NOTICES.

at in London.

The writer of these letters 1871 to 1877 a member of in London, acting first in secretary, and, later, as iny, acting as Chargé d' the eventful years of the the occupation of Paris commune, and the initiation of the years which it imist, as M. Gavard by undoubtedly was, were plenxty. A man of great with an unusual knowledge of English character and him a favorite with the he bore himself under unces with prudence and ent into the diplomat, and cures for the country he vantages of considerable in 1872, the negotiation between England and rs which were written to pe a series of clever pickible and political life of 1 balls in London, diplo are sovereigns and celeb as blackberries, splendid contry houses full of tyled as by no means always in rays and methods. Their their fanatic pursuit of heavy and interminable lder the lash of his criti l there we have an epi 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 interesting as a personal narrative is interesting, and the stirring experiences through which the narrator 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 Documents" will attract most people as being a subtle and interesting monograph on the recently 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 tales in the volume. The only really decadent bit of work (unless we except the terrible "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. Pattison Wilson has done a charming "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. Nothing in the volume, however, equals Mr. Kenneth 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 epitaph for an inhabitant of what some one aptly called "Dog's Acre" we have ever seen. [John Lane. $1.50.]