

The Holiday Books

REVIEWED AND DESCRIBED, WITH MANY ILLUSTRATIONS.



THOSE of us who remember the "Consulship of Plancus" preserve a vivid memory of Christmas literature very different in intent and kind from that which invites us now. Indeed, it is not necessary to go back to the days of "Keepsakes" and "Annuals" to find a time when the "Christmas Book" was something as temporary and usually as gorgeous as the *bon bons* upon the Christmas tree. But the change which we have noted in the last few years is more marked in the books of the present season. There are holiday books pure and simple, but there are more books which belong to all seasons, and this, as it seems to us, is a distinct gain. Our English

cousins cling more lovingly than we to the old fashioned holiday output of the presses, but we, whether through fickleness or because our minds are turned to things more practical, seem to prefer the reclothing of the permanent to holiday garb worn for its own sake alone. In this work our bookmakers have been seconded by an improvement in public taste which can be recognized without glorification, and by material aids, by the increase in the number of trained artists, by the development of pen and ink and wash drawing, and by various gains in mechanical processes of reproduction. Whether or not we deplore the loss of the personality which belongs to the skilled engraver's work, we have the fact that our range of instruction and enjoyment would be curtailed were bookmakers forced to depend upon the engraver alone. The photographic process may be justly charged with monotony, with loss of the fine distinctions which go to make up artistic rightness, but, after all, photography has given much more than it has taken away. *Hodie scriptores, non sunt scriptores, sed pictores*, it was said at a time when the text of MSS. was overpowered by the illuminations, but in our day, even though picture making runs riot now and then, we cannot charge the more substantial books of the season like the *Hiawatha* with any injury to the text.

We cite the Longfellow's *Hiawatha* first, because the beautiful edition published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. (\$8), with Mr. Frederic Remington's illustrations, is a book of obvious distinction, and because it well exemplifies all that we have said. We accept it as a Christmas book, but it brings to us the smoke of camp fires, where the legends of the *Dacotahs* passed from mouth to mouth until, as Homer preserved the oral tales of ancient Troy, our

poet came to embalm the romantic traditions of the Northland in his verse. How quickly and surely "*Hiawatha*" made its way into the popular heart is a story familiar to all of us. There have been editions innumerable, but there has been none like this. For the edition before us represents not merely fanciful illustration, but a purpose as intelligent and comprehensive in its way as that which has prompted collections like those of the Peabody Museum of Archaeology. Mr. Remington, like Kipling, has lived among the people whom he depicts, and he reproduces their very atmosphere. After the emasculation and the ultra-polished elaboration of the schools and the atelier of convention, the rugged sincerity of Mr. Remington's work is as grateful as the wonderful realism of Kipling's "*Soldiers Three*." We do not look to Mr. Remington for classical types, but we do see in his work the Indian as he is, with the impress of savagery stamped upon his face. All that we need point out is the vivid truthfulness of Mr. Remington's drawings. They are accompaniments rather than direct illustrations, and they serve their purpose admirably even though the artist's types—his Minnehaha, and his "Black Ute Chief," the white priest—dispel illusions, almost with a shriek. If the full page photogravures represent the story, the human interest of the legend, the pictorial notes on the margin, must be credited with an interest none the less real. Here the reader has before him a running explanation of the lives

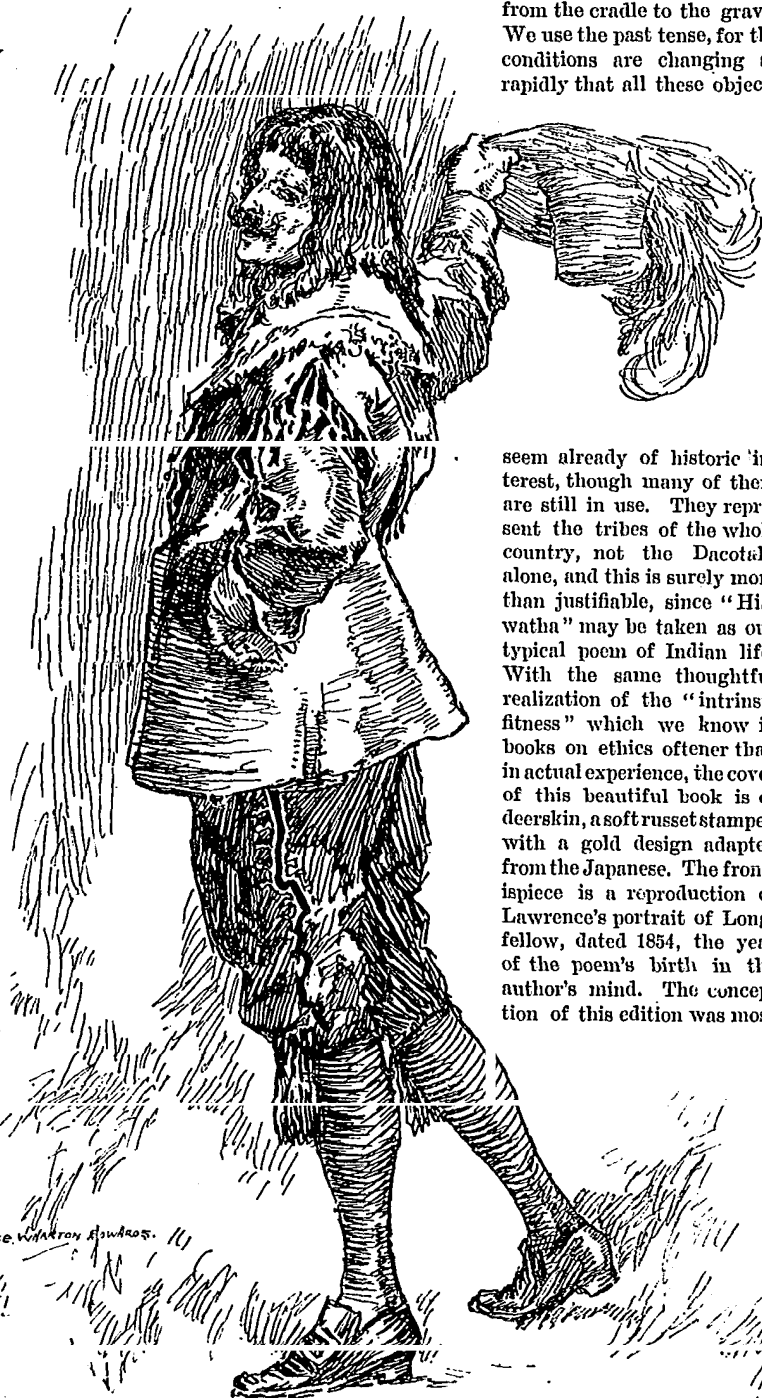


From "*Dollikins and the Miser*," (D. Lothrop Company.)

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of our Indian tribes, their dresses in peace and war, their weapons, the cups from which they drank and the bowls from which they ate, their dwellings, some of the animals which they hunted, and indeed illustrations of Indian life

from the cradle to the grave. We use the past tense, for the conditions are changing so rapidly that all these objects



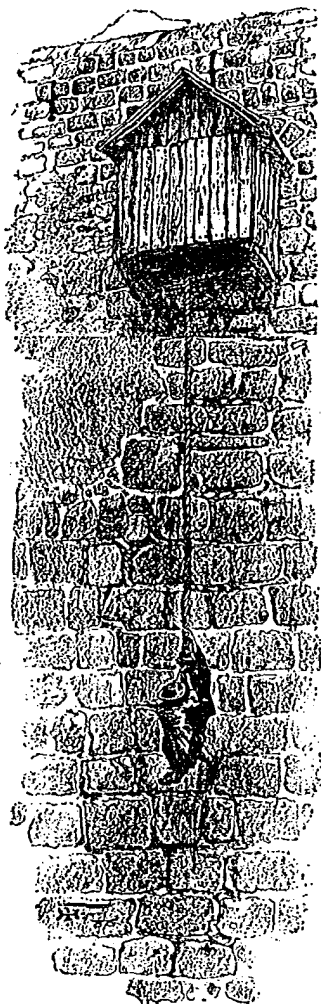
seem already of historic interest, though many of them are still in use. They represent the tribes of the whole country, not the *Dacotahs* alone, and this is surely more than justifiable, since "*Hiawatha*" may be taken as our typical poem of Indian life. With the same thoughtful realization of the "intrinsic fitness" which we know in books on ethics oftener than in actual experience, the cover of this beautiful book is of deerskin, a soft russet stamped with a gold design adapted from the Japanese. The frontispiece is a reproduction of Lawrence's portrait of Longfellow, dated 1854, the year of the poem's birth in the author's mind. The conception of this edition was most

From Austin Dobson's "*Sun Dial*." (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

fortunate, and we congratulate the publishers upon the thoroughness and excellent taste with which the conception has been carried out.

