

Samuel Joseph May, James Freeman, Samuel Gridley Howe, and others are ably discussed in this delightful volume of 'Memorial and Biographical Sketches.'

Mr. Charles Dudley Warner always contrives to bring out his books at the proper season of the year. He has done this so often that it has become an art with him at length. His latest work is the charming series of papers which have recently been published in *The Atlantic Monthly* and which his publishers have got out in a very pretty dress. 'In the Wilderness,'\* is a breezy and healthful book, and an admirable burlesque on the style of writing affected by the persons who make our sporting books for us. It is rich in the exuberant fancy and dashing humour of its author,—that almost classic fun of his which sparkles in 'My Summer in a Garden,' 'Back-log Studies,' and in many of the pages of 'Mummies and Moslems.' 'How I killed a Bear,' and the 'Fight with a Trout,' will remind the reader of a popular author whose books smell of the rod and gun and the resinous odour of the forest. The burlesque is captivating, the humour is infectious and the little asides which everywhere abound are delicate and delicious. 'How Spring came to New England' will be read and re-read, and with each succeeding reading the pleasure will be increased. It is as playful a bit of writing as Mr. Warner has yet given us and it invites perusal.

A new book,† by the Sage of Concord, will be hailed with something more than satisfaction, for Mr. Emerson is an author whose works positively grow into the affections of his readers. The new volume consists of a single essay—a pertinent discussion

of current events—a lecture on the Fortune of the Republic—and it exhibits the veteran author in his most robust and scholarly vein. There is no falling off in the vigour of the mind, which so many years ago electrified a small but select band with a thin volume entitled 'Nature'—a book unfortunately too far advanced for the people of that time, and the little edition of five hundred copies was not exhausted till twelve years had passed away. 'The Fortune of the Republic' is full of thought, full of rich, classical allusion, and sound common sense. The disease is attacked and a prompt remedy is suggested. Many truths, not always new, but always pertinent, are presented, and stubborn facts not always palatable are brought out and laid before the people. This little book, for it is composed of only forty-four pages, owes its origin to the lecture which Mr. Emerson delivered on the 30th of March last, at the Old South Church, Boston, Mass. In its present shape it will have many readers.

People no longer read Ouida's novels\* under protest. For several years this lady has enjoyed a peculiar distinction. Her stories sold readily, and edition after edition appeared of not one but the whole set of her books. They were read apparently and the public craved for more; but who ever read them? It has been said of Milton, and with some truth it must be admitted, that everyone talks about him but few read him. Ouida reversed this aphorism for everyone read her and few talked about her. People spoke as slightly of her as they sometimes do of their poor relations. The bare mention of her name—her pen-name at any rate—was a grave offence to ears polite. If by accident a quotation from 'Under Two Flags' was uttered, or an incident from

\* *In The Wilderness.* By CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co.; Toronto: A. Piddington.

† *Fortune of the Republic.* By RALPH WALDO EMERSON. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co.; Toronto: A. Piddington.

\* *Friendship* By OUIDA, Author of 'In a Winter City,' 'Ariadne,' &c. Toronto: Rose-Belford Publishing Company.