

than her later volumes have been. It lacks the piquancy of "Cape Cod Folk." But the characterization of unmistakably American types is effective, the sentiment is wholesome, the story, as a story, is well devised and smoothly told, and the author's vein of quiet humor yields her many readable passages.

"Idyls of the Gass" is a volume possessing originality and keen human interest. It embodies a series of sketches of life in the Jewish quarter of a German village, the fifteen chapters in the book being bound together by a thread of personality, provided by a quaint little lad, Shimmelé, whose precocity causes his grandmother to beg that he may leave the house of his parents and come to live with her. He is an attractive changeling, destined apparently for a religious life, but visited by impulses of doubt and scepticism. The development of this boy is kept more or less in view throughout the book, but the author is always bringing in other types, drawing them with brief and vivid touches. Her work is remarkably sincere, it shows true sympathy and insight, and it is especially admirable for its freshness of feeling and its unconventionality of form.

Mr. Lewis continues, in his "Wolfville Nights," to exploit those picturesque cowboy humors in the treatment of which he has before this shown himself to be at home. The talk of his Old Cattleman is a little crude in tone, and we weary sometimes of the dialect in which the book abounds, but there is interesting incident here in good measure, treated with spirit and with a breezy humor.

SCOTT AND MONTAIGNE,

TWO NEW EDITIONS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S MINSTRELSY OF THE SCOTTISH BORDER. Edited by T. F. Henderson. In Four Volumes. Octavo, pp. xi, 376; 418; 420; 412. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.

ESSAYS OF MONTAIGNE. Translated by Charles Cotton. Edited by William Carew Hazlitt. In Four Volumes. Octavo, pp. xcv, 278; 487; 362; 291. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.

The studies in ballad literature which formed the literary apprenticeship of Scott were begun with enthusiasm, if not with any very great ambition, and ended in the production of a work which not even the labors of the most zealous of later specialists have invalidated. It is true that the latest revised edition of "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border" (which was first published in 1802), is seventy years old, but the book has never lost its vitality, and Mr. Henderson's new edition will be cordially received. While based on the text as Lockhart left it, it has been brought, by corrections and by the addition of new notes, abreast of modern scholarship, and this without sacrificing any of the charm which belongs to the original edition. Scott's delightful introductions are only made the more authoritative; they could not have been made more interesting. The four well-proportioned octavos have been beautifully printed, the clear typography being set off by generous but not too ample margins. The only illustration is a photogravure, prefixed to the first volume, of the hitherto unpublished portrait of Scott by Sir William Allan. The sides of the handsome dull red covers are without ornamentation of any sort, only the backs being stamped with a tasteful design in gold. This is a perfect library edition of a minor classic which is not only interesting in itself, but espe-



CHRISTIAAN DE WET.

(From the drawing by Sargent.)

cially significant to the admirer of Scott as bringing him into contact with one very important source of the great writer's magic as an historical romancer.

The edition of Cotton's Montaigne, which reappears with Mr. Hazlitt's name upon the title page, is the one which he issued in 1877. It is practically new, however, for in it he gives the results of a collation of the foreign quotations in the text, and of a careful revision of that text throughout. Mr. Hazlitt has been at pains to clear up obscurities, and, in fact, to make the edition as complete and as useful as possible. A life of Montaigne and all his recovered let-

ters are placed before the essays. A facsimile of one of the letters is also given. There are two frontispiece portraits, and there are several old-fashioned illustrations. The editor's preference for Cotton's version over Florio's is reasonable enough, if we look only to the question of fidelity to the original, but it is doubtful if he will shake any of the devotees of Florio in their loyalty. There is a savor in the work of that genial translator, there is an atmosphere, for which we would willingly give all of Cotton's merits, numerous as they are. On the other hand, many a reader is only too glad to have both versions on his shelves, and certainly Cotton exists in no better form than that which Mr. Hazlitt has given to his work. The latter is an industrious and accomplished man of letters, and these four volumes of his command warm approval. Their dimensions are similar to those of the Scott just noticed, and in manu-

LITERARY NOTES.

"The Adventures of Harry Revel" is the title of Mr. Quiller Couch's forthcoming novel. English publishers, by the way, are complaining that the new novels are not being as well bought and read as they might be. This wall is not heard from the American publishers.

Mr. Norman Gale, whose gift for musical rhyming has been neglected of late, has turned to prose. In "Barty's Star" he has written a story which he says is meant for "grown up folk to whom children are dear." It is nearly ready for publication.

The statement that a Scotchman who has won wealth in America is about to present Abbotsford to the Scottish people is evoking grateful comments in the British Isles. Sir Walter's memory is dear to his countrymen, though, strange to say, the pilgrims to his shrine are chiefly American, English or colonial. The place



SIR WALTER SCOTT.

