EUROPEAN BOOKS.

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TRAVELS AND NOVELS.

PARIS, April 13, 1875.

The London *Times* mentioned last week that Blanchard Jerrold had been sent over here as the representative of the English Association for the Protection of the Rights of Authors to see what could be done to establish a community of action with the Société des Gens de Lettres. I saw Mr. Jerrold yesterday and was glad to learn from him that he had already made considerable progress in his mission, the French society having appointed a special committee to examine the propositions he had laid before them, which committee had unanimously reported in favor of them. As this action renders probable some important changes in the copyright relations of the two countries and their subsequent adoption by the world generally, I shall just state briefly the reforms proposed by Mr. Jerrold and his associates in English legislation on the subject. By the acts of 1844 (7 and 8 Vict., chap. 12) and of 1852 (15 Vict., chap. 12) international copyright and stage right have been regulated after a fashion which, though it may claim the credit of good intentions, has but very imperfectly attained the object contemplated. By the first of these acts the Queen was empowered to grant copyrights and stage rights on books or dramatic works first produced in foreign countries for a term not exceeding that of English domestic copyrights. The provision was, however, qualified by the condition that reciprocal protection should be afforded to English authors. By the act of 1852 the powers of Her Majesty were extended to the protection of translations of books and dramatic pieces, and to the conferring of copyrights and stage rights in such translations, for a limited time, however, and under conditions of a burdensome and vexatious character. It is in these provisions that Mr. Jerrold and his associates desire to introduce the modifications which have been so warmly approved of by the Société des Gens de Lettres. By the act in question the protection for translations is limited to five years—the shortest term of copyright known. The English authors ask that the Queen be empowered, without any other condition than that of reciprocity, to extend the time to the full limit fixed by the International Copyright act of 1844—that is to say, to a period not exceeding that of English domestic copyrights. In the case of translations of dramatic pieces there is another section of the same act which provides that translations approved of by the author must be published, or, as it is otherwise interpreted, must be deposited, within three months after the registration of the original work. But, as is very justly observed by Mr. Jerrold and his associates, "The foreign author has generally no desire to publish a literal translation, and would have no need to do so but for the unnecessarily harsh condition of the act. As a rule he does not desire to publish at all. What he does desire is to adopt, that is alter, the original work to suit the tastes and ideas of English audiences. The publication of a literal translation is, therefore, useless as well as expensive." The society of English authors is of opinion that it would be sufficient, in the first place, to compel the foreign dramatist to register the title, the date and place of first production of his play, and such other particulars as are required in the case of one of their own body registering his play in England; but as a concession to the tendency of the Legislature to limit the rights of foreign authors, rather than as a proposal founded on justice, they suggest that it might be expedient to provide that the foreign dramatist should exercise his right and produce on the British stage an adaptation or translation of his work, and should register the title of the same as an adaptation or translation of such original work within three years—the time allowed for publishing a complete translation of a book. In regard to what is called "The Fair Adaptation Clause" (sec. 6), which provides that nothing therein contained shall be "so construed as to prevent fair imitations or adaptations of any dramatic or musical composition published in any foreign country," the English society of authors is of opinion that it should be repealed altogether, for, as they justly observe, there seems to be no more reason why a pirate should be permitted to make a play out of another man's play, than a novel out of another man's novel. "There is a discreditable meanness about the clause, they add, because the dramatic genius of the French nation being (at present, at least, for there have been times when it was far otherwise) more fruitful and inventive than our own, there is temporarily more to be gained by pillaging our neighbors than we can possibly lose by a system of reprisals." Using frank and generous language of this kind, and by their recommendations striking directly at the root of the grievances complained of by French authors, it is not surprising that the overtures of the English society should have met with a cordial reception by the Société des Gens de Lettres. As a further evidence of the satisfaction with which they regard the mission of Mr. Jerrold, they have invited the representative of their British *confrères* to their annual banquet, which takes place on the 19th inst.

THE RELIGION OF THE FUTURE.

A *brochure* has just made its appearance in Germany, which has produced a far greater sensation among reasoning and thinking people here than the sudden revival of the irritating tactics by which Prince Bismarck, through the medium of his semi-official organs, seeks to keep alive the hostility of his countrymen to France. There is a suspicious coincidence between the publication of this work and the renewed attacks of the Berlin press upon the French government, which would almost lead to the conclusion that they are intended to counteract the effect of the interview of the Austrian and Italian sovereigns at Vienna and the favorable influence which it is likely to have on French interests. Be that as it may, the work to which I allude, "The Religion of the Future," is a very remarkable one, inasmuch as it puts forth some very original and startling views as to the future of Christianity and as to the moral and religious prospects of the generations that are to succeed us. Its author, Herr Hartmann, is a man of established reputation as a thinker and writer, and if he has lent his pen to the Prussian Chancellor it will be acknowledged that the latter has gained a powerful auxiliary in his efforts to destroy all faith in existing religious systems, for in seeking to wipe out Catholicism it must not be imagined that Prince Bismarck thinks that he is advancing the interests of his own religion. On that point his convictions may be said to be identical with those of the Irish penny-a-liner who announced in his journal that a certain bishop "had renounced the errors of Popery to embrace those of Protestantism." Herr Hartmann gives us no very clear or distinct idea of what the religion of the future is to be and is eager to guard himself against the supposition that he desires to be either its founder or prophet. All that can be done at present, he says, is to prepare the elements for the new religious reformation—or "evolution, as it should be called, seeing that it is to leave nothing of the existing faiths or institutions extant. I should not like to assert that Herr Hartmann seriously contemplates the probability of the return of the world to Paganism; but, with the most earnest desire to arrive at a comprehension of his religious programme, I find that I cannot reach any other conclusion. I must own that my mind is filled with anxious forebodings when I reflect over the frequency with which works of this kind are making their appearance in Germany. On the eve of every great political convulsion there have always been similar indications of the existence of a settled plan to weaken or overthrow established convictions. To insure the success of a scheme of universal domination the barriers opposed by religious and political faith have to be removed. To this preliminary task Prince Bismarck seems to be now applying himself, and so far as the choice of his instruments is concerned it will be admitted that they are admirably suited to his purpose. He makes one cardinal mistake, however, in his calculations. The world is no longer in an age when craft and cunning, aided by brute force, can enslave the minds and bodies of men. The growth of education and intelligence and the influence of settled religious and political convictions will always prove equal to the defence of the liberties which have been won at the cost of centuries of sacrifices and suffering.

