

TENNYSON'S 'Enoch Arden,' edited by Prof. W. T. Webb of Calcutta, has been added to the series of English Classics. The introduction is particularly good, but many words and expressions in it need to be annotated if much simpler ones in the poem require the explanation given them in the notes. A student—even an East Indian student, we should say,—who can understand the analysis of Tennyson's art in the introduction, cannot need to be told that 'high in heaven' (referring to the 'gray down' in the opening lines) means 'so high as to seem almost up in the sky'; or that 'lifelong' means 'lasting through life'; or that 'everyway' is equivalent to 'in all respects,' and 'garden herbs' to 'vegetables' (a loose definition, by the by), and 'against all chances' to 'contrary to every probability'—the polysyllabic Latin element in English being apparently assumed to be more intelligible to Anglo-Indian youth than the briefer Saxon. Simple and familiar metaphors are literalized as if for primary-school pupils; for instance, 'morning hours,' evidently referring to human life, paraphrased thus:—'Life is compared to a day, and the morning hours are the early years of life.' The notes that are not of this worse than useless nature are for the most part very sensible, and they form, we are happy to say, a majority of the whole number. (40 cts. Macmillan & Co.)—EVERY ONE, no doubt, will agree with its author that Dr. Holmes's 'Wonderful One-Hoss Shay' is 'a perfectly intelligible composition,' and is, therefore, not in need of illustration. It may be said, however, of Mr. Pyle's pen-and-ink 'cuts,' in the latest edition of that logical story, that they spoil neither rhyme nor reason, and look about as ancient as the 'Shay' was before it went to pieces all at once—'All at once and nothing first.' Those to 'The Broomstick Train' and 'How the Old Horse won the Bet' are not quite as good, but are good enough to merit better printing than they get. The best new thing in the volume is (need we say it?) the preface, in which O. W. H. moralizes on the American trotting-horse and the mechanism of the American wagon. (\$1.50. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

THAT DELIGHTFUL little collection the Golden Treasury Series, is becoming as rich in good things as the treasury of Psammethichus, and its good things are not confined to one language. Dr. Buckheim, the veteran editor of so many German classics, collects for it an overflowing volume of 'Balladen und Romanzen,' prefaced by a portrait of Uhland, the prince of German balladists, who wrote in this charming form from 1804 to 1847, and drew his lyric light from the Minnesingers and the poets of old Germany. Ballad-writing in the 'Vaterland' is directly due to English example and the publication of Percy's 'Reliques.' From these Bürger and Goethe, Chamisso and Heine, Schiller and Schenkendorf, and others innumerable lit their torches if they did not get their oil. German and English poetic forms are singularly alike, and the two tongues lend themselves easily to reciprocal translation. In this way German built on English and produced a century of exquisite minor poets whose imagery and music are caught up in this volume and murmur there like so many bees of Hybla. Dr. Buckheim (whose English is rather faulty in spite of the excellence of the introduction) gathers a harvest from the great period, from Bürger to Chamisso, Uhland to Heine, and Freiligrath to the present—a period extending over about one hundred years. Of course everybody will miss favorites, but this selection on the whole is encyclopædic and cosmopolitan, containing something for every taste and omitting little of worldwide value. The print is clear and good and the notes handy and learned. It now remains for the 'golden treasure' of Spanish and Italian romance and balladry to be collected in similar volumes, and a volume of minor Greek poems

after Latin would crown the series. 'No day without a line,' was the maxim of Apelles; 'no series without the Greeks,' is the maxim of modern perfection. (\$1. Macmillan & Co.)

SCOTT'S 'MARMION,' edited by Mary H. Norris, is a new issue in the Students' Series of English Classics. The introductions to the cantos are put by themselves at the end of the poem; an arrangement for which there seems no sufficient reason, as the teacher can postpone taking them up till the story has been studied if he chooses, though we doubt the expediency of doing so. A biographical introduction and forty pages of notes complete the volume. The fatal defect of the work is the text, which is given in the very corrupt form in which it was printed until revised by Dr. Rolfe some years ago. It is curious that the poem had never been printed correctly until then, Scott having overlooked some bad errors in the first edition which neither he nor Lockhart subsequently detected. In the opening of Canto II., for example, the misprint of a period instead of a comma at the end of the fifth line makes nonsense of the passage; and a colon for a comma near the end of the same canto is equally disastrous to the meaning. Other corruptions had crept into the more recent editions, until the text was in as bad a condition as that of 'The Lady of the Lake.' (42 cts. Leach, Shewell & Sanborn.)