(From the painting by Sir William Allan.)

facture they have the same good qualities. The binding of dark blue buckram, with no decoration save that printed in gold on the back, is particularly satisfactory.

A LAST PRAYER.

BY JOHN MASEFIELD.

When the last sea is sailed, and the last shadow charted,

When the last field is reaped, and the last harvest stored,

When the last fire is out, and the last guest departed,

Grant the last prayer that I shall pray; Be good to me, O Lord.

And let me pass in a night at sea, a night of storm and thunder;

In the loud crying of the wind through rope, and sail, and spar,

Send me a ninth great peaceful wave to whelm and roll me under,

To the cold tunnyfishes' home, where the drowned galleons are.

And in the dim green quiet place, far out of sight and hearing,

Grant I may hear at whiles the wash and thrash of the sea-foam

About the fine keen bows of the stately clippers steering

Towards the bright northern star and the fair ports of home.

GREEDY ANIMALS.

From Longman's Magazine.

It may be doubted whether those of us who are able to obtain sufficient food without difficulty can appreciate the craving for sustenance experienced by sea birds and other animals, which have often, by the force of circumstances, to fast for long periods. Gulls will eat until they cannot fly, and when they find pilchards on board a boat will continue their feast until they can only lie down and gasp. A superfluity of food comes at such long intervals that when it does come the avian intellect reels at the prospect, and what seems a horn of plenty brings dire disaster. Seeing that gulls and gannets know no better, we are not surprised to hear of a John Dory, stuffed to the very mouth, floating helplessly on the surface of the water, unable to escape from a flock of sea birds, which have deprived it of its eyesight and will quickly take away its life.

A snake which thrusts its head through the palings to seize an unwary frog, and finds itself unable to draw back again with the frog in its throat, has wit enough to disgorge the amphibian and to deftly draw it through by the leg, so as to swallow it on the safe side of the palings; but probably a snake which happened to be on the wrong side, in company with a frog, would consume it on the premises, and so render itself incapable of wriggling through the bars.

is in moderately good preservation. The trees which were planted by the author of "Waverley" now almost hide the mansion. Within it are many relics of Scott. On one of them, we are reminded, he laid almost a romantic value—the tobacco pouch of Rob Roy.

There is a new Scott anecdote remembered as coming from the lips of a long dead Scotchman. When a boy he was one day watching some building operations, "probably near Abbotsford," when a lame man, bareheaded and with a pen behind his ear, came up. Taking hold of a pail, the lame man turned it over quickly and asked the workman what he was doing with it. "Whamblin' it over," one of them replied. "Thank you, thank you, my man; that's the very word I've been trying to get all the morning!" cried Sir Walter, gratefully, and straightway returned to his desk. "It was the teller of this story," says "The London Morning Post," "who, when some years younger, saw in a shop window as he was going to school the new romance of 'Waverley' lying open at the first page. The schoolboy stopped to read it through the glass, and his eager absorption so took the fancy of the bookseller that each day as he passed the pages were turned for him in the shop, and he was thus enabled to read the whole story without touching a leaf of the book."

Two volumes of the correspondence of the Colonial governors of Rhode Island are promised by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The period covered is from 1729 to 1775. They are drawn partly from State archives and are interesting in many directions. The first volume is just coming out.

The subscription list of the Blackmore memorial to be placed in Exeter Cathedral was closed last Tuesday. The design for the memorial includes a portrait medallion. A quotation from the novelist's work and a quatrain from Mr. A. J. Munby's commemorative sonnet will be chiselled upon the monument.

Lord Wolseley has been making a study of the great Bonaparte. He has given it the title of "The Young Napoleon, the Genesis of a Great Career."

The better class of book thieves are said to "make up" in the guise of hard worked theologians. They wear spectacles and hold closer and closer to their eyes the small rare volumes they covet. And presently the volume disappears in a convenient pocket.

"Three Years' War," that absorbing book in which Christiaan de Wet has recorded his experiences in the recent conflict, has as frontispiece a portrait of the author, drawn by Sargent. It is a slight sketch, evidently made at one sitting, but it conveys an interesting im-

pression of the most attractive personality among the Boer officers. We reproduce the portrait on this page.

It is recorded that Mr. George Meredith began his literary career as a poet. His first appearance in print was as the author of some verses entitled "Chillianwallah"—presumably a celebration of the battle in January, 1849, between the English and the Sikhs. It has often been complained that Meredith is an extremely difficult poet. One of the most exquisite of his few poems which are not difficult he has left out of several collections of his verse, which goes to show that, like many another poet, he mistakes obscurity for beauty. This "little lovely lyric" to which we refer is his "Marian":

MARIAN.

