

possessed by the Kendals, now that Americans have had an opportunity to realise the commonplaceness of their talents and the maudlin hypocrisy of their advertising schemes, it is to be hoped that in their second tour these very ordinary players will garner a smaller harvest of American coin."

PARISIAN LITERARY NOTES.

EN VOYAGE. By Victor Hugo. (Hetzet and Quantain.) This posthumous volume might be called chips from the Hugo workshop. The poet left quite a mass of manuscript, and his literary executors are busy separating the wheat from the chaff—the latter not a *quantité négligeable*, as they know to their cost. There is no writer more than Hugo, whose productions require "boiling down;" purification not alone from unnecessary matter, but from verbosity. It is a singular fact that the best prose productions of Hugo are his political speeches—those delivered—1848—under the Second Republic. They were terse, scathing, witty, and cogent, all stabs and *ripistes*. After his return from exile in 1870—for he kept his *chatiments* vow: *Et s'il n'en reste qu'un, je serai celui-là*—he was enthroned a fetic, and so could only approach ordinary questions from the empyrean, or seventh heaven, stand-point. That made the judicious grieve, and the unskilful laugh.

"En Voyage" is a collection of travel memoranda, extracted from his diaries. In them his observations are illustrated by pen and ink marginal sketches, and friends who have seen them testify to their excellence, appositeness, and humour. It is a pity they have not been published; they would be the more interesting, as they cover a period—1839-1843—when the ancient ways and means for travelling had not been improved away by railroads. Then the *diligence* was an institution where travellers were as free in their movements as in the Pecksniffs' mail coach ride to London. Hugo's "Le Rhin" was published in 1842, but the present volume consists of fragments of the same tour through Switzerland, the Alps, the Pyrenees, round to Vendée, his mother's country. The pleasure of the book will be found to lie in the comparisons between the Then and the Now, not only in the actual facilities for transit, but in manners and customs, while noting the development of regions at present, as familiar in the mouths of globe-trotters and cheap-trippers as household words.

Since he was a baby, Victor Hugo has been always on the road. He commenced life as a kind of *fils du régiment*. He was born in 1802 in the old Spanish City of Besançon, where his father, an officer in the army, had been billeted, while on march for the Italian campaign. He passed the first three years of his life in the Isle of Elba, where his father's regiment had been quartered; next at Naples, and later in the Apennines, where the French were clearing Italy of brigands, and terminated that work by the shooting of Fra Diavolo. From Italy, little and frail-framed Hugo followed the army into Spain, where his father was nominated major-domo to King Joseph at the Escorial, and governor of a few provinces.

Like all Hugo's descriptions, he seizes the salient points, and observes all that is most entertaining in the way of "human documents." But he inundates these with an impetuous verbosity: what torrents of words! the whole French dictionary is brought into play. There is a racy description of the Tolosa *diligence*, and its team of eight horses. The three men-drivers, no—"one, and worth the other two, was a boy between eight and nine years old; he looked quite a little savage, dressed in a Henri II. hat, a clown's blouse, and leather gaiters; features, Arab; eyes Chinese, but his gait was most graceful. When he jumped into the saddle he looked more a gnome than a postilion; he appeared to be screwed on the back of the large mule; with his tiny arm he brandished a monstrous whip, which caused the mules to bound, and the vehicle to shake the paved road like an earthquake. On the box was the *mayoral*, or driver, who sat as grave as a bishop, and with a long whip wound a cut into a point that bit into a mule like a burning rod of iron. *Anda niño*—go it my child—he patriarchally said to the little postilion, and the latter's whip did its duty."

In his description of the corpses in the crypt of St. Michel's tower, at Bordeaux, that are arranged upright, naked, black, and brown, but as undecomposed as mummies, due to some preservative qualities of the soil, Hugo makes a mountain out of a mole-hill. He beats the little bit of gold out too fine; the local curiosity is not an Egyptian or a Roman catacomb, and does not merit such a flood of grandiloquence, and Marius-on-the-ruins-of-Carthage reflections. Visiting Rochefort, Hugo strolled into a *café*; the waiter, as usual, handed him the local newspaper; the first article that met his eyes was an account of the upsetting of a row boat on the Seine near Rouen, involving the drowning of his daughter, and of her husband who courted death to save her. Both were buried in the one coffin; they had only been married a few months. The description of Biarritz, half a century ago, is very humorous; among the facilities to reach that now uppercrust watering-place was the omnibus from Bayonne; the conductor would bring you there for fifteen, but if bargained, for three sous. He intimated that after eight o'clock the return fare would be raised. Hugo was behind time: "What's the fare back?" he demanded: "Twelve francs, and not a centime less, Monsieur." That tariff of buying in the cheapest, and selling in the dearest market, was quite common, also, during the 1889 Exhibition.

