

Literary Notices.

Austria in 1848 and '49, by W. H. STILES (Harper and Brothers). This work, in two octavo volumes, by the late Chargé d'Affaires of the United States, at the Court of Vienna, furnishes the most complete history that has yet appeared of the political affairs of Hungary, with ample and accurate details of the late disastrous revolutionary struggle. From his diplomatic position at Vienna, Mr. Stiles had rare opportunities for observation, of which he has availed himself in a manner that is highly creditable to his acuteness and good sense. He has evidently made a diligent study of his subject in all its bearings; the best authorities have been faithfully consulted; conflicting views have been cautiously weighed; but his final conclusions are derived from the free exercise of his own judgment. Hence his work is quite free from the spirit of partisanship. It is critical in its tone, rather than dogmatic. Aiming at entire impartiality, it may seem too moderate in its statements to satisfy the advocates of extreme views on either side. Mr. Stiles shows an ardent attachment to the principles of liberty; he is thoroughly imbued with the spirit of American institutions; but he has no sympathy with the Communism or Red Republicanism of Europe. An admirer of the heroic enthusiasm of Kossuth, he displays no wish to conceal the defects of his character. He is opposed, with strong conviction, to the interference of America in the affairs of Hungary. At the same time he deprecates the tyranny of which she has been the victim, and presents a candid and intelligent view of the nature of her recent struggle. His volume contains many felicitous portrayments of the leading actors on both sides. A number of valuable and interesting documents, illustrative of the Revolutionary movement, are preserved in the Appendix.

The following description of the *Seresšnners*, a portion of Jellachich's troops, presents a favorable specimen of the picturesque style in which the author often temperately indulges:

"*Seresšnners* are the wild border soldiers from Montenegro, and bearing a stronger resemblance to the Indians of the North American forests than to the ordinary troops of the European continent. The frame of such a borderer seems to be nothing but sinew and muscle; and with ease, nay, without appearing to be at all affected by them, he endures hardships and fatigues to which the most seasoned soldiers are scarcely equal. A piece of oaten bread and a dram of *sklikowitz* (plum brandy) suffice him, on an emergency, a whole day, and with that refreshment alone will march on untired, alike in the most scorching heat and the most furious snow-storm; and when night comes, he desires no other couch than the bare ground, no other roof than the open sky. Their costume is most peculiar, as well as picturesque. There is something half Albanian in some portions of the dress—in the leggings and full trousers fastened at the knee, and in the heavily gold-embroidered crimson jacket. But that which gives decided character and striking originality to these sons of war is the cloak. Over these giant frames hangs a mantle of scarlet cloth, fastened tightly at the throat; below this, on the breast, depends the clasp of the jacket, a large silver egg, made so as to open and serve as a cup. In the loose girdle are to be seen the richly-mounted pistols and glittering kandjar—Turkish arms chiefly; for every *Seresšnner* is held, by old tradition, to have won his first weapon from the Turk. The mantle has a cape, cut somewhat in the shape of a bat's wing, but which,

joined together by hooks and eyes, forms a sharp pointed hood, resembling those of the Venetian *marinari*, but higher and more peaked. Over the crimson cap, confined by a gold band upon the brow, falling with a gold tassel on the shoulder, rises this red hood, usually overshadowing such a countenance as a Murillo or a Vandyke would delight to portray. The brilliant rays of the long dark eye repose beneath a thick fringe of sable lashes; but you feel that, if awakened, they must flash forth in fire. The brow, the mouth, and the nose are all essentially noble features; and over all is spread a skin of such clear olive-brown, that you are inclined to think you have a Bedouin before you."

