

AT AN OLD CHATEAU. By Katharine Macquoid. (Franklin Square Library.) New York: Harper Brothers.

This is the story of a lovely French girl who lives "in an old chateau" with her mother and an aunt. She is sought, unsuccessfully, in marriage by an English gentleman, a fine young fellow, who finds that she has been married sometime before the death of her mother, and with her consent. The interest is slight, and the writing only passable.

KIRSTEEN. By M. O. W. Oliphant. New York: Harper Brothers.

This is a reprint story of a Scotch family which takes us back seventy years to the time of the rule of the East Indian Company, in whose service both the lover and brother of the heroine held commissions. "Kirsteen" is one of the many good novels of this favourite authoress, having more incident and less "wordiness" than some of them and keeping up the interest to the end. The hero, Ronald Drummond, is a brave and faithful soldier. The account of his death in battle is one of the most beautiful passages in the story. "Kirsteen" is a noble character, strong and steadfast. We strongly recommend this book to all who admire a refined and natural style, expressed in good English.

THE COURTSHIP OF DINAH SHADD, and other stories. By Rudyard Kipling. New York: Harper Brothers.

This book is a collection of short stories by an author whose name is now so well known as to be a recommendation in itself, and to render praise unnecessary. The scenes are all laid in India, and those who are familiar with that country will fully appreciate the vividness and accuracy of his descriptions, or rather suggestions, of Indian life, manners, customs, scenery, etc. His stories have, in Mr. Lang's words, "brevity, brightness, observation, humour and pathos," and their originality is very remarkable. Mr. Kipling has evidently had a wide and varied experience of "all sorts and conditions of men," and we may add of women, too, in all parts of India. We regret that he cannot give us a higher idea of Anglo-Indian life, but that is not the fault of the writer.

THE WORLD'S DESIRE. By H. Rider Haggard and Andrew Lang. Toronto: William Bryce.

This is No. 79 of Bryce's Library, a reprint of a tale created by its authors after the fashion of the celebrated literary partnerships of Ereckman, Chatrian; Besant and Rice; *et al.* To those who are familiar with the bold and vivid imaginings of the unique and popular novelist who is the senior partner of the firm and the refined scholarship of the well-known critic who is the junior partner, the part contributed by each is by no means hard to discern. If the present venture lacks the charm of unity, it presents the novelty of diversity of style and treatment in a single story. Though we cannot pronounce it a success, it is by no means uninteresting. It is a tale of the land and the times of the Pharaohs, though it has a decidedly Homeric flavour.

HOW FRENCH SOLDIERS FARED IN GERMAN PRISONS. By Canon E. Guers. London: Dean and Son.

This is an account of the visit of Canon E. Guers to French prisoners in the hospitals and camps in Germany. His first pages describe his journey across Switzerland, and the strange career of King Louis II., of Bavaria. He visited Barvaria, and was there arrested as a spy, and, being court-martialed, was exonerated, but having infringed orders was expelled from the country, two gendarmes politely conducting him to the Swiss frontier. He afterwards travelled about from town to town in Germany. He complains bitterly of the attempt to Germanize the people of Alsace-Lorraine, and says: "By putting the axe to the root of the tree—that is, with its Germanization of the schools—Germany hopes to succeed at last." The whole work is very Gallic in its style, and possibly a countryman of the author might experience some pleasure and interest in its perusal, but to an Englishman it is rather uninteresting.

SIX MOIS DANS LES MONTAGNES-ROCHEUSES COLORADO, UTAH, NOUVEAU MEXIQUE. By H. Beauprand. Montreal: Granger Freres.

Monsieur H. Beauprand travels in search of health, and following him through the highways and byways of Colorado, Utah, and New Mexico, we gather much profitable information of the mineral and agricultural resources of the localities visited, and of the customs and traditions of the natives. The stories of Indian life, and the many delightful legends narrated by him, cannot fail to be appreciated. The accompanying map of the author's travels, and numerous illustrations of the majestic scenery through which he passed, with quaint drawings of ancient *reliques* from the noted cliff-dwellers of Mexico, greatly enhance the value of the work, and aid to a better comprehension of the strange scenes arrayed before us. M. Beauprand has well recounted the varied information collected while journeying through "un océan de Montagnes." A book of this description would not be perfect without a chapter on the well-known cowboys, so a spirited account of their equestrian difficulties is recorded and illustrated near the end of the volume. We heartily

congratulate our brethren of Quebec on this admirable addition to our literature of travel, and can fairly say that it has enhanced the reputation of its talented author.