He would be a hopeless pessimist who could see in the return of the publishers to the classics only a confession that modern work offers little worthy of sumptuous attire. The pessimist might revive the familiar argument that this is a day of many clever things, none great, and he would receive the equally familiar answer that there are "clever" writers to-day who would have shone radiantly had they appeared in a less crowded firmament. But ours is the receptive, not the argumentative, mood, and we can enjoy the luxurious editions of Longfellow, Hawthorne, Wordsworth, Charlotte Brontë and George

Eliot, which are offered us this year. From Messrs. Harper & Bros. comes an admirable volume of *Wordsworth's Sonnets*, illustrated by one of the most delightful of illustrators of landscape and flora, Mr. Alfred Parsons (\$5). The cover, a rich green, finely stamped with a gold arabesque design, offers a promise which is well fulfilled. It may be true that Wordsworth is less read to-day than the average exponent of contemporary culture would have us think, and it is true that all which the great naturalistic poet wrote is by no means pure gold. For this reason there is the more helpfulness in a judicious selection like the collection before us, and there is the greater reason for appreciation of the happy collaboration of artist and publisher. We need not dwell upon Mr. Parson's drawings, which offer such convincing proof that fine artistic sensibility and truthfulness are not irreconcilable. In these days of "picturesque" drawing, of happy-go-lucky generalizing and reliance upon *chic*, it is invigorating to follow the work of an artist who never despises the details of construction in leaf or flower, who never slurs the facts of his landscape and who yet selects and composes his subjects with such ready sympathy and fine perception and interprets them with such thorough competency that we yield a ready allegiance to his admirable art. In the vignette studies of blossoms and vines and charming landscape hits the artist's conscientious attitude toward his work is illustrated as vividly as in the full page drawings of mountain, meadow and moorland in Wordsworth's country. Where the figure has been introduced we may account the result less fortunate, but on the whole there is little reason for fault finding. The drawings, as readers of *Harper's Magazine* will remember, have been reproduced both by wood engraving and process work. Another Harper book takes us across the Channel and on to the Midi, the sunny land of the wonderful Tarasconians, the emotional children of the Midi, to whose impressionable imaginations the false ever presents itself as the true. As for Tartarin, that "Don Quixote in the skin of Sancho Panza," we have known and loved him long. We have followed him amid the eternal snows of the Alps, and the burning sand of Algeria. We have seen him at home, surrounded by lethal weapons and strange trophies, in the field proudly leading the hunters of Tarascon, amid dangers



Entering a Convent. From "In Scripture Lands." (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

which would have crushed a less buoyant spirit, and now, after all these perils and triumphs, the end of Tartarin has come. The Old World offered nothing more. Nothing was left the brave Tartarin save to become not only an explorer, but also a colonizer, the founder of a mighty empire. How he fared we may not tell. That would be to wrong our readers, for whom a pleasure waits which will be lessened only by a tragic element, the one discordant note! Here we may think the admirable literary art of Daudet at fault, not in an ending as characteristic in its humorous touches as it is finely pathetic, but in the introduction of real horrors. But Tartarin now takes his place in the literary

Valhalla. In these adventures, as before, Tartarin is accompanied by the most apt and sympathetic of illustrators. Rossi, Myrbach, Montegut, Montenard, the painter of the Midi, and Bieler have pictured the actors of this tale with such ready appreciation of character, such happy recognition of situations, and such adroitness in delineation that their sketches, seemingly modest, are really exemplars of a most admirable art, for this is an art based upon knowledge, but never hampered by it, never labored or mechanical, and, in its results, always instinct with vitality. Purely the power to enter into a theme and translate its very spirit with so light yet so forcible a hand is one of the finer gifts of art, whether illustrator or painter be the artist. But we must take leave of Tartarin, with a passing word for the blue and silver cover of his last history, and, in bidding him farewell, we may echo the words of his translator, Henry James, a past master of refined English, when he says, "The only defect of Port Tarascon is that it leaves no more to come."

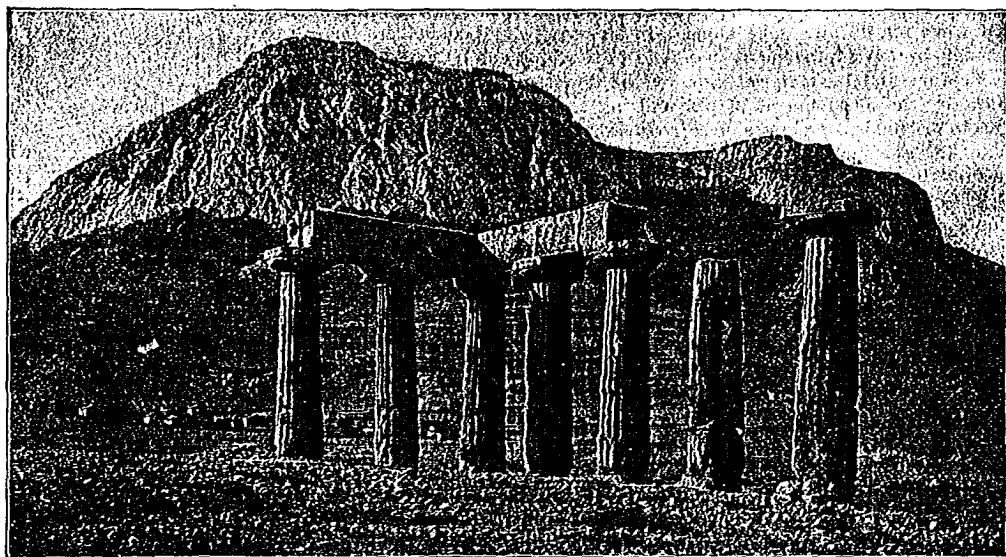
We are brought face to face with many questions of art in our loitering over these Christmas books. There are those who deem the illustrator an artist only by courtesy, but their number is small, despite Mr. Pennell's objurgations. There are illustrators who hold that "picturesque" drawing alone embodies art, and others maintain that truth of facts and a sad sincerity are essentials. But whether or not we join the fashionable worship of the broken line of the school of Vierge, we shall do well to preserve sufficient catholicity to recognize art of a kind even in the despised photograph. Take for example Mr. E. L. Wilson's photographs illustrating the handsome



Returned with my neighbour Hambroff's
silly daughters.

From "The Vicar of Wakefield." (Macmillan & Co.)

results. I wanted to see such pictures accompanied by descriptions free from either the shallow sentiment of the superficial tourist, the narrowness of the enthusiast, or the arbitrariness of denominationalism. I likewise wanted them connected with data and textual references which should give me helpful hints for the further study and enjoyment of the events that have made the Scriptural Lands the most interesting of any in the world. With these wants; with the Holy Bible as my guide-book; with a careful art training; with ardent enthusiasm for the



Acro-Corinthus. From "Pericles." (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

