

and the *Dinastia di Savoia* seems to permeate and absorb the whole of Italian public, private, political, and literary life: it seemed to crop out in every discussion, in the pages of every book, and the corner of every street, and, to a stranger, seems to be rather wearisome and egotistic, and if so to nations who have long achieved their liberties, it must seem doubly offensive to those who, like Finlanders, Russians, and Germans of the Baltic provinces, seem to have no chance of ever achieving them.

On Wednesday, the 18th, a general photographic picture was taken of the whole assembly, and the final meeting was held in the Sala di Senato, when it was announced that the next Congress would be held in 1880 in Germany, the place left to be fixed by the German Oriental Society: it is doubtful whether this will answer.

Among the many deficiencies of the arrangements of this Congress I may notice as the most conspicuous the absence of those daily bulletins which appeared so regularly at St. Petersburg.

R. C.

M. E. DAUDET'S NOVELS.

WE have received the following letter from M. E. Daudet:—

Paris, 36, Rue de Berlin, Sept. 24, 1878.

Monsieur,—On me signale aujourd'hui seulement dans un numéro de *l'Athenæum*, en date du 14 Septembre, un article dont l'auteur, en rendant compte d'un de mes romans, 'La Marquise de Sardes,' exprime cette idée, "que je devrais mettre en tête de mes livres, non la liste de mes œuvres, mais la liste des œuvres de mon frère Alphonse Daudet, dont la popularité," dit-il, "a fait ma réputation."

Il m'est impossible, Monsieur, de laisser passer cette allégation sans y répondre. Personne n'applaudit plus que moi aux succès de mon frère, et ceux qui nous connaissent savent quelle affection passionnée a toujours existé et existe entre nous; mais, je ne crois pas manquer aux devoirs que cette affection m'impose, en rétablissant la vérité. Ma notoriété est le résultat de vingt années passées dans la presse, de plusieurs romans, et de divers livres d'histoire: 'Le Ministère de M. de Martignac,' 'Le Procès des Ministres,' 'La Terreur Blanche,' dont l'un a été couronné par l'Académie française. Depuis longtemps déjà, mon frère jouit en France d'une grande réputation. Mais, sa popularité date de 1874 et de ce chef-d'œuvre qu'on nomme 'Fromont Jeune et Rislér Aîné.' A cette époque, Monsieur, j'occupais déjà, comme lui, dans les lettres un rang honorable, et je ne suppose pas que les très retentissants et très légitimes succès qu'il a obtenus m'en aient fait descendre. J'ai donc le droit d'affirmer que ma réputation est bien à moi et ne doit rien à personne qu'au public dont la bienveillance l'a faite.

Vous voudrez bien me pardonner, Monsieur, d'avoir occupé un moment vos lecteurs de ma personne. J'accepte avec déférence les critiques que votre collaborateur, usant de son droit, a infligées à mon livre; mais, je tiens trop à l'estime des lecteurs de votre savant recueil pour subir avec la même résignation le reproche immérité de m'être fait un piédestal du nom de mon frère.

J'attends de votre courtoisie et de votre loyauté l'insertion de cette lettre, Monsieur, et vous prie de croire à mes sentiments distingués.

ERNEST DAUDET.

We were quite aware of M. E. Daudet's excellent historical works, and we never intended to deny that his literary career has been long and creditable; but we must still maintain that provincials and foreigners do frequently take up M. E. Daudet's novels, not because one of his books has been crowned by the Academy, but because they have read 'Fromont Jeune et Rislér Aîné.'

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Athenæum Club, Sept. 23, 1878.

WOULD you kindly enlighten me upon a point which interests not only myself, but a number of your readers? The case is this: I bring back

a map of North-western Arabia, a country hitherto unsurveyed,—a work involving much time, trouble, and expense. I send it to my publishers, who will presently print it, and I want to know how this map, my property and their property, is defended by the law.

Of course, I cannot save myself from piracy under the plea of public service. This has been well-known to me since the day when my 'System of Bayonet Exercise' was liberally rewarded by the gift of a shilling. But is it true, as friends assure me, that any mapper can, by simply changing the size of my map, by reducing or enlarging the dimensions, reprint it wherever and whenever he pleases? Is there absolutely no defence against this form of fraud?

RICHARD F. BURTON.

EBENEZER JONES.

LAST week I narrated how Ebenezer Jones and his elder sister and brother, Mary and Sumner, by the reverse of their father's fortunes, had their prospects in life darkened, but, at the same time, became emancipated from the thralldom of the well meaning but bigoted Calvinists who used to frequent the house in Canonbury Square. And in my hastily written remarks I hope there was nothing prejudiced or ungenerous. I should, I am sure, be sorry to sneer at Calvinism *per se*, or at any other honest creed honestly held by sincere men with whom I may find it impossible to agree. Some of the most worthy people I have known have been Calvinists; and I know of no more estimable body of men than dissenting ministers. Their work for good is, and has been, great. And as to creeds: if the earth is indeed the mere "cradle of man," as Mahomet once finely said, the best rocking is that which best prepares him for his "coming to man's estate." And even Calvinism, if it should—as in Mary Jones's case it did—spiritualize,—if it should purify by renunciation and a "lordship of the soul" such as hers,—even Calvinism, I say, may be more precious to the soul, and more beautiful than the somewhat conceited rationalism of which some of us are so proud. But, admitting all this, it is assuredly a disastrous and a lamentable thing when three such children as the three eldest of the Joneses are cast amid such surroundings.

