Literary News and Criticism.

A Fascinating Study of Garibaldi's Earlier Struggles.

GARIBALDI'S DEFENCE OF THE ROMAN REPUBLIC. By George Macaulay Trevelyan. With seven maps and numerous illustrations. 8vo, pp. xv, 264. Longmans, Green & Co.

The writing of this book must have been a labor of love. It would not be possible to account in any other way for its exceptional merit. Mr. Trevelyan, as other publications of his have shown, has all the qualities of the grave historian—scholarship, industry and a faculty for cool judgment. These qualities play their parts well upon the present occasion. But added to them is the force of an enthusiasm that again and again makes the author positively eloquent. He seems to have penetrated to the soul of the Italian liberator, and, in understanding him, to have been fired by a sense of the man's lovable greatness. He knows his hero's faults, and does not hesitate to speak freely of the mistakes which are to be charged against him. But he knows, also, how trifling the defects in Garibaldi's character appear when that splendid figure is studied at full length. Best of all, he has saturated himself in the history of the Garibaldian legend, so that he is able to make his reader see just how, it was developed, just how this patriot slowly but steadily imposed himself upon the Italian imagination until he was adored as few national leaders have ever been adored. In fact, Mr. Trevelyan writes at once with the detachment of the impartial student and the insight which one would only expect from a man who had been intimate with Garibaldi, and, at his side, had lived through the events which culminated in the consolidation of Italian unity. He has drawn a remarkable portrait, strengthened with documentary evidence and richly enlivened with anecdote. This is the kind of historical writing of which it can be truly said that it makes better reading than you will find in most novels.

Garibaldi was a rebel from his earliest years. As a lad on the Mediterranean shore, his seafaring father strove to make a landsman of him and strove in vain. The boy was fifteen when, with several companions, he surreptitiously sailed away from Nice and his father's house, with vague plans for reaching Genoa. The young voyagers were overtaken off Monaco, but for one of them at least the venture had a happy ending. Garibaldi was sent to sea, and in ten years he had worked his way up from cabin boy to captain. He had not much education to start with, and he never had the inclination, even if he had had the time, to make himself in the smallest degree a bookish man. His genius was for action, and, fortunately for him, when he was growing up in the thirties European affairs were rapidly travelling toward a crisis of a sort to attract his sympathies and engage his energies. "Young Italy" had arrived at a consciousness of itself, and was secretly organizing its resources. Mazzini was dreaming his first dreams and Garibaldi was all aflame with eagerness to make those dreams realities. He plunged with gusto into the liberal movement and opened the paper one day to see that the Piedmontese government had condemned him to death. He fled to South America and there led the life of an adventurer, fighting on land and on sea, hunting, winning a devoted wife, and altogether savoring such experiences as might give inspiration to a poet. Mr. Trevelyan well says that "Garibaldi had, perhaps, the most romantic life that history records, for it had all the trappings as well as the essence of romance. Though he lived in the nineteenth century, it was yet his fortune never to take full part in the common prose life of civilized men, and so he never understood it, though he moved it profoundly, like a great wind blowing off an unknown shore."

When he made up his mind to marry Anita Riberas he carried her off on board his ship though her father had already decided to make her the wife of another man. Her love puts the last touch of romance to his career in these earlier years. Anita shared all his hardships, accompanying him on the strange guerilla campaigns which as a soldier of fortune he made his chief occupation. She was his joy and comfort in those thrilling days in which he formed the famous Italian Legion of Monte Video. Even then, as a young man with a wife and family, he showed a Spartan unselfishness. Mr. Trevelyan quotes a story of this period about facts which one of the merchants of Monte Video brought to the attention of the Minister of War.

In the house of Garibaldi, the commander of the Italian Legion and of the National Fleet, the man to whom Monte Video owed its life from day to day, no light was lit after sundown because candles were not comprised in the soldier's rations, the only thing Garibaldi had to live on. The Minister thereupon sent, by his aide-de-camp, G. M. Torres, a hundred *patacconi* (five hundred francs) to Garibaldi, who, keeping half this sum, gave back the other half in order that it should be sent to the house of a widow, who, according to him, had more need of it. Fifty *patacconi* (two hundred and fifty francs) was the only money that Garibaldi had from the republic. While he remained among us his family lived in poverty; he was never dressed differently from the soldiers; often his friends had to resort to subterfuges to make him change his worn out clothes. He had all the inhabitants of Monte Video for his friends; never was a man there more universally loved, and it was only natural.