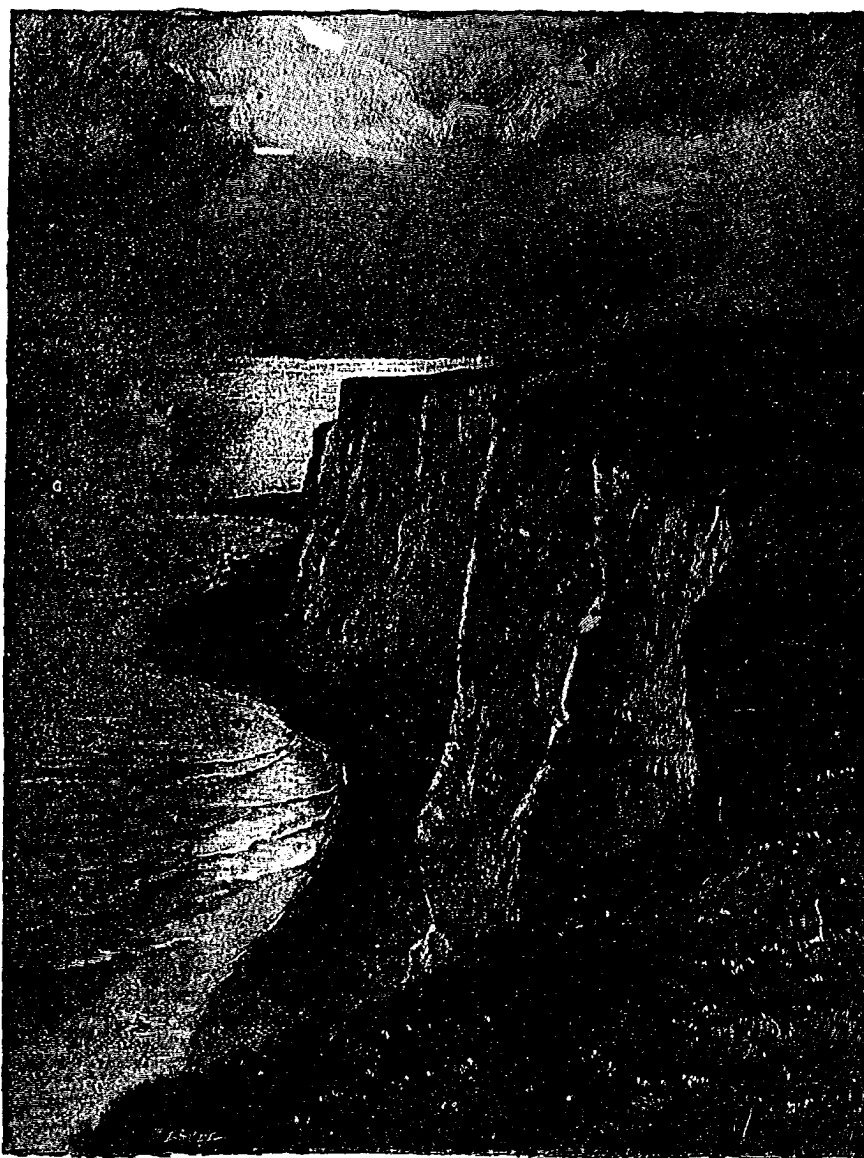
and most valuable volume, *In Scripture Lands*, published by Charles Scribner's Sons. (\$3.50.) Mr. Wilson's purpose was to realize truth of facts. For this he carried his camera through the lands described in Scriptural history, and in his efforts to obtain accurate transcripts of scenes he has succeeded as no one, perhaps, has succeeded before. Yet his results are by no means bleak and bare, and he proves that even when the photographer's work is so circumscribed in motive as in this case, a quick perception and tact in selection may achieve results of undeniable practical value. The pictures which Mr. Wilson has collected from perilous Petra, from the Nile, from Mt. Sinai, Galilee, Mt. Lebanon, Jerusalem, Jericho and scores of other places precious by reason of this association at times are helpful primarily as records and also worthy of consideration as examples of clever composition and vigorous effect. Those who have read Mr. Wilson's articles in the *Century Magazine* will understand a purpose which he expresses modestly in his preface. "I wanted," he says, "to see pictures of the places made sacred by Scriptural History which were not 'idealized' by the pencils of those whose sympathies with art too often rode over

picturesque as well as for the historical; with a love for nature and for human nature; with a camera fitted with a student's eye, and with perfect health and strength I went at the task I had set for myself." Some of the places visited, like Petra, have been rarely seen by white men, and wherever Mr. Wilson went he found pictures which are of lasting value. His experiences are described most happily in a narrative personal and entertaining, relieved by passages of graphic description and touches of humor. We have no doubt as to the success of his journey when we reluctantly lay down this admirable book.

The elaborate edition of *The Sun Dial*, with drawings and decorations by Mr. George Wharton Edwards, which comes to us from Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., may be thought to resemble the typical Christmas book more closely than the volumes which we have seen, and yet such an admission might imply a wrong to Dobson's exquisite verse. Looking back over the last twenty years we may well feel disposed to maintain that no other living poet in this time has exerted a greater influence upon the younger generation of verse makers. We may admit that something of the purely literary charm of Dobson's measures was due to inheritance. The forms which

he revived, the triole, the lilanelle, rondeau ballads and what not, were the forms of old French verse, but the life which has charmed us beneath this antique garb was created by Dobson himself, and none but a very poet could show such tender sensibility, arch humor and delicate feeling. Nearly all his poems are known to our reading public, and the choice of "The Sun Dial" for publication in this fine garb will be deemed by our readers a fortunate choice, for the poem breathes the fine atmosphere of the olden time, perfumed with the subtle fragrance of love, yet tinged with humor and even shadowed with misadventure and regret, an epitome, as it were, of the course of true love, sketched with infinite deftness and daintiness. To be called upon to provide pictorial accompaniments to verse of such elusive charm was no slight demand, but Mr. Edwards has clearly had the gift of sympathy. He has wisely chosen a light and decorative treatment peculiarly adapted to his theme, and he furnishes a wealth of ornamental design and initial which supplement his drawings of the sun dial in delightful gardens, where peacocks glorify themselves, where castle walls frown above the trees, and where figurative hope and saddened longing steal along the paths to make the silent sun dial the confidant of their secrets. The artist's work supplies a happy illumination of the text, and we may note the excellent reproduction of his wash drawings. The cover bears a gold sun dial in gold ornamentation upon a salmon colored panel, relieved against pale sage green. (\$7.50.)

There is probably no handsomer volume of its class issued this season than *Some American Painters in Water Colors* with text by Mr. Ripley Hitchcock,



From "Wordsworth's Sonnets."—Illustrated by Parsons.

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of photogravures of the great Madonnas in 1888 and last year by the "Fac Similes of Aquarelles by American Artists." This year's volume offers another collection of ten large chromo-lithographic reproductions of water colors by American painters, thus furnishing us with suggestive illustrations of the work now being done at home in a most popular branch of art. We find as the frontispiece the aptly characterized work of a clever illustrator and painter, Mr. W. T. Smedley, who pictures the arrival of a bashful stranger at a summer hotel. The names of Mr. Smedley and the other contributors will be familiar to those who visit the exhibitions of the Water Color Society, while those to whom these exhibitions are unknown may be assured that much of interest awaits them. Mrs. Rosina Emmett Sherwood's graceful study of a young lady with flowers, whose figure and surroundings form an adroit color scheme; Mr. Barnsley's picture of one of the modern successors to the Olympian games—the famous Harvard-Yale race; Mr. Palmer's unpretending but charmingly faithful rendering of a woodland corner in winter; Mr. Leon Moran's dainty maiden, who breathes the fine fragrance of the olden time; Mr. Ferris's glimpse of the Orient, and the idyllic studies of child life by Miss Maud Humphreys and Mrs. Santer form a collection so diversified, and yet so uniformly interest-

ing, that we feel sure it will meet with appreciation. These water colors have been introduced by chromo-lithography. The work has been done carefully, but we sometimes realize forcibly a certain hardness and a violence in color which seem almost inseparable from this medium. The subject invites speculation, for in these days chromo-lithography seems likely to be pressed hard by color printing upon photographic grounds. But this has not yet reached mature development, and meantime we have little reason for complaint when work so carefully executed as this is offered us. The cover of this volume is stamped with a reproduction of Mrs. Santer's picture and a back border bearing an arabesque design in gold. (\$12.50.)

If Hawthorne's "Our Old Home" may be taken as an example of our abiding interest in the mother country, so may also books like Mr. Hutton's "Literary Landmarks of London" and a volume now before us—*In the Footprints of Charles Lamb*, by Dr. B. E. Martin. In this dainty book, published by Charles Scribner's Sons, Dr. Martin has done a genuine service to the lovers of the gentle Elia. The author's fitness for his task will be appreciated by those who followed him "Through London with Dickens," and of his sincere love for his theme no reader who essays these pages can have any manner of doubt. It is pleasant, amid the flood of new and ephemeral publications, to note the appearance of books which prove that the classics and classic authors of our literature still hold their following, and we may

record the appearance of an elaborate volume of similar design in England, whose author follows the journeying of Dr. Johnson, whose words "Far from me, and from my friends be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us, indifferent and unmoved, over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue," have been aptly chosen as the motto of this book. The contractor and builder are destroying the literary landmarks of London, and it is well that their fragrant memories should be preserved. Fortunately, however, nearly every one of Lamb's successive homes has been kept inviolate, and we may follow him from "Cheerful Crown, Office Row," to the place which once knew his schoolboy feet, to the Temple Church, to the Blue Coat School, and on through the South Sea House, Little Queen street, Pentonville, Enfield and on to the last scene at Edmonton. No guide could be more sympathetic, none more painstaking than our author, and he has been most happily aided by generous illustration. Those who love Charles Lamb—and what book reader does not?—will not be wanting in appreciation of Dr. Martin's work, nor of the work of Mr. E. D. North, who contributes a very full and satisfactory bibliography of Lamb to the volume.

Last year the annual revival of classics in new form brought us Hawthorne's "Marble Faun," in Roman red covers with photographic illustrations of places, scenes, buildings and works of art associated with the romance. This year the pouring of old wine into new bottles continues, but we have yet to hear reports of disaster. From Messrs. T. Y. Crowell & Co.



