

ways seeking to stretch their authority over these disorderly places. The literary and the moral character of the plays, as used within or without the city, and so the time of beginning the acting, differed much. The difference of time was as great as between the middle of the day and the evening; and the low coarseness and baseness of the comedy and farce given at the houses of the cheaper sort were, in subject and language and action, even much worse than the foulness and coarseness of those of higher cost. For a penny or two one could go into pit or galleries, in leading playhouses, and into a box for sixpence or a shilling. A bloodless gown-and-town feud, often blazing, often, like most feuds, slumbering, existed between the citizens of London and the gayer of the courtiers; and this at times took in the players, as under the courtiers' shelter. The rabble was often on the side of the playhouses when some special indecency or immorality or mockery of the authorities had embittered the magistrates against them. The playwrights and players, on their side, took frequent revenge, and gave renewed offence by ridiculing, in their plays, the morals of the citizens in private life and in business, more often (we must think) grossly caricaturing them.

Against lewdness and wantonness and other wickedness on the stage, as in real life, were all good men and women, then as always; and against the acting of plays on Sundays, which great persons, royal and noble, were inclined to indulge themselves in, were all religious people. The Puritans, of whom for some generations there had been a good many, and a good many busy, were against plays of all sorts and all sorts of players. The character of most of the plays and the lives of many of the players furnished them ready and telling arguments, and their own boldness of speech went often far beyond the truth of facts. We can see how easily players, with the rest, bad men or good, could be brought within the range of sharp-sighted discipline, one way or other. An instance, excellently to the point, of the way in which authority took care of itself and asserted its claim a hundred years after the eighth King Henry had ceased to "wanton in the earth," we see in the diary of Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels, under date of June 4, 1638, as quoted by Dodsley. Herbert gives an extract from a play for which a license was asked, thus:

"Monys? Wee'le rayse supplies what ways we please,  
And force you to subscribe to blanks, in which  
Wee'le mutet you as wee shall thinke fitt. The Cæsars  
In Rome were wise, acknowledged no lawes  
But what their swords did ratifie, the wives  
And daughters of the senators bowinge to  
Their wills, as deities," etc.

Then he adds:

"This is a peece taken out of Phillip Messinger's play called *The King and the Subject*, and entered here for ever to bee remembered by my son and those that cast their eyes on it, in honour of Kinge Charles, my master, who, readinge over the play, at Newmarket, set his marke upon the place, with his owne bande, and in these words:

"This is too insolent, and to be changed."

"Note, that the poet makes it the speech of a king, Don Pedro, king of Spayne, and spoken to his subjects."

The hand there laid upon the offensive passage is that of the King, which had grasped tonnage and poundage and ship-money and a great deal more that did not belong to him without the gift of Parliament, and had turned the keys of the Tower and other prisons upon bishop and lay-patriot with impartial satisfaction and sureness. Fourteen years earlier, on the complaint of the Spanish Minister, King James had set the Lords of the Privy Council to hunting for and catching Thomas Middleton, Gent., and others of his Majesty's company of players, for the writing and acting of "A Game of Chess." For nine days, according to a private letter of the time, "all sorts of people, old and young, rich and poor,

masters and servants, papists, wise men, etc., churchmen and Scotsmen," had been flocking to it; for all England was exulting in the falling through of the Spanish match (between the above Charles, when Prince of Wales, and an Infanta), and in that play some of the chief agents were shown up to the laughter and scorn of London and England. In the letter of the King's Secretary to the Lord President the play was represented as "a very scandalous comedy acted publicly by the King's players, wherein they take the boldness and presumption, in a rude and dishonorable fashion, to represent on the stage the person of his majesty the King of Spain, the Conde de Gondomar, the Bishop of Spalato, &c. . . . His Majesty's pleasure is that your Lordships presently call before you as well the poet that made the comedy as the comedians that acted it, and upon examination . . . to commit . . . to prison, if you find cause, or otherwise take security for their forthcoming; and then certify his Majesty . . . what course you think fittest for the exemplary and severe punishment of the present offenders, and to restrain such insolent and licentious presumption for the future."

