

one of them the term "ideal" may seem hardly to apply, yet each may boast that here it is ideal in presentation at the least. The selections cover as wide a range as exists between Shelley's "Skylark" and Burns' "A Man's a Man for a' That." One feels it almost ungracious to draw any comparisons between the illustrations, when all in one way or another are so good. But Mr. Sandham's work must be mentioned, a drawing as vigorous, spirited, and fresh as Browning's poem which it illustrates. Finely interpretive also is Mr. Hovenden's drawing for "The Three Fishers." The illustrations to "The Skylark," and "Three Years She Grew in Sun and Shower," drawn by Mr. E. H. Garrett and Mr. Parker Hayden, are exceedingly poetical in treatment. A strange piece of impressionism, inviting and rewarding attentive study, is that by Mr. Harper for "Ring Out, Wild Bells." The engraving, by Kilburn, is admirable.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- THE ROYAL CANADIAN READERS, I. to V. Toronto: Canada Publishing Co. (limited.)
 AN AMBITIOUS WOMAN. A Novel, by Edgar Fawcett. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
 ANCIENT EGYPT IN THE LIGHT OF MODERN DISCOVERIES, by Professor H. S. Osborn, LL.D. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. Illustrated, with map.
 ESSAYS ON EDUCATIONAL REFORMERS, by Robert H. Quick, M.A. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. Limp cloth.
 TWO KISSES, by Hawley Smart. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. Morocco cloth and paper.
 IVANHOE, by Sir Walter Scott. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. Cheap edition, paper.
 THE EPIC OF AN ALP, by Starr H. Nichols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
 SONGS OF FAIR WEATHER, by Maurice Thompson. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.
 POEMS, ANTIQUE AND MODERN, by Charles Leonard Moore. Philadelphia: John E. Potter & Co.
 Vols. II. and III. of "THE CONTINENT." Philadelphia: Our Continent Publishing Co.
 IDEAL POEMS. Illustrated by American artists. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.
 AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY, by Anthony Trollope. New York: John W. Lovell Co.
 THE SPANISH GIPSY AND OTHER POEMS, by George Eliot. New York: John W. Lovell Co.
 WORLD LIFE, OR COMPARATIVE GEOLOGY, by Alexander Winchell, LL.D. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.
 A COMPREHENSIVE BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY, by E. A. Thomas. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.

THE PERIODICALS.

THE *Century* for December is wonderfully rich. This magazine appears to be surpassable only by itself. We thought nothing could be better in magazine literature than the November number, until this one came to hand and we were enlightened. Mr. F. G. Heath's exceedingly readable paper on Devonshire—"The Fairest County in England"—is illustrated by a series of sketches exquisite alike in choice of subject and in rendering, engraved with a delicacy of feeling beyond praise. H. H. writes of the city of Los Angeles with her wonted variety and freshness of observation, but with her equally wonted profuseness. One cannot but wish for a little more condensation in her work. There is a more than clever short story called "One Chapter," by Miss Grace Denio Litchfield, which ends a trifle provokingly, after the usual fashion of short stories in this periodical. Mrs. Van Rensselaer writes of George Fuller; these papers of hers on American artists are always valuable. Mr. Stevenson in "The Silverado Squatters," completed in this number, gives us a sweet-flavoured compound of description and semi-humorous narrative. Whoever has read these papers has tasted of life upon the mountains. In the department of "Open Letters" Alfred Arden discusses some "Recent American Novels," and Rev. Washington Gladden sounds a true note on "Hurricane Reform." Bric-à-Brac contains a pleasant little poem entitled "Nancy," by John A. Fraser, jr., of Toronto. The more important fiction,—Cable's "Dr. Sevier," "The Bread-Winners," James's "Impressions of a Cousin," and Robert Grant's "An Average Man,"—cannot be adequately dealt with in this brief space, and will therefore receive notice in our next issue. The following extract is a translation from Bric-à-Brac of one of Tourguéneff's "Poems in Prose":—

There lived a fool in the world. For a long time he remained content and happy; but slowly rumours reached him that everywhere he was held to be a brainless idiot. Grieved was the fool, and began to think how he could stop these slanders. A sudden idea lightened his poor darkened brain, and without delay he began to execute it. He met an acquaintance on the street, who praised highly a renowned painter. "Mercy!" exclaimed the fool, "this painter is almost forgotten. You do not know that? I did not expect to find you so naïf. You are behind the time!" His acquaintance blushed and hurriedly agreed with the fool. "What a beautiful book I read to-day!" another acquaintance said to him. "Beg pardon! are you not ashamed? This book is good for nothing; all have long ago abandoned it." And this acquaintance also made haste to agree with the fool. "What a marvellous man is my friend N. N.!" said a third

acquaintance to the fool. "Why!" exclaimed the fool, "N. N. is known to be a scoundrel! to have robbed all his relatives! Who does not know that? I pity you!" The third acquaintance did as the others, and forgot his friend. Whomsoever or whatsoever was praised in the presence of the fool, he made always a similar reply, adding sometimes the refrain, "And you believe yet in authorities?" "Malicious, captious man!" began the fool's acquaintances to say of him, "but what a head! and what a tongue!" added the others. "Ah! he is a man of talent!" It ended in a publisher's asking the fool to control the critical section of his paper; and he began to beguile everybody, without changing his expressions or exclamations. And now he who inveighed so much against authorities is himself an authority, and the youth worship and fear him. And what are the poor youth to do? If even it is not proper, generally speaking, to worship, fail to do it here and you will be pronounced stupid. Fools can make their way among cowards!