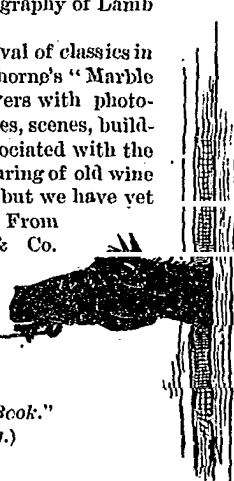
Six Sillies. From Andrew Lang's "Red Fairy Book." (Longmans, Green & Co.)

dealing with the dangers of ultra sensuous art and defining motive, published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, successors to Frederick A. Stokes & Brothers. This house has earned a reputation for dainty book making of the lighter sort, and its more important publications, collections of plates with text, which have appeared annually, have taken an excellent rank among books of the kind. It was in 1884 that the firm, or rather its predecessor, put forth its first collection of etchings, which was followed by others in succeeding years, by a collection

life by Miss Maud Humphreys and Mrs. Santer form a collection so diversified, and yet so uniformly interest-



From "Another Brownie Book." (The Century Company.)





From "Dear Daughter Dorothy." (Roberts Brothers.)

comes a two volume edition of one of the English classics of the century, *Jane Eyre* (\$5), and from Messrs. Porter & Coates we receive another, *Romola*, in a new dress (\$6). In both cases the false covers are of Roman red cloth. The "Jane Eyre" is bound in red and white relieved with gold, and the "Romola" in red and with the arms of Florence in gold upon the red. Charlotte Brontë's romance is generously illustrated with plates presumably obtained from England, and "Romola," like "The Marble Faun" of last year and this year's edition of Hawthorne's "Our Old Home," is illustrated with photographic views of actual scenes. A portrait of George Eliot is the frontispiece of the first volume, Michael Angelo's statue of Lorenzo II of the second. All Florence is re-created for us, the churches and baptisteries, the statues and porches, the bridges and squares, and palaces and prisons, and we even see the execution of Savonarola as represented on the panel in his cell at San Marco. Hawthorne's *Our Old Home*, published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., is presented to us in a delightfully dainty dress. The binding, which is a cloth almost as fine in texture as silk, is of a delicate hue, which will be called apple green or pea green at the will of the reader. There is a border and a central design stamped in a rich gold, which gives no hint of insufficient stamping or tarnishing. This edition is an example of tasteful book making from the false cover to the book mark. Of the text of these most delightful of the studies of England and English character there is nothing left for us to say, but we may point out that the value of the edition is enhanced by the citation of parallel passages from the "English Note Books." The frontispiece, a portrait of Hawthorne, is followed by an abundance of illustrations, presenting scenes at Leamington, Warwick, Lichfield, Oxford, on the Thames and amid the haunts of Burns. These illustrations, as in the case of the "Romola," are photogravures from actual photographs, and they impart an appreciable value to a classic example of our literature.

The leading publication of Messrs. L. Prang & Co. this year is a fine edition of Browning's stately poem *Saul*, illustrated with photogravures from original designs, in black and white oils by Mr. Frank O. Small. The two chief figures, the gloomy king and the stripling David, have been conceived and presented by the artist with an excellent realization of effect. Those who uphold art for art's sake may feel less interest in this artist's work, but it is impossible to deny that his pictures are dignified and truly illustrative, and that they possess no little breadth and force. The excellently reproduced full page pictures are accompanied by vignettes and by a frontispiece portrait of the poet. The title page bears a vignette presenting the artist's really felicitous conception of the melancholy king, and,

the cover bears an appropriate design stamped in colors upon brown cloth. (\$10.)

Two good examples of holiday bookmaking are *The Poet's Year*, edited by Oscar Fay Adams, with over one hundred illustrations, published by the D. Lothrop Company (\$6), and *Summerland*, a collection of lines and verses which serve as suggestions for a variety of landscape and floral designs, by Margaret M. Pullman. The latter volume is published by Messrs. Lee & Shepard in Boston and C. T. Dillingham in New York. (\$3.75.) Both books are oblong quartos, with sumptuous covers. Each month is introduced by an appropriate design, and there is a multitude of full page, half page and vignette illustrations. Miss Pullman, in her volume, proves herself a sympathetic student of nature, and her glimpses of meadows, orchards, pine woods, uplands and marshes will be sure of appreciation. In the first named volume the designs have been reproduced by both engraving and process work; in the latter the wood engraver has done the work of reproduction. Both books are printed upon heavy paper, with generous margins.

Ludovic Halévy's idyllic love story "The Abbé Constantin," published two years ago by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., attained at once great popularity, and has passed through several editions. That popularity was based in part upon the extreme attractiveness of the book and in part upon the extreme attractiveness of the story. It is not often that there comes into the hands of American readers a piece of French fiction so fresh, so unaffected and so pure in tone. The story had an almost idyllic quality. This year we have in the same handsome form another story by Halévy—*A Marriage for Love*. Like its predecessor, this, too, is a bit of pure romance, told with the most charming literary art and in the purest tone. It has all the daintiness of touch, reserve of emotion and refinement of manner which are characteristic of the best French prose. "A Marriage for Love" is not only a very pretty romance, but also a very carefully drawn cabinet picture of French manners and life. Such a story ought to have a very choice setting, and that setting has not been denied "A Marriage for Love." Printed in a large quarto, on heavy paper and from large type, the story really assumes a sumptuous form. The broad single column on each page is ornamented by designs at the top and bottom, which give the page an artistic completeness and beauty. The full page illustrations are by William de Mesa. His work is not entirely uniform, but its quality is attractive and interesting. He has fortunately made a careful study of his figures, and has achieved the difficult task of dressing people in the costumes of to-day without stiffness or awkwardness. The heroine of the story is an exceedingly fresh and fascinating creature, who reappears again and again in various attitudes and during various scenes without wearying the eye. The book is a singularly charming one—not too serious nor too light, but readable, attractive to the eye, and handsome enough for the uses of the season. A detached cover of watered silk adds to the effectiveness of the volume. (New

York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$10.)

Alphonse Daudet has written no story more thoroughly Parisian and more thoroughly illustrative of certain qualities of his own than the *Kings in Exile* (New York: George Routledge & Sons). This novel attracted wide attention at the time of its publication, and has never ceased to interest those who care for the work of this brilliant impressionist. The presence of a number of exiled rulers in Paris twenty years ago suggested to Daudet a study of the influence and effect of exile upon royalty. He chose for his principal figures a very attractive, impulsive, impassioned and unstable king and a very noble, high-minded and strong-willed



From Gibson's "Starlight and Sunshine."—Copyright, 1890, by Harper & Brothers.

queen, dethroned by a revolution and thrown upon Paris in the first agitation of expulsion from palace and country. The story is a very unusual one, and although not dramatic in the highest sense, is profoundly interesting. Daudet's style is at its best in this volume. The illustrations by Bieler, Conconi and Myrbach are of the delicately suggestive order with which this series of books has already familiarized us. The beautiful page, clear, attractive type and artistic breaking of the letter press with dainty, often shadowy, illustrations, are characteristically French and characteristically tasteful. (Paper \$1.50; half leather \$2.25.)

Out of Doors with Tennyson, edited by Eldridge S. Brooks, is an illustrated quarto containing selections from the verse of Tennyson, devoted to descriptions of nature, pastoral studies and bits of humanized landscape. The delicate art of the Post-Laureate has given us many lovely pictures of the English countryside and of English life as it is allied with nature. The volume contains, in addition to imaginative sketches of various degrees of excellence, an interesting picture of the house in which Tennyson was born, of the moated grange at Somersby, of Langton Hall, which is supposed to have furnished the hint of Locksley Hall, and of various other scenes familiar to the readers of Tennyson. The landscape sketches are much superior to the figure drawing, which is not of very good quality. The cover is illuminated to reproduce the impression of satin. (Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. \$2.50.)

Mr. Henry T. Finck has a facile and interesting way of writing, as was shown by the decided popularity of his book "Romantic Love and Personal Beauty." His latest venture in literature is very different in character, being a finely illustrated account of *The Pacific Coast Scenic Tour*, as he calls the splendid panorama of scenery to be enjoyed on our Western coast. From Southern California to Alaska Mr. Finck journeys, studying carefully



From "Our English Homes." (Macmillan & Co.)

the climate and industrial conditions of the country, taking splendidly enjoyable trips to the Yosemite, the Yellowstone Park, the Grand Cañon, Lake Tahoe, the Columbia River and other places whereof merely to speak makes the would-be tourist and traveler enthusiastic. The writer combines very happily the faculty of close observation and minute description with real literary skill. Thus while his book contains details which make it eminently useful as a hand-book and source of exact information, it is also a pleasurable work for the general reader. Mr. Finck frankly confesses that he is in love with the Pacific Coast and most of his companions, in imagination, in this wonderfully varied and beautiful trip will grant that his fascination is highly excusable. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.50.)

