

bottom of which, darkly and fitfully, appear the sinister features of Karl Marx, a wandering Jew, whose personal aims appear to be enveloped in mystery, but who no doubt expected by troubling the waters of society to take some kind of fish. This worthy we are told spent his days in studying politics and economy at the British Museum, and his nights in studying the working-men at their places of social resort. Armand Levi, another Jew, in the secret service of the French Empire, attempted to give the movement an Imperialist direction, but was cut short in his machinations by his master's fall. A predominating influence seems to have been at last excited by Bakounine, a gigantic Russian savage, and a type of the extravagant socialism and atheism to which the ill-balanced mind of the semi-barbarous Slave rebounds from the extreme of paternal despotism and superstition. Cluseret, politically if anything a Fenian, but who was above all things a military adventurer, opening the world oyster with his sword, also gained an influence which of course increased when, from organizing and speech-making, affairs began to tend towards fighting. Ultimately Tolain, the French chief of the industrial movement, was thrust aside, and the secret history of the International merged in the secret history of the Commune, at which point Mr. Onslow Yorke's work terminates.

In spite of the uneasiness felt, and not very wisely betrayed, by the European governments, we are disposed to think that the mine has been pretty well emptied of its explosive contents in the Parisian insurrection. The military circumstances of Paris after the siege, and the antagonism between the Parisians and the Assembly which represented the power of the despised and detested "rurals," furnished the Communist leaders with forces such as they are not likely again to command. Whether the International plays any important part in the industrial conflicts which still rage in Europe, and are unhappily extending themselves to this country, we are unable to say; but these conflicts present no feature at present which they did not equally present before the International came into existence.

FAIR TO SEE.—A novel. By Lawrence W. M. Lockhart. New York: Harper Brothers.

A good novel, with well drawn characters, and an interesting plot fairly woven out of character and situation, without assistance from the stores of the sensation scene-painter. The subject of the story is a shooting party in the Highlands, out of which grows a love affair between Bertrand Cameron and Eila McKillop who is "fair to see." The weak part of the novel is that Eila can hardly be said to be fair even to see. Her false and hateful character is visible from the beginning. The ultimate marriage of Eila with old Sir Roland Cameron is rather a repulsive incident, and there is a flatness in the way in which Bertrand, after his misadventure with Eila, falls back on Morna Grant. Mr. McKillop's end, perhaps, should have been excepted in saying that the tale was free from sensationalism; but it was necessary for the happy winding up of the piece to get rid of him. The author is a military man, and, like most of his profession, a strong Tory; and he cannot help mingling his politics with his fiction. When will

literary artists learn that art and controversy are incompatible with each other? It is true that the author, being a Tory of the good old type, is tolerably impartial between parties as they are, and abuses them pretty handsomely all round. Indeed, in his indignation at Conservative backslidings he is forced to confess that the Radicals are the best of the lot, which "is enough to break a gentleman's, not to say a patriot's, heart." Of the leaders of the two great parties he says, perhaps with more point than clearness, that "one (Mr. Gladstone) has a spasmodic conscience and a twisted brain, and the other (Mr. Disraeli) has a spasmodic brain and no conscience at all." Mr. Gladstone's army reforms are however unwittingly justified in the most forcible manner by the character of Coppinger, one of the best things in the book, and the true portrait of a large number of the wealthy triflers to whom the lives of British soldiers and the honour of the empire were entrusted under the old system. After Sadowa and Sedan it was high time to replace these men by soldiers professionally trained and devoted to their calling, who need not on that account be any the less gentlemen. The "Kicker" is no more a gentleman than he is a soldier.

DEAD MEN'S SHOES.—A Romance by Jeannette R. Hadermann, author of "Forgiven at Last." Philadelphia; J. B. Lippincott & Co.

This is decidedly a lively novel. The scene is laid in Louisiana. The plot runs through two generations of two families, but the interest centres in the attempt of Dr. John Reynard to dispose of his step-son and step-daughter, the first by a course of dissipation and absinthe, the second by marriage to a tool of his own in the person of his rascal brother. Like the evil spirit in a novel generally, Dr. Reynard makes all the fun, and we are really very sorry when his schemes are foiled by the virtuous and heroic Miss Bertha Lombard, and when he is ultimately drowned in a flood of the Mississippi. The bad characters, Dr. Reynard himself, his brother James and his wife, are well drawn; the good characters are rather flat, as is too apt to be the case. Miss Bertha Lombard, who is the angel of the piece, gets beyond the range of our sympathies from the moment when, being stabbed in the arm with a knife by her beloved, but demented cousin, she does not feel the stab, but only the word of reproach by which it was accompanied. There is something of the rawness of Louisiana in the scenery, moral and domestic as well as physical; and the ladies and gentlemen have a decided tinge both of the plantation and of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. "Deuced fine girls; star of the first magnitude; diamond of the first water; pearl without price; pretty as a pink; dances like a fay; face piquant; worth going in for; charming little witch; first class prize; sharp as a needle; manners of a little princess;" the world in which such phrases as these are current may safely be said not to be highly refined. Slavery is in the background, but has little to do with the tale. We must protest against many of the constructions and expressions, if they are tendered as English and not as the language of Louisiana. "From this out," "given up to be beyond comparison," "kissed him good-night," "hush talking nonsense," "would rank middling fair," "would have gone a