

FRANCE AND ITALY.

NAPOLEON III AS THE DELIVERER.

FRANCE AND ITALY. By Imbert de Saint-Amand. Translated by Elizabeth Gilbert Martin. With Portraits. 12mo, pp. 352. Charles Scribner's Sons.

M. de Saint-Amand gives us in this volume an historical sketch which shares with its predecessors in a long continued series a quality of interesting, easy, superficial, but—for popular use—sufficiently detailed narrative. Those who propose to enter into a really serious study of French history must, of course, look elsewhere; but for the average reader this author provides that precise amount of information which he or she likes to find combined with entertainment.

Herein is told the story of the short campaign which wrested Italy from Austrian domination, and the volume closes upon the troublous period in which Italian affairs remained tormentingly unsettled while France began to ask what she was to receive in return for the blood of her soldiers shed on Italian soil. Throughout that eventful year of 1859 Napoleon III steered the middle way with exceeding ingenuity, treading, if firmly, as delicately as possible, and avoiding with profuse assurances and caressing politeness

knew they were prosperous, and cared nothing at all about the Italian States and their possible unity. To bring them to the point of willingness to spend blood and treasure upon their neighbor's cause was what the Emperor set himself to do. He accomplished that approximately within a very few weeks, succeeded in making Austria seem the aggressor, and in a little more than two months Magenta and Solferino had practically decided the fate of Italy. They decided it; yet the struggle was only half over when Napoleon suddenly halted, confronted by the knowledge that the passions of 1813 were reviving, and that the attitude of all the States of the German Confederation was daily growing more threatening. The Prussian army was in movement, and the Russian Emperor's aide-de-camp, Count Schouvaloff, learned in Berlin that "the Prince of Prussia was positively jealous of the laurels and influence of the Emperor Napoleon; that he spent his time in studying his map, sticking pins in it, and in getting ready to play the part of a great warrior in his turn"—as was shown something more than ten years after. No other country felt any sympathy for the Italian cause or evinced any disposition to uphold the action of France. The position grew dangerous, and the Emperor, who had himself gone through the campaign in the field, stopped the operations of his victorious army and called for an armistice with Austria. The work of free-

ends and superstition begins? The riots and subsequent massacres resulting from mission work throughout Indo-China may be justified by the end; but it is certain our relations with the Chinese would be far more cordial than they are were our diplomatists not engaged in a ceaseless struggle with the Chinese Government in order to compel the people, nolens volens, to respect and accept missionaries of all denominations and with endless idiosyncrasies. This leads the Chinese to regard missionaries as political agents, and will always prevent their being cordially welcomed by the ruling classes. Further, how can the Chinese reconcile the



VICTOR EMMANUEL.

treatment they have received at the hands of the Christian nations as an example of the superior rules of Christianity?

"The human product of Chinese civilization, religion and government," says Mrs. Bishop, "is to me the greatest of all enigmas, and so he remains to those who know him best." In his volume on "Village Life in China" and in his earlier and equally admirable "Chinese Characteristics," however, Dr. Smith has done not a little to solve this mystery. "The Chinese Village," as he remarks, "is the empire in small," and it is only from the study of the conditions and character of village life that it will be possible to understand the character of the empire as a whole and to discover the sources of the evils which afflict it. To characterize in detail the manner in which he has accomplished his task is impossible. It is enough to say that his work is scientific in spirit, is marked by great thoroughness of observation, and, in point of style, is exceptionally interesting throughout. It should be added that, though he naturally looks to missionary labor for the regeneration of China, his book is singularly free from missionary bias.

Mr. Douglas's volume is a brief history of the empire, dealing mainly with the events of the present century. As far as we have tested it it is accurate and readable, and will be serviceable to those who do not have access to larger works.

THOMAS HARDY ON SOLDIER GHOSTS.

From The London Academy.
Mr. Thomas Hardy contributed the following poem to "The Westminster Gazette":

A CHRISTMAS GHOST STORY.

"South of the Line, inland from far Durban, There lies—be he or not your countryman—A fellow-mortal. Riddled are his bones, But 'mid the breeze his puzzled phantom moans Nightly to clear Canopus—fain to know By whom, and when, the All-Earth-Gladdening Law

Of Peace, brought in by Some-One crucified, Was ruled to be inept, and set aside."

"The 'Chronicle' demurred to the character of the phantom in this poem, as exhibiting less of the quality of physical courage, and more bitterness and repining, than is associated with soldiers, and this drew from Mr. Hardy a very interesting letter. We quote a portion of it:

"One's modern fancy of a disembodied spirit—unless intentionally humorous—is that of an entity which has passed into a tenuous, impartial, sexless, fitful form of existence, to which bodily courage is a contradiction in terms. Having no physical frame to defend or sacrifice, how can he show either courage or fear? His views are no longer local; nations are all one to him; his country is not bounded by seas, but is coextensive with the globe itself, if it does not even include all the inhabited planets of the sky. He has put off the substance and has put on, in part at any rate, the essence of the universal.