George Sand is at her best in descriptions of nature and pastoral life. Whatever criticisms are to be made touching her novels which treat of social and marital relations, her studies of the French peasant and the French country life are, as a rule, not only devoid of anything offensive to the moral sense, but charged with the poetry of an imaginative nature dealing with themes which draw out the best that is in it. George Sand was fundamentally a poet. The vagueness and untrustworthiness of many of her

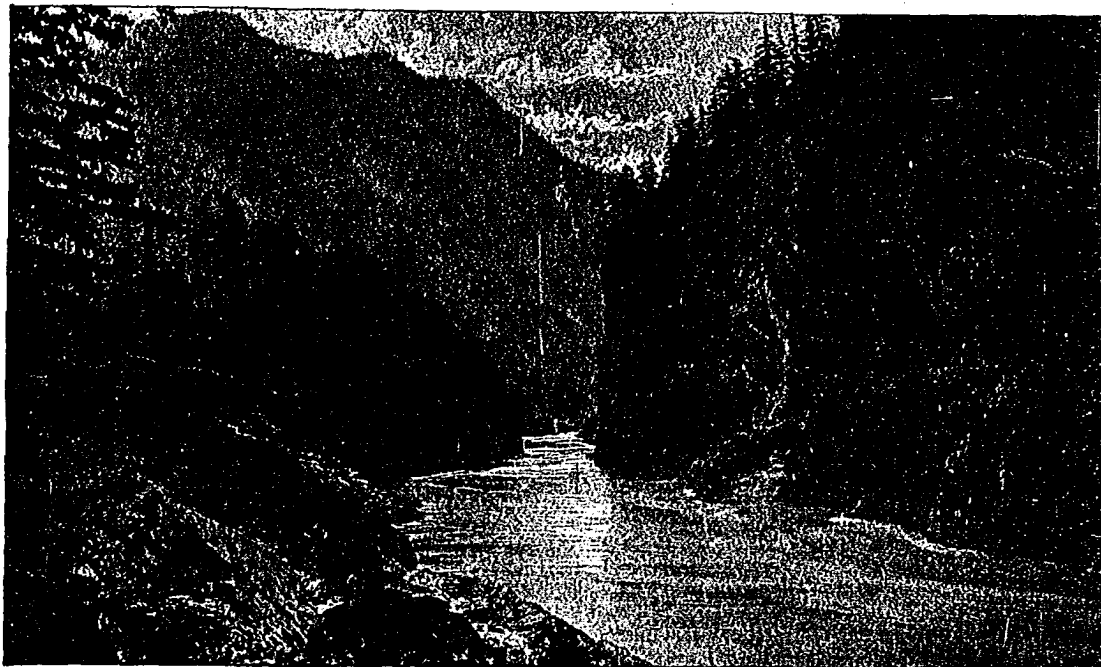
landscapes significant and beautiful, and the simple tale of pastoral courtship recorded in this book is all the more beautiful and effective because it depends upon no extraneous or accidental quality for its interest, but solely upon the depth and sincerity of its human feeling. This story is often put into

No man in this generation has interpreted nature more delightfully or to a larger audience than W. Hamilton Gibson, for Mr. Gibson has the great advantage of using two of the arts with almost equal facility and skill. Many people owe to him a vast extension of their knowledge of nature. He has

taught them to see that which was formerly invisible to them, to discover at their feet beauty of structure, delicacy of form and loveliness of color which once entirely escaped their observation. Mr. Gibson's work as an illustrator has so long been familiar that it hardly needs characterization here. Its keenness of observation, its delicacy of touch, its refinement of feeling and its charming quality of fancy have made it comprehensible to all those who have any sensitiveness to beautiful objects. One needs small technical knowledge of art to appreciate the very delicate transcriptions from nature which Mr. Gibson has been giving

us during these recent years. *Strolls by Starlight and Sunshine* does not fall behind any of its predecessors in interest or quality. In some respects it seems to us superior to them. The chapters on "A Midnight Ramble" and "Night Witchery" are delightful pieces of writing, interpreted by suggestive representative studies of the life and nature described, while of "The Wild Garden" what better thing can be said than that it makes us feel the sacredness of common things by disclosing to us anew the beauty that lies under our very feet. (New York: Harper & Brothers. \$3.50.)

A very substantial quarto comes to us bearing the imprint of Harper & Bros. (New York), and devoted to *Christmas in Song, Sketch and Story*. Nearly three hundred Christmas songs, hymns and carols, with selections from Beecher, Wallace, Auerbach, Ab-

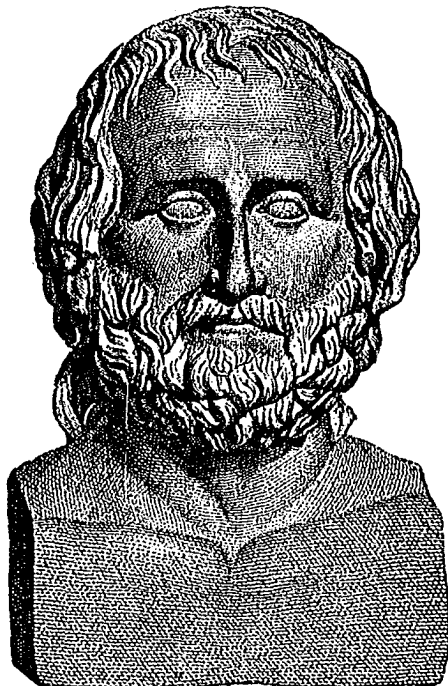


FRASER CAÑON.

From "*Pacific Coast Scenic Tour*." (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

the hands of those who are making their first acquaintance with French literature. It has the classic quality, so far as purity of tone and delicacy of touch are concerned, and we know of no story which might better serve as an introduction to the voluminous work of George Sand. This edition is issued in quarto form, printed on a beautiful page, with broad margins, and illustrated with fourteen etchings by Rudaux, notable for their delicacy and effectiveness. (New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$5.)

One of the best series of books now coming from the press is the "Heroes of the Nations." (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.) We have already reviewed the volume on "The Life of Lord Nelson," by William Clark Russell, a capital story of one of the most brilliant careers in modern times. *Gustavus Adolphus and the Struggle of Protestantism for Existence*, by C. R. L. Fletcher, is a worthy companion of Mr. Russell's admirable biography. It gives, within a comparatively brief compass, a very full sketch of the national hero of Sweden, who was also one of the heroes of the great Protestant struggle in Europe. We know of no book which so clearly and satisfactorily covers this confused but deeply significant period in European history, and we know of no more consistent and intelligible account of one of its master spirits. But we turn with the greatest interest to Mr. Evelyn Abbott's *Life of Pericles and the Golden Age of Athens*. Here is a subject the like of which for variety, brilliancy and significance in the history of the world has hardly a parallel. Mr. Abbott, who is the editor of the series, and a fellow of Balliol College, Oxford, was admirably equipped for the preparation of such a work. He has a thorough mastery of classic life, art and literature, together with the literary skill needed for the undertaking. He has known how to set the brilliant figure of Pericles against the noble background of an Athenian life at its culminating period, and to suggest and indicate by positive statement the world-wide significance of the man, the ideas of his time and the political character of his rule. Such stories as this, recalling not the dreams of the imagination, but the actual doings of men, afford the very best material for education.



Euripides. From "*Pericles*." (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

theories of social relation were due, in large measure, to the immense importance which she attached to impulse and spontaneity, two of the great qualities of poetry. She felt intensely, while her thought was often inconclusive. But when George Sand turned to nature and to those who live on the soil, her perceptions were instantly cleared, her imagination was instantly stirred, and the skill of her hand was almost unerring. One of the most attractive of these pastoral studies is *La Mare au Diable*, which is now translated by Frank Hunter Potter under the title of *The Haunted Pool*. This was the first of the series of rustic tales with which George Sand delighted her countrymen years ago. She describes it as a modest story amid a humble landscape, but genius makes all



From "*Little Jarvis*." (D. Appleton & Co.)



From "In Scripture Lands." (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

bott, Warren and Dickens, with numerous illustrations selected by J. P. McCaskey. This long title is in itself a very good description of the volume. One finds in it the text of Mr. Beecher's beautiful "Overture of the Angels," Dr. Abbott's "The Land and the Child," Auerbach's story, "Gellert's Last Christmas;" Dickens's "Christmas Carol," Dr. Warren's long and interesting account of "Christmasset of Olde," and Charles Dickens's "Christmas Tree." The selection of Christmas music is large and comprehensive, and the illustrations reproduce many of the best known pictures of the Madonna and the Christ Child, as well as popular representations of Christmas incident and story. (\$2.50.)