Gondomar, the "Black Knight" of the play, had been taken off to the life—looks, and ways, and clothes—and was bitterly aggrieved. The author and some of the chief actors went to prison, and this doubtless brought him comfort. We cannot but think, too, that a recollection of the fun which they had made of the ambassador and of the rest of them, together with "fifteene hundred pounde," good coin of the realm, which they had gained in nine days' run of the piece—equal to fifteen thousand pounds, perhaps, today—and the knowledge that all England was with them, lords of the Privy Council with the rest, softened the hard bondage of the prisoners.

This was one of the cases in which help came. It was the King's own Master of the Revels who (whether he had slyly yielded to a fellow-feeling with almost everybody else, or not, when he licensed) was plainly answerable, if anybody was, for the acting of the offending play; everybody, almost, in England, liked the play, and disliked or hated the Spaniards; Buckingham and Charles, soon after coming back, were against the Spanish match; King James was wont to yield; the King's Players were likely to be broken up as a body, and ruined severally.

Middleton did not cringe, though cringing, with bribing, was the only recognized way of getting out of the clutches of authority or privilege; but there must have been little need of cringing in this case. In "prisson hee laye, some Tyme, and then gott oute upon this petition . . . to King James," says the letter before quoted:

"A harmles game; coyned only for delight  
was playd betwixt the black house and the white  
the white house wan: yet still the black doth brag  
they had the power to putt mee in the bagge  
use butt your royall hand. Twill sett mee free  
tis butt removing of a man thats mee."

Besides the more usual and regular methods of applying discipline and bringing players and others sharply up, the rabble, who most of the time were on their side, sometimes rose suddenly, after their way, a dozen or so, and next a hundred dozen, with about as much reason, or plan, or purpose in their heads as a gust of wind might be conscious of, or a cloud-burst, and, laying many strong and hasty hands upon a play-house, pulled it to pieces, and left none of the pieces on the ground. Even under the Tudors and the Stuarts, mobs generally used less thought and conscience than authority. It was well to be on the good side of both.

The time of performing at the play-houses, which began oftener near the middle of the day than otherwise, made it impossible for most men

engaged in any daylight work of hand, or in any honest business, to be often present. Their audiences were mostly made of people of leisure, at the two ends of society, together with rich middling men of the city, and "gallants," and swashing fellows, and men from the country with full pockets or long rent-rolls and empty heads, and whoever, at any time, happened to have no other business than the "being about town," and men from the wars on land and sea. Different classes liked different houses.

Tragedy and melodrama must walk gingerly in those days, and take heed to themselves. Comedy might be expected, under these conditions, to make a great deal of its fun out of such of the safer subjects as the play-goers felt most interest in, or were brought into contact with—as merchants, dealers, watchmen, constables, officers of soldiers and sailors, gentlemen, knights, justices, money-lenders, bad women: the worst and easiest, most. There would be needed a strong conscience, and a pretty stout spirit, to venture truthful portraiture of king, queen, prince, or patron; we could not look into the plays of those times for anything that touched these, or came near them, except with utter adulation—unless he were a prince or other mighty being a great way off. English lords, if brought into plays, might be expected to stalk all through them in a careless immunity from the law and from conscience. Authority, of whatever sort, with all its officers (except the lower), we might expect to find treated with much mouthing reverence or great wariness.

Where there was something so broadly wrong, or silly, in the working of authority, or standing inside some fence of privilege, that all open eyes had seen it, or could see it if shown to them, and see the nonsense or the badness of it, then the makers of plays might slyly set a laugh going, or the players might do this on the stage, as they often did. One such thing was the royal "confidence game" played by several English sovereigns, male and female, including Elizabeth Tudor and the first Stuart, in the making of knights: the pitching upon men, in all directions, who had no earthly (or other) qualification for honor, unless money can qualify; and the raking in of pretty sums for the taking of the *acolade*, and pretty sums for the not taking. So the statutes for abstaining from flesh in Lent, "for encouragement of the fisheries," enforced by special officers, who lived out of the enforcement.

