

LITERATURE.

England, Germany, France and America.

What is Doing in the World of Letters.

Special Reports from Our Correspondents in the Great Literary Capitals.

Latest English Books and London Literary Gossip.

LONDON, March 10, 1874.

VICTOR HUGO'S NEW BOOK.

The chief literary event of the day has taken place in Paris, and is about to be reproduced here. It is the completion of Victor Hugo's great work, which is generally believed to be the first portion of a prose epic, which is to include the history of the great Revolution. Its theme is a fitting one for so great a writer, and the work will, no doubt, be a lasting testimonial to the old poet, whose prodigious amount of least commensurate with his genius, but who is none the less interesting on that account. "Quatre-vingt-treize" is the title of this tremendous effort of industry and, as to certain kind of learning, and it is pleasant to observe that this time he has not been travestied out of all recognition in the English version. When "L'Homme qui Rit" was translated (most execrably for the *Quarterly Magazine* the name was turned into "By Order of the King") in itself a clumsy rendering of the ancient legitimized formula; and though the original could not have been literally translated, it was felt that a very bad shot had been made. The translator of the present work in the *Graphic* simply contents himself with "Ninety-three"—a very happy and striking rendering. The work, though one of a series of tableaux, is complete in itself, and is very fine indeed. It is rich in Victor Hugo's special and sometimes unapproachable beauties, and it also abounds in his most vigorous faculty, particularly in a kind of sublime ignorance of the mere existence of two sides to a dispute or two aspects of a question, which is especially characteristic of him as a poet and a Frenchman. In some of the most inexcusable digressions in his present work we find perfect gems of description and marvels of eloquence in abstract inspiration and invective. It is, perhaps, too early to judge of the translation, as only two numbers of the *Graphic* containing portions of it have appeared, but they make us realize the immense difficulty of putting Victor Hugo's French into English. It has never been satisfactorily done; between the very beauties of his style and the soul of the English language there exists a definite and irreconcilable antagonism, as complete as the antagonism which exists between his method of reasoning and ours. No periods are more flowing, glowing, ornate and harmonious than his, and yet there is not a translated page of his writings that is not stiff, clumsy, inflated and pompous, without dignity, so that the English readers of Victor Hugo, who are acquainted with him only through translations, regard him erroneously as pertaining to the category of "wind-bag," and are seriously bored by him. It may be safely assumed that no great work ever had fewer readers than "Les Misérables" in its English dress, and "L'Homme qui Rit" was a dead failure in its complete form, besides having damaged the magazine very much while it was coming out in it.

THE MARCH MAGAZINE.

The magazines for March are lamentably dull, with the exception of the *Graphic*, the present number of which is exceedingly brilliant. Mr. Leslie Stevens' "Hours in a Library" form a series of literary and critical essays of first rate ability, and the present one on Dr. Johnson's writings is the best among them. It is general, appreciative and profound and contrives to put many points of a subject which we have been apt to look upon as thoroughly worn out in a novel light. In an admirable story called "The Courtier of Misfortune" every one recognizes Mr. Grenville Murray's hand. It is a capital rendering of the brilliant papers descriptive of modern French society which he has been contributing to the *Fort* and *Mail* Gazette, and it paints the time-serving ingratitude of many who owed it to him so ostentatiously to enjoy to the kind heart and gentle temper of the late Emperor in colors from which one would think they must turn away abashed.

WHY JAPAN HAS SURPASSED CHINA.

A very remarkable article is one entitled "Feng-Shui." It is the first real exposition of the obstructive superstition—unformulated, pervading and quite unlike any of the propitiatory ideas of religion in the East of which we have ever had a glimpse, which is, after all, our nearest acquaintance with the brilliant papers descriptive of the hopeless immobility of the national mind of China. To read this article, in which a profound and difficult ethical phenomenon is explained, so that the least skilled in studies of the kind may thoroughly understand its meaning and importance, and to compare with it Humbert's description of the condition of the national mind of the Japanese on a similar intellectual plane, is to reach the solution of the sudden and extraordinary development of the latter country, and the cause of its contrast with the resistance of China. It is, in short, to understand the so lately invisible Mikado inaugurating "railroads in every quarter of Nippon, and the Son of Heaven, in whose empire competitive examinations are a thousand years old, and men of seventy contend for academic distinctions, pertinaciously refusing the gift of a ready made railway with plant and rolling stock complete. This article is, in its way—the way of opening up a mental phenomenon of governing importance in the case of a nation with whom we are in close and growing intercourse—as important as Mr. Deutsch's exposition of the Mikado. The one is the key to the Chinese, the other to the Hebrews.

