

copying. But it is out of place when it occurs in parts of a tale which does not pretend to be written in that vein throughout.

Take, for example, Augustus Brambler. It is not too much to say that but for the great and gifted Wilkins Micawber, Augustus would never have been the man he is in these pages. Micawber is his spiritual or god-parent. Like Micawber, Brambler prospers in no line of life. Like him, his expectations, his belief in himself, are stupendous—his plans for the future magnificent. He oscillates between "the clerical, the legal, and the scholastic." Wherever he goes he is poor but hopeful, and Wilkins himself had no more children than Augustus has. These children, by another touch à la Dickens, he familiarly names by the dates of the years in which they were born, in order to carry out a theory of his. "Childhood catches the measles and whooping-cough and shakes them off, but a child never shakes off the influence of the year in which it was born. My son, Forty-five, is restless and discontented. That is easily explained, if you think of the events of that year. A tendency, my boy, which you will have to combat during life. Like asthma." In running over the family list to Pulaski, the latter notices a *lacuna* between '50 and '52.

"I was afraid to ask after '51, for fear there had been a loss, but I suppose the question showed in my face, because the family faces instantly clouded over."

"'We never had a Fifty-one,' said Augustus, sorrowfully."

The old artillery-man in "Bleak House," who named his children "Malta" and "Gibraltar," after the garrison towns in which they were born, will at once recur to the reader's mind.

Certainly Augustus's fooling is very amusing. Micawber himself need not have been ashamed of this little eulogy which Augustus delivers upon Mrs. Brambler's first cousin, whose service in Her Majesty's navy was cut short, after lasting three weeks, for "inebriation while on duty. He might have done well, perhaps, in some other Walk—or shall we say, Sail?—of life, if he had not in fact continued drunk. To every bold rover comes his day. (Here Augustus rolled his head, and tried to look like a buccaneer.) Your mother's cousin, children, may be regarded as one who fell—in action."

Thackeray, too, is laid under contribution, and in a more barefaced manner. The old sea-captain, who for some time is inclined to form himself on the model of Captain Cuttle, and to address the heroine invariably as "my pretty," finally becomes an adherent of Thackeray. When Leonard comes home after a five years' absence, the old man greets him with that allusion to the return of one who brings "his sheaves with him," which is used so touchingly in *Esmond*. When the good old

captain is gathered to his fathers in the last chapter, he cannot expire without pirating Colonel Newcome's touching and natural "*Adsum!*" in the following overdrawn manner.

"He lifted his figure and sat upright. . . his eyes flashed with a sudden light . . . he lifted his hand to the peak of his cap as he reported himself.

"'Come aboard, Sir!'"

"Then his hand dropped, and his head fell forward. The captain was dead."

We must also complain of the way in which the book is got up. Too clearly it has never had the authors' eyes upon it since it was reprinted from the *Magazine*. It teems with repetitions and contradictions, misprints and mistakes. In two chapters (ten and twelve) the expression, "long, long, canker of Peace," occurs no less than three times, and is referred each time to Tennyson, with the most exasperating air, as though it were a brand-new idea.

The dates and sequences of events are hopelessly muddled. You see an occurrence looming in the immediate future; it is definitely fixed for to-morrow, but in the next chapter, perhaps, you have a full account of the events of three or four intervening days, and finally, when the occurrence does take place, you are told that the warning, which must be dated nearly a week back, was really given last night! Three people walk abreast, A at the left hand of B, and C at the right hand of A,—rather a difficult puzzle to work out!

We are afraid the authors must also stand chargeable with the following delinquencies: "One of his *only* friends;" "Augustus is with them, bearing in his hands a pair of new white cotton gloves, and an air of immense dignity;" "a great stillness *became suddenly*." A good many other little slips, such as "orange-blower" for "organ-blower," may be put down to the proof-reader or editor, but almost all are attributable to the haste with which this reprint has been put forth without the benefit of the authors' revision.

MADAME GOSSELIN. By Louis Ulbach. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; Toronto, Hart & Rawlinson.

Madame is tall and pale, her features clear and cold, her dress as strict as her religion, her religion as regular as her fast-moving knitting needles, which bear divided sway with it over her outward life. A very ordinary type of woman, you will exclaim; one we have met a hundred times in French novels before now. But you have not yet fathomed Madame's character, or found out why she takes to the opiate of ecstatic bead-telling to drown her thoughts