

Brentano's ingenious working-over of old material amounts almost to freshness. The translator has not been careful of her wills and shalls, but in other respects her vivacious rendering is praiseworthy. We cannot approve the choice of such bloody stories as that of Frisky Whisky or the Myrtle Maiden. It is some years since J. R. Planché brought out his approximately complete version of Mme. d'Aulnoy's Fairy Tales. The Messrs. Routledge now send us an edition cleverly illustrated by Gordon Brown and Lydia F. Emmet. The book is adapted for older rather than younger children. There is humor and idealism in Dr. Weir Mitchell's 'Prince Little Boy, and Other Tales' (Lippincott); but they are unequal yoke-fellows. The humor is often intended for the parent, not the child, and sometimes verges upon flatness, so that we suspect our author's judgment in this direction. The illustrations are likewise dissimilar in degree as well as in kind, the best being very good. Dr. Mitchell for the first time acknowledges the authorship of some of these tales which have appeared in print before. One of his professions in Germany, Dr. Richard Leander, wielded "the delicate pen which alternated by night with the delicate probe and scalpel by day, and sought to relieve the sad web and woof of war with fringe of graceful fancies," producing 'German Fantasies by French Firesides' (Putnams). The translator, whose words we have quoted, has well expressed the merit of these fairy tales, which we heartily commend for their imaginativeness, playfulness, and refinement. They were written during the siege of Paris.

Two genuine Eastern tales in which the supernatural plays no part, have been reproduced from Malcolm's 'Sketches of Persia'—"one of the most agreeable books in the English language," vouches Prof. Child of Harvard, "though it seems scarcely to be known to the present generation of Americans." They compose 'Stories from the Persian: Abdulla of Khorassan, Ahmed the Cobbler' (Cambridge: C. W. Sever), a little book, daintily printed, and sure to be acceptable to any child, except so far as it feeds in vain a desire for more such excellent moralities.

Joanna Spyri's 'Gritli's Children' (Boston: Cupples & Hurd) resembles other stories from the same hand in certain of its elements and properties, and introduces us once more to Switzerland for the sake of an invalid child. The movement is animated. There are many pathetic incidents, but the general effect of the book is cheering and salutary. The translation is excellent, as heretofore.

Mrs. Molesworth's 'Palace in the Garden' (Thomas Whittaker) is put in the mouths of children, but is really a novel for grown folks, and we cannot think it is improved for either audience by this treatment.

The one-syllable histories of Russia and Japan, prepared by Miss Helen Ainslee Smith for the Messrs. Routledge, show unusual dexterity in that sort of writing, being far less wooden and unidiomatic than most similar attempts have been. It still remains a question, however, whether so much labor is worth while, and whether more difficulties are not created than overcome, as, for example, when one uses the hard word "realm" for the easy word "kingdom."

We shall not subject Mr. Willis J. Abbot's 'Blue Jackets of 1812' (Dodd, Mead & Co.) to the scrutiny which would be prudent after the shortcomings of his 'Blue Jackets of '61. It is enough for us to express our regret that, at the close of the first century of the Republic, books should still be manufactured for the young which tend to keep alive the pernicious

national antipathy of Americans for Englishmen. This feeling is distinctly fostered by the author in his present work, and it is aggravated by his presenting the British not only in the light of bullying, tyrannical armed enemies, but as exceptionally brutal in their treatment of impressed and imprisoned American seamen. The truth is, our ordinary naval discipline at that time, and for the next thirty years, had nothing to boast of over that of England. All the "glory" we won by sea in the war of 1812 was with the aid of debased and tortured men whose lot cannot be contemplated without a shudder. To conceal this fact is to hold up a falsehood to the young.

'Boys and Masters' (Longmans, Green & Co.), by A. H. Gilkes, is a story of life in an English public school. The author, who is head-master of Dulwich College, has chosen three or four boys as types, and traced their course through school in a series of sketches rather than in a connected tale. He has evidently a very clear understanding of boys, their ways of thinking and motives to action, and their conversations are natural and unconstrained, but he is not so successful in making the boys themselves real and lifelike to his readers. This is even truer of his portraits of the masters: their talk is well reported, though the meaning of what they say is not always apparent, but they remain shadows, with perhaps a single exception. The frequent use of school-boy slang and allusions to local customs will, we fear, make it difficult at times for the American boy to understand. It is a thoughtful book, perhaps intended more for masters than for boys, and shows well what a master who is in thorough sympathy with his pupils can accomplish, and also the unconscious influence which an upright boy exerts upon his companions.