But particulars of any sort can be better shown in the particular writers.

#### HOLIDAY BOOKS.—II.

*Well-Worn Roads of Spain, Holland, and Italy.* Travelled by a Painter in search of the Picturesque. By F. Hopkinson Smith. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1886. 69 pp. small folio, and 16 full-page illustrations; also, 51 illustrations in the text. All made from the author's drawings by the Lewis Phototype Co.

*The Vicar of Wakefield.* By Oliver Goldsmith. With Prefatory Memoir by George Saintsbury and 114 colored illustrations. Routledge & Sons. 8vo, pp. xvi, 291. (The illustrations from drawings by V. A. Poirson.)

*The Frenchwoman of the Century: Fashions—Manners—Usages.* By Octave Uzanne. Illustrations in Water Colors by Albert Lynch. Engraved in Colors by Eugène Gaujean. Routledge & Sons. 8vo, pp. xxii, 273.

*Days with Sir Roger de Coverley.* Reprint from the *Spectator*. London: Macmillan. (The illustrations by Hugh Thomson.) Pp. x, 82.

*Old Christmas.* From the Sketch-book of Washington Irving.—*Bracebridge Hall.* By Wash-

ington Irving. One volume, illustrated by Randolph Caldecott. The engravings on wood by J. D. Cooper. Macmillan. Large 8vo, pp. xiii, 337.

*Randolph Caldecott.* A Personal Memoir of his Early Art Career. By Henry Blackburn. With 172 illustrations. Routledge. 1886. 8vo, pp. xvi, 216.

*Les Misérables.* By Victor Hugo. With illustrations by De Neuville, Bayard, Morin, and other eminent French artists. In 5 volumes. Vol. i, Fantine. Routledge. 1886. 8vo, pp. xvi, 365.

THE general introduction into modern art of photographic reproductive processes has not yet destroyed people's interest in wood-engraving or etching, nor does it seem likely to do so. What it has done is, to give to the community new and more complete ideas of what art really is, and to separate the notion of fine art in general from association with technical media. Now the technical feeling is a good one; it is partly thanks to it that the public still cares so much about etching and wood-engraving. Technical maxims are more quickly learned and more easily grasped; the notion of the peculiar excellences of an etched plate, for instance, are simpler than the notion of what is good art. One learns to distinguish this school or this etcher from that one, and cares for his knowledge; if he buys, or if he studies, he still keeps before him the idea of the etching as it ought to be, he compares all etchings with this ideal, and avoids the great error of misjudging one art because of its differences from another. That is as it should be, and we have to be grateful even to the duller of wealthy collectors for the care which is taken for the collectors and in their name by dealers and catalogue-makers, to separate and discriminate, to keep up the multiplication of "states," and the enthusiasm about a very special and individual art.

On the other hand, here is the cheaper sun engraving which gives us, when rightly used, a facsimile of an artist's brush-work or pen-work. In this the technique of the original can only be seen by the well informed; even if the drawing itself is before him, the student who is not himself a workman can hardly understand how the work has been done. The handiwork is far less easily understood in examining a brush drawing than in studying a print from any copperplate. The general multiplication of mechanical and exact copies of such drawings is then a gain in this way, that a person who has learned from the study of etchings and engravings to go beyond technicalities and to care for art—that is, for the artist's conception no matter how embodied—has in these heliogravures and the like a nearly perfect means of obtaining it. Of course there is not color. Let us bar color: all that we are saying refers to black and white, or, better, to gray and white, to delineation, to light and shade. Take, then, one of the reproductions of Allongé's charcoals or Millet's chalk drawings, and you get very near indeed to the artist's mind; that is to say, to his art. Day by day these new processes improve; they begin to be very important indeed and to be recognized. As yet there is not quite the same rage for collecting and classifying sun-pictures that there is in the case of woodcuts and eaux-fortes, but that will also come when the former are made venerable by longer association. Already proof copies of some of these process pictures bring fancy prices as rarities. We shall wake up by and by to the fact that good copies of certain photo-engravings are no longer to be had, and then we shall know what they are worth.

