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WEEKLY STATEMENT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE. Week ending

Oct. 26, 1895.—A very satisfactory week in all departments.

Nov. 1, " —Home business eased slightly. Foreign and colonial trade very active.

" 8, " —Both town and country business about the same. Foreign rather dull, colonial continues active.

" 15, " —Home trade quieter, especially towards the close. Foreign and colonial unchanged.

" 23, " —There was rather a sudden drop in the home trade, recovering at the end of the week. Both colonial and foreign are good.

NEW WRITERS.

MR. JOHN BUCHAN.

THE author of "Sir Quixote of the Moors," just published by Mr. Unwin, and of a great deal else to come in the very near future, has surely a more precocious literary record than any other of our time. He has some years of journalistic work behind him; and at the present moment he is a scholar of Brasenose, aged twenty.

Mr. Buchan was born in Perth, lived for thirteen years in a little sea-coast town in Fife, and seven years ago went to Glasgow. At the University there he gained distinction in philosophy, and last winter he won a scholarship at Oxford. For many years his summers have been spent in Upper Tweeddale, whence his family originally came; and from continual wandering among the hills in all weather he came to know them and their people intimately. He has always been an enthusiastic angler, and his first published paper was on that subject, and appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for August 1893. Subsequently he wrote a good many articles on kindred subjects in that magazine. In the same year he edited a small edition of Bacon's Essays for the "Scott Library." In January, 1894, was begun his series of articles in *Macmillan's Magazine* dealing with the wilder life of the Tweedside Hills, the tramps, and poachers, and drovers, storms, and nights spent on the heather, all the raw material from which so many writers of romance have drawn, from Scott to Stevenson—two writers, by-the-by, whose influence Mr. Buchan specially owns. These articles have been collected, and are to be published by Mr. John Lane early in next year. Another book, soon to be issued, is a small anthology of fishing songs, collected from the whole of English literature.

His only published work of fiction as yet is "Sir Quixote." There his aim was to trace the psychological effects of certain aspects of scenery and weather, as well as to examine the results of the conception of honour in certain circumstances. A book of short stories from his pen will appear before the summer. On a long historical novel he has been engaged for nearly three years; it deals with the adventures of a Scots gentleman, a Platonist and a scholar, in the late seventeenth century. That, too, he expects to have ready for publication before the summer.

When one mentions that Mr. Buchan has also done a good deal of journalism, it will be owned his record is an extraordinary and an interesting one for a writer of twenty years of age.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

IT appears that in consequence of the action of certain Paris Municipal Councillors, various works of fiction, and notably "Madame Bovary," have been withdrawn from circulation at the Paris Municipal Libraries. This tardy condemnation, as immoral, of Flaubert's novel is amusing, especially in the Paris of to-day. Gustave Flaubert, himself, would be delighted with this measure, for, in the last years of his life, he had come to hate the very name of "Madame Bovary," and used to be quite rude to strangers who, on their introduction to him, complimented him on the book which the world persisted in classifying as his masterpiece. "Hang 'Madame Bovary'!" he would bellow forth in real anger. "'Madame Bovary,' 'Madame Bovary' is—rubbish." It irritated him to be known alone as the author of this one book, when he had written others of equal and even superior merit. Max Nordau has experienced the same feeling. People would talk of him as "the author of 'The Conventional Lies,'" and he has told me that his chief object in writing "Entartung" was to shake off this denomination.

The sincerity of the respect with which the profession of letters in general and that of poetry in particular is regarded in France by the powers that be, has once more been exemplified. It became necessary a few days ago for a special commissioner to be sent by the Government to the French fleet in the Mediterranean. In England such a commissioner would have been chosen from the thousand supernumeraries of the Government offices. In France a poet was chosen. It was M. Yann Nibor who was selected by M. Lockroy to carry out this mission. M. Yann Nibor is a poet of the sea, a writer of ballads of the "Yo, ho! ho!" variety, a man in no way connected with politics. We shall have to wait long years in England before the same spirit moves our politicians. Can you fancy Weatherly or Clarke Russell being chosen as representatives of the Cabinet because of the intimate knowledge of maritime affairs, and of the keen sympathy with maritime folk shown in their works? It is true that, as a son-in-law of a poet, M. Lockroy has a larger appreciation of poets than most politicians, but still there is no precedent for a selection of this sort. Yann Nibor, it appears, was strongly recommended by various admirals of the French Fleet, who all testified to the popularity of the poet amongst the sailors. Nibor is a man destined to be popular. He is a fine athletic fellow, who writes swinging verse, composes his own music, and sings his songs with quite professional skill. His performance is a great feature at Alphonse Daudet's delightful Thursday *soirées*.

"On prend son bien . . ." you know the rest. This apparently is the only explanation which Emile Zola has vouchsafed to those who have drawn attention to the fact that one notable passage in his novel, "Nana," was "lifted" from Thomas Otway's tragedy, "Venice Preserved, or a Plot Discovered," a performance of which has recently been given in translation at the Théâtre de l'Œuvre, where the indebtedness of Zola was first noticed. Readers of "Nana" will remember the scene where Count Muffat in a paroxysm of amorous imbecility crawls about Nana's boudoir and plays at being a dog. Readers of