'Notes for Boys' (Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.), by an "Old Boy," is a series of short essays, somewhat after the manner of the Chesterfield Letters, written by an Englishman for the guidance of his son. He treats of a great variety of topics, from unselfishness, truth, and honesty to the choice of a profession and marriage, in a straightforward, wholesome way, which impresses one both with his good sense and with his clear comprehension of the temptations and dangers besetting a boy on his entrance to business life. All subjects are treated from the standpoint of an Englishman of the middle class who desires his son to be successful, not in the ordinary meaning of the word, but in the making the best use of his opportunities, both for himself and for those about him. In the matter of sports cricket is put first; while of football he says: "I do not think highly; the Rugby game especially is brutal," in which judgment we heartily agree with him. Medicine is placed at the head of the professions, the stage at the foot, and religion is regarded as the foundation of all morals, and is summed up as obedience to the Golden Rule. The author at times is needlessly egotistical, and exceptions could be taken to some of his statements. Occasionally his illustrations are not well chosen. The act of Nicholas in choosing a straight line for the railroad from St. Petersburg to Moscow was by no means a typical instance of a bad ambition. Many fathers, we are sure, would get useful hints from this book, while the boy who should follow its teachings would have a well-rounded character, and be a gentleman in the truest sense of the word, whatever his position in life.

In 'Ways for Boys' (Boston: D. Lothrop Co.), by F. T. Vance and others, youngsters are told in a concise but clear way, aided in many instances by diagrams, how to make

kites, tents, menageries, boats, and snowshoes. There are also simple instructions for walking, skating, and tree culture—this last chapter, by John Robinson, being the best and most useful in the book.

Mrs. Mary Treat's 'My Garden Pets' (Lothrop) is a charming little book for old or young. It describes, in unaffected style, the author's observations of some phases of the garden life of certain spiders, ants, and wasps, and offers a few biographical details for one or two celebrated spiders, which may be useful to the future historian. Mrs. Treat gives very clear and interesting evidence of how both spiders and wasps can appreciate favors and kind treatment, even if they can hardly be said to be tamed. She seems, however, to have found the white-faced hornet refractory. The account of the life and raids of the slave-making ant and of the silent, but perfectly efficient, communication which takes place between individual ants, is extremely interesting. The illustrations, by E. H. Garrett, are mostly of inferior quality, coarse, confused, and muddy; but this may be partly due to the printer.

'Our Darlings' (Routledge) is a pretty oblong book of colored plates by "Mars." French designs they are, here reproduced with an English text, and we see the little ones at home, in town, in the country, at the sea-side, at play. Nobody could mistake them for Teutons and Anglo-Saxons, and they are most interesting as foils to the types we are most accustomed to. The drawing is skilful, and as graceful as conformity to French fashions will permit.

RECENT NOVELS.

The Bee-Man of Orn, and Other Fanciful Tales. By Frank R. Stockton. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Hundredth Man. By Frank R. Stockton. The Century Co.

Fools of Nature. By Alice Brown. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

Love and Theology. By Celia Parker Woolley. Ticknor & Co.

Jack the Fisherman. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Mohammed Benani: A Story of To-day. London: Sampson Low & Co.

Ismaï's Children. By the author of 'Hogan, M. P.,' etc. Harper & Bros.

Tony, the Maid. By Blanche Willis Howard. Harper & Bros.

Country Luck. By John Habberton. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

White Cockades. By Edward Irenæus Stevenson. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Rose of Paradise. By Howard Pyle. Harper & Bros.

MR. STOCKTON'S imagination was off on a frolic when it committed him to the creation of 'The Bee-Man of Orn,' and of the many astonishing persons now closely confined in a volume with that "ugly, untidy, shrivelled, and brown" victim of the junior sorcerer. The most morose of critics could find little to growl at in the conduct of any man or beast or demon presented by the genius of the page. There is no reason why he should not, with a clear conscience, abandon himself to the will of the blithe spirit, and make the most of a merry hour. The method by which Mr. Stockton controls the vagaries of his familiar is now too well known to require comment. His work is gravely to demonstrate a grotesque or ridiculous proposition in plain and direct language. The writers of the famous fairy stories of all ages and climes knew the value of this method, and furious