NEW BALLAD BY BUCHANAN.

Robert Buchanan has an exceedingly fine ballad in *Cassell's* for March, "Grandeur in the Ingle" is a highly finished specimen of his best work. It is simple, as befits a ballad, but very dramatic and finely constructed. One sustained idea runs through it—that of the extreme old age of a man all whose associations, experiences, achievements, perils and crimes are of the sea. This is perfectly maintained with skill, which hides the art of it, and completeness most thoroughly; every simile, every suggestion, every local feature is in harmony with it. Take these descriptive lines:—
As still he sat as a cold gray stone
Upon the low sea sand,
In his gray hair as white as foam,
His eyes were old and his hands
As the wind that on the shore
His ears were closed and his heart kept dumb,
He sat on the low sea sand,
His cheeks were pale, his lips were dumb,
He sat on the low sea sand,
Still as a stone on the low sea sand,
Through the low sea sand and
Through the low sea sand and
And make a gleaming stream
Through the low sea sand and
And the startled sea birds scream,
Too late! too late! he said, so old,
In his gray hair as white as foam,
He cannot smile, he cannot weep,
He lives and that is all.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE'S NEW STORY.

Mr. Trollope's serial story, "The Way We Live Now," has not made a profound impression by its commencement, though the author breaks entirely new ground. It is a hero-a-scamp, like *Burgo Fitzgerald*, "beastly," as only Mr. Trollope can handle such men, but understood, as *Burgo* was not, Lady Cadbury, the literary lady who cultivates editors and knows the special weakness of each, is very well sketched, but the story does not "draw."

BOOKS OF TRAVEL.

Among works of travel we have "Meeting the Sun," by Mr. Simpson, the well-known correspondent of the *Illustrated London News*. This is an

excellent narrative of a journey round the world, prominently illustrated and distinguished from other books of the same kind by the fulness of its information respecting China. Mr. Simpson was present at all the ceremonies on the occasion of the marriage of the Emperor of China, a wedding in which the bride was conspicuous by her absence, and he made a great deal of her opportunities in the Celestial Empire. No traveler, except the Marquis de Beauvoir, has given so full an account of the present condition of Peking and of the entire process of the education of the *Utrahs*. His descriptions of the examinations and the halls in which the whole of the Chinese classes have been engraved on imperishable tablets of stone is, within our knowledge, unique. In Captain Markham's "Whaling Cruise in Baffin's Bay" we have, at length, the whole story of the wreck and rescue of the *Polaris*, a narrative which does honor to all parties concerned. The Arctic brought home, on the occasion on which Captain Markham was raised to her books and she saved the crew of the *Polaris*, the largest cargo of oil that has ever been brought to England from Baffin's Bay. Captain Markham is a close observer and contributes several interesting facts to our knowledge of the inhabitants of the Arctic Sea.

A NEW BOOK ABOUT AFRICA.

