

Enjoyment, which used to be associated with idleness, has become now an exhausting industry. The literary sense perishes for want of repose, and all those delicate, sacred things which ask time, habitude, quietude, discipline, reticence, abstinence—all such things as art, manners, idealism, self-sacrifice, religion—seem to inquire by what new arrangement they may be enabled to live under such new conditions. This," remarks the author of *Ecce Homo* and *The Expansion of England*, "is what we learn from the second *Locksley Hall*."

Amid the distractions of the age, literary enterprises not only come to be put on foot, but manage to advance themselves successive stages, and finally see their way to a conclusion. The new (ninth) edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, commenced in 1874, is now fairly within sight of its completion, three important volumes dealing with contributions under letters R and S, having been issued in the past year. Mr. Leslie Stephen's *Dictionary of National Biography*, an enterprise likely to extend to some sixty volumes, is another great achievement of the time, the twelfth issue of which, embracing the letter D, has just appeared. Another great work—Kinglake's *Invasion of the Crimea*—instalments of which have been coming from the press at long intervals during the past thirty years, has just been brought to a conclusion. The narrative closes with the death of the brilliant author's hero, Lord Raglan—if the real hero of the work be not the English but the Russian General, Todleben—and the concluding volumes recount the story, told with amazing elaborateness and effect, of the weariful days that followed the Battle of Inkerman, and of the chafing of the allied troops before Sebastopol, while the French Emperor was playing his childish and pitiful game of a hard and selfish diplomacy. The judicious historian, though his leisurely narrative was apt to fret the reader, has gained much by not being in a hurry to complete his work. He has had the advantage of perusing the Russian account of the siege, and had access to Napoleon's perfidious, intriguing correspondence with his Generals, Canrobert and Pelissier, disclosed by the Republican Government in ransacking the archives of Paris under the Empire. The latter throws much light on the vexatious delays and misunderstandings between the Allies that thwarted the plans of those in command, and brought discredit and repeated discomfiture on the brave besiegers. Mr. Kinglake's work, though it has lost much interest through the tardiness of its appearing, will remain perhaps the first and greatest of modern military histories, and one of the most vividly and graphically written of contemporary narratives. It is a pity, we think, however, that the great work should terminate so ignominiously for his countrymen—with the English failure against the Redan.

In the department of military history, the Hon. Mountstuart Elphinstone's *The Rise of the British Power in the East*, published in the past year, is deserving of notice. The work is a continuation, posthumously issued, of a history by the same author dealing with the Hindu and Mohammedan periods in India. It embraces the period from the opening of the seventeenth century, when English trade and heroism sought a field in the East for their enterprise, to the era of Clive and the coming of Warren Hastings. The author has a stirring subject, and though many have written of it, few have done so with such apparent impartiality and judiciousness. In these respects he is more trustworthy than Mill, and far more picturesque than Orme, though perhaps not quite the equal of Malleon, who has dealt so vividly with the more brilliant episodes in the British conquest of India. The work has had the benefit of Sir E. Colebrooke's judicious services as editor and annotator. In this department, also, in connection with modern Continental politics, the able series of papers of Sir Charles Dilke on *The Present Position of European Politics* should here be noted. Sir Charles's work, however, is so well known in Canada, and has had so many interested readers, that we need not stop to do more than chronicle it among the issues of the year.

It will not be out of place here to remind readers of the able though pessimistic articles of the author of *Greater Britain* to look at the papers appearing in *Blackwood*, which confute much that Sir Charles Dilke advances, while pointing out that England's reliance in any European conflict may safely rest, as of old, in her magnificent navy. Among the alarmists of the hour it is assuring to meet a writer who has a well-grounded belief in the invincibility of England on the high seas, as well as some degree of faith in the other valiant branch of the service—our small but mettlesome army. Readers of martial literature, we imagine, will also be attracted to two other books of the past year, in one of which Canadians have a special interest, while both will repay careful reading. We refer to Col. Sir W. F. Butler's *Campaign of the Cataracts* and to Col. Maurice's *Military History of the Campaign of 1884-5 in Egypt*. The first of these is a personal narrative of the Nile Expedition of 1884-5, by the clever author of *The Great Lone Land*, who was entrusted with the task of conducting part of the Soudan contingent up the Cataracts of the Nile, and whose experiences, though the River Column was not able to accomplish much, are replete with interest and fraught with many a bitter lesson. Col. Maurice's work deals with the earlier and more brilliant Tel-el-Kebir Campaign, and is a lucid and effective bit of writing. Among the incidents described are the operations before Alexandria, the seizing of the Suez Canal, the movement on Ismailia, with the subsequent assault of Kassassin, and the night-march and battle of Tel-el-Kebir. These stirring events in the brief campaign are admirably told, and the whole work is aglow with the spirit in which they were conceived and executed.