WORKMEN'S CLUBS IN FRANCE.

The publication of the report of the second general assembly of the association entitled "L'Ouvre des Cercles Catholiques d'Ouvriers" affords me an opportunity of bearing testimony to the progress of a society which, though but a short time in existence, has already conferred vast benefits on the French working classes. Every one knows that it owes its creation to the humane inspirations and active personal exertions of Captain de Mun. Born in the heights of Belleville, amid the last dying yells of the Commune, when the young and brilliant officer, having fought his way so far, turned in sorrow and shame over the bodies of his bleeding compatriots, his late opponents, into the desecrated church which stood forlorn and open, and there vowed to God to do everything in his power to reunite in Christian fellowship and helpfulness the classes then arrayed in deadly hostility against each other—born in that solemn hour, I repeat, the idea has stood the tests of time and effort and turned out to be one of admirable practical utility. The young soldier has nobly redeemed his promise. The first step which he took was to bring the working classes into close connection with those more favored by fortune or education. He rightly judged that it was the duty of the latter, as the privileged ones, to make the first advance. He communicated his convictions to his fellow officers, to some of whom the idea had occurred almost simultaneously, and five or six of them at once set to work with him. They soon learned that a workmen's *cercle* (club) had been in existence for several years at Montparnasse, and had done good in a small way without, however, influencing the creation of any similar associations. It had fallen into difficulties since the termination of the war, and was menaced with dissolution. M. de Mun and his associates resolved to prop up the rickety institution, and then to form others on the same plan, for the Cercle de Montparnasse realized many of the ideas which they had formed for the improvement of the condition of the working classes. They worked with energy and hopefulness, and success crowned their efforts. Not only have they established a dozen of these clubs in various quarters of Paris but they have extended the movement to the provinces, where a great deal of good has been effected by it. There is no central organization among the various clubs—that is to say, one does not necessarily follow the lead of another, each working independently, though mutually communicating through officers appointed for the purpose. In all, it is the workmen themselves who administer the funds and control the affairs of the club. The wealthier associates merely start the new branches of the society, name the first committee of direction, exert themselves to procure funds when required and assist at the social gatherings. The committee elected in the first instance choose their own president or director and afterward recruit their number by vote.

Many of the educated associates of the workmen's clubs already belonged to the Catholic committees which were instituted immediately after the war, before even the insurrection of the Communists broke out. The members of these committees are engaged in various works of benevolence, and carried their efforts to every part of France. At present their name is legion, and they are to be found in every department. Gradually as they extended their operations the necessity of organization suggested itself—not such an organization as would fetter action anywhere, but yet one that would promote fraternity. Hence the Union des Ouvres Ouvrieres Catholiques. At this stage the associations were grouped in dioceses, under the supreme direction of the bishops, so as to give to them the guarantee of morality and religion. Almost every diocese has now its own society, each of which has a bureau of correspondence by which intercourse is kept up with the other societies. After the workmen's clubs were set going in Paris an expansion was given to the movement by the foundation of other societies under the titles of Les Ouvres de l'Usine and Les Ouvres Rurales, both of which originated in the provinces. L'Ouvre de l'Usine was commenced at Val de Bois, under the direction of M. Harmel, a large manufacturer. His object, and he has succeeded in it, was to make his hundreds of workmen a single Christian family. At first the women were left out of his calculations, but, as was to have been expected, instead of aiding the movement for the reformation of their dissipated husbands and brothers, they set their faces against it, and made their homes so uncomfortable that it required a good deal of courage on the part of the men to remain steadfast to their allegiance. This experience having been acquired the women themselves were taken in hand and were found not only an agreeable element but active coadjutors in the work of association. All that now remained to be done was to group the children together, and this has been accomplished with the most meritorious results. The Ouvre de l'Usine has lately been extended to the Bauarat and Maxéville, which, together with Val de Bois, are in the diocese of Nancy. The old capital of Lorraine was, in fact, the first to establish a Diocesan Bureau.

To this part of France also belong Les Ouvres Rurales, which now exist in more than thirty parishes. They began with the young. Some of the curés took to assembling on the Sunday the children who had made their first communion and keeping them together the whole day. After assisting at mass various kinds of innocent amusements were provided for them in the shape of active games and exercises, dramatic recitations, amusing or instructive lectures or singing, something, in fact, to suit every taste. Envious of their children's good luck the fathers asked to have something done for them also, and thus the children were made to conduce to the moral improvement of their parents.

I have yet to describe the valuable innovation styled *hotelleries* or *maisons de famille*. The name speaks for itself. In these establishments workmen are lodged at the cheapest possible rate, while as the same time they are protected against all temptations to dissipation and vice. The *hotelleries* are still too few in number. That at the Cercle Montparnasse has recently been considerably enlarged. One of the subsidiary objects of these institutions is to provide comfortable lodgings for workmen who have to travel, where they may meet friends and protection wherever they go. Another, though as yet it has only been carried out on a small scale in Paris, is to provide offices for the demand and supply of workmen.

