

ing out of Baffin's Bay. One day he captured eleven in a bunch.

"After cruising about the whaling grounds until cold weather drove him away, Capt. Waddell began a tour of the world, visiting Japan, India, South Africa, and finally returned again to the Arctic seas nearly a year later to recommence his war upon the whalers. He had captured and burned several, when the captain of a brig that had but recently left home told him that the war was over; that the Confederacy was crushed, Grant was in Vicksburg, Butler in New Orleans, and Jefferson Davis in a prison cell."

As a matter of fact, the *Shenandoah*, after leaving Madeira, instead of going to the northward, which would have been exactly in the fields that Semmes had "ravaged," went in the opposite direction, crossed the equator, and proceeded to Melbourne. So far from capturing "unsuspecting coasters" near Portsmouth, N. H., she was never within 2,000 miles of that port. From Melbourne she went to Behring Strait to catch whalers, as the author says, but not whalers "coming out of Baffin's Bay," seeing that in order to reach the Strait they would have been compelled, as plenty of his boy readers will be able to tell him, to make the northwest passage—a feat which no whaler has as yet accomplished. The *Shenandoah* had begun her cruise in October, 1864, and she was at Melbourne in January and February, 1865. She reached Behring Strait early in June, and started on her return at the end of the same month. Soon after leaving the Strait she received the news of Lee's surrender and the collapse of the Confederacy, upon which she proceeded directly to Liverpool without touching land. The news may have included the statement that Butler was in New Orleans and Grant in Vicksburg, but it must have been rather old news to Waddell, as he had left Liverpool two years and a half after the former occurrence, and more than a year after the latter. His informant, having got possession of this supposed Rip Van Winkle of the Arctic, to whom nothing was a "chestnut," might with equal propriety have told him that George Washington had been gathered to his fathers. Waddell's "tour of the world," in which, according to Mr. Abbot, he visited "Japan, India, South Africa, and finally returned to the Arctic seas nearly a year later," where he "captured and burned several" whalers, is therefore as mythical as the voyages of Sindbad the Sailor or the Flying Dutchman.

No doubt a work of this kind, written for boys, should be judged by a lenient standard. It is permissible to pad it with anecdote, which is always more or less apocryphal; and if the anecdote is good, nobody need complain. Even if an author, in producing his scenic effects, puts on the red paint somewhat thickly, he may be pardoned. But no one, whether he writes for boys or men, can be excused for perverting facts, even when he does it in this writer's aimless and slovenly fashion.

The illustrations show the same faults as the text. In one, the "Attack on the Hatteras Forts" is being made by a fleet of modern English ironclad rams, bearing no resemblance to the "fine old frigates" that actually conducted it. In another, the *Monitor* is deprived of that useful and conspicuous feature, a smoke-stack, while the *Merrimac* has one whose dimensions are nothing less than colossal. The "Charge of sailors at Hilton Head" is an exciting scene, but a purely imaginary incident; while in many of the pictures the arrangement of sails, flag, smoke, and sea, while it may secure an artistic effect, represents a physical impossibility.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.—III.

'DOWN THE SNOW STAIRS,' by Alice Corkran (Scribner & Welford), is among the best of the juvenile books this year. The illustrations, by

Gordon Browne, are workmanlike and not without a pleasant humorous quality. The story is a dream of the land where children are naughty and are punished—some visibly in Punishment Land, some indirectly in Daddy Coax's domain of kisses and candy, some in a real inferno of punishment in kind. Kitty, with a star to guide her, with a good spirit on her right shoulder and a bad one on the left, meets temptations of flattery and greediness and the like with a childlike unconsciousness of being tempted, and an almost too-late waking-up to the danger, which is well imagined. There are conventionalisms too, and so there are in the illustrations, where the guardian angel is never well managed; but these are not in great excess. The obvious drawback is the strong resemblance of the whole story to the Alice books—a resemblance which is insisted on, as it were, in the chapter where I and Myself use almost the words and are pictured in the attitude of Tweedledum and Tweedledee; but it is not to be forgotten how little youthful readers will object to that, while, for the older lovers of children's books, the resemblance is so frank and naïf that it is as if the preface or the title-page had said, "Imitated from 'Alice in Wonderland.'"

