

gradual change of views on the subject of white predominance, split up thus (with numbered paragraphs in an inner margin) :

'He had arrived at the following conclusions :

1. 'That it was a most fortunate and providential thing that the confederacy had failed, &c.

2. 'That the emancipation of the slaves would ultimately prove advantageous'—and so on. One advantage this plan certainly possesses. You can tell at a glance when the deadly prosing fit is coming on, and an experienced skipper will be able to land safely on the other side of the yawning gulf (no joke is intended) with as little delay as possible. There *are* writers,—save the mark!—who do not act so openly, but sandwich in their powders between layers of jam so deftly that you cannot help being medicined against your will.

But when we have once said this, we have exhausted our spleen against the Judge. Even his political and social discourses are praiseworthy in their liberal tendencies. He is a lover of the black man, a believer in his capacity, and a stern denouncer of those who have striven to keep him down in the scale of being. One finds the old feeling return which stirred so many hearts when 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' came out, and made us weep and rage in spite of all its clap-trap sentiment. There is a more serious every-day air about Judge Tourgee's revelations. We see in his pages to what a depth of degradation the slave-holding population has sunk itself. Legree was at any rate a bold villain ; he might have been a buccaneer under more favourable auspices. Even the Ku-Klux-Klan ran a slight modicum of risk in their ferociously comic midnight maraudings which so often wound up with blood and flames. But when the Caucasian sets to work to devise laws simply and solely for the purpose of robbing the emancipated slave of his labour, we see the white man at his lowest, and own the truth of the great and fundamental law, that a vast national injustice recoils with its worst effects upon its perpetrators.

One of the negro characters in the tale is working a farm on shares for a white man. To avoid the abominable extortion of the truck system, as worked out by the white man's store, he resolutely refrains from accepting any orders for goods on

account of his prospective crop, knowing full well how miraculously the store-book accounts will foot up against him if he once has his name inscribed there.

The owner does not like this independent course of conduct, which, if persisted in, will oblige him to pay the 'sassy nigger' his full share of the crop. He watches and at last catches poor Berry picking a few ears of green corn for dinner, off what he, not unnaturally, considers his own corn-patch. But this is larceny by the humane law of Kansas ; the 'boss' had got the requisite hold, and the friendless, frightened nigger takes a few dollars for his share of the crop, and leaves the country to escape prosecution. In the next State he works again on a cotton farm, patronizing the owner's store more freely, so that when the harvest is over he only has a small lot of cotton to dispose of. This he starts to market to sell. In that free land no man must sell cotton after sun-down, lest it might be stolen goods ! A buyer tempts Berry with an extra cent a pound to sell just a few minutes after the lawful hour, then gets him arrested for breaking the law, keeps the cotton, and refuses to pay for it. Berry goes to jail. The man he worked for holds his mule and chattels for breach of contract, Berry having gone to prison a day or so before his year's hiring was out. It may almost seem impossible that such things can be, but we must remember that these laws, harsh and unjust in themselves, are or were vindictively administered by judges, sheriffs, and officers elected for the express purpose of keeping the black man down under foot.

The book is carefully got up, and well printed, being very free from typographical errors. We can recommend it to such of our readers as felt an interest in the history of the South during the late critical period of her resuscitation.

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*Memories of my Exile*, by LOUIS KOS-SUTH. Translated by Ferencz Jauscz. New York : D. Appleton & Co. ; Toronto : Hart & Rawlinson, 1880.

Hungary and Poland have been the scenes of European crimes of uncommon magnitude, and it has yet to be known whether they will not afford the acting-grounds of as great retributions. In the