THE BOOK WORLD.

A Batch of Grave and Gay Publications.

STE. BEUVE'S ENGLISH PORTRAITS.

"Elsie"—"Safely Married"—"The Romance of an Honest Woman."

"POINT LACE AND DIAMONDS."

Henry Holt & Co., have just published a volume of "English Portraits," selected and translated from Sainte-Beuve's "Causeries du Lundi." The volume is introduced with a chapter on Sainte-Beuve's life and writings, which the reader cannot afford to skip. It serves to whet the appetite for the essays which follow. The author of this introductory chapter, while he has a keen appreciation of the brilliant Frenchman, does not hesitate to criticise where criticism is called for. Sainte-Beuve "lived like a hermit and worked like a horse." His "causeries," which read as though they flowed inspired from his pen, were labored over as newspaper articles never were before. The "causeries" appeared every Monday morning in the *Constitutionnel*, conducted by Dr. Véron. Assisted by his secretary, Sainte-Beuve began every Monday morning to prepare the article for the following week. Having selected his subject, after much reflection he dictated a rough outline of the article, filling in blanks and making additions with his own hand. This first draft was then copied, revised and sometimes written over again. For twelve hours daily from Monday to Thursday he labored in his study, refusing to receive visitors or to be interrupted in any way, and taking no relaxation till the evening. By Friday the manuscript was ready for the printer, and on that day Sainte-Beuve went and read it to Dr. Véron, whose judgment he valued for a reason resembling that which induced Molière to respect the verdict of his old housekeeper. After profiting by Dr. Véron's suggestions or objections he had the article put in type. After the proof had been subjected to a revision as minute and searching as that which the manuscript had undergone it was pronounced ready for publication on Monday. For this exhausting labor the first man of letters of his day in Paris received an annual salary of about $3,200.

Sainte-Beuve ranks much higher as a critic than as a poet or novelist. He was a born critic, and made criticism a fine art. It was no pleasure to him to puncture an author with his caustic pen and leave him crippled on the field. He was never moved by personal likes or dislikes; but he carefully weighed his words, and stated his conclusions without passion or prejudice. "His goal was truth, and his guide to it was sympathy." In his own words:—"The critic is but a man who knows how to read, and who teaches others to read. Criticism, as I understand and as I should like to practise it, is an invention, a perpetual creation." The English portraits in this volume are of Mary Queen of Scots, Lord Chesterfield, Benjamin Franklin, Edward Gibbon, William Cowper, H. Taine, and a short sketch on Pope as a poet, which is among the best drawn in the book. We can scarcely appreciate the author's idea in classing Scotland's Mary, our own Franklin and that unmistakable Frenchman, H. Taine, among his English portraits. However, we are not disposed to quarrel with an arrangement which is so greatly to our advantage. Perhaps the best essay in the book is the one on Cowper. Sainte-Beuve has painted the author of the "Task" in warmer and more attractive colors than we have been used to contemplating him. Not long before his death, Sainte-Beuve told a friend:—"The perusal of Cowper's works is one of the sweetest yet bitterest memories of my life; at the time I was affected with a sort of moral malady somewhat resembling his, and this caused me to take a dangerous pleasure in studying the poets of his school." This accounts for the gentleness with which he has dealt with the poet whose weaknesses have been made repulsive in less kindly hands. The portrait of Franklin is drawn with a vigorous and sympathetic touch. The brilliant Frenchman entertained a profound admiration for our simple-hearted philosopher, though he was often shocked by certain practical qualities that robbed him of anything akin to sentiment. Sainte-Beuve's perfect mastery of the English language gave him the advantage of his countrymen in the study of English literature. No young writer, or old writer either for that matter, can afford to neglect this book. Although Sainte-Beuve was an earnest scholar and profound thinker, it is not so much what he says as the way he says it that gives his writings their charm.

"ELSIE, A LOWLAND SKETCH."

"There is the same quiet fascination about all Macmillan's popular novels," said Maritana, when she returned "Elsie, a Lowland Sketch," to our book shelves. The last few have been tales of Scottish life among the peasantry. The story of "Elsie" is the story of hundreds of heroines, but it is told so prettily and so freshly that it has all the attractions of something entirely new. Elsie was the only daughter of John Eliot, the miller, and Mary, his wife. John was "an elder of the kirk and fair respectat in a' the country side"—which is equivalent to saying that he was a man with a mind as narrow as a knife blade. His wife, on the other hand, was more liberal, and, consequently, more lovable. When Elsie was a child of some twelve years a young gentleman, Herbert Yates by name, met with an accident and was laid up at the miller's house for a fortnight. Elsie acted as his nurse, and acquitted herself with credit. Herbert was the first gentleman she had ever seen, and when he went away she treasured his image in her heart and worshipped his memory. In six years' time he returned to the little Scotch village, being a visitor at the house of the laird. He met Elsie again and was completely captivated by her beauty and winning ways. She was above her station in instinctive refinement, but her beauty was not that of a blooded lady. She was large and healthy looking, and her hands were not small, though they were white and shapely. Her heart was as large and white as her hands and she was as honest as the sun. Herbert was very handsome also, but of a more conventional type, and his hands were smaller than hers. Elsie used to go out fishing with him to show him the good places. While angling for fish he caught Elsie's heart, using as bait his seductive eyes and an imagined love for her. Perhaps he did love her, but all the love of which he was capable would not have sunk a line. Elsie was a simple country girl, and the word of a gentleman was to her little short of Gospel. At last Herbert declared his passion and proposed to marry her. In the meantime her mother had been away and her father had told her that she was a backslider and could never be one of the elect. This worried the poor child exceedingly, but she made up her mind that if what her father said was true, and she never doubted his word, that there was no use in changing her course then. Herbert was good and kind to her while her father was cross. Oh, if the mother had only been home.