We have still another such imitation, 'Keyhole Country,' by Gertrude Yerdon (Roberts Bros.), a little book full of illustrations which are anonymous, and also rough and careless enough, though not uninteresting. This book is amusing reading; we like the Caller Herring, who was always being pursued by the fishwives, but never really in danger, because there's "not a word about his having been sold in the song"—as indeed there is not! And the Caller Herring wore at his watch-chain a Sixth Sense, wearing which one heard the flowers talk; but this was not needed to hear the birds and beasts talk—"the upper fifth sense is enough to hear them." Some of the jokes are pure English, or rather London, allusions—like the fun about the Agony Column, which the artist has pictured as an obelisk, in a moment of forgetfulness. All this is amusing reading for grown people, and probably children will like it, too.

'Ginevra, or the Old Oak Chest,' by Susan E. Wallace, with illustrations by Gen. Lew Wallace, is the story of Rogers's heroine, the lost lady of Modena, told in rather grandiose style, in prose. The illustrations are quite unreasonably bad. One feels vexed with such things, nowadays, when fairly good pictures are common in even cheap books. The addition at the end of Rogers's own poem, "Ginevra," is the best thing about this book; the illustration copied from the engraving in Rogers's 'Italy' is not a success.

The same publishers send us 'From Meadow Sweet to Mistletoe,' by Mary A. Lathbury, with large pictures reproduced from drawings by the author. The poems are very far superior to most of the amateurish productions, which are so hard to read and so much harder to qualify properly. This, for instance, is good, solid work, free from gush, and the metre and rhyme coming naturally:

"Little people, if you'll rise
While the stars are in the skies,
Waiting for the day to break,
And the sleeping world to wake;
If you'll go, when the day
Only blishes through the gray,
Down the hill and through the brake
To the misty mountain lake,
Maybe you will see the daughter
Of the sunshine and the water.
Lili is a water maid," etc.,

—but we should like to quote it all. And the "Shipwreck" is still better, but must be quoted entire if at all, and therefore not at all here. And the pictures, are they of equal merit with the verse? Not quite that, but they are far from being contemptible. There is something very unpleasant in the style and the very tints of their reproduction, but the designs themselves are not to be despised. Conventional, no doubt; rather

feeble than strong, of course; but with a pretty and childlike grace and simplicity.

There are some pretty verses also in 'All Round the Clock,' by Robert Ellis Mack (Dutton & Co.); for example, these:

"When I am very big and old
I'll write a book all bound in gold.

"I'll tell about my pussy cat,
Who goes to sleep upon the mat;

"Of my new shoes, and dolly, too,
I won't forget to 'member you.

"I'll write a book all bound in gold
When I'm a big man, five years old."

Nor are the above any better than others in the book. It would seem as if children would like these when read to them, and that mammas would find the reading not disagreeable. The illustrations, by Harriet M. Bennet, lithographed and printed in colors by Ernest Bister of Nuremberg, are too red and green, cheeks too rosy, hair too yellow; but underneath this unprepossessing surface there seems to be a sympathy with children, and a certain sense of their ways of moving and standing and lying down, which is very agreeable.

'Christmas Roses,' by Lizzie Lawson and the author of 'All Round the Clock,' and 'Under the Mistletoe,' by the same two writers, are similar collections of verses for children, some better, some worse. There are poems among them which remind one of the 'Original Poems' of Jane Taylor's book long years ago, and others (especially 'A Mistake') which have the ring of "Aunt Effie's" poems for children, both of which we give as resemblances that do credit to the newer writers. The illustrations in both books are of the character of those in 'All Round the Clock.' As they are signed L. L., we are left wondering whether "Lizzie Lawson" is not the artist and Mr. Mack the writer in both these little books. In the three last-named books there are, besides the colored full-page illustrations, a host of little marginal sketches, printed in brown. Now we are fully persuaded that these have no attraction for the childish mind. Vignettes, sketched sprigs of flowers on title-pages, semi-decorative margins, are not what children care for. The art they demand is historical and not decorative; they wish to see people or animals doing certain things clearly and plainly set down. The attempt to make children's books pretty in the eyes of grown people is probably made with a view to the hurried purchaser in the bookstore amid the holiday crowd. For the children themselves, all this is nearly useless.

'Pictures and Songs for Little Children,' also from Dutton & Co., would seem to be a gathering made from some periodical—at least it is strange to find all these bits of verse by different authors filling the book like a scrap-book, without preface or table of contents. Some of the little poems are very pretty indeed, and there is a good deal more matter than there is in the more showy little books we have discussed above. The illustrations are woodcuts printed with the text, and are very numerous, though not to be praised.