Our readers will remember the controversy which has recently produced some excitement in London, with regard to a person claiming to be a Hungarian baroness, employed in the political service of Kossuth. The following curious anecdote sets that question at rest, while it explains the romantic manner in which Mr. Stiles was put in possession of the dispatch from Kossuth, requesting his intervention with the Imperial Government:

"On the night of the 2d December, 1848, when all communication between Hungary and Austria had ceased, large armies on either side guarding their respective frontiers, the author was seated in the office of the Legation of the United States at Vienna, when his servant introduced a young female, who desired, as she said, to see him at once upon urgent business. She was a most beautiful and graceful creature, and, though attired in the dress of a peasant, the grace and elegance of her manner, the fluency and correctness of her French, at once denoted that she was nearer a princess than a peasant. She sat and conversed for some time before she ventured to communicate the object of her visit. As soon as the author perceived that in the exercise of the utmost caution she desired only to convince herself that she was not in error as to the individual she sought, he told her that, upon the honor of a gentleman, she might rest assured that the individual she saw before her was the diplomatic agent of the United States at the court of Vienna. Upon that assurance, she immediately said, 'Then, sir, I am the bearer of a communication to you.' She then asked, 'Have you a servant, sir, in whom you can rely, who can go with me into the street for a few moments?' The author replied that he had no servant in whom he could rely, that he feared they were all in the pay of the police, but that he had a private secretary in whom he reposed confidence, and who could accompany her. The secretary was immediately called, they descended together into the street, and in a few moments returned, bearing with them the rack of a wagon. This rack, which is a fixture attached either to the fore or back part of a peasant's wagon, and intended to hold hay for the horses during a journey, was composed of small slats, about two inches wide and about the eighth of an inch thick, crossing each other at equal distances, constituted a semicircular net-work. As all these slats, wherever they crossed, were fastened together with either wooden or iron bolts, with our unskillful hands an hour nearly was consumed before we could get the rack in pieces. When this was accomplished, we saw nothing before us but a pile of slats; but the fair courier, taking them up one by one, and examining them very minutely, at length selected a piece, exclaiming, 'This is it!' The slat selected resembled the others so completely, that the most rigid observer, unapprised

of the fact, could not have detected the slightest difference between them; but, by the aid of a penknife, to separate its parts, this slat was found to be composed of two pieces, hollowed out in the middle, and affording space enough to hold a folded letter. In this space had been conveyed, with a secrecy which enabled it to pass the severe scrutiny of the Austrian sentinels, the communication addressed to the author by Louis Kossuth.

"The mysterious personage, as intrepid as she was fair, who undertook the conveyance of this dispatch, at night, alone and unprotected, in an open peasant's wagon, in a dreadful snow-storm, through the midst of the Austrian army, when detection would have been certain death, was (as M. Pulszky has just informed the author) then a single lady, has since married, and is now the Countess Motesiczky.

"The statement, therefore, of a person assuming the title of Baroness de Beck, and who, in a work upon the Hungarian war, published in England about two years ago, claiming for herself the credit of having been the bearer of the dispatch referred to, is altogether without foundation. This authoress, whose character, as well as untimely and remarkable death, was involved in so much mystery, and excited for a time so much discussion in Europe, was (as M. Pulszky represents) the servant of the Countess Motesiczky, and thus became possessed of a knowledge of the incident above detailed."

Stringer and Townsend have issued the fourth edition of *Frank Forester's Field Sports of the United States*, by HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT, with several additions and new pictorial illustrations. One need not be a practical sportsman in order to enjoy, with keen zest, the racy descriptions of silvan life which flow so charmingly from the practiced pen of this accomplished "Forester." In the woods, he is every where at home. He not only knows how to bag his game, but he studies all their habits as a book, and never leaves them till they have fulfilled their destiny on the table of the epicure. Writing, in a great measure, from personal experience, his style has all the freshness of a mountain breeze. With a quick eye for the picturesque, he paints the scenery of our American sporting grounds, with admirable truthfulness and spirit. He has made free use in these volumes of the works of distinguished naturalists, Audubon, Giraud, Wilson, Godman and others, and has been equally happy in his borrowings and in his own productions. We recommend his manual to all who cherish a taste for rural life. To sportsmen, of course, we need say nothing of its merits.

The *Golden Christmas*, by W. GILMORE SIMMS is the title of a slight story, presenting many vivid sketches of social life on a Southern plantation. In its execution, it is more careless than the usual writings of the author, but its ease and vivacity will make it a favorite with indulgent readers in search merely of amusement. Its prevailing tone is "genial and gentle, tender and tolerant, not strategical and tragical." (Published by Walker, Richards, and Co. Charleston, S. C.)