"If we go back to the ancient fancy on this subject, and look into the works of great imaginative writers, they seem to construct their soldier-shades much on the same principle—often with a stronger infusion of emotion and less of sturdiness. The Homeric ghost of Patroclus was plaintively anxious about his funeral rites, and Virgil's military ghosts—though some of them certainly were cheerful and eager for war news—were as a body tremulous and pensive. The prophet Samuel, a man of great will and energy when on earth, was 'disquieted' and obviously apprehensive when he was raised by the Witch of Endor at the request of Saul. Moreover, the authors of these Latin, Greek and Hebrew fantasies were ignorant of the teaching of Christmas Day, that which alone moved the humble natal shade to speak at all.

"In Christian times Dante makes the chief Farinata exhibit a fine scornfulness, but even his Caesar, Hector, Aeneas, Saladin and heroes of that stamp have, if I am not mistaken, an aspect neither sad nor joyful, and only reach the level of serenity. Hamlet's father, impliedly martial in life, was not particularly brave as a spectre. In short, and speaking generally, these creatures of the imagination are uncertain, fleeting and quivering, like winds, mists, gossamer webs and fallen autumn leaves they are sad, pensive, and frequently feel more or less sorrow for the acts of their corporeal years."



NAPOLEON III.

the jealous susceptibilities of other Governments. As represented in these chapters the Emperor is a reasonably amiable character—one more or less audacious and adventurous, something of a sphinx of the theatrical sort, not a little sentimental, but on the whole a well meaning person. We are expected to understand that he essayed the enterprise of helping Italy to freedom in the spirit of the first Napoleon's utterance on the rock of St. Helena: "The first sovereign who in the midst of the great affray will in good faith embrace the cause of peoples will find himself at the head of Europe, and he may venture whatever he chooses." Was there a strain of real chivalry, of unselfish desire, to help a crushed people in Louis Napoleon's breast? Few men have given him credit for such a sentiment, and Saint-Amand assists us to no conclusion on that point.

That peoples have a right to dispose of their own destiny was a theory, apropos of the Italian question, which the Emperor began to promulgate early in 1859 in pamphlets and anonymous articles in the public press of Paris. This was one of his cherished political methods, and it was calculated to stir to helpless wrath the Ministers, who thus first learned their master's ideas, and who were generally profoundly averse to those ideas, and were doing their share of governing in an exactly opposite direction. There is something comic in the way in which the Emperor alternately suggested his intentions under the journalistic veil and officially allayed the quick alarm of his Ambassadors and of other Governments—all the time steadily forging ahead in his scheme for Italy. Three days after the appearance of the first "inspired" pamphlet, "The Emperor Napoleon III and Italy"—an ardent and enthusiastic defence of the Italian cause—he opened the session of the Senate with a speech so carefully balanced that nobody knew whether it meant peace or war. No other European ruler except Victor Emmanuel wanted war just then, and of all the peoples the French, perhaps, wanted it least of all. They were contented with things as they were, believed themselves to be sufficiently glorious,

ing Italy was only half done. What wonder that sorrow and anger overwhelmed the patriots who had idolized the Emperor as their deliverer! When, after Magenta, he had ridden into Milan beside Victor Emmanuel, his horse could hardly make way through the masses of flowers which the weeping, shouting multitude cast before him. When, after the armistice, he left Turin on his way back to France, the streets were almost empty, and not a flag was to be seen in any window. The disappointment was intense; yet it was no doubt better for Italy that she should have been left to finish the work herself. She will not deny that the task had been infinitely lightened by the French Emperor.

There came a day when, at the head of his returning army, Napoleon III rode through the streets of Paris. Who then so wild with pride, enthusiasm, admiration as the Parisians? The three-year-old Prince Imperial, absurd but patriotic in a little grenadier uniform, sits on his father's saddle in front of him and brandishes his toy sword in salute to the troops on their march past; the Empress, radiantly lovely in her white robe and black mantle, her glossy auburn locks shining, her beautiful eyes beaming, bends from the balcony above. It was one of the happiest moments that the Nephew of his Uncle was to know. Difficult and dangerous passages were before him, and not in all of them was his gamester nature to find the excitement and the power it craved.

ENGLISH LAW AS TO FITS.

From The Birmingham Post.
A mackintosh that did not fit was the subject of a legal decision in the Westminster County Court on Wednesday. The Regent-st. shop-keeper who made the garment said that the purchaser (who sued for the return of three guineas paid) did not give him time to make another that would fit. The Judge said a person was entitled to a "fit" when a garment was sent home, and any permission to alter or make a fresh article was mere good nature and not law. The case should not have been defended. He gave the disappointed customer his three guineas, with costs.