satirists have availed themselves of it at once to cloak their literal meaning and to poison their shafts. Mr. Stockton uses it neither to scourge evil nor to reform abuse, but with the wholly beneficent intention of provoking spontaneous laughter. In the story of "The Griffin and the Minor Canon," there is a hint of more serious purpose. Here the author seems to emulate those achievements of true humorists which are greater, though not rarer than is the successful provision of pure amusement. Beneath the fantastic imagery it is not hard to discern the self-seeking, ungenerous, cowardly mob contrasted with the exceptionally modest, unselfish, and courageous individual. The griffin is a novel symbol for even-handed justice, encouraging the good and terrorizing the wicked. He is a creature of most upright soul, of beautiful discrimination and insight. We cannot but regret his demise, and wish that it were possible to resuscitate him. Here and there on the earth's surface may still be found a community which would be none the worse of a permanent griffin to persuade it, by wagging his red-hot tail, to honor and reverence a minor canon.

Perceiving in this charming story some ability to excite grave emotion, to stir contempt for what is contemptible, and admiration for what is admirable, one is naturally anxious to find the author developing positive power in this direction. Unfortunately, in longer works, with scope to show all there is in a man, Mr. Stockton fails to fulfil expectation, however modest, or to satisfy literary judgment, however lenient. Indeed, when we speak of Mr. Stockton as a novelist, we are obliged to imitate Mrs. Wilfer, who, having referred to Bella's "attractions," said she wished to be understood as using the word with the qualification that she meant it in no sense whatever. "The Hundredth Man" confirms a suspicion suggested by "The Late Mrs. Null," that for the vocation of the contemporary novelist, which is to rouse the world to "sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not," Mr. Stockton has no more capability than has a clever concocter of nonsense rhymes. Confronting the facts of life, the common motives, ends, and actions of common people, his genius is speedily worsted. Before this task the method of which he is master serves only to lead him hopelessly away from the result he wishes to achieve.

"The Hundredth Man" has two themes imperfectly wrought together. The first includes the series of events by which Mr. Harold Stratford proved himself to be the object of his solicitous search, a man preëminent in the fact that no other in a hundred is, or could have been, like him. Mr. Stratford certainly justifies the author's selection. With deliberate intention not to marry Miss Armatt, he separates her as deliberately from her lover. When Miss Armatt, dying for love of somebody, anybody, consents to live at the entreaty of a third man, Mr. Stratford, too late, discovers that he might have loved her. Considering the character ascribed by the author to Stratford and Miss Armatt, the situation in all its ramifications is obtrusively improbable nonsense. But, after all, the characters are only said to belong to them. The people have no real existence; they are lifeless figments of an imagination which is no longer a sprite, nothing but a poor, over-driven beast of burden. If Miss Armatt could be regarded seriously as a representative graduate of a woman's college, then the opponents of any sort of education for women might lift up their voices and rejoice. No adjective could be less appropriate than Tennyson's "sweet" prefixed to such a girl graduate as that. The secondary plot, which embraces the

vicissitudes of Vatoldi's restaurant, is not irrational, but is prosy and dull, signifying nothing.

The people in 'Fools of Nature' do not belong to the social contingent of natural-born fools. They are of the multitude driven to indiscretion and folly by natural tendencies which override intelligence and dominate will. The fundamental conception is rather profound, affording opportunity for drawing refined distinctions, and for explaining much in conduct that is irreconcilable with obvious character. The author is not incompetent to develop her conception, but hardly realizes its possibilities. She has almost restricted her illustration of the force for folly that lies in the wisest of us to the fascination exercised by spiritualism over people of good instincts and some intellectual strength. Miss Brown's delineation of Dr. Ricker and exposure of his methods are good, but add nothing to knowledge of a subject of which the daily press keeps the public very fully informed. Much more interesting is the ethical problem presented to Sarah Ellis, when she learns that her fiancé has a divorced wife still living. This wife had wantonly betrayed and abandoned him, and therefore he was a free man, according to law and to Gospel. Miss Ellis's hesitation about marrying him is rather an instance of inherited prejudice than of desirable sensitiveness to requirements of personal morality. Accepting, however, the author's view, it is a pity, for purposes of clever workmanship, that she permits her heroine's decision to be dictated by a medium, again a pity that she does not devise a stronger expedient to compel her to leave her husband. In analysis of Sarah's mental perplexity, some unusually fine points are made, and one regrets that experience which precludes hearty sympathy with her self-sacrifice.