Paris has already its *Salons des Ouvres*, where educated members of the union can assemble and converse together on all topics of general interest. Here musical performances can be given or poetry read; occasionally some traveller or foreigner relates what he has gathered in other countries on subjects that are likely to prove interesting to the workmen. Ladies are occasionally admitted. Indeed, in many things they play an active part. Every Cercle d'Ouvriers has its *Comité des Dames*, often the richest and the noblest in the land. Their business is to collect funds and to grace the workmen's *fêtes* with their presence. At all social gatherings only one topic of conversation or discussion is tabooed; need I say that it is politics. In addition to these means of entertainment or amusement conferences by competent lecturers are periodically given for the benefit of the workingmen. They are, of course, gratuitous, and, I am happy to say, are always well attended.

Such are the chief features of the important movement which is now busily at work in France and which constitutes the best counter-check to socialist tendencies that can be devised. It seems to me that some of them might be applied successfully to the improvement of the condition of the working classes in the United States. The population of the large cities of the Union is increasing with such rapidity and the vicissitudes of industry have become so great that the same proportion of pauperism, suffering and viciousness that exists in European communities is, unhappily, but too frequently to be found there. That there is a means of alleviating it and of improving the condition of the working classes generally, is a conclusion which I hope the perusal of this letter will have left on the minds of your readers.

THE BISHOP OF ORLEANS ON FREEMASONRY.

M. Dupanloup, the most aggressive of the chiefs of the Church militant, has published in the form of a *brochure* a violent attack on Freemasonry, which he denounces as "in radical antagonism with religion." He supports his theory by assumptions of what is uttered in the lodges; a singular mode of reasoning, seeing that their proceedings are secret and that no evidence that can reach him on the subject can be safely relied on. Take, for instance, one of the Bishop's generalizations involving the gravest charges against the body, "Christianity is constantly asserted in the lodges to be a lying, bastard, brutalizing religion, which must be annihilated. It is an aggregation of fables, a rotten edifice, which must fall to give place to the Masonic temple." In England and America numbers of the most pious and respected clergymen of the Protestant Church are affiliated to the Order, most generally in the office of chaplain. I leave to them the task of defending it against the fulminations of M. Dupanloup. Having been a Freemason myself for upward of thirty years I naturally feel indignant at seeing such slanders published over the signature of a Christian prelate; but I feel that a reply to them will come with more force from the members of a priesthood; which, though differing in persuasion from that to which M. Dupanloup belongs, is scarcely less distinguished for its piety and attachment to the doctrines of Christianity.

"THE ARMY OF THE REVOLUTION."

Under the above title M. C. de Ferizat, a retired officer of cavalry, has published a volume, the object of which seems to be to cast discredit on the new military force, *l'Armée Territoriale*. In order to do this he traces the history of the National Guard and endeavors to prove that under the present regulations the new force is likely to become an institution more political than military in character. In order to guard against this danger he recommends that the choice of officers should be based, not merely on a military but on a moral examination. In other words, he seeks to create the very peril which he professes a desire to avoid; for every one knows what the phrase "moral guarantees" means in France in connection with rank or office of any kind. It is neither more nor less than the assumption that the political opinions of the postulant must be entirely in accordance with those of the administration of the day—a singular qualification for a soldier!

NEW NOVELS.

Under the title of "Marie Chassaing" M. Adolphe Badin gives us an affecting story of the insurrection of 1870 in Algeria. Arab life is depicted in it with such vividness that the reader can readily fancy himself a spectator of the scenes narrated. Jules Vernes' new work "Le Chancellor, Journal d'un Passager," is in every one's hands. It displays all the fecundity of imagination and versatility which have characterized his previous works, while it reveals his talent in a new phase—that of realistic force of description. Take, for instance, the scene on the raft when the shipwrecked unfortunates cast lots to decide whose body is to furnish food to save them from the horrors of a lingering death. I do not remember to have read in any work of fiction a scene which has more vividly impressed me or which has filled me with greater admiration for the descriptive powers of the author. Michel Levy's idea of collecting the early stories and sketches of Dumas, Jr., which were only to be found scattered through the columns of newspapers and serials, has resulted in the publication of a charming volume, rendered all the more interesting by a preface from the pen of the new academician. Another *recueil* of somewhat the same character is the "Récits du Golfe Juan," by Mme. Juliette Lambert. The stories are simply but feelingly and naturally told, and are full of local color.

The sale of the second portion of M. Guizot's library comes off on the 28th. It is principally composed of historical and religious works, and will be supplemented by a collection of valuable autographs.

The well known French writer and dramatist, Alphonse Royer, died on the 10th inst. He was director of the Odeon from 1853 to 1856, and then assumed the direction of the Opera. His "Histoire Universelle du Théâtre" is a work very much in request among book collectors.

ENGLISH BOOKS.

LONDON, April 10, 1875.

Mr. Charles Christopher Black's "Life of Michael Angelo Buonarotti" (for whom his biographer claims the titles of sculptor, painter and architect, but not those of poet and soldier, which were surely as much his due), though much superior to the "Life of Leonardo da Vinci," which was published by the same firm (Macmillans) last year, leaves a great deal to be desired and is not so full and precise as the life of the matchless artist, *più cache mortal angiol divino*, which Miss Bennett (who died a few weeks ago) translated from the German some years since. The book, like the "Life of Da Vinci," is beautifully gotten up, a marvel of typography and arrangement, but it is rather vague and speculative. The illustrations (photograph) are remarkably fine, and the work derives an accidental increase of interest from the circumstance of the late investigation into the identity of the remains deposited in the sarcophagus which is surmounted by the famous figures of Dawn and Twilight in the Medici chapel at Florence. This investigation has placed it beyond a doubt that the bodies are those of El Moro and the Duke of Urbini, so that the German speculations on the subject are wrong, and the general belief, founded on tradition, is correct. Coincident with this confirmation is the discovery in an old palazzo at Florence of a statue, that of a fawn, which is unhesitatingly assigned by the most competent critics to Michael Angelo. It is rather remarkable that immediately after the "Life of Leonardo da Vinci" was published last year the long missing skull of the painter of La Jocunde was found.

MR. MARKHAM.