Elsie consented to Herbert's proposition, and in a week from that time it was arranged that they should go off and get quietly married, then they would be forgiven and everthing would go on smoothly and pleasantly. Herbert went down to London to arrange his plans, feeling very much pleased with himself to think that he was going to do so virtuous a thing as marry the girl. While in town he told a friend of what he was about to do, and the fellow laughed at him for his simplicity. The very idea of tying one's self down to a girl like that—it was ridiculous. His mother had a young lady in her eye for him to marry. He, however, turned his back upon temptation and hastened up to Scotland, met Elsie and took her away in his dogcart. It would take too long to get married by a clergyman, for in that case their banns would have to be read, so he concluded that as saying before witnesses that you took a woman to be your wife was legal marriage in Scotland, he would adopt that simple ceremony. It was his intention to have performed this act in Auchenreoch, but the hotel was filled with people attending the fair, so they passed on to Geddesbaugh. Later on, looking over his guide book, Herbert saw that Geddesbaugh was on the English side of the border, therefore their marriage was no marriage. At first he thought of driving back and doing it all over in another town, but he hesitated, from weakness, and then decided not to from wickedness.

Here Maritana ground her teeth with rage, and with a dark brown disfiguring her usually placid brow, she said, "Herbert Yates is the most exasperating character I have met in fiction or out of it in a long time. He was so thoroughly weak and so contemptibly selfish, yet he made himself think that he was quite an honorable fellow. He was not only a fast man, but the most repulsive kind of bad man, a Don Juan and water. For three years he let Elsie think that she was married to him, and then by an accident he let slip the truth. She did not say a word, but took her hat and shawl and left him. He found her once behind a counter, and begged her to go with him. She made no reply, but gave him such a look that he was glad to flee from her sorrowful eyes. After six years she returned to her home, and found the door unlocked and a bowl of bread and milk waiting for her on the table, where her mother had put it every night since she left. A letter she wrote to her mother and which she gave her husband to post he had destroyed, so her parents had no idea what had become of her. Gladly the mother took her in, but the father was a little stiff-necked; he had gone through the formality of a curse on the day of her elopement, and it was hardly the thing to forgive without a struggle. At last he blessed her, and they were all happy together, with the exception of John Appleck, a peasant lad, who loved the pretty Elsie from her childhood, but to the last she said, "John, I am sorry I canna. Do not ask me."

"SAFELY MARRIED."

Almivava read "Safely Married" (Harper Bros.) through, and laid it down with a sigh of relief. "I do not know what that book was written for," said she, "unless it was to show how great a knave a fool may be. The only natural character in the book is Aunt Hammond, who writes the story. She does just as you would have her, but the others are thoroughly stagy. Aunt Hammond is a dear old soul, but she often gets confused in her sentences. Her words seem to get plaited together in the most mysterious manner. I have often read a paragraph over three or four times without having any idea what it means. The story is of a vain, silly girl, Elfie, the heroine; a good young man, Allan Braitwait, her husband and cousin, and Edgar Ramsey, the villain, also her cousin; Angela, Allan's ward, is simply a walking lady. Elfie marries her cousin, Allan, because he is rich, but she has always had a strange drawing toward Ramsey, the bad in his composition found an answering chord in hers. All she lived for was flattery and to be amused. Ramsey both flattered and amused her; Allan only loved her. There are some remarkable scenes in the book. Elfie goes out horseback riding with Sir Granton Breakspear, a broken down old rake, against the positive commands of her husband. She is mad at Sir Granton for coaxing her out, though she wanted to go for the sake of riding his horse Elfin King. But she made him ride her horse, which was unused to men and would throw him, she hoped. She dared him to leap an impossible fence; he rode at it and was hurled to the ground. Then seeing her chance she whipped up her own horse and made him give a sudden movement with his fore feet, which knocked the last spark of life out of Sir Granton Breakspear. Her husband rode up at this juncture and carried her home, where she lay for two nights and a day in a profound sleep, which he took advantage of by packing up his portmanteau and leaving for foreign parts. While away he became a raving lunatic, and well he might, and was locked up in a mad house. When Elfie recovered from her sleep she was a changed woman, and began to make amends for her wicked life by distributing tracts and medicine among the poor. That is the way English girls do—a French girl would have hidden herself in a nunnery. The news reaches England that Allan is dead—that the steamer he sailed in was wrecked. This being the case, Ramsey, being next of kin, is the heir. Elfie goes to live with Aunt Hammond, dressed in her widow's weeds. Ramsey visits her there and offers to marry her. She scorns his offer, and Aunt Hammond is so outraged by his effrontery that she flings her cane at him in the excitement of the moment. It hits him on the ankle, and he gracefully returns it to the irate old lady. The villain meets Elfie in the woods one day and trys to drag her to his carriage. She screams "Allan! husband! help!" and, as good luck would have it, Allan steps out from behind a convenient tree and fells Ramsey to the earth. The husband and wife are reconciled; but it is not until then that Elfie is safely married."