The intrinsic evidence of this clever story is that the author has had limited opportunities for observation. Sarah Ellis is the ideal, and far from a low one, of the New England woman novelist; she is a creature prone to distort into caricature the divine faces of duty, and love, and truth. The young man who marries Sarah is another ideal, far too elegant a person ever to make a boarding-house his habitat, even as he is too modern to indulge in "throes of ecstatic woman worship," or to experience visitations from impalpable substances which sweep upon him "like a soft pall covering the corpse of noisome passions." The New England village people, on the other hand, are realistic studies, well characterized and amusing, while the sketch of Linora, though verging on burlesque, hits hard at a feminine propensity for providing one's self with a romantic background.

'Love and Theology' presents some characters and situations not unlike those of 'Fools of Nature.' Rachel Armstrong is another Sarah Ellis, sturdier, sounder, yet more repellent, and probably a more accurate study of the type. She properly belongs to the days when the whole Christian world was subject to theological tyranny. To-day she could hardly be found outside of Scotland or New England. The character is not lovable, but, until the idea of religious duty shall have become extinct and the practice obsolete, it is one that will challenge interest and remain well worth a novelist's dissection. When Rachel's lover, Forbes, confesses that he has abandoned their mutual faith, and that he can never attempt to preach a doctrine that he does not believe, she renounces him instantly, absolutely. She experiences no doubt, scarcely an impulse of regretful tenderness. She bows to the will of God, but her soul is consumed with wrath and bitterness. This scene between the lovers is noticeably dramatic. Forbes having described the Bible as a work

which must always "rank among the best literature," Rachel's horrified repetition of the word "literature" conveys more vividly the idea of her despair, of the sudden wreck of her life's best hopes, than could chapters of analytical description. In the early chapters, the character of Forbes is as fine and consistent as that of Rachel, and much more attractive. When he appears in the West preaching a free-and-easy sort of religion, he is neither comprehensible nor natural. He becomes vague as his creed, fantastic as the ritual devised by himself.

There are many other people in the novel, all unusually well thought out, and each possessing some point of interest. They are principally busied about love and theology, which absorbing affairs are, however, so wrought in with their daily life that the figures are well rounded. A little nonsense now and then would make them more agreeable, and might be borne, even at the expense of naturalness. The vivacity of Virginia Fairfax, and the author's neat, ironical humor, are small leaven for so much gravity. The end of the story is more conventional than logical. It is true that trial exposes to Rachel flaws in her own perfection, and assails the fortress of her self-righteousness. Nevertheless, her reconciliation with Forbes is equivalent to striking her colors—making unconditional surrender.

Miss Phelps's 'Jack the Fisherman' is a heart-rending tragedy drawn from real life—from life that is all reality, grim, pitiless, and most pitiful. Jack is an easy-going, good-tempered fellow. Poverty and drunkenness are his inheritance, and it is preordained that he shall follow the sea. Nothing short of a miracle could save such a Jack from crime and awful death in one shape or another. But no miracle is wrought for this Jack any more than for most of his kind. The nearest thing to a special Providence in his favor is the love of the girl he marries, which, as usual, not only fails to regenerate him, but gives him a legal opportunity utterly to degrade his manhood. Facts similar to those here employed have come under the observation of almost every one capable of observing. We all know that a large part of the world is very bad and wretched, and, when we think of it, prefer that all should be good and happy. Yet it is doubtful whether constant familiarity with the worst and the wretchedest has such power to make us feel the horror of the facts as have this artistic presentation and arrangement of them. Keen penetration into the thoughts and motives of a class but little understood by those more happily born, faithful observation of their miserable lives, a passion of sympathy and very remarkable literary force and finish, all go to make this short story one of the most valuable and striking contributions to the mass of realistic fiction. It is on a level with the realism of George Eliot and of Tolstoi, which is equivalent to saying that it has to do with the enduring realities, not with the trivial, the shallow, and the transitory.

Truly man is born unto sorrow as the sparks fly upward, not alone by the Puritan's stern and rock-bound coast, but also in the land of 'Mohammed Benani.'

"Where the light wings of zephyr, oppress'd with perfume,
Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gül in her bloom;
Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,
And all save the spirit of man is divine."

The spirit of man in the dominions of the Sultan of Morocco is indeed incredibly base, and there is little to choose between the cringing cowardice of the natives and the criminal oppression of them winked at, if not openly abetted, by representatives of foreign Christian.

nations. The object of the author of this novel is a serious and noble one, and can be most succinctly stated by a quotation from his preface:

"It is to attract public attention to the evil adjustment of a mechanism which grinds not grain but human creatures between the upper and nether stone of Jewish and Moorish oppression—awful mills to which the placid breeze of consular support imparts continuous motion."

