THE magistrates, or police, or whoever is responsible for the prosecution of Bradlaugh and Annie Besant, have proved that they know how to advertise a book, so as to sell it by tens of thousands. The publishers may take a hint from these proceedings. The work of the American doctor which has created all this hubbub was known only to a few prior to the institution of the recent prosecution against those two scientific lights, Mr. Bradlaugh and Mrs. Besant, but now every girl and boy in the kingdom will wish to peruse it. The readers of “Tristram Shandy,” one of the works alluded to by the female defendant, might have been counted on the fingers’ ends a few weeks ago, but a new edition at the present moment would command a ready sale. The placing of a book in the Index Expurgatorius is known to be one of the finest vehicles to publicity which can possibly be conceived, as the burning of a book by the common hangman used to be at Oxford. Can nothing be done amidst all this excitement to help the sale of the “Decameron,” or the writings of Sir George Etherege, Mrs. Aphra Behn, andMrs. Centlivre?