THE GREAT TONE POETS.

Miss Sotto Voce, who reads everything relating to music or musicians that she can lay her hands upon, has just finished Mr. F. Crowest's "Great Tone Poets" (scribner, Welford & Armstong), and pronounces it a most interesting volume. As the author says in his preface, the book was written for the general reader as well as the musician. The tone poets, whose brief biographies are here recorded are, Bach, Handel, Gluck, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Spohr, Weber, Rossini, Schubert, Mendelssohn and Schumann. "What can there be said that is new about those composers?" say you. Read Mr. Crowest's book and see. Miss Voce, whom we have always looked upon as a walking encyclopædia of musical knowledge says that she learned a great deal from the book, besides getting some good ideas from the author's comments and suggestions. Mr. Crowest does not hesitate to haul the English singing societies over the coals for not giving anything but the same oratorios year after year. He says it is nothing out of Handel's but the "Messiah," "Judas Maccabæus" and "Israel in Egypt." Because the public never tire of these the conductors keep on giving them. Why not try "Saul" once in a while? No one ever thinks of bringing out anything of Handel's but his oratorios, when there is his pastoral play of "Acis and Galatea, E Pollemo," "Rinaldo and Armida," "Otho" and other operas, which created a great sensation at the time of their first production. Handel was more liberal in his views than are some German musicians of the present day: "With the severe and strict style of composition which he acquired at the feet of Zackau and his other German masters, the youthful yet profound musician felt that to become universal he must combine the grace and loveliness which characterizes the Italian school." Gluck, Mozart, Mendelssohn and Schumann considered their study of the Italian school as of great importance, as it certainly is, particularly in the composition of operas.

Operas used to run for forty and fifty nights in the good old times. What an advantage to the public, as well as the mangers, if such a state of things could be brought about now. An opera with us no sooner gets to running smoothly than it is withdrawn to make room for something new. The time may come, and if certain rumors are as well founded as they appear to be, it is not far distant, when the support of music will not depend entirely upon the caprice of a fickle public. When that happy time arrives, we hope to hear Beethoven's "Fidelio," Gluck's "Orfeo," "Alceste" and "Iphigenia," Weber's "Abu Hassen" and "Euryanthe," Rossini's "Tancredi" and "Semiramide," and many other works of the great masters which are unknown to the modern stage.

Those persons who sneer at infant prodigies should read the lives of the great musicians if they want to be convinced of their folly. Nearly every one began to play as soon as he could reach the piano keys or lift a bow, and Mozart composed at four years of age. And that the greatest geniuses have to work as hard as day laborers is also proved by history. Handel wore the keys of his favorite harpsichord into the shape of the bowl of a spoon by his incessant practising upon them.

MUSICAL COMPOSERS.

Mrs. Sarah Tytler's "Musical Composers and Their Works" (Roberts Bros.) is somewhat similar to Mr. Crowest's book, though it covers more ground. Mrs. Tytler begins with Palestrina and ends with Wagner. Her book is more a history of music as contained in the lives of the musicians, and is valuable as a text book for the information it contains, besides being pleasantly written. The interest in music is becoming so universal in America that Mrs. Tytler's audience will unquestionably be a large one. She gives a great deal in a nutshell and of such importance that it is as necessary to the amateur as to the professional. The man or woman, boy or girl, who masters the contents of this book will have a fund of musical knowledge that will prove invaluable.

THE ROMANCE OF AN HONEST WOMAN.

