

gloomily majestic wife, whose tragic utterances are constantly snubbed by her younger daughter, while the elder consoles their father, is almost a transcript from the Wilfer family in *Our Mutual Friend*. Miss Jay has originality enough not to need the help of plagiarism, and no one would take such well-known goods wittingly; but the resemblance is so close that unconscious memory must have been at work when she was writing that episode of her story.

The *Millionaire* is one of those international novels, half English and half American, which have come up of late years, and is a fairly successful example of the genus. It belongs rather to the school of Mr. Laurence Oliphant than to that of Mr. Henry James, and indeed the points of resemblance to the former writer are not infrequent. One or two quite minor turns of phrase show that the author has real acquaintance with things American; and the *Millionaire* himself, Dexter File, of New York, is a careful study, blended of the characteristics, so far as known, of two or three celebrated railway kings of Wall Street. But the part of the book which probably gave the author most pleasure in writing—that concerned with English politics—cannot be pronounced a success. It does not lack cleverness; but his party views, which are very definitely those of *Blackwood's Magazine*, have too much animosity in them to allow of sufficient lightness and playfulness in the intended satire. In drawing the portraits of two distinguished politicians of the Liberal school as Mr. Spinner and Mr. Chirp he has committed the literary mistake of making the former speak, not a clever burlesque of his actual style (which would have been an amusing feat to accomplish), but as he would speak if he were, on the one hand, the conscious impostor which the author thinks him, and, on the other, had one foot inside the Palace of Truth and the remaining one in the open, so as to betray himself in alternate sentences. For example, Mr. Spinner is represented in one place as giving a lecture on Parliamentary tactics to a rising young man of his party, of good position and high personal honour, on whom he is about to bestow office, and is telling him to avoid making direct charges against political opponents, which might be difficult or impossible of proof, but to blacken their characters by innuendo and indirect inference, as at once a safer and a surer way. Now, without question, even on the hypothesis that the author's diagnosis of character is just, a political Pecksniff would not expose himself in such a fashion, we do not say to a young and ardent admirer, but to his very innermost self. He would keep up appearances to his own conscience, and take himself in before trying his hand on the public. As to Mr. Chirp, who is described as "a small man in a great place," no fun is produced out of him for the reader's benefit—whether because the author preferred to concentrate his powers on Mr. Spinner, or because he had not made a preliminary study for the subordinate personage. Anthony Trollope's public men, though far from his best sketches, are more life-like and more diverting.

*Loving and Serving* is a gracefully told story of a series of episodes in the life of a

very charming young lady. There is little plot, and not very much incident, what there is being intended solely as the frame and background, with other accessories, of the central portrait. Mary Martha Brooke, whose twofold fore-name is intended to symbolise her character, as otherwise shadowed in the title of the book, is shown to us under a variety of conditions: in the house of some cousins, who, though affectionate enough in their degree, find her superior attractiveness a little in the way of their promotion; in the French home of a poor and widowed aunt with two daughters; in the old manor-house of a wealthy great-uncle whose next heir she is, and who takes her up after long neglect; in her own love-affair, and so forth—in each and every case displaying cheerful helpfulness, a pretty mingling of impetuosity in manner with self-restraint in action; a young girl's taste for liveliness and excitement, with a mature woman's resolution in making the best of dull days and routine duties; readiness to submit to external dictation in details, and a firm will as to matters of principle, where resistance may become a duty, underlying her docility. Such is the heroine; and, despite a little excess in minute details of the small-beer description, which slightly fatigues the attention, her acquaintance is worth making.

