

yond calculation. We have a doctor's book "Change of Air and Scene," directing the tourist to the Mediterranean, "Try Cracow and the Carpathians." New editions of Ball's Alpine Guides, to teach people how to break their necks, after the fashion of the day; "How to see Norway," "Ben Rhydding," "Knocking about in New Zealand," &c. &c. We mention "South Sea Bubbles," again (New York: Appleton & Co.), to commend the cheap and well-printed American edition, and also to mention that the English Wesleyan organ, the *Watchman* has taken very just exception to the flippant manner in which the Earl of Pembroke speaks of the missionary labours in the South Seas. Why a nobleman, young and with strong animal spirits, should not have anything in common with missionaries, who disturb the halcyon days by preaching chastity to the "Voluptuous Tahitians." A young nobleman of twenty-two can hardly be expected to admire the rigidity in morals which, though quite proper in Belgravia, is, it seems, singularly out of place in the seductive atmosphere of "Society-Islandism." Methodism appears to be the *bête noire* of our young nobility; yet it seems strange that the Earl should have taken the London Missionary Society under his patronage, and reserved his censures for the Wesleyan body. The Doctor, who is said to be a brother of the Rev. Charles and Henry Kingsley, might have chastened the exuberant utterances of his companion, and repressed those unwarrantable attacks upon a religious denomination which has done so much to humanize and christianize mankind at home and abroad.

Mr. Buchanan has issued "Thomas Maitland's" article on "The Fleshly School of Poetry," enlarged and improved in the form of a *brochure*. We have already referred to the article in question. The pamphlet has one peculiar merit, not designed by the author—it is a complete catalogue of all the passages in Mr. Rossetti's poems, which a prurient taste, assisted by Mr. Buchanan's commentary, might delight to feed upon. Like the edition of Martial in Byron's *Don Juan* "the proper parts," are severed from their connection.

"They only add them all in an appendix,
Which saves in fact the trouble of an index."

There is only this difference, that Mr. Buchanan scatters them, like sugar-plums, through the body of his work. Those of our readers who have not read *Miréio*, a Provençal Poem, by Frederic Mistral, (Boston: Roberts, Brothers,) ought, by all means to do so. The revival of a Provençal literature, however ephemeral it may prove to be, is of itself a phenomenon worthy of attention, and the poem before us, rich in the scenery of the silk-worm and mulberry country, possesses a freshness and a warmth which render this poem peculiarly attractive. The story is of a pure affection crossed by fortune. Another instance of what Edwin Arnold tells us, that "never was tale of human love which was not also tale of human woe." But the art of the poet has made the feeling of pain less intense by the lovely scenes of domestic life, and the spirited lyrics here and there dispersed through the poem. Miss Prescott, the translator, has accomplished her task well, and the publishers have embraced this unique contribution to literature in a very handsome volume, the pages of which are bounded by a red border of the Oxford pattern. "The Days of Jezebel," by P. Bayne, B. A., and the fifth volume of Mr. Morris' "Earthly Paradise," (cheap edition) are worthy of mention.

In Fiction, we have *Ombra*, by Mrs. Oliphant, on the whole, the best work she has yet written, *The Golden Lion of Granpere*, by Anthony Trollope and *Septimius*, a posthumous Romance, by Nathaniel Hawthorne, both of which have appeared serially in the magazines, and finally the fourth part of *Middlemarch*, by George Eliot—"Three Love Problems." The author of "John Halifax," contributes two excellent juvenile story-books, "Is it True?" and "The Adventures of a Brownie."

We append a communication respecting Palmer's "Desert of the Exodus" above referred to.

PALMER'S DESERT OF THE EXODUS (London, 1872); and Niebuhr's *Travels in Arabia* written a century ago.

The latter work, of which I have only a Dutch translation (4to, Amsterdam, 1776) of the German original, says of Kibroth Hattaavah:

"We were not a little astonished to find here, in the midst of the desert, a splendid Egyptian cemetery, for so a European would call it, although he might not have seen the like in Egypt, where most of the ancient monuments are buried in the sand. We found a number of stones, some still upright, others fallen or broken, measuring from five to seven feet long, by one and a-half to two feet broad, and covered with Egyptian hieroglyphics. These could not have been anything else than tombstones. Of the building, (of which I give a sketch) only the walls remain. In it are many sculptured stones. At the broader end is a small room, the roof still remaining, supported by a square pillar. In this room are, also, many hieroglyphics, both on the walls and on the pillar, and also images like those of the ancient Egyptians, and architectural designs similar to the drawings made by Norden in Upper Egypt."

"All the tombstones with the hieroglyphics and images are of a fine, hard sandstone. I copied three of the inscriptions. Are not these the graves of the people that lusted, mentioned in the fourth book of Moses, xi., 34?"

How does it happen that Palmer does not mention these inscriptions? He speaks only of stones, and stone heaps at Erweis el Ebeirig, but not a word about these sculptured stones and inscriptions, which were seen only a few years ago by Robinson, who says there were about fifteen upright and several fallen stones, covered with Egyptian hieroglyphics, varying from seven to ten feet in height, by eighteen inches to two feet broad. He saw, also, the small chamber with the roof still perfect, the column and sides covered with hieroglyphics, and mentions "the wonderful preservation of the inscriptions." On some of the stones "they are quite perfect."

Forster, in his "Sinai Photographed," folio, London, 1862, has copied Niebuhr's plates, and gives translations of the hieroglyphical inscriptions.

It is the fashion (but I am happy to say that Sheppard, in his very interesting work, "Traditions of Eden," does not follow it,) to decry Forster's work and Palmer is among the detractors. Can it be on that account that he has omitted all mention of these wonderful inscriptions (nearly a thousand years older than the Moabite stone), which Niebuhr engraved a century ago, and which Robinson says are still perfect, and which are undoubtedly the tombstones of those Israelites who lusted for flesh, and perished in the wilderness.

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