A very important work of travel is Dr. Schweinfurth's "Heart of Africa," which has been long looked for and now makes its appearance, well translated and with an introduction by Mr. Winwood Reade. It is very close and elaborate, but is neither so dull as *Barn* nor so doubtful as *De Challa*, while, unlike Anderson, the author has some consideration for the ignorance of his readers, and does not take for granted a large amount of preliminary knowledge before he begins his narrative. The eminent German botanist and traveler gives very minute particulars of his three years' journeying, during which he passed through the unexplored country of the Nam-Mal and visited the unknown kingdom of Manubutoo. As an explorer he stands in the highest rank, and merits to be classed with Mungo Park, Denham and Clapperton, Livingstone, Burton, Speke and Grant, Barth and Reade. Mr. Reade points out that Dr. Schweinfurth can claim two qualifications which no other German traveler has hitherto possessed. He is a scientific botanist, and also an accomplished draughtsman; his sketches are finished works of art. The work is of importance in a geographical sense as a contribution to the problem of the Nile, and of ethnological importance as settling the disputed point of the existence of a dwarf race in Central Africa. These pigmies are mentioned by Herodotus and other classical writers. Krapf saw one on the eastern coast; the old *voynages* alluded to their existence in the kingdom of the Congo, and Dr. Challa met them in Ashang Land. Dr. Schweinfurth sets the matter at rest for ever by placing the existence of such a race beyond a doubt, and he regards these dwarfs as identical with the Bushmen of South Africa, who are not confined, as was formerly supposed, to the corner of the continent, but also to various remote parts of Africa, and are probably the former natives of the country. This is by far the most interesting and important work of travel which has appeared for many years.

GOSSIP.

Mr. Tom Taylor is satirized in many journals as the new editor of *Punch*, but I am by no means sure that the appointment has been made. Late last week, I know, the proprietors were deliberating whether they should appoint Mr. Bland as editor, and make a clean sweep of the rest of the literary staff, which is by far the best thing they could do. It is probable that a strong appeal will be made to Mr. Disraeli to grant a pension of £100 a year to the widow of the late Mr. Shirley Brooks, who has been left in somewhat straitened circumstances. Mr. Brooks was a Tory at heart, and frequently did the cause good service.

GERMANY.

A Berlin Editor Sentenced to One Month's Imprisonment—Freedom of the Press in Germany—Satire in the Empire in the Nineteenth Century—A Carious Trial—Blasphemy—The Prussian Government and Insult to Religion and His Holiness the Pope.

FRANKFURT—ON-THE-MAIN, Germany.

Dr. Paul Lindau, the dramatist and editor of the Berlin weekly journal *Die Gegenwart*, has just been sentenced to one month's imprisonment by a Berlin criminal court for publishing in his journal an article styled by the Prussian State Attorney "blasphemous." The article in question was one of a series, entitled "Briefe eines Historikers," and was written by Dr. Johannes Scherr, of Zurich (under the pseudonym of "Zacharias Zinnober"), the author of a "History of Religion," a "History of Literature," "Bücher und His Times" and other works and essays; but his gentleman, being with the Prussian government, the Prussian government determined to hold the editor of the journal in which the essay was published responsible. Dr. Scherr had, however, the good faith immediately to publicly acknowledge himself as the author of the incriminated article and to bear the punishment for it. The charges urged against Lindau were—uttering insult to the person of His Holiness the Pope, public blasphemy of the Holy Trinity, the virginity of Mary and of the person of the Holy Ghost. Lindau, in his defence, denied that blasphemy was intended in the article—said it was simply a satire, the justification of which could not be his incriminated article.

I HAVE THE ARTICLE BEFORE ME.

I have the article before me. Though it is written altogether in a satirical strain it is deeply offensive to members of the Catholic Church, whose visible head is here very needlessly ridiculed. Scherr is gossiping with a travelling companion about matters political and religious, and, of course, the Lady of Lourdes, French revenge, infidelity and His Holiness the Pope come in for a share of discussion and satire—as is Scherr's custom. Speaking of His Holiness, Dr. Scherr tells Rabalais the story, "to which Aristopoles, Cervantes, Swift, Molière, Fieschi, good fellows, listen and laugh." He tells how His Holiness, shortly after the declaration of the dogmas of infallibility, is troubled with conscientious scruples, so calm which he determines to pay a visit to heaven.

"WHO WOULD HE THOUGHT," SAYS SCHERR.