Mr. Marion Crawford's new book is as clever in its way as its precursors, and, indeed, displays a faculty of which they gave but faint indications, if any—that of writing aphorisms, almost epigrams, with a cynical flavour perceptible, though not dominating them. His theme, however, is not a pleasant one, being the sufficiently trite subject of illicit love. His heroine, a handsome and clever woman of mixed race, English by the father's side and Russian by the mother's, unites some of the qualities of both stocks, having the perseverance (not to call it doggedness) of the Briton, blended with the impulsive self-abandonment in search of an ideal which so many Russian women have displayed in our time. She has muddled herself by tackling, with an untrained and illogical though receptive mind, the metaphysics of Hegel and of Herbert Spencer, and is the sport of her own varying moods and imaginative power of gilding what she likes for the time. She is wooed by one of the old Roman nobility, a Marchese Carantoni, young, handsome, wealthy, reasonably clever, and interested in serious affairs, a high-bred and high-minded gentleman in every fibre, and deeply in love with her. She clothes him with the attributes she thinks she would like in a lover, and accepts him. They marry, and immediately she is disenchanting, taking the respectful courtesy he continues to show her as lack of ardour, and finding no romance in his methodical attention to those small details which make up most of the duties and comfort of life, but have no excitement about them. Just when she is wearying of it all, a man appears on the scene who embodies her Byronic ideal. He is an English traveller and professional author, of strong physique and stronger passions, and with a colour and vitality in his nature which correspond to like qualities in herself, while

contrasting with the more conventional disposition of her husband. We are told that he is thoroughly selfish and fickle, that he has the faculty of being madly in love many times over, and of doing anything to have his way while the frenzy lasts, even though bitterly sorry for the results when the fit has passed. He knows his weakness, and yet begins the old game anew with the heroine, whose sister-in-law is the only woman he had truly loved before, and who still retains some wholesome influence over him. However, it is not strong enough to prevent the catastrophe. He induces Leonora Carantoni to elope with him, and the shock unsettles the injured husband's brain. He eludes the keeper in charge of him, and follows the guilty couple to their retreat, where, in aiming at his injurer with a revolver, he shoots his wife, who throws herself in the path of the bullet. A second shot merely wounds her paramour; and the book ends with telling how, after a brief retreat among the recluses of Subiaco, he went back to his old life of newspaper correspondent, leaving the damaged lives of the Carantoni family behind him. There is no attempt to minimise the ugliness of the whole business, or to represent it as likely to have yielded lasting happiness had the Nemesis not come as it did. They have not got yet in America to viewing the matter from a Guy Livingstone standpoint. They are a moral people, and get divorces cheaply and easily when they tire of marriage, so that they eat their cake and have their cake in a fashion impracticable elsewhere, even in Prussia itself, and so achieve the same ethical results in a different fashion. Anyhow, the book can do no hurt, though it would have been easy to choose a pleasanter topic.

*In a Corner of the Vineyard* is a story of how some measure of Christianity and civilisation was introduced into a village of salt-workers, whose previous view was "that if buildens is tew be builded, let 'em be poobles an' not choorches." They undertake to "tackle" any parson who may attempt to convert them, and do so pretty vigorously when the mere thread-paper of a man who undertakes the task earns their disapproval by opposing an application for a licence for a new public-house. How he conquers in the long run is told with some graphic power and vividness, with no goody element to spoil it.

RICHARD F. LITTLEDALE.

#### GIFT-BOOKS.

*The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood*. Written and Illustrated by Howard Pyle. (Sampson Low.) Like two others who have devoted themselves to the restoration of the legendary lore of England—the late Sidney Lanier and Mr. James Baldwin—Mr. Howard Pyle is, we believe, an American. But, unlike them, Mr. Pyle is an artist as well as a storyteller. It is but four weeks since we spoke favourably of his illustrations to Mr. Baldwin's *Story of Siegfried*, which is issued by the same publishers. In the present case, however, we fear that he has attempted a too ambitious task. In a large quarto, than which nothing could be more handsomely turned out, he has undertaken to tell in prose the tale of Robin Hood, and to illustrate it profusely from his own designs. Of the text it is not needful to say much. The spirit and language of the old ballads seem

fairly well preserved, though much has been lost by abandoning their terseness. Nothing is contributed to the elucidation of the ballad cycle either in a preface or in notes. The illustrations are the main thing; and here we think that Mr. Pyle has not quite risen to the occasion. There is much wealth of appropriate detail and careful study of the figure, but somehow the scenes depicted are not alive. On one matter we can give ungrudging praise—the engraving has been carried out honestly on the blocks after a fashion that is German rather than American, without any adventitious aids. And the attention given to the head- and tail-pieces, the borders, and the initial letters leads us to infer that Mr. Pyle has been his own engraver. On this account we hail the book as a new departure in American art.

