

LITERATURE.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

THE MAN WHO LAUGHS. By Victor Hugo. Translated by William Young. Philadelphia agent, D. Appleton & Co.

Victor Hugo's romance, remarkable in more ways than one, having run its course through the pages of Appleton's Journal, has doubtless, to the intense satisfaction of the publishers no less than the readers of that periodical, been completed, and is now issued in book form.

This is a work that is not to be read for its plot or its historical facts, and the reader who is capable of appreciating it at all will readily forgive the irregularities of the author for the sake of the real grandeur with which he has invested the essential features of his subject. In every chapter there are eloquent and powerful passages, which are equal to anything that Victor Hugo has written in his best days; and even his errors, growing, as they do, out of his intense hatred of oppression and wrong, are entitled to the respectful consideration of those who, like him, look forward to the day when all men shall be free and equal, and when legalized wrong and oppression will be done away with on the earth forever.

From Claxton, Bensen & Haffelfinger we have received "Protestant Gems of the Prayer Book," by Rev. J. Pleasanton Du Hamel. This is a series of short commentaries on passages from the "Book of Common Prayer," designed to set forth its Protestant teachings in a clear and explicit manner. It is printed and bound in a neat and attractive style, and it may be perused with interest and profit by others than the members of the Episcopal Church, for whose edification it is particularly designed.

EASTERN PRODIGES.

From All the Year Round.

Of one Eastern city, in which I lived for some time, the Turks told me that at the creation of the world Allah provided three sacksful or bags of lies, and that he appropriated two of the three to that particular place, and one to all the rest of the world. I had strong reason to believe this legend.

What the Mussulman want in inventive power, they make up for in capacity of belief. Numerous are the cities on the surface, more numerous still (according to them) are the cities beneath. The precise situation of most of these is unknown, but in one case it is known, and the entrance to it is visible; I have seen it in fact.

The entrance is in the face of a mountain not many miles from the city of Ephesus. It is a flat niche, which looked to me as if some one had begun a small tunnel or driftway, and then stopped. No doubt I must be wrong. If we could get the key of the door, (and that is perhaps in the keeping of some Arabian magician), we should find it readily swing on its hinges, and the population would stream forth. Their carriages and horses, however, they could not possibly bring with them, for the door (granting an invisible door) is too low. There, within that mountain, is a vast people in a large city, with all the establishments needful for such a concourse.

The city is closed; but it may yet give forth its men. In holy Ephesus, near by, did not the seven sleepers take shelter in a cave, and did they not there remain for one hundred years, when they and their dog came out, and hardly found the way to their own neighborhood, when, what they thought had been the hurried sleep of a night, had been the long epoch of revolutions in religion, and in the State? The street boys, who mocked at them, were their great grandchildren. Old men, to whom they appealed for information and protection, were their own grandsons. Their beards had turned grey, and their dog had become decrepit, as well he might at a time of life unknown to dogs before.

The citizens of Ephesus could be little surprised to see men of past ages reappear, and treated them with honor; but the sleepers found none whom they knew, of wives, or infants, late or early friends. The seven sleepers went into a convent with their dog, and, after a further lease of mortal life, were buried in holiness in their own cave, in truthful commemoration of the event. I heard of two aged men near Mecca, who were known to many Moslem pilgrims as being

work in not one exactly adapted for family reading or Sunday School libraries. Thoughtful and intelligent men, however, who can appreciate real earnestness of purpose and real genius, in spite of its vagaries and extravagances, may read this tragedy with pleasure and profit; for underneath all the absurdities of the book, the idea of a man with a grin on his face, an undefined misery at his heart, trodden under foot by a great, false system, only half understanding his own wrongs, and troubled to know why those evils which nature certainly had not ordered should exist at all, is sufficiently distinct. All the characters in the book are embodiments of abstract ideas, rather than real personages, and they are all more or less sketchy and indefinite. At the same time they are masterly sketches, and the portrait of the "Duchess Josefine" is a fine and subtle creation of genius, beside which the others appear commonplace.

Often have aged and bowed men been pointed out to me as a hundred and fifty years old; but I could never get such an age proved. A Turk can always gain a few years in age by the shortness of the Turkish year. A Turkish friend who had been in Roumelia told me that at a great fair in the Adriatic district he had seen an old Greek woman sitting at the foot of a tree selling wares; her age, she said, was a hundred and fifty; but she pointed out her mother and grandfather, and said that her great-grandfather was at home in the village, being now too infirm to attend the fair. The old women got much esteem, including some from my friend, but he did not go to the village to see the eldest of the family.