A REAL ROBINSON CRUSOE. Edited from the Survivor's own narrative by J. A. Wilkinson. Boston: D. Lothrop Company.

Were the truth of this thrilling, eventful and dramatic tale not emphatically vouched for by its editor, the reader would without hesitation consider it to be a narrative constructed on the plan of Defoe's immortal creation and sufficiently varied from it to give it an air of verisimilitude and bring it more in line with the conditions of modern life. The narrator with five companions, three of his own sex and two of the opposite, are wrecked in the Southern Ocean and land upon a small uninhabited island in an almost destitute condition. The chief actor is a man of resource who has been schooled by a life of hardship and adventure, whilst his companions are comparatively inexperienced and unfit to cope with the dangers and difficulties which now beset them; and their open contempt for him as a social inferior, through a long period of trial, illness and privation, develops in their social intercourse, bickering, hatred, thieving and often blows; and this strained condition of life results in the end in the tragic death of one of the party at the hand of the narrator. The varied fortunes of this ill-assorted company illustrate the extraordinary ingenuity and self-helpfulness of the chief actor as contrasted with the incapacity, dependence and helplessness of the others. The book contains a plan of the island and a chart showing its location. Mr. Wilkinson may well be complimented on the enterprise and ability which have added to the literature of extraordinary adventure this remarkable and exciting narrative.

THE REIGN OF TIBERIUS OUT OF THE FIRST SIX ANNALS OF TACITUS; WITH HIS ACCOUNT OF GERMANY AND LIFE OF AGRICOLA. Translated by Thomas Gordon and edited by Arthur Galton. Camelot Series. London: Walter Scott, 24 Warwick Lane; Toronto: W. J. Gage and Company. Price, 35 cents.

The introduction to this book begins with a life of "Tacitus." It then deals with the principles on which this selection from the Annals has been made. "I have omitted, says the editor, some chapters . . . but I have retained every chapter which preserves an action or a saying of Tiberius. . . . I trust I have maintained the unity of my selection by remembering that it is to be a history of Tiberius." Next come biographical notices, brief but useful, of Tiberius and Sejanus. We notice that the editor is here not quite one in his conclusions with Tacitus. He believes that Tacitus had not sufficient means of knowing the interior life of the court of Tiberius and that consequently his picture is overdrawn. Nor again is he quite at one with the translator; Gordon extols the Republic at the expense of the Empire. The editor points out with justice the many claims that the Empire has upon our gratitude.

The introduction closes with a notice of Gordon the translator (obit 1750) whom Bolingbroke seems to have described as the "best and worst" of the English writers of his day, and with a few necessary critical remarks.

Gordon's translation is extremely readable; "he has grasped the broad meaning of his author and caught something of his lofty spirit." The division into chapters is not preserved, and passages *not ad rem* are omitted. The book is not meant for a "crib," but will be found very serviceable to the general reader. It is well got up and clearly though closely printed.

PINE, ROSE AND FLEUR DE LIS. By S. Francis Harrison (Seranus). Toronto: Hart and Company. 1891.

This is one of the prettiest and daintiest volumes that we have taken in our hand for many a day, and its contents are as charming as its appearance. The snatches of music which are found on its cover and at intervals throughout the volume are a kind of outward and visible sign of the inward nature of the book. It is musical, and even deliciously musical, throughout—not with music of a mystic Wagnerian character, although everywhere we feel the breath of the present—but musical as with the song of birds and the fall of waters.

Truly it cannot be said that the age of poetry has passed away, or that this can be no growth of our new world, when Canada in the nineteenth century can produce a volume like the one before us. We have said that the book is full of music, and our ears are so filled with this that we are tempted to forget the thoughts which are so gracefully and melodiously set forth. But it is not easy, it is not possible to abandon ourselves to the mere influence of sound when we are arrested by a voice and by words. We have here not merely a singer, but a seer, one who can carry us away down the great river "from flat Ontario" on through the rushing waters, until we are weary of water, "tired of the tumult and turmoil of water around us," and bring us "longing for land" and "glad to get ashore" where

Brown pine tassels bestrew the floor,  
With the red birch fit for peeling.