*Rhyme? and Reason?* By Lewis Carroll. With Sixty-five Illustrations by Arthur B. Frost and Nine by Henry Holliday. (Macmillan.) It is, we suppose, our own fault if we have expected too much from Lewis Carroll's new book. We are honestly told on the fly-leaf (as also in the advertisements) that, with the exception of some half-dozen pages, the whole is a reprint from "Phantasmagoria" and "The Hunting of the Snark." Of the new pieces, we must enter a mild protest against "Fame's Penny-Trumpet" as being savage rather than humorous; and we take the liberty of quoting the following entire:

"ECHOES.

"Lady Clara Vere de Vere  
Was eight years old, she said:  
Every ringlet, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden thread.

"She took her little porringer:  
Of me she shall not win renown:  
For the baseness of its nature shall have strength  
to drag her down.

"Sisters and brothers, little Maid?  
There stands the Inspector at thy door:  
Like a dog, he hunts for boys who know not two  
and two are four."

"Kinds words are more than coronets,"  
She said, and wondering looked at me:  
'It is the dead unhappy night, and I must hurry  
home to tea.'

Mr. Frost's illustrations are also new. They seem to us unequal, but they are most successful where to fail would have been little short of calamitous. "Ye Carpettes Knyghte" is a reminiscence of Tenniel; but we do not know that Tenniel himself could have surpassed the best of those to "Phantasmagoria"—e.g., on pp. 2 and 40.

*Pilgrim Sorrow: a Cycle of Tales.* By Carmen Sylva. Translated by Helen Zimmern. (Fisher Unwin.) Under the pseudonym of "Carmen Sylva" the young and beautiful Queen of Roumania has won for herself a literary reputation in Germany which is something more than a *succès d'estime*. Since 1878 her published works have followed one another quickly, though it is manifest that some of them were written in earlier days. To assign them their right position in literature would be as puzzling a task as a critic could undertake; nor do we care to judge from a single sample—and that a translation which does not run very smoothly. As with some other German books of the same class, an English reader will probably think that imagination has here got the better of sense. Under the form of an allegory, the miseries of human life are made to pass before us in almost all their hideousness. Of this perhaps we have no right to complain, for this, in sad truth, one aspect of the world. But we are compelled to consider some of the scenes as both involved and tedious. The impression left is as if we had listened to the recital of a bad dream. In short, a powerful book, but a painful.

*English Poets.* By John Dennis. "Heroes of

Literature" Series. (S. P. C. K.) This book is designed for young readers, and it is admirably fitted for its purpose. Mr. Dennis writes with full knowledge of his subject, and catholic sympathy with various kinds of excellence. He is familiar both with English poets and with their critics; and, making use of a highly cultivated judgment, he has put into small space some of the best results of the most recent criticism. His feeling for poetry is genuine, and he writes throughout with an eye to poetical qualities, at the same time taking care to give such biographical facts as would be likely to attract the interest of the young. The writer's enthusiasm for the subject colours the style without betraying him into extravagance. We do not know any book on English poets more suitable for young readers, or more likely to induce them to read poetry as poetry, and to guide their taste in right directions.

*Christmas Entertainments (1740).* Illustrated with many diverting Cuts. "The Vellum-Parchment Shilling Series of Miscellaneous Literature, No. IV." (Field and Tuer.) This little book is altogether superior in interest and importance to much of the popular literature of its time. It suggests very significantly how far 1740 was ahead of 1640 (and of 1690; too) in its healthy scepticism with regard to witches, hobgoblins, "buggybows," and the whole supernatural rout of them, and how the fraud, folly, and blood-thirstiness which had been fostered by such beliefs were in course of succumbing to the keen edge of ridicule. This is not a mere catchpenny story-book, but sets itself to prove, by means of wit and humour, that "Enchantment proceeds from nothing but the chit-chat of an old nurse, or the maggots in a madman's brain;" and that "the hobgoblins, the witches, the conjurers, the ghosts, and the fairies are not of any value, or worth our thought." It was a distinct advance in respect of culture and of humanity to point this moral in a form which would bring it within the reach of the peasant and his children; and therefore this little book (independently of its direct allusions to matters historical and literary) is valuable to the student of the eighteenth century in England. The days of the Lillies, the Aubreys, and the Glanvilles, of the astrologers and the witch-finders, had evidently in great measure passed away; and even if there passed away with them some of the romance and poetry of the life of the common people, something of the graceful witchery of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" and of "L'Allegro," still on the whole the world was the better. The wood-cuts are clever and characteristic, and in many instances have an Oriental simplicity and directness. The element of burlesque is carried into this department also: witness "The Hobgoblin Society," from an original painting of Salvator Rosa, and "Witches at an Assembly, from a capital piece by Albert Durer, as supposed by the hardness of the drawing." It is scarcely necessary to add that *Christmas Entertainments* is worth a shilling of anybody's money.