Falkenburgh is a recent novel by the author of "Mildred Vernon," which is well worth reading, for its piquant delineations of character, apart from the current interest of the plot, which is one of great power and intensity. The scene is laid in the picturesque regions of the Rhine, and suggests many delightful pictures to the rare descriptive talents of the writer. (Harper and Brothers.)

A new work of fiction by CAROLINE CHESEBRO, entitled *Isa, A Pilgrimage*, is issued by J. S. Redfield, in the style of simple elegance which distin-

guishes his recent publications. This is a more ambitious effort than the former productions of the authoress, displaying a deeper power of reflection, a greater intensity of passion, and a more complete mastery of terse and pointed expression. On the whole, we regard it as a successful specimen of a quite difficult species of composition. Without the aid of a variety of incident or character, with scarcely a sufficient number of events to give a fluent movement to the plot, and with very inconsiderable reference to external nature, the story turns on the development of an abnormal spiritual experience, showing the perils of entire freedom of thought in a powerful, original mind, during the state of intellectual transition between attachment to tradition and the supremacy of individual conviction. The scene is laid in the interior world—the world of consciousness, of reflection, of passion. In this twilight region, so often peopled with monstrous shapes, and spectral phantasms, the author treads with great firmness of step. With rare subtlety of discrimination, she brings hidden springs of action to light, untwisting the tangled webs of experience, and revealing with painful minuteness, some of the darkest and most fearful depths of the human heart. The characters of Isa and Stuart, the leading personages of the story, certainly display uncommon insight and originality. They stand out from the canvas in gloomy, portentous distinctness, with barely light enough thrown upon them to enable us to recognize their weird, mysterious features. For our own part, we should prefer to meet this writer, whose rare gifts we cordially acknowledge, in a more sunny atmosphere; but we are bound to do justice to the depth and vigor of the present too sombre creation.

The Howadji in Syria, by GEORGE W. CURTIS (Harper and Brothers). Another fragrant record of Oriental life by the delightful pen which dropped spices and honey so luxuriantly in the unmatched *Nile Notes of a Howadji*. This volume is written in a more subdued strain—the radiant Oriental splendors gleam less dazzlingly, as the traveler approaches the West—the pictures of gorgeous beauty are softened down to a milder tone—and as the pinnacles of the Holy City appear in view, a "dim religious light" tempers the glowing imaginative sensuousity which revels in the glorious enchantments of the sunny Nile. As a descriptive writer, the Howadji has few equals in modern literature. He is indebted for his success to his exquisite perceptions of external nature, combined with a fancy fertile in charming images, and a vein of subtle reflection, which often gives an unexpected depth to his pictures, in the midst of what may at first seem to be only the flashes of a brilliant rainbow coloring. His notices of facts have the accuracy of a gazetteer. They are sharp, firm, well-defined, and singularly expressive. The most prosaic writer could not give a more faithful daguerreotype copy of Eastern scenery. Read his account of the Camel, in the description of his passage across the Desert from Cairo to Jerusalem. The ugly beast is made as familiar to the eye as the horses in a Broadway omnibus. A few authentic touches give a more vivid impression of this unwieldy "ship of the desert" than the labored details of natural history. But this fidelity to nature is by no means the ultimate aim of the Howadji. It is only the condition of a higher sweep. Its serves as the foundation of a series of delicious prose poems, sparkling with beauty, electric with emotion, and seductive to the ear by their liquid melody of expression. The Howadji is no less loyal to feeling than he is faithful to nature. With not the faintest trace of sentimentalism, he is

not ashamed of the eye and the soul susceptible to all beautiful influences. He writes out his experience with a cordial frankness that disarms prejudice. This union of imagination and fact in the writings of the Howadji must always give a charm to his personal narratives. No one can listen to the relation of his unique adventures without delight. How far his admirable success in this line of composition would insure his success in a purely imaginative work, we do not venture to predict. We trust he will yet give us an opportunity to decide the experiment.

