

WHERE ETELKA lived no one doubted the reality of fairies. It was in the borders of Boehmer-Wald—a noted fairy country, mountainous, thickly wooded; her own people were charming Bohemian-gypsies, as it were out of a picture by Diaz. Some of them, Etelka included, were on intimate terms with Rubesal and the Kobolds, and all of them with other people's game and chickens. Elly Wade was an American girl, and for a Boehmer-Wald had only a Syringa bush, which did just as well, for the birds took the place of the Kobolds. One may read all about them, and also about 'The Pink Sweetmeat,' 'A Balsam Pillow' and 'The Shipwrecked Cologne Bottle,' in Susan Coolidge's 'Just Sixteen,' which contains just that many bright stories suitable for girls of just that age—or less. There are some clever illustrations. (\$1.25. Roberts Bros.)

THAT A BOY'S LIFE at a military school has a sufficient share of fun in it would appear from John Preston True's 'Shoulder Arms.' They have skating, archery, wet towel fights after an alarm of fire, as a preventative of colds, and other noble sports. They make their own regulations and enforce them, and tell stories around the fire in the dormitory. The last third of the book is made up of these stories, which include the yarn of the Cape Cod rebel and the grounding of the Somerset man-of-war; also a little scrape into which one of Captain Rankin's ancestors got in 1812, and a whaling yarn and an Indian legend, ending with a bugle-call and a mysterious hint of a story still untold. (\$1.25. Hunt & Eaton.)

JENNETT HUMPHREYS finds fun in the alphabet, and not only that but in the multiplication-table, too, in 'Laugh and Learn.' There are reading games, writing games, counting and drawing games, besides rhymes and jingles, wet weather diversions, play songs and a nursery drill. In fact, it is a whole nursery library in one volume, with many illustrations. (\$1.25. Scribner & Welford.)

Minor Notices

THE COMPLETE and authentic edition of Mr. Whistler's letters and other literary bagatelles makes a larger, prettier and more mirth-provoking volume than the unauthorized collection reviewed in these columns on May 31. It gains hardly more by the inclusion of the 'Ten O'clock' lecture than by the absence of the incongruous remarks of Mr. Sheridan Ford. In the present volume we have only Mr. Whistler and the troupe of more or less distinguished people whom he has made to dance for his own amusement and the reader's. It is a parlor performance—of a peculiar kind; and the showman is not needed. The barbed-tailed butterfly flourishes away over the heads of Ruskin and 'Arry, of Swinburne and Oscar Wilde, clings to notes and 'reflections' innumerable, and disports itself upon the 'symphonic' cover. And after its inventor has kicked his supplier of newspaper clippings by way of appropriately ending the piece, the demoniacal insect is shown ascending into the clear empyrean, his sting lost—or perhaps, only for the present, hid in the clouds. We hope it is the latter that is the case. (\$2. John W. Lovell Co.)

Five Books for Children

MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT has discovered among her child acquaintances a 'Little Saint Elizabeth' who devoted her silk mantle and her aunt's jewels to the service of the poor of New York. Along with the account of the little Saint's escapade are printed some tales of a more fanciful character. 'The Story of Prince Fairyfoot' and 'The Proud Little Grain of Wheat' belong to the well-known modern style of fairy-tale initiated by Hans Christian Andersen. 'Behind the White Brick' is more original, and purports to be a report of an interview between Miss Jemima and Mr. Santa Claus, to whom she is introduced in his toy-shop, behind a white brick in the chimney, by the baby. Large and clever illustrations by Reginald B. Birch and an illuminated cover add to the attractions of the book. (\$1.50. Charles Scribner's Sons.)

'ELSIE AND THE RAYMONDS' celebrate Grandma Elsie's semi-centennial birthday at the plantation; Max discovers that he is a ventriloquist and uses his gift to make animals talk as they do in fable; Captain Raymond tells all about the Revolutionary War, the War of 1812 and the Civil War; they make a trip to the West and become acquainted with certain English people on the train, with whom Max fights over again the two first-mentioned wars. And the authoress gives full particulars of their stay at Minersville and of the devastation wrought by Mormondom in the McAlpine family.

