

THE PERIODICALS.

THE *Magazine of American History* has an especial interest for Canadians this month. In treating of the life of Major-General Richard Montgomery, considerable prominence is given to Quebec, and the illustrations accompanying the letterpress possess a charm outside their artistic excellence. An "Antique View of Quebec," "Quebec and its Environs," "Prescot Gate," "St. John's Gate," "Palace Gate," the spot where Montgomery fell, "The Plains of Abraham," amongst others, are particularly valuable to younger historical students. An excellent portrait is given of Morgan, the leader of "shirted" riflemen. An able article treats of a lost tribe of Indians—The Natchez. "The Utah Expedition," and its consequences, and the lesson to be learnt from it, is ably treated by Jno. B. Robinson, who concludes: "Let our (American) surplus revenue be devoted to building vessels for the navy, the manufacture of modern artillery, and the fortification of our harbours, then with our volunteers always ready, the United States may defy the world in arms."

"OUTING," with the April number, commences a new volume—a good time for athletes and lovers of sport to begin subscription. As usual, bicycling, canoeing, rowing, yachting, archery, descriptive articles of these sports, hints and instructions on the best way to manage the appliances necessary, and stories based upon the delights of out-door recreation, are the bill of fare provided, whilst the illustrations which liberally intersperse the contributions relieve and assist the reader. The proprietors announce that an English edition is begun with this issue. It is unfortunate that the serials did not conclude with the March number, so that each volume might have been perfect in itself.

THE *Canadian Methodist Magazine* for April (William Briggs, Toronto) has a comprehensive list of contents, a principal and interesting item being an illustrated article on "Luther and his Monument," by Francis Huston Wallace, M.A., B.D. Judge Dean contributes a paper on "Christian Unity," which will commend itself to those who see in this the greatest possible usefulness for Protestantism. The first of a series of essays on "The United Empire Loyalists of Canada," from the pen of Willia Kirby, also appears. Easter is remembered in two poems—one a clever translation from the Latin by W. H. C. Kerx, M.A., Brantford.

THE *Continent* has two special features worthy of notice in its issue for April 2nd: A charming mediæval poem by Henry F. King, entitled "The Lamb of St. Just," and a readable paper on Walter Savage Landor, by Joel Benton.

BOOK NOTICES.

SOCIAL PROBLEMS. By Henry George. Chicago and New York: Belford, Clarke and Co.

Mr. George's book, and the theories he endeavours to sustain in it, have been so thoroughly discussed that nothing remains to be added at this time. In his European crusade, rejected by the Radicals and ridiculed by the Tories in England, he turned for comfort to Ireland; but so soon as Paddy understood that not only the broad acres of the Sassenach but his own potato plot would become public property under the gospel of "Social Problems," he would have none of it. With the Skye crofters in Scotland Mr. George's problems were demonstrated to an ignorant people having nothing to lose under any change, and so were received with something like favour. His book is singularly lacking in argument—equally strong in denunciation. He finds it much easier to denounce the corruption of the States and the graspingness of English aristocracy than to propose any practical scheme for the amelioration of these acknowledged evils. Mr. George, in common with many other enthusiastic originators of crude theories, is going through the bitter experience of seeing them crumble to pieces in the hands of ruthless political analysts.

OUR SCEPTERED ISLE, and its World-Wide Empire. By Alexander Macdonald. Montreal: Dawson Brothers, St. James Street.

In this little book Mr. Macdonald sets himself to trace the origin and development of the British Empire, "to mark the causes which have led to its growth and contributed to its present greatness." Naturally, in less than two hundred small pages of large type, he has been able only to touch the fringe of a gigantic subject, and in this connection is unavoidably disappointing. He writes enthusiastically but somewhat aimlessly about the "possibilities" of this huge empire, and from the rapid progress made it the latter half of the century augurs a still more advanced and near future. He occasionally breaks out into platitudes and is not altogether reliable in his facts.

MEMOIR AND RIME. By Joaquin Miller. New York: Funk and Wagnalls.

Truly "a most delightful mingling of sketches of travel, stories, and poems" by the facile pen of the popular and prolific journalist, told with the humour and pathos for which he has long been noted. The author gives leaves from his experience in New York, at the Franco-Prussian War, with Rossetti, etc., and in "In Memoriam" gives some recollections of men and events which occupy a prominent place in history. California, Colorado, and especially Oregon, are drawn upon for a fund of interesting anecdote and reminiscence. The author writes of a life he knows thoroughly, and with the pen of genius.