A Commentary on the Book of Proverbs, by MOSES STUART. In a characteristic Preface to this volume, which is the last that came from the press previous to the lamented death of the author, Professor Stuart maintains that the Book of Proverbs was not wholly composed by Solomon, but that it consists of a selection of the proverbial sayings that were current among the wise men of the Hebrew nation. These were digested and arranged by Solomon, and received his sanction by passing through his hands. Most of the maxims are the offspring of sound common sense, of much experience, and of acute discrimination. They present a vivid picture of the internal Hebrew man—of his genius, feelings, morals, industry, social condition, and, indeed, of the whole state of the Hebrews, and their rank among the society of nations. The commentary by Professor Stuart is adapted to beginners in the Hebrew study, giving minute attention to all the philological difficulties, whether in form, idiom, or syntax. It exhibits a profusion of grammatical and exegetical learning, a devoted study of the original text, and considerable analytic acumen. (Published by M. W. Dodd.)

The Story of a Soul, by HENRY W. PARKER, is the title of an anniversary Poem, read before a literary society of Hamilton College, devoted to a retrospect of the supposed experience of a soul, and of the progress of society during the nineteenth century. It shows a lively imagination, a familiar acquaintance with human nature, and an uncommon fluency of expression. The alternation in the poem of grave reflections on the spiritual life, and touches of sarcastic humor on the current events of the day, gives a lively air to the composition, and well sustains the interest of the reader. (Sold by Evans and Brittan.)

Lippincott, Grambo, and Co. have commenced the publication of a series of *Cabinet Histories*, embracing a volume for each State in the Union. The work is intrusted to the charge of T. S. ARTHUR, and W. H. CARPENTER, whose names may be taken as a guarantee that their task will be performed with exactness and fidelity, and that no sectarian, sectional, or party feelings will bias their judgment, or lead them to violate the integrity of history. It is intended to present a brief narrative of the domestic policy of each State; and, at the same time, to give a peculiar prominence to the personal history of the people, illustrating the progressive development of the social state from the rude forest life of the earlier day to the present condition of refinement and prosperity. The design of the series is excellent. If ably carried out, as we have no doubt it will be, it must prove an important contribution to the interests of popular education. We have already received the *Histories of Kentucky* and of *Georgia*, which are executed in a manner that furnishes the highest promise for the future volumes of the series. The style is marked by rare simplicity and clearness. The facts are well arranged, and apparently based on authentic evidence. A fine portrait of the veteran pioneer, Daniel Boone, embellishes the *History of Kentucky*.

The translation of MOSHEIM's *Commentaries on the State of Christianity before the Age of Constantine*, by JAMES MURDOCK, D.D., is a valuable contribution to the literature of Ecclesiastical History. This work is well known to the students of theology as one of great learning and research, and has not been superseded by the more elaborate and ambitious productions of a later period. Dr. Murdock's name is a sufficient assurance of the fidelity of the translation. (Published by S. Converse.)

A new edition of Madame PULSZKY's delightful *Tales and Traditions of Hungary* has been issued by J. S. Redfield. They are full to overflowing of the genuine Magyar spirit, presenting a series of rich and beautiful portraits of the old Hungarian life. In the prevailing interest which is now attached to the country of Kossuth, this volume can not fail to find a welcome reception with the American public.

Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers, by WILLIAM EDMONDSTONE AYTOUN. The brave martial spirit of these poems of the olden time is finely sustained by the ringing melody of their rhythm. Combining a fervent admiration of the Cavaliers with a devout hatred of the Covenanters, the author has embodied his political feelings in resonant strains. The neat edition of his volume brought out by Redfield will make him better known in this country.