IN TRANSLATING THE ODYSSEY, Prof. George H. Palmer tells us that he had (among others) the following aims:—'To be at once minutely faithful to the Greek original and to keep out of sight the fact that either an original or a translator exists; to present especially the objective, unreflecting, realistic, and non-literary features of the primitive story; \* \* \* to employ persistently the veracious language, the language of prose, rather than the dream language, the language of poetry; and still to confess that the story, unlike a bare record of fact, is throughout, like poetry, illuminated with an underglow of joy.' In one or two respects this is a novel canon for the translation of Homer. So far as the several points aimed at are concerned, the translator has succeeded well in reaching the standard which he sets for himself. His translation is correct, rhythmical, and not without the force that comes from direct statement and the use of simple, every-day words. Yet it lacks one quality more important, in our estimation, than any or all of these: it is not Homeric. The translator forgets that much of the charm of the Homeric verse as it fell on the ear of a Greek was due to its quaint and peculiar forms, its archaic or unusual words and expressions. It is doubtful whether there ever was a place with whose dialect the language of the 'Iliad' or 'Odyssey' exactly accorded. A prose translation will generally bring out the aroma of a poetic original better than one hampered by the restrictions of verse; but the result of Prof. Palmer's effort to render by what he calls 'veracious language' is, that the really poetic element is reduced to a minimum. The prose becomes prosaic. The translation of Butcher and Lang, while taking greater liberties with the Greek, is nevertheless truer to the spirit of the original, and will, we apprehend, be read with greater pleasure by one unacquainted with the original. (\$2. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

#### Recent Fiction

'THE CONFESSION OF JOHN WHITLOCK, late I'reacher of the Gospel,' from the pen of E. W. Howe of Atchison, Kansas, is a strenuous arraignment of the Church, Roman and Protestant. The main counts of this indictment are that the Church, its clergy and its professors, are all for dogma and doctrine, and nothing for truth and commonsense; with the supplemental charge that the dogmas are as absurd as the doctrines are false. In much that Mr. Howe says about conscious and unconscious hypocrisy within the Church, he unquestionably voices the sentiments of many to whom the word religion suggests a life of unreality and cant. But when, having demolished the ancient ecclesiastical structure to his own satisfaction, he lays down the pick militant, and assumes the trowel triumphant, we realize, as did civil Rome, that it is easier to destroy than to construct, to conquer than to colonize. The architectural design put forward by Mr. Howe is based upon the essential notions of extreme simplicity and universality. The roof must not be so high but that all may touch it, nor so low as to make any bow the bead; moreover, a roof at best only intercepts one's vision of the stars. Entrance must be so easy that no one need look for a door—the walls must be all doors. The light of heaven must not be delayed by windows—the house shall be all windows. No hard, unyielding floor shall take the place of nature's chosen tapestry. And so on, till, of this structure sans roof, sans walls, sans floor, sans everything, we ask ourselves, Wherein does Mr. Howe's religion differ from no religion at all? This negative result is, we apprehend, one that inheres in the nature of the task to which Mr. Howe has set himself. It is not because of his lack of sincerity or of intellectual

equipment that one is forced to say, in the words of one of our own Western poets, 'His fightin' ez good ez his farmin' ez bad.' In form 'The Confession' is a monologue; regarded as a literary effort it will neither add to nor detract from the reputation of the author of 'The Story of a Country Town.' In style it is distinctly suggestive of a certain bright particular luminary of the Russian firmament, carefully calculated for the meridian of Kansas. (25 cts. Atchison, Kansas: Globe Pub. Co.)