He would take the last pennies in the house to buy a toy for his child. Mr. Trevelyan tells, too, "how he appeared one day on parade with his golden locks close shorn, because the universal and passionate adoration of him by the ladies of Monte Video distressed Anita, and he had for her relief despoiled his beauty." No South American plaudits, however, could deafen his ears to the call of Italy. All the time he was in correspondence with his fellow conspirators at home, and in 1848, that explosive year in the political annals of Europe, he was on his way with other exiles to fight, if fate would permit it, for his native land. There was something about him that marked him out for leadership. Anzani, one of his comrades, who returned only to die at Genoa, spoke prophetic words when he deprecated the irritation which Garibaldi had provoked amongst some of his friends. "Do not," he said, "be too hard on Garibaldi; he is a man of destiny; a great part of the future of Italy depends on him, and it will be a grave error to abandon him." He need not have worried. By the time Garibaldi, after desultory campaigning, came to assist Mazzini in the establishment of the Roman Republic, he had proved himself one of the most magnetic recruiting officers ever known. The young men rallied round him in a kind of frenzy. When he entered Rome with his Northern Legionaries the crowds that packed the Corso cried, "He has come, he has come!" hailing him as a deliverer. Mr. Trevelyan recalls the description of the soldiers left by Gibson, the sculptor. They looked, to him, "more like a company of brigands out of some picture of Salvator Rosa than a disciplined military force." But they fought like antique heroes.

They fought a losing battle. The story of the defence of Rome as Mr. Trevelyan tells it is heartrending in its incidents of seemingly fruitless sacrifice. A flood of noble blood was poured out, and poured in vain. Italy had still many weary years of effort to pass through before it was to emerge from that state of cruelly painful fermentation in which Garibaldi found it on his return from South America. But, as Mr. Trevelyan clearly shows, the sacrifices made in 1849 were not really made in vain. "The combined effect of the presence of Mazzini and of Garibaldi in Rome," he says, "was to exalt men's hearts and minds into a region where it seemed base to calculate nicely whether there was any hope of victory in the defensive war which they were undertaking. And in such magnificent carelessness lay true wisdom. There are times when it is wise to die for honor alone. If Rome had submitted again to Papal despotism without a blow she could never have become the capital of Italy, or only as the despised head of a noble family." He cites, in support of his contention, Mazzini's own declaration that Rome was the natural centre of the national unity for which he and his party were struggling, and that it was important to attract the eyes and the reverence of Italians toward her. Garibaldi may perhaps have been at the outset more hopeful, but even when hope was gone he fought on, and illustrated Mazzini's policy in a manner to give it the fullest possible force. His defence of Rome fixed in the hearts of patriots the conviction that victory would ultimately reward their efforts, and on the eve of his retreat the behavior of the multitude must have told him that in due time the sacred cause would triumph. We must quote Mr. Trevelyan's account of the departure:

Garibaldi met by appointment the soldiers who had volunteered to come with him. The scene fixed for the meeting was the Piazza of St. Peter's, the greatest of the open spaces in the city, lying in the shadow of the most famous church and palace in the world. It was filled by thousands upon thousands of the inhabitants of Rome, come to say goodby to their heroes. The whole space inclosed by Bernini's semicircular colonnade of gigantic pillars seemed paved with human faces. The crowd stood packed up to the very doors of the Vatican. In the middle were the troops, scarcely able to keep their footing, and quite unable to keep their order, in that tossing ocean of men and women gesticulating in wild excitement to express every form of conflicting emotion. Garibaldi had not yet come, and all attention was centred on the volunteers who had undertaken to share his march. Mothers were trying to pull their sons away; youths of seventeen and eighteen were breaking by force from their families and trying to hide themselves in the ranks. Suddenly a roar of cheering was heard from the Borgo. All eyes were turned toward the mouth of the narrow street, where the waving of hats and handkerchiefs showed that it was he.