Harper and Brothers have published *Notes on the Book of Revelation*, by Rev. ALBERT BARNES, forming the eleventh volume of Barnes's *Notes on the New Testament*. The character of this popular commentary is too well known to require any critical remarks. In the preface to the present volume, the author makes some interesting statements with regard to the progress of the work from its commencement to its completion. It was begun more than twenty years ago. It was intended only to comprise brief and simple Notes on the Gospels, for the use of Bible classes and Sunday-school teachers. Contrary to the original plan of the author, his Notes have been extended to eleven volumes, and embrace the whole of the New Testament. They have been written entirely in the early hours of the morning, before nine o'clock, the rest of the day having been invariably devoted to other pursuits. In studying the Apocalypse, without any pre-conceived theory as to its plan, Mr. Barnes discovered that the series of events recorded by Gibbon bore a singular correspondence to the series of symbols made use of by the sacred writer. This fact presents a point of literary curiosity which we apprehend has escaped the notice of previous writers. The remarks upon it by Mr. Barnes are quite to the purpose: "The symbols were such as it might be supposed *would be used*, on the supposition that they were intended to refer to these events, and the language of Mr. Gibbon was often such as *he would have used*, on the supposition that he had designed to prepare a commentary on the symbols employed by John. It was such, in fact, that, if it had been found in a Christian writer, professedly writing a commentary on the book of Revelation, it would have been regarded by infidels as a designed attempt to force history to utter a language that should conform to a pre-determined theory in expounding a book full of symbols. So remarkable have these coincidences appeared to me in the course of this exposition, that it has almost seemed as if he had designed to write a commentary on some portions of this book, and I have found it difficult to doubt that that distinguished historian was raised up by an overruling Providence to make a record of those events which would ever afterward be regarded as an impartial and unprejudiced statement of the evidences of the fulfillment of

prophecy. The historian of the 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire' had no belief in the divine origin of Christianity, but he brought to the performance of his work learning and talent such as few Christian scholars have possessed. He is always patient in his investigations; learned and scholar-like in his references; comprehensive in his groupings, and sufficiently minute in his details; unbiased in his statements of facts, and usually cool and candid in his estimates of the causes of the events which he records; and, excepting his philosophical speculations, and his sneers at every thing, he has probably written the most candid and impartial history of the times that succeeded the introduction of Christianity, that the world possesses, and even after all that has been written since his time, his work contains the best ecclesiastical history that is to be found. Whatever use of it can be made in explaining and confirming the prophecies, will be regarded by the world as impartial and fair, for it is a result which he least of all contemplated, that he would ever be regarded as an expounder of the prophecies in the Bible, or be referred to as vindicating their truth."

Romanism at Home, by KIRWAN, is a controversial work against the Roman Catholic Church, in a series of Letters to the Hon. Chief Justice Taney. Bold, vehement, and enthusiastic—of a stringent polemical tone—and abounding in striking local and personal details—it is adapted to make a strong impression, and can not fail to be extensively read. (Harper and Brothers.)

Lord COCKBURN'S *Life of Francis Jeffrey* is welcomed by the London Press as one of the most charming books of the season. The Correspondence is spoken of as being singularly delightful. "The generous humanity," says the *Athenæum*, "the genial good-will, the ever-recurring play of the noblest affections of the heart endear to us the writer of these letters, and claim the sympathies of all who are alive to what is beautiful in human nature. They exhibit much of the vivacity and freshness of Walpole, combined with the literary grace of Chesterfield and the sweet tenderness of Cowper. In their union of emotional feeling with refined sense and bright conception, their character is almost poetical. They are revelations of Jeffrey's heart as well as of his head, and will make him known and loved by countless readers. His fascination as friend and companion can be easily understood after reading these effusions of a mind whose genial feeling could not be stifled or depressed by forensic or literary toil, or by the snows of age."

The ninth and tenth volumes of Mr. GROTE'S *History of Greece* are now out. They bring down the history from the period of the culmination of the Spartan supremacy, to the accession of Philip of Macedon. "A very remarkable thing about these two volumes," says the *Leader*, "is the amount of political teaching they contain, adapted to the present hour. The volumes are, we may say, pervaded with a lesson of contrast between the results of a government founded on despotism, and those of a government founded on free speech. Invariably in Greece, where free speech was permitted, and democratic spirit prevailed, the developments of society were better, greater, and more orderly, than where matters were managed by long continuations of military despotism, or occasional *coups d'état*." Three or four volumes more will conclude this great work.

