

townwards, and go up through a larger or shorter circuit of London tumult. . . . My shortest turn is to Hyde Park corner, where I see quality carriages, six-horse waggons (horses all jingling with little bells), mail coaches, etc., etc., and the Duke of Wellington's house, the windows all barred with iron (since the Reform Bill time), and huge iron railing, twenty feet high, between him and the street, which, as the railing is lined with wood too, he does not seem to like; there are carriages sometimes about this gate now; and I bless myself that I am not he."

The volume is on the whole a charming one, and should be read by everyone who is at all interested in Carlyle.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE SCRAVILL BANDITS. By C. G. Rogers. Ottawa: A. S. Woodburn.

It would be almost better to treat our boys as we do the potato bugs, and feed them with liberal doses of Paris Green, than put such vile stuff as "The Scragville Bandits" into their hands. It has all the vulgarity, without the humour, which made "Tom Sawyer" such an amusing and really harmless book for old as well as young children. The author would have done well to have chosen some healthier plot.

GRANDISON MATHER. By Sidney Lusk. Toronto: Wm. Bryce.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Gardiner, hardly out of their honeymoon, accustomed to plenty of money and all the luxuries it can produce, return to New York from a European tour to find themselves suddenly penniless. They bravely strike out for themselves, to swim or sink in the troubled waters of New York life. After keeping their heads for a time above water, they, with a few bold strokes, reach the land of success. It is a pretty story, and well worth reading.

IN EXCHANGE FOR A SOUL: A novel. By Mary Linskill. Toronto: National Publishing Company.

This is a good, healthy story, fresh as the sea breezes of Market Yarmborough, the fishing town and summer resort, on the English coast, where the scene is laid. Hartas Theyne, the squire's son, a rough, uneducated and uncultured youth, not a whit better than the fisher lads who were his rivals, falls hopelessly in love with Bab Burdas, a flither catcher. She is quite an ideal character. She is beautiful, pure, intelligent, unselfish and fearless. We hope such characters may be found among the English fisher population; but we have grave doubt of such a perfect woman being found anywhere. Thorhilda Theyne, Hartas' sister, who has been brought up by her aunt, Mrs. Gregory, amid all the refining influences of the rectory, cannot tolerate her brother's contemplated *mésalliance*, and moves heaven and earth to prevent it. Bab herself sees the incongruity of being Thorhilda's sister, and refuses Hartas' suit. The story is made up of storms, and wrecks, and heroism, through all which the threads of Hartas' and Bab's lives become woven together, and are tied up happily and lovingly at the end. Thorhilda nearly gives her soul in exchange to a rich squire, for a marriage contract and three thousand pounds a year, but is so moved, by one of the canon's sermons, that she breaks off her engagement at the last moment and marries the man she loves.

BOHEMIAN DAYS. By Clara Moyse Tadlock. New York: John B. Alden.

Gushing young girls with red guide books are to be found all over Europe, but fortunately they don't all undertake to write books. Life would be hardly worth living if they did. The volume before us, however, is just such a book as the ordinary reader would delight in. It is beautifully bound, profusely illustrated, and gives a very readable account of a voyage round the world, from New York to England, France, Italy, Palestine, China and Japan, and home by Frisco and the Yosemite Valley. It evidently describes a flying visit—just such a race as the majority of American tourists usually make, *doing* Europe in a week, and Asia and Africa in three days, spending the rest of their short holiday on the ocean. There is no information which may not be gathered from a guide book, and the English in which it is written is hardly classical. For instance:—"Everything makes a difference, of course; it's hard to draw the line anywhere. For instance, we know just how glad B would appear to make my acquaintance, if A (who happens to be a good friend of his) had not introduced us; and if he did not seem glad to see me—after all, the sad cast of his countenance might be entirely owing to an attack of indigestion." There is plenty of slipshod English like this; that does not, however, prevent it being a lively and entertaining volume of foreign travel.

THE TWO CHIEFS OF DUNBOY; or, an Irish Romance of the last century. By J. A. Froude. New York: Charles Scribner & Sons; Toronto: Williamson & Co.