Mr. G. A. Henty is well known as a writer of boys' books of an interesting and healthy character, most of them belonging to the class of historical fiction. In 'The Young Carthaginian' (Scribner & Welford) he enters a field new to him—that of classical antiquity—and carries his reader through the Second Punic War. Mr. Henty knows very well the tastes of boys—and it would seem that English boys are not very different from American in their craving for exciting adventure—and the book is crowded with incident and peril. With the historical sketch we have no fault to find. Livy is followed pretty closely, as was natural; and if there are any details which are incorrect—in the passage of the Alps, the Italian battles, etc.—later study will

correct the errors. The lesson of the book is sound—that the triumph of Rome was in the interest of civilization; but we think that the corruption of Carthage is exaggerated, and also the degree of perfidy and cruelty to which Hanno and the peace party of Carthage carried their opposition to Hannibal. As a picture of ancient life we feel more doubtful about the book. It is very hard to appreciate or criticise the delicate touches in which the truthfulness or untruthfulness of an historical picture consists, especially when obscured by the difference of language; but the men and women of this book impress us as moderns masquerading in ancient costumes. And not unreasonably so. Mr. Hentý tries his hand in too many fields of history to be really at home in all of them. He is a good classical scholar, but he does not *live into* classical life. To take a petty illustration: no person who really understood Roman family life would use such impossible nomenclature (at this period) as “Lady Flavia Gracchus,” Julia the daughter of Gracchus, “The prætor Publius,” “The military prætor,” or address a young man as “Sempronius,” or allow this Sempronius to speak of himself as a patrician. For all this, the book is a good one for boys. What they want is inspiration and the quickening of the imagination, rather than antiquarian precision, which they can get afterwards.

RECENT NOVELS.

John Jerome. By Jean Ingelow. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

The Terrace of Mon Désir. Boston: Cupples, Upham & Co.

The Master of Tanagra. By Ernst von Wildenbruch. Translated by Marie, Baroness von Lauer. London: H. Grevel & Co.

Crime and Punishment. By Feodor M. Dostoyevsky. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

MISS INGELOW has incorporated a good deal of the miscellaneous matter in her commonplace book into the form of a novel, of a very unconventional type, under the title of ‘John Jerome, His Thoughts and Ways,’ and in this manner succeeds in conveying her opinion on a variety of matters which would have been awkward to handle in the ordinary form, and which hardly had sufficient substance to furnish the groundwork for a series of essays. Among the most prominent of the ideas which she airs is the advisability of forming extensive plantations of the *Ailanthus glandulosa*, and providing the Japanese silk-worms which feed upon that tree, with a view to raising silk in England. Another is as to the propriety of men and women of the upper classes living a life resembling that of the gypsies, if their instincts incline them in that direction, and of the duty of women to engage in the work of their own houses. The range of topics which are touched upon at more or less length is very extensive, and although the reader may not appreciate either the theories thus broached or this back-handed way of telling a story, he will find a good deal of wit and not a little common sense in John Jerome’s rambling talk.

The author of ‘The Terrace of Mon Désir’ is evidently a novice in the art of romance, and it is not surprising, therefore, that the general effect is rather that of dim memories of the writings of others than of vigorous individuality, in spite of the fact that the central idea is not a copy. The story of beautiful Nadia Laskar’s betrothal to André Rototsky, the murder of the latter for the sake of his money, by his ungrateful cousin, the search for the murderer by Gerald Read, and the final happiness of Gerald and Nadia, is very good in itself, but it needs more skill

than the author at present possesses to give the characters due relief. The same may be said of his attempts to introduce what is called “local color.” Although the book is labelled “A Novel of Russian Life,” there is very little flavor of anything distinctively foreign, or of anything which would not fit any other country—given a palace and gardens to describe—quite as well, with the exception of the names of people and places. The transitions of feeling are rather abrupt and awkwardly managed, but with more experience the author will probably be able to produce pleasant summer novels.

The charming little Tanagra figurines evidently inspired Ernst von Wildenbruch’s dramatic and poetical story of ancient Greece, ‘The Master of Tanagra.’ It is the story of Myrtolaos of Tanagra, the pupil of Praxiteles, who won success only when he took for his model the beautiful Hellanodike, the woman who followed him to Athens from her Boeotian home, and nearly fell a victim to Athenian vice in her innocence and her love for him. It is extremely dramatic, and the description of the orgy in which Phryne takes part goes to the very verge of propriety. The translation is spirited and the language good and varied, though the translator’s foreign origin is betrayed, here and there, by peculiar words and idioms. The only one of these which is really puzzling is the unvarying use of “once” as the equivalent of “einmal,” which produces sentences like the following: “Hermes of Tanagra, thou who shalt once live with Olympic Zeus, anew I greet thee.”