But for complete success of the new form of art, one thing is needful: the original drawings must be made for their purpose. They must be

monochromes, and their tint must be similar to that in which the copy is to be printed. We do not forget the capital photogravures from paintings made by Goupil in Paris, but the principle remains the same: the best results can only be had from drawings especially and very carefully adapted to their purpose of reproduction. The only fault we find with 'Well-Worn Roads' is that it seems probable that this was not done here, or not always done. Some, at least, of the drawings were in color, it would seem. Thus, in the plate called "A Venetian Pottery Shop," the load piled high on the arched bridge and against the old palace wall might be anything; it is not obviously made up of hard and rounded and lustrous units, nor in any way recognizable as being a mass of pottery. The text tells us about it what we should never have known. We suspect, then, that the drawing in this instance was a water-color, and that gleams of red and bluish gray helped to the understanding of the ceramic display; and we think that if the drawing had been made originally in india-ink or sepia, the artist would have found other means of explaining his facts.

But there is no other shortcoming to be urged, nor anything more said that is not praise. *De bonis nil nisi bonum*; nothing but good of such a good book. It is delightful to read and to contemplate text and pictures, and anything not quite to our mind is a mere question of more or less—of how high we put our standard, of what we exact. The large drawings are charming, studies of effect, and yet are faithful portraits in those cases—not a few—where we are able to pronounce upon it. Anything more delightful than the two Venice views in pale gray, both on the Riva degli Schiavoni, one called "Along the Riva" and the other "A Wine Shop on the Grand Canal," we are not likely to meet this year nor the next. And especially delightful is the last of all, the bit of an unknown Bavarian town, of topographical exactness, but all the better for that to those who love architectural facts. And perhaps the plate before this, "Near Neighbors in a Bavarian Town," is the most valuable drawing of all. The small illustrations in the text seem to be from pen drawings, and are of great interest and merit; a certain tendency to meaningless touches and scrawling in the shadows being admitted. Particularly admirable, too, are the little head-pieces and tail-pieces, *fiaschi* and milk-jugs, a quaint lantern found in Holland at a police station, and the *tartana* or covered wagon of Cordoba. These smaller pictures illustrate a sprightly and picturesque narrative of odd adventures, quaint observations, and all the unexpectedness of tranquil days spent in strange lands. It is a book to get two copies of—one for your Christmas beneficiary, and one for your own comfort. The pretty cover, by the way, leaves one speculating as to that curious superstition of publishers about there being only one side to a book. On the parlor table, will this one lie front cover uppermost any oftener than the reverse way? Why should one side be more decorated than the other? Why, *a fortiori*, should one side have all the decoration?

'The Vicar of Wakefield' and 'The Frenchwoman of the Century' are of that curious species which has been discovered, or rediscovered, very lately, viz.: the book *à vignettes enluminées*, to risk a French appellation. The pictures in them have all the appearance of outline prints colored by hand. They who keep the run of the picture-books which each season offers them will know what we mean: the 'Gulliver' of a year or two ago, illustrated by Mr. Poirson, who has now given us the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' was of the style in question, and a good specimen of it. Delicate outline and indicated shade printed in black,

and then bright colors printed upon this, with but slight gradation and very little suggestion of shadow superadded—this almost new process makes up a very pretty style of book illustration. But it needs delicate handling, and these pictures are not carefully printed; the registering is very poor and the general appearance too slapdash for the style. As to the designs, the 'Gulliver' is more to be admired than the new-comer, for there were in the rendering of Laputans and Lilliputians very charming fancies of costume and small details, while the old English surroundings of Dr. Primrose and family are less successfully treated. There are some pretty out-of-door views, such as that at the head of chapter xiv; but with this should be compared that of chapter xviii, which is extremely feeble, and which has a fantastic setting or framing of really appalling ugliness. The book is a pleasant one to read, with paper of a soft and not shiny surface, and is not heavy in the hand for all it is a handsome octavo.

