

sents too many instances of this kind of unequal yoking always proving disastrous to one of the pair, and not unfrequently to both.

Those who have read Mr. E. W. Townsend's *Chimmie Fadden*, an autobiography of a New York gamin, told in the vilest of slang dialect, will like to pursue with him the investigation of humble life in Gotham. There are 301 pages and many illustrations by Kemble in this publication of Lovell, Coryell & Co., of New York, entitled "A Daughter of the Tenements." It is a book of a far higher tone than *Chimmie*, painting the life of the Bowery with a master hand, and keeping the reader well interested in the Italian heroine *Carminella* and her mother *Teresa*. All the characters are not heroes and heroines—very far from it—but virtue triumphs in the end. As in his former book, Mr. Townsend introduces kind-hearted slumming ladies from the upper world to minister to the deserving, and he is not ashamed to lighten up his dark page occasionally with the name of God.

Appleton's publish "The Red Badge of Courage," by Stephen Crane. This 233 page book professes to relate an episode of the American Civil War. I have read something very like it in the *Century*, *Scribner's*, or some such first-class American magazine, and when I read it I was astonished. This episode completes my astonishment. Having served as a volunteer my term of five years, in drill and field-day, in camp and barrack, in march and in action, mingling with all arms of the service, volunteer and regular, officers and men, and commanded by such men as General Napier and the present Lord Wolseley, I thought I knew something of the rudiments of war; but the "Red Badge of Courage" knocks me metaphorically off my feet. It relates the blind hurry-scurrying of an undisciplined mob, now towards and now away from the enemy. Whether they advanced or retreated, they yelled like demons or Indians on the war-path, they made the atmosphere blue with sulphurous oaths so that they could not hear the orders roared at them in similar speech, they abused their commanders, and tumbled over one another in their utter loss of head. At last, galled by a few Southerners behind a rail fence, they charged it pell-mell, and a boy plucked the Confederate flag from the hand of a dying standard-bearer. Thus that boy, who at first had ignominiously sought the rear, gained the red badge. There can be little doubt that the picture is drawn from life, which gives it value, but what a revelation it is! It can only have been sheer weight of men and heavy ammunition that enabled armies composed of such materials to gain a victory, unless the enemy were of the same nature. Canadians are far better army stuff than that, patient, silent, not given to wild profanity, obedient to orders, retentive of their formation, and, when properly led, capable of facing any troops in the world. Yet may such a day be far off.