It is safe to say that any one who begins Dostoyevsky’s famous novel, ‘Crime and Punishment,’ will not lay it down until he has read every word of it. Such a psychological study of the murderer who is not a hardened criminal, it would be hard to find in the literature of any other country than Russia, or from any pen but that of Dostoyevsky. The murder is committed by a poverty-stricken student, Raskolnikoff, who has evidently been driven half crazy by want, though rational enough in the ordinary sense of the term. It occurs to him that it will be a meritorious act to rid the earth of an old harpy of a pawnbroker, who is reputed to be very wealthy; and he is confirmed in his belief that he is appointed to the task, and that it is a righteous deed, by overhearing a parallel suggestion from another of the old woman’s clients, in a public eating-house. He plans to commit the deed while the woman’s half-witted companion is out of the way, but circumstances force him to burden his conscience with this victim’s blood. The agony of mind which he has endured for a month while plotting the deed, is now intensified to the highest degree. This forms the leading motive, though the fates of others are entangled with his in a way which renders it a tale of action, and not alone of analysis. Even in its present very much abridged form, the effect which it produces can only be expressed by the word tremendous. What the American reader would think of it in its original form, it is hard to say. As Dostoyevsky ranks preëminently among the authors, not too numerous in any country, who cannot be read by dipping into each page at railroad speed, the diminution of power in the present case must be apparent.

As a specimen of ingenious hacking down one-third and paraphrase rather than translation, it is creditable compared with some books which have appeared; but the best Russian critics object to this process, as is quite natural. Every page, and nearly every paragraph, is more or less cut. The English translator, evidently a Cockney, indulges in the vulgar, “Wherever have I come to?” “Whatever have you done?” and the like use of “however,” not to mention such constructions as: “It is a great pity, my

deer fellow, you did not be more careful with ner,” and so on. As if to let the translation seem to have been made directly from the Russian, instead of from the French, the Christian names of all the characters have been altered from their French form into what is fondly imagined to be pure Russian. The most prominent instance is furnished by the name of Raskolnikoff’s sister Dunia. In the original she is called Avdotya, throughout, except when the familiar form, Dunya, is employed. Avdotya is the popular form of Evdokhya (Eudoxia). In the translation it figures, without exception, as Euxodia. The French is correct. The French André becomes Andreas (Russian, Andreï); Porphyrius usurps the place of Russian Porfiry, and so forth; it is useless to catalogue all these bits of linguistic mosaic. On the other hand, the proofs, if proof were needed, that the version was made through the French, are furnished by the singular coincidences in the excisions, by the use of “paquitos” (as in the French) where the original said “cigar”; by a coincidence of mistake with the French in cases of minor errors, as in the use of “lodgers” instead of “landlords,” and by various other equally significant signs, of different degrees of intensity.

The Volcano under the City. By a Volunteer Special. Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

UNDER the above somewhat startling title is given the fullest account of the draft riot of 1863 that has ever been published. The author’s name is not revealed. He says that the police, from the beginning to the end of the riot, did not so much as attempt to keep their usual record of occurrences; that, being too busy with the club to use the pen, the books of the Department are almost a blank as to the deeds of that dark period. The sources of information for the work are the contemporary newspaper accounts, which were necessarily fragmentary; the author’s own observation, the observation of other eye witnesses whom he has consulted, and the telegraph-books of the Police Department containing the brief despatches that passed between police officers. The survey of the field presented by this book is—necessarily, no doubt—from the police point of view, but full credit is given to all the military and civil forces engaged in restoring order.

The account of these riots, which lasted from Monday, July 13, 1863, to Friday of the same week—four days and nights—is the blackest chapter in the history of New York city. The author recalls its horrors to warn us that “there is, and always will be, a volcano under the city,” and that if we would prevent eruptions, we must take proper precautions. Up to the day, to the very hour, of violence in 1863, people could not believe there was danger. Even after men were assaulted and houses were in flames, many could not realize that the outbreak was serious. It came in a moment, without plan and almost without design, and a mob for four days and nights worked its sweet will on the metropolis of the republic. The loss of life and property was enormous, and the agony caused by the atrocities of those four lawless days is beyond all power of computation. And by whom, one naturally asks, was all this evil wrought? Not by workingmen, the author tells us, but by the idle and vicious, who congregate in New York city from all quarters of the globe, and seek by violence to share the fruits of other men’s labor and thrift. The draft merely afforded a pretext in 1863, as any novel measure might do now, for bringing those vicious elements together as a mob. A mob’s power for mischief, the author very properly maintains, can be neutralized by proper precautions. Under any circumstances its reign