People so gifted as to tenure of life are likewise privileged as to other faculties, ubiquity not excepted. There is now, or was lately, an imen in the city of Diarbekir, who on the same day, and within an hour's time, preached in the great mosques of Diarbekir and Aleppo, two or three hundred miles apart. This was attested by merchants and others, who had known him in both places. He likewise preached simultaneously in the cities of Mosul and Diarbekir.

An African friend—who made arithmetical mistakes in many matters of mine—told me some singular tales. He informed me of men and women in his part of the world who had three eyes each; and of another population having, besides the front eyes, two behind, and a tail. These gentry were cannibals. The people were named Nya Nyas, and they had teeth filed in a saw shape, and there were Nya Nyas in Turkey.

At Constantinople, in Santa Sophia, Mahomet Ghazi, the conqueror, rode on horseback to the altar, and devoted it, by the recital of the consecrated formula, to the worship of the one God of the Osmanli. The bishop who was officiating stopped into the wall, and in his haste he had been waiting with nitre and crozier in the wall four hundred years for the return of the Byzantine empire.

Alas! the Ottomans have prophets too; they came to Byzantium under holy guidance, Eyoub or Job, a follower of the prophet, himself led the first attack on those triple walls, and falling, left his body and the prophecy of the apostle, as a pledge to those who were to achieve success. By a vision granted to a holy man, all this was revealed to Mahomet, and little reck he and his successors of the bishop of the idolaters. The tomb of Eyoub, surrounded by the many sepulchres of sultans and warriors, stands on its holy ground, a monument to them of divine assurance.

But for their enemies, the bishop is not the only testimony. In the monastery of Balukli, outside the doomed walls, at the moment when the last of the Constantines died like a warrior on a mountain of slain, the monks of Balukli were frying fish. And the fish, more sensible to the events of this world than the monks, jumped off the gridiron into a sacred tank, where they still live to commemorate the dread event, and keep up hope in faithful Greeks. There they may be seen on their yearly festival; and I have seen them at other times by the offering of a silver coin. They still bear the stripes of the gridiron, as any sultan or warrior, stands on his holy ground, a monument to them of divine assurance.

Though the underground people are hidden, their treasures are sometimes found. Treasure-finding is a recognised way of attaining to fortune. Just as every poor family in England thinks an unknown uncle may bring them sudden wealth from India, so the native, nay, the European resident, in Turkey, never knows but in his very garden the tent of some Lydian king may give way to the mottook, and deliver up its wealth of gold and jewels. Silver is seldom expected, for it is better to have gold and jewels. According to received notions, but unrecorded by history, the entrance to the treasure is the peculiarity of burying with them immense masses of treasure, jars upon jars of gold. Why they did it, reason saith not; but who knows who may have the luck to find the store?

There are tales enough of these discovered hoards received as profound truth. I have seen the spots where the tombs were rifled, and I have heard the names of the finders. I know a beautiful pass, with clumps of poplars and planes, called the Kavakli Dere, or Poplar Dale, where a Hollander, in the last century, is recorded by the universal popular voice to have discovered a tomb and treasure. He went back to the city, and taking a negro slave as an assistant, gradually and steadily carried off the enormous prize. This he smuggled on board the fleet in the bay, and the secret should leak out, he poisoned the black before he sailed; yet the full and well known as if the dead negro had revealed them. Perhaps he did, for there is no want of ghosts in the East. There was one in a well near my house that rarely troubled the neighborhood.

Treasure adventures are not of the past only. I have been asked to join in more than one. It is always necessary to begin by buying the piece of ground in which the treasure is. I have lost more than one certain fortune by neglecting this preliminary step. One chance I lost was very strong. The lucky discoverer had made a midnight venture on the ground, had opened a jar, and had handled costly jewels. Fearful of being discovered he put them back again, and came discovered he put them next morning for fifty post haste to me, on a mule on the land, and to get the jewels out. He did not get the fifty pounds from me, nor, I fear, from any one else; for he died some years afterwards without bequeathing gold, silver, or diamonds to his heirs. The secret died with him. One is not limited to gold. Luck may turn up in other ways. Statues are very good; for a small investment you may come upon a find like a Ballarat nugget; a thousand or two thousand pounds being a small sum for an English lord to pay for a statue. In my time the finds have been few, and of limited value; though fragments are being continually turned up. One man told

me he had found, in a villa in the interior, twelve statues as good as the Apollo Belvidere, and he offered me half a share of the find, on payment of a few hundred pounds down. If any statues were found, I believe they were garden images. A Turkish proprietor told me I might dig for statues or bas-reliefs on many parts of his property; and I believe him, for he was owner of the site of a city as large as Bristol or Norwich. It was, however, an inconvenient spot to transport heavy marbles from; and when it was not covered with the winter floods, it was poisonous with malaria. Such are the drawbacks, where there are real chances!

