

the old under conditions
resque and entertaining;
10 pages of a book, never
ig.
nd Mrs. Workman for
d for this account of it,
e day to follow them in
ere.

NOTICES.

at in London.

ie writer of these letters
1871 to 1877 a member of
in London, acting first in
secretary, and, later, as
ary, acting as *Chargé d'*
the eventful years of the
the occupation of Paris
Commune, and the initia-
Republic—years which to
timist, as M. Gavard by
undoubtedly was, were
plexity. A man of great
with an unusual knowl-
of English character and
him a favorite with the
; he bore himself under
ances with prudence and
ent into the diplomat, and
ecuring for the country he
vantages of considerable
in 1872, the negotiation
rce between England and
rs which were written to
ve a series of clever pic-
able and political life of
l balls in London, diplo-
ere sovereigns and celeb-
l as blackberries, splendid
ountry houses full of titled
as by no means always in
rays and methods. Their
their fanatic pursuit of
heavy and interminable
der the lash of his criti-
l there we have an epi-

stan campaign, in describing which campaign
Lejeune shows that he saw its awful scenes
with the eye of an artist. It is a most horrible
but most vivid picture which he gives us of the
retreat from Moscow and the home-coming of
the ruined army. The memoirs contain very
few anecdotes about Napoleon, and no new
revelations of his character. They are interest-
ing as a personal narrative is interesting, and
the stirring experiences through which the nar-
rator passed are described with great freshness
and a skilled hand. The memoirs are well
translated. [Longmans, Green & Co. \$4.00.

The Yellow Book.

The last *Yellow Book* contains an unusual
number of good articles, and is much less full
of mannerisms than its predecessors. Mr.
Henry James's "She and He: Recent Docu-
ments" will attract most people as being a
subtle and interesting monograph on the re-
cently resurrected scandal of George Sand and
Alfred de Musset. A touching little story, by
Lena Milman, of "Marcel: An Hotel Child,"
is well worth reading, as are several of the
other tales in the volume. The only really de-
cadent bit of work (unless we except the terri-
ble "Bodley Head" of Miss Evelyn Sharpe, by
E. A. Walton) is Henry Harland's "Flower of
the Clove." Why cannot modern novelists
make up their minds that those who fall may
be raised up, once for all, and cease talking
about it? It is, to say the least, not a very
edifying topic, and its artistic possibilities have
been sufficiently exploited in *Jess* and *Trilby*.
Several of the illustrations in this volume are
delightful. Patten Wilson has done a charm-
ing "Silverpoint;" Ethel Reed's "Almost a
Portrait" is as full of sentiment as her "Puck"
and "A Nursery Rhyme Heroine" are of fancy;
while "Maternity" and "Grief," by A. Szold,
are really unusually good pieces of work. Noth-
ing in the volume, however, equals Mr. Ken-
neth Grahame's "Elegy on a Puppy," which
deserves quoting as a whole, if we had the
room for it, and seems to us the happiest epi-
taph for an inhabitant of what some one aptly
called "Dog's Acre" we have ever seen. [John
Lane. \$1.50.]

ness in detail. But Shake
blank verse, that of his li
in the very nature of his
with the grandeur of me
to be understood by a lar
It is not so with Brownin
no harmonies moving on s
the individual frictions pla
frictions in a male, as com
voice. It is not rugged
roughness, like the rough
voice. We must allow, t
something of the quality
sometimes happens that
voice commands attentio
roughness. And so we tl
ing. Donne is another ex
come round to the recogni
of the roughest utterance
poet of like gifts. Upon
our recognition of Brow
went out of his way to be
roughness' sake, and with
harmonies to justify it. I
ties, far more than in the
him a poet in the teeth o
tion: such is our opinion.
has often carried off small
though to a rarer extent,
of matter may sometime
manner.

Of the fineness of matt
see no doubt. It is true t
strictly poetical; there a
the famous monologue o
which can no more be cal
loquy of Iago or Richard
a dramatic mind, though
peculiar character. His
the dramatic lyric. Even
Robert Browning the "ma
felt it and virtually said
plays, and they are plays
ing under no previous pr
is not with action, but w
lead to action, and the wa
tives are unconsciously inf
play of circumstance. He
indeed, so far as there c
two separate individualit
virtually upon a single sit
the characters in a posit
minds veer and shift und
winds of circumstance; a
out to a decision which is
With that solving of the
ends; and it is the exhibit
inward processes, conditio
and the interaction of th
other, which constitutes t