'DOVE COTTAGE' is described, partly in his own words, partly in DeQuincey's, and partly in those of Wordsworth, in the gray-clad pamphlet issued under this title by the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, with whom originated the movement, now on foot, for the purchase and preservation of the modest house and grounds as a permanent memorial of the poet. Mr. Brooke made a pilgrimage to the spot with his brother last year, and the idea of securing its purchase by popular subscription occurred to him as he trod the floors and paths made memorable by Wordsworth's residence there from Dec., 1799, to May, 1808. He found that to buy the cottage together with the neighboring field, near an acre large, would cost not more than \$3250; and he estimated that \$1750 more would 'set the place in complete order, plant and beautify the garden, clean and arrange the house, and put enough old furniture into it to give it a pleasant air of occupation.' For \$2500 more, a Wordsworth Museum and Library, 'of simple cottage form,' might be built; but this is a matter for future consideration. At present the object aimed at is the purchase of the property and its restoration to the condition in which Wordsworth left it—a consummation heartily desirable, and easily to be attained, unless there be less liberality among reading people than we think. The modest cottage (sometimes called Town End 'from its being the outlier of the cluster of buildings which made up, in Wordsworth's time, the hamlet of Grasmere'), after Wordsworth abandoned it, became for over twenty years the home of De Quincey, and his experi-

ences as an opium-eater were gathered within its walls, the interview with the Malay having occurred in the kitchen. This gives the place a double claim upon the regard of the literary world. We suspect that the proceeds from the sale of Mr. Brooke's very interesting pamphlet will go to swell the fund. The Treasurer is Mr. George Lillie Craik, in care of Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Bedford Street, Covent Garden, London. (40 cts. Macmillan & Co.)

PROF. HENRY WOOD of Johns Hopkins University reprints from *The American Journal of Philology* his paper on the 'Beginnings of the "Classical" Heroic Couplet in England,' which is a criticism of Mr. Gosse's *dicta* on that subject in 'From Shakespeare to Pope.' He disputes the honor that Mr. Gosse gives to Waller as the pioneer in this form of English verse, and endeavors to prove that 'it was Sandys, the predecessor of Waller by several years, who first set the type of composition for the new school, and whose technical execution is more correct than that of any English writer up to Dryden and Pope.' He fortifies his position by an elaborate array of historical facts, and by a minute analysis of the metre of Sandys and of Waller, counting and comparing the 'unstopt lines,' 'unstopt couplets,' etc. He appears to make out his case; but we who have not time or taste for the verification of all his facts and figures may well suspend judgment until the other side has been heard.

IT IS BECOMING the fashion to decry Landor, and assuredly a good part of his writings is now chaff in the mouth. But much is still delicate and wholesome aliment for the growing mind, and young people who have come to the essay-reading age may still extract as much nourishment from 'Pericles and Aspasia' as from 'The Citizen of the World' or *The Spectator* itself. The charm of the first mentioned book—one that it will never lose—is in the pure girlishness of the letters of Aspasia and Cleone, and in the lyrics, which might be written by an etherealized Herrick or a more earthly Shelley. There are some that are only pretty conceits, it is true, but, even in this line, Landor runs Moore a hard race; and there is many a page of limpid prose which it is safe to take as a model of a clear, transparent style. A new edition, in two handy volumes, with notes by C. G. Crump, makes part of the Temple Library. It is on hand-made paper, and is limited to one thousand copies, five hundred for America. It is illustrated with good photogravure plates from busts of Pericles, Alcibiades and Aspasia, and a reproduction of an excellent portrait of Landor, by Bewick. Two little etchings by Railton of Landor's birthplace and of the Villa Gherardesca are also given. (\$3.75. Macmillan & Co.)

THE SYRACUSE (N. Y.) BROWNING CLUB has published an account of its 'Memorial Meeting,' held on Jan. 9, in a well-printed pamphlet of about a hundred pages. It includes papers on the poet as 'historian,' as 'help to living,' as 'a religious teacher,' as 'an artist,' and as 'a dramatist,' with one on 'some of his beliefs.' All are interesting, and not unworthy of reproduction in this form. The Club, by the by, claims to be the oldest of its class in America. It was organized Oct. 28, 1882, and has held weekly meetings, except in the summer, ever since.—'THE ANGLO-SAXON POETS on the Judgment Day,' published by Max Niemeyer, of Halle, Germany, is an elaborate and exhaustive disquisition upon the treatment of the Day of Doom by the Anglo-Saxon poets—with whom it was a favorite subject,—together with the sources from which they drew their materials. It was the treatise submitted by Prof. Waller Deering, now of Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn., for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at the University of Leipzig. The coveted honor was well earned by this able and erudite essay.

MRS. SARAH WARNER BROOKS'S 'English Poetry and Poets' is a handsome volume of five hundred pages, made up of lectures read to classes upon our poetic literature from the days of the ancient bards and minstrels down to our own time, not including living writers. We are generally suspicious of works 'undertaken without the remotest view to publication,' but merely for 'oral information and entertainment'; but this is much better than the average of books thus made up. The lectures are agreeably written, and well suited to interest and instruct the young folk for whom they were prepared. As a school text-book the volume would be far preferable to the great majority of the formal 'Histories of English Literature' in the market. The poems and extracts from poems interspersed are chosen with excellent taste and judiciously discussed. Mrs. Hemans is too highly estimated, but, as a rule, the merits of the various authors are fairly weighed. The book, moreover, has a good index. (\$2. Estes & Lauriat.)