Mr. Clement Markham is an industrious writer on out of the way subjects other than the Arctic regions, and the history, past, present and prospective of discovery and enterprise in those ungenial climes. His latest work is a queer specimen of catechism as regards its subject, while its style is an attractive combination of learning and gossip of the grave actualities of history and the fancies of romance. It is a "Memoir of Lady Ana de Osorio, Countess of Chinchon and Vice Queen of Peru," and it magnifies the chinchona tree (whose bark is the raw material of quinine, and whose successful culture in India is chiefly due to Mr. Clement Markham) with much earnestness. It appears that the Countess of Chinchon was a remarkable and interesting personage, and the first important individual who was cured of tertian fever (in 1638) by the use of Peruvian bark, which she subsequently introduced into Spain. Mr. Markham's book is a pleasant and skilful *broderie* upon the supposed subject, and such readers as do not care for the story of the life of the beautiful Dona Ana will find pleasant reading in his description of Chincon, in Catalonia, and his account of his journey thither.

TRAVELS IN ASIA.

A travel book of a different kind is Mr. Thompson's "Malacca, China and Indo-China." Though this work goes over very much the same ground as that narrated by Mrs. (Longworth) Yelverton in her really amusing book, which she called by the silly and affected name of "Teresina Peregrine," it is quite new, because the journey was undertaken and recorded in a very different spirit. Mr. Thompson's great work on China is one of the most valuable and beautiful books ever published, but much too voluminous and expensive ever to enter into the category of general literature, or even to be relegated to that which is enlarging its boundaries day by day—of the books which no gentleman's library ought to be without—and the present volume is a very useful and acceptable corollary to it, which, while it treats of subjects not alluded to in the larger work, the mysterious political and social systems of the kingdom of Siam are rendered more easily intelligible to the Western intellect by Mr. Thompson than by any writer within our knowledge who has attempted to elucidate them in a popular form. The physical features of the countries described are made very vivid, and the chapters on the court and the administrations throw a light upon the intricacies and the importance of the late quarrel and reconciliation of the two kings which we should certainly have lacked without them. Of Indo-China Mr. Thompson gives us a more cheerful and attractive idea than we had hitherto gained from any writer, probably because his purpose in visiting the remote region was that of the general traveller, and the previous books written on the same subject have been mostly written by specialists.

ITALY.

Among the sound, sober and yet readable books is "The Pilgrimage of the Tiber," by Mr. William Davies. Its title sufficiently describes its purpose, which is most admirably fulfilled. The traveller in Italy who would truly, thoroughly and profitably enjoy his visit to the Eternal City ought to reckon among necessaries of life for the occasion Mr. Augustus Harr's "Walks in Rome" and "Days Near Rome" and this delightful "Pilgrimage." In the course of last year very general attention was excited by a series of papers which were contributed to *Macmillan's Magazine* under the title of "Sketches of Spanish Life and Character." Their spirit, novelty, sympathetic tone and the little known regions of the Iberian Peninsula, in which the scenes of these sketches were selected, set them apart from all preceding works of a similar kind. These sketches have been published in book form, with the addition of several chapters descriptive of mines and miners in the Spanish "black country," Linares and Andalutia generally. They are written by the Rev. Hugh Rose, who lives at Linares, in the somewhat dreary capacity of chaplain to the German and English mining companies there. Mr. Rose is a conscientious clergyman, a rare sportsman, an ardent traveller, and a man evidently endowed with much power of observation and analysis, a picturesque fancy, strong taste for the romantic and uncommon aspects of life, and the invaluable gift of ready and vivid sympathies, and the practical result of the combination of these qualities is a book which is as surprising in its matter as it is captivating by its manner. The facile generalizations in which other writers are content to sink the individualities of Spanish character do not content Mr. Rose, who has studied it under exceptional circumstances and in districts far removed from the path of the ordinary tourist, where life is rude indeed and its conditions are onerous, but where one sees the native character in all its peculiarities, totally unaffected by contact with the coast people or the mountaineers. The book is a very curious one, and much more attractive than any volumes on Spain with which we are acquainted. Its active, vital sympathy and spontaneous appreciation contrast strongly with the *dilettante* criticism and languid estrangement of spirit from the people, and their thoughts, aims, needs and purposes which marred the beauty and satisfactoriness of Mr. Harr's exceedingly clever "Wanderings in Spain," while the classes of people and the species of industry of which Mr. Rose treats are entirely out of the way of the general traveller. His descriptions of the scenery of Spain are very beautiful, and he gives a most vivid and life-like representation of the *forras*, or fairs, which are among the chief national features, and which present curious local differences amid their general resemblance.

SPRING NOVELS.

A number of novels have been published for the Easter holidays season and many more are announced. With the exception of "The Law and the Lady," by Mr. Wilkie Collins, there is no work of great importance among them. Mrs. Oliphant's "Valentine and His Brother" is reprinted from *Blackwood's Magazine*, and is by no means one of the author's most remarkable works. It is not clever; it is not natural. The style lacks the straightforward simplicity which distinguished that of the long line of works by which Mrs. Oliphant's fame as a writer of fiction was established; above all, it is not interesting. No one cares what becomes of the lawful heir or his gypsy mother, and the noble grandparents are aristocratic bores of the dryest type. Mrs. Oliphant is writing a novel called "White Ladies" (a title, by the way, rather too well worn, this is the third time it has been used within our knowledge), which is appearing side by side with one by Jean Ingelow, in *Good Words*. It is an improvement on "Valentine and His Brother," and it bears contrast and comparison with "Fated to be Free," but badly. So far as it has as yet gone Miss Ingelow's second book is much superior in vitality of interest and skill in construction to her first. A few of the personages of "Off the Skelligs" reappear in her present work. The lady who calls herself on the title pages of her novels Mrs. Forrester, and who has written some fairly clever if ephemeral books, "Fair Women" and "From Olympus to Hades" being among the number, has just written a much better novel than either of these. It is called "Dolores," and is very good of its kind, which is the moral. At first, when one finds the pretty, secluded young girl, whose picturesque abode and lovely self are discovered by the young artist, who paints her picture, wins her heart and goes off to Paris after a cool farewell of her, and when the innocent young lady follows the artist to Paris, we think we have read something very like that before, and that Mrs. Forester has stepped into "Ouida's" pair of wooden shoes, or rather into an imitation of them in prunella. But the imitation is only at the beginning of the story; afterward the incidents are as original as those of most works which deal with "fine" people and modern phases of sentiment, and as the book is fairly well written and the heroine attains the height of earthly felicity (in a novel) by marrying a wealthy young nobleman, there is nothing to be desired, and the popularity of "Dolores" may safely be predicted.

