough's Sepulchral Monuments, 56l.; Hakluyt's Voyages, with the suppressed Cadiz Voyage, 31l. 10s.; Hearne's Publications, 42l. 16s. 6d.; Hodgson's Northumberland, 56l.; Horsfield's Sussex, 5l. 15s.; Hasted's Kent, 27l.; Hoare's Ancient Wiltshire, 21l.; Hoare's Modern Wiltshire, 68l.; Holland's Heroologia, 12l.; Horatii Opera, printed in 1482 at Florence by Miscomini, 14l. 10s.; Hunter's Hallamshire and South Yorkshire, 16l. 2s. 6d.; and Hutchins's Dorset, second edition, on large paper, 22l. 10s.

RIVAL MAGAZINES.

YOU announced in the *Athenæum* of July 23rd last that a new magazine, entitled the *Bibliographer*, was to be issued by Mr. Elliot 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 our leading bibliographers. Within the last few days, and just as the first number of the *Bibliographer* is ready for issue, a prospectus has been largely circulated by Mr. Edward Walford of a proposed new magazine, to be called the *Antiquarian Magazine and Bibliographer*, the first number of which is announced for January 1st, 1882. Now I think that something more than a mere legal question is here raised, and that, therefore, some notice should be taken in your pages of what, to say the least of it, is a direct infringement of the rights of priority, so that the literary public may be set upon their guard in this matter.

HENRY B. WHEATLEY.

'THE ARABIAN NIGHTS.'

Trieste, Nov. 13, 1881.

KINDLY allow me a few lines of personal explanation in reply to many friends. Packing and preparations for an immediate departure Africa-wards—to the gold mines of the Guinea coast—compel me to save my time.

Many years ago, in collaboration with my old and lamented friend Dr. F. Steinhäuser, of the Bombay army, I began to translate the *whole* of the 'Thousand Nights and a Night.' The book, mutilated in Europe to a collection of fairy tales, and miscalled the 'Arabian Nights,' is unique as a study of anthropology. It is a marvellous picture of Oriental life; its shiftings are those of the kaleidoscope. Its alternation of pathos and bathos—the boldest poetry (the diction of Job) with the baldest prose (the Egyptian of to-day)—and, finally, its contrast of the highest and purest morality with the orgies of Appuleius and Petronius Arbiter, take away the reader's breath. I determined to render every word with the literalism of Urquhart's Rabelais, and to save the publisher trouble by printing my translation at Brussels.

But *non omnia possumus*. Although a host of friends has been eager to subscribe, my work is still unfinished; nor could it be finished without a year's hard labour. I rejoice, therefore, to see that Mr. John Payne, under the Villon Society, has addressed himself to a realistic translation, without "abridgments or suppressions." I have only to wish him success, and to express a hope that he is resolved *verbum reddere verbo*, without deference to any prejudice which would prevent his being perfectly truthful to the original. I want to see that the book has fair play; and if it is not treated as it deserves, I shall still have to print my own version. "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 'Daniel Deronda,' and it will be seen that his criticisms attracted the notice of the novelist and led to her writing to him:—

The Priory, 21, North Bank, May 31, '77.

MY DEAR SIR,—Hardly, since I became an author, have I had a deeper satisfaction. I may say a more heartfelt joy, than you have given me in your estimate of 'Daniel Deronda.'

I must tell you that it is my rule, very strictly observed, not to read the criticisms on my writings. For years I have found this abstinence necessary to preserve me from that discouragement as an artist which ill-judged praise, no less than ill-judged blame, tends to produce in me. For far worse than any verdict as to the proportion of good and evil in our work, is the painful impression that we write for a public which has no discernment of good and evil.

My husband reads any notices of me that come before him, and reports to me (or else refrains from

reporting) the general character of the notice or something in particular which strikes him as showing either an exceptional insight or an obtuseness that is gross enough to be amusing. Very rarely, when he has read a critique of me, he has handed it to me, saying, "You must read this." And your estimate of 'Daniel Deronda' made one of these rare instances.

Certainly, if I had been asked to choose *what* should be written about my book and *who* should write it, I should have sketched—well, not anything so good as what you have written, but an article which must be written by a Jew who showed not merely sympathy with the best aspirations of his race, but a remarkable insight into the nature of art and the processes of the artistic mind. Believe me, I should not have cared to devour even ardent praise if it had not come from one who showed the discriminating sensibility, the perfect response to the artist's intention, which must make the fullest, rarest joy to one who works from inward conviction and not in compliance with current fashions. Such a response holds for an author not only what is 'best in the life that now is,' but the promise of "that which is to come." I mean that the usual approximative, narrow perception of what one has been intending and professedly feeling in one's work, impresses one with the sense that it must be poor perishable stuff without roots to take any lasting hold in the minds of men; while any instance of complete comprehension encourages one to hope that the creative prompting has foreshadowed, and will continue to satisfy, a need in other minds.

Excuse me that I write but imperfectly, and perhaps dimly, what I have felt in reading your article. It has affected me deeply, and though the prejudice and ignorant obtuseness which has met my effort contribute something to the ennobling of Judaism in the conception of the Christian community and in the consciousness of the Jewish community, has never for a moment made me repent my choice, but rather has been added proof to me that the effort was needed—yet I confess that I had an unsatisfied hunger for certain signs of sympathetic discernment, which you only have given. I may mention as one instance your clear perception of the relation between the presentation of the Jewish element and those of English Social life.

I work under the pressure of small hurries; for we are just moving into the country for the summer, and all things are in a vagrant condition around me. But I wished not to defer answering your letter to an uncertain opportunity.....

My husband has said more than once that he feels grateful to you. For he is more sensitive on my behalf than on his own.

Hence he unites with me in the assurance of the high regard with which I remain

Always yours faithfully,
M. E. LEWES.

The Priory, 21, North Bank, Regent's Park,
Oct. 12, '77.

MY DEAR SIR,—I trust it will not be otherwise than gratifying to you to know that your stirring article on 'Daniel Deronda' is now translated into English by a son of Prof. Ferrier, who was a philosophical writer of considerable mark. It will be issued in a handsomer form than that of the pamphlet, and will appear within this autumnal publishing season, Messrs. Blackwood having already advertised it. Whenever a copy is ready we shall have the pleasure of sending it to you. There is often something to be borne with in reading one's own writing in a translation, but I hope that in this case you will not be made to write severely.

In waiting to send you this news I seem to have deferred too long the expression of my warm thanks for your kindness in sending me the Hebrew translations of Lessing and the collection of Hebrew poems, a kindness which I felt myself rather presumptuous in asking for, since your time must be well filled with more important demands. Yet I must further beg you, when you have an opportunity, to assure Herr Bacher that I was most gratefully touched by the sympathetic verses with which he enriched the gift of his work.

I see by your last letter to my husband that your Theological Seminary was to open on the 4th of this month, so that this too retrospective letter of mine will reach you in the midst of your new duties. I trust that this new Institution will be a great good to professor and students, and that your position is of a kind that you contemplate as permanent. To teach the young personally has always seemed to me the most satisfactory supplement to teaching the world through books, and I have often wished that I had such a means of having fresh, living, spiritual children within sight.

One can hardly turn one's thought toward Eastern Europe just now without a mingling of pain and dread; but we mass together distant scenes and events in an unreal way, and one would like to believe that the present troubles will not at any