The pictures of Mr. Uzanne's book are of similar though not identical appearance; they are much larger, full-page plates, separately printed, and the color-printing is somewhat more elaborate—the black outline less prominent. They are very different from those of 'The Fan' and those of 'The Umbrella, Gloves, and Muff,' although those previous books of the same author are mentioned here as members of a series of which 'The Frenchwoman' is the latest. They just miss being very pretty and dainty, in their worldly way; and here again more careful handling seems to have been required. As for the book itself, text and pictures combine to make up a slight, chatty, very unreserved, and rather vulgar description of the changing oddities of fashion in women's dress and equipage for nearly a round century—from the ninth thermidor (July 27, 1794) to our own time. The chapters are entitled "Nymphs and Merveilleuses," "Our Goddesses of the Year VIII," "The Grand Coquettes of the First Empire," and so on. The effort to transfer such a text as this from one language to another, necessarily so great as to spoil its naturalness, is the greater here because the language of the original is that in which toilet affairs are most easily and most commonly treated of. But we need hardly insist upon "the miseries of enforced" translation. To call *Death le camus* is one thing; to call him "the flat-nosed" in an English book is another, and is just a little violent. Or when we read that "the Incrédibles swore in their affected style, 'by their little word of honor striped'" (italics not ours), we think that the original would be more easily understood by even a beginner in French.

The next book on our list is a very different one, different even from the 'Vicar of Wakefield' we have been considering, although another bit of eighteenth-century English. Those who love to dip into the *Spectator* now and then will be glad to be reminded of the numbers for the summer of 1711, in which appeared a long account of Sir Roger de Coverley's country seat, of his neighbors and his inmates, Will Wimble and the Squire of the Next Parish, the stophounds, and the final ride home in the coach, when the Captain wooed the ladies and was effectually put down by the Quaker. That is capital reading, and no doubt it is better to read it in the original, with all its turns and returns, meditations and interruptions. But in this little book, made up from the pages of the *English Illustrated Magazine*, the chief incidents are put together so as to make a connected story, complete in itself, and it is illustrated abundantly and admirably by Mr. Thomson, almost every page having a picture. Caldecott himself, of whom anon, could not have been more close to nature, more sympathetic, more faithful, Costume

and surroundings, expression of face and action of body, hounds in full cry and hounds at fault; Sir Roger riding between Mr. Spec and Will Wimble—all are so good that the general impression is one of perfect content; there is naught to quarrel with or even to question. When there is something to question, one hardly dares suggest it; but is it right for Sir Roger to take his friend down into Northamptonshire in a post-chaise? Would he not have had out his coach and six? Was he not a contemporary of Sir Charles Grandison's father, and would that gentleman have travelled post? Even forty years later, what did Sir Charles himself and Sir Hargrave Pollexfen think of the roads of England, and how did they travel? Six horses for the muddy roads and armed footmen for the highwaymen were needed then. And then, if Sir Roger were for once so economical as to take the humbler conveyance, as he is shown to do on page 1, would *all* his luggage have gone by carrier? The reader will see how good a piece of English antiquity we have here when such questions as these are all that arise concerning it.

