

condemnation as this, and we hope that Dr. Garlanda will moderate his ire and contempt in a subsequent edition. Meanwhile his book will interest and profit those who give their attention to the subject of it.

—Red-Nosed Frost. Translated from the original meters from the Russian of N. A. Nekrasov. Boston: Ticknor & Co.—We do not think we are doing an injustice to this volume of Russian verse when we are of the opinion that an absolutely literal translation, without any attempt at rhyme, would have given a better opportunity of judging of its merits. If there be any inherent charm in the original poem it is lost in part in the English versification. Of the rugged character of Nekrasov's style a good idea may, however, be had. He tells of the burial of a peasant, Prokl, whose body is borne to its final rest:

"A roan nag sticks fast, by a snowdrift arrested:
Two pairs of bast shoes, frozen hard,
And part of a coffin, with matting invested,
Project from a sledge, old and scarred."

These, the opening lines to the poem, will give some idea of the methods of versification. Still there are wonderful effects thrown into this poem of Russian peasant life. As Daria, the wife, watches by her husband's grave, the frost comes and freezes her to death, and in her delirium she sees her husband, young, handsome again, her baby children, and all her joys return. There is a song of "rapture supreme":

"The smile of content and bliss
On Daria's face still sort is lying."
Then, as her face is uplifted listening to the song, comes a squirrel through the tree-top and on Daria falls a snow pellet.

"While she in her dream-charm stands freezing,
Her soul yet with rapture aglow."

Though curiosity may at first induce the reader to work his way through this poem, he becomes conscious that in the original there must exist intense power; that peculiar sadness with which Russian poetry is imbued gives it, besides, a touching and melancholy grace. The typography of this volume is admirable, and on one side may be found the original Russian.

—Haschisch. A Novel. By Thorold King. Chicago: A. McClurg & Co.—At least the author of "Haschisch" tells a straightforward story. You pretty soon know what is going to turn up when Philip Arnold comes into a room with stealthy footfall—like a tiger. Gordon Wright, in the employ of a railroad, has been robbed of \$20,000 belonging to the corporation, and, though not suspected, has been dismissed. He was going to marry Madge, but the wedding is indefinitely postponed. Whenever anybody says "twenty thousand dollars" Gordon Wright is unhappy. Mrs. Hardy has two sons, Austin and Kenneth. The first has made his fortune at the Cape in diamonds. Kenneth is a doctor, who has studied in Paris. Austin exhibits his diamonds to his mother, and next morning is found with his throat cut and the diamonds gone. Gordon Wright is charged with the crime. An uncut diamond is found in his room, and a bit of ivory discovered in the murdered man's room fits exactly a break in the handle of Gordon's razor. Gordon stands his trial and is sent to prison for life, but Madge, of course, believes Gordon not guilty. By some mysterious oversight, which novelists always manage, no one thinks of Arnold. Madge is convinced that Arnold is the criminal. Kenneth hurries to Paris, where Arnold has gone. M. le Docteur Baron has a theory. If you give a man haschisch enough he will under its influence repeat in dreams what he has done in his waking moments. At a Paris club Arnold is induced to take a good dose of haschisch, administered by M. le Docteur Baron, and he shows exactly how he murdered Austin. Maybe Gerard de Nervalle might not have written about haschisch in Mr. King's manner, still, the story is by no means a bad one, and has less stuff and nonsense and elaborateness about it than the general run of detective—no, not yarns—romances is what we mean.

—The Church Revived. A Sketch of Parochial Missions in England, Canada, and the United States. By the Rev. J. W. Bonham, Church Missioner. New-York: T. Whittaker. 12mo, pp. 738.—Mr. Bonham has here furnished a very interesting and useful book. It is intended to cover the whole ground of mission services in the parishes and congregations of the Episcopal Church, and to show what can and ought to be done by what has actually been done. The writer is a minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church, although, as he tells us, he began as a Close Communion Baptist, and reached his present state of conviction only after much distress and anxiety. The intermingling of "incidents of travel at home and abroad," and autobiographic details, with the more important object he has in view, gives life and variety to Mr. Bonham's book. He takes considerable pains to defend John Wesley's memory against the charge of being author of a schism in the Church of England, although it is undeniable that Methodists, since his day, have departed from the principles which he always advocated. Mr. Bonham also supplies interesting notices of such distinguished foreign preachers as Cummings, the Presbyterian and fierce opponent of Rome; C. H. Spurgeon, the eloquent and successful Baptist in London; Dr. J. Parker, the well known Congregationalist in the same city, with numerous others. After this preliminary matter he describes the nature and character of the evangelistic work in which he is engaged, his visits to England and experiences in regard to the Pre-Lent mission and other Gospel services in London, his return to America, and wide extent of labors in this special work throughout Canada and the United States. The latter half of the book is occupied with matters relating to the novel experiment in the Episcopal Church, during last Advent, of what was known at the time as "the Advent Mission." Mr. Bonham's narrative is very full in regard to this mission and its results, and will prove very satisfactory to all who had a share in that movement and desire to possess a permanent record of its progress and success.

