

the writer, though a prominent member of the Irish Land League, is very noticeable. Still it was impossible for such a man to write of the liberation of the Ionian Islands from the Protectorate of Great Britain (ch. 39), or of Poland's troubles (ch. 45), without thinking of what was going on in his own country. To Canadians the most interesting chapters will be those on the New Dominion and on the Civil War in America and what came of it. There are few blunders in the work, but every one will notice the curious mistakes into which the author falls with regard to the Tractarians (ch. 63). When published with a good Index, the whole work will be a most useful book of reference upon the reign of Queen Victoria.

Turning to the Early History of Charles James Fox from Justin McCarthy's work, one is immediately struck by the difference between a practised writer like Mr. McCarthy, and a comparative beginner like Mr. Trevelyan. Encouraged by the success of the Life of Lord Macaulay, its author has now made his beginning as an original historian. The chief faults of the work come from following too closely his uncle's style. There is a constant tendency to exaggeration and to the use of superlatives. The elder Pitt is "the noblest subject that King of England ever had," his triumphs "vast, rapid and durable beyond any which are related in the pages of Curtius of Livy," and the work continues in this manner throughout. In some things it would have been well if he had carried his imitation further. The sequence of events is by no means distinctly marked, and the sentences are often far from clear. The work, however, is a most exhaustive account of the era of corruption and littleness, which preceded the French Revolution and has won for the Eighteenth Century its bad name. The present volume, which we may hope is only a first instalment, takes the history down to the year 1774.

"Endymion" has attracted greater attention than it deserves. Interesting solely as the work of a prominent statesman, it has been the subject of conversation and newspaper comment for the last month. There are a few bright things in it, but on the whole it is dull reading, except to those whose knowledge of English politics renders it interesting as a kind of historical puzzle. It has been roughly handled in the January number of the *Bystander*. The book however is hardly of sufficiency consequence to justify the severity. It will probably be forgotten in six months time.

Tennyson's new volume of poems compares much more favourably with his earlier works, than does Endymion with Vivian Grey. Some of the poems such as Rizpah, the Northern Cobbler, the Revenge and Lucknow are of very high merit. But whatever value may ultimately attach to the Laureate's last volume, as a collection of poems, there can be little doubt of its interest as illustrating the Social and Religious state of England. The artistic perfection of our poet has always been seen, his merits as a student of life, as a social philosopher and observer, have not been as often noticed. Yet it was obvious enough. With a few exceptions, the most striking poems, that compose this volume, may be described as studies of social phenomena from an