"In the midst of the swaying crowd which discharged itself from the Via del Borgo onto the Piazza, we saw appear [says Koelman] the black feathers of Garibaldi; he was surrounded, not by his staff officers (for they were seen scattered here and there, making efforts to reunite), but by citizens and women, who stormed him from all sides. He only managed slowly and with difficulty to reach the Egyptian obelisk, that stands in the middle of the Piazza. Here he stopped and turned his horse, and when his staff had joined him, he gave a sign with his hand to stop the cheers. After they had been repeated with double force, there was a dead calm on the square."

In that stillness after the tempest the sonorous, thrilling voice was heard almost to the outskirts of the vast crowd:

"Fortune, who betrays us to-day, will smile on us to-morrow. I am going out from Rome. Let those who wish to continue the war against the stranger come with me. I offer neither pay, nor quarters, nor provisions; I offer hunger, thirst, forced marches, battles and death. Let him who loves his country in his heart, and not with his lips only, follow me."

Fame, sete, marcie forzate, battaglie e morte, such was the offer, and no more. Having so spoken and appointed the Lateran for the rendezvous of departure that evening, he rode away again, as he had come, slowly, through the frantic and sobbing crowd. Above the upturned faces of those broken hearted men and women rose the calm, set features of Garibaldi, resembling a perfect type of ancient Greek beauty, and lit up with that serene and simple regard of fortitude and faith which gave him power to lead the feeble multitudes of mortal men, as though he were the sole descendant of some fabled, godlike race of old.

To the subsequent developments in Garibaldi's career Mr. Trevelyan gives only a few brief chapters. His purpose in this volume is simply to exhibit his hero's preparation, in youth and early manhood, for the achievements which contributed to the founding of modern Italy, and to bring out in vivid relief the details of the defence of Rome. We value his extraordinarily clear account of military operations and political conditions. But most of all do we value the picturesqueness, warmth and truth of the portrait he has drawn of a romantic personality.

TWO SOULS IN ONE BODY.

The Story of a Woman in a Queer Predicament.

THE INVADER. By Margaret L. Woods. 12mo, pp. 319. Harper & Bros.

THE SIAMESE CAT. By Henry Milner Rideout. Illustrated by W. F. Grefe. 12mo, pp. 223. McClure, Phillips & Co.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CASE. The Experiences of M. F. Goron, ex-Chief of the Paris Detective Police. Edited by Albert Keyser. Illustrated by Arthur G. Dove. 12mo. pp. 290. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

The heroine of "The Invader" is certainly a sorely tried individual. When she first appears she is a pretty, young student at Oxford, working hard, but not unwilling to let her thoughts dwell from time to time on a man who is plainly in love with her. At a dinner party she hears talk of a certain rather too vivacious ancestress. This ought easily to be forgotten, but presently, when a friend tries to tide her over an attack of hysterics by hypnotizing her into slumber, the soul of the ancestress aforesaid enters the poor child's defenceless body, and henceforth she is embarrassed by the possession of two personalities. When one of these is in the ascendant the other is quite unconscious of what is going on, so it is necessary for Miss Flaxman to adjust one slice of life to the next, so to say, trusting to fate to save her from disaster. After she has been married for some little time her other self takes charge and bewilders the unfortunate husband. For weeks on end the heroine carries on a desperate flirtation with a man who finally proposes that she should elope with him, but at this critical moment she turns upon him eyes of the purest innocence, and, after gasping in bewilderment over his insolent words, bites his hand and runs home to tell her husband how grossly she has been insulted. Obviously a woman so circumstanced is bound to get gravely entangled sooner or later, and Mrs. Woods, pursuing her scheme to its logical conclusion, lands her afflicted heroine in a situation of revolting misery. A tragic exit is the only one possible, and this is duly provided. The story is told well enough. The author succeeds in making a very plausible blend of everyday realism and esoteric mystery. But the mystery will not bear reflective consideration. There is a certain amount of nonsense about "The Invader."

"The Siamese Cat" is a capital extravaganza in which a pretty romance is interwoven with episodes of wickedness and danger. The hero is a young American in the East who falls in love at first sight with a girl met by accident, and then lost sight of for several months. When the two meet again they are promptly involved in the purchase of a Siamese cat. This ought not to lead to trouble, but there are reasons why the cat is to be transformed into a kind of storm centre. Explanations could easily be made by one Giles Borkman, a courier travelling about with Miss Laura Holborrow and her aunt; but he, being a villain, will throw no light upon the mystery that only too soon envelops the cat. On the contrary, he hovers in the background and does all he can to make matters worse, so that in due course Master Owen Scarlett finds himself walking in peril of his life. It would spoil the reader's pleasure to give him even a hint as to the relation between the cat and Mr. Borkman's diabolical intrigues. All that we need say is that "The Siamese Cat" is a brief and spirited narrative, disclosing an inventive faculty in Mr. Rideout and, in fact, an aptitude which is full of promise.