Glimpses of Old English Homes, by Elizabeth Balch (New-York: Macmillan & Co. \$4), is a small quarto, neither too large nor too heavy to be comfortably read, admirably printed and profusely illustrated. The letterpress dwells lightly and pleasantly on the salient points of family and historical interest in connection with some of the best known of the great English houses. Penshurst has a lasting interest for all English peoples by reason of the notable company who have been entertained within its walls and by reason also of the notable men who have been its masters—among these none quite so famous as Sir Philip and Algernon Sydney, both English gentlemen of a type in the memory of which the whole

which our readers are already familiar. Mrs. Clafin wrote out of a full knowledge of her subject, and with a power of imagination which recalled the scenes and figures of the past with great effectiveness. She did not sketch a series of portraits from her fancy, but made herself the interpreter of old New England life as she had seen it in the town of Hopkinton, one of those quiet, old-fashioned New England villages where, within the memory of living people, the atmosphere of the old times still prevailed, and where the originality, quaintness and acuteness of New England character were seen in their best development. (Illustrated. \$1.25.)

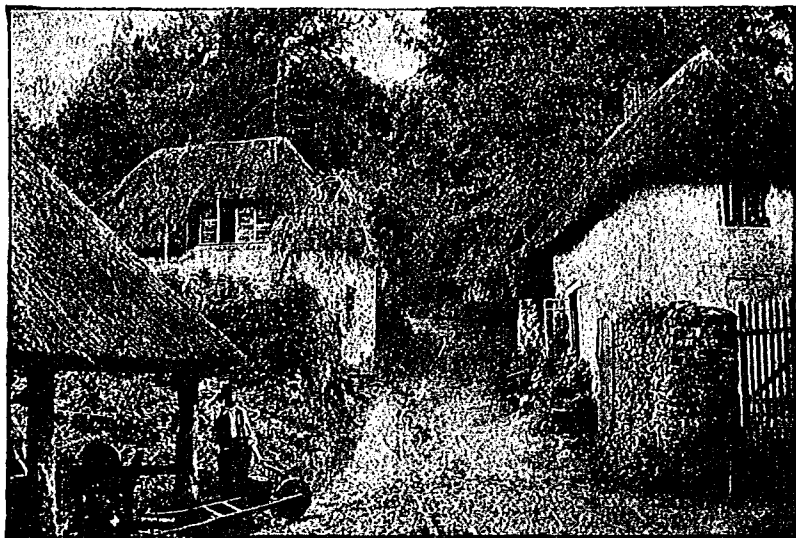
Few novels of recent years have established themselves more thoroughly in the interest and regard of English speaking readers than Mr. Blackmore's *Lorna Doone*, one of those thoroughly genuine and human pieces of fiction which win the heart and hold their own by virtue of the deepest truth. "Lorna Doone" has passed through many editions, some of them attractive, many of them cumbrous and unwieldy. We have seen no edition more suitable and convenient than the Exmoor edition. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.) The story is put into three admirably printed and tastefully bound volumes which, by reason of their taste and their simplicity, commend themselves to those who like books for their best uses. This edition has the further attraction of a new preface from Mr. Blackmore, in which he says that the book comes to its American readers in this form under the escort "Of fair knights of the order of copyright," which is a pleasant way of saying that the publishers propose to treat the author according to the rules of equity and justice. For this reason, no less than for its own intrinsic merit, we commend this edition of "Lorna Doone" to the attention of our readers. (3 vols. 12 mo. \$3.75.)

The young author of the famous Polish novel *With Fire and Sword*, whose portrait is given in this supplement, has sprung almost at a bound to a place among the foremost of historical romancists. Henryk Sienkiewicz is as strong on the literary as on the historical side. His pictures of Polish, Cossack and Tartar life and fighting are as vivid in treatment as

Readers of *The Christian Union* have not forgotten the familiar and delightful studies of old New England life, which appeared in *The Christian Union* a year ago under the title of *Brampton Sketches*, from the hand of Mrs. Mary B. Clafin. These chapters of old time history and character have now been collected in a small and tasteful volume, bearing the imprint of T. Y. Crowell & Co., Boston. It is hardly necessary to characterize that with

they are careful and minute in accuracy. The story of the campaigns, retreats, sieges and victories of the Polish armies is varied and brilliant, while the thread of romance and love-making is woven with one of strong, racy humor. This paper was among the first to call attention to the extraordinary character of this work on its first appearance in translation into our language, and we are pleased to see that its popularity has caused a demand for new editions. (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.)

The history of the manufacture and use of playing cards might seem a slight topic for a splendidly printed and illustrated quarto of 200 pages, but only to those who have not dipped into the subject. *The Devil's Picture Books*, by Mrs. John King Van Rensselaer, is a storehouse of curious knowledge, dealing with all ages and countries. Not merely the history of the world's amusements, but the history of art, and even the world's political history, are connected with the immediate subject by many odd side threads of interest. Who, for instance, can fail to be interested in the fact that printing of cards on blocks was the earliest form of that block printing which was afterwards used to produce the early block books, and thence finally evolved by the great leap of movable types into the art of printing as we know it to-day. And how many of our readers know that the use of visiting cards arose from the practice of writing a message on the back of a playing card and sending it to a friend? The number and variety of odds and ends which Mrs. Van Rensselaer's diligence has collected about the materials, manufacture, use in different games, engraving, coloring, origin, symbolism and literature of playing cards is really remarkable. The colored plates illustrating the book are beautiful specimens of color printing, and contain much that is rare or unique. It is not necessary to be a card player, or even to approve of card playing in its mildest forms, to find here much that was worth preserving. (New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$5.)



Devonshire Farmhouse. From Hawthorne's "Our Old Home." (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

Very racy of New England life, scenery and nature is Samuel Adams Drake's *The Pine Tree Coast*. For 2000 miles he traces the Maine seaboard, stopping at many a quaint old port, telling many a thrilling or amusing episode of history "down East," holding out many a humorous sketch of fisherman or original character. There is plenty of information in the book—geographical and historical, for tourist as well as for student. But the whole subject is treated pictorially and picturesquely, and the result is readable in every page. The full page "half tone photo etchings" give a good idea of some of the rugged features of coast and island scenery, and the scores of little vignettes bring out the quaint features of old New England life. (Boston: Estes & Lauriat. \$3.)

The story of Napoleon's campaigns, told by one of his body guard, is to be found in *The Narrative of Captain Coignet* (1776-1850), edited by Lorédan Larchey. It purports to be a transcript of an original manuscript, and if the book, as we suspect, be in fact as much the work of M. Larchey as of Coignet, it is at all events grounded in authentic history. Intensely interesting is this narrative of a private soldier—dramatic and full of life and action. His unhappy boyhood, his skill with horses, his work in



From Daudet's "Kings in Exile." (George Routledge & Sons.)

world rejoices. Arundel Castle, Chiswick House, Berkeley Castle and other equally well known English homes are the subjects both of the pen and of the pencil. The illustrations bring before the eye the most characteristic features of English architecture, and the volume will take its place as one of the most attractive of the season.

training them for the army, his conscription, the part he played in the great battles, his observation of the Emperor, the latter's recognition of the private's gallantry—all this and much more is told with frankness and in a crisp, terse style, which becomes a soldier and man of action. The whole gives a kind of bird's-eye view of the great events of European history in Napoleon's time from the standpoint of an intelligent private citizen, thrown against his will into the midst of the turmoil. The pictures are by J. LeBlant and are as spirited as the text. (New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co. \$2.50.)

Leon Gautier's *Chivalry* has been translated for English readers by Henry Frith, and deserves a prominent place among the illustrated books of the season. Gautier approaches his subject from the literary as well as the historic side. The epic



Henryk Sienkiewicz, Author of "With Fire and Sword." (Little, Brown & Co.)

"Chansons de Geste," as well as the annals and chronicles of the Middle Ages, have been drawn on freely to gain a conception of the spirit of the age of chivalry. The origin of chivalry, its growth and power, its codes and principles of honor, and its final decadence and disappearance, are expounded by narration and still more clearly by exemplification. Gautier traces step by step the life history of the knight of olden time, his infancy, youth, sports, training, espousal, marriage, domestic life, military career and death—all with extraordinary learning, yet with vivacity and a power of personation and of throwing himself completely into the era of which he writes that gives animation and dramatic effect to the whole. Here may be obtained a true and minute description of the dwellings, dress, furniture, armor, habits, fighting methods, the private and public life of the nobility of feudal times. The book is aptly dedicated to Cervantes, "who laughed at chivalry in his books and was a true chevalier in his life." The illustrations are but mediocre in their execution. (New York: George Routledge & Sons. \$2.50.)