"Who would he thought," says Scherr, "that the new heaven could have given birth to his own Godhead. But what does he do to calm his spirit. He takes the keys of heaven, unlocks the treble sacred gates and merely acknowledges the presence of the doorkeeper, Peter—who by the way had been on earth a simple fisherman—with a condescending nod. He enters the presence of God—father without any ceremony. The old Testament narrates to whose weaknesses, as we well know that of infidelity never belonged—was just about to take his flight and was in no good mood at being thus disturbed. "Reverendissime domine collega," began the self-designated P. Colleague? Colleague? How? How is this? What does he wish?" "This and that." "What! I have nothing to do with that, *dominamus* (thickhead) had he, instead of wasting his time with sweating scruples of every pore, given his attention to the study of ecclesiastical history he must have known that since the introduction of the Christian calendar I have nothing more to do with the affairs of your terrestrial recovery, for the reason that all your time is now in the debt and credit is given into the hands of my Son. Away with him! Somewhat irritated at this uncollegiate-like reception His Holiness betook himself to the apartments of the Son, where he was received with all goodness. But when he had asked how then had the news of His dedication on earth been received in heaven, the Son answered, very moodily, That is a very ticklish and difficult

affair, which it appears to me, belongs not so much to my department as in that of the Holy Ghost. But go and ask the latter." Well, courteously rebuffed here, he went a door further and announced himself to the Holy Ghost. But he was compelled to wait several hours in the ante-chamber, since the Holy Ghost had old Catholicism under the microscope at that moment, trying to discover a germ of reform in it. Vexed at not finding what he had expected, he came into the ante-room, and, as he caught sight of his pseudo-colleague, his features became red with wrath, and then he chided him, unceremoniously—"Thou comest just at the right time. I have long kept a chest reserved for thee. How canst thou presume to come before me—thou, art thou hast so far forgotten thyself—to fish up again, with all pain and persistence, the old lie; to define, to dogmatize, to preconize the old, base calumny, that I had stood in unseemly dogmatic relations to a highly respectable young woman, who, besides, was the wife of a brave carpenter, descended from a very respectable house, just as if I were a spring-in-the-field of a heathen Greek god. Be gone, or I will call on some of my big angels to explain to thee the mystery of the unburned ashes which thou hast not yet dogmatized."

"HIS HOLINESS RETURNED TO THE PRISON OF THE VATICAN."

"His Holiness returned to the prison of the Vatican very much annoyed and depressed. But Pater Beck soon roused the soul strings of the infallible to the proper syllabus and excommunication pitch, especially by the argument, "It matters not whether the 'Grobian' (boor) up there inspire Your Holiness or not. Sacred and profane history prove that the world can be governed without God at all."

GETS HER APPLICATION TO THE HOLY GHOST HAS THE SIGNIFICATION IN GERMAN OF MIND, INTELLECT AND SPIRIT.

Gets her application to the Holy Ghost has the signification in German of mind, intellect and spirit, and Dr. Scherr intends to say not only that intellect is not a necessary qualification for rulership, but the influence of the Holy Spirit can be dispensed with in the councils of the Vatican.

THE STATE ATTORNEY DEMANDS A SENTENCE OF THREE MONTHS' IMPRISONMENT, IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE 16TH PARAGRAPH OF THE GERMAN PENAL CODE (ON BLASPHEMY).

The State Attorney demanded a sentence of three months' imprisonment, in accordance with the 16th paragraph of the German penal code (on blasphemy). Paul Lindau conducted his defence in person, assisted by the Advocate Pfänker. He exposed his contempt at the charges made against him, and denied that any satire had been used. He nevertheless hoped that this process would decide the still unsettled question as to whether or not satire is a justifiable form of literary criticism and polemics. If the incriminated passages of the article were punishable, then he said very many of the most characteristic and interesting works of German literature, from the Middle Ages up to the present day, should be banished from our libraries. He could cite books and passages by the score which were far more blasphemous than Dr. Scherr's article. He reminded the Court of passages of Lucian, in Bebel's "Faciles," of the disquisitions of the scholastics, of the medieval Tabernax, of the Mysteries, of Luther's satires, of Heine and other satirists. The anthropomorphic delineation of the person of God was quite common. In every student songbook God appears as a human being who loves good wine. He referred to the Prologue in Heaven in Goethe's "Faust," and asked the Court if the expressions of Mephistopheles about the Lord had ever seemed blasphemous:—

I like, at times, the Ancient One to see,
And guard against breaking with him—his so civil;
So kindly speaking with the very devil.