So do we live among all the objects that the poetess sets before us that we almost forget the music which was delighting our ears, and become absorbed in the moving panorama which is created and kept in life by the realistic power of the writer. And yet again it is no mere realism

that we have here to do with. It is no prosaic photography which gives us a dead world as representative of a living one; it is life and love and poetry, it is the vision of human life as it is seen by clear eyes, guided not only by a well-disciplined judgment and an artistic taste, but by a sympathetic heart. This series of poems entitled "Down the River," would suffice to make a very considerable poetic reputation. Quotation is not easy, for fragments give no real notion of the beauty, coherence, symmetry of the whole. We venture, however, to give a few lines not quite in the vein of the greater part of the series. It is a scene at Ste. Scholastique, and the subject is a novice about to take the veil:—

The World, the Flesh, and the Devil—they're  
On the country road, in the ghastly town,  
Anear and afar and everywhere.

When Nanon sets a spray in her hair,  
Or pins a rose on her home-spun gown,  
The World, the Flesh, and the Devil are there!

And no one escapes the triune snare,  
Nor Faust, nor Fool, nor King, nor Clown,  
Anear and afar and everywhere.

They weave and whisper and never spare  
Either labouring man or man of renown  
The World, the Flesh, and the Devil—they're  
Even within the wall four-square.

We have here not merely the power of clear and energetic expression, but spiritual teaching which too many readers will, perhaps, scarcely recognize. As we pass from the Pine to the Fleur-de-Lis, so we pass from both to the Rose; and one of the most striking poems in the volume is given to the land of the rose, and shows a power in the writer which would hardly be revealed by her other work. We can quote only the first two stanzas:—

VICTORIA REGINA.

All through London's mighty maze  
Rolled the tide of jubilee,  
From her dark and sordid ways  
Came the children out to see  
England's Queen of fifty years  
Beat the heart and fell the tears,  
As with martial fire and blaze,  
Pomp and pageantry and praise  
Rolled the tide of jubilee.

All along the mighty maze  
Rolled the Pageant of our Queen.  
There was not in ancient days  
Fairer Pageant ever seen.  
Withered, hangs the Tudor Rose,  
All the glimmering past but shows  
Faded in the glorious blaze  
Of these late Victorian days—  
Roll the Pageant of our Queen.

Of another kind, showing the same grace of thought and expression, are poems like the one headed "Of ye Hearte's Desire"—a poem, we may say, the beauty of which is totally independent of its quaint spelling. This one tells of the manifold desires of men, and of the one absorbing passion of the speaker:—

Wythe some it is shippes and golde;  
Wythe some it is palaces faire;  
Wythe some it is blossoms that folde  
Theire beautie away fromme the aire;

and so forth; but

None of these wyshes are myne,  
Lovers who guess my plight,  
Reading between each line,  
Lo, ye have guessed aright!  
Only my hearte's desire  
To feel that my love forgives,  
That his hearte will never tire  
Of loving me while he lives!

It is not necessary to inform our readers that Seranus is one of the most valued contributors to the columns of THE WEEK. But this thought was hardly present to us as we turned these charming pages. We know, as we pass from poem to poem, that we are listening to a not unfamiliar voice; but the interest of this volume is independent of such associations. We are satisfied that our readers will not accuse us of having raised their expectations too high. The publishers may justly be proud of this beautiful little volume.

*Lippincott's Magazine* for December comes to us with "An Army Portia," by Captain Charles King, U. S. A. This is a powerfully written story dealing with the late war, and has the advantage of being told by one who was himself present and went through it. A touching poem, entitled "Uncrowned," is contributed by Daniel L. Dawson, inscribed to the memory of Fitzjames O'Brien, who died January, 1887. "A Glance at the Tariff," by Joel Cook, will serve to enlighten some as to the theory of the McKinley Act. This number also contains an article, "The Bermuda Islands," by H. C. Walsh, descriptive of these well-known winter resorts. Book-Talk is as interesting as usual, as is also a short article on "The Autocrat of the Drawing Room," referring to "Society as I have found it," by Ward McAllister.

We have received Volume XXV. of "Alden's Manifold Cyclopaedia," a work now approaching completion. Among the countries, states, and cities we find treated in this volume are: Montenegro, Montreal, Moravia, Morocco, Naples, Nassau, and Netherlands. In biography, we have Montesquieu; Montgomery, the poet; Moody, the evangelist; Sir Thomas More, author of Utopia; Gouverneur Morris, John Lothrop Motley, the historian; Murillo, Napoleon Bonaparte, Neander, Nelson, and other eminent men. Among the topics of general information, we notice: Moon, Mormons, Mortality, Motion, Music, Nationalism, Navies. The subjects have been well brought down to date, and there are numerous illustrations.