Fra Lippo Lippi; A Romance: by Margaret Vere Farrington. With 14 photogravure illustrations. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50.) With a rare delicacy of touch the author has depicted the love story of the artist monk, Fra Lippo Lippi. It is not wholly the Lippo of Robert Browning, who can frankly confess "I'm a beast," but the gay, sensuous Italian, who painted men's bodies, not their souls, like Fra Angelico, who looked upon the surface of life as on a picture, and painted with a realism startling his generation its beauty and deformity, its spirituality and degradation. His love for the beautiful Lucrezia Buti, who forsook her convent for his sake, makes him steadfast. Her face is his constant model for the highest ideal of womanly purity, love and self sacrifice—the Holy Virgin. One cannot see his pictures and believe that the man was a sensualist. One feels while reading her pages that the author has derived her conception of the character of Lippi from a close study of his pictures, and has perhaps thought out her story in the brilliant atmosphere of North Italy. From the love scene before the altar of the convent chapel of Santa Mar-

gharita,] to Lippo's death from the poison of the jealous Beatrice, the tale is an exquisite idyl of an artist's love life, very tender yet noble in its reserve. Essentially artistic is the tone of the book and beautiful is its form, with fine paper, wide margins and well chosen and well executed photogravures—almost an *édition de luxe*.

The home of an ancient and forgotten race, a land full of interest to the naturalist and the archaeologist alike, is the region of New Mexico and Arizona. A quarter of a century ago, when the author of *The Marvellous Country* traveled thither, it was almost an unknown land, save to the descendants of the old Spanish settlers. Even now that railroads have let in the light, knowledge of its curiosities is not general. Mr. Samuel Woodworth Cozzens gives us without any pretence to literary skill an account of the "strange events and startling adventures" which befel him there in a volume whose whole title is very much longer than the caption we give, and whose pages are adorned with many pictures. It is undeniably a readable book, and will captivate lovers of curious places and strange adventures. (Boston: Lee & Shepard. \$2.)

Picturesque India is the expressive and truthfully descriptive title of a work of 600 pages by Mr. W. S. Caine, in which the text is accompanied by many drawings of striking bits of architecture, scenes of

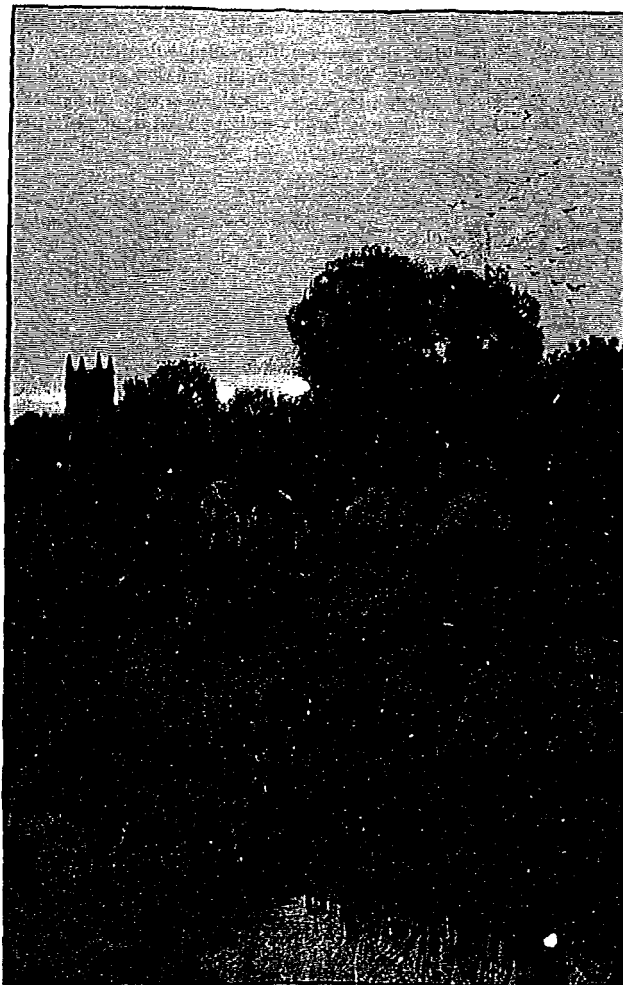


From "Ruined Abbeys" of Yorkshire. (Macmillan & Co.)

Hindu life and glimpses of scenery. A large and finely executed map is a welcome addition. In treatment the volume is avowedly a handbook, and we know not where a prospective traveler in India could find more complete and dependable information as to what he ought to see and how to see it. Naturally the style is concise, but the book is usually readable. It has been handsomely bound and printed. (New York: George Routledge & Sons. \$3.) The same publishers send us an edition of Bulwer's *Last Days of Pompeii*, with many full page pictures, some of which are over-realistic and not always well printed. The book is a showy one, and may meet the demands of a certain holiday trade. There seems no question that the story itself alone almost of Bulwer's work fully retains its early popularity. (\$3.)

Two exceedingly pretty books bear the impress of E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. *Familiar London*, by C. J. L'Estrange, with sketches in color, is a very attractive small long quarto, which reproduces in letter press and to the eye those buildings in which London life and history are typified. A series of full page well printed illustrations in color reproduce such familiar objects in London as St. Paul's, the Houses of Parliament, the Royal Exchange, Trafalgar Square, Westminster Abbey, the National Gallery, the Tower and Buckingham Palace. Not the least interesting of these full page sketches are those of the Old Curiosity Shop and Rotten Row, with its vistas of foliage and its familiar line of carriages. In addition to these full page pictures there are a number of smaller studies, principally architectural, which pleasantly interrupt the text and add to its entertaining quality. Similar in style and still prettier in general effect is the volume devoted to *Shakespeare and His Birthplace*, by Emma Marshall, which gives us very pretty scenes in color of Stratford-on-Avon, including a picturesque glimpse of the little town, a charming view of the river at the old boat house, a bit of old English domestic architecture in the Ann Hathaway cottage, a glimpse of the Memorial Theatre from the river, together with many other smaller studies of the architecture of the place, especially in its relation to Shakespeare. (\$3.)

It is always a pleasure to happen upon a new edition of the *Vicar of Wakefield*. Goldsmith's classic pastoral is one of those pieces of literary work which the whole world agrees not to admire, but to love. Its genuineness, its simplicity, its warmth of domestic affection, its *naïveté* all conspire to give it a peculiar quality of heart. It is interesting in any form,



"THE HAYMAKERS WERE AT WORK ALL ALONG THE ROAD."

From "Jane Eyre." (T. Y. Crowell & Co.)

but peculiarly interesting in the new edition which comes from the press of Macmillan & Co. (New York). In this volume the "Vicar of Wakefield" is not only very handsomely printed, but it is enriched by a large number of very characteristic illustrations from the hand of Hugh Thomson. Mr. Thomson's work is well known on both sides of the Atlantic. His studies of Sir Roger de Coverley, and his illustrations for that deliciously English book "Coaching Days and Coaching Ways," reviewed in our columns last year, have brought him to the attention of a large and delighted circle in this country. He has succeeded in reproducing the quaint and picturesque charm of old English life. His work in "Coaching Days and Coaching Ways" was faithful to the very spirit of old times in England, and he has done full justice to the "Vicar of Wakefield." The simplicity and unaffected charm of Goldsmith have not appealed to him in vain. His illustrations are thoroughly interpretative, and materially aid the eye in catching the significance of the text. (\$2.)

A pretty Christmas souvenir for one who loves birds and beasts is *The Halo*, illustrated by Elizabeth Barrett Gilman, and published by L. Prang & Co. of Boston. Between its artistically decorated covers may be found some selections about animal pets, happily illustrated. It is a capital Christmas card for the price. (\$1.)

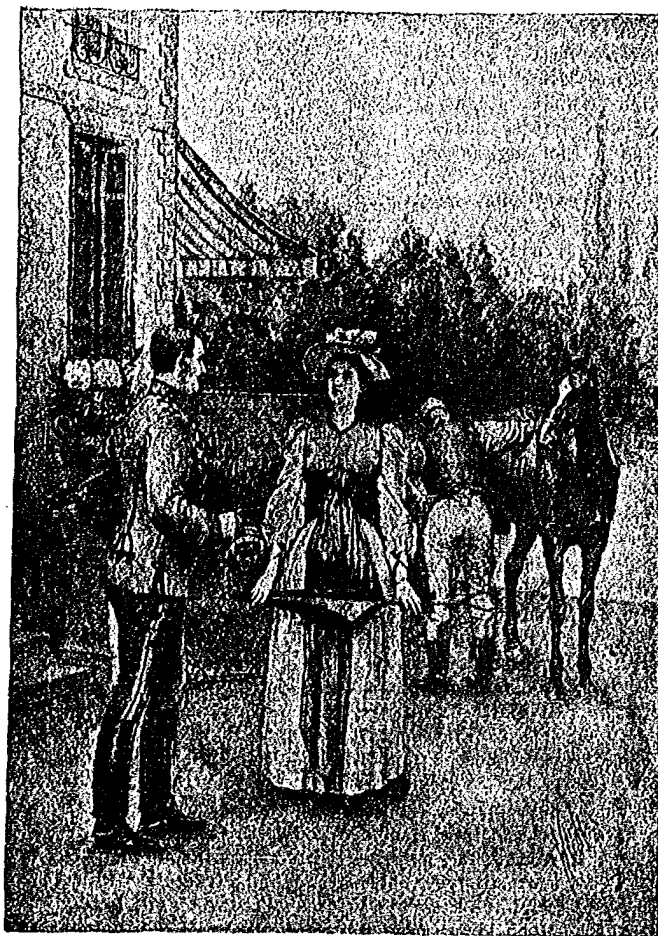
Bunyan's Home is in text a well written description of the sleepy village of Elstow, from the pen of Dr. John Brown, minister of the church of Bunyan Meeting, Bedford, with a slight sketch of the tinker who wrote the most popular of English books and his connection with the place. The pen and ink and colored pictures bring the scene vividly before one. There are some altogether charming bits of rural England here—old cottages, venerable church towers and placid brooks. The coloring of the pictures, too, is subdued and rich. (New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3.)