TWO KISSES. By Hawley Smart. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson and Brothers, Chestnut Street.

The versatile and popular author of "A Race for a Wife" takes for a motto the lines,

Methinks no wrong it were, if I should steal
From those two melting rubies one sweet kiss,

and upon it hangs perhaps his most successful romance. "Two Kisses" is a bright and snappy love story in London fashionable life, is full of dramatic situations, the plot of which is intensely interesting. This is not to say, however, that the novel is of high tone. On the contrary, it is *apropos* of nothing beyond describing the more or less questionable lives of two women in a style sufficiently good *pour passer le temps* with those who love purposeless reading; though, to be sure, the "goody-goody" character is not forgotten. The author well sustains his reputation as a descriptive writer, and interweaves a web of fun throughout the work.

THE JOYS OF LIFE. By Emile Zola. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

La Joie de Vivre is one of M. Zola's most powerful productions, and is unquestionably a remarkable book. Whether it is healthy reading is another matter. There is a weird, almost ghastly fascination in tracing the miseries of the characters in this satirically-named work. Death and disease are scattered unsparingly by the author amongst his creations, and even a poor dog is made to have paralysis of the hind-quarters. Indeed, he seems to take a special delight in portraying the miseries of existence in strong colours, and the result, though he cannot be accused of insulting the proprieties so far as language or moral tone are concerned, is repulsive, and is calculated to disgust the reader with life generally. A profoundly pessimistic view of humanity is taken by M. Zola, and this work will be an interesting study to the psychologist of the future.

NEWPORT. By George Lathrop. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

"Newport" is a novel—at least so we are led to believe; but careful perusal of its contents fails to detect any plot, or, indeed, any incident. It is chiefly a string of aimless conversations, conducted on the part of some of the male talkers in the most objectionable of slang. Nor can much be said for the loveliness of the principal male character—Eugene Olyphant—who is made to show a letter written to his deceased wife by the deceased husband of a widow to whom he is devoted. She, consumed by a fierce, posthumous jealousy, revenges herself by drawing Olyphant on to love her, then refusing him. The scene of the "novel" is Newport, and the author's most successful efforts are those in which he satirizes its fashionable follies.

A GUIDE BOOK TO CAPE BRETON, with an original map and a plan of Louisburg, has been issued in handy form by G. E. Morton, Halifax, N.S. "Cape Breton," said a recent visitor, has "the grandest and most picturesque scenery which the Province of Nova Scotia can produce."

LITERARY GOSSIP.

THE effect of a peerage:—The English papers report that Lord Tennyson has written the following letter and as yet unpublished lines in answer to a request for his autograph from the Secretary for the Chelsea Hospital for Women, to be sold at the forthcoming bazaar in aid of the hospital funds:—"Sir,—I send you a stanza from a poem of mine—written half a century ago—as you say you wish for a verse of mine:—

Not he that breaks the dams, but he
That thro' the channels of the State
Convoys the people's wish, is great,
His name is pure, his fame is free."

TENNYSON.

THOSE who do not know the literary rank of *Vanity Fair*, might be deceived into attributing some slight importance to the following cutting from its columns which is going the rounds of the American press. *Vanity Fair* is almost unknown out of London, and owes the small place it holds in flunkeydom to the clever cartoons of public characters which appear each week. Its principal features are backstairs court and aristocratic tittle-tattle and personalities as broad as the law allows:

"The lecture was reeled off in a yawning, lazy, indolent fashion. It was only interesting because from some kind of critical impudence Mr. Arnold had had the bad taste to deliver it at Boston to those who reverence the memory of the gentle New England philosopher-poet. The lecture brought the sage of Oxford into anything but good repute. Where not dull the lecture was a tissue of captious contempt rather than of analytic criticism."

THE late Charles Buxton, whose nobly ingenuous mind could not fail to be impressed by Maurice's spiritual authority, told me once that he had recently mentioned him to Lord Macaulay, asking if he had in any way become acquainted with him. "Oh, that is the man," answered Macaulay, in a tone of scornful impatience, "that wants to apply a sponge to the national debt." Charles Buxton expressed a doubt whether this was so; but Lord Macaulay was quite confident that he was right. I was unable to guess what could be meant, so I asked Mr. Maurice himself if he could suggest any explanation. "I think," said Mr. Maurice, with a patient smile, "he must have confused me with Francis Newman, who has proposed some questionable plan of paying off the debt."—*J. Llewellyn Davies, in Contemporary Review.*