UN DRAME ROYAL. By Comte d'Hérisson. (Ollendorff.) This is a novel, based on the little that is known to be authentic in the details of the death of the Crown Prince of Austria, the Archduke Rudolph. The author's connections with Vienna court society must have aided him. The different personages are introduced on the stage, under very thinly disguised names. There is nothing forced in the tragic event thus dressed up as an historic novel, and perhaps it will be believed, till authentic official data be forthcoming, to be as accurate as any of the other recitals, real or imaginary.

JOURNAL D'UN ETUDIANT PENDANT LA RÉVOLUTION. By Gaston Maugras. (Calmann Lévy.) No subject is apparently more inexhaustible than the Révolution. Each month certainly, if not each week, witnesses the appearance on that event of a study, an essay, a journal or a memoir. The present volume is curious; it is composed of "authentic letters" by a young man—Edmund Géraud—sixteen years of age, sent to Paris in December, 1789, in order to complete his studies. Edmund was the son of a wealthy Bordeaux ship-broker, and he wrote long and regular letters home, in which he sketched passing events with his own comments thereon, and of which he had been a witness, up to the close of 1792, when he returned home. It is truly a singular book, and the conclusion to be drawn is this, that the most complete order and tranquillity never ceased to reign in Paris during the student's three years' residence; never were witnessed milder or softer manners; the people were kind and magnanimous; they liked only pure pleasures and country *fêtes*. Place this testimony alongside the descriptions of other eye-witnesses and the conclusion is, that Edmund Géraud must have seen events through eccentric spectacles. Monsieur Taine will indulge in a melancholy smile on turning over the leaves of this unexpected "human document."

MON MUSÉE CRIMINEL. By Gustave Macé. (Charpentier.) The author occupied, for several years, the office of chief of the Detective Service of France, and though retired from governmental work on his pension, he is at present the superintendent of the detective service in one of the leading monster retail establishments of Paris, where his name alone appears to be an antidote against that curious malady—kleptomania. The book is a serial publication relative to the Parisian police; it is not an agreeable one for humanity, nor is it exactly of the penny-dreadful character, though intensely dramatic. M. Macé relates the crimes and the captures of the celebrated criminals he was so fortunate to secure for justice. The volume is not only illustrated with portraits of the criminals but with engravings of the weapons and implements that they employed in their "ordinary calling." All is as exact as the contents of the Tussaud Chamber of Horrors. The period covered by the book extends over twenty years; contains thirty-four plates and 300 woodcuts. The details of the *anthropométrique* system for the identification of *recidivists* are interestingly and fully given. M. Macé intends to bequeath his collection of criminal curios to the School of Anthropology.

ALEXANDRE I. ET NAPOLEON. By M. de Tatistcheff. (Quantain.) This is a collection of private and hitherto unpublished letters that passed between Alexander I. and Napoleon I., extending from 1801 to 1809. They bear pertinently on the present relations between France and Russia. "Alexander, the coxcomb Czar—the autocrat of waltzes and of war," as Byron wrote, entertained something like an affectionate admiration for General Bonaparte, as First Consul. This sympathy remained sincere till Bonaparte, throwing off the mask, became Napoleon the emperor and tyrant. The correspondence reveals that at one stage both rulers truly desired the establishing of good relations between the empire and the First Republic. M. de Tatistcheff aims to show that between the French and Russians there is a natural affinity, and between France and Russia a solidarity of important interests. Napoleon met Alexander for the first time on the raft in the Nièmen, at Tilsit, and bid him a final adieu fifteen months later on the high road between Erfurt and Weymar; while Alexander and his Empress were most effusive in their intercourse with the French Ambassador, the Empress-mother could not bear him. After a resistance of six weeks she consented to see him, and that only for one minute! Napoleon on opening the "Corps Legislatif," 14th August, 1807, stated that if the House of Brandenburg continued still to reign, it owed that indulgence to the sincere friendship that France had for Russia. In 1807 Napoleon expressed to Alexander how easy it would be for the French and Russians to chase the English from the continent; they could easily arrange Constantinople. Now, Constantinople was the only point not discussed at Tilsit. Napoleon maintained that whoever possessed Constantinople held the keys of the East. In 1808 Russia was to receive Roumania, Bulgaria, Constantinople and the Dardanelles. France was to possess the Morea, all the Turkish trading ports in the Mediterranean, and Egypt. During the fourteen days, in the autumn of 1808, that Alexander and Napoleon resided at Erfurt, great *fêtes* were given; one comprised a hunt over the battlefield of Jena. Napoleon wrote to Joséphine that Alexander danced, but that he did not, being then forty years old. Strange, though the Emperors were next-door neighbours at Erfurt, they always transacted business by letter. Napoleon made presents of toilettes to the Empress Elizabeth, selecting them himself. He sent actors and actresses, too, for the St. Petersburg French theatre.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

PEOPLE WHO HAVE MADE A NOISE IN THE WORLD: Theodore of Corsica. By Percy Fitzgerald. Count Konigsmark and Tom of Ten Thousand. By Henry Vizetelly. London: Vizetelly and Company.