It is a fortunate thing for the world that Victor Cherbuliez does not confine his brilliant pen altogether to the columns of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, of which paper he is the literary critic. After telling the public what a novel should be, he takes up his pen and gives them a practical example of his theories. "Josepa Nolrei's Revenge" made an immense sensation when it first appeared, and now comes "The Romance of an Honest Woman" (William F. Gill & Co.), which, if not quite as dramatic as the former, is quite equal to it in many other particulars. There are not more than half a dozen characters in the book, and the interest is centred in two. Isabel de Loanne is the heroine, the honest woman, and Max de Lestang the hero. Isabel tells her own story, from which we infer that, though an honest woman, she was as cold as a stone. Brought up entirely by her father, an old antiquary, who spent his days in making excavations and his nights in reading Greek poetry to his daughter. Such a course was not calculated to develope the heart of the girl, who was as beautiful and as chaste as one of her father's Greek vases. While living in the forests of Louveau the Baroness de Ferjeux came down from Paris to see if she could not enjoy a new sensation in country life. She is a fashionable, semi-heartless sort of a woman with some good points, though a great schemer, and she takes a fancy to Isabel at once. One day Mme. de Ferjeux tells her young friend that she has just sent to Paris for her nephew, the Marquis de Lestang, whom she describes as "a superb fellow, thirty-two years old, handsome as an Apollo, brave as Artagan, as subtle and discreet as Prince Charming, who owns a house in Paris and a castle in Dauphiny." This fascinating Lovelace has been seized with a gentle melancholy and determined to resign his liberty if his aunt will kindly find him a woman unlike any other he has met. Of course he wants a dragon of virtue; Lovelaces never marry any others. Mme. de Ferjeux finds all she wants in Isabel and sends for her nephew to come and conquer. Nothwithstanding that she is a French woman, Isabel does not like this summary disposition of her hand and heart. Well, the Marquis comes down, and, instead of paying court to the daughter, he devotes his time to the father; dusts his books and talks art with him by the hour. One day they are out horseback riding together and have a little talk on the subject of love. Isabel expresses admiration of a beautiful lily, growing high up among the rocks. In a minute the Marquis leaps an abyss, and at the risk of life and limb plucks the lily. Galloping back he presented it to the frightened girl, saying, "With this flower I offer you my life; will you have it?" She hesitates but a moment, and, though she has known him out a few days, returns a trembling "Yes." They are married, and soon the trouble begins. Isabel sees that her Marquis is getting tired of her, and instead of exerting herself to be attractive to him she withdraws into her shell of ice and lets him go. She is very unhappy, but she never gives an inch. An old flame—Mme. Marvici—appears upon the scene. The Marquis visits her and writes her letters, some of which Isabel sees. She now treats him not only with coldness, but stinging indifference, although she really loves him. A young noble, a devotee, comes across her path and falls madly in love with her. She listens to his passionate declarations, but gives him no encouragement. He behaves like a lovesick madman. It only wants a straw to turn the scale, and one day when the Marquis had been unusually cruel she determines to fly with the young devotee, but being an honest woman she does not. The Marquis goes to Paris and leaves his wife at the chateau. Suddenly he returns and acts as though he would like to make his peace with her. She laughs at his overtures and turns all he says into ridicule. Again he leaves her and sends her a letter that explains his strange conduct. He loves her and has not been able to drive her image from his heart. The trouble was, so he writes, that she was too easily won. He says:—"On the day when I gave you a mountain lily and offered to consecrate my life to you, on that day I loved you as I love you now. You yielded too quickly, and I despised happiness because it had not resisted me. How it has avenged itself! Farewell. What a mystery is life?" The ice is melted by this letter and Isabel flies to Max, whom she has always loved better than her life. The strength of the book is not in its plot, for that is as old as the world, but it is in the working out. Max was a bad fellow and did not pretend to conceal his faults. Isabel was, on the other hand, too good a woman for such a man. She found it hard to forgive his "indiscretions," which were crimes in her eyes—yet she loved him. A statue figures conspicuously through the story. At first they thought it was a Nemesis, but it turns out to be a Psyche. The book abounds in epigrams, some of which are well worth quoting, for example:—"What is the good of being a woman if you have to look to see?" "Religion degrades where it does not sanctify;" "There is no tried virtue which has not looked upon evil." We await with impatience the next novel of the gifted Cherbuliez.

"DOLORES."

Mrs. Zadel Barnes Buddington demonstrated to her own, if not to others' satisfaction some time ago that the old can love, and now comes Mrs. Forrester to prove that that passion may be felt by the very young, also, in a novel called "Dolores." (J. B. Lippincott & Co.) In the first chapter the author says:—"I am going to tell all you who care to hear it a simple story of a little childish, innocent maiden, who has no part nor parcel in royalty or grandeur, who knows nothing of statecraft or ambition or despair, but leads her own humble, simple life without great events but without great sorrows."

"The impression left by that introduction," says the Growler, "is very different from that which is left by the story."

And the Growler is right for once. Dolores had a most eventful life for one so young, and great sorrows too, if heart aches count for anything. At the tender age of fourteen she meets Sir Guy Wentworth, one of those gilted Englishmen who go about with sketch book in hand looking for old ruins or pretty faces. Sir Guy was sketching his way through the picturesque city of Rouen when he accidentally saw Dolores out walking with her nurse. "Greuze's la Couche Cassée," he exclaims as his eyes rest upon her pretty face. He is seized with a desire to paint her, and being a man with whom to wish is to do, he bribes the old nurse Marceline to let him come up to the house and make the sketch. The mother is away, and he is such a pleasant spoken gentleman that she cannot but consent. So for several days Sir Guy is busy in transferring the face of the little beauty to his sketch book. He is really a very good fellow, and has no designs whatever upon the child's heart. The old nurse, however, sees that Dolores is madly in love with the dashing Englishman, so she goes to him and begs him to leave town and not see her little mistress any more. Sir Guy appreciates the situation, and although he has not finished his sketch he packs up and goes to Paris. Dolores is inconsolable at his loss. She weeps and tears her hair, and one day when the nurse's back is turned she packs her bag and goes up to Paris also.