The consular support exposed in the pages of 'Mohammed Benani' is ostensibly Russian, but since no legation or consulate at Tingizirah flies the Russian flag, let him whom the shoe fits wear it. In the thorough and sympathetic development of his serious motive the author is perfectly successful, and his novel should be read with interest and profit by those who, in a general way, have the welfare of humanity at heart, and by those in high places who have power to mitigate the evils so forcibly presented to their notice. It follows almost inevitably that the work is not distinguished by the definite personal interest, the sharp characterization, necessary to insure its recognition as a fine example of fiction. One of the characters says, "If you want to be successful, never write a novel with a moral"; the importance of the author's moral has certainly impaired the success of his novel. The Sultan's envoy, Benani, is little more than a symbol, in burnoose and turban, for the throng of his outraged and despoiled fellow-countrymen. The sensitive, mysterious Eftomah is little more than an allegorical figure. She stands for that universal silence and reserve which the author declares to be the attitude of the East before the inquisitive, analytical, sceptical West. Paulovitch, the Russian humanitarian, and his English wife, Cassimir, the dragoman, and Werner, the Bavarian soldier, have more individuality, are more instinct with life, yet they, too, are one-sided, ever harping on one string. They make little impression except as instruments created to accomplish a mission. But, although the people are abstractions, the events are dramatic and well marshalled, while the setting of the scene leaves nothing to be desired in the way of local color and Oriental gorgeousness.

Remembering the dash, fun, and pathos of Miss Laffan's earlier novels, 'Isma's Children' is opened with some assurance of coming enjoyment. Expectation is not bitterly disappointed, yet lacks something of satisfaction. The story is, of course, Irish, but the author's vision of Ireland is nearer to that of "A sad votarist in palmer's weeds" than to that of "Laughter holding both his sides." Isma's children are the victims of an irregular, Scotch marriage, and not until Miss Laffan is nearly done with them is the validity of their father, Captain Mauleverer's, marriage with Isma D'Arcy established. The reader is not invited to assist in a wild-goose chase after records and witnesses, but to take part in the daily life of an Irish village. Small farmers, shopkeepers, beggars, and the parish priest pass through the pages as naturally as through the shabby, dirty streets of Barretstown, and their particularly slow transit is only a little more irritating in print than it is in reality. The shadow on the lives of the young Mauleverers seems to hang over all, and the author's interpretation of her characters is tinged with contemptuous bitterness. Her sense of their degradation is stronger than sympathy with their wrongs, and has benumbed her faculty for extracting humor out of the dullest of them. The figure of young Godfrey Mauleverer is romantic and sorrowful. Given his nature and circumstances, he must naturally become a patriot, the unsuspecting tool of self-interested, rascally conspirators. The end of Godfrey is inevitable; he had the character

that never controls destiny. The pain inflicted by contemplation of the boy's gloomy career is partly mitigated by the happy fortune in love provided for his sister. Though one hardly sees why Marion Mauleverer should have commanded Lord Ansdale's devotion, it is quite clear that she did, and the author's manner of telling about it is exceptionally delicate and fresh.

'Tony, the Maid' is all but a bit of pure, light comedy. Tony is vivacious and piquant, drawn with admirable reserve. Nothing that Tony does or says could be changed without injury. She is a perfect reproduction of the soubrette of old comedy, with quite brilliant, original individuality. In the delineation of Tony's mistress, the author has unfortunately cast discretion to the winds. There is stuff in Miss Aurelia for refined satire on the ludicrous follies which such limp, timid women are specially liable to commit. It is a pity to see so good a conception ruined by exaggeration. Miss Aurelia's instant captivation by the theatrical boatman, Binder, strains probability. As for her subsequent behavior, it is too utterly imbecile for momentary belief. Mrs. High-Dudgeon is a person who owes her existence to the *esprit gaulois*. Many a year has come and gone since a French caricaturist invented this figure of massive stupidity and snobbery, and called it a British matron. At least two generations of caricaturists, with pen and pencil, have pegged away on the same lines, and a large proportion of society is now firmly convinced that the lady is a genuine and common production of the British Isles. Miss Howard's rendering is coarse and remote from nature, but that will not hinder the knowing from protesting that it is the most lifelike and excruciatingly funny thing imaginable.