'DUMARESQ'S DAUGHTER' falls in love with a poor painter, who is disapproved of and sent about his business by the equally poor author, her father. He goes out with the Khartoum expedition as special artist for an illustrated newspaper. Psyche, who has weak eyes, is ordered to Algiers—a favorite sanatorium with Mr. Grant Allen, the author of the book. Here news is received of the death of the artist lover, and Psyche is induced by her fortune-hunting father to look with favor on a vulgar American, rich in 'pork products.' But it turns out that the artist has escaped, though wounded; it was his cousin who was killed; he is rich and famous; and being, he too, ordered to Algiers to recover from his wound, the American is sent packing—we might have said pork-packing—in his turn. Love and cupidity, in the persons of Dumaresey and his daughter, are both satisfied, and Algiers is ingeniously advertised as a health resort. (50 cts. Harper & Bros.)—THE 'ONE REASON WHY' Miss Ursula Nugent is slow to marry the young man she loves, and who loves her, and whose parents are willing, though she is a governess, that he should marry her, appears to be a slowness of belief in her good fortune which it takes time and three hundred pages to overcome. With the aid of 'the chicks,' however, the time passes not over wearily. Author, Beatrice Whitby. (50 cts. D. Appleton & Co.)

'MY DANISH SWEETHEART,' by W. Clark Russell, is a tale of the sea—and no mistake. It is all action—everything is in motion, especially the sea, which swells and surges and foams and fumes to such an extent that the reader's tongue cleaves to the roof of his mouth to make room for his heart. Storms, wrecks, rafts, rescues, a fire at sea, a mutiny and a burial or two follow each other in such quick succession that one can scarcely hear the story for the roaring of the elements. There is no sentimental introspection; if there is any love-making—and the title surely suggests as much—it might all be heard by a phonograph or seen through a kodak without bringing the blush of embarrassment to the brow of Reason, from the first chapter, where we take to the sea and the hero discovers (in boy's attire) his Danish sweetheart, down to the last page, where they reach land just in time to hear 'fairly wedding-bells faintly ring to them.' (60 cts. Harper & Bros.)

'COURAGE' is the name of a little girl who lived on a lighter in New York Harbor. Interesting enough would the narrow little life seem to land-locked girls if they could sleep under the eye of the Goddess of Liberty and her flaming torch, and anchor by the big ships in the Bay. But after a while Larry's eyes (Larry owned the lighter) grew dim, and he could no longer steer his craft, and then it was that he and 'Courage' and Dick and grotesque black-skinned little Sylvia, who was a veritable 'kitchen-garden grajate,' with a medal in her pocket, went to live in the bridge-house at the Shrewsbury draw, which was almost as good as the boat, for they were just as much on the water, being literally housed over it. Here it was that Courage justified her name by saving the life of a carriage full of people who attempted to cross when the draw was open, and made such warm friends that she is often to be seen with them in their home in Washington Square. The book is by Miss Ruth Ogden, and is illustrated, with drawings that really illuminate the story, by Frederick C. Gordon. (\$1.25. Fred'k A. Stokes Co.)—EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER'S 'King's Messengers' is the record of a few determined, earnest workers in the Lend-a-Hand spirit. Not that these girls at once organized a club with the fixed intention of uplifting society, but the spirit of helpfulness and sympathy which actuated one seemed to communicate itself to others at the same time, and it is not long before everyone in the book is adding his mite to that revenue of larger charity which so enriches a community. Mrs. Miller's story is full of bright, natural young people, who say and do things with the actual spontaneity of living youth; and the questions of character and individual tendencies are so well depicted, that though the book is burdened by an obvious purpose and made to fit a fore-determined end, it is still a story that will commend itself to many readers who are not specially interested in the kind of life it describes, but who will feel at once the conscientiousness of Mrs. Miller's work. (90 cts. Hunt & Eaton.)