*In Paths in the Great Waters* (S. P. C. K.), Mr. C. N. Hoare has combined an excellent description of the trials and difficulties which were encountered by the first settlers in Virginia with a story narrating the special adventures of a young squire and his companions from Buckinghamshire who took part in the expedition. The historical part of the book is founded mainly on the *Description of New England* by that prince of adventurers, Capt. John Smith, and may be relied on for accuracy in its details. Why, however, does Mr. Hoare mention the "siege of Regel" and the "battle of Rottenton" without stating to what places he refers? If he can set his finger on them on the map himself, he can hardly expect that his readers, old or young, will be able to do so.

His book as a whole is one to be thoroughly recommended, being both well conceived and well executed.

*Jack O'Lanthorne.* (Blackie.) Under this rather strange title—the name of an old sailor who plays a leading part in the book—Mr. H. Frith tells the story of a boy born in 1765, who at an early age was seized at Portsmouth by a press-gang, served in the Royal Navy, and, finally, shared the lot of the garrison shut up in Gibraltar when the fortress was besieged by the Spaniards in 1779-82. The story, which is put into the mouth of the boy himself, is simply and graphically narrated, and is full of exciting adventures of various kinds. It will certainly be a favourite with all young readers.

*The Art Journal.* New Series. 1883. (Vir-tue.) In the bound volume, even more than in the monthly numbers, does the high standard maintained by the *Art Journal* show itself. Without presuming to depreciate the contributors of text, we are most impressed with the enterprise that gives us three plates every month—line-engravings, etchings, or facsimiles. About the last-mentioned we have one suggestion to make; and that is, that it would be as well to tell us something about the processes by which such different subjects as a pencil drawing by Mr. Ruskin, an oil-painting by M. Bouguereau, and a terra-cotta panel by Mr. Tinworth are reproduced. We are sorry to say it, but the etchings are, almost without exception, far finer than the engravings; and the wood-cuts leave something to be desired. Among the best are those that accompany Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole's two articles on "The Museum of Arab Art at Cairo."

*Leslie's Songs for Little Folks.* By Henry Leslie. (Cassells.) We are much indebted to the publishers for a cheap edition of this well-known book of music for the nursery. The old-fashioned little girls of Mr. Millais (for there are no boys) will come as a pleasant change to those who are beginning to weary of Miss Greenaway; nor will anyone complain that the subject of the frontispiece is not quite congruous with the rest. That such a choice book can be produced for eightpence seems almost incredible.

*Blue and Red; or, the Discontented Lobster.* His History related in Verse by Juliana Horatia Ewing, and painted in colours by E. André. (S. P. C. K.) We know of no combination that has been more happy this holiday season than that of Mrs. Ewing with Mr. André—the pungent wit of the one with the profuse imagination of the other. *Blue and Red* is no less effective than the *Verse-Books for Children* which we noticed last week.

MESSRS. SWAN SONNENSCHNEIN have continued their series of short biographies of historical personages with *Sir Walter Raleigh*, by F. L. Clarke, and a reprint of M<sup>de</sup>. Guizot's *Rachel Lady Russell*. They are unusually well printed, and the illustrations also are above the average.

WE have received the bound volumes of several popular magazines, than which nothing can be better Christmas presents to those who have not seen the monthly numbers. Specially would we mention *The Boys' Own Annual*, which seems to be printed on better paper than the parts; the *Leisure Hour*, which is full of interest as well as of instruction; and the *Union Jack*, which (we regret to find) has been unable to sustain the competition of the first mentioned.

MESSRS. DEAN AND SON have sent us *So Happy* and *At the Mother's Knee*, printed in gorgeous colours, which will please those most whose taste is least sophisticated; also three additions to their "Rose and Lily Series," which we are ourselves disposed to prefer to the larger volumes.