—The Chinese at Home and Abroad, Together with the Report of the Special Committee of the Board of Supervisors of San Francisco on the Condition of the Chinese Quarter of that City. By Willard B. Farwell. San Francisco: A. L. Bancroft & Co.—Mr. Farwell has selected from various books of travel, notably from the Abbé Hue, everything he could find prejudicial to the Chinese, and, we think, tries to prove too much against them. It is, however, very difficult for us to appreciate the exact condition of affairs in California, and more particularly in San Francisco. It may be very unphilosophical and in opposition to all ideas of moral culture, but there are fixed antipathies of race, and one there is between our own people and the Mongolians. Chinatown in San Francisco, as plotted out in this volume, where on the map the slums are depicted, is a most painful picture. Gambling dens, with houses of prostitution, abound. Statements of police officers are given in this volume, tending to show how corrupt and unreliable are the Chinese, but these are evidently of an ex parte character. The question of wages paid the Chinese, which would have been a most interesting topic, is not fully treated. It does not seem as if Chinese worked for less money than Americans or Europeans, but they are more saving. It cannot be doubted that in one sense they add to the productive power of California, but the money they save enters but for a time into capital, for the Chinese are in the United States to make money, but not to spend nor to invest it. There are innumerable pursuits of an agricultural character, notably fruit and grape growing, which would perish if not for Chinese labor, but with all the advantages of such patient skill and industry the Mongolians are men apart from that civilization into which they have entered. The great problem is, What is to be done with them? Should they come over by the thousands without wives, living, as they do, unnatural lives, their presence en masse would not be advantageous. It is well enough for us

New-York, where the Chinaman is but as one in the many thousands, to feel entirely indifferent as to his presence. In San Francisco, where he represents a large proportion of the inhabitants, it is entirely a different thing. The book under notice is a curious one, and may be sought after some of these days as among the rarities, because, issued in San Francisco, the publishers have just been burned out and the edition destroyed. Messrs. White, Stokes & Allen have, however, a few copies.

—Flights Inside and Outside Paradise by a Penitent Peri. By George Cullen Pearson. New-York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.—Mr. Pearson's peri is a Japanese, who, standing before some huge open portal, where the wind howls and the snowdrifts whirl, sees through the gate, in the far distance, the grandest of all mountains, Fuji, bathed in glorious sunshine. Our peri then makes various jaunts from Yokohama and describes what he sees. At first, somewhat inexperienced as to the fare of Japanese inns, he suffers for the want of "beef and beer." For a sharp-set man a very thin slice of raw fish, a cup of something very much "like the essence of cockroaches," with cold lumps of rice, are not inviting viands. Gaining knowledge, Mr. Pearson took with him on other trips canned food, and got along very well, though he may have eaten without his knowing it dog and monkey; but then, any food would be acceptable when presented by a tidy Japanese waiting maid. "What historian shall be found of her virtues, her kindness, politeness, and untiring good nature? What poet shall sing her praises? * * * Cold, wet, hungry, footsore, after a weary tramp, you arrive perhaps late at night at the welcome *yadoya*, (inn.) 'Ho! an honorable guest! Welcome, sir, welcome! Please come in immediately. Ah! those boots; how troublesome they must be. But there is a foot bath. Too cold? More warm water. * * * and that blister, too. Here is a towel, and I will carefully wash and dry the honorable feet.' Sometimes on foot, sometimes on horseback, our peri works his way through rural Japan. He tells us that at the halting places there were caldrons in which a little rice and chopped straw were simmering, and of this bouillon a pailful was given to the horses, but no cold water. At Matsumoto, our traveler wants a bath, and has to go to the public one. A gutter running down the middle of the room is what "divides the ladies' bathing room from that of the gentlemen." There is no privacy, but there was not the slightest violation of decency or propriety, for the Japanese "do not throw off their good breeding with their clothes." Familiar with the language, Mr. Pearson must have had a delightful time of it, for if the Japanese amuse him, he sometimes gives them a Shakespearean performance, which must have astonished them considerably. The book is an interesting one, and gives an insight into the ways and manners of the Japanese.

