usual of the personages are very familiarly known. The exact point where caricature and portrait meet has in some cases been seized with inimitable skill. Among the more popularly interesting persons commemorated are the Grand Duke Michael, Mr. Edward Blake, Mr. C. S. Cott, Mr. George Alexander, ex-President of the French Republic, Mr. Jay Gould, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Dr. Burdon Sanderson, Mr. Selous, Mr. Clement Shorter, and Admiral Fremantle. The letterpress about these people is always good-natured, and often funny. It has one stereotyped joke, but if the writers have got the receipt by heart, they apply it not seldom wittily. For a brief, permanently valuable record of the times it would be hard to name a rival to the Album.

THE BUILDING OF THE CITY BEAUTIFUL. By Joaquin Miller. (John Lane.)

We do not know if the Miriam of this extraordinary book be merely a character in fiction or a portrait taken from real life. If the latter, her picture must be a slander, and as it is always good to speak evil of a slanderer, we may let our natural inclinations have their way. Our doubt arises from the fact that she first appears on the scene in Jerusalem, as the secondary, or "something of the sort," to Sir Moses Montefiore. There an American tourist finds her at the first glance "wondrously beautiful and strong and strange!" For her beauty we have Mr. Miller's repeated assertions as proof; in her convincing strangeness there is only his claim, to which we must have been "wondrously strong," to have had so much ready indignation and such a fund of conversation about her. For she talks silent readers into exhaustion. Mr. Joaquin Miller, somehow, did not observe this characteristic of tourists, and says indeed, "she was a woman of few words, like all really great women," and again, "she was, in fact, spoken of by all who knew her in London as the silent woman." Well, we can only say they didn't know her in Jerusalem and Egypt; but Mr. Joaquin Miller should have been aware of her powers in this way; he must have automatically reported her while gazing at "her dark immensity of hair" or at "her lifted face which had all the awed splendour of a lioness aroused" upon it. For the American tourist we have only sympathy; many a one before him has been completely taken in by a woman with "midnight hair" and a glorious lioness face who spoke rubbish with a fine vocabulary, and though it wearsies us to hear that "her singularly intense and perfect mentality took him in and absorbed to herself the minds, the utmost thoughts of those who came in contact with her," and that "she was as far away from him and above him as was the farthest and loftiest column she had recalled to existence," still, we repeat, we are sorry for it alone after the following scene. "She said slowly, softly, and so sweetly, 'I love you, John Morton.' It was the first time she had spoken his name so—his plain, simple name. The hands [hers] remained above and about the face [also hers], framing it like a face of the Madonna. 'You, you will be mine?' 'Yes.' 'God bless you, Miriam, for that promise. But you know I go now to begin my work in the New World. When will you be mine? Where? At what time?' Her hands fell down and lay so heavily in her lap, she dared not try to touch them, and she said, looking away, beyond, as if at the ghost of Thebes and her hundred gates, 'Time? Not in time—eternity.' He sprang up and threw his arms tightly across his breast—which was very much the conduct on his part. Well, the two, apart and tied together, devote themselves to the service of humanity, each to the building of a City Beautiful, and make various convenient discoveries. Her share is a considerable one, seeing the amount of lecturing she does, but years do not make her any more attractive. He had a bad time with his City, and owning to his failure very frankly, asked her, with his usual modesty, the reason of it. "At last she said slowly, sadly (she always speaks slowly and sadly, mostly, though there is a ring here, in the imperceptive mood, 'you spoiled me because of your vanity, your painful and most pitiful vanity.') She dies at last, with fine stage effects, and we leave her with a fervent hope that John Morton may miss that trust in eternity.

THE YELLOW BOOK. Vol. 4. 35. net. (John Lane.)

There is greater average merit in the latest number of the Yellow Book than in the former ones, but there is no one feature that stands out prominently, unless it be the some picture of Mr. George Moore. This is calculated to justify all the obnoxious prejudices of librarians. Of the fiction, by far the best thing is the editor's own story, "The Bohemian Girl." Mr. Ascroft Noble's paper on "Mr. Stevenson's Forerunner," by which he means Alexander Smith, is a sympathetic and grateful tribute to the real merits of an almost forgotten essayist. Mr. Norman Hofgood writes in a rather awkward, but decidedly vigorous and original manner on Henri Boile, otherwise Stendhal; and the article has thought in it, and reveals a true capacity for criticism. Among the other literary contributors may be mentioned Mr. Le Galleone, Mr. Marriott Watson, Miss Minnie Muriel Dowie, Mr. Max Beerbohm, and Mr. John Davidson.

THE VALE OF ARDEN, and other Poems. By Alfred Hayes. 3s. 6d. (John Lane.)

Mr. Hayes has taken the poems "From Midland Meadows"—his contribution to A Fellowship in Song, of which the other two authors were Mr. Norman Gale and Mr. Le Galleone—and, adding a few more, has sent them out in a very pretty little volume. There is no rubbish in the book, not a single poem that one cannot read with respect and liking. Perhaps only two or three can be picked out as having distinction, and the best of these, "My Study," we already called attention to when it appeared in The Yellow Book. But a perfectly sincere love of nature, of flowers, birds and gardens, and as sincere a sense of the bondage of town life and town tastes, make wholesome causes of the joy and sorrow in a book of verse; and these are expressed with frequent beauty, an occasion impressive dignity, and never-failing refinement.


This enterprise, looked forward to eagerly for reasons widely different, has come up to the highest expectation. Mr. Wise has watched over the text jealously, so that the edition may satisfy all demands of scholarship. Mr. Crane's illustrations are what were wanted—picturesqueness, romance, and delicate fancy are their characteristics. The type is excellent, and the page open and attractive. In these first parts we see promise of a worthy edition of Spenser.

MEMOIRS OF THE PRINCE DE JOINVILLE. Translated by Lady Mary Lloyd. Illustrated by the Author. 15s. net. (Heinemann.)

Lady Mary Lloyd is gaining a reputation for making quite creditable but altogether superficial translations of by no means first-class French books. The Prince de Joinville's Vieux Souvenirs is easy to procure and to read; his interest in his personality, his sense of humor, his mistranslation, let us own he has done so creditably; and though his is not a book of great interest, the Prince had a notion of how to write effective memoirs. A discontented man so far as all his country's affairs were concerned, what he has to say or tell of his time, historically or politically, is nearly valueless. But in his travels he showed himself a curious, keen, and trained observer. Every now and again in his narrative there occurs a picture as well-detailed and outstanding, as any of his clever pen and ink sketches. But perhaps of all the pictures the one to stick most in the memory is that of himself and his brother and sisters, little sprites of royalty, listening to the bustle of the Revolution of 1830, in the Paris streets, and catching the superficial fervor to the extent of making tricouro cockades.

PUBLIC LIBRARIES IN AMERICA. By W. I. Fletcher. (Sampson, Low.)

Librarians, public benefactors, local authorities, and good citizens generally have an interest in this manual. At a time when much money is being spent on public libraries and many minds are being exercised as to their benefit, clear information as to the public opportunities for reading in other countries, and suggestions for management and examples of generosity, are of the highest value. These are all to be found in Mr. Fletcher's book, which addresses itself equally to the professional librarian, the borrower, and the possible donor.