There has been a good deal of discussion since the death of the lamented Count de Jarnac respecting his achievements in the way of fiction and drama and a very creditable list has at length been put together; but in none of the journals which have discussed the matter has the most amusing and noteworthy of his productions been mentioned. This is a novel called "Dark and Fair," written under the assumed name and in the assumed character of Sir Charles Rockingham, which he adopted from his own first novel, "Rockingham." The story is slight and whimsical, and it is put together in a way which we would now call old fashioned, but the book is delightfully droll, and the life likewise of the people introduced is extraordinary. A more laughter-provoking story it would be impossible to name. Miss Eliza Pollard, whose first novel, "Hope Deferred," was very well received a couple of years ago, and was really a very able exposition of the French system of the *mariage de convenance*, is the author of a romantic and well contrived story, called "The Lady Superior." The scene of this novel is not exclusively laid in France, and a greater number of persons, with more complicated interests, play their parts in it. It is a very good novel, more interesting than the first, and better constructed. With the exception of Mr. Thomas Adolphus Trollope—who is a melancholy instance of the danger of celebrated kinship, for he is a hopelessly unsuccessful novelist, and would probably never have exposed himself to failure if he had not been Anthony Trollope's brother—no English novelist has indulged us of late with scenes of native Italian life and character. His "La Beata," "Marietta," and so forth, did not attract any notice beyond a passing wonder that any one could possibly expect them to do so, and the general disinclination to foreign themes and scenes in English fiction was by no means softened by these failures. We were all quite content to accept Edmond About's *chef d'œuvre*, "Tolla," as the most perfect and only requisite exponent of modern Italian life, manners and ideas, and to admire the admirable skill with which the French novelist inducted, in a way as striking to English as to French readers, the difference between Italian and French social customs and domestic life. An English novelist has taken up a similar task and performed it to admiration. The "Italians," by Mrs. Elliot, the accomplished wife of the Dean of Bristol, is a perfect picture of the social *status quo* in Italy, conveyed in a fiction of much interest, striking originality and very conspicuous power of construction and dramatic effect. The character of the Marchesa Guinigo, with the Mlle. de Saint Melau of Eugène Luis Mathilde, or Lady Kew in the "Newcombs," is a perfect type of nationality applied to individuality. The local color throughout the book is admirable, and the interest of the story is made to culminate very skilfully. Miss Thackaray's serial story in *Cornhill*, "Miss Angel," is a signal failure. She introduces Dr. Johnson and makes him use the word "reliable." If she has no respect for a dead lion, the great lexicographer, who has proved him like a living one, if he could have conceived his being suspected of such a blunder, she might be deterred by the recollection of the recent strictures on the point in the *Saturday Review*.

POETICAL AND LEGENDARY RESEMBLANCES.

Mr. Matthew Lewtas sends to the London *Athenæum* an old Portuguese poem, as "a strange and not uncommon proof of the cosmopolitan and ubiquitous nature of ballads," and though "strange and not uncommon" is a curious condition—like the expression, "very opportune and quite ill-timed," we once heard—the resemblance to an English song he points out is suggestive. In the Portuguese young Dom Doardos and the Infanta are slain by the King, her father, and the ballad says:—

> So they slew young Dom Doardos
> At the moonlight's evening's close,
> And the Infanta's head lay lowly
> Ere the morning's sun arose.
> One was buried in the chapel,
> The other near the portal fire.
> An olive tree grew from her body,
> And from his a royal pine.
> Thrives the one and thrives the other,
> And entwined their branches grow.

Mr. Lewtas refers to the resemblance to this of the English ballad of "Lord Lovell," in which occur the verses:—

> Lady Nancy was laid in the cold churchyard,
> And Lord Lovell was laid in the choir,
> And out of her bosom there grew a red rose,
> And out of her lover's a briar.
>
> They grew and they grew to the tall steeple's top
> Until they could grow no higher,
> And twisted themselves in a true lover's knot
> For all true lovers to admire.

We may add to this another corresponding passage in English verse. It is the concluding stanza of Wordsworth's "Laodamia," which is founded on a Greek legend:—

> Upon the side
> Of Hellespont (such faith was entertained)
> A knot of spiny trees for ages grew
> From out the tomb of him for whom she died;
> And ever when such stature they had gained
> That Ilium's walls were subject to their view,
> The trees' tall summits withered at the sight;
> A constant interchange of growth and blight.

The leading idea is the same in each of these instances, and the fundamental moral of all such legends, or the one legend in its various forms, is finely expressed in the verses which precede the quotations above:—

> Yet tears to human suffering are due,
> And mortal hopes defeated and o'erthrown
> Are mourned by man, and not by man alone,
> As fondly he believes.

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT.

Four thousand years ago the Babylonians possessed libraries, though most of their books were written on clay instead of on paper. Specimens of the Assyrian books, being oblong pieces of clay, stamped on both sides with a metal stylus and then hardened in the fire, are extant in the British Museum.

A new *Revue Historique*, to appear quarterly, containing original documents and correspondence from all countries, will be started in Paris by Gabriel Monod, January 1, 1876.