FICTION.

A PANORAMA OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

THE WHITE TERROR. A ROMANCE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION AND AFTER. Translated from the Provençal of Félix Gras, by Catharine A. Janvier. 12mo, pp. iv, 437. D. Appleton & Co.

THE MINX. A NOVEL. By Mrs. Mannington Caffyn. 12mo, pp. 335. Frederick A. Stokes Company.

In "The White Terror" M. Félix Gras carries on the life stories of characters to whom he had already introduced his readers in earlier pages. The brave young Pascolet is here again; his devoted little Comtesse Adeline is still more devoted, and several other personages of "The Terror" reappear in this book. Some of them, including the two we have mentioned, and Jean Caritous, Lazuli, Vaclair and Old Joy, are more amiable than ever. Calisto, the rascal of this drama, is wickeder than before. Yet the adventures of these personages do not fill the narrative. There is much in it about the Revolution in many of its phases. M. Gras has a certain art, beneath the naïveté which is the most conspicuous element in his work. He knows how to blend his romance with his history. Thus toward the close of the book, when the dovelike Adeline has taken the veil as the only means of defending herself from her cruel enemies, the fortunes of war bring her beloved Pascolet to the gates of the convent at Avignon in which she is immured. The nuns give him sanctuary for a short time, and there Adeline, unrecognized by him, bids him farewell in a pathetic scene. Before he goes he thrills the women of the convent with a recital of some of his experiences as a grenadier of the Emperor's guard. The contrast is deftly managed. On one side is the sweetness of a romantic idyl, drawing to its close in quiet resignation. On the other side is the clash of arms. The end is disappointing to a certain extent. The soldier and his love should have been united, according to the rules of the confirmed novel reader. But the more natural ending is the more artistic, and M. Gras nowhere excites more admiration than in his fidelity to an ideal of truth in separating his hero and heroine after all their struggles. This simple rectitude of his has its effect upon his style. The material in which he deals, the abnormalities and tragedies of the Revolution, might easily have spurred him to attempts at highly colored eloquence. He has preferred to spread forth his panorama of the time along easy, conversational lines. From time to time the emotional fervor of the true Provençal declares itself in a strenuous passage, but from beginning to end the impression left by "The White Terror" is such as might be conveyed by a plain spoken man, telling his story to his friends around the hearth. Mrs. Janvier's translation, reading with the smoothness and spontaneity of an original work, preserves the interesting flavor which is peculiar to M. Gras.

A good little girl, brought up by an invalid scholar, and filled with atheistic reforming ardors by her experiences in a poverty stricken, sordid factory town—such is "The Minx," the new heroine devised by the author of "The Yellow Aster." The minx's sentimental uncertainties make the texture of the plot. Her fresh little heart turns by grace of propinquity and natural affinity to a manly young country gentleman of the best British type, while her conscience and her ethical ideals impel her to matrimony with the philanthropic millionaire who has come up from "the people" and is animated by all manner of lofty radicalisms. She causes as much unhappiness as a beautiful, innocent and extremely well meaning minx ignorant of man's nature and her own heart possibly can, and after making a desperate effort to love one man she ends by marrying the other. We leave our readers to find out for themselves which youth proves the conqueror of the conscientious maiden, merely suggesting that a more entertaining variation of a somewhat hackneyed situation might be found in reconciling the minx to her first experiment. As a literary performance this is the most successful of Mrs. Caffyn's books, although it is too talky-talky in a would-be significant, metaphysical and "intense" way. It has here and there some incisive and almost witty strokes of comment on human experience and character which would serve to carry much duller pages. But these are not frequent, and, as a study of human nature, the story is conventional. Masculine nature, especially, is a thing too intricate for this author's grasp, and her heroes are feminine ideals, rather than real men.

STAGE DANCERS' CATARRH.

From The Philadelphia Record.
"See that girl just going out?" asked a Sprucest. physician as a trim figured young woman made her exit from his office. "She came to me to be treated for stage dancers' catarrh. She's a ballet girl in a show playing in town this week. No, I can't say that the ailment is a rare one. It is common enough among stage people, but I don't suppose the general public knows much about it. You see, a stageful of dancing girls will naturally raise considerable dust, and the exertion of dancing makes the girls breathe heavily, thus rendering them all the more susceptible to the germ laden atmosphere. The particles of dust set up an inflammation, first of the nostrils or throat, and then of the entire mucous membrane. The inflammation sometimes becomes chronic, if instant remedies are not applied, and stage dancers' catarrh results. A large percentage of ballet girls are afflicted in this way."