THE DECISION OF THE COURT.

The Court decided that Lindau should be held responsible for the article, and was of the opinion that the incriminated passages were satirical, and that satire was a justifiable form of literary criticism. But it held that there are certain objects which should never be made the object of satire, and when these objects are treated in a satirical manner this treatment is offensive, and in this case the satire cannot be allowed to pass unpunished. A person writing a satire on the person of God, Majesty the Emperor and his family, high treason, and the same principle holds good when the object of satire is to man the dearest and most sacred; and whoever satirizes the person of God, and speaks of God in a manner offensive to true religious feeling is guilty of blasphemy in the sense of the 16th paragraph of the Prussian penal code, which characterizes blasphemy as the "inciting an offence by publicly making use of insulting epithets." That the article in question had given offence was proved by the complaints of the *Germania* (the organ of the Catholic Church) and in the *Kreis-Zeitung* (the organ of the ultra-Protestant party), the Court itself considered the charges to be fully proved. As a mitigating circumstance the Court admitted that the point of the article had been directed specially against the Papacy and the doctrine of infallibility, but God had been thereby brought unduly within the range of the satire and His person insulted in the desecration of "Grobian," and in being described as the member of a firm carrying on the business of Heaven. The Court therefore was induced to measure the punishment accordingly, and sentenced Herr Lindau to four weeks' imprisonment. Lindau has already appealed from the decision, and we have no doubt, it is presumed, heard the last of the case.

THE BOOK TRADE OF LEIPSIK.

Baron Tauchnitz—American Authors at a Disadvantage in the European Book Markets—International Copyrights—American Works Pirated in Europe.

LEIPSIK, Feb. 27, 1874.

Few European booksellers have a wider and more honorable reputation than

CHRISTIAN BERNHARD BARON VON TAUCHNITZ, the eminent publisher of Leipzig. Books in English and in French, Latin and in Greek, have issued in thousands from his printing presses, and all of them have been marked by the same characteristics, cheapness and excellence. The books are not only sold at a low price, but they are beautifully printed, and may be invariably relied on for the perfect accuracy of their text. Baron Tauchnitz has probably done more than any other publisher in Europe to attract the attention of statesmen to the fairness and propriety of establishing an honest

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT LAW.

and although neither his efforts nor those of the success which they deserved the name of Baron Tauchnitz stands prominently out as a conspicuous work, who has been honored to make part of literary piracy, where he might have done so with perfect safety. For instance,

AMERICAN AUTHORS HAVE NO PROTECTION

against fraudulent appropriation of their earnings by European publishers, yet Baron Tauchnitz has never reprinted any work of an American author without making a fair arrangement with him.

HE CANNOT PAY AN AMERICAN AUTHOR THE REAL

value of his work, however, because American authors have no authority over their copyrights in Europe, and any publisher is free to reprint them without paying a dollar for the privilege.

ON THE OTHER HAND, ENGLISH AUTHORS ARE SO WELL

protected that Continental publishers have no choice about paying for the right of reprinting their works, and any publisher who pirated an English book could be prosecuted and mulcted in damages. English authors reserve to themselves a right of republication in foreign countries. American authors cannot do so. Nevertheless,

MESSRS. LONGFELLOW AND BRADSTREET,

among living American authors, and many of the heirs of the "great departed," can bear testimony to the fact that Baron Tauchnitz has always dealt liberally and justly with American writers and takes no advantage of their unprotected position. It is well that literary men in America should understand the principles upon which this honest German bookseller conducts his business, for they

can materially increase their reputation and the money value of their works by entering into direct correspondence with him for reprints, which will be offered for sale through his agents at every respectable library and railway station on the European Continent.