The sub-title of "The Truth About the Case," Mr. Keyzer's preface, and the manner in which the tales in the book are told, all go to suggest that the book records episodes actually experienced by a veritable member of the Parisian detective force. Authors of detective stories are nowadays so ingenious, however, in putting their work together, that we must dismiss the question as to whether the stories of M. Goron's exploits are true or false. It does not matter. The main thing is that the adventures here encountered are sufficiently dramatic to keep the reader interested. Dark crimes are committed, or they are upon the verge of getting themselves committed. Appeal is made to M. Goron. He stands a while in thought. Then, following the instinct of the bloodhound—supported by a vast experience—he lays his trap, and the guilty person falls into it with neatness and dispatch. The number of short detective stories now published is appalling. A new collection is published almost every week. The surprising thing is that so many of these narratives should be so cleverly done. The present volume, for example, is a very good specimen of this class of fiction.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Current Talk of Things Present and to Come.

What, O master collector, are you called upon to pay for a perfect copy of Caxton's "Golden Legend," 1483? No less a sum than $20,000. Only about thirty copies of this edition are known and all more or less imperfect. This, it is believed, is the only perfect copy in existence. It contains the legend of St. Thomas of Canterbury, which has been a special object of destruction, being in nearly every instance torn out of copies of the volume.

Among the literary movements of the time in France is one which has resulted in the organization of a society for studying and propagating the works of Alfred de Musset. It has taken the name of "Les Musséistes."

Byron's own copy of his "Hours of Idleness," decorated with numerous notes in his own handwriting, is the property of an Englishman who thus far shows no disposition to send it to market. "It is generally supposed," says "The Academy," "that 'Hours of Idleness' was Byron's first appearance in print, but there are two copies in existence of a tiny volume of verses, addressed to his cousin, Miss Margaret Parker. The author was then a schoolboy at Dr. Glennie's establishment at Dulwich, his preparatory school for Harrow. The first copy was presented by the boy to the Rev. John Becher, who remonstrated with him on his 'luxuriousness of coloring,' and in his disappointment Byron ordered the whole stock to be destroyed. As mentioned, however, two copies escaped."

This is a period in which the anecdote is particularly popular as being brief and picturesque. There is probably, therefore, a genuinely appreciative welcome waiting for "The New Anecdote Book" compiled by Mr. A. H. Miles, the producer of the "One Thousand and One Anecdotes." He has provided little stories of every sort, literary, social, personal, musical, dramatic, military, etc.

Among all the English writers of the day none offers a sadder example of wasted energy than Mr. John Davidson—except, perhaps, Mr. Thomas Hardy, in the guise of a poet. Mr. Davidson seethes with large thoughts, and can nowadays write in nothing less than a Trilogy. The first play of the three has just appeared, and is called "The Triumph of Mammon." In a prose epilogue the author sets forth his belief that it is impossible to write great plays for the English stage at present because the theatre is still content to accept the Christian economy, faith and morality as fundamentals. Shakespeare, in Mr. Davidson's opinion, has shown man under the conditions of Christendom once for all, and, therefore, "if it were only that there might be a new drama it would be necessary to have a new cosmogony." He claims that he is the first writer to bring an actual change into English poetry. "Hitherto," he says, "English poetry subsists in two worlds—a material world and a spiritual world, the latter allowing and disallowing the former." His world is one of pure matter, and his play is written to demonstrate its entire sanctity.

An American edition of Mr. E. J. Ellis's book, "The Real Blake," is announced by McClure, Phillips & Co. Mr. Ellis is the editor of an edition of the works of William Blake.

Hadji A. Browne, a Mahometan who has spent most of his life in the East, thinks that the Egyptian of to-day is largely influenced by the feelings and aspirations which had their origin in the invasion of his country by Napoleon. Hence a forthcoming book on "Bonaparte in Egypt and the Egyptians of To-day."

