

Waterloo is dismissed with this paragraph: "Every body knows the history of the battle of Waterloo, the mistakes laid at the door of General Grouchy, his line of defence, and how he has thrown the blame for them on the Emperor himself. However this may be, whether it is that the orders transmitted to him were not sufficiently explicit, or that he did not understand them, or again that he merely lacked the perspicacity and the presence of mind necessary to modify them according to existing circumstances, certain it is that the result was disastrous."

Some further light is thrown upon the disposition of the French people on Napoleon's return from Elba. The army could not forget their old leader who had so often led them on to conquest; the nation wanted the glory, and rest. They had their fears of the latter with the return of their restless Emperor, and yet might he not with the army at his back give a measure of stable rest with the glory? The army was with him enthusiastically, the people were dubious and half-hearted. Moreover, Napoleon was not his former self, and this the memoirs most delicately make plain.

One little touch flattering to our national spirit must be given. The Prussians, during the occupation of Paris, are credited with reckless excesses in their behaviour towards the city, the Austrians preserved a better discipline—imitating in that the example of the English and the Russians, who hardly did more than inflict on the country the evils inseparable from occupation. The generous bearing of the Russian Emperor Alexander is everywhere praised.

To give all the points of real interest in these pages would be in large measure to transcribe them. We look forward with anticipation to the continuance.

* * * Recent Fiction.

READERS of "Rudder Grange" will welcome any reappearance of Pomona. In that excellent and original young woman Mr. Stockton has created a character who is a delight to all who make her acquaintance. We welcomed her reappearance in the Rudder Grangers abroad, and rejoiced in her success in obtaining an interview with a real live nobleman. In the volume before* us we have a series of her letters from England and Scotland where she is travelling with her faithful Jonas. She has grown older, of course, and learned much. Things have prospered with her and her husband. But she is the same Pomona, as shrewd and resourceful as ever, with the same common sense, the same sturdy patriotism and the same love for everything which is ancient and romantic. She writes frankly and fully to her old mistress. We are thus able to follow her in her hotel experiences in London, in her sojourn in a country home in the West of England, in her visit to Buxton, and her trip to the North. Of course she has adventures, how could she help it? She helps to bring about two marriages, and saves a hunted stag on Exmoor. She enters unknown into familiar conversation with the countess, and for the honour of her country encounters and puts to flight three hogs. She has experiences with bicycles and bath-chairs, in fishing boats and four in hands. Altogether she has a good time, and so have her readers. We specially enjoyed her interview with the Family Tree Man, and dropped a tear over the news of the death of Lord Edward.

There are plenty of shrewd hits at the fancies and foibles of both Englishmen and Americans which will be appreciated on both sides of the Atlantic. The book is beautifully printed and illustrated.

Mr. Stevenson's voluntary exile in the South Seas, whilst it must be a trial to his friends at home, is a distinct gain to his numerous admirers. For they have the advantage of having depicted by his practised pen the life and scenery of a part of the world which might otherwise remain unknown to them. The book before us† is of double authorship, as Mr. Stevenson has again availed himself of the assistance of Mr. Osborne. It is divided into two parts—a trio and a quartette. The trio consist of an Oxford man who simply through incapacity has made a failure of his life, a ship's captain who has lost his ship through intemperance, and an utterly vile

little cockney clerk who, but for a certain devilish pluck he possesses, would be absolutely revolting. At the beginning of the story they are on an island beach in a dreadful state of misery, and there seems nothing before them but to take to a career of low class crime with its inevitable consequences. An opportunity, however, presents itself for crime on a grander scale. The captain, because no one else is willing to take the risk, is given the command of a plague-stricken ship, and takes the others with him as his only white companions. They agree, Herrick, the Oxford man, not without much pressure, to disobey their sailing orders, to sell the ship and its cargo, and to make their way home with the proceeds. Before they have gone far they find that the cargo is bogus. They reach an island unmarked in the charts, where an Englishman, named Attwater, who makes the fourth in the quartette, is carrying on a successful pearl fishery combined with missionary work. How they plot to murder him and take possession of his pearls, how he gains over Herrick, kills the clerk, and masters and converts the captain, must be read in the book.

The strength of the book lies less in the incidents, though they are numerous and thrilling enough, than in the depiction of the characters. Each man is remarkable in his own way and clearly drawn. There are no female characters.

The descriptive passages are powerful. We move, as we read, in the very atmosphere of the South Seas, and for the time live side by side with the actors in the story. Take this passage describing the approach of the ship to the unknown island:

"The airs were very light, their speed was small, the heat intense. The decks were scorching underfoot, the sun flamed overhead, brazen out of a brazen sky; the pitch bubbled in the seams, and the brains in the brain-pan. And all the while the excitement of three adventurers glowed about their bones like a fever. They whispered and nodded and pointed and put mouth to ear with a singular instinct of secrecy, approaching the island underhand like eavesdroppers and thieves; and even Davis, from the crosstrees, gave his orders mostly by gestures. The hands shared in this mute strain like dogs, without comprehending it; and through the roar of so many miles of breakers, it was a silent ship that approached an empty island."

It would be profitless as it is practically impossible to try and solve the problem as to what the book owes to each of its joint authors. We should like, however, some of the "higher critics" of the present day to try their hands at it. It is possible that they would not be dogmatic as usual, seeing that the authors are living and able to confute them. Still it would be pleasant to see them proving conclusively to their own satisfaction that a certain passage could not be the work of S. because of the presence of a word that he had not used before, (and must be the work of O. because he had once used it twenty years before,) and finally, after much disputing amongst themselves, settling down to the conclusion that the work was written by neither S. nor O. but by some unknown Q.

The book has already had a large sale, and we fancy that it will be some time before the demand for it is exhausted.

What strikes us first about ‡ "Love in Idleness" is the elegance of its dress. We are accustomed to have things well done by Macmillan & Co., and this book is quite up to the reputation of the firm. The printing and paper are all that they should be, and the illustrations, which are mostly taken from drawings and photographs of the natural scenery round and about Bar Harbour, are excellent. We fancy that they will attract many visitors next year to that well known seaside resort.

The story appeared this year in the *Century Magazine*. It is very slight, but like all Mr. Crawford's work is graceful and charming. There are practically only three characters—the heroine, Fanny Trehearne and her two lovers—the one taken and the other left. The events of the story only cover a fortnight, and there is little action in it. The dialogue is bright and natural and there is plenty of quiet humour. Though the book cannot be classed among Mr. Crawford's greater works, we are sure that everyone who reads it will pass a very pleasant and enjoyable hour.

* "Pomona's Travels," by Frank R. Stockton, illustrated by A. B. Frost. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; Toronto: Wm. Briggs. \$2.

† "The Ebbltide," by Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osborne. Chicago and Cambridge: Stone & Kimball.

‡ "Love in Idleness." A tale of Bar Harbour. By F. Marion Crawford. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co. \$2.