

THE PERIODICALS.

WITH its January number *The Manhattan* begins a new volume. This charming magazine is steadily growing in favour with the reading public. It could hardly be otherwise, considering the uniformly high degree of excellence, and the distinct individuality it displays. The initial paper is a finely illustrated article by Mr. J. Leonard Corning, on "The Luther Monument at Worms." The engraving of the illustrations to this paper is exceedingly good. A charming paper is that on "Pompeii, Past and Present," by Anna Ballard. Mr. James A. Harrison tells with much dramatic force a story of Creole life entitled "Piti-Josi-Batiste," the dialect of which Mr. Cable has familiarized us with. The conclusion of the story is too abrupt and exclamatory to be either satisfying or artistic. Dr. Damrosch, head of the "Symphony Society," of New York, contributes the music to a New Year's Masque, "The Doorkeeper," by Miss Edith M. Thomas. Valuable articles are Mr. H. C. Pidder's "Woman in Modern Civilization," and Mr. G. T. Curtis' "Creation or Evolution?" Mr. Edgar Fawcett's serial, "Tinkling Cymbals," gives promise of equaling "An Ambitious Woman." Like most of Mr. Fawcett's work it commences somewhat deliberately, and increases in speed of movement with each succeeding chapter. Mr. Fawcett also contributes to this number a particularly beautiful sonnet, addressed to Mr. Maurice Thompson, author of "Songs of Fair Weather," lately reviewed in *THE WEEK*. A poem far above the average of magazine verse is Mr. H. C. Bunner's "The Appeal to Harold," which we quote in full:—

THE APPEAL TO HAROLD.*

Haró! Haró!
 Judge now betwixt this woman and me,
 Haró!
 She leaves me bond, who found me free.
 Of love and hope she hath drained me dry—
 Yea, barren as a drought-struck sky;
 She hath not left me tears for weeping,
 Nor will my eyelids close in sleeping.
 I have gathered all my life's-blood up—
 Haró!
 She hath drunk and thrown aside the cup.
 Shall she not give me back my days?
 Haró!
 I made them perfect for her praise.
 There was no flower in all the brake
 I found not fairer for her sake;
 There was no sweet thought I did not fashion
 For aid and servant to my passion.
 Labour and learning worthless were,
 Haró!
 Save that I made them gifts for her.
 Shall she not give me back my nights?
 Haró!
 Give me sweet sleep for brief delights?
 Lo! in the night's wan mid I lie,
 And ghosts of hours that are dead go by;
 Hours of a love that died unshriven;
 Of a love in change for my honour given;
 She caressed and slew my soul's white truth,
 Haró!
 Shall she not give me back my youth?
 Haró! Haró!
 Tell me not of a greater judge,
 Haró!
 It is he who hath my sin in grudge.
 Yea, from God I appeal to thee:
 God hath not part or place for me.
 Thou who hast sinned, judge thou my sinning;
 I have staked my life for a woman's winning.
 She hath stripped me of all save remembering—
 Haró!
 Right thou me, right thou me, Harold the King!

BOOK NOTICES.

LIFE OF RICHARD WAGNER. By Louis Nohl. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co.

Wagner was one of the most sublimely self-confident men of modern times, and he had need of all his self-confidence to carry him through his myriad difficulties and discouragements. But his faith in himself was equalled only by his contempt for all who differed from him in questions either of his art or of the greatness of his own genius. Success held long aloof from him, but came at last, and he found himself in later years surrounded by a host of adoring disciples, with the resources of a kingdom at his disposal for the execution of his gigantic musical schemes. At twenty-three, with nothing to live upon, he married a beautiful actress of the Magdeburg theatre. After a struggle with ill-fortune in Russia, he fled

