

animals are extremely spirited and graphic,—they have all the appearance of being written on the spot, and are redolent of the fresh open air. We have very seldom read a book of travels that has charmed us so much, and we shall consider that the young folks who find it hanging on the bough of their "Christmas tree" are extremely fortunate.

Rangols for the Fireside; or, Tales of Fact and Fiction. By Peter Parley. (Grant & Griffiths.)—This is more to our taste than many other of Peter Parley's books. The stories are told with an unctious that we have often missed. Some of them are extremely interesting—we would in stance 'Flint and Steel,' and 'The Children of the Sun,' a tale of Pizarro and Peru.

The Forest Exiles; or, the Perils of a Peruvian Family amid the Wiles of the Amazon. The tale is life-like and animating,—and the descriptions of forest life have a freshness quite peculiar to their story-teller. The character of the old Indian possesses great charms, and his anecdotes of birds, beasts, and plants will render him an interesting person in the eyes of all adventurous holiday-boys with a taste for natural history.

(From the *Athenæum*.)

THE WAR.—Nothing could be better timed, just now, than a book which describes, without satire, calumny, or idealism, the actual state of matters in the Czar's empire. Such a book is *The Englishwoman in Russia: Impressions of the Russians at Home.* By a Lady. Ten Years Resident in that Country. (Murray.) The writer lived on terms of familiar intimacy with persons of different ranks in the capital and other cities, visited districts which travellers rarely see, and enjoyed a long experience of the interior social life of Russia. Her narrative, therefore, is a record of personal observations, composed with little, if any artistic skill; but simple, lively, pleasant, and apparently truthful. It thus invites, deserves attention as a faithful report upon matters of no little interest at the present time. The character of the Russians as a people,—of their institutions and of their usages,—is not to be judged upon the testimony of flying tourists or deluded prisoners of war. It is fit that we should hear how society develops itself under the sceptre of the Romanoffs; but we must have better evidence than notes of summer trips, reminiscences of ball-rooms and theatres, or grateful acknowledgments by gentlemen who have been hustled in the ante-chambers of the Hermitage, or feasted at a governor's table.

The "Englishwoman in Russia" is not a libeller of the Russian people. She has much to say of their amiable qualities; she admires some of their customs, and has even a good word to bestow, by way of variation, on their Emperor. There her commendations cease. She cannot say that Russia is civilized, or prosperous, or happy. Its society is habitually gloomy, and during its festal seasons rejoices according to a ritual, orders its merriment by a programme, and enters into the Carnival like Tragedy in a comic mask. The region which contains these "*barbares polis*" is suitably dull: while dirt and splendour seem to be united in the interior of many a Russian mansion. Some of the "Englishwoman's" remarks on this point are too plainly expressed for quotation; but it were well if she had nothing worse to relate of the Emperor and his "children." One of her earliest glimpses of the social practices in vogue was at night, when she met an escort of Cossacks emerging from St. Petersburg with convicts for Siberia. There was a girl in the party, not seventeen years of age, who had been knouted, and was on her way to exile.

Messrs. Colnaghi & Co. have issued in their series of pictorial illustrations of the War, a large plate representing *The Combined Fleets of England, France, and Turkey attacking Sebastopol, on the 19th of October*, drawn by Mr. O'Reilly,

—a *Battle of the Alma*, taken, as it appears, from the heights to the right of the half-broken bridge, and giving a view of the scene of this great victory not hitherto, we think made public; it is drawn by Major Adye, R. A., and is a very spirited drawing.—another *View of Sebastopol*, taken from the trenches before the town, and chiefly interesting as a memorial of the brave Lieut. Thorold,—and another plate illustrating the *Loss of the Tiger*, from the drawings of Lieut. M. B. Dumm, of H. M. S. the *Niger*.—We have also, from the same prolific press, a couple of plates on a single sheet, being No. 16 of Mr. Dolbey's 'Sketches in the Baltic,' in further illustration of the capture of Bomarsund. One of these represents a party of Chasseurs de Vincennes advancing to the attack,—the other a pleasure party after the assault, where English sailors and French soldiers are refreshing themselves with a dance.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

(From the *Athenæum*.)

Messrs. Griffin write:—"We observe in last week's *Athenæum* some remarks from a Correspondent as to 'corrected' editions, and a query whether our new edition of Lord Brougham's Works will be revised by the author. We are happy to say that his Lordship is at the present moment engaged in carefully revising and correcting his various writings for this edition."