By good fortune she meets Guy's servant in the street, and he takes her to his master's hotel. There she flings herself into the arms of the astonished gentleman and begs him to let her live with him, if only as his servant. He explains to her that such a proceeding would not look well in the eyes of the world. What does she care, it is only his eyes that move her. Sir Guy's arguments prevail, however, and she is sent home. Unfortunately a few evenings before Sir Guy met with a young and interesting widow with whom he became instantly enamored, or he would have married the little Dolores out of sheer pity. Subsequently Dolores becomes engaged to a man of three times her age and is about to marry him, but he, seeing that her heart is all for Guy, turns her over to him. The widow, Milly, had previously married a half-brother of Guy's, so he had his hand if not his heart free and he bestowed it upon his worshipper.

The scene shifts from Paris to Wentworth Court, in England. Sir Guy and Dolores, Captain Charteris and his wife, the ex-widow, go down to visit Lady Wentworth. There young Heronmere falls desperately in love with Dolores, and she flirts with him to revenge herself on Guy, who flirts with the charming Milly. Finally Dolores gets over her love for Guy and elopes with Lord Heronmere. On the very day of the elopement Guy and Milly are out driving and are both thrown from their carriage. Milly is instantly killed and Guy is broken hearted. He is never again the same man. Dolores and her Lord live happily together and everything turns out pleasantly for the heroine.

"That is not what I call a very simple life," sneers the Growler, "and all to happen to a girl before she was sweet sixteen. Does Mrs. Forrester think that nothing short of murder can make a tragedy?"

POINT LACE AND DIAMONDS.

The *vers de société*, which have appeared from time to time in *Scribner's Monthly* and the *Evening Mail*, from the pen of Mr. George A. Baker, Jr., have been collected in a volume entitled, "Point Lace and Diamonds," and published by F. B. Patterson. The book is most beautifully gotten up, and delicately illustrated by Miss Addie Ledyard. Mr. Baker, who is an authority in society matters, was the "On Dit" of the *Evening Mail* when that paper paid more attention to social interests. His verses are graceful and humorous and give a very fair idea of the fashionable society of the day. "Nell" appears to be a favorite of this young poet, for she figures in nearly every poem. Miss Ledyard has done her part of the book excellently well. She has just caught the "nobby" and "swell" styles in her sketches. Among the best verses are "Les Infants Perdus," "Love's Young Dream," "Up the Aisle," "Easter Morning" and "Le Dernier Jour D'un Condamné," which latter we quote as a fair sample of the author's pleasant and off-hand style:—

Old coat, for some three or four seasons
We've been jolly comrades, but now
We part, old companion, forever;
To late, and the fashion, I bow.
You'd look well enough at a dinner,
I'd wear you with pride at a ball,
But I'm dressing to-night for a wedding—
My own, and you'd not do at all.

You've too many wine stains about you,
You're scented too much with cigars,
When the gaslight shines full on your collar
It glitters with myriad stars;
That wouldn't look well at my wedding;
They'd seem inappropriate there;
Nell doesn't use diamond powder,
She tells me it ruins the hair.

You've been out on Cozzens' piazza
Too late, when the evenings were damp;
When the moonbeams were silvering o'er nest,
And the lights were all out in the camp,
You've rested on highly-oiled stairways
Too often, when sweet eyes were bright,
And somebody's ball dress—not Nellie's—
Flowed round you in rivers of white.

There's a reprobate looseness about you;
Should I wear you to-night, I believe,
As I came with my bride from the altar,
You'd laugh in your wicked old sleeve,
When you felt there the tremulous pressure
Of her hand in its delicate glove,
That is being sent, safely but steadily,
Her trust is as deep as her love.

So go to your grave in the wardrobe,
And furnish a feast for the moth,
Nell's glove shall betray its sweet secrets
For younger, more innocent cloth.
'Tis time to put on your successor—
It's made in a fashion that's new;
Old coat I'm afraid it will never
Get as easily on me as you.

OAKRIDGE.

