

Ago," "The Woman in White," "The Caxtons," and "East Lynne,"—in a descending scale, according to the order here given. Considering the large basis on which these statistics are founded, they are not without importance for measuring the circulation of modern English literature, and the literary taste of the age.

Modern French literature is infinitely behind that of England, in quality as well as quantity, though on the first look the latter appears not to be the case. While the *Bookseller* brings its monthly list of four hundred, the *Bibliographie de la France* announces, during the same time, its nine hundred or even thousand new works, all fresh from the press. During the period from January 1 to December 20, 1862, the number of books published in France, according to the *Bibliographie*, amounted to 11,484, which gives exactly 957 new works per month. This seems a most formidable quantity of fresh literature, but it dwindles down immensely on closer examination. The French law compels every author or publisher to register whatever appears in print, and hence the merest trifles, fragments of a pamphlet, and parts of a flying sheet are entered in the official list, and come to swell the contents of the French *Bibliographie*, far beyond the limits of the more modest as well as honest English *Bookseller*. In reality the France of our days produces not a third of the number of *bonâ fide* books in England; and the superiority of quality as well as quantity need not be insisted on in view of the well-known relation of imperialism to literature. The following facts, however—collected from the very best sources, and guaranteed as such—may give an idea of the circulation of modern French literature.

The "Mémoires" of Guizot have reached a sale of 9,000 copies; he works of Ernest Renan of 3,000, and the novel, a type of its class, called "Madame Bovary," a sale of 22,000 copies. The celebrated "Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre" has been sold in 35,000! "Le Cas de M. Guerin," and "Le Nez d'un Notaire," by Ed. About, in 12,000; and the notorious "Fanny," by Ernest Feydeau, in 35,000 copies. The other novels of the last named author have as yet not reached a sale higher than from 5,000 to 6,000; but the disreputable works of Paul de Kock have now an annual demand of from 2,500 to 3,000 copies. The "Histoire de Sybille," an ultramontane romance, by Octave Feuillet, reproduced from the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, has gone, since October last, through three editions of 2,000 each; and other works by the same author have had still greater success. The novels of George Sand have had only a sale of from five to six thousand, showing a considerable falling off in popularity. "It is a notable feature of the literature of the day," writes our informant from Paris, "that really good novels, of the Hugo and Sand character, brought out by Lévy, Hetzel, and other first-rate publishers, have a comparatively limited sale. Even books are not liked the engravings of which are too fine and on too white, satin-like paper." The "Mémoires de Rigolboche," not sinning in this respect, have had a sale of above 50,000, though the price was high.

The French edition of Victor Hugo's "Misérables" consisted of 16,000 copies; while 40,000 were printed at Brussels, 3,000 copies of which went to Italy; 2,200 to Russia; 1,700 to England, the same number to Germany; 800 to Spain; 700 to Holland; and 400 to North America. Of Thier's "Histoire du Holland et de l'Empire,"* 50,000 copies were published; of Baron Bazancourt's official history of the Crimean campaign, 23,000, and of his history of the Italian campaign, 17,000 copies. The works of Alexander Dumas & Co. sell at the rate of about 6,000 per annum, besides the reproduction in a number of half-penny papers; and the romances of Eugene Sue, including the "Juif Errant" and the "Mystères de Paris," continue to have a like annual demand. French school books, on the other hand, have a small sale compared with our own educational works. Of the celebrated "Dictionnaire de l'Académie" no more than from 500 to 600 copies are disposed of annually; and from 700 to 800 of Becherelle's "Dictionnaire National Français." As a set-off against this, the pamphlet trade is very important, quantitatively speaking, single sheets often rising to a sale of sixty or seventy thousand copies. Of the notorious print, "Napoleon III. et l'Angleterre," 72,000 copies were sold in a few weeks.