As a general rule Baron Tauchnitz prefers to make a satisfactory arrangement with the author of a book; but when the author has sold the entire copyright of his work then the Baron is equally willing to make a bargain with the party who has bought it. American authors should, therefore, take into account the fact that their copyrights are always worth something more than they otherwise would be on account of the sum which Baron Tauchnitz is prepared to pay for a reprint to be sold only upon the European Continent.

Baron Tauchnitz very seldom publishes original works in manuscript. Nearly all his books are reprints of popular works which have already made their mark on public opinion. He sometimes, however, publishes essays from periodicals which have not previously been printed in book form. In this manner he republished some of the best of Macaulay's essays from the *Edinburgh Review*.

The first book in the English language issued by the Tauchnitz firm was the famous novel of "Pelham," written by the late Lord Lytton, then known as simple Edward Bulwer. The reprint of this work appeared in 1842, and the success of the enterprise which it inaugurated was great and immediate. It may be interesting for literary antiquaries to know that the first popular works which have already made their mark on public opinion. He sometimes, however, publishes essays from periodicals which have not previously been printed in book form.

The firm of Tauchnitz were not ungrateful for the fortune which English and American writers had earned for them. They soon began to pay high prices for their reprints. THEY GAVE MACAULAY NO LESS THAN SIXTEEN THOUSAND THALERS.

IN 1859 THE TAUCHNITZ EDITION OF ENGLISH AND AMERICAN AUTHORS NUMBERED

A THOUSAND LITERARY WORKS, and the Baron, being a God-fearing man, celebrated the event by reprinting "the authorized English version of the New Testament, with introduction and various readings from the three most celebrated manuscripts of the original Greek text by Constantine Tischendorf. Of this magnificent volume no less than 50,000 copies have been already sold, and it has attracted the attention and praise of all the biblical scholars in the world.

A TALL, UPRIGHT, BALK, HEARTY MAN,

looking much like an English banker, who has just got a peevish, such is

CHRISTIAN BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ,

who has been elevated, not unworthily, to the dignity of a German Baron. He is also

HER BRITANNIC MAJESTY'S CONSUL GENERAL

at Leipzig, and a better choice for such an office could not have been made. He is evidently a shrewd man of business, and his appearance at first sight is rather stern and forbidding. It is that of a man who seems to think more of his own dignity than is usual among well bred people, and less of the dignity of others than is graceful or becoming.

I SAT BEFORE THE RICH AND PROSPEROUS MAN, TAKING

these mental notes on the day I arrived in Leipzig; and the high and elevated head golden opinion, had been well satisfied with his dealings in reprinting my novel "The Member for Paris," yet I began to make up my mind to give Baron Tauchnitz a wide berth. I have known so many great men that I really did not want to know another, having found their acquaintance generally overpowering. Had I left Leipzig under the impression that Baron Tauchnitz was a Baron to be pooh-poohed good-humoredly and

I LEFT TO HIS DIGNITY AND DEPENDENTS,

and should only have fallen into the common mistake of judging by first appearances. I had gone away from his house rather amused than edified, thinking how very funny most people look when they are in a friendly talk and a breezy walk in the country with

MR. STUART, AMERICAN CONSUL IN LEIPSIK,

who is a well informed and sensible man. We walked and we talked till the winter's sun had set, and then, as we were standing on the steps of my hotel, a breathless servant, who appeared to have spent some hours in a fruitless hunt for us, brought an invitation to dinner from Baron Tauchnitz. We dressed at once and went to dine with him.

I NEVER SPENT A MORE PLEASANT EVENING.

The Baron and his family are among the most charming and unaffected people I have ever met. The stern, earnest look and slow, measured speech I had mistaken for evidences of pride arose from the fact that Baron Tauchnitz speaks English with more correctness than fluency. He talks printed English rather than colloquial English, and is obliged somewhat to strain his attention in order to catch immediately the meaning of English conversation. This difficulty got over, and our discourse having been changed to German, I found the Baron full of cordiality and kindness. He seemed to have a real love of English and American literature, and his own works he had personally known with undigned respect.