Washington Irving's two sketches give us old England of a century later; and these were published with the Caldecott illustrations in 1875 and 1877 respectively, in neat little 12mo volumes. 'Bracebridge Hall' was condensed or shortened, but still remains twice as long as 'Old Christmas,' which is only one of the essays in the 'Sketch Book,' first published in 1820. Now the two studies are brought together in one octavo volume, being presumably more salable in that form, though it is hard to say why. Because there is more margin for the full-page cuts? But there are very few full-page cuts. We like the little volumes the better. But, that we be not suspected of deference to the reigning craze for first editions, let us add in haste that the present is a charming book. Caldecott, in these cuts, and in those made for 'North Italian Folk,' has worked more as a book illustrator than elsewhere; his pictures are finished up more completely, some of them elaborately, with definite backgrounds, and the text is followed closely. In fact, there have been few better book illustrators than he, as was soon felt after the 'Old Christmas' had become known. The comparison is interesting between the open-air, out-of-door pictures in these two books, and Mr. Thomson's in the Sir Roger. A more delicate sense of beauty seems to be Caldecott's greatest advantage over his rival, for, what seems strange, the fun of the situations is perhaps as strongly felt in one as in the other series. Caldecott's gift as an inventor and combiner of humorous situations is more shown outside of the line of these book illustrations, as in the 'Æsop's Fables.'

Mr. Blackburn's book tells the short story of Caldecott's short art life, from 1871, when a drawing of his first appeared in a London magazine, to about 1879. The few remaining years of his life are left to be treated of in another work. He had exhibited at least one picture and a few of his drawings had been engraved before 1871, but it was then that he was encouraged by permanent engagements, and it was in 1872 that he, being twenty-five years old and assured of his power, at least as a caricaturist and humorous designer, finally left the bank-clerk's stool in Manchester and came up to London. *London Society*, the magazine in which many of his sketches appeared in 1871 and thereafter, is so little the kind of magazine that one would be led to keep and bind up, that it is fortunate we have so many facsimiles here of the Caldecott sketches. His first drawing for *Punch* was also in 1872.

Two books, 'The Harz Mountains, or a Tour in the Toy Country,' and 'Breton Folk,' each by himself as draughtsman and Mr. Blackburn as writer, are hardly to be credited to Caldecott as

among his book illustrations; his work in these is as independent as his fellow-workman's own, for he is not illustrating an existing text, but helping a colleague to work up a tour of observation. We are told too little for our wishes of the minor incidents and impressions of these two journeys. Of his 'Æsop's Fables' the peculiarity is that the illustrations to the Fables proper, however spirited, are the least important part of the book. The real thing is in the "Modern Instances," which are added, as comment on the text; as when, in further illustration of 'The Fox and the Crow,' a young gentleman is seen persuading the mamma to sing, and afterwards kissing the daughter while mamma's eyes are on her notes and her back to the lovers. Funnier than this is the "modern instance" of the Fox and the Stork. A hunting man at his breakfast is amazed by the appearance of a Christmas present, "with Mrs. Stork's kind regards," and inscribed as being Harvey's Meditations. *Per contra*, a tall and spectacled lady is receiving at the hands of her little maid a copy of *The Sporting Magazine*, "with Mr. Fox's respects, and many happy returns of the day." We have dwelt on the 'Æsop's Fables' because Mr. Blackburn says it was not very successful. He adds that Caldecott himself did not approve of the plan, whether it was his or another's, and a letter of his is quoted in which he regrets that he "did not approach the subject more seriously." It is a very curious question how he would have treated it "more seriously." The fables, by their very nature, are humoristic-satirical. Perhaps he had in mind a more profound tragedy concealed beneath the humor, when possible, as in illustration of the Horse and the Stag. Here a farmer is seen in a money-lender's office, borrowing money on a "Bill of Sale" which he is signing, with a paper inscribed "Rent-day Arrears" in his pocket.

But, to return to Mr. Blackburn's book, it must suffice to add that it tells much of the life of the artist for the few years it covers, and much of the daily details of his work. The numerous illustrations are all facsimiles of Caldecott's work, and although it seems a pity to take so many from books that anybody can get, and not more from almost inaccessible journals, yet all are worth having, and the whole book has only one serious fault, that there is not enough of it.