Nearly every Englishman who does anything in literature seems to think it his duty to write a book on the English constitution. The latest is by a barrister named Langmead.

Harper's well known "Handbook for Travellers in Europe" will soon reappear, the first of the three volumes being wholly rewritten.

The late Lady Duff Gordon's "Last Letters from Egypt," and it is a pity they are the last, will soon appear from Macmillan's press, with a fine portrait of that remarkable woman.

The admirers of "Pepys' Diary" will welcome the forthcoming edition, which will be the first complete one from the original manuscript, containing at least one-fourth new matter.

Mr. H. H. Furness, of Philadelphia, has nearly ready his Variorum edition of Shakespeare's "Hamlet."

Mr. Justice Strong, of the United States Supreme Bench, has a book in press on the relations of the civil law to ecclesiastical polity and property.

The London *Hornet*, established in 1866 and bought in 1872 by Mr. Stephen Fiske, an American, has been again sold for the small sum of £200.

Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet on Vaticanism has really added a new word to the English language.

The passion for odd titles in books is shown in Mr. Charles Hamilton's "Oriental Zigzag: Being Wanderings in Syria, Moab, Abyssinia and Egypt."

The *Church Times* prints a new first chapter of Genesis, of which the following are specimen verses:—

Primarily the Unknowable moved upon Kosmos and evolved protoplasm.

And protoplasm was inorganic and undifferentiated, containing all things in potential energy; and a spirit of evolution moved upon the fluid mass.

And animalculæ begat ephemera; then began creeping things to multiply on the face of the earth.

Now these are the generations of the higher vertebrata, in the Kosmic period, that the Unknowable evoluted the bipedal mammalia.

And the platyrhine begat the catarrhine, and the catarrhine monkey begat the anthropoid ape, and the ape begat the long cimanous orang, and the orang begat the chimpanzee, and the chimpanzee evoluted the bimana what-is-it.

The *Scottish Figaro*, a monthly humorous periodical, is to be started in Edinburgh to confute the ancient joke about Scotch heads and surgical operations.

Henry Holt & Co. are about to publish a new edition of Gautier's "Winter in Russia." This firm will soon bring out a new edition of Auerbach's "On the Heights," translated by Simon A. Stern.

THE BROOKLYN TRIAL.

Waiting for the Curtain to Rise on the Last Act.

Probable Course of the Prosecution This Week.

ADVICE FROM THE BOWEN FAMILY.

To-day opens the eighteenth week of the Tilton-Beecher trial, and it will be the eighty-first day actually occupied by the proceedings. So far the time expended amounts to 320 hours, and we have only seen the end of the second act in this legal drama. In keeping the chronology of this most wonderful and exhausting trial we are constantly reminded of the theatrical posters and advertisements so familiar in these days of long runs. Not only has the trial had a "run" of eighty days, but it has occupied seventeen weeks, and to-day it begins its fifth month. The "hits" have been numerous, and the range of character displayed by the leading personages has been diversified and unique.

Like most dramatic pieces, the third act in the trial is looked forward to as the most interesting part of the performance. The rebuttal testimony to be offered by the plaintiff's counsel is expected to be not only important in its legal bearing on the question at issue, but it will probably throw a new and stronger light upon the charges made by Tilton against Beecher. It has been believed all along that the prosecution reserved some of its heaviest guns for this part of the proceedings, and if we may judge from the utterances and actions of the counsel this view of the case will be confirmed during the present week. It may be mentioned just now that the real reason—as is understood—for the sudden close of the case on the part of the plaintiff was because it had been discovered that the defendant had decided to go on the witness stand and deny everything alleged against him. This discovery was made about the time Mrs. Moulton testified; for it may be remembered that Mr. Beecher declared her evidence false, despite the efforts of his friends to keep him quiet. Finding that the *rôle* of the defendant was to be that of a general and positive denial the counsel for the plaintiff quietly shut up their magazine and allowed the other side to open fire. Well, the defendant has denied, and denied, until his evidence grew somewhat monotonous. He denied leading points and insignificant points on his direct examination, and when in the hands of the hard-hearted Fullerton either repeated his denials or somehow forgot all about the matter under inquiry. He even could not remember passages in "Norwood," and it was quite evident that hay fever was at the bottom of the whole mischief. It was a merry dance while it lasted, for the defendant seemed to enjoy his opportunity for denying everything, and only began to be afraid of his cross-examiner when he found that he was going beneath the surface in a most surprising and pertinacious manner.

THE PROBABLE RESULT

of this procedure will be the introduction of evidence that will—so it is claimed—upset a few of the pleasant pictures drawn by the defendant and utterly contradict many of his statements and explanations. Having got Mr. Beecher down on the record as denying certain alleged facts Tilton's counsel will endeavor to fix upon him the stigma of false evidence. They have obtained his version of the scene witnessed by Mr. Richards, Mrs. Tilton's brother, and will compel the latter to tell what he saw in clearer language than he did before. We are told that his evidence will be overwhelming. Then Mrs. Moulton and her husband will reappear, and either reaffirm their statements or give additional testimony. But what interests the public most is whether Henry C. Bowen will be summoned; for it is admitted on every side that his evidence would, no doubt, establish one fact that otherwise will never be solved. If Mr. Bowen is to be believed he stands ready to tell the truth, and says that what he has to say will not be satisfactory to either party. So much the more reason why he should be called upon to speak. The question of perjury is just now occupying more attention than the evidence; for it cannot be concealed that there has been some terrible lying somewhere in this case. If Mr. Bowen can reveal where it exists he will be the most important witness in the trial; and, as it is understood that he can do this, it is absolutely necessary that he should be called, no matter what other harm he may do the side not guilty of perjury. This crime has been committed, and it is to be hoped that the guilty ones will be revealed and properly punished. The original cause or motive for the trial is almost lost sight of in the presence of the shocking perjury that has been committed. That the prosecution intend to call Mr. Bowen seems probable, and when he does appear renewed interest will undoubtedly be manifested in the proceedings.

