

Greeks are at the bottom of full half the mischief, the Turks playing into their hands by their gross mismanagement and neglect of the intercommunication of the country, which would enable the peasantry to control the prices in the local markets. As a simple narrative of what he saw and heard of an eventful period, Mr. More's little book may be justly recommended.

*The Portrait Birthday Book.* (Seeley and Co.)—The almost endless variety of books intended to minister to the harmless folly of recording the birthdays of our friends and acquaintances is, we trust, now almost exhausted. The compiler of the present one has at least