

and deftly incorporated into the machinery of the tale—the infamous gaolers and commissioners—are powerfully delineated. The various leading scenes in the story, notably the attack on the Castle Ste. Luce, the tragedies of prison life, the escape of the Duc Des Illes, with his companions, through the Catacombs of Paris, are each drawn with a graphic power it would be hard to parallel.

I do not hesitate to consider this novel, in its life-like and human qualities, and affluence of striking adventures and scenes, one of the most noteworthy of our own era. It is a story to be read for its faithful interpretation of a great crisis in history, and for the sheer pleasure of following an exciting and well-constructed narrative—one of the greatest pleasures given to man. It appears to me, that it approaches the ideal in both those respects. History loses nothing in being lit up by imagination, especially in a tale like this wherein the characters unfold themselves by words and actions. It is when romance is tricked out as history and given that name, mischief is done. The sensational element, when used for a legitimate object and confined within bounds, is a valuable one. The ideal story almost tells itself, just as the perfect lyric suggests the air to which it should be sung.