THE GERMAN NOVEL gives or does not give a fairly faithful picture of Teutonic social and domestic life; if it does, exaggerated sentiment reigns supreme on the banks of the Rhine, and human nature there undergoes a prankish development unaccountable to the Anglo-Saxon mind. If, on the contrary, the impression given is false, there should be added to International Copyright a rider in the interest of the Teutonic races, by which the translation and export of their fiction should be prohibited as a national libel, to be punished, if not as a capital offense, at least as a species of folk-mayhem. Here, for instance, is a novel called 'Misjudged,' by W. Heimbürg, which reads well enough in the smooth translation of Mrs. J. W. Davis. The characters are members of the regular stock company. The leading man and the first lady pair off as husband and wife, while the leading juvenile eventually marries the singing soubrette, who, 'upon this occasion only,' appears in the silent rôle of an artist's model. The first old man being dead, his widow (the only other speaking part) is played by one of the general utility members of the 'troupe.' With such a cast the plot could not be very exacting; nor is it. The young husband, an artist by profession, and a monster of selfishness by choice, makes life miserable for the first lady, who is a paragon of patience. He incidentally falls in love with the soubrette, but the leading juvenile man walks off with her just as the patient wife is compelled to separate from her unendurable spouse. The loud report of a pistol now proclaims the attempted suicide of the delinquent husband and his consequent and immediate reformation, involving a partial change of costume and a completely new moral equipment. The curtain falls upon the happy young wife rushing into the arms of her now amiable and henceforth admirable partner. Verily the German novelist gathers figs of thorns and grapes of thistles. (Worthington Co.)

'LED IN UNKNOWN PATHS' is the journal of a homely, simple household, told by Mrs. Anna F. Raffensperger in so straightforward and unpretentious a way that even those who are not interested by the tale will not find the heart to criticise it. Many readers the book will find who will be touched by the vicissitudes of the life of this pious, God-fearing family, who from comfortable circumstances were reduced to the poverty of one of Miss Corson's five-cent dinners, who bore their misfortunes manfully, set to work doubling their talents, and in the end conquered for themselves prosperity and happiness. The story was rewarded a prize by *The Presbyterian Banner* of Pittsburgh, Pa., and appeared as a serial in that journal. (\$1.25. T. Y. Crowell & Co.)—THREE BOOKS whose covers serve as excellent mediums for advertisements are 'The Bachelor's Baby,' by Coyne Fletcher, a Southern writer who furnishes her portrait as a frontispiece and dedicates her volume to Bachelors (50 cts., Clarke & Zugalla); 'The World Against Her,' an international story of the succession to a Scotch title, by Edward R. Roe (25 cts., Laird & Lee); and 'Elsie,' by W. Heimbürg, a writer of German narrative fiction (25 cts., Rand, McNally & Co.) Another of the same sort is 'A Mistaken Identity,' by O. F. G. Day, which, in view of the language attributed to 'some one' in the preface, should be entitled 'A Mistaken Quotation.' The some one is Job; but if that worthy did say that he wished his enemy would write a book, which he didn't, and if Mr. Day was the enemy he had in mind, which he probably wasn't, it is not conceivable that, having seen the book, he would have wished his bitterest foe to read it. Job could never, with such malignity in his heart, have been taken back into the divine 'favor,' and permitted to acquire a miscellaneous assortment of live stock, to say nothing of living happily long enough to see his grandsons' grandchildren. (Price McGill Co.)

#### Minor Notices

A SECOND EDITION of Dr. Edward Berdoe's 'Browning's Message to His Time' has been published, the first edition having appeared little more than a year ago. This indicates a good demand for the little book from the class of readers for whom it was intended—'educated people who require some kind of introduction before undertaking the study of the poet for themselves,'—and for these folk it is fairly well suited. The author has attempted nothing 'new and original in the way of criticism'; and he has unquestionably succeeded in this attempt. He is generally accurate in his interpretation of the passages he quotes; but, to our thinking, he misses it occasionally, as in his comments on this from 'Fërishtah's Fancies':—

Wherefore die I contrive for thee that ear  
Hungry for music, and direct thine eye  
To where I hold a seven-stringed instrument,  
Unless I meant thee to beseech Me play?

'Here,' says the good Doctor, 'of course the reference is to the organ of Corti in the internal ear, with its 3000 arches, its keys

ranged like those of a piano, aptly described as "hungry for music." The seven-stringed instrument, I need not say, is light and the seven colors of the spectrum.' This is too learned by far, outdoing Browning himself for subtlety. We fail to see how the mere mention of the 'ear hungry for music' suggests all that auricular anatomy; and we fancy it would puzzle the author himself to explain how the solar spectrum can satisfy the hunger of the ear for music. The force of misinterpretation could hardly farther go. (\$1. Macmillan & Co.)