The pleasantest of little books is Mr. E. V. Lucas's collection of prose and verse "for the urbane," a book called appropriately "The Friendly Town." There are old favorites which haunt the memory; there are forgotten bits of beauty upon which one comes with delighted surprise. "Come then," the compiler quotes from Henry Vaughan,

Come, then! and while the slow icicle hangs
At the stiffe thatch, and winter's frosty pangs
Benumme the year, blithe—as of old—let us
Midst noise and war of peace and mirth discusse.

To winter and Christmas, friends and the fire, the table and the binn, to books, the "midnight darlings," to music and painting and the play, to the tavern and the good townsmen and many another subject of urban interest or charm these extracts relate. Here are two as diverse as may be—the first from old Pepys:

With my wife to the King's House to see "The Virgin Martyr," the first time it hath been acted a great while; and it is mighty pleasant; not that the play is worth much, but it is finely acted by Beck Marshall. But that which did please me beyond anything in the whole world, was the wind-musique when the angel comes down; which is so sweet that it ravished me, and indeed, in a word, did wrap up my soul so that it made me really sick, just as I have formerly been when in love with my wife; that neither then nor all the evening going home, and at home, I was able to think of anything, but remained all night transported, so as I could not believe that ever any musique hath that real command over the soul of a man as this did upon me; and makes me resolve to practise wind-musique, and to make my wife do the like.

And here is George Meredith on "Islet," his dachshund:

Our Islet out of Helgoland, dismissed
From his quaint tenement, quits hates and loves.
There lived with us a wagging humorist
In that hound's arch dwarf-legged on boxing gloves.

A Scotch commentator upon the career of the Rev. Thomas Alexander, a popular Presbyterian minister in London and a friend of "dour Tammas," of Chelsea, quotes a letter which Carlyle wrote to Alexander upon the question of an increase of stipend. With an indifference said to be characteristic, Alexander had neglected to seek fair remuneration for his labor, and Carlyle remonstrated with him, quoting, "with many regards," the following verse from the old Scottish nursery rhyme, "There was a piper had a cow":

The cow considered wi' hersel'
That mirth wad never fill her;
"Gie me a pickle guid alt strae,
An' sell your win' for siller."

A series of "Primers of Art," projected by Doubleday, Page & Co., will deal with various branches of industrial art. The opening volume, devoted to pottery, is the work of Professor E. A. Barbor, of the Pennsylvania Museum School of Industrial Art.

"The modern deluge of printed matter" has caused an "Atlantic" contributor to perpetrate the following "Ballad of Refrain" (with apologies to Austin Dobson):

When moribund novelists still rehearse
Their themes extinct and their passions dead;
When our shelves are weighted by recent verse,
And our tables groan with their books unread;
When a mob is waiting to snatch the thread,
As it spins away from the whirring brain,
Before the ink from the pen is shed—
Then hey! for the hero who can refrain!

When lettered knowledge becomes a curse—
That may swiftly fall on the curser's head;
When the rising floods of the scribes immerse,
And our tables groan with their books unread;
When the delicate soul is bruised and bled
For the greed of glory, the glut of gain;
When the eyes of the readers are dull as lead,
Then hey! to the hero who can refrain!

When writers fatten a hungry purse
With words that were happier left unsaid,
When trying their best they try us worse,
And our tables groan with their books unread;
When the guests go out from the feast unfed—
Or overfed to repletion's pain—
When reader and writer refuse to wed,
Then hey! to the hero who can refrain!

Envoy.

When we yearn for the elemental bread,
And our tables groan with their books unread,
When the crescent mind begins to wane,
Then hey! for the hero who can refrain!

A correspondent of "Notes and Queries" in an interesting article on Knebworth Park, the home of Bulwer Lytton, quotes this inscription which runs in black letters round the frieze of the ceiling *temp.* Henry VIII, of the banqueting hall:

Read the Rede of this Old Roof Tree.
Here be trust safe, Opinion free,
Knightly Right Hand, Christian Knee;
Worth in all, Wit in some;
Laughter open, Slander dumb;
Hearth where rooted Friendships grow,
Safe as Altar, even to Foe;
And the sparks that upward go,
When the hearth-flame dies below,
If thy sap in these may be,
Fear no Winter, Old Roof Tree!