DURATION OF THE TRIAL.

Judging from the past we may expect to see the case of Tilton against Beecher closed by the middle of June, just about the time the hay fever begins to be most troublesome to the defendant. The rebuttal and semi-rebuttal evidence to be submitted will probably occupy all of this and the greater part of next week. Then we shall have Mr. Evarts' speech, which will no doubt exhaust another week, and then Judge Porter will take up another. Both of these addresses will be masterly efforts and greatly add to the celebrity and importance of the trial. The defence having finally closed their side of the case, Mr. Beach will next rise and address the jury. Though he announces that his address will not occupy many days in its delivery, there is very little doubt that another week will have to be given up to him. Mr. Beach's speech, in summing up for the plaintiff, will be a terrible ordeal for the defendant, for it is quite evident that the leading counsel for Tilton will be fierce in his denunciations and bitter in his invectives. All along Mr. Beach has betrayed this in his language whenever debate arose on disputed points of law or evidence. His arraignment of the defendant will be somewhat fearful to hear and terrible to read, and coming as it will just before the charge of Judge Neilson, must have great effect on the patient jury. The Judge's charge is expected to cover three days at least, and then, when the trial has lasted some 110 days, the jury will retire and deliberate on how to agree or disagree, as the case may be. That they ought to render a verdict, and so forever settle the issue, there can be no question. Yet it is to be feared that after all the talk and trouble had in this case the question as to the guilt or innocence of Henry Ward Beecher will remain a legal conundrum, not to be answered by an appeal to a jury.

A BOWEN SPEAKS.

WHAT HENRY C. BOWEN'S SON THINKS OF TILTON AND BEECHER—WILL THE FATHER TESTIFY?

CHICAGO, April 28, 1875.

Mr. Clarence A. Bowen, son of Henry C. Bowen, one of the founders of Plymouth church, is stopping at the Palmer House, and your correspondent interviewed him this evening about the Brooklyn scandal. He was courteous and frank in his manner, but spoke with much deliberation. He said that the truth ought to come out. The time for concealment had passed. No one would be able to hide the facts very long, and in the end the guilty persons would be overwhelmed. He knew that his father had been slandered most unjustly and cruelly, and time would vindicate his course in the Beecher matter. The family felt the slanderous attacks keenly when they were first made, but now they cared little for them.

CORRESPONDENT—Mr. Bowen, are you willing to give your opinion of Mr. Beecher's guilt from what you know personally and otherwise?

Mr. BOWEN—A few months ago I would have said nothing, but now I will give the facts as far as I can.

CORRESPONDENT—You have an idea of the truth of the statement, made by Mr. Tilton, that your father first charged Mr. Beecher with adultery; that he knew of his guilt in more than one instance before Mrs. Tilton's name was mentioned?

Mr. BOWEN—If my father said so his family were ignorant of it. I think that I would have known it had there been any such charges made, or even hinted by my father.

CORRESPONDENT—In your own mind, Mr. Bowen, from what you knew of Mr. Beecher personally and by report, did you suspect him guilty of improper conduct with Mrs. Tilton?

Mr. BOWEN—No.

CORRESPONDENT—Did you ever hear it hinted, in your family or elsewhere, that Mr. Beecher was inclined to make free with women in or out of his congregation; in a word, did you imagine that he leaned in an unlawful way toward any of his lady admirers?

Mr. BOWEN—No, sir. I heard nothing of the kind until the charges were made public.

CORRESPONDENT—From what your father has said do you think that he believes Mr. Beecher guilty?

Mr. BOWEN—I have never heard my father say a word against Mr. Beecher, before the trial nor since. If he has said anything against him I know nothing of it. I do know that it is not like him to do so.

CORRESPONDENT—Mr. Bowen, every one has his private opinion of another. A person may have no real proof of a man's vices, and yet he may have an intuitive perception that he is wicked at heart. For instance:—A talented lady, in Boston, said a few weeks ago, "I don't want anybody to testify as to Henry Ward Beecher's guilt. I can read him like a book. The lines on his face, his lips, his eyes and his whole body and temperament say that he is a man of passion and sensuality. He is a sensualist from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet, and it is perfectly natural for him to gratify his luxurious appetites."

Mr. BOWEN (laughing)—She was certainly frank.

CORRESPONDENT—Now you understand what I mean. How do you read the man?

Mr. BOWEN—From what I know of Mr. Beecher I have always considered him a pure man until the trial; but in saying this I do not mean to imply that I think he is guilty of adultery.

CORRESPONDENT—Now, Mr. Bowen, you have your own opinion, and you know the sentiments of your family. Do you think that Mr. Beecher is justly accused by Mr. Tilton?

Mr. BOWEN—I do not know.

CORRESPONDENT—What do you think of him, anyway?

Mr. BOWEN—I consider Mr. Beecher a bad man; but whether he is guilty or innocent of adultery I cannot say—I don't know.

CORRESPONDENT—Are you acquainted with Frank Moulton or Mrs. Tilton; have you anything to say about them?

Mr. BOWEN—No.

CORRESPONDENT—What do you think of Bessie Turner and the account she gave of Tilton's household?

Mr. BOWEN—I paid no attention to her; I know nothing of her. Those things troubled us very little. We are not half so much disturbed as the public seem to imagine.

CORRESPONDENT—Well, you know Mr. Tilton. What do you think of him?

Mr. BOWEN—I consider him a perjurer and an adulterer.

CORRESPONDENT—Will your father be called to the stand?

Mr. BOWEN—He is willing to tell all that he knows about it. But they are afraid of him. They dare not call on him for the truth.

CORRESPONDENT—It is said that the prosecution will use him in rebutting.

Mr. BOWEN (laughing)—Oh, that is an old story. I don't believe they will. He will give a clear and truthful statement of what he knows, and that is probably what they are afraid of.

GLENDENNING'S REVOLT.