A GOOD EDITION of Landor's 'Imaginary Conversations' was a desideratum, and Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co. of London are furnishing it in the six volumes edited by Mr. C. G. Crump, two of which have already appeared. The mechanical execution is faultless, although the price is so low; and the bibliographical and explanatory notes add much to the value of the work. The various readings of the author's successive editions are given in full. They are numerous, and interesting as illustrating Landor's habits of composition and changes in opinion and taste. An etching of Alcibiades, from the antique but, is made the frontispiece of the first volume, and one of Landor's birthplace at Warwick is prefixed to the second.—'A LITTLE TOUR in Ireland,' by an Oxonian, is reprinted, as we learn from the back of the title-page, from the London edition of 1859. On the whole, it may be questioned whether it was worth the resurrecting, though the illustrations by John Leech are of course capital. The humor of the book seems rather forced to our modern taste (in these fast-going times A.D. 1859 belongs to 'the old days of ancient yore,' as a collegian once pleonastically put it); and the serious reflections upon the social and political condition of Patland, though shrewd and sensible, have somewhat of castanean flavor. (W. S. Gottsberger & Co.)

ANOTHER UTOPIA is now offered to the world under the name of 'Freeland,' the same being supposed to exist in Central Africa, and to be blessed with all the good things that are found in Utopias only. The author of the new scheme is an Austrian by the name of Theodor Hertzka, and the book in which he sets it forth has been translated by Arthur Ransom and published under the above title. His plan is that the industry of the community shall be managed by small local associations who will be the sole owners of the capital they employ, and whose members will receive pay for their labor in proportion to the time during which they labor; though it is provided that skilled laborers may contract for higher wages if they can. The extraordinary productiveness common to Utopias appears in 'Freeland' also, so that no one is obliged to work except able-bodied men, and a single woman with her allowance of forty-eight shillings a year from the local association can have all the comforts and many of the luxuries of life. Morals, too, are as perfect as usual in such imaginary communities, so that no judges nor police are required, and 'everything is lovely.' These items are sufficient to show the worthlessness of the whole scheme; yet the translator tells us in his preface that a society has actually been formed for the purpose of migrating to Africa to put it in practice. For our part we prefer at once a civilized country and a sensible organization of society. (\$1. D. Appleton & Co.)

JOSEPH LE CONTE'S 'Evolution and its Relation to Religious Thought' has reached a second edition—a success no doubt due in part to the general interest in its subject, but in part also to the author's earnestness of spirit and clearness of style. The evolution that the book is concerned with is not the general theory that goes by that name, but the minor doctrine of the derivative origin of species, the greater part of the volume being devoted to an explanation of this doctrine and to the presentation of evidence in support of it. So elaborate an argument seems at this day unnecessary, for that species have been derived is now generally admitted. What biologists need to do next is to explain how the derivation has taken place, the explanations hitherto offered by Darwin and others being very unsatisfactory. When Mr. Le Conte comes to discuss the relation of the evolution doctrine to religious thought, he expresses surprise that evolutionism should be deemed materialistic; but he has no good reason to be surprised. The philosophy of Herbert Spencer as set forth in his 'First Principles' is materialism pure and simple, and it is vain for his disciples to contend that it is not. Darwin's position was more moderate, for he did not deny a personal creator as Spencer expressly does; but some of the 'Neo-Darwinians' are even more outspoken in their materialism than Spencer himself. What wonder is it, then, that the world in general should think that evolutionism is in its nature materialistic? Of course Mr. Le Conte has no difficulty in showing, as others have shown before him, that the theory is in perfect harmony with theism, but when he sets forth his own theistic and religious views, he says much that seems to us erroneous,

and we cannot think his philosophy so good as his science. He has added two chapters to this part of his work, but they serve rather to obscure than to enlighten the subject. Yet his book will have an interest for those who are concerned about the conflict between science and Christianity. (\$1.50. D. Appleton & Co.)

