## THE DAILY EVENING TELEGRAPH-PHILADELPHIA, FRIDAY, AUGUST 27, 1869.

## LITERATURE. BEVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

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

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. It would be difficult to find a story more entirely unsuited in every way for the pages of a popular journal than this; and long before it came to an end the publishers found that they had a white clephant of the most unwieldy dimensions on their hands, that they could not get rid of. And yet this extraordinary novel is worthy of better treatment than it has received at the hands of Mr. Algernon Charles Swinburne, who, being a worshipper at the shrine of Hugo, has nothing but extravagant eulogy to bestow upon it, or from the majority of critics both in America and England, who have united to condemn it without stint. This, indeed, is scarcely to be wondered at, for the really grand outline and basis of the work is so overlaid by grotesque and most ludicrous absurdities that it is not easy to tell at first glance what the author is driving at. Victor Hugo is now an old man, and in "The Man who Laughs" the very worst faults and peculiarities of his grotesque and exaggerated style are intensified, while the leading idea is proportionably faint and feeble. The writer is evidently terribly in earnest, and in this, as in his other writings, he makes an appeal in behalf of suffering and oppressed humanity. the sincerity of which we cannot doubt. Unfortunately, the book is in much the same position as the hero. Its incoherent and distressful appeals seem like insano ravings, and the grotesque visage excites disdainful lauchter and ridicule, which will not even give a hearing to the cause that is being pleaded. In his short prefatory note the author states that the true title of this book might have been "Aristocracy," and he announces it as the first of a trilogy, the second part of which will treat of Monarchy, and will probably attempt to give us a pictura of France during the reign of Louis XV or that of Louis XIV. The third and concluding part will be called "Ninety-eight," and will treat of Revolution. Victor Hugo has grasped the essentially

true idea when he says that "the English patriciate is the patriciate in the true sense of the word. No feudality more illustrious, more terrible, and more full of life. \* \* \* It is in England that this phenomenon, nobility, ought to be studied, just as it is in France that we ought to study this phenom-non, royalty." Assuming that the proper time to study the English aristocracy is in its decadence, M. Hugo has endeavored to give us a view of the workings of the English system during the relign of Queen Anne-"Brandy Nan," as she was irreverently termed. her favorite beverage, according to some authorities, being cherry-bounce. Now, there is probably no period of English history that is better defined or better understood than this, and it is scarcely conceivable that any educated man, in attempting to describe it, could possibly commit the blunders that turn every one of M. Hugo's pages into burlesque. From title-page to finis he shows an absolute ignorance of his subject; he knows nothing whatever of the laws, manners, customs, or people that he attempts to describe, and yet the whole story is a mass of minute details, which are related with a gravity and ingenuousness that are ludicrous in the extreme, as they indicate that the author has the most perfect confidence in himself and in the entire veracity of the information that he imparts. There is scarcely a work in literature, outside such productions as the "Arabian Nights" and "Gulliver's Travels," that is so charged with fantastic impossibilities. Indeed, the "Arabian Nights" seem to have given M. Hugo more than one hint, as in the description of Corleone Lodge in Book Seventh, which might readily pass for one of those stupendous palaces which the oriental story-tellers in nome of the wildest flights of their imagination attribute to the supernatural powers of some afrite or genius. It is very certain that no such structure existed in England during the reign of Brandy Nan. If all these particulars had been made strictly subordinate, and the selection of a definite period of history been made a matter of strictly secondary importance, these inaccuracies would have been of comparatively little moment, But M. Hugo has deliberately undertaken to describe the social and political system of a certain nation at a certain and definite era: he has not only failed to do so, but he has deliberately made the situation something vastly different from what it really was, and consequently the local coloring of his fiction being all false and discordant, there are comparatively few readers who will care to study the work for the sake of what is really good and great in it. To estimate the real value of "The Man Who Laughs," it will be necessary to forget Queen Anne and English history, and to read it as if we knew nothing of either-to read it as a Frenchman would who knows as little about the period as M. Hugo does. The book will then be removed out of the realms of absolute fact, and it will represent certain ideas and principles that are true and noble, just as the form in which they are presented is false and ridiculous. M. Hugo represents, in the person of his hero, the common clay of humanity engaged in a conflict with the world, the flesh, and the devil. In illustrating his theme he hesitates at nothing, and certain portions of his work are, according to Anglo-Saxon ideas on such subjects, grossly and unnecessarily indecent. It is proper to say, however, that the offensive passages have been judiciously toned down in the translation, so that it I heard of two aged men near Mecca, who

work is not one exactly adapted for family reading or Sunday School libraries. Thoughtful and intelligent men, however, who can appreciate real carnestness of purpose real genius, in spite of and vagaries and extravagances, its

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 Josaine" is a fine and subtle creation of genius, beside which the others appear commonplace.