HE SHOWED A FINE SENSE OF DELICACY AND THE INSTINCTS

not only of a gentleman but of a mind singularly wise and thoughtful when he mentioned any writer with whom he had been connected, and he observed incidentally that he had never been involved in litigation with an English or American author. I asked him which writers were most popular, judged by the sale of their works. He answered that the sale of a book was not a fair test of its merit, and that he should be "unwilling to say what might give pain to any one."

His knowledge of books is extremely extensive

and he can hardly be considered as astonishing, for he told me that he had now published nearly

SIXTEEN HUNDRED WORKS OF AMERICAN AND ENGLISH AUTHORS,

and that "he looked upon them all as his children." He said that whenever the smallest difficulty arose as to the true reading of a passage in any book printed by his firm it was referred directly to him, and that he might be considered as an expert in every work with his name on it. As we conversed in the pleasant drawing room of the great publisher his wife and an unmarried daughter, who is very accomplished and beautiful, played some music, as German ladies perhaps only can play music, with not an expression imperceptibly rendered, not a note out of tune. There was such a quiet air of order, simplicity, friendliness and worth around the Baron and his belongings that it seemed as if a visible blessing rested on the good man's house; and when ten o'clock came, which is the Continental hour for leaving a dinner party, I said "good-night" with regret to so much geniality, honor and learning.

FRANCE.

Literature in France—Political Pamphlets and New Publications.

PARIS, March 10, 1874.

The French press laws are not only so severe, but they are so capriciously administered that it has become difficult to express independent opinions through newspapers. Such journals as have a large circulation are valuable properties, and their proprietors are afraid to print anything which may subject them to suspension. Those which have a small circulation commonly belong to par-

ties who will publish no notions but their own. Printing and paper, however, are plentiful; so it is not so much the want of means as the want of ideas and a few francs to nourish it gives birth to a pamphlet.

If you happen to stop before the shop windows of any Parisian publisher you cannot fail to be struck with the prodigious quantity of pamphlets which display, through them, their multicolored covers and their sensational titles. Where do they come from and where do they go to? Nobody reads them, and still they follow each other in an uninterrupted succession.

A friend of mine who has acquired some experience in the publishing line, and who I chanced to mention to in respect to the origin and destiny of the various brochures which I had noticed in the front window of his shop, undertook to answer me in the following terms:—

"At the time," he said, "when there was a King—

Pope a very simple way of gaining admittance to the drawing rooms of the noble St. Germain Faubourg offered itself to a young man desirous of penetrating into this shrine of French nobility. He enlisted in the holy brigade which mounted guard round the Vatican, and two or three years later returned to it to canvass for a bride among the dowagers' daughters. Now this process can no longer be followed, because Victor Emmanuel's soldiers have relieved the holy brigade from its duty, and it has thus become necessary for the youth above mentioned to supply the deficiency. That they do by changing their swords for pens, and they now turn pamphlet writers as they became soldiers in the army of Pius IX. four or five years ago. They, of course, generally write nonsense by the yard; but that does not matter much. The only important point is for them to profess devotion to Divine Right, indignation at the political claims of the radical party, and conviction that but for the prompt restoration of Henry V. anarchy will soon raise severer of its hundred heads in order to devour mankind, including the dowagers' daughters. When those three main subjects have been commented upon the whole is printed (at the expense of the writer, by the), served out to the inmates of the noble drawing rooms, and the author will be very unucky, indeed, if his writing does not prove as successful as his soldiering, so far as marriage business is concerned."

This ingenious explanation is, of course, question-

able, though it would be difficult to account, without its help, for the phenomenon to which it refers. At all events it does not apply to certain pamphlets which are brought into light either by the names of their authors or the importance of their contents. These are read, not, perhaps, so much as the "Femme de Peau"—a sensational novel, of which 50,000 copies have just been sold, but sufficiently to allow people to trust that Frenchmen have not forever given up serious writings.