'THE PUBLISHERS' TRADE LIST ANNUAL: 1891' is a Leviathan among handbooks. Year by year this invaluable publication has grown in size and usefulness, till now it seems to have reached a final limit. The present volume contains a complete index to the titles recorded in *The Publishers' Weekly* from Jan. 1 to June 30, an Educational Catalogue for the year, and the catalogue of almost every publishing-house of any account in America. To publishers, booksellers, and literary critics—in short to any one who has occasion to use it at all—nothing can take its place. (\$3. *Publishers' Weekly* Office.)—'THE ICE BOOK' is a little collection of eighty pages on 'Ices, Ice-creams, and Iced Beverages,' which Mrs. H. Llewellyn Williams has compiled for the use of housekeepers and confectioners. Unlike the plan pursued in a cook-book, where the author usually feels responsible for each recipe, Mrs. Williams is committed to no one way, but gives the American and the foreign ways of preparing the same thing. If the season were not so advanced, one would contemplate these dainties with more enthusiasm. (50 cts. De Witt Pub'g House.)—'HICK'RY FARM' is the name of a so-called comedy-drama by Edwin M. Stern, which is said to have been performed in this city and is now published, for some occult reason, in the series of De Witt's acting plays. Greater trash was never committed to paper. (25 cts. De Witt Pub'g House.)

'DROPS OF GOLD. Price 50 cents. 1891: Elve Publishing Company, Chicago.' Such is the somewhat unique title-page of a little parchment-covered volume of daily thoughts and suggestions. Dipping into its 'golden' contents, here and there, one scarcely knows whether to class it as a Complete Fortune-Teller, or a Young Person's Guide to Perfection. The 'Drops' are assertive, prophetic and preceptive. Sweet also are they to the taste; for how pleasant to take this as the portion for one day:—'You are kind and loving. You do not like to be dictated to and you need not so be for your judgment is good. This is your text:—'Pleasant words are health to the bones.'" And this for another:—'Your mind is keen and discriminating. Your ideas are accurate. Your affections are pure. Learn this life-rule:—"The Lord rewardeth me according to my righteousness.'" Or to be told 'You are the patron Saint by nature of literature, art, education. All that you favor prospers if you have learned to spend all vacant moments silently whispering:—"I am good.'" Who the apostle of this new gospel of optimism and self-exaltation may be does not appear, but he must have a large following—especially from the ranks of the old Mutual Admiration Society.

WELL WORTHY of reprint and permanence in individual form is Carl Schurz's essay on Abraham Lincoln, which first appeared in *The Atlantic*. In a natty little volume Mr. Schurz gives a miniature of the great picture which the literary artists Nicolay and Hay presented in a half-score of volumes. Those who cannot or will not read the ten-volume book will enjoy this monograph, which sets forth so clearly the character of the typical American President. Mr. Schurz considers Lincoln 'one of the greatest of Americans and the best of men.' Not least valuable in the critical part of this monograph are the descriptions of Chase and Seward. The style is crystal clear, and the whole tone of the work lofty: it is appreciative without being fulsome. (\$1. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)—THE DIRECTORS of the Old South Studies in History have issued Nos. 22-28, inclusive, in the general series of Old South Leaflets, all dealing with the Puritan period in England, the numbers being in their regular order as follows:—Wheelock's Narrative of the Indian Charity-School at New Lebanon, Conn., 1762; the Petition of Right presented by Parliament, June 7, 1628; the Grand Remonstrance, with the Petition of the House of Commons accompanying it, Dec. 1, 1641; the Scottish National Covenant, Feb. 27, 1638; the Agreement of the People of England, Jan. 15, 1648-9; the Instrument of Government, Dec. 16, 1653; and Cromwell's First Speech to the Little Parliament, July 4, 1653.

