

sion, and dramatic justice is done to all. Q. E. F. as Euclid has it.

SAMUEL BROHL & Co. By M. Victor Cherbuliez. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Collection of Foreign Authors. 1877.

This is one of those light novels of society, which the French, and the French alone, can render really charming. The motive of this little tale, which is only 270 pp. long, would have been sadly hampered in English hands. We should have had twice the amount of description, and the conversations would have lost that crispness with which the author contrives to render apparently trivial *causeries*, all of which, however, subserve the purpose of carrying on the action or elucidating the characters of the novel.

Samuel Brohl, the hero of the tale (hero, in the sense of principal character, though, like Ulysses, he holds the post by virtue of his parts rather than his virtues) has a secret. The secret has been with him for so long a time, and he has so thoroughly set himself to the task of effacing all traces that might lead to its detection, that he has acquired a certain duality of existence, the delicate expounding of which is the chief feature in the book. His natural self underlies all the mainsprings of his life, but so well has he fitted over it the mask of an assumed nature, that he succeeds in deceiving almost every one, even himself sometimes. To appear generous, self-denying, patriotic, and truthful in order to serve a selfish purpose, and, while planning to attain a certain end, to constrain the prize to bestow itself upon him, not in spite, but because of his attempts to escape from the necessity of receiving it, these are the tasks which he sets his ingenuity to accomplish. The other characters are drawn with as light and firm a touch. Antoinette de Moriaz, the beautiful heiress, with more romance and decision of character than is possessed by the typical French *ingénue*, reversing the ordinary course of affairs, and governing her father in all things, matrimonial or otherwise, is a pleasing conception. Her companion, Mlle. Moiseney, with her gooseberry-colored eyes and her general aptitude for fancying that she knows every thing before it happens, is a less original creation, but sufficiently amusing.

The manner in which Brohl overcomes the objections of the family, and especially the way in which he disarms the animosity of Madame de Lorcy, Antoinette's godmother, is very interesting. Commencing with a firm belief that he is an adventurer, and pledged to assist his rival, one Camille Langis, she ad-

resses Professor de Moriaz a letter of contemptuous, good-natured pity, when she hears that her goddaughter has been allowed to fall in love with a Pole. In her next letter, written after she has seen Brohl, she recounts, with great penetration, a little trait in his character from which she derived certain suspicions about him, quoting the tale of the true princess who proved herself to be such by her susceptibility to the discomfort produced by three peas slipped between her feather beds, a delicacy of feeling apparently not shared by Brohl. However, in a postscript to the very same letter, she half retracts her doubts, and before long, as Brohl induces her to think that Mlle Antoinette is indifferent to him, he wins his way gradually into her confidence. Although entirely reassured, M<sup>me</sup> de Lorcy considers it wiser to keep Antoinette out of harm's way, but a discovery which she believes she has made, namely, that M. Brohl is married, and which she at once communicates to M. de Moriaz, serves as the bait to allure Antoinette—who supposes that her friends are plotting against the match back to Paris. How the planned mistake is cleared up, and M. Brohl is discovered to be bound only by patriotism and disinterestedness, what effect this discovery has upon Antoinette, and the rather decided measures (judging by the French standard, *ne touches pas à l'ingénue*) which she takes to bring her lover to her feet, must be read in the book itself. For a short time the innocent Antoinette rejoices in the prospect of a life passed in his company, and then, sudden and swift, the discovery which the reader has expected so long, descends upon them. Faithful to his double nature to the last, Samuel Brohl, after surpassing himself in meanness, rises suddenly to the height of a theatrical magnanimity, and purchases the right to revenge upon his rival.

We can recommend the care with which the translator has rendered the author's language, which appears always well chosen and clear. Some of the descriptions, as that of the Alpine flowers at St. Moritz—"pretty violet asters, wrapped in a little cravat-like tufting to protect them from the cold, and that charming little lilac flower, delicately cut, sensitive, quivering, which one finds inscraping away the snow higher up"—are really beautiful, and tell of a genuine lover of nature. As we have already intimated that M. Cherbuliez is as much at home in the *salon* as on the breezy hills, treading upon the slippery pine needles, the reader will gather that this is a book which will be read with pleasure, and will excite expectations which we hope the succeeding volumes of the series will fulfil.