Among the graver works of history to which the past year has given birth, the following should be chronicled, though our brief space, we regret, prevents our doing more than mentioning their appearing. Three of them are continuations, viz.: the fifth and sixth volumes of Lecky's

*History of England in the 18th Century*; Gardiner's *History of the Great Civil War* (1643-49), and volumes three and four of Creighton's *History of the Papacy during the Reformation*. To these should be added, among the important issues of the year, the Duke of Argyll's *Scotland as it Was and Is*, and Dunbar Ingram's *History of the Legislative Union of Great Britain and Ireland*. To students of history it will be unnecessary, if not presumptuous, to say a word in commendation of writers of such vast learning and commanding influence as Messrs. Lecky and Gardiner. Contemporary history has few brighter names than theirs, or possesses more indefatigable workers in its vast and prolific field. Prof. Creighton, in his Papal history, has undertaken a heavy task, and he writes, if not with much animation, with painstaking minuteness and patient care. His present instalment treats of an important epoch, that of the half-century between the years 1464 and 1518, and puts clearly before one the political intrigues of the Italian princes of the Church during the Renaissance period. The period is neither clean nor wholesome; but these were the days of secularized Popes and of grave ecclesiastical scandals. The burden of the Duke of Argyll's book is the present day Agrarian problem; though in his thoughtful and often eloquent pages we have a substantial contribution to the philosophy of Scottish history, discounted, in some measure, however, by fierce invectives against current economical theories. His Grace bemoans the abolition of the Clan system, and advances the lordly claim of chieftainship and land-ownership as beneficent conservative elements in the nation, which he holds it to be the height of folly to attack. He evidently would like Scotland to go back to feudalism and the turbulent times of the Great Charter. From Scotland to Ireland is but a step, but on such a subject as Irish affairs it is a step we would rather be excused at the present time from taking. All we would dare to say on this burning topic is, that Dr. Dunbar Ingram has given us, from original authorities, a manifestly fair and temperate narrative of the Political Union of the two kingdoms, in which he clears Pitt and Lord Castlereagh from the reckless charges of corruption in bringing about Legislative Union which it has been the fashion to connect with their names,—charges which Mr. Gladstone, for questionable party purposes, has recently been assiduously repeating. Readers who are not sick of the discussion of the present-day aspect of the Irish problem will, we may add, find material for profitable thought in Prof. Dicey's searching work, *England's Case against Home Rule*.

From these controversial matters it is a pleasure to turn to the department of literature proper, in so far as space in our present paper will permit us to deal with the subject. Its lighter phases have in the past year been pleasantly presented in a number of gossiping memoirs: such as Mr. Frith's *Autobiography and Reminiscences*; Mr. T. A. Trollope's *What I Remember*; the *Personal Remembrances of Sir Frederick Pollock*, and especially, the delightful collection of letters of W. M. Thackeray. The latter, which appeared serially in the pages of *Scribner's Magazine*, is doubtless so well-known that we need say nothing more of it than that the collection is one which no admirer of the great novelist's genius will fail to be familiar with, or, if it is not yet a present possession, that he will lose a day in seeking the work out at the book-stores. The *Frith Reminiscences* enshrine happy views of the world and of the people in it by the eminent painter upon whom society smiled, and paid well for his much-talked-of work. His gossip is not higher in interest than his pictures; both may be said to be the measure of the popular taste. But his book is amusing, and to this extent its chatty author is entitled in the field of letters, as well as in art, to score a success. Mr. Trollope's work is kindred to that of Mr. Frith, both in matter and in manner. He comes of a notable family of authors, prolific in the work they have turned out, and fortunate in what their literary industry has yielded them. Like Mr. Frith, success has made Mr. Trollope cheery, and the literary habit has enabled him to tell his stories with point and effect. His pages are therefore pleasant reading. Sir Frederick Pollock's *Remembrances* is another genial book, pleasant to read and pleasant to remember. His work abounds with racy stories, which are well told, and reveal some phases of society in England which is fast passing away, and some types of character which, unlike those of to-day, take kindly to the world with which they are ever on good terms. We are not sure that we do well to note among the biographies of the past year Mr. Jeffreson's *Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson*. Perhaps it would be better at once to refer those who care for unhallowed love intrigues and social scandals to the records of the Divorce Court than that they should find food to their taste in an historical biography, which, in spite of the author, we must affirm won't bear to be looked into. The syren Emma, however, had her good points, and Mr. Jeffreson, in his book, has made the most of them. Few will deny that she had rare gifts and a fascinating presence; while not a little of the pathetic, it must be admitted, enters into her relations with "England's darling," Horatio Nelson. But happily for Society, the world that was contemporary with events to which this volume relates put its seal of disapproval upon the woman whom Nelson bequeathed to the care of his country, and neither literature nor morals will gain by attempting now to remove it.

G. MERCER ADAM.

MR. GEORGE BANCROFT accounted for his own longevity the other day with three reasons: First, that he was the middle child in his father's family equally distant from the youngest and the oldest; second, that he had always gone to bed at ten o'clock, unless it had been impossible; and, third, that he had always spent four hours in each day in the open air, unless prevented by a storm. He added that his riding, of which the newspapers had made so much, was primarily for the purpose of being out of doors, and not of being on horseback.