It is only the easy and natural way in which it is told that saves "Oakridge," a story recently published by J. R. Osgood & Co. Of all the highly wrought tales we have read in many a day this may take the lead. The two leading characters are maniacs, although the author smooths it down by calling them monomaniacs. One, Dr. Delany, is determined to marry Agnes Leroyd, whether she will or not, and follows her from England to America for that purpose. She is terribly afraid of him, and with reason. There is no question in the reader's mind that Delany is insane. Although Agnes is engaged to be married to a young gentleman she has met in America, Henry Oakridge, the one who tells the story, Delany lays his plans to abduct her. Before her father moved into his house he (Delany) had secret passages made from the bedrooms to the cellar, so that he could readily accomplish his object. The singular part of it all was that he was so dignified and gentlemanly a man that he made friends everywhere, and no one would suspect his insanity unless the conversation turned upon the object of his affections. One night he steals the girl away and hides her in a cave, fitted up with all the luxury of a gentleman's parlor. He is a very pious fellow, and swears that it is the hand of Providence which guides him. It would seem as though what he said was true, for he is seldom baffled. Just as he is about to embark for England with the unhappy girl he is arrested and locked up in jail. At the time of the arrest Henry Oakridge shoots and kills Delany's son Manfred, whom he thinks is going to shoot Agnes. For this piece of lawlessness the father heaps his curses on the murderer's head and vows vengeance. Delany is tried on a charge of abduction, and is released on the insanity dodge, which is quite right in his case. Later on Oakridge marries Agnes and they go to Europe. In Italy he shoots a man, mistaking him for Delany, and increases the amount of innocent blood already on his head. Agnes dies in giving birth to a son. When this son grows to manhood his father shoots and kills him by accident. He becomes crazy with grief. At this time Delany again appears upon the scene and is avenged. He turns upon Oakridge and says, in the most impressive manner:—"If you would not dye your hands still deeper in the blood of those nearest and dearest to you, suffer no man bloden to enter your house, and bidden enter no man's house." The innocent murderer has taken to drink to drown his sorrows, and almost has an attack of delirium tremens. When he recovers his reason he flees to the woods, where he lives a hermit's life. Every cat or dog that he calls to him he feels an irresistible desire to kill, but he dies without having added any more murders to his list. One of the most singular things in the book is the killing of four of the principal characters by one stroke of lightning.

"They had to be gotten rid of to make the story, and that was an easy way of putting them out of the world," says the Growler. "My argument is, you know, that every novel has its moral. What this one is I fail to discover, unless it be that a man who is bent upon carrying his point, though he commit crime to do it, is not vicious, but simply a monomaniac. Another moral of this story is that wrong always triumphs over right."

A more melodramatic story it would be hard to imagine, yet the author is clever enough not to let you feel that while reading it. It is only upon reviewing the ground that you appreciate the startling situations, for while perusing it you are completely carried away with the story.

LITERARY CHAT.

A new book from the pen of Joaquin Miller will be published by Roberts Brothers. It is a novel of far Western life, entitled, "In a California Eden." Mr. Miller has also completed a three volume story of Italian life and has a fourth volume of poems nearly ready.

A great book for literary antiquarians is the recent publication of the Registers of the Company of Stationers, of London, from 1554 to 1640, A. D. It is full of nuggets for the hunters after obscure facts, throwing light on the actual dates of issue of multitudes of dramas, ballads, &c., published without date in the sixteenth century.

The Hakluyt Society has published "The First Voyage Round the World," by Magellan, the Portuguese discoverer. The book is well edited by Lord Stanley, and contains no less than six contemporary accounts of this notable voyage.

The best collection of books relating to the American Indians ever gathered will be disposed of by auction May 24 and following days, at Bangs, Merwin & Co.'s rooms, in New York.

Six hundred and two thousand persons visited the British Museum during the year 1874.

A new life of Admiral Coligny, by Mr. Walter Besant, of London, is promised.

We are to have a great thesaurus of the Malay language, from materials collected by the late Mr. Von Dewall.

Watts' great Dictionary of Chemistry, in six volumes has been supplemented by a new appendix, bringing chemical science down to the latest dates.

A new biography of Prince Bismarck, in English, will soon appear from the press of the Baron Tauchnitz, of Leipzig. The Prince himself highly approves it as the best book yet written about him.

"The Land of the North Wind" is the funny title of Mr. Edward Rae's new travels among the Laplanders.

A history of photography, from the pen of M. Tissandier, who so nearly lost his life in the late perilous balloon ascension, will soon appear in English.

The second volume of Michelet's History of the Nineteenth Century will appear this month. It is largely occupied with England.

We are to have a new edition of Machiavelli's works in the Italian, including a mass of hitherto unpublished documents.

The most graphic sketch ever penned of Honoré de Balzac appears in Gautier's posthumous work, "Portraits Contemporains." One novelist says of the other that Balzac actually lived the characters ideally whom he portrayed in his wonderful fictions. He would quit his home suddenly, retire to a remote province or to another quarter of Paris, and dress, talk and live the life of the character he was studying and would depict.

Thomas W. Knox has a fresh book in Worthington's Hartford press, entitled "Backsheesh: An Illustrated Record of Life and Adventures in the Orient."

Harper & Brothers have in press "The Might and Mirth of Literature; A Treatise on Figurative Language," by John W. V. Macbeth.

Mr. Samuel Adams Drake's "Nooks and Corners of the New England Coast" will quickly appear from the press of Harper & Brothers.