Mr. GLADSTONE has published the third volume of

his translation of FARINI'S *History of the Roman State*. This volume carries on the story from the flight of the Pope, to the landing of General Oudinot at Civita Vecchia. "The narrative is interesting," says the *Leader*, "but, like the two previous volumes, narrow and peevish in its spirit. One regrets more than ever, on reading these volumes, that MARGARET FULLER'S *History of the Italian Movement* has been lost to the world; it would have told the story of the Roman Republic in so different a spirit from that of the crabbed Farini, who, though he writes well enough, is precisely one of those men who would act like vinegar in any cause, souring all, and helping nothing. By-the-by, SAFFI, Mazzini's young and gifted colleague in the Triumvirate (one of the few men of whom even Farini speaks well, and who is precisely the man to win golden opinions from all sorts of people, and what is more, to deserve them), is writing a *History of the Roman Revolution of 1848-49*. We believe part of it is already written, if not published by the Italian press of Switzerland."

MR. MOXON has called in the *Shelley Papers*, in two volumes, published in January last, it having been discovered that the whole work was a collection of ingenious forgeries, deceiving alike publisher, editor, and public. The first suspicion raised of their genuineness was by a correspondent of the *Literary Gazette* drawing attention to the singular identity of whole paragraphs of some of the letters, with an article in the *Quarterly* on "Fine Arts in Florence" in 1840, and contemporaneously, Mr. Palgrave discovered the embodiment of a whole article of his father's, contributed to the *Edinburgh Review*. This led to further examination and strict inquiry, and there appears at the present time, says the *London journals*, but little reason to doubt that the letters which were purchased at auctions for high prices can be traced to the "George Gordon Byron, Esq.," whose projected publication in England, some years since, of some alleged secret unpublished papers of Lord Byron was prohibited.

We believe it has not yet been stated, with reference to these forgeries, that they were made, not to impose on autograph collectors, for which purpose their value, in relation to the time and pains spent in their fabrication, would offer no inducement; but they were produced to authenticate a new memoir of Lord Byron, but this publication having failed, and the author falling into distress, was compelled to part with his alleged "original MSS."

The *London Critic* says that the Messrs. "Routledge have presented to the British lovers of poetry the collected works of JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, one of the foremost in local fame of the poets of America, but who is less known in England than some of his brethren of lesser merit. This reprint, at a trifling price, will, we trust, introduce him to the better acquaintance of our readers, who can not but be pleased with the vivid imagination, the fruitful fancy, the exquisite transcripts of nature, and the lofty sentiment that pervades his productions."

We learn from the *Athenæum* that Margaret Fuller, on the eve of that visit to the Continent which was to prove so eventful and disastrous, left in the hands of a friend in London a sealed packet, containing, it is understood, the journals which she kept during her stay in England. Margaret Fuller contemplated at that time a return to England at no very distant date; and the deposit of these papers was accompanied by an injunction that the packet should then

be restored with unbroken seal into her own hands. The papers are likely to be of great interest, and were doubtless intended for publication; but the writer had peremptorily reserved the right of revision to herself, and forbidden the breaking of the seals, on a supposition which fate has now made impossible. The equity of the case under such circumstances demands only a reference to Margaret Fuller's literary executors.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL is engaged in the preparation of a Life of *Charles James Fox*. The materials, collected by Lord Holland and by Mr. Allen, have been long since placed at his lordship's disposal, and the work might have been ready but for the public duties which occupy so much of his attention and time.

At a recent sale of books in London a few rarities were brought to the hammer. "The Bokes of Solomon," printed by W. Copland, 1551, a very rare little volume, sold for 26*l.*; a copy of Coverdale's Bible, the edition of 1560, but imperfect, sold for 31*l.*; a manuscript book of "Hours," with miniatures very prettily painted, sold for 19*l.* As if to prove that the days of bibliomania are not yet quite gone—a copy of "Barnes's History of Edward III.," which in ordinary condition is worth about 10*s.*, sold for the large sum of 9*l.* 10*s.*, simply because it happened to be in "choice old blue morocco, the sides and back richly tooled."

The election to the vacant chair of Greek in the University of Edinburgh which took place on the 2d of March, was contested with uncommon zeal. Up to a late period it seemed undecided which of the many able candidates for the office would win—but at last the choice lay between Dr. William Smith, Dr. Schmitz, Prof. Blackie, Prof. Macdowall, and Mr. Price. The election was ultimately decided by the Lord Provost giving a casting vote in favor of Prof. Blackie. In this gentleman the University has secured a man of genius, energy, and kindly feeling—and one well able to maintain its character for classical learning.

