

Mr. George Meredith is the greatest English novelist living; he is probably the greatest novelist of our time. He is a man of genius, a literary artist, and truly a great writer. — THE BEACON

GEORGE MEREDITH'S NOVELS.

TITLES.

THE ORDEAL OF RICHARD FEVEREL.	RHODA FLEMING. BEAUCHAMP'S CAREER. THE EGOIST.
EVAN HARRINGTON. HARRY RICHMOND.	DIANA OF THE CROSSWAYS. THE SHAVING OF SHAGPAT, AND FARINA.
SANDRA BELLONI. VITTORIA.	THE TRAGIC COMEDIANS.
ONE OF OUR CONQUERORS.	

SOME PRESS NOTICES.

Mr. Meredith's novels are an intellectual tonic. They are the great, and indeed, we may say, they are the only novels of any living author which deserve to be called great. They will take the same high and permanent rank that is assigned to the novels of George Eliot and George Sand. They are deeper in intellectual power than Dickens, while they have less of his dramatizations. They are an intellectual mine, and will repay careful study. — *Boston Traveller*.

The London "Athenæum" says of "Diana of the Crossways": "It is a study of character, and it is also a study of emotion; it is a picture of fact and of the world, and it is touched with generous romance; it is rich in kindly comedy, and it abounds in natural passion; it sets forth a selection of many human elements, and it is joyful and sorrowful, wholesome with laughter and fruitful of tears as life itself."

Mr. Meredith's novels certainly have the qualities which we marked as essential to permanent literature. They can set before you pictures of happy love, or of youth and nature that can never be forgotten; scenes that flash before your eyes when your thoughts are elsewhere. . . . Whoever reads Mr. Meredith does not waste his time. He is in good company, among gentlemen and ladies; above all, in the company of a Genius. — *Daily News*.

Genius of a truly original and spontaneous kind shines in every one of these books; of fancy there is only too much, perhaps; with healthy benevolent sympathy they abound; and if there exists any greater master of his native tongue than Mr. Meredith, we have yet to hear of the gentleman's name. — *St. James's Gazette*.

It was not until 1859, when he had reached the age of thirty-two, that he produced "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," his first mature novel, charged to the brim with earnestness, wit, strength of conception. Meredith's stories generally end happily; but this one is profoundly tragic. I have read many of his chapters without being moved, even when the situation in itself must theoretically be acknowledged an affecting one. But it seems to me that the heart which is not touched, and the eyes that do not become moist, in the reading of the last portions of "Richard Feverel" must be indurated with a glaze of indifference which is not to be envied. — G. P. LATHROP, in *Atlantic Monthly*.

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