

come the property of a quack medicine proprietor." Then, after another period, we skip to Madame Roland and her remarks to the officer on the way to prison; after which, with no pause, we are informed that Sainte-Beuve characterizes Cowper as essentially the family poet, though he had never been a husband or a father. Next, the word "husband," apparently, having given the suggestion, we learn that Tycho Brahe married a servant girl; and finally, as the page turns, are told that Thomas Hood saw, on Sir Thomas Lawrence's easel, a portrait of Wilberforce which was so merry and rosy that it was hard to believe the original "really a serious character." These two pages are no more than fair specimens of the entire book; but it is only just to say that most of the anecdotes are fresh, and some of them racy.

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### IN A CLUB CORNER.\*

THIS "Monologue," of which Mr. A. P. Russell makes himself the chronicler, might easily be credited to the cozy corner of any club room where a diffuse old member, whose capacity for reminiscence is only bounded by the endurance of his audience, is in the habit of holding forth. We can see the old gentleman, well shaved, faultlessly dressed, seated in a comfortable chair which years of occupancy have made his by vested right; a circle of habitués ebbing and flowing about him, and his talk, like Tennyson's "Brook," going on forever. It is a planless and purposeless discourse. One anecdote suggests another, as his rudderless mind drifts now this way, now that, "yawing," as seamen say, with the most unexpected shifts, and veering from topic to topic. He is seldom dull, though his hearers, from very force of constrained attention, sometimes become so. His readers have this advantage, that they can stop at will, and when they please go on. Thus taken, in voluntary quantities, the old club-man's conversation will be found entertaining.

As an example of the incongruous and irrelevant workings of what in courtesy we will call his mind, take pages 100 and 101; in this brief compass a great variety of subjects are touched upon. Beginning with a story about the invention of bottled ale, we pass, with the delay of a period only, to the opinion of Mr. Morley that Burke was out of his mind when he "composed the pieces for which he has been most admired and reviled." Then comes another period, and then, "It is curious that the finest sonnet in the English language, in the judgment of Coleridge and other eminent critics, should have been written by a Spaniard." A third period. "It has been remarked as not a little singular that the house in Cheyne-Row, Chelsea, so long the home of Carlyle, the great denouncer of quacks, should have be-

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\* In a Club Corner. By A. P. Russell. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.