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. M. Hugo delivers a genuine sword thrust when he says with bitter irony, "The English address God as my lord," This will be appreciated by any one who is at all acquainted with Euglish history, or who understand English society. It is easy to laugh at his cant talk about the "infinite," and at what appears like an affectation of sentiment, but the sincerity of his convictions and the honesty of his intentions cannot be disputed, and they entitle him to a respectful hearing. In spite of errors of fact and faults of style, "The Man Who Laughs" is a great work, and it will be appreciated as such by discriminating readers who care more for substance than they do forform.

-From Claxton, Remsen & Huffelinger we have received "Protestant Genus of the Prayer Book," by Rev. J. Pleasonton 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 manuer. 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.

-From Turner Brothers & Co. we have received Appleton's Journal for September 4. which contains the last installment of Victor Hugo's romance. The illustrations in this number are much better than usual; the frontispiece, in particular, entitled "Waiting. from a picture by Auguste Toulmouche, is a gem in its way. The same house sends us Our Boys' and Girls' Magazine for Septemher 4, and a lithographic portrait of Samuel Hahnemann, the founder of homeopathy EASTERN PRODIGIES.

king, not a hundred years ago; but one of these sheikhs might have seen a sheikh who by like communication would have learned from an eye-witness the events of two thousand years ago, when the memory of Alexander still was young, and before Julius fought for the empire of the East.

The British Association at its last meeting reduced by five thousand years the age of the Wellingtonia gigantea, and unlucky inquiries have also brought down the ages of the sheikhs. Those who had not been on the pilgrimage fixed them at six hundred or eight hundred years; those who had been part of the way said four hundred: I was afraid to inquire nearer lest the old men should be reduced to boys, and I should lose the pleasure of the marvel.

I was told, however, by a learned Turk, that the truth of the matter was that a sheikh taking possession of the tent or abode of a famous sheikh, is known by that name, and that the ignorant multitude see in the pernetual succession of men of like name only one long-lived individual.

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 n age by the shortness of the Turkish year. A Turkish friend who had been in Roume-

lia told me that at a great fair in the Adrianople 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 grandmother, and said that her great-grandmother was at home in the village, being now too infirm to attend the fair. The old women got much custom, 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 imam 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 be hind, 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 stepped into the wall, gospel in hand, and has been waiting with mitre and crozier in the wall four hundred years for the return of the Byzantine empire. Aias! the Ottomans have prophets too; they came to Byzantium under holy guidance. Eyoob 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, little reck he and his successors of and the bishop of the idolators. The tomb of Eyoob, 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 the testimony. In the monastery of

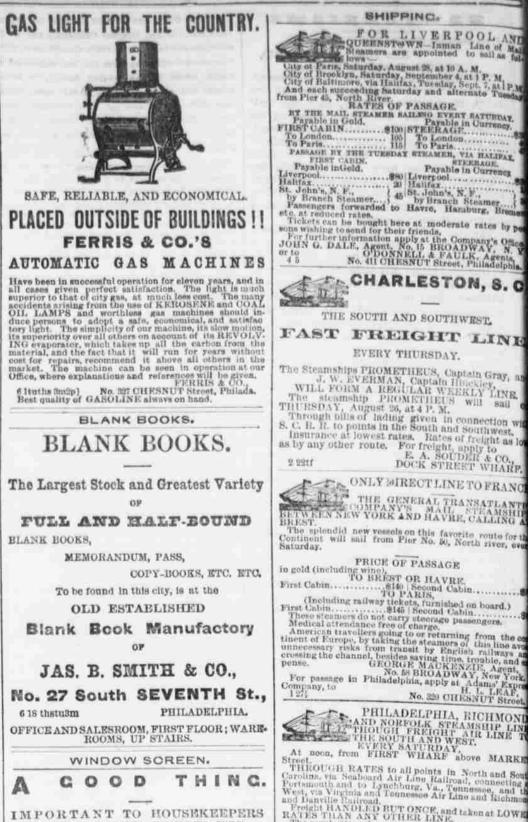
six hundred years old or more. Our own grandfathers lived when George the Third was king, not a hundred years ago; but one of dere, and he offered me half a share of the find, on payment of a few hundred pounds down. If any statues were found, I believe they were garden images. A Turkish proprietor told 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 of cities in the

interior, desolate, but with temples perfect and statuary standing. Some will tell you that they have found such places, when driven by brigands off the beaten route; cities unmarked on the maps and unnamed by the ancient geographers and historians. They could not stay, 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 yet scenting the air, its gardened 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 reposing guests ! All is calm; with just so much air as cools and mellows the sunshine, and leaves us to enjoy its brilliancy unwearied; 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 seawave rolls 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 he narrow ways; many a traveller has marked the scene. One day, while I rested in a counting-house near there, an aged merchant old 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 matiress by a servant. Suddenly the ground opened, drawing in four men who lay next to nim, 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 governor-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, Mesrour: and if he stop at home



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## 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 Mussulmen 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.

This 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 African 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. They

are within a few feet of us. I wonder how their streets and palaces are lighted? I have been over that mountain range, but I never could find a clue to this mystery.