The splendid art work of M. Charles Blanc, "Histoire des Peintres de Toutes les Ecoles," has been brought to completion in twelve volumes. Its woodcuts are the most superb yet achieved in France.

"Paris À Tous les Diables," is the harrowing title of M. Paul Véron's last book.

"The North Star and the Southern Cross" is the title of a forthcoming volume of personal experiences in a journey around the world, by Margaretha Weppner.

Most of Anthony Trollope's novels have been translated into French, and are sold at one franc each.

Some modern critics are like Hazlitt, who swallowed his authors greedily or abused them roundly, treating the writers of books, not as impersonal creators of literature, but as human beings, to be loved or hated.

Among the novelties of special trade papers is *The Confectioners' Journal*, which is started in Philadelphia.

The Glasgow *News*, having been to hear Dean Stanley, says his theology is of the vaguest possible description and his oratory of a very inferior order, in which eloquence is never reached.

The Augsburg *Gazette* announces the early publication by Lieutenant Stumm, the only foreign officer allowed to follow the Russian expedition in Central Asia, of a work containing a full description of this expedition and of the admirable manner in which it was carried out.

The latest vanity out in Paris is a "History of Fans Among All Nations and in All Ages."

The last book of the German-Englishman, Zincke, who wrote learnedly on Egypt and Switzerland, is, "A Walk in the Prisons."

The Abbé Domenech, who is a great quack, has published two more octavos at Paris on the "Philosophy of History" as exhibited in the "Prophecy of Daniel."

The *Saturday Review*, in an article on the collecting mania and sensation auction, declares that England is at once the richest country in the world, the fullest of things precious and rare, and the least instructed in matters of taste. The middle and upper classes, it says, have a dreadful facility in confusing beauty and hideousness.

A new idea in journalism has been started in Germany. It is a paper styled, *The Anti-Critic; Organ for Literary Self-Defence*, and will be devoted to publishing replies of authors whose writings have been unfavorably received by the press. This great boon for aggrieved authors is to cost them only four shillings a page.

Emile Chevalier has printed at Paris a treatise on gambling, entitled, "Jeux de Bourse, Courses de Chevaux, Maisons de Jeu, Loteries devant la Loi."

The literature of the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy is to be enriched by a new edition of Judge Holmes' authorship of Shakespeare (New York: Hurd & Houghton—Cambridge: The Riverside Press), with an appendix of nearly a hundred pages, now first printed. Judge Holmes' book is the most weighty presentation of the argument for Bacon which has appeared, and full of curious information worthy the consideration of all, however widely people may dissent from the author's conclusion. In the appendix, besides introducing much confirmatory matter, he gives in full an interesting correspondence which passed between him and Mr. Spedding, the English editor of Bacon's works. This is the more noteworthy since Mr. Spedding is an absolute sceptic as to Bacon's claims, and presents, in a few pages, about as clear a summary of the argument against Bacon as can be found. Judge Holmes' courage in printing the letter is only equalled by his courtesy in commenting on it.

The battle of the encyclopædias still goes on in the New York *Evening Post*. Johnson's New Encyclopædia, edited by President F. A. P. Barnard, is denounced for numerous errors and omissions by a writer signing himself X. Y. Z., who fears that the work is "likely to be regarded as an authority among the ignorant." Dr. Barnard retorts with charges of unfair and malicious criticism, and says the New Encyclopædia is "the production of a large number of the most eminent men of letters and of science in the United States."

We are to have a new book about Mendelssohn in the "Intimate Recollections of H. De Meister," to which will be added recollections of Goethe and and Beethoven.

An unpublished novel by Balzac has been found in manuscript and will soon be published.

LITERATURE IN FRANCE.

Jules Favre on the Republic and the Siege.

Another Book from Jules Verne.

A FRENCH LIFE OF GENERAL LEE.

PARIS, April 29, 1875.

A BOOK BY JULES FAVRE.

Messrs. Plon & Co. have just published the third part of Mr. Jules Favre's "Narrative of a Member of the Government of National Defence." ("Récit d'un Membre du Gouvernement de la Défense Nationale.")

The present portion of the work is unquestionably the most interesting yet issued. It treats wholly of the negotiations relative to the signature of the armistice, of the conclusion of the peace, and of the different arrangements with Prussia for the gradual evacuation of the territory; negotiations in which Mr. Jules Favre took an active part in his capacity of Minister for Foreign Affairs.

What gives this book a special value is that it enables one to see how seriously the insurrection of the Communists endangered the maintenance of peace. Hitherto the existence of the danger had been suspected, but absolute proof of it had not been furnished. With the help of diplomatic papers, the majority of which are now published for the first time, M. Jules Favre established the fact that Germany was more than once on the point either of demanding fresh guarantees from France, or of insisting on being admitted to cooperate in the second siege of Paris.

JULES FAVRE AS WRITER AND SPEAKER.

