

have reason to feel galled by the unfair competition to which the absence of international copyright subjects them. I was reading, not long ago, an American book of travel in Italy, very pleasant, except that on every other page there was an angry thrust at England, where the writer told us he would be very sorry to live, though it did not appear that the presumptuous Britons were pressing that hateful domicile upon him. Then, after harping on English grossness, brutality, and barbarism, he goes to worship at the shrines of Byron, Keats, and Shelley; as though the poetry of Byron, Keats, and Shelley were anything but the flower of that plant, the root and stem of which are so coarse and vile. A Confederate flag is descried, floating probably over the home of some exile, on the Lake of Como. The writer is transported with patriotic wrath at the sight. Two Englishmen on board the steamer, as he tells us, grin; and he takes it for granted that their grinning is an expression of their British malignity; yet, surely, it may have been only a smile at his emotion, at which the reader, though innocent of British malignity, cannot possibly help smiling. "Heaven knows," a character is made to say in an American novel now in vogue, "I do not love the English. I was a youngster in our great war, but the iron entered into my soul when I understood their course towards us and when a gallant young sailor from our town, serving on the *Kearsarge* in her fight with the *Alabama* (that British vessel under Confederate colors) was wounded by a shot cast in a British arsenal, and fired from a British cannon by a British seaman from the Royal Naval Reserve transferred from the training-ship *Excellent*." The writer shows that by the very way in which he strives to color the facts that