

the tracks, and the benches were too small. The anticipations of the throng were exceeded rather than disappointed. It had been feared that the smart shower which fell just before the time appointed for the races might lessen the eagerness of the curious to present themselves at the track; but such was not the case. The population of Bordeaux attach strong interest to this sport, that has made so great progress in their city the past year. The track, which was 656 yards in circumference, was not very good, and the speed was accordingly inferior. But, notwithstanding drawbacks, the races were brilliant, as might have been predicted, seeing the array of such contestants as MM. Médinge (the successful contestant against Wood), de Civry, Ch. Terront, G. Pihan, and Krell.

The great surprise of the day, if it can, indeed, be called a surprise, was the 'triple victory of M. de Civry, not only over MM. Terront and Pihan, but equally over M. Médinge, who, we suspect, was not looking for these defeats, honorable as they were. We may be mistaken, but we are inclined to believe M. de Civry—as his former triumphs have gone to prove—superior, even, to M. Médinge.

M. Ch. Terront sustained his old reputation by pressing closely upon his redoubtable adversary up to the very goal. In the tricycle race,

but for his accident, he would have been, if not foremost, at least very nearly so.

The prizes offered were \$ 360 in value. There were offered, in addition, a gold chronometer and nine medals, one of the latter offered by the Gymnastic Society.

The International Bicycle Race; distance, nine miles. Seven starters. M. de Civry, Paris (1), 33m. 21s.; M. Ch. Terront, Paris (2); M. Médinge, Paris (3).

International Tricycle Race; distance, two and three-fourths miles. Six starters. M. de Civry (1), 12m. 32s.; MM. Ch. Terront and Médinge (2); M. Jiel (4). This race was sharply contested between Terront and de Civry. The former had the advantage until, on the eighth and last lap, the rubber on one of his tricycle wheels having loosened, he was obliged to dismount about two hundred yards from the goal. He remounted immediately, but was able to take only the third place.

Handicap Bicycle Race of Honor; three and three-fourths miles. M. de Civry (1), 13m. 48s.; Médinge (2); Ch. Terront (3).

This race, which combined anew the four Parisian racers, was brilliantly won by 10 feet, by M. de Civry, whose third was saluted with the enthusiastic applause of the spectators.

BOOK NOTICES.

Recollections of My Youth.¹

A VERY lively interest attaches to the earlier chapters of this book, in which the author describes his childhood in Brittany, that land so antiquated in life and thought, so full of legend, and so little known to modern travellers. They contain a most fascinating sketch of his mother, gay, witty, shrewd and full of tact, warm-hearted, and with an inimitable gift for story-telling. Many of her original tales are here repeated, and many of his recollections of persons and experiences rehearsed. An interest no less strong, but of a wholly different nature, arises from the chapters which describe his departure from his old Breton masters for the ecclesiastical schools of Paris. His whole mental history, his progress from most absolute faith in the Romish church, through Protestantism, to thorough rationalism, is laid completely open. However one may lack sympathy, he cannot fail to be soothed to attention by the unfailling suavity of the writer, and to be drawn to respect by his absolute freedom from self-interest. However he may differ

from his clerical educators in faith, he claims to be in character and temperament what they have made him. Their moral teaching he sums up in the four virtues of disinterestedness or poverty, modesty, politeness, and strict morality; and then proceeds to analyze his conduct under those four heads. This process is one of the most striking things in the book, and is very full of instruction. The first principle he justly claims to have practised most faithfully. He was always a mere child in worldly affairs. It had never occurred to him that any money could be made by his writings until some one sought him, offering to publish them in collected form. An arrangement which seemed wonderfully liberal to him proved to be in reality a fine speculation for his publisher. The rule of his old teachers on the score of modesty was never to speak of one's self either in praise or depreciation, and he naively excuses himself for throwing away all claim to that virtue by asserting his possession of it, as he does at considerable length. He lays claim to more of politeness, however, than of modesty, asserting that in the practise of this priestly grace he has even forfeited his candor,

¹ By Ernest Rénan. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

seeking in conversation rather to feel what his companion felt, and to anticipate him in expressing it, than to utter truthfully his own thought. He claims politeness as a truly French virtue. Just here we must quote a few sentences which would scarcely be appreciated by our travelling public: "When one feels one's self being pushed by people who want to get in front of one, the proper thing to do is to draw back with a gesture tantamount to saying: 'Do not let me prevent your passing.' But it is very certain that any one who adhered to this rule in an omnibus would be the victim of his own deference. In travelling by rail, how few people seem to see that in trying to force their way before others on the platform, in order to secure the best seats, they are guilty of gross discourtesy." He confesses that owing to the strength of his feeling on these points, and the rude reception given to his delicacy, he has long since given up taking an omnibus, and in travelling by rail invariably has the very worst seat.