the country under a load of debts, went to Paris, and there dragged out two years of wretchedness, till at last the tide began, very slowly, to turn. His first thoroughly characteristic composition was "Tannhäuser," and the climax of his career was reached in the performances of the "Ring of the Nibelungen" and "Parsifal" at Baireuth. From his first wife, Wagner was separated many years before her death. She, poor woman, had had, perhaps, no easy lot to bear. Wagner had more than his share of the "eccentricities of genius," and his first wife may have failed to understand him at times. Dr. Nohl tells us that peculiar humours "frequently seized upon our master in such strange fashion, that in the midst of company he would suddenly stand upon his head in a corner of the room for some time." Wagner's second wife apparently considered such vagaries trifling, or was capable of comprehending them, for the master found his second union an ideal one. This lady was the daughter of Wagner's dear friend, Liszt, and the wife of his equally dear friend, Von Bülow, from whom she obtained a divorce when all perceived her eminent fitness for the master, and the desirability of such a consummation. The divorced husband, with incomparable unselfishness, looking at this perfect union was wont to declare that "this was the only proper solution." Dr. Nohl writes as an enthusiast, not as a critic, but his work is none the less entertaining on that account. The translation is sometimes stiff and involved, but appears to be otherwise entirely satisfactory. The cumbersomeness of the original lingers upon it to some extent.

A WOMAN OF HONOUR. By H. C. Bunner. Boston: J. R. Osgoode & Co.

The author of this novel has done well, but has hardly received all the credit he deserves. A little while before the appearance of his novel, Mr. Bunner contributed to the *Century* an open letter on "New York as a field for Fiction," and showed such admirable appreciation of the resources of the field, and so clear an idea of how these resources could best be developed, that the expectations of the critics were raised to a quite remarkable height. As a natural consequence some disappointment resulted, though "A Woman of Honour" is anything but a weak story. Something better than the best novel of the season was required to fulfil all expectations, and we do not think this can by any means be called the best novel of the season. But we think that whatever the critic may say, few readers will quarrel with Mr. Bunner. It seems to us altogether wide of the mark to complain, as some have done, that the society Mr. Bunner depicts is depicted too pitilessly. But one source of dissatisfaction, it may be, lies in the fact that the critical situations are much more improbable than situations have any right to be in a matter-of-fact and fairly civilized modern city. Of course Mr. Crawford can invent the wildest situations unblushingly, and we accept them, because he sets them too far off for us to be tempted to investigate. But Mr. Bunner is at home, and we take exception to the improbable. The highly wrought and wonderfully effective night-scene in Carnegie's studio offends us when our heated imagination has had time to cool. The most marked characteristic of the story is the abundance and prominence of the dramatic quality evidenced in the picturesque grouping, the swiftness of movement, the succession of climaxes, the brilliancy and point of the dialogue. Faith Ruthven is a charming creation, but hardly, perhaps, moves the reader to so profound an admiration as that in which Mr. Bunner plainly holds her. The scenes between Kent and Swift, and between Kent and Mrs. Swift in the latter part of the book, are full of vigour and penetration.

ONE of the latest issues of the "Lovell's Library" is Mr. Will. M. Clemens' "Famous Funny Fellows." (New York: John W. Lovell Company.) This is one of the most genuinely readable of the light books of the year. The book describes, gossips about, tells anecdotes of, such men as Mark Twain, Artemus Ward, Josh Billings, Yawcob Strauss, Gilhooly, Spoopendyke, and others of that ilk; and its author has become so infected with the humour of the men he treats of that his work is full of suggested smiles from cover to cover.

Other works that come to us in the same form and from the same publishers are Thackeray's "Ballads" and "Character Sketches," Lawrence Oliphant's "Altiora Peto," Irving's "Moorish Chronicles," and "How it all came Round," by L. T. Meade.

AN American who had a jolly German friend wished to become acquainted with the German's charming wife. "Vell," said the German, "dot vill pe all right." After a time the German led him over to where the lady was sitting with a number of friends. "Katrina," said the husband, "You know dot man?" "No," said Katrina, modestly. "Vell dot's him!"—*Independent*.

* The right of appeal to Harold of Normandy was like the Roman citizen's right of appeal to Cæsar. The cry of "Haró!" was the invocation that called him to protect or to avenge the wronged.