

however, we think, have given us a better version than he has done of the essays he has taken in hand to translate. He is not a tyro in the art of translation; and, as an original writer, his own style is excellent. How then did he come to give us such sentences as the following? "This practical man [Franklin] had nothing in him deterrent from Utopia; he rather was in accord with it by his novelties and the facilities of perception he seemed to open out on the side of the future." (page 110). Or this? "Yet she had to take part in the work; she had to entice Darnley into the snare by a feigned renewal of tenderness, who was then recovering from the small-pox." It was Darnley, of course, who was recovering from the small-pox, and not "tenderness;" but why should a man, who can write well, express himself in such an awkward manner? There are many pages of the book, however, that read well, and in general the version is lively and expressive; though too often, to those who are familiar with French phraseology, it will recall the structure of the original. One fault of the present translator is that he stands too much on ceremony with his author. If you want to get good English out of good French, you must take the French to pieces, and fuse it over again till its primitive organic structure is utterly destroyed; so that you can throw the essential meaning into the native forms of English speech. It is hard to do this sometimes; the foreign forms seem to lodge themselves in the mind, and to defy all reduction. Still, if the author is worth translating at all, nothing less than the complete effacement of the original language ought to satisfy the translator. We have said that the translator treats his author with too much ceremony; we may add that he is painfully punctilious towards little adverbial forms of speech like "du reste," "d'ailleurs," "pourtant," and others, which often have next to no meaning in French, and for which, in many cases, an English sentence will afford no harbourage whatever. Here is an example: "He confesses that at a period of inexperience he gave way to indulgence in wine and other excesses to which, moreover, he was not naturally prone." (Page 24). Now what has the word "moreover" to do in this sentence? Absolutely nothing; in fact it makes nonsense. In scanning the book we have observed a number of cases of this kind, where the translator has allowed himself to be embarrassed by some little phrase in the original which ought to have been wholly neglected. One might as well try to translate all the *μεν* (s) and *δε* (s) in a Greek oration as to reproduce in English every little adverbial clause for which French style finds room.

An interesting and valuable feature in the work before us is the Introductory Chapter on the Life and Writings of Ste. Beuve. This is well done. The author seems to have taken

great pains in gathering his facts; and his critical judgments, sound in themselves and felicitously expressed, are enforced with an abundance of literary illustration.

LETTERS FROM EAST LONGITUDES: Sketches of Travel in Egypt, The Holy Land, Greece, and Cities of the Levant. By Thomas S. Jarvis, Student-at-Law. Toronto: James Campbell & Son.

The young writer of these notes of travel, we fear, has committed literary *hari-kari* in giving them the publicity of print without first purging from them those outbursts of jocosity in which he so frequently, and often so inopportunistly, indulges, and which, though they may give spice, of a pardonable kind, to letters passing between friends or relatives, can only be considered as a serious blemish when thrown into a work having any literary pretensions. As a native production, and the work of one at an age when literary manipulation is more often directed by the heels than the head, it may be expected to be read and criticised with bodily and mental eyes purblind for the occasion. But the book has so much merit, that the author, despite his numberless offences against propriety and good taste, really interests us in his travels, so that we could have wished that some judicious friend, or some remorseless publishers' reader, had been permitted to place the MS. in literary quarantine before it reached the printer's hands. The title of the book, and its dedication to Lord Dufferin, recall the well-known work of that distinguished *littérateur*, and Mr. Jarvis's book consequently suffers by comparison, as it lacks that felicitous ease in composition, and that grace and dignity of style, which is so characteristic of "Letters from High Latitudes." The subject of Mr. Jarvis's book, also,—notes of travel 'mid the "sacred shrines and holy places" of the East,—places him again at a disadvantage, for the scores of works which have become classic in the language naturally suggest themselves in contrast with the Letters of this young Canadian traveller. But our Canadian tourist bears himself well; and if his animal spirits too often break out incongruously, and to the hindrance of our enjoyment of his book, we are sure to respond to his hearty enthusiasm, and to appreciate the cheerfulness and *bonhomie* which makes him ever tolerant of the discomforts and disappointments he experienced, and which are incident to all travel. But for the zest given to the narrative by the presence of these qualities, the work would lack much of its interest, for the descriptive parts of it, though often freshly and graphically written, are not such as to lead one to substitute our author for the better and graver authorities extant, or even to induce one to relinquish in its favour any of the excellent guide-books to the East which one may be possessed of. Indeed,