THE New York *Critic*, which has no superior, in our estimation, among the purely literary journals now printed in our language, is a strenuous, though by no means blind, advocate of Walt Whitman. We quote from an article by Whitman, entitled "Our Eminent Visitors," contained in a late number:—

Welcome to them, each and all! They do good—the deepest, widest, most needed good—though quite certainly not in the ways attempted, which have, at times, to an appreciative nostril, a scent of something irresistibly comic. We have had Dickens and Thackeray, Froude, Herbert Spencer, Oscar Wilde, Lord Coleridge—and now Matthew Arnold and Irving the actor. Some have come to make money—some for a "good time"—some to help us along, and give us advice—and some undoubtedly to investigate, *bona fide*, this great problem, democratic America, looming upon the world with such cumulative power through a hundred years. But alas! in that very investigation—at any rate, the method of that investigation—is where the deficit most surely and helplessly comes in. Let not Lord Coleridge and Mr. Matthew Arnold (to say nothing of the illustrious actor) imagine that when they have met and surveyed the etiquetrical gatherings of our wealthy, distinguished, and sure-to-be-put-forward-on-such-occasions citizens, they have "seen America," or captured any distinctive clue or purport thereof.

To my mind America, vast and fruitful as it appears to-day, is even yet, for its most important results, entirely in the tentative state. Its very formation—stir and whirling trials and essays, more splendid and picturesque, to my thinking, than the accomplished growths and shows of other lands, through European history, or Greece, or all the past. For to-day and the States, I think the vividest, rapidest, most stupendous processes ever known, ever performed by man or nation, on the largest scales and in countless variety, are now and here presented. Not as our poets and preachers are always conventionally putting it—but quite different. Some colossal foundry, the flaming of the fire, the melted metal, the pounding trip-hammers, the surging crowds of workmen shifting from point to point, the murky shadows, the rolling haze, the discord, the crudeness, the deafening din, the disorder, the dross and clouds of dust, the waste and extravagance of material, the shafts of darted sunshine, through the vast open roof-scuttles aloft—the mighty castings, many of them not yet fitted, perhaps delayed long, yet each in its due time with definite place and use and meaning—such, more like, is a symbol of America.

THE December *Manhattan* shows what rapid strides this young magazine is making. In external appearance it is the most tasteful periodical that comes to our table. Its poetry is perhaps the best of the month;—nothing has lately been done more exquisite than Mr. Austin Dobson's "Ballad of the Judgment of Paris." Mr. Julian Hawthorne concludes his "Beatrice Randolph;" and also contributes an article on Trollope, under the title of "The Maker of Many Books." It is very interesting to read the views of this distinctly greater, though less popular, novelist on one who achieved such wonderful success as did Trollope. Mr. Hawthorne has a warmer admiration for the personality of Trollope than for his writings. Mr. Edgar Fawcett gives two more chapters of "Tinkling Cymbals," which grows in interest, and is as keen and polished as a rapier. The scene is laid, so far, in Newport, which is engrossing much literary attention this year. One of the most judicious critiques we have yet seen on "The Poetry of Matthew Arnold" is written by Mr. Joel Benton. "A Corner of Acadia," of which we give an extract below, is an appreciative and unusually correct account of St. John and its vicinity. Its chief fault is a not unnatural tendency to find an Acadian, an Indian, or a half-breed in almost every New Brunswicker:—

Back again at Indiantown we heave to and disembark. If you desire a little violent exercise which will give you "a good shaking up," you can do no better than take here "an army-worm" for a ride up and down the cliff-like streets of St. John, hewn as they are out of the solid rock. "Army-worms" is what the hack-coaches of St. John are called. Why "army" I cannot say, except the antique horse and vehicle be a genuine relic of the armies of the Revolution, which seems quite possible. The philology of "worm" as referring to the pace is patent enough. When the tide serves one may shoot the rapids below Indiantown in almost any kind of craft. The St. John River is four hundred and fifty miles long; numerous tributaries, big and little, empty their contents into its stream and give it altogether a navigable length of eight hundred miles. Fancy this great mass of water being discharged into the sea through a rocky gorge which, at one point, is not quite four hundred and fifty feet wide! The scene is striking when, at low tide, the foaming volume sweeps through with tremendous swirl. The walls of the gorge are steep and impressive, and they are spanned by a very graceful suspension bridge that adds to the picturesqueness of the place. But these rocky walls, pitiful to say, are defiled by the paint and whitewash of the murderous advertiser,