There being no real political life in France, the periodical press of the country to a great extent has got into the novelistic and family-magazine condition, and leaders and reviews are swamped in in the all-important *feuilleton*. Consequently, the circulation of the chief newspapers—of "leading" newspapers it is impossible to speak—belongs in many respects to the French book-world, and may serve to indicate the public taste at the present time. At this moment, the *Siècle*, representative of the *épicière* element, stands at the head of the daily press, with a circulation of 50,000; followed at a good interval, by *La Patrie*, with 28,000; *L'Opinion Nationale*, with 21,000; *La Presse*, with 19,000; *Le Constitutionnel*, with 18,000; the *Journal des Débats*, with 12,000; *La France*, with

11,000; *Le Temps*, the incomparably best French newspaper of the day, with 7,000; and *Le Pays*, with 6,000 subscribers. The bi-weekly *Figaro* sells 5,000; the weekly *Illustration*, 27,000; the *Monde Illustré*, 22,000; and the penny illustrated paper, *Journal pour Tous*, 70,000 copies. The bi-monthly well-known *Revue des Deux Mondes* has an edition of 13,000; but the *Journal du Dimanche*, with Alexander Dumas & Co., and plenty of "Rigolboche," an edition of 100,000 copies. The provincial journals of France have all a very small circulation; the largest two being the *Journal de Chartres*, with 7,800 subscribers; and the *Gironde* of Bordeaux, with 5,000. Centralism is evidently the order of the day in France, even in journalism—centralization crowned by Alexander Dumas the Great, and "Rigolboche."

To say a few words about the circulation of modern German literature might not be uninteresting, did not the limits of the *Spectator*, even with the largest of supplements, put in a decisive veto. In proof of this it will be only necessary to state that there were published within the last twelve months in Germany the overwhelming number of *fourteen thousand new books*.—*London Spectator*.

2. LITERATURE FOR CHILDREN.

Most of the reading provided for children consists of stories. Some of these are good and useful, but others are hurtful. A considerable part of the juvenile reading-books is made up of fancy tales, accounts of strange adventures, real or fanciful; and stories of ghosts, giants, and magicians. Such stories are attractive to children, and are read with intense interest, mingled sometimes with wonder and fear, and sometimes with mirthful pleasure. If immediate gratification were the chief end to be secured, these books would be just the ones. They answer that purpose fully.

But we cannot test the true value of books thus. A child's reading will leave its influence upon his mind after the immediate pleasure has passed; and in estimating the value of books, we must judge by their permanent influence rather than by their present effects. The kind of reading described above, seems to me to be very injurious. It gratifies the child without instructing him. It does not draw out the thinking powers, and encourage intellectual effort. It makes the mind indolent and morbid, and creates a distaste for useful books. The child becomes accustomed to read for amusement or excitement, and simple, truthful, and instructive literature seems to him dull and tedious. When this vitiated taste is formed it will strengthen itself by repeated gratifications, until the story-loving child becomes a slave to it, and spends every available moment in devouring works of fiction. Such seem to me to be the direct results of these juvenile books, and, if so, every parent or teacher who provides such books for children, is fostering a taste for fictitious reading. I do not here intend to condemn fiction unqualifiedly. It may at times be of use to those whose tastes are formed; but it does not seem to be desirable as a moulding influence in childhood.

Books for children should be such as will be of benefit to them while they read, and ever after. The style should be agreeable, so as to interest the child; and the subject-matter should be instructive and strengthening to the mind. The subjects should be varied, so as to appeal to the intellect, conscience, and heart. Is not the field of truth broad and diversified enough to satisfy the wants of any mind? There are the phenomena of day and night, and the succession of the seasons—the tetrarchs of the year; the varieties of beasts, birds, and fishes, with their peculiar habits and modes of life and relations to man; the beauties of flowers and trees, and the majesty of forests; the delicate forms of vegetable and insect life, which the microscope reveals; the mysterious forces of nature, and the sublimity of the "blue and starry sky." The field of history is also rich in lessons that will interest and benefit any child. The material is abundant, and can easily be made attractive to young minds. Above all, there is the realm of spiritual truth revealed in the Holy Scriptures. There are beautiful biographies, noble examples of faith and love, and the teachings of heavenly wisdom. Is there not enough in nature, history, and revelation, to fill the reading books of the young? Is there any beauty of the mind that can not be gratified and cultivated from these sources? Why should these healthful and inexhaustible fountains be neglected, and the exciting draughts of fiction be given to the immature? The imagination can be amply developed without such stimulus, and much more healthfully. The world is full of beauties, which can be admired in nature and imitated in art. Music offers its delights. Poetry and painting, and all natural and artistic beauties, spread out their charms and invite the soul to enjoy them. All these are salutary. There is no deficiency in the supply of healthful nourishment and gratification that needs to be made up by hurtful fiction. God has furnished all that men need.—*Iowa Instructor*.