But to proceed: with the flight of the parsons, the passion for reading which Mary had always shown, but had been able to indulge so meagrely, now seized the other two, but not the rest of the family; and these three whose knowledge of literature had been almost confined to Calvinistic treatises, became eager devourers of books. The poets, and especially Shelley, followed upon Carlyle. If there is anything which is not purely original in Ebenezer's poetry it is echoed from Shelley. The 'Ode to Thought,' written in his eighteenth year, and printed in *Tait's Magazine*, and the opening of 'The Two Sufferers,' are among the few instances in point.

Not, however, that (even with the aid of such lights as now dawned upon them) they got entirely free from the effect of the creed—so fascinating because so repulsive—they had sucked in with their mother's milk; not that Mary ever really did. Still, the new ideas that now flowed into her mind could not but widen her vision, and set her inquiring into other systems of the universe than that appalling one which she had been taught was the only saving one. Though the merest child, she plunged into philosophy and theology; and, with her extraordinary intellectual penetration and vigorous memory, soon became more learned in Locke and the writers of the eighteenth century "Sensation School" than many a man whose speciality lies in philosophical inquiry.

Nor was Ebenezer ever thoroughly emancipated in the way that Sumner was from the deep dyes which early Calvinistic training almost always leave in the soul,—though he would have been surprised to have been told so. So firmly is the system mortised in a logical foundation, that, once having accepted the theory that human logic can

be the basis of any religion, the more vigorous the mere intellect (the *Verstand*) the more difficult is it to get free from the Calvinistic chains, as we see in the cases of many Scotch Calvinists, such as Mr. Carlyle, Dr. John Brown, and others. But even when compared with such cases as these, there are no more curious instances, I think, of the tenacious vitality of early religious teaching than those which crop up every now and then in Ebenezer Jones's poetry. For instance, he had been taught that the "end of the world" would be a general conflagration. Long after his reason had discarded such a conception his imagination held it firm. After having shown in his published volume how capable he was of stripping ideas of their trappings and fringe and becoming the "Naked Thinker" he describes in his poem of that name, he writes in 1845 these appalling stanzas, in which he realizes, with a power of vision equal to Bunyan's or Blake's, the Calvinistic notion more thoroughly, I should think, than any Calvinist had done before—*sees*, moreover, the world burn in the only way in which it could possibly, in those days, be supposed to burn—by the spreading outwards of the central fires. It is a truly marvellous production, and could have been written by himself alone:—

When the world is burning—
Fired within, yet turning
Round with face unscathed—
Ere fierce flames; uprushing,
O'er all lands leap crushing,
Till earth fall, fire-swathed,—
Up amidst the meadows,
Gently through the shadows,
Gentle flames will glide,
Small and blue and golden;—
Though by hard beholden,
When in calm thoughts folden,
Calm his dream will bide.
Where the dance is sweeping,
Through the greensward peeping,
Shall the soft lights start:—
Laughing maids, unstaring,
Deeming it trick-playing,
High their robes upswaying,
O'er the lights shall dart;
And the woodland hunter
Shall not cease to saunter
When, far down some glade,
Of the great world's burning
One soft flame upturning,
Seems to his discerning
Crocus in the shade.

These lines he calls "stanzas for music." Fancy a young lady singing them to the pianoforte! But what I wish to impress upon the reader, before proceeding with my narrative, is this,—that the poem is as characteristic of his Calvinistic training as is characteristic of Mr. Carlyle's his picture of the opera-house, and its brilliance which suggests to him the fires of Tophet. And note that this training accounts for that strange characteristic of Jones's poetry which is its most special feature—the glamour of supernaturalism he throws over the physical world. The man who from his childhood has been taught to look upon the world as a kind of Yule log created for a final bonfire can hardly, even if he is devoid of imagination, look upon "the comfortable earth" with the commonplace eyes of other men; but if he have an imagination like Ebenezer Jones's, the bonfire must be the actuality and "the comfortable earth" a delusive dream. With regard to the nature of this glamour, I cannot do better than quote some words of a gifted and esteemed friend of mine, who is himself both a fine poet and a fine critic—the Hon. J. Leicester Warren, the author of 'Philotetes':—

"There are," says he, in a letter I have just received from him, "but few poets so tantalizing in their performance as Ebenezer Jones. When he writes a bad line he writes a bad one with a vengeance. It is hardly possible to say how excruciatingly bad he is now and then. And yet at his best, in organic rightness, beauty, and, above all, spontaneity, one must go among the very highest poetic names to match him. I do not admire his invective and rhetorical bits most; because, fine as they are, I have seen all this done now and then as well before. But what I have not seen done as well before is the weird observation of the world and nature: something like, and yet wholly unlike, Blake's way of demonizing men in common-place swallow-tail coats and women in