

Revolution," but the reader sees most of him in his capacity of fencing-master. The finest work in character-drawing and the greatest proof of a novelist's power, is in the exhibition of what are the most unpleasant types in themselves, as readers of Charles Reade's "Autobiography of a Thief" will scarcely have forgotten. Certain it is Dr. Weir Mitchell succeeds in maintaining the reader's interest in his eminently peccable hero. Nor does he question the credulity of the public, but coolly proceeds to pile upon it as much as it can bear. François, who is a perfectly credible personage himself, has for companion, Tote, a dog, of whose cleverness I might say, without the slightest intention of perpetrating a pun on the animal's name, it is a little "too too." Not that I have not seen dogs do things I considered almost impossible of performance without the use of intelligence. I have, indeed, seen such things performed by dogs. But this particular dog performs somewhat too many of them. Yet, I like the dog; in fact, I like almost all dogs, even yellow ones. Then, the evolutions of the plot are sometimes governed less by the natural laws of human existence than by the author's natural desire to make a coherent drama out of his hero's career. The possibilities of coincidence are, for instance, pushed to the extreme point. Only in Charles Lever's novels, and on the stage, do we find such amazing coincidents as are recorded between Dr. Mitchell's covers. However, such little matters as these are counted for nothing with whole-hearted novel-readers. François himself is a most interesting figure, and the French Revolution affects us only inasmuch as it affected him. When it began, business became dull with him, as "Knight of the Road," as there were not so many rich people to rob. In his role of fencing-master, he brings us into close touch with the Revolution itself, when he gives lessons to the aristocrats in the morning, and to citizens in the afternoon. In this part of the story, the canvas, like that of Dumas, becomes crowded. There is great breadth and clearness in the delineation of character, the range is extensive, and includes many "types" -if such fiction writers' abstractions can be said to exist. The nobles are portrayed, in their strength and weakness, and the mob, both in Paris and the Provinces, receives due attention. The creatures produced by the Reign of Terror,