'THE LITTLE MANX NATION,' by Mr. Hall Caine, is as interesting in its way as the author's two novels, 'The Deemster' and 'The Bondman,' the scene of which is the same Isle of Man. It is made up of three lectures given before the Royal Institution, the subjects being 'The Story of the Manx Kings,' that of 'the Manx Bishops,' and that of 'the Manx People.' The author laments that he is 'not a historian,' who would have 'told so much more of solid fact'; but we doubt whether the historian would have told it so graphic-

ally or got us so close to the living heart of Manxland and its peculiar people, rude and primitive, 'untaught, superstitious, fishing the sea, tilling their stony land, playing next to no part in the world, and only gazing out on it as a mystery far away, whereof the rumor only comes over the great waters.' The reader who takes up the book is not likely to drop it until he has finished the hundred and fifty graphic pages. (John W. Lovell Co.)—MESSRS. T. COOK & SON have commemorated the completion of their half-century of tourist business by the publication of a well printed book of more than three hundred pages, entitled 'The Business of Travel: A Fifty Years' Record of Progress.' It is prepared by Mr. W. F. Roe, and gives a detailed account of the development of the 'Cook tours' from the initial one of twelve miles in 1841 to the vast and complicated system now extending all over the globe. It is more readable than a book of the kind might be imagined to be.

RODNEY was one of the most notable characters in the history of the British Navy. Born in 1718, and probably descended from the ancient Rodeney family of Somersetshire, he became a Post-Captain in 1742. The Seven Years' War gave him an opportunity to show the metal that was in him, and among other expeditions in which he took part was the famous one that resulted in the capture of Louisburg. His rank as Rear-Admiral was confirmed in 1759, and he took part in two attacks upon the French coast. In 1764 he was made a baronet, and until 1770 he was Governor of Greenwich Hospital. In that year he received the appointment of Commander in Chief of the Bermuda station, where he served four years. Meantime his fortune had been consumed by losses at play, and by the great expenses incurred in his election to Parliament. Overwhelmed by debt he returned to France, where he soon found himself involved in such pecuniary difficulties that he could not leave Paris until the kind generosity of his friend Maréchal Berin enabled him to return to London and urge his claims upon the Government. In October, 1779, Sir George was sent again to the West Indies, and during the next three years his star was in the ascendant, for he captured one French, one Dutch and two Spanish Admirals in that time, crowning the succession of his victories with that splendid one of Dominica—a victory which destroyed the prestige of the French and saved Jamaica. On his return to England he was granted a pension of 2000*l.* (he had already been made Baron Rodney), and lived out the few remaining years of this life upon his country estate. Though by no means free from faults he was one of England's greatest sailors, and until the days of Nelson commanded more enthusiasm in the popular mind than any captain of his age. In style we cannot place this volume of Mr. D. Hannay's upon a level with others of the English Men of Action Series. The author is too often flippant and undignified. (60 cts. Macmillan & Co.)

AS EVERY ONE knows, it is a matter of difficulty—indeed, it might rather be called one of the impossibilities—adequately to write the biography of a statesman who not only is yet living but who is still the most important and the most prominent man in his country. Such is the task which has been attempted by Mr. G. W. E. Russell, who contributes to the series of the Queen's Prime Ministers a sketch of Mr. Gladstone. It is only just to the author to add that he seems to be conscious of the magnitude of his undertaking. Into this volume Mr. Russell has condensed the principal events in Mr. Gladstone's career. Sidelights are thrown upon many of his political measures by quotations from the writings of contemporary observers and from correspondence. The eighth and ninth chapters, which are devoted to the Tory Reform Bill, the Disestablishment of the Irish Church, the Irish Land Act and the Abolition of Purchase, seem to us the most interesting and valuable in the book. The closing chapter is entirely inadequate, because a just, unprejudiced analysis of Mr. Gladstone's character will not be within the power of any Englishman to make until that career which has been so significant to England shall have closed. The volumes already published in this series do not augur well for those yet to come, and we almost shudder as we fancy what sort of a portrait will be painted of, say, Lord Salisbury. (\$1.25. Harper & Bros.)—AS MIGHT have been expected, the volume concerning Sir Robert Peel, in the Twelve English Statesmen Series, is by far the best life of him that has been written. His place among the great statesmen of England is now conceded by all thoughtful men, even by those among them who would to-day be his bitterest opponents, and it is fitting that he should be recognized among the 'Twelve.' The Peel cult seems of late to have thriven, the present volume being the third biography of the leader that has been noticed in *The Critic* recently; it is significant that upon all points of importance the three lives agree. The scholarly work of Mr. J. R. Thursfield is, however, easily the best of them, and will increase the reputation of the author. (60 cts. Macmillan & Co.)