HE TAKES POSSESSION OF THE PULPIT—WHOLESALE SECESSION OF THE TRUSTEES—CHARGES OF HERESY.

The curiosity seekers who helped to fill the seats in the Prospect Avenue Church, Jersey City, yesterday, were disappointed in one respect. A state of siege was maintained, although the precaution of placing a policeman from the Third precinct at the door of the church was unnecessary. Mr. Glendenning boldly ascended the pulpit and conducted the exercises as coolly and earnestly as if some of the stirring events of the past year in the neighborhood of that church were only dreams. He had many hearers, but as far as the trustees and elders of the church were concerned he spoke to empty benches. Elder Howell was not there, neither was Elder Dunn. The latter sailed for Europe on Saturday in company with another member of the church, Mr. Brown. Mr. Howell, learning that the deposed pastor would persist in occupying the pulpit in open defiance to the Presbytery, resolved to stay away. So did another venerable pioneer of the Presbyterian Church, Mr. John Gordon. So did the organist, Mr. Hellerman. So did Mr. Jewell. The only prominent members of the church present were Messrs. Hallowell and Dean. An outbreak had been anticipated, and many stayed away rather than become spectators of such a scene. But there was no attempt at violence. One of the young ladies of the choir occupied the seat so long filled by poor Mary Pomeroy, but the music furnished a painful contrast to that of the previous Sunday. There was no spirit, no enthusiasm.

Mr. Glendenning preached from the First Epistle of Paul to the Corinthians, seventh chapter and twenty-fourth verse—"Brethren, let every man, wherein he is called, therein abide with God." The great feature of his discourse was its abundance of rhetoric. He laid down the proposition that in every station of life wherein man is placed he should pursue his calling without repining and without fruitless aspirations after some other calling which in the eyes of the world is esteemed great. Greatness does not consist of fine surroundings. A man should pursue his calling, and in doing so remember that he is to abide with God, despite difficulties of every kind and even persecution.

The speaker was very fluent, and scorned the aid of notes during the sermon. No reference whatever was made to the troubles of the church. The pulpit was flanked by large bouquets of choice flowers. A HERALD reporter called at the residence of Mr. Howell, who seemed to feel keenly the new turn events have taken. He said he could not attend the church while Mr. Glendenning occupied the pulpit, for his presence would be an indorsement of this flagrant defiance of the authority of the Church. He had been entrapped the previous Sabbath into attending, but that could not be repeated. If Mr. Glendenning desires to remain in the pulpit he cannot do so within the Church just now, unless by open rebellion. If he sets up a pulpit elsewhere nobody had a right to object. The Church felt his loss keenly, as he was both talented and popular, but they could not reinstate him till the judgment of the Presbytery should be reversed. "In any case," continued Mr. Howell, "I don't think we could reinstate him, for some of his doctrinal opinions lately uttered are very unsound. This is a serious matter and must be met. For instance, he doubts the doctrine of eternal punishment and inclines to the Roman Catholic doctrine of purgatory or a middle state in the next world. Who ever heard before of a Presbyterian questioning the doctrine of eternal punishment?" From the drift of Mr. Howell's remark it is clear that a dissolution of the church is inevitable unless the governing power of the church is exercised speedily and firmly, not only against Mr. Glendenning but the laymen who encourage and sustain him in his defiance of the constituted authority of the Presbyterian denomination.

A BULLET IN THE BRAIN.

LEFT ON THE BATTLE FIELD TO DIE.

[From the Bridgeton (N. J.) Daily, May 1.]

The Landis-Carruth shooting affair has been the means of bringing to light a few remarkable cases of shooting and miraculous recovery of persons whose brains have been perforated by pistol or rifle balls.

William V. Robinson is aged thirty-three years and is a bottler by profession. In 1861 Mr. Robinson enlisted in Company K (Captain Timothy Moore, of Camden), Sixth regiment, New Jersey Volunteers, which regiment was attached to Hooker's division of the Third Army corps. He participated in every battle fought by the Army of the Potomac, except Antietam and Burnside's mud campaign against Fredericksburg, and was in over thirty general engagements, beside a number of minor ones, and was three times badly wounded. Robinson received his first wound at the battle of Williamsburg, being severely wounded, and it was supposed for a long time fatally wounded in the thigh. His second wound was received in the battle known as the second Bull Run. The third wound—in the muscles of the left arm—was received during General Grant's succession of battles before Petersburg.

The second wound was received on August 29, 1862. The Sixth regiment, to which Robinson was attached, was supporting the Fifth regiment, New Jersey Volunteers, which had deployed as skirmishers and was charging on the enemy. Of the shooting Robinson recollects that a sharp pain darted through his ear and into his head, and then he remembered nothing more. He was left for dead, and remained on the battle field at least an hour, but was finally removed and taken to the division hospital, suffering untold agony from a musket ball wound. The ball, either a minie or a musket ball, entered the left ear, cutting off the pendulous lobe and taking an upward course through the brain and lodged near the upper part of the occipital bone. The wound bled profusely, and semi-consciousness returned to him. Dr. Wiley, now of Cape May, who was the division hospital surgeon at the time, probed for the ball, but was unable to reach it. Robinson convalesced rapidly, and in a short time was able to bear transportation to the United States general hospital, at Chester, Pa., where the wound was again probed in vain for the ball. In three months time Robinson was returned to his regiment and performed faithful service with it, for which he was promoted to a sergeantcy, and remained with it until the close of the war. In a conversation with our representative Robinson informed him that he was unable to work in the sun, and when he attempts to his head becomes almost immediately muddled and spins round like a top, while sharp pains dart from his left eye to the seat of the bullet. "But how do you know the bullet is in your brain?" remarked the interviewer. "Because I feel it," was the reply. Although shot directly through the ear his hearing is unimpaired and is as acute and sensitive to sound as any one's ear. His intellect and memory are good and but "rarely is he troubled about the head."