MR. DICKENS'S *Bleak House* is producing quite a marked sensation in Germany. Half a dozen publishers at least announced the work several weeks since, and on the 30th of March the first number of *Bleak House* was to appear in half a dozen German translations. It remains to be seen what the German translators will do with the Court of Chancery and its technicalities.

There are now about five or six various translations of Macaulay's "History of England" published in Germany. The number is likely to be increased by another translation, for which a Brunswick bookseller has engaged the name of HERR BESELER the Schleswig-Holstein politician of the year 1848.

BARANTE has published his third volume of the *Histoire de la Convention Nationale*, which comes down to the epoch of CARRIER, at Nantes.

PIERRE LEROUX, who is now an exile in London, is about to deliver a course of lectures on the *History of Socialism*. Pierre Leroux has not only the necessary erudition for the task, he has also the prestige of having intimately known the modern Socialists.

The works of CHAMFORT are collected into one octavo volume, with a preliminary essay by ARSENE

HOUSSAYE. These writings abound in anecdotes, and sharp sentences, picturesque, ear-catching, brief, and suggestive phrases.

GEORGE SAND has made another unsuccessful dramatic experiment, *Pandolphe en vacances*, which distresses the admirers of her genius, who desire to see her renounce a stage to which that genius is clearly not adapted, in spite of *Le Champi* and *Claudie*.

In the *Revue des Deux Mondes* is commenced a skillful translation of Mrs. NORTON's beautiful novel, *Stuart of Dunleath*, by EMILE FORGUES; and an intimation is given of this vein being actively worked.

No small sensation has been caused in Paris by the discovery of the extraordinary forgeries of the Shelley letters. The fact is, that the system of forging letters and manuscripts of distinguished personages is carried on to a large extent in that city: indeed it is as much a regular branch of business as the manufacture of pictures by the great masters is in Italy. In Germany similar frauds are practiced with great success. Only a little while ago a gentleman purchased several letters purporting to be written by Luther, every one of which it now appears is a forgery. In Italy the same system is carried on.

The literary remains of the late ANSELM FEUERBACH, the most learned of the professors of criminal jurisprudence in Germany, are about to be edited by his son, L. Feuerbach, and published by C. Wigand, of Leipzig.

King Max of Bavaria has given a commission to M. Halbig, the sculptor of Munich, to model from the life a bust of Schelling, the well-known German philosophical writer.

The admirers of German literature will be glad to learn that an attempt has been made in Germany to register the enormous number of books and pamphlets which the Germans themselves have published on their two great poets, Goethe and Schiller. A catalogue of the Goethe literature in Germany, from the year 1793 to 1851, has been published by Balde, at Cassel, and in London by Messrs. Williams and Norgate. The Schiller literature, from 1781 to 1851, is likewise announced by the same firm.

The literary remains of the late Count PLATEN-HALLERMUNDE, author of *The Tower with Seven Gates*, *The Romantic Oedipus*, *The Fateful Fork*, and other works, which will always stand pre-eminent in German literature, as well as the poet's correspondence with Count FUGGER, are now in the hands of Dr. MINKVITZ, who is preparing them for publication.

The first volume of *The Lives of the Sovereigns of Russia, from Rurik to Nicholas*, is announced as nearly ready in London. It is to be completed in three volumes, and to be printed uniformly with Miss Strickland's *Queens of England*, with illustrations. The author, who is not unknown to fame, truly remarks, "It is a singular fact that there is no such work at present in the English language, and that we know, perhaps, less of 'Russia and the Russians,' than we do of some of the distant tribes of India. It does appear, therefore, that there is a blank in our historical library which requires filling up; such a publication, consequently, may be deemed a *desideratum* in English literature."

Three Leaves from Punch.

FIRST ARISTOCRATIC BUTCHER-BOY—"Hullo, Bill! Don't mean to say yer've come down to a Pony?"
SECOND DITTO DITTO—"Not dezzactly! Our Cart is only gone a-paintin'!"