In this category of pamphlets that of General

Trochu, "Pour la Vérité et la Justice" (for justice and truth), deserves to rank foremost. It is an answer of the ex-Governor of Paris to the various charges preferred against him in the report of the committee instituted to investigate into the acts of the Government of National Defence. After contrasting, in bitter terms, the harshness shown in the Assembly to the men of the 4th of September with the leniency displayed toward the men of the 15th of July (the date of the declaration of war), General Trochu complains of the manner in which the investigation was carried out. The various persons called forward to give evidence before the committee were examined out of his hearing. He was not even allowed to contradict their statements, and still he would have been able to oppose to their allegations the many facts to which he points through his books. A report drawn up on these conditions cannot be a serious contribution to history, and General Trochu relies upon "justice and truth" to prevail, sooner or later over the distortions to which they have been subjected by the committee.

In order to be more consonant with the contents

of this book the title might have been completed by the addition of these words, "and for myself," since General Trochu, who, without doubt, has a political character, does not miss the opportunity of giving out to the world that he holds in high esteem his military abilities and prophetic powers. This last faculty he proves by extracts from letters he wrote before or at the beginning of the war, and which were confirmed by the events of that time. Perhaps it would have been better for the gallant officer to let people conclude from these quotations that he was far-sighted; the public do not like to have such conclusions forced upon them. But the brochure is interesting, well and honestly written, and it would have been still more noticed were not public attention chiefly taken up by passing events.

As soon as it does to present politics, the pamph-

letting of M. Grévy, "Monarchy or Republic," had a better run. M. Grévy is an old republican, generally credited for his moderate opinion and his political erudition, and lately President of the National Assembly. When from three two are subtracted, there remains one. This arithmetical truism sums up the reasoning of M. Grévy. After stating in a calm and unobtrusive manner, rather uncommittal with French political writers, that there are but three forms of government—the despotic monarchy or empire, the constitutional monarchy and the republic, the author proceeds to say that, as the two former have failed, the third is the only one which may be applied to France. Unfortunately while people agree on the first term of the subtraction, that is, in the fact that there are but three forms of government, they generally disagree on the second term—I mean on the governmental forms which have proved unsuccessful. M. de Cassagnac, in his pamphlet entitled "Republic or Empire," endeavors to establish that a republic and constitutional monarchy are inconsistent with the present state of the French mind. In his eyes the empire is the only government capable of conciliating the progress aspirations of the lower classes with the stationary tendencies of the upper ones.

M. de Cassagnac is the chief editor of the Bonapartist paper, *Le Pays*, a function which he con-

ducts with the most imperialist challenge. I mean that he writes with a pen in one hand and a foil in the other—resorting to the latter against his contraditors when he does not succeed in silencing them with the former.

It would be rather long and tedious for the

reader to review all the pamphlets written on the question of the best government for the future. Political doctors are not wanting in France, and it is surprising that this country, having so many eminent physicians at her bedside, should be brought, so often, to the very brink of death.

How is it, for instance, that this marvellous

panacea called the fustian, and which might be more correctly styled an infusion of legitimacy and cleanliness, has not been turned down to an useless prescription? An anonymous author, who is evidently inspired by the Orleans princes, has tried to explain it through a rather voluminous pamphlet, to which he gives the presumptuous title of "The Truth About the Attempt of Monarchical Restoration." The book is worth reading, so far as it shows to an expert eye that the reconciliation of the Count de Chambord with the Count de Paris was in the thought of the latter, but a stepping-stone to power, and that the heir of Louis Philippe was not relinquished the hope of performing, some day, the feat of ascending a throne.

AMERICAN BOOK NOTES.

THE VETERAN C. EDWARDS LESTER again comes to the front with a book entitled, "Our First Hundred Years: The Life of the Republic of the United States Illustrated in Its Four Great Periods—Colonization, Consolidation, Development and Achievement." The United States Publishing Company will bring out the work.

"PICTURESQUE AMERICA" is to be completed in

twelve numbers, making forty-eight in all, and now the Appleton announce a companion work in "The Esquimaux Europe." Mr. Harry Penn has been for some months in Europe sketching for it, and other artists will take part in it.

KAY & BROTHERS, Philadelphia, have nearly