

be a Baronet, speaks uncommonly ungrammatical English, and one or two of the other characters drop the final "g" of the present participle in an alarming manner. We cannot praise this book, but it may amuse while it cannot do much harm to "sweet seventeen."

Each war that England has brings its crop of novels. "Comrades in Arms" takes in the Soudan War—perhaps we ought to write "Sudan War," but we will not. The book would make the foundation of a melodrama and reminds us not a little of "Youth," which was on the boards some years ago. People who like military stories will find this story much to their taste. V. C.'s reward the virtuous, and a miserable death the vicious, so it is all as it should be, but often is not.

"The Salt of the Earth" is a capital collection of stories. We like "Out of the Land of Egypt" best, but all the stories seem to us worth reading. The old maid's dairy at the end of the book depicts a very "green" old maid. There might exist such a person as the heroine describes herself to be, but we are inclined to think her feminine instincts would have made her guess the truth long before she did. This book we found much pleasure in reading and can recommend it to those who like short stories.

"Alton Locke" is the second volume in the Pocket Edition of Charles Kingsley's works now being published monthly by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. We have already noticed the first volume—"Hypatia"—and have expressed our warm appreciation of this beautiful little edition. The Prefatory Memoir by the famous author of "Tom Brown's Schooldays," with which the present volume is enriched, naturally adds greatly to the interest attached to this reprint of "Alton Locke." Mr. Hughes is one of the few survivors of those who were most intimately associated with Kingsley at the time to which the book and the tract which is appended to this Memoir refer. It was a critical time, 1848 to 1856, in modern English history, and especially in the history of the working classes.

We owe Messrs. Macmillan & Co. a great debt of gratitude for the series of standard novels which they are issuing. After a long course of modern works of fiction it is a pleasure to turn to one of the novels which delighted our fathers, and which have stood the test of time. Of these we have five before us at the present time—volumes plainly but handsomely bound and beautifully printed, in each case furnished with an introduction by a competent writer—and we may add that they are issued at a moderate price. The first volume contains two stories by Miss Edgeworth, "Castle Rackrent" and "The Absentee," stories which may be read with interest and profit by all who wish to understand the seemingly interminable Irish Question. To these there is a capital introduction by Anne Thackeray Ritchie, by no means the least valuable part of the book. The next volume is Scotch, containing two stories by John Galt, "The Annals of the Parish" and "The Ayrshire Legatees." The introduction in this case is by Alfred Ainger, the present Master of the Temple, and it is excellent. We confess to not having read these two stories before, but if other readers get as much pleasure out of them as we did they ought to be satisfied. The third volume is the famous and ever fresh story of the sea, "Tom Cringle's Log," which we had enjoyed in our boyhood, and which we read again with the keenest interest. These three books are not only interesting in themselves but of great value for the vivid way in which is depicted the life of the days now gone forever, the days before steam had revolutionized the world.

"Hajji Baba of Ispahan," by James Morier, is well-known as a most accurate and valuable picture of Persian Life, and the introduction is by the Hon. G. Curzon, M.P., the present Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, who has taken pains to acquaint himself by personal observation of Eastern manners and customs.

Thomas Love Peacock, the author of the two stories which make up the last of the five volumes only died in 1866, but his stories belong to the early part of the present century. "Maid Marion" is a delightful romance of the days of Robin Hood, and the companion story, quite different in character, is the well-known "Crotchet Castle." We may add to what we have said before that the illustrations are uniformly good. These books should be found on the shelves of any one who wishes to have a library at all representative of English fiction.

## Love's Expression.

Be not of thought too eager,  
Be not of speech too bold;  
For love, deep love, that mystic thing,  
Can never all be told.

It ebbs from our expression,  
It flies thought's vocal shore;  
But o'er the brooding secret heart  
It floweth evermore.

And when the dear one cometh  
Its light is a speaking eye;  
Its word is half a lyric throb,  
And half a breaking sigh.

ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART.

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## Letters to the Editor.

### GLADSTONIAN INACCURACIES.

SIR,—I have to confess that I have been much interested in "Fairplay Radical's" criticisms of Gladstone and his inaccuracies, and have been much instructed by the articles. I desire, however, to draw the learned gentleman's attention to the fact that though Englishmen may be proud of the fact that the ex-Premier is not of English extraction I desire to express my satisfaction as a Scotchman that he did not get his training in Scotland. England must assume her full responsibility for the result of her teaching in respect to his inaccuracies.

H. B. CALLAVINE.

Millbrook, Sept. 25th, 1895.

COBDEN.

SIR,—The Montreal Herald abuses me for having, in THE WEEK of July 19 and 26, ventured to tell the truth about Cobden, and it calls me "a silly old Tory." Quoting from an old writer, I reply "pray Goody (Herald) moderate the rancour of your tongue." The Herald apparently believes that if a man fearlessly states unpleasant truths he must be a Tory. Practically this is a great compliment to Conservatives. It also alleges as blameworthy, that my criticisms "are popular with the Canadian Conservative press and are going from journal to journal." I am pleased to know this.

The Herald's language is an instance of the reckless and untruthful style of writing which it is my humble task to expose. Editors are often careless in selecting assistants. One question to such should be, "Can you write fairly and truthfully?" Another, "Will you honestly try to do so?"

In the articles vituperated I scrupulously kept to facts, quoted authorities, and gave Cobden credit for his beneficial work; but in the cause of truth referred to some of his wrongdoings. His attempt—1861-5—by false statements to excite the Americans against England was disgraceful, especially as he posed as a great advocate of "peace on earth, good will towards man." His letter to Sumner (which I quoted), stating that, under trying circumstances, England had behaved well during the civil war, proves my case. The poetry quoted by The Herald is a capital instance of the "florid" writing condemned by the poet. "He worshipped peace"—why, then, did he at a very critical time blow up the embers of strife? Byron's words forcibly apply:—

"Nor florid prose, nor honied lies of rhyme  
Can blazon evil deeds, or consecrate a crime."

Cobden's ignominious rejection by his own constituency does not tally with The Herald's pious belief anent his memory. It was an Irishman who reproachfully observed to a friend:—

"It was all very well to dissemble your love  
But—oh, why did you kick me down stairs?"

The leading Radical journal (1860) representing the intelligent fair-play Radicals—although it praised him for the good that he had done—condemned his notoriously unpatriotic conduct. England's opponents could always rely upon Cobden. As I have previously stated, in private life he was a worthy man, but in politics (outside of Free Trade) he often did more harm than good. The Cobden Legend will ultimately share the fate of the French Revolutionary Legend.

Toronto, Sep. 25th.

FAIRPLAY RADICAL.