The new edition of 'Les Misérables' in English is to be in five handsome volumes, a really beautiful piece of printing by the De Vinne press. There are countless illustrations, some full-page and nearly all large; they are sufficiently explicative of the story, but not of especial merit, having little novelty or individuality. It is an odd instance of the changing value of reputations that M. De Neuville, whose name is printed first on the title-page, has but one cut in the volume—no better, by the way, than the others. It does not seem to be of his recent work, the vigorous and direct drawing of his battle studies since 1871. The translation is not free from awkward reminders that it is a translation from the French. But how would even a genius at the work manage with Victor Hug's prose?

#### CHILDREN'S BOOKS.—II.

'THE CHILDREN OF THE COLD' (Cassell & Co.) contains in collected form the very interesting and acceptable articles on the life of Eskimo children near Hudson Bay, which Frederick Schwatka has contributed to *St. Nicholas* during the past year or two. All boys and girls old enough to distinguish between different races of men will enjoy the vivid account of the games, toys, and manner of life of the little Eskimos, who seem, their climatic limitations considered, to have much the same tendencies as children in other lands. Here one may learn where and how

they live, how their houses are built, what are their playthings, how they make sleds and coast on them, how the dogs are fed, what they have in place of candy, their work, hunting, and fishing, how their clothes are made, and much about their sports and exercises of skill and strength. The book contains nothing to which exception can be taken, and we can heartily recommend it.

The latest addition to Mr. T. W. Knox's series of books of travel for children is of special value at the present time, when the interest in all things Russian is so widely aroused. Youngsters who study with attention the account of 'The Boy Travellers in the Russian Empire' (Harper's) will know more about the subject than many of their elders. Nearly every book of any value in the English language dealing with the subject has been consulted, with the exception of D. Mackenzie Wallace's volumes, and the result is a vast mass of information on a great variety of subjects. This plan of giving as much solid information as possible necessarily imparts a rather dry, guide-book style to the greater part of the book, whereas the narrative of the author's own trip across Siberia is at once easy and likely to be remembered. A book of this sort, which attempts to give statistics, needs occasional revision to keep it up to the times. It is a pity, therefore, that it should start with any erroneous statements, such, for instance, as that the *Golos* is now the journalistic organ of the Ministry of the Interior (p. 131), and that all foreign princesses who marry into the royal family of Russia are obliged to enter the Greek Church. The *Golos* has been dead these four years, and a ukase of the Emperor, issued several months ago, releases all princesses, with the exception of the Tzesarevitch's bride, from the necessity of abjuring their religion. The volume is profusely illustrated, which adds to its interest; but some of the pictures are so ancient that they will be apt to lead children astray in the matter of costume. The children will probably think that Russian ladies wear a national costume which includes the sugar-scoop bonnet of fifty years ago (p. 63), and that the dress of the children, on page 121, for example, is as truly national as the nurse-maid's kokoshnik and apron. There are other cases of antiquated pictures which will attract the attention of older readers. The Russian words and sentences quoted are not always strictly accurate, but as no one could extract much good or harm from them, this is a less important consideration than the pictures and the errors of statement. These last are trivial, on the whole, though worth mentioning, and the book should prove one of the most successful as it is one of the prettiest of the holiday volumes. Maps of the Russian Empire on both covers add to the value, and a colored frontispiece, representing a winter scene, enhances its beauty.

Mrs. Lydia Hoyt Farmer's 'Boys' Book of Famous Rulers' (T. Y. Crowell & Co.) contains the lives of fifteen distinguished rulers, from Agamemnon to Napoleon I. The list is selected with good judgment, and the stories are told in an interesting style, so that we have a near approach to a general history associated with the lives of great men—a very suitable way to teach history to the young. The author has, moreover, undertaken to accomplish this end more nearly by introductions, which fill up the gap between the lives; for example, the life of Charlemagne begins with Clovis. There are two or three drawbacks to what is in many respects an excellent work. The first is the entire absence of historical criticism. That the story of Agamemnon is told as if he were a wholly historical character, is perhaps pardonable, for it is professedly drawn from the poetic account. But the account of Cyrus is derived from Xenophon, with hardly a wor-