

an annexation of Egypt to the British empire—a most advisable step, if only in mercy to the oppressed Egyptians, but sounding strange when trumpeted forth by the party which has been driven almost rabid by any proposal looking to a disintegration of the rotten Turkish empire, whether it took the form of a free Christian government north of the Balkans, or the annexation of Eastern Armenia to Russia by way of war indemnity. The victory remains with Mr. Gladstone and the sound heart of England, and the bondholders, who have only themselves to blame, with their allies, the men of the clubs, may as well surrender at discretion. It is unnecessary to make any guesses at the position of affairs in Asia Minor. The Turks, we now know, have not retaken Ardahan, and we may be perfectly sure they have not re-possessioned themselves of Bayazid. Lying is necessary

just now at Constantinople, where matters have come to so wretched a pass that, every now and again, it is a question whether Russia will shake the Turk to pieces by external violence, or whether he will perish by spontaneous combustion or explosion within. The Russians, it may now be considered, have crossed the Danube on their extreme left. The advanced guard passed over at Ibraila into the Dobrudscha, seized the heights above Matchin after a brief skirmish with the Bashi-bazouks, and thus forced the evacuation of that town, which they immediately occupied. There are rumours of crossing also to the west, at Hirsova and Leni, but these are not confirmed, and we still wait patiently for the next act in the tragic drama, upon which the curtain is slowly rising.

June 23rd, 1877.

BOOK REVIEWS.

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER (Barry Cornwall).

An Autobiographical Fragment and Biographical Notes, with Personal Sketches of Contemporaries, unpublished Lyrics, and Letters of Literary Friends. Boston: Roberts Brothers, 1877; Toronto: Hart and Rawlinson.

This title, which we have purposely quoted in full, is rich in promise to the lovers of literary gossip who are aware of the wide circle of Mr. Procter's acquaintance among the most celebrated of two generations of writers. Those who need to be told of it, will find at an early stage in this little volume, 'a limited selection from the list,' which contains over eighty names, of which, as he cannot quote all, we will quote none. It must suffice to say that it includes almost every name which rose into fame in English literature during the eighty-seven years of Mr. Procter's life. His reminiscences, therefore, formed a mine of interest which it is all the more deeply to be regretted he did not work to a far greater extent, when we see the quality of the few rich nuggets which he did bring up. It was not until his seventy-ninth year that he commenced the fragmentary sketches which are here

given, numbering in all about twenty-three besides a short account of the 'London Magazine' and its brilliant staff. Mr. Coventry Patmore, who, aided by Mrs. Procter, has edited this volume, tells us that they form 'but a small portion of the portrait gallery' which it seems to have been Mr. Procter's long-cherished intention to paint, and they are evidently nothing more than very rough draughts; the MS. having many double readings, notes to the effect of 'correct this,' etc. Nevertheless, these 'Recollections,' in connection with the 'Letters from Literary Friends,' form undoubtedly the most interesting and valuable portion of the present volume.

There are few pleasures in a literary way surpassing that of having names, which we know and love as little more than names, clothed for us, as these are here, with distinctive personality. Procter's style is so simple and direct, that there is at first a temptation to call it unfinished; but its naïve abruptness wins upon us, and very soon we find ourselves in the hands of a master. When we close the book, the impression on our minds of each individuality is clear and firm, if broken and incomplete. Lamb, Leigh Hunt, and Hazlitt, among all his friends, were