Visions beset the Levantine cities in the interior, desolate, but with temples perfect and stately standing. Some will tell you that they have found such places, when driven by brigands off the sea coast; cities unmarked on the maps and unnamed by the ancient geographers and historians. They could not say, and have wished to return; but years have passed away, and their business has not yet permitted. The columns they saw were as polished as when new, and gleaming in snowy white brightness. Tombs are ever and anon said to be opened, in which lamps were found burning, which only went out when the fresh air entered. By the last flicker of such a lamp, the king whose body the light watched, visibly faded from his life-like color, and his solid flesh and embroidered robes fell to dust.

All is fleeting, and all may perish. How sweet is the small valley, with its vines and figs and olives, its orange and citron trees, its smiling meadows, its garden houses, its lanes and hedgerows, the trickling stream and flowering shrubs! How charming yonder street—the palace, gaily painted, as a picture by itself; the free fountain next its gate speaks of the bounty of its founders, mindful of the future; the coffee-house gives shelter in its shady balcony, to the reposeful guests! All is calm; with just so much air as cools and mellows the sunshine, and leaves us to enjoy its brilliancy unweary; yet in one moment shall all this, and all who live in it, be shaken to death and ruin; one second more of the frequent earthquake, one further strain of power, and even the fallen ruins are engulfed, the seawaves roll over the spot, and black floods burst forth from the chasms in the soil.

There was one spot I often passed before I knew its story. A cathedral with jingling bells sent up a huge tower aloft, and around its precincts quiet monks filled the numerous chambers. The shops had their busy occupants, and climbing vines made canopies over the narrow ways; many a traveller has marked the scene. One day, while I rested in a counting-house near there, an aged merchant told me how, in the great earthquake, his family had occupied the house at the corner of the cathedral yard. There they took refuge, and after the first shocks, sought repose. His father, then a baby, lay on a mat, and he, drawing in four men who lay next to him, and closing again, entombed them for ever. I seldom traversed the marble pavement but I thought what if the earth should yawn again, as of yore!

In merely worldly things none know what eyes behold them, even in the open streets. Those veiled Turkish women wander about observant of all, and known to none. You lady in a dove-colored ferijee, whom you cannot distinguish, is perhaps a bosom confidante of your own wife. That coarse native woman in crinoline, the suspicious Greek, may fear to be the governess-general in person, disguised, watching evil-doers. He who ventures forth at night does so at the risk of encountering Haroun Alraschid and his attendant, Mesroum; and if he stop at home they may be listening under his windows. An Armenian may be scared to death by an unknown soap-vendor, who follows him about, pressing soap and conversation on him, and whom he believes to be the Sultan Caliph of Islam so arrayed, or the Grand Vizier.

What seems and is not, or what is, who knows—in the East? Philosophy and theology flourish on the borders between the real and the imaginary. The power of magic comes to relieve unsettled minds and to reassure the vulgar, who are more numerous than the select, if there be no select, who believe not in magic and its kindred sciences. Islam could not conquer magic; it only consecrated its power and furnished it with new means of incantation. The magi of the East are defunct, but the magician of Africa, the Moor, the Maghreb, rules with traditional might, adapts the science, and weaves the cuneiform characters of Babylon into his weird alphabet. All Islam confirms the power of magic. What the magician does to find stolen napkins or bring back lost lovers, the dervish acknowledges as potent to expel disease and restore life. The great name of God may be written in wondrous shapes. Here, such an emblem protects a house from fire; there in a tablet it shields the talisman-dealer, the magician, and the astrologer yet live throughout the East. It is over the doorway of the mosque and the shop of the magician. The magician is not now so favored as of old, but his shop is sometimes to be seen, with specimens in the windows of white and holy charms, horoscopes, tables of magic letters and magic squares, ineffable names. I remember one fellow's shop, and he had a talking parrot hanging over the door. An incredulous passenger remarked to me that the parrot was cleverer than the magician; but the magician drove an excellent trade.

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—The Springfield Republican says:—"About the busiest travel in the world is during this day-day weather is the 'inter-viewing' reporter of the New York Sun. No sooner had this attaché of that luminary written out the notes of his conversation with John Quincy Adams at Boston, than he hied away to Ohio, and there offers a mental photograph of the great Penitentiary."

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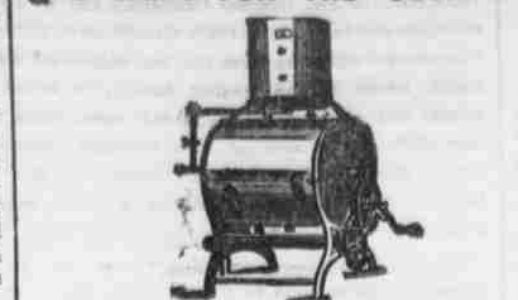
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