Mr. Froude has very decided views on the government of Ireland. These he has set forth very clearly in his history of English rule in that unhappy country. According to him England has never been sufficiently firm. Her

policy has changed with successive administrations. At one time pursuing bold and drastic measures, she has soon shifted, like the wind, to an opposite extreme of weakness. According to Mr. Froude, Cromwell was the only one who knew the secret of successful government. The Two Chiefs of Dunboy, written in the author's well known clear and vigorous style, is a most interesting romance. It paints Irish character and scenery with the bold touches of a master hand. Here is a sketch only too well justified by the revelations of the Cronin murder, and indeed by the history of Irish patriotism in the United States for the last half century:—"I say no more than the truth of them," said Morty, "There never was a plan for a rising in Ireland yet, but what an Irishman was found who would sell the secret of it." We easily recognize the author's views, in hyperbole, in these words which he puts into the mouth of one of his characters:—"My dear cousin, the thing called order, you ought to know by this time, is an exotic one here. It has been imported from England, but it will not grow. It suits neither soil nor climate. What we are to-day we have been for a thousand years, neither worse nor better. If the English wanted order in Ireland they should have left none of us alive. We were but half a million when the Tudor princes began interfering. At that time they might have made a clean sweep, and the world would have been the better for the want of us. We are a beggarly race wherever we go, and what you can't mend you had better end. What ailed the English to be meddling with us at all? We were here before Noah's flood. The breed survived it somehow. As we were before, so we continued, fighting, robbing, burning, breaking each other's heads. But we killed each other down, and nature never meant that there should be more than a few of us in the world; and you English must needs come and keep the peace as you call it, and now there are three millions of us, and by-and-by there will be twenty millions, and fine neighbours we are likely to be to you." The print, paper, and general get up of this last work of Mr. Froude are in Scribner's best style, and that is saying all that is necessary.

OUR UNCLE AND AUNT. By Amarala Martin. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Of all the countries in the world the United States is the place for new religions, new philosophies, and new fads. The author of "Our Uncle and Aunt" writes with a purpose. She is a fierce advocate for Woman's Rights, and she presents her nauseous dose to the public in a sugar-coated pill—a novel. Yet it is hardly a novel either, but a number of crude theories strung together on a thread of narrative. We shall not attempt to follow the plot of the story, if there is one, for the real and the allegorical are so mixed up together as to be slightly confusing, but shall rest satisfied with giving some of the writer's views. And, first, let it be noted that the advocates of Woman's Rights are all ideal wives and mothers, while those who have not adopted this last American fad are slatternly ignorant of the first principles of housekeeping, and succeed pretty well in making husband and children uncomfortable at home. At present, society in the United States is all wrong. If women could vote, it would soon be all right. To show how wrong it is, the very exceptional case of a woman suffering all sorts of indignities from a brutal husband is painted in the most glaring colours. "She suffered every conceivable indignity from the man who had sworn to love and protect her. He had all the vices known to mankind, and not only squandered Edna's money (for he had none) on improper characters, but brought them into her home and forced her to associate with them. Disgusted and horrified by her surroundings, she fled from her accursed home, but was soon overtaken and brought back. The husband instituted suits against parties who sheltered, or, as he expressed it, 'harboured' her, giving her twenty lashes for her insubordination." This Prof. Wolfe marries other women, as it suits his convenience, or betrays them into believing they are married, which is for them not quite the same thing, while it saves him from the clutches of the law. His wife Edna obtains a divorce. Wolfe marries again. Edna is left a fortune, and Wolfe, with an eye to the money, restores her children, which he had claimed under the law, and seeks to gain her favour. To this end, he drags Mrs. Wolfe, No. 2, at dead of night, off to a mad house. This, it seems, he had legally a right to do. As Charley, a lawyer, the husband of narrator, says: "My dear, the husband has unlimited power in this State, no evidence of insanity being required." Clearly, the laws of the United States need amending, but what influence in that direction women may exercise at the polls which they do not exercise already through their husbands, and their general influence on society, it would be hard to determine.

THE METHODIST MAGAZINE contains four articles of travel in foreign lands, and is particularly rich in illustrations. The most important original paper is that furnished by the Hon. John Macdonald, on "Recollections of British Methodism in Toronto. Dr. Stafford, Dr. Carman and the Rev. W. S. Blackstock are other contributors.