A New York paper contains a long letter from London on the state of the copyright question, having some strong observations on the transactions of certain publishers in this country. Mr. Bentley comes in for a share of the abuse; the writer hinting doubts of his literary honesty, whispering away the significance of certain facts published by him, and insinuating a general distrust of all statements coming from the house in New Burlington Street. We are not Mr. Bentley's champions or apologists; but there is an unfairness in the letter to which we refer that all honourable minds will at once rebuke. Has Mr. Bentley's house paid—or has it not paid—the alleged amounts to American authors? That is the question. We have Mr. Bentley's authority for stating that the following sums have been paid by his firm for American copyrights, to these American writers:—

—that is, to Mr. Washington Irving, 2,450*l.*,—to Mr. Prescott, 2,495*l.*,—and to Mr. Fenimore Cooper, 12,590*l.*,—in all 17,535*l.* Can any of these facts be denied? If not, where is the justice of classing Mr. Bentley with the literary pirates.

We hear of two literary works "in progress" of unusual interest. One is by M. Kossuth,—the other by M. Mazzini. M. Kossuth, we believe, is preparing for the press a collection of his letters from Turkey, which will probably contain some curious pieces of secret history. A revised edition of the great Magyar's speeches on the question of the day—the war, how to manage it in the interests of freedom—may also be expected from M. Kossuth's hand.—A few weeks ago, contemporaries spoke of M. Mazzini as being engaged, at the instance of an American publisher, on a 'History of Italy.' There was no truth in this rumour. The Roman triumvir, we believe, is employing his leisure on a work likely to be of importance for the future of Italy—the development of the Italian Religious Question.

Our readers will hear with pleasure that the great corporation in Leadenhall Street—a corporation ruling over a hundred millions of men—has taken measures to give practical effect to its liberal theories. Haileybury, so long the sole pathway to employment in our Indian Empire, is to be broken up. In December, 1857, the college will be closed:—and every school and college in the country will be allowed to send its candidates for examination. Oxford influence has had much to

do with this useful change of system. Oxford may possibly become the head-quarters of Oriental learning:—but the advantage gained for itself the University will have to share with humbler institutions. Places of trust and honour in the East will now be open to all candidates,—and the magic words, so often heard in the midst of revolution, "careers open to talent," may become the motto of the Great Company.

Mr. Crofton Croker's library and collection are announced for sale. Many of the books are rare,—including old Anglo-Irish ballads, broadsides, pamphlets and original correspondence.

MEDICAL BOOKS.

A Treatise on Diseases of the Lungs. By A. W. Clarke, M.D. (Highley.)—Few works, even on the diseases "that flesh is heir to," are so painful to read as books on consumption—most painful when, as in Dr. Clarke's case, they are ably written. Indeed, looking at the whole literature of medicine, we doubt if any subject has been more ably treated than diseases of the lungs. But we get no farther. The Registrars' Reports tell the same tale of yearly loss; and the promise of a remedy held out so often by medical writers is so long delayed as to make the heart sick with excitement and baffled hope.

Sudden Death. By A. B. Granville, M. D. (Churchill.)—Who that has read the author's 'St. Petersburg,' 'Spas of Germany,' or 'Spas of England' will doubt that so painful a subject as sudden death in his hands would assume a popular and even interesting character. We opened the book, however, expecting something more especially medical than the above work,—but we have been drawn on, and must confess that Dr. Granville has treated his subject in the fearful manner which its name would suggest. He appears most laboriously to have investigated the Registrar General's documents, and to have proved therein that sudden death is on the increase. He gives a frightful chapter of individual cases, but defers his remedies for another volume. His chapter on early sudden death is one demanding the attention of the legislature, as he gives good reasons for his suspicion that a large amount of this death arises from the practice of infanticide. Should he not pursue the subject any further, he will have called attention to an important class of maladies,—and the result of his researches in the offices of the Registrar show for what important purposes that immense collection of data may be employed. There is one of these results so comforting at the present moment that we cannot but alude to it. He shows that putting together the year of cholera, 1849, with that of the succeeding year, the amount of deaths in the latter was so small that the mortality in the two years together did not exceed the average of the two preceding years 1847 and 1848, although the population had in that time increased considerably. As a book giving the results of some genuine work it is worthy the attention of the medical man and the public.

The Ear in Health and Disease. By W. Harvey, F.R.C.S. (Renshaw.)—Mr Harvey is well known as an aural surgeon; and an epitome like the present, on the functions and diseases of the ear, will form an acceptable volume to the large mass of practitioners who have to attend to these diseases as well as every other which flesh is heir to. The volume contains a number of wood engravings.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Royal Gallery of Art. Edited by S. C. Hall.

Part I. Colnaghi & Co.

This work contains a series of engravings from