This series of biographies is designed to give to the world in condensed form all the information obtainable about those personages who, although sufficiently notorious in their time, whether for good or evil, did not occupy the most prominent places in the world's gallery. The earlier volumes will deal, in addition to those we now notice, with such names as Mesmer, the beautiful Gummings, Paul Jones, people who by their individuality, their powers of fascination, their daring, cunning, or crimes contrived for a time at least to attract to themselves a large share of the world's attention. With this class of men, except perhaps through an occasional and historically founded novel, most people are unacquainted. The first adventurer told of is especially a case in point. King Theodore, of Corsica, adventurer, monarch and hanger-on, was born somewhere between 1680-90, in the very heat of that period when intrigue was the passport to power and a lady's favour, provided she were sufficiently notorious, a stepping stone to fame and wealth. It is needless to say that the reverse side was often seen and the *spretæ injuria formæ* the crime which marred untimely many a life of romance and adventure. At no time perhaps in the world's history did feminine influence, sometimes for good, more often for evil, play a wider or more influential part. Theodore de Neuhoff by all accounts was the son of a Westphalian baron and a Spanish lady of middle class. Educated in France, partly under clerical influence, which may be traced in his subsequent career in his versatility and talent for intrigue, for at that time the clergy were the greatest living masters of diplomacy. Pitchforked into a pageship by the influence of his mother's second husband he had considerable opportunity for acquiring languages, and apparently made good use of his time. Thence into a cavalry regiment, during which period he involved himself so heavily in debts of honour and dissipation that he was obliged to leave suddenly without taking leave of his friends, which according to his son must have been extremely disagreeable to a gentleman of his sensitive temperament. To Sweden, where Charles XII. then held court, "Baron" Theodore repaired, partly to exploit his budding genius for intrigue, partly, if we may believe his son, to become perfect in the art of war. There he found employment for his pliant qualities, Gortz and Alberoni using him in the plot to place the Pretender on the British throne. But this engagement proved disastrous to the future king. He escaped with a damaged reputation and an empty purse, which latter was by far the more inconvenient of the two. Thence gravitating through Spain, where he married Lady Sarsfield, an Irish exiled dame, to Italy, he became entangled in the Corsican and Genoese war, which furnished the stage for the great tableaux of his life. Through these scenes to his final destitution and end the reader can proceed alone. Of Count Von Konigsmark and Tom of Ten Thousand there is little to be said. Charles John Von Konigsmark was the grandson of the famous or infamous renegade and Lutheran general, Christopher John, marshal, plunderer, and assassin, whom Queen Christina, at the close of the Thirty Years' War, had actually to bribe, in order to induce him to raise the siege of Bremen, over whose rich warehouses and fat merchants the grim and avaricious old reitler gloated. The subjects of Mr. Vizetelly's biography were only connected towards the close of the life of Tom Thynne, "Tom of Ten Thousand," so called from his wealth and prodigality. Both led dissipated lives in the cesspool which at that time went by the name of Society, 1659-1759. A rich and historic heiress was the connecting link between the two, eventually leading to the murder of Thynne—after his marriage to and desertion by the young lady—by some of Konigsmark's hangers-on. Konigsmark was acquitted, and his tools, if such they were, hung. The biographies are vividly written and though necessarily condensed convey a very fair idea of life in those stirring times, when wit and beauty were the index to fortune.

VIEWS AND REVIEWS. By W. E. Henley. New York: Scribners. 1890.

The art of reviewing has, in these latter days, attained great importance and it wields a strong far-reaching influence upon all the offspring of the human intellect which invite public attention. The crude and uncouth vagaries of the rural rhymester and the grandest work of art or sublimest research of science have alike to pass through the crucible of the literary chemist, who proclaims their merits or shortcomings to the world. The vast and increasing volume of mental effort which courts publicity in every civilized nation makes the office and work of the critical reviewer necessary. As we need skilled and competent pilots to guide us across the physical ocean, so we have come to avail ourselves of the services of the literary artistic, or scientific pilot, in our ventures upon that sea of knowledge which ever wells out from the mind of man, and whose shoreless tide flows like the primal deluge with resistless ebb and flow over this restless world. From the birth of the *Journal des Savans* on the 5th of January, 1665—of which George III. spoke to that literary monarch, Dr. Johnson, in their historic interview in the library of the Queen's house—down to the present day, there have been men of the requisite ability, culture and fairness, who have applied the golden rule of criticism