THE COSMOPOLITAN, with its taking cover of cream and cardinal, presents three striking illustrated articles—"The Eiffel Tower," "Pitcher Plants," and "The American Buonapartes." Gail Hamilton's serial does not develop in interest, and an attempt at novelty in the shape of a Chinese novel fails also to arrest the attention of the jaded July reader, but "Six Feet of Romance," a pretty

illustrated conceit, after the best French manner, will be found interesting, and the editorial departments full of wisdom and humour, as they ought to be, in the hands of George Parsons Lathrop and Edward Everett Hale.

THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED (MacMillan's) contains the conclusion of W. Clark Russell's sea-story "Jenny Harlowe." This serial, while it has not perceptibly added to the brilliant reputation of its gifted author, is still excellently told, and replete with that dramatic charm which characterises all his work. "Recollections of Suakim" is a timely and readable paper, richly illustrated. Hugh Thomson, the quaint artist of a bygone age, gives us a series of pictures founded on a ballad of 1609. The best sustained paper in the number is an elaborate description of the unequalled Marine Laboratory situated at St. Andrews, founded in 1882, and containing on a large scale, everything necessary to the vast and important subject.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for July contains excellent matter and many new names. Foremost among the heavier articles is one entitled "The Problem of Discipline in Higher Education," in which an endeavour is made to prove the existing standard of morality in American Colleges, a very high one, and to suggest means of reformation where, as in many educational centres, the moral teaching is not on a par with the aesthetic and intellectual. The writer, N. S. Shaler, is evidently familiar with College phenomena, and has been a close companion of Howard students for many years. Henry James and Edwin Lasseter Bynner contribute instalments of their serials—not very interesting, by the way, while Sarah Orne Jewett sends a typical New England sketch. A lengthy paper on "Trotting Races," by H. C. Meriom, will be read by specialists in turf matters, but hardly by anyone else. "Books of the Month" are concisely handled, and the initial article on Cicero, by Harriet Waters Preston, is very good reading indeed. The poetry—usually of a high order—is entirely absent this month.

#### LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

IT is said that Alphonse Daudet thinks of visiting this continent at an early date.

ANDREW CARNEGIE accompanied Mr. Gladstone to North Cape to see the "midnight sun."

MR. THOMAS NAST, the caricaturist, has returned to New York City after a long sojourn in California.

EDNA D. CHENEY has written "The Life of Louisa M. Alcott," her long-time friend. It will be published in the fall.

THE EARL OF FIFE, who is to marry Princess Louise, of England, is perilously near forty, but looks and acts like a much younger man.

IN London, Robert Louis Stevenson's latest story, "The Wrong Box," is condemned "because he uses a corpse as the motive."

ONE of the steady prize-winners at the amateur photographers' exhibitions in New England is Alice Longfellow, a daughter of the poet.

WILLIAM BLACK is finishing a new novel dealing with theatrical and literary life in London, and describing deer shooting and salmon fishing in the Highlands.

IN the "Knickerbocker Nugget" series is promised "The Boyhood and Youth of Goethe," compiled and arranged from his autobiography, in two volumes.

IT is reported that Mrs. Croly (Jennie June) will shortly begin the publication of a new magazine for women, under the title, "The Woman's Century."

MAX O'RELL has accepted a second invitation to lecture in Canada and the United States. His first appearance will be in January, at Boston, under the auspices of the Press Club.

CHARLES G. LELAND has just recovered from a lingering illness in Italy. He is now at work upon a series of handbooks of the minor arts and industries, which will be published soon.

"IN the Valley of the St. Eustache," a charming short story by Mrs. S. Frances Harrison, is now published in Canada for the first time. We take it from the *American Magazine*, where it originally appeared.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD has had an imperial Persian order conferred upon him, the Shah having recently been made acquainted with Arnold's poem, "With Sa'di in the Garden," published in THE WEEK a short time ago.

ACCORDING to the German *Magazine of Stenography* the proceedings of the Japanese Parliament are reported *verbatim* by means of a stenographic system original in Japan. The characters are written in perpendicular rows from right to left.

THE July number of *Blackwood's* will contain a story by Mr. Oscar Wilde on the subject of Shakespeare's sonnets. Mr. Wilde will put forward an entirely new theory as to the identity of the mysterious Mr. W. H. of the famous preface.

AMONG the ministers who travel with the Shah is Mohammed Hassan Khan Ekbalus Saltane. He is chief of the Press. He not only supervises all publications in Persia, but himself edits four papers, the *Ivan*, the *Etela*, the *Echo of Persia*, and the illustrated *Scherev*. He has