The fashion in which Mrs. Gladstone directed the worldly conduct of her lord is illustrated in a little anecdote told in a recent volume of Tory reminiscences. "The statesman and his wife were going upstairs from the hall. In the hall two or three housemaids were peeping round the corner to get a sight of the great man, and when Mrs. Gladstone saw them she called down to her husband, 'Bow, William, bow,' which accordingly he did with his usual affability."

"The Guard dies, but does not surrender" is a much debated saying which has become the subject of a book. Its author is M. Henry Houssaye.

Mr. Herbert Paul, in his entertaining paper in "Putnam's Monthly" on the decadence of the English language, reminds us that "one need not be a professional etymologist to feel in the marrow of one's bones that words have meanings which it is fatal to disregard":—

"Sustain" in the sense of "suffer" is, I suppose, past praying for, or rather praying against, though to sustain an irreparable loss is perilously like nonsense. Even John Bright, whose English was usually as beautiful as it was simple, has been known to say "transpire" when he meant "happen." This may appear a harmless, venial fault. But it is capable, like man's wants, of indefinite expansion, and I have read a paragraph about a political meeting which informed the world that, "as the proceedings were private, little was known of what transpired." As "transpire" means "leak out," obviously nothing could transpire without at the same time and in the same way becoming known. Some philological history is curious to trace. How, for example, did "phænomenal" come to be tortured into a synonym for "extraordinary"? To take a technical word from the philosophical dictionary, and scatter it, as with a pepper castor, over the columns of a daily paper, looks like wanton pedantry. The true significance of "phænomenal," from which the diphthong often drops out, is "manifest to the senses," as opposed to the noumenal, "discernible by the mind." I conjecture that Dickens's "infant phenomenon" is accountable for the perversion. Dickens is so great a writer that it would be almost impious to dwell upon his "mutual friend," and similar bits of carelessness. On the other hand, the imitators of Dickens have much to answer for, and cannot plead his genius on their own behalf. They are like the orator who prepared a speech on the model of Burke, and resembled him only in exclaiming with grotesque irrelevance, "Good God, Mr. Speaker!"

"Jane Wardle" is the prosaic pen name of a new English novelist who has made something of a success—even her publishers, it is said, do not know her real name. Her book called "The Artist Temperament" is to be published here soon.

A lately published volume of the letters written by Emile Zola in his youth shows him as a serious person, a hard student of good literature and a lover of poetry and of ideals in general. Not knowing English he read Shakespeare in French, and while acknowledging that translations were traitorous he found himself obliged to complain of "many too crude phrases that shocked him." "I am not prudish," said the future author of "Nana," "but I am above all a poet, and I love the harmony of ideas and images." Then he went on to eulogize the great Englishman:—

We cannot but confess that truth guided the writer's pen. While remaining real par excellence, Shakespeare did not reject the ideal. The same as in real life, the ideal has its place the same in his dramas—we always see a white vision Ophelia and her poetic madness, Juliette and her pure love.

Writing of Shakespeare's "Digressions," especially as they appear in "Hamlet," he added:—

A thousand incidents occur which seem to be entirely unconnected with the subject. However, were they suppressed there would remain nothing but a cold and pale tragedy. The poet takes a very simple subject, but he turns and twists it about, and places it in the light of all the prismatic colors. Hence that great number of short scenes which, far from impeding the action, renders it greater and gives it brilliancy. But, let not an ordinary poet attempt to adopt such a proceeding. A Shakespeare is necessary to co-ordinate those diverse pieces, to bind them solidly together, to make a homogeneous whole of heterogeneous parts, to blend the most incongruous colors, to create a world out of that chaos, and to draw from it human life with its laughter and sobs, its blasphemies and prayer, its grandeur and its poverty, want, and destitution. The path is narrow, and the abysm is deep; if you are not sublime you will be diffuse and detestable. Moreover, with Shakespeare those digressions do not seem to be sought; they come naturally, and should rather be called development.

A second volume of Zola's letters relating to literary and artistic matters is to follow; a third volume will contain his letters dealing with the Dreyfus affair, many of them written during the novelist's exile in England.

Two early volumes brought out by the late William Sharp under the name "Fiona Macleod" are to be reissued soon by Duffield & Co. These are "Pharais, A Romance of the Isles," and "The Sin Eater, and Other Tales and Legends."