A great speaker, M. Jules Favre is also a great writer, not only because his style is one of remarkable purity, but because he knows how to place himself above the pitiful considerations of fanaticism and of party. Thus he is not afraid to do justice to the German General, Von Fabrice, the envoy of the King of Prussia. He dwells on the spirit of conciliation displayed by that officer, on his frankness and careless good humor, qualities which the genuine French *chauvin* would never have acknowledged, even if he had observed them, in an enemy. Herr Von Bismarck himself comes in for his share of praise in M. Favre's book, and the author's opinion of the German Chancellor shows that he was not unfruly represented as meaning well to France, at least as compared with the military party which surrounded the Emperor William. In regard to his fellow countrymen M. Favre is not less moderate. In his explanations of the difference which he had with M. Gambetta, when the latter wished to proclaim the Bonapartists incapable of election to the National Assembly, one sees that he is not anxious to cast oil on the flames or to reawaken the embers of a scarcely extinguished fire.

M. THIERS AND THE COMMUNE.

M. Jules Favre is also warm in his praise of M. Thiers. On the other hand, he is inexorable in his condemnation of the Commune, and seems to forget the feverish state of excitement into which the Parisians had been thrown after the siege, an excitement which explains, and in a certain measure excuses, the crisis of the 18th of March.

M. MENIER

is a famous manufacturer of chocolate, extremely rich and possessed of a splendid mansion in the Parc Monceaux, but consumed by a passion for scribbling, or rather for setting others to scribble, seeing that a gentleman named Yves Guyot is the real author of the books which bear his name.

In his work on the "Taxation of Capital" ("Théorie et Application de l'Impôt sur le Capital." Paris: E. Plon & Co.), M. Menier has set himself the task of resolving a weighty problem—viz., which is the best system of taxation? He would abolish taxes on consumption and use, which it must be allowed have been recklessly imposed of late in France. A duty on hats has even been proposed. M. Menier also objects to an income tax, because it is almost impossible to give it a solid basis. In conclusion, he advocates a tax on capital, that is to say on fixed capital, because circulating capital, which is the instrument of production, ought, he thinks, to be free.

This is the book of an honest man, zealous for the commonwealth and thoroughly convinced of the soundness of his own principles. Up to the present time, however, M. Menier's theories have been little to the taste of the National Assembly, while the public at large is too much occupied with purely political questions to have any leisure to bestow on an economic essay. M. Menier will be one of the candidates of the moderate republican party at the general election.

JULES VERNE—"LE CHANCELLOR."

Jules Verne is a naval officer on the half-pay list. He lives at Honfleur, near Havre, and writes all his books on board a yacht. He may be described as the French author who puts most money into the pockets of his publishers. His books are translated into every language. He has, in fact, the power of instructing and amusing at the same time.

M. Jules Verne's last romance ("Le Chancellor. Journal d'un Passager") is scarcely equal to some of his former efforts. Not content with giving the Chancellor a captain who goes mad, nor with making her cabin fire, the author betaints him of stowing away some cases of picrate in the hold. The passenger, whose impressions are recorded by M. Verne, can scarcely have had a pleasant journey. It must be admitted that the situations are unnatural. Still M. Jules Verne, as usual, displays no small skill and humor in their development.

"THE WOODS."

The authors of this work ("Les Bois," published by Rothschild, Rue des Saints Pères, Paris), are MM. Dupont and Bouquet de la Grye, gentlemen of high reputation in the world of science. Their book contains curious and useful information on the physiology, the cultivation, the productions and the qualities of woods. It is written more especially for engineers, but the general reader will also find much that is interesting in its pages. Some well-executed engravings facilitate the study of the text.

GENERAL LEE.

Under the title of "Un Vaincu," the firm of Hetzel publishes a biography of the Confederate chief proceeding from the pen of Mme. Boissonnas. The book is readable, and written with a warmth of partisanship which leaves no doubt of the sincerity of the author's admiration for the soldier whose history she relates. The republican press in France has accorded a favorable reception to this biography; Mme. Boissonnas having labored to prove that at the time of the civil war Lee was not fighting for slavery, but drew his sword on the rebel side because he considered that his duties toward the State of Virginia, of which he was a citizen, had a higher claim on him than his obligations toward the Union. At the close of the work the author tells how Robert E. Lee, after the defeat of the South, became the director of a college. It is to be feared that this example is not one likely to be followed by French generals, vanquished or victorious.

THE NATIONAL GUARD

has found a historian in M. A. De Chamborant de Périssat ("L'Armée de la Révolution." Paris: E. Plon & Co.) He shows now, from its establishment, in 1789, to its final dissolution, in 1871, that force never once upheld the law of which it was raised to be the special defender; that it overthrew the three constitutional monarchies of France and helped to render the first two republics impossible; finally, that the men who composed it fled like sheep before the Prussians on the day of battle. Here is a despatch from the Governor of Vincennes to General Clément Thomas, Commander-in-Chief of the National Guard. It is dated the 16th of December, 1870, when France was in the agony of her struggle for honorable existence:—"Commander of the Two Hundredth battalion drunk! At least half the men drunk! Impossible to count on their services. Obliged to relieve their posts. Under the circumstances, the