If Diogenes Teufelsdröckh could step down to earth out of vast aerial space, Mr. Habberton would give him some points on the "influence," if not on "the origin of clothes." These two great cause-and-effect philosophers would embrace with laughter and with tears, and 'Country Luck' would ever after (by mutual consent) appear as a corollary to 'Sartor Resartus.' Mr. Habberton's rustic hero rises in New York social and business life with a speed and brilliancy comparable only to that of a rocket. He is an honest, industrious, and capable youth, but his historian, profoundly conscious of the inefficacy of such qualities for realizing worldly success, gives them only civil recognition. Clothes! is Philip Hayne's "Excelsior"; Clothes! his "Open, sesame." Before leaving his pastoral home, his aged father counsels him—Put clothes on your back. Arrived in New York, he sees nothing but clothes, dreams only clothes, and, once arrayed in a clothier's first-class business suit, has his foot planted on a rung of the ladder which he is to run up with astonishing celerity. Without presuming to dispute an argument sustained by eminent authority, we may refer to some matters of minor importance, on which Mr. Habberton's observation is so faulty that almost are we tempted to discredit the clothes dogma. He seems to imagine that his Mrs. Tramlay and her daughter are ladies. There are salesladies in America and washer-ladies, but, when Mr. Habberton insists that there are Tramlay-ladies, he abuses the good word too severely, and must be advised to pray for some power of discrimination, together with a better understanding of the English tongue. Mr. Tramlay is a very good specimen of what may be called the rough-and-ready, cash-down business man, but the leisurely Mr. Marge would be most at home in the rôle of "walking gentleman" at a third-rate theatre.

'White Cockades' is an episode of Prince Charlie's wanderings after the defeat of Culloden. His fictitious escape from Windelstrae Manor, and "bloody Cumberland's" brutal subordinates, is no more wonderful than were many of his actual adventures during the six months when he was hunted like a wild beast through the Western Isles and Highlands. The fidelity of the Master of Windelstrae and of his young son is but one instance out of hundreds of a loyalty and devotion unparalleled in history. Mr. Stevenson tells the story simply and without waste of words, but has not quite been able to project himself into the spirit of the time and people. Though his work lacks the personal enthusiasm of his namesake's 'Kidnapped,' and has not, like that, the very smell of the heather, it has certainly the merit of sympathetic imagination.

Traditional belief in the diabolic wickedness of the mariners who flew the "Black Roger," significantly adorned with white skull and crossbones, is comfortably sustained by Mr. Pyle's story of 'The Rose of Paradise.' The pirates who interrupted the voyage to India of the good ship *Cassandra*, in the year 1720, are an unexceptionable gang of cut-throats, appropriately attired in Turkish trousers and sashes of varied hue. The gentlemen, from a piratical point of view, are such good form that Captain John Mackra's adventure with them should thrill more than it does. The archaic form and spelling adopted by the author fails of its object, which undoubtedly is to lend vivacity to his narrative: It is forced and artificial, detracting very much from the inherent spirit of the events and vigor of the characters.

RECENT LAW PUBLICATIONS.

THE development of strikes within the last few years has brought into prominence a very singular part of the criminal law, the doctrine of conspiracy—a doctrine which, in the portentous breadth of its ordinary statement, makes the mere agreement between two or more persons to do an unlawful act a crime. It is at best a dangerous doctrine, but it is not quite so bad as that. Fortunately it was made the subject of an admirable little English treatise in 1873 by R. S. Wright, now Solicitor to the Treasury. After having examined all the cases from the earliest times, the author set himself to make a brief statement of the way the law had developed. It was a summary treatment of the subject, but one full of interest and instruction, really indispensable to any lawyer or judge who would deal intelligently with this very perplexed topic. It is, then, a good service which the Blackstone Publishing Company have done in reprinting Wright on the 'Law of Criminal Conspiracies and Agreements.' They have also done well in adding to it as a supplement a presentation of the doctrine of the American cases by Hampfon L. Carson of the Philadelphia Bar. Mr. Carson's addition bears no comparison, in point of thorough and skilful workmanship, with that of the English writer; but it will be found very useful, and it shows signs of a practised hand. The subject of "Strikes and Boycotts" is dealt with at length. Forms of indictments and the provisions of the Federal statutes and those of the States are added. The book is one to be heartily commended.

The second edition of Mr. James Schouler's useful 'Treatise on the Law of Bailments, including Carriers, Innkeepers, and Pledge' (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.) "is now stretched to the utmost limit possible for a single volume"; and the author has made "especial effort . . . to present a full and lucid expo-