I.

She can be as wise as we,
And wiser when she wishes;
She can knit with cunning wit,
And dress the homely dishes.
She can flourish staff or pen,
And deal a wound that lingers;
She can talk the talk of men,
And touch with thrilling fingers.

II.

Match her, ye across the sea,
Natures fond and fiery;
Ye who zest the turtle's nest
With the eagle's crye.
Soft and loving is her soul,
Swift and lofty soaring;
Mixing with its dove-like dole
Passionate adoring.

III.

Such a she who'll match with me?
In flying or pursuing,
Subtle wiles are in her smiles
To set the world a-wooing.
She is steadfast as a star,
And yet the maddest maiden;
She can wage a gallant war,
And give the peace of Eden.

"Old Trails on the Niagara Frontier" is the title of a volume of early New-York history which Mr. F. H. Severance is about to bring out through the firm of Burrows, of Cleveland. The Americana of these publishers have found a multitude of purchasers—which is strong testimony to the truth of the assertion that American readers are not entirely given over to trash.

The library edition of Ruskin which his long time publisher, George Allen, is bringing out will not exhaust the author's MSS. The diaries and notebooks will probably be published afterward. There are a number of small notebooks filled with notes for "The Stones of Venice." Besides these, there are nearly fifty large notebooks more or less filled with his daily impressions of places and scenes. He has also left in his own handwriting many thick catalogues of minerals, with descriptions. His letters alone would fill volumes.

Burnand, editor of "Punch"—and now Sir Francis—has written his reminiscences, and these will be brought out in two illustrated volumes full of anecdote.

Among forthcoming biographies which are to command interest are E. V. Lucas's "Charles Lamb," Mr. Sidney Lee's "Queen Victoria" and Mr. Austin Dobson's "Fanny Burney."

In the late Henry James Ross's letters, just published, there is a picturesque glimpse of Disraeli as he appeared in 1832 at Malta. He came to the office of Mr. Ross's father "dressed in a silk dressing gown, with a guitar suspended by a broad ribbon round his neck. My father asked him to dine and to go to the opera afterward, and we boys were allowed to come down to dessert and to accompany the party to the theatre. Disraeli wore lace ruffles on his shirt front and wristbands, and his fingers were covered with jewelled rings."

Mr. Andrew Lang is said to have been the "discoverer" of "The House with the Green Shutters." "The reviewer," he says in "Longman's," "takes up each new novel by an unknown author listlessly enough; they are so numerous, and resemble each other so much. In a careless temper I opened Mr. Brown's book, and then, looking at my watch after what seemed a short interval, I found it long past bedtime. In the interest aroused by these dreadful dwellers in Barbic, every one of them mean and malignant in a distinct and special manner, one 'forgot all time,' like the poet at cat's-cradle with a beloved object."

In a day or two there will be sold in London some interesting relics, drawings, and autograph letters of W. M. Thackeray, all of which were the property of the late Miss Kate Perry and her sister Mrs. Elliot, intimate friends of Thackeray. The drawings include "King Charles Taking Leave of Bishop Juxon," with the words "Remember" written beneath; a small full length pencil drawing of himself lecturing; Miss Perry as a shepherdess, mounted; small humorous pen and ink sketch of clothes "Hung on the Line," and others. Among the autographs are "The Lord's Prayer" in Thackeray's handwriting on a small piece of paper the size of a threepenny piece, and another by Porson on paper the size of a sixpence; Miss Kate Perry's album, containing letters, drawings, etc., by Thackeray, with an original unpublished poem, "The Pen and the Album," a curious letter in minute characters forming the word JOB signed by initials "W. M. T." etc., autograph lines sending a small gold brooch enamelled in colors with the head of Miss Perry's Skye terrier:

"I am Miss Perry's faithful Phil,
And my picture thus I send her," etc.

In the same sale, it is announced, will appear a copy of Charles Lamb's "Beauty and the Beast," with eight engravings and woodcut on the wrapper, enclosed in a paper pull-off case on which is printed the title page, and on the reverse side the advertisement of this work and "Prince Dorus." It is believed to be a form in which the book has never before occurred for sale.

The late Max Muller had not too high an opinion of Bismarck's biography. "If you wish to be disgusted," he wrote to Sir William Russell, "read Busch on Bismarck. I knew Bücher, and he was not the most exalted character; but Busch! One feels ashamed to be a German. I always knew that Bismarck was a brute, but he had the redeeming qualities of a brute—but the reptiles! Surely a man who does a great work may be a very small, a very mean man. And now they are going to erect a monument to B. in the Cathedral at Berlin. Oh! the desolation of abomination! Let him who readeth understand!"