It is enchanted ground, however. I remember once passing there on horseback; none but my own party in sight. High above in the air, we heard the ringing of bells and of cathedral chimes, like some carillon of Fianders! It came from no fixed station; but floated up and down in the air above us. There, we clearly heard it, awakening old thoughts of our Western cities, when on Sunday or holiday, or in the summer evening, the bells cheerily rang forth from the spires. I could see no more; but I have little doubt that this sound from the subterranean city was an echo of the bells of strings of camels moving in the distance.

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.

effectually balks provient curiosity; still the were known to many Moslem pilgrims as being being continually turned up. One man told

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 one can witness. If a few fish can live for four hundred years, why should not the sheikhs near Meeca live twice that time?

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 mattock, 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 old kings of these countries had 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 elumps 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 enormons prize. This he smuggled on board the fleet in the bay, and, lest the secret should leak out, he poisoned the black before sailing: yet the full and authentic particulars seem to be just as 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 post haste to me next morning for fifty pounds as an instalment 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 thou-sand 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

astendant, Mesrour; and if he stop at nome	BELOW WALN
they may be listening under his windows. An Armenian may be seared to death by an	A Large Assortment of New
unknown soap-vendor, who follows him about,	A mige mentioned area
pressing soap and conversation on him, and	CARRIA
whom he believes to be the Sultan Caliph of	C ZA LU LUAZ
Islam so arrayed, or the Grand Vizier,	INCLUDING
What seems and is not, or what is, who	Rockaways, Phætons, J
knows—in the East? Philosophy and theo-	Depot Wagons, Et
logy flourish on the borders between the real	
and the imaginary. The power of magic comes to relieve unsettled minds and to reas-	For Sale at Redu
sure the vulgar, who are more numerous than	
the select, if there be any select, who believe	HOSIERY GO
not in magic and its kindred sciences. Islam	WITLIAM I
could not conquer magic; it only consecrated	J. WILLIAM I
its power and furnished it with new means of	
incantation. The magi of the East are de-	No. 9 N. EIGHTH Stree
funct, but the magician of Africa, the Moor,	
the Maghreli, rules with traditional might, adapts the science, and weaves the cuneiform	Dealer in Mosi
characters of Babylon into his weird alphabet.	beater in nosi
All Islam confirms the power of magic. What	the second second second second second
the magician does to find stolen napkins or	Offers for sale a large assorti
bring back lost lovers, the dervish acknow-	Ladies', Gents', an Children's
ledges as potent to expel disease and restore	quarter Soeks, and Long Hose man manufacture.
life. The great name of God may be written	man manufactures
in wondrous shapes. Here, such an emblem protects a house from fire; there in a tablet	
it shields the tailor from the temptations of	UNDERW
dishonesty. It is over the doorway of the	
mosque and the shop of the magician. The	Of Cartwright & Warner's [m
magician is not now so favored as of old, but	ledged to be the bes imported. Also, the Nerfolk and New
his shop is sometimes to be seen, with speci-	ledged to be the bes of America
mens in the windows of white and holy charms, horoscopes, tables of magic letters and magic	
squares, ineffable names. I remember	These Goods in all sizes, for
one fellow's shop, and he had a talking	
parrot hanging over the door. An incre-	Soring and Sum
dulous passenger remarked to me that the	PATENT
parrot was cleverer than the magician; but	And and an and a second s
the magician drove an excellent trade. In warding off evil, securing tickle love.	PATENT O
promising children, curing sickness, and dis-	at an other board and
covering theft, the talisman-dealer, the magi-	N. W. Corner FOURTH
cian, and the astrologer yet thrive throughout	(Entrance on FOUR
the East. The gipsy is a missionary to be	TEANCIS D. PA
found in every house. There is nothing too	SOLICITOR OF P.
impossible for credulity. A modern conjuror	
drew five francs a head from a large commu- nity by sending round his carte-de-visite,	Patents procured for inver
mity by sending round his carte-de-visite,	States and Foreign Countries,

representing him with his head at his feet. An intelligent audience of educated persons was highly indignant that this part of the performance did not come off. One marvel I have read in a veracious book.

to wit, that the heads of beheaded ladies and slaves are to be seen floating down the Bos phorus in hampers daily, wherefore people are not allowed to catch fish, and are afraid to cat fish. I have eaten fish and seen hampers. but I never had the good luck to see a hamper of ladies' heads, or to meet with any one who had. One head would raise a mob of the women of Constantinople.

-Rev. Charles Godfrey, Methodist, of Lafay-ette, Ind., recently denounced the Republican party in the pulpit because it had not appointed more Methodists to office. He was severe on Ne I work for severe for a severe on Mr. Lincoln for removing a man from office be cause he was a Methodist.

-The Springfield Republican says: - "About the busiest traveler that we know of during this dog-day weather is the 'interviewing' reporter of the New York Sun. No sooner had this attache of that luminary written out the notes of his conversation with John Quincy Adams at Boston, than he hied away to Ohio, and now offers us a mental photograph of the great Pendleton.

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