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF LUCIUS CARY, VISCOUNT FALKLAND. By J. A. R. Marriott, M. A. With twenty-three illustrations. 8vo, pp. xi, 358. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

An estimate of the political career and personality of one of the most prominent figures in the Puritan Revolution, containing all of Falkland's important speeches and many interesting portraits.

LOUISE D'ESPARBES, COMTESSE DE POLASTRON. Par le Vicomte de Reiset. With portrait. 8vo, pp. xii, 385. (Paris: Emile-Paul.)

LIFE AND LETTERS OF CHARLES RUSSELL LOWELL, CAPTAIN 6TH UNITED STATES CAVALRY, COLONEL 2D MASSACHUSETTS CAVALRY, BRIGADIER GENERAL UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS. By Edward W. Emerson. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. vii, 494. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

A record of the short military career of a nephew of the poet.

DRAMA.

THE COMING OF PHILIBERT. By Sara King Wiley. 16mo, pp. 163. (The Macmillan Company.)

EDUCATIONAL.

ESPERANTO IN TWENTY LESSONS. By C. S. Griffin. With vocabulary. 12mo, pp. iv, 100. (A. S. Barnes & Co.)

HISTORY.

MILITARY MEMOIRS OF A CONFEDERATE. A Critical Narrative. By E. P. Alexander. With portraits and sketch maps by the author. 8vo, pp. xviii, 653. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

A consideration of the strategic points of the various campaigns.

THE AMERICAN COLONIES IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. By Herbert L. Osgood, Ph. D. Vol. III. Imperial Control. Beginnings of the System of Royal Provinces. 8vo, pp. xxii, 551. (The Macmillan Company.)

HEROES OF THE NAVY IN AMERICA. By Charles Norris. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 320. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.)

JUVENILE.

STRANGE STORIES OF COLONIAL DAYS. By Francis Sterne Palmer, G. T. Ferris, Hezekiah Butterworth, Francis S. Drake, Rowan Stevens and others. Illustrated. 16mo, pp. xii, 222. (Harper & Bros.)

In "Harper's Young People" series.

HOW TO FIND HAPPYLAND. A Book of Children's Stories. By Jasmine Stone Van Dresser. With pictures by Florence E. Storer. 8vo, pp. 122. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

LITERATURE.

THE ARTHUR OF THE ENGLISH POETS. By Howard Maynadier. 12mo, pp. vii, 454. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

A course of lectures giving an account of the origin and history of the Arthurian legends.

THE YOUNG IN HEART. By Arthur Stanwood Pier. 12mo, pp. 230. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

A collection of essays.

FICTION.

THE TREE OF HEAVEN. By Robert W. Chambers. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. ix, 325. (D. Appleton & Co.)

Stories dealing with the occult.

SHORT CRUISES. By W. W. Jacobs. Illustrated by Will Owen. 12mo, pp. 296. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

A collection of humorous tales.

THE PICKWICK LADLE AND OTHER COLLECTOR'S STORIES. By Winfield Scott Moody. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 276. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

The amusing adventures of a couple of enthusiastic curio hunters.

GRAHAM OF CLAVERHOUSE. By Ian Maclaren. Illustrated by Frank T. Merrill. 12mo, pp. 325. (John Wanamaker.)

A Scotch story of love, intrigue and adventure.

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Andrew Lang, in The London Illustrated News.

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But when the mischievous moon doth ride
High over the murmuring avenues,
She comes to her window and opens it wide,
And curses the Montagus.

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From The London Times.

The "Kölnische Zeitung" states that a rare Chinese manuscript, brought some years ago from Peking, has been discovered in Copenhagen. It is a translation of the book on anatomy by Pierre Dionis, and contains many copies of anatomical drawings from the works of Thomas Bartholin, the famous Danish anatomist of the seventeenth century. It originated in the request made by the Emperor Khanghi (1662-1722) to a French priest, by name Perennin, in 1677, that he would translate a European book on anatomy into Chinese in order to introduce Western medical science into China. Perennin selected Dionis's and Bartholin's works, and the Emperor gave him a staff of twenty assistants, who took five years in producing the manuscript. Only three copies were made for the private use of the Emperor.

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