One thing in him that is strikingly different from most men is, as he says, "I have never given much encouragement to friendship." Friendship, as it is usually understood, is, he says, a blunder and an injustice. It consists in having one's eyes open to the good qualities of one person only, and blind to those of others who are perhaps far more deserving. In a better world he believes there would be no friendship. It is a slight upon good fellowship in general to attach one's self especially to an individual, and must warp a man's judgment and fetter his independence.

The inimitably clear and finished style of Rénan must suffer somewhat in translation. There are even, we regret to see, a few inelegances and errors of English expression.

Ole Bull: A Memoir.¹

MRS. BULL has given us an admirable delineation of her husband's career and qualities of manhood and genius. He is not to be viewed and judged in accordance with rules, or to be accounted for by any course of school-training. His was the music of natural emotion and inspiration. No other violinist has been capable of doing such wonders, unless, perhaps, we except Paganini. His very physical conformation and development, his mighty chest, long and flexible arms and hands, delicacy of touch and extreme agility of motion, enabled him to accomplish passages of such length and difficulty that admiration would have been lost in amazement but for the flood of deep and passionate feeling that swept his hearers away. He is said to be the only violinist who has ever played four distinct and continuous parts at once. And if one of his strings should snap, the mishap could not even for an instant slacken the flow of sweet sounds, but, transposing or even extemporizing, he would continue as if undisturbed. He imbibed the

¹By Sara C. Bull. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.

highest rules of art unconsciously by his intercourse with artists and his familiarity with the finest music; but of conventional training under masters he had none. He wandered for a time in poverty and lonely adventure, waiting for success; but when it once came it was overwhelming, and never deserted him during his life. The whole world was swayed by his power.

There is no direct analysis given either of his personal qualities or of his art. Of the former we are given to judge by many incidents and letters of his own writing, and in regard to the latter, are quoted critiques by Mrs. Child, G. N. Curtis, and others. Many letters addressed to him by distinguished persons, and of great interest, are here reproduced; and also many tributes from poets, musicians, and friends of all ranks.

Appended to the volume is a paper, by Dr. A. B. Crosby, on the anatomy of Ole Bull, his pose and method of holding the violin. This must be of special interest to violinists.

Eugène Fromentin.¹

THE style of the biographer is stately and forcible, and at the same time vividly interesting. It loses nothing, moreover, in the translation, which is remarkably finished and excellent.

The volume is very elegant in appearance, a large octavo of nearly three hundred pages, illustrated by many engravings of Fromentin's sketches.

Americans will be glad to be introduced to another French painter of most interesting qualities, heretofore little known to us. He was a *genre* painter, of superior gifts. His colors are brilliant, pure, and boldly juxtaposed. He became a harmonist, strongly resembling Corot in his use of grays. He had wonderful skill in the management of light and tone, giving with truth all the effects of time of day, season, and climate. He was too keen an observer to omit careful reproduction of detail, and yet always studied a noble breadth and harmony of effect.

As a writer he was distinguished by the same accuracy of observation, the same picturesqueness and vivacity of style that marked his work with crayon and brush. He showed vigor, delicacy, and precision of thought. As a writer of pure prose he is ranked with George Sand, Théophile Gautier, Merimée, and Rénan. His first work of note is entitled, "A Summer in the Sahara." The critics—and foremost among them George Sand and Sainte-Beuve—spared him no praise. His literary fortune was assured, and from that moment dated a lively sympathy between Fromentin and his illustrious critics. Other works fully analyzed and criticized in this volume are the "Sabel" and "Old Masters of Belgium and Holland." Letters of great interest and literary value between Fromentin and George Sand are given, as well as other letters of the artist and unpublished fragments. The Isle

¹Eugène Fromentin, Painter and Writer. By M. Louis Gonse. Translated by Mary Caroline Robbins. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

of Ré, here printed, is a perfect exponent of the peculiar beauties of his work.

But little information is given us of his life, which was uneventful, and of his character, which was of extreme sensitiveness and reserve. George Sand wrote of him: "His face is startlingly expressive; his eyes magnificent. His conversation, like his painting and writing, is brilliant and strong, solid, pregnant, and full of color. . . . His life, like his mind, is a model of delicacy, taste, perseverance, and distinction." His portrait gives us a face full of spirit and refinement. He died at the age of fifty-six, when his merits as painter and writer were about to procure him an election to the Academy.

Reveries of a Bachelor and Seven Stories.¹

HERE we have two charming old friends in a fresh dress, and with their own youth unfaded. There are four of the Reveries, and running through each is a thread of fancied experience of hope, disappointment, love, joy, and sorrow. The phantom persons grow real before us, and the tender pathos with which their stories are told wins our heart and stirs our sympathies. The bachelor falls into these waking dreams over his fire in country and city. His first creations are shadowy and changing in their persons, but most real and moving in their loves and emotions. The writer asks, "What matters it, pray, if, literally, there was no wife, and no dead child, and no coffin, in the house? Is not feeling, feeling; and heart, heart? Are not these fancies thronging on my brain, bringing their own sorrows, and their own joys, as living as anything human can be living?" The third Revery is over his cigar, which draws forth from him a series of reflections such "as would do your heart good to listen to." "About Love, which is easy enough lighted, but wants constancy to keep it in a glow. Or about Matrimony, which has a great deal of fire in the beginning, but it is a fire that consumes all that feeds the blaze. Or about Life, which, at the first, is fresh and odorous, but ends shortly in a withered cinder, fit only for the ground." He lights his cigar with a living coal, and compares "the first taste of the new smoke and the fragrant leaf" to first love, and wanders on through all the pictured details of a sweet, boyish romance. But the flame dies out and must be rekindled, this time with a wisp of paper, and thus his heart is warmed again to friendship, and then to love, no longer hot, and without a thought of self or the world, but a love that must yield to lack of dividends, and lose its grief and its hopes in the roar of the world about, and the struggle of life, to die out wholly at last with the light of his cigar. But he vows he will light it again, and this time with a match,—all that is left to him,—and a capital match it proves to be, with a "splendid woman," an ele-

¹ By Donald G. Mitchell. New York: Chas. Scribners' Sons.

gant woman, who brings him wealth, and knows how to "sustain the dignity of her position." But her tenderness and her smiles, and her joyful welcome, are never for him; his heart starves and faints utterly. The flame is wholly dead and its material consumed. The last Revery is one of the open air in the meadow, where he lies and dreams under an oak. The morning brings him memories of childhood and youth; with noon come pictures of the present, brief and full of events, while at evening he takes a long look into his future,—a great, dim land, where he loves to wander. The last is the best of all, and the most real.

The Seven Stories, with Basement and Attic, are a collection of stories of foreign life most exquisitely told. We mark especially in them the minuteness and vividness of description of scenes and persons. Many pictures are drawn here with the pen as lovely and as true in all their shading and atmosphere as the work of a painter. These volumes are to be followed by seven or eight others by the same author, some of which have not been previously published.

Prose Masterpieces.¹

EACH of these essays is given without abridgment, and they are grouped with reference to subject and for convenience in comparing views. The first volume contains Froude's "Science of History," a masterly critical discussion of the philosophy of Buckle, followed by "Race and Language," by Edward A. Freeman, and Gladstone's "Kin Beyond Sea," originally published in the *North American Review*. Then come papers by John Henry Newman on "Private Judgment," and by Leslie Stephen "An Apology for Plain-speaking." There are six essays in the second volume: Arthur Helps, "On the Art of Living with Others"; "My Winter Garden," by Charles Kingsley, whose poetic philosophy of every-day and monotonous things reminds us of that of Xavier de Maistre, with the advantage of being rural instead of urban. Kingsley's letter is followed by an address on "Work," by John Ruskin, delivered before the Working Men's Institute; James Russell Lowell, "On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners," and essays on History by Carlyle and Macaulay. In the third volume are Washington Irving's "Mutability of Literature," and Leigh Hunt's "World of Books," Charles Lamb's "Imperfect Sympathies," and De Quincey's "Conversation"; "Petition of the Thugs for Toleration," by Landor, "The Benefits of Parliament," also by Landor, and "Fallacies of Anti-Reformers," by Sidney Smith; "Nil Nisi Bonum," by Thackeray, and "Compensation," by Emerson; "Sweetness and Light," by Matthew Arnold, and John Morley, "On Popular Culture." Any words in regard to either writers or essays would be superfluous. We have only to commend the discrimi-

¹ Prose Masterpieces from Modern Essayists. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

nating taste that made the selections, as well as the very elegant and convenient form in which they are presented.

Tennyson's Princess.¹

TENNYSON'S "Princess," illustrated, is certainly one of the finest holiday books of the season, and is probably the very finest book of that particular kind ever gotten up. It is similar in size, binding, paper, and general make-up to "The Lady of the Lake" of last year, and "Lucile" of the year before; but it far surpasses both of these in excellence of illustrations. We feel no hesitation in saying that we have never seen a finer example of the perfection to which wood engraving has been brought. As to the work of the artists, it is, most of it, of the very best. Perhaps the finest work in the book is by Frederick Dielman. There is probably not an artist in the country who could have done better the work assigned to him. Frost's figures are rather artificial and expressionless,—a fault that prevails in most of his work. The numerous head and tail pieces, and the frontispieces to the various parts, add greatly to the beauty of the whole. Great credit is due to Mr. A. V. S. Anthony, who superintended the artistic part of the work.

The Invisible Lodge.²

WE gladly welcome another of Jean Paul's shadowy romances. It is not the slight and often-broken thread of slowly moving narrative that chains our mind, nor our absorption in the unreal and dreamlike personages that pass before our eyes. These things are charming, but the other things that interpose and draw away our thoughts are still more so. What delicious whimsical humor and satire! What deep philosophy and morality! And, most of all, we love his warmth of heart.

The many obscurities that puzzle us are not the fault of the translator, whose work is truly scholarly and appreciative. The Germans have made for themselves a dictionary of the strange words and obscure phrases and figures occurring in Richter's works.

This romance was published when the author was twenty-nine years old, and contains much of his own biography. It was the first of his works that he felt to be well paid, and he had the joy of bestowing the proceeds upon his poor old mother.

Of the Imitation of Christ.³

THIS little book of devotion and religious instruction, that for four centuries has been used by all followers of Christ, of whatever creed or nationality, is

¹ The Princess. A Medley. By Alfred Tennyson. Illustrated. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

² The Invisible Lodge. From the German of J. P. F. Lodge. Richter, by Charles I. Brooks. Leisure Hour Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

³ Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

newly issued in a very appropriate and attractive form. The translation is the latest revision, and the text is profusely ornamented with quaint emblematic head and tail-pieces and odd devices of all sorts.

The Storied Sea.¹

A DAINY little volume of bright, familiar sketches of the Mediterranean, Tunis, Carthage, Smyrna, and of the incidents and companions of the voyage of the writer. These chapters are so interesting and gracefully written that there is no need of the half-apology at the beginning for writing of anything so old as the Mediterranean. They are professedly penned for the recreation of the eighty thousand school-teachers of our land, "that noble army of martyrs"; but they must share their blessings with other toilers, who welcome a glimpse into scenes apart from their daily life. The brigand story of Ajaccio, the chapters of the Light of the Harem, and the exquisite glimpses of the American Girl, are among the pleasantest things in the book.

The American Girl's Home-Book of Work and Play.²

THE first part of this book contains directions for all imaginable sorts of indoor amusements; rainy-day amusements for younger children, and directions for constructing home-made toys for them; games, old-fashioned and new, for children's parties; forfeits, very pretty song-plays and tricks that would delight a party of children of a larger growth: home entertainments, with full directions and descriptions of "properties" required; ballads and poems illustrated by action,—such as "Auld Robin Gray," "Villikins and his Dinah," "Jack and the Beanstalk," etc., being given in full with directions for action; ending with Halloween and other amusements.

The second part is devoted to out-door employments, and contains instruction in the laws of lawn-tennis, archery, croquet, lawn billiards, etc. There are also full directions for learning to swim, and various precautions suggested against accidents in the water. There is one chapter on the making of small entomological collections, and another on aquariums, walking-clubs, and camping-out; the culture of small fruits, the rearing of poultry, care of an apiary and floriculture are thoroughly discussed. There are directions for various kinds of fancy-work. In fact, almost any girl could find work and play enough in the pages of this book to fill her girlhood hours. The directions are, in all cases, admirably simple and easily understood. Everything said is to be trusted as being the result of experience and conscientious study.

¹ By Susan E. Wallace. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

² The American Girl's Home Book. By Helen Campbell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Our Young Folks. Whys and Wherefores.¹

THIS is a very beautiful juvenile, with a bright and tasteful cover, profusely illustrated, and clearly printed in large type, on fine, thick paper. Little Annie, whose whys and wherefores fill the book, reminds us of Rollo in the books of our own childhood. Her questions are answered by grandfather, mother, engineer brother, and sea-captain father. They relate to physiology, meteorology, and even psychology. A chapter on the stomach is called "The Sensitive Cook," and that fastidious organ is described by the old story of Vatel, the cook of Louis XIV., who, unable to sustain the double mortification of knowing that two tables of an evening banquet had lacked roast beef, and that there would not be fish enough for breakfast, ran himself through with a sword. Many of the illustrations are French, as is the story also in its origin.

A Year of Sunshine.²

WE are glad to see this collection of cheerful extracts put into a more permanent form. They are of prose and poetry, ancient and modern, drawn from every source, the newspapers as well as classic writers, and are full of brightness, wit, and encouragement. Each day of the year has its page in the volume. The pages are red-lined, and the book has red edges. With these cheery reflections before us it would be difficult to be gloomy and despondent, or to see the dark side of any matter.

Work for Women.³

MR. MANSON has done valuable service to women seeking employment. He has answered, as far as possible, in regard to employments suited to her, such questions as, "Is there a good chance to get work? How long will it take to make myself competent? Are there any in the business? How much do they earn? How hard will I have to work? Are there any objections against entering this employment? If so, what are they?"

Mrs. Gilpin's Frugalities.⁴

"John Gilpin kissed his loving wife;
O'erjoyed was he to find
That though on pleasure she was bent
She had a frugal mind."

THIS little book of Susan Anna Brown is in form like her "Book of Forty Puddings." The stanza quoted above is on the illustrated cover, and evidently has given the book its title. The "Frugalities" are two hundred ways of using remnants of food. It is strange, and to be regretted, that in the skilful and economical use of food' our American women

allow themselves to be so notoriously excelled by older and poorer countries. It is the aim of this book to suggest remedies for the fact.

Mexico and the Mexicans.¹

IS a most delightful hook about that very interesting country, a land that is just now of more than ordinary interest to us, owing to the important railroad and other projects carried on there at present by capitalists of our country. The author has given us a very clear and interesting account of the country as it appeared to him, and has done it in a simple, straightforward way. The book itself is gratifying to the eye, with its superfine paper, large clear type, and wide margins. The half dozen or more illustrations are of a very ordinary kind.

The Hoosier School Boy.²

THE sage-green cover of this pretty book is embellished with a picture of the studious infant, Christopher Columbus George Washington Marquis de Lafayette Risdale, with his large head and reed-like legs, who is a prominent and interesting character of the story, not the Hoosier school-boy himself, but sheltered from many a rudeness by his generous protection. Jack Dudley, the real hero, is an honest chivalrous fellow, brought up by a father for whom he never dares to express half his admiration, and by a lovely, gentle mother, who is now a widow with no means, but an old debt owed her by a Mr. Gray, whose property all belongs to his wife. Any boy will follow this Jack with unfailing interest through all his school experiences with the bully, "King Prince," and his cowardly dependents; with the cruel old master, who frightens poor little Columbus And-soforth into a brain fever by an attempt to flog out of the baby the knowledge of who put gunpowder into the stove; with "ghosts" in the log-cabin, on the banks of the Ohio, where Jack kept "bach" with another boy, and went to the Port William Academy; when he ran the successful race to register his claim on a piece of land discovered to be owned in Mr. Gray's own name, before a boy hired by Mr. G. to run to the county clerk's office in competition with Jack, should be able to register a mortgage on that same piece of land; and through many another conflict and adventure. It is as healthful a story as it is interesting. Unless we feel differently from other boys, many of Jack's games will he tried and played by the school-boys that read his story. Edward Eggleston's pictures of Western life and character are as truthful and as overflowing with humor in this story as in "The Hoosier School-master," or "Roxy."

¹ Whys and Wherefores. A Story. By Uncle Lawrence. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

² A Year of Sunshine. By Kate Sanborn. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

³ By George J. Manson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

⁴ New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

¹ Mexico and the Mexicans; or, Notes of Travel in the Winter and Spring of 1883. By Howard Conklin. With illustrations. New York: Taintor Brothers, Merrill, & Co.

² The Hoosier School Boy. By Edward Eggleston. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.