Memories of Home is a collection of poems and pictures of life and nature, made by Mrs. May D. Brine, who is always a very attractive writer. The book is adapted for presentation purposes. (New York: Cassell & Co. \$1.50.)

Time's Footsteps is a large thin volume, with many blank pages surrounded by ornamental devices, and intended for the recording of "Red Letter days and events"—gifts, pets, autographs, books, travel, excursions, &c., &c. A good deal of elaboration in binding, illustration and ornament has been bestowed on the carrying out of the plan, which will doubtless please the fancy of many holiday purchasers. (New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$5.) The same publishers send us *It Came Upon the Midnight Clear*, a Christmas carol, by Edmund H. Sears, D.D., prettily written and illustrated in color. (\$1.) Also *Tennyson Pictures*, not quite subdued enough in color, we think. (50 cents.)

Flower Folk, a new series of verses and pictures in color, by Anna M. Pratt and Laura C. Hills, comes from the press of the F. A. Stokes Company (New York), who send us also a really dainty little calendar, called the *Cupid Calendar*, embellished with *fac-similes* of delicate water-color designs, by Mrs. J. Pauline Sunter.

A novelty in the way of an autograph book is Elizabeth A. Allen's *Gold Nails to Hang Memories On*, which gives in quotation or original rhymes all sorts of facts and fancies relating to famous men and women, arranged under their Christian names. The owner of the book is expected to induce personal friends to add their autographs in spaces left for the purpose. This has a suggestion of being photographed with Niagara for a background. The ingenuity and labor of the compiler have been great. The book is tastefully printed. (New York: T. Y. Crowell & Company. \$2.50.)



From "The Marriage of Love." (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

The etchings by M. M. Taylor accompanying the volume of *English Poems* by Burns, Cunningham, Cowper, Wordsworth and other representative writers, are admirably chosen to illustrate the wealth and variety of English rural scenery, and their execution will compare with the best book work of the kind. The book is an oblong folio, in style much like the edition of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," for which the same author supplied etchings. (Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Company. \$2.50.)

Sheridan's Ride is furnished out with many engravings and handsomely printed in good form for a

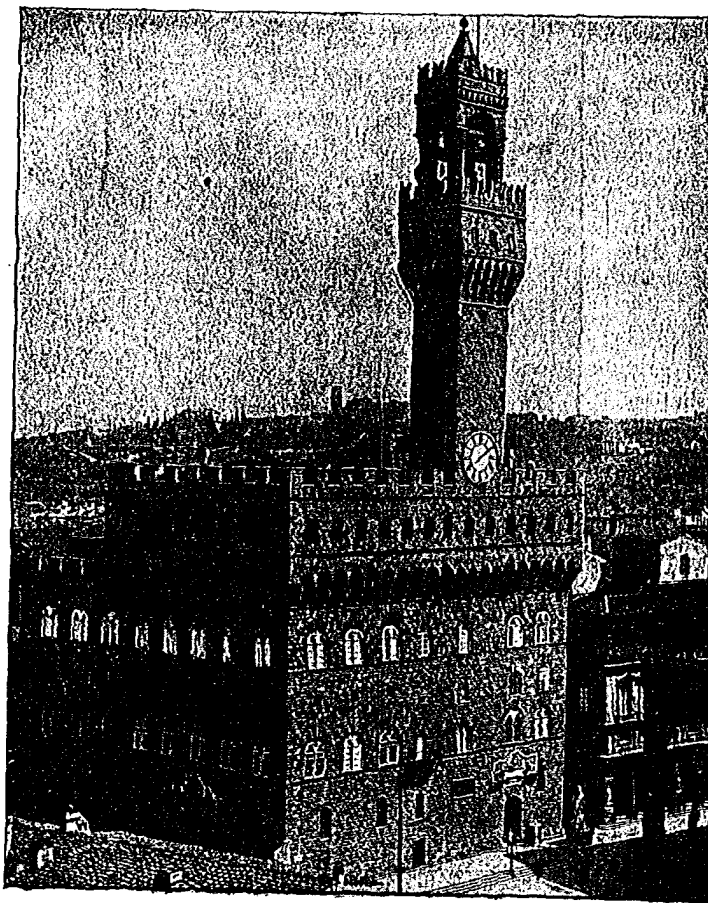
witty journal. (New York: F. A. Stokes Co., \$2) From the same house comes Mr. F. P. W. Bellev's *Health Guyed*, funny, no doubt, but somewhat too elaborately and ingeniously so. (50 cents.)

The Grand Army Picture Book is a collection of pictures of our last war, most of them luridly colored and connected with a condensed history of the campaigns. (New York: George Routledge & Sons. \$1.25) The text, by Hugh Craig, is better than the pictures, which is by no means extravagant praise.

Dreams of the Sea is a holiday souvenir in the form of a large, thin, oblong book, containing selected poems relating to the sea by Whittier, R. H. Dana and Heine, with tinted pictures and designs of scenes at sea, peaceful and stormy. The designs sometimes lack definiteness, but in general are gracefully drawn. (Boston: Estes & Lauriat. \$2.50.)

Also a holiday book of selected sea poems is *Sea Chimes*, which contains several original etchings by Henry R. Blaney, printed in too deep a tint to be quite agreeable to the eye. Nor are we altogether pleased with the canvas cover, though it is unquestionably original and smacks of the sea. (New York: F. A. Stokes Company. \$1.50.)

The Story of Tonty (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago) is full of the atmosphere of the stirring and adventurous period in which it is laid. Tonty's association with and devotion to La Salle in the memorable undertakings which have linked the name of the great explorer with the long watercourse from the St. Lawrence through the Great Lakes, down the Mississippi to the Gulf, form one of the pleasantest features in the turbulent life of a heroic and misunderstood man. Foremost among the French explorers in this country stands La Salle, as heroic a figure as appears in the early history of the continent. Tonty was his faithful and trusted lieutenant, and the brief romance which Mrs. Catherwood has woven out of some of the facts in the lives of these two men brings before the mind very vividly the age in which they lived, the obstacles which surrounded and the perils which encircled them.



Palazzo Vecchio della Signoria. From "Romola." (Estes & Lauriat.)

presentation book by the J. B. Lippincott Company of Philadelphia. The cuts are spirited as the poem deserves. Andrews is the engraver. (\$2.) Similar in its thin octavo form, illuminated cover, gilt edges, &c., is a curious poem of Indian romance by M. B. M. Toland, called *Tisayac of the Yosemite*. It has 12 full page pictures by Dielman, Low and other artists of reputation. (\$2.50.)

The novelties, booklets, cards and prints of the season sent out by L. Prang & Co. of Boston will play a prominent part in the holiday festivities. Of the most ambitious of their publications this year, Browning's "Saul," we speak elsewhere. Of the lesser ones there are literally dozens, ranging from so elaborate a volume as *Flower Fancies*, with its fine color illustrations, exquisite cover design and rich appearance, sold for \$5, down to the simple Christmas card at 15 cents. Even to catalogue these is forbidden by considerations of space. We must content ourselves with saying that a distinct advance has been made by this firm in the art quality of their work. This is nothing new, for the popular success of the makers of the Prang publications has been largely due to their avoidance of monotony and continued energy in finding out and meeting the changing taste of the public. That they have done much to develop that taste, as well as to cater to it, is also true. *The Spirit of the Pines* (\$1), *The Winds of the Season* (\$1.25), and *Summer Thoughts for Yule Tide* (\$1) are among the prettiest of the specimens sent us.

Every one knows what good things there are in *Life*, the organ of jocosity and social satire. The seventh series of *The Good Things of Life* is what might be expected in a volume of gleanings from the