—Through the Yellowstone Park on Horseback. By George W. Wingate. Illustrated. New-York: Orange Judd Company.—Accompanied by two ladies of his family, Gen. Wingate made an expedition last year to the Yellowstone Park, and in a practical, common-sense way gives full particulars of how the trip was carried out, with a great deal of useful information as to rig, outfit, &c. As Gen. Wingate has had so much to do with military rifle practice, his own observations when in the hunting field are of particular value. Target shooting, when the object is fixed and elevation and wind have all been carefully studied, is quite a different thing from shooting at game. But the derision in which the hunters hold the target shooters is not deserved. "Knowing that the target will stay until he gets ready, the rifleman does not fire until he is satisfied with his aim, and consequently is apt to spend too much time in getting it. This sort of man will allow a deer to get out of range before he fires." A good shot on the rifle range has, however, many points in his favor, providing he will practice off-hand shooting. This may be done by aiming one's rifle at a spot on the wall, snapping the hammer, so as to bring the eye to work together as well as if a bullet were fired." Gen. Wingate is no tyro, however, and was, if we remember, a fair shot at the "running deer." He tells of killing four elk in seven shots with one miss, "the whole occurrence, though seeming to consume a long time, probably not actually occupying half a minute." The arm used was a repeating Winchester 45-calibre, using 75 grains of powder and a bullet of 350 grains. The bullet was what is known as the Keene bullet. This bullet is cut across at right angles, and the cuts extend from the apex to nearly where the ball enters the shell. The swedge closes the ball. When the ball strikes it opens, forming a four-pointed star. The twist in the ball, with its flanges, cuts into the animal like an auger, and the writer says: "Nothing that I hit with one ever went 20 feet afterward." The sight used was the Freund. As most game is killed within 200 yards, range is not, of course, as important as a flat trajectory." A chance shot will kill the devil, and Gen. Wingate tells of having taken a snap shot at a swan in the water at 600 yards and bowling it over. "Candor compels me to say that I could not have repeated it if the prize had been \$1,000,000 and I had been allowed a week to practice it in." The ladies following the General proved to be admirable travelers, enjoying the novel method of living. All that roughness which is supposed to exist in the West, as far as cowboys are concerned, the General did not find. He tells an amusing story of a superb cavalier, who made a display of horsemanship and personal grace in order to enchant the ladies. But one of them suddenly opened her parasol, and all the horses stampeded, and they snorted and bolted, and the steed of the gallant ranchman was even more frightened than ours. It ran half a mile with him, and as we last saw him he had all he could do to keep it from dashing into a barbed wire fence. * * * I fear pride had a sad fall." "Through the Yellowstone Park on Horseback" is a sensible book, and it will certainly induce husbands to take their wives and daughters with them on a trip to the far West.

NEW BOOKS.

—Examples Illustrating the System of Indexing the Official Records of the War of the Rebellion.—The old adage *ex pede Herculem* comes to mind in seeing the few pages which Mr. J. S. Moody has had bound together to illustrate the almost herculean task of indexing which he is carrying on under the superintendence of Col. R. N. Scott, who has charge of publishing the war records. These publications have not yet reached the middle of the war, yet the many large volumes already issued almost make a library of themselves. Only when the great task is complete can the value of this thorough and admirable index be fully appreciated. If, in making its annual appropriations for carrying on the war records work, Congress can in any way still further provide for perfecting the index, the money will apparently be well laid out. For not only will these volumes, during generations to come, be the official source from which the histories of the great war will be written, but national legislators also, and the executive departments must resort to them for information, so that whatever saving of minutes and hours to individuals is effected by an unusually full and accurate index will be multiplied a thousand fold in the years to come.

—The Philosophy of Words. A Popular Introduction to the Science of Language. By Frederic Garlanda, Ph. D. New-York: Garlanda & Co. 12mo, pp. 287. 1885.—There is a good deal of curious and interesting matter in Dr. Garlanda's neat and well-gotten up volume. It is intended for popular use, and therefore is not to be held too strictly to scientific accuracy on various doubtful or disputed points. His chief authorities are Max Muller and Prof. Whitney. He ignores Archbishop Trench and other students of language in discussing the English language. In etymology he has something new, e. g., "the Gaelic word for water is *uisge*. Whisky is a corruption of *uisge-beatha*, 'yellow water.'" Skeat's Etymological Dictionary says, under "Whisky," that it is equivalent to "Gaelic *uisge-beatha*, water of life, the equivalent of French *eau de vie*. We have dropped the latter element, retaining only *uisge*, water." Dr. Garlanda, however, is highly complimentary to the English language in one respect, affirming that "English is the language of the future," and will in time be the language of the whole world. But he is terribly severe on our orthography, declaring that "it is with an uncontrollable feeling of sadness and shame that one turns to the English system of spelling. English spelling is the greatest monument of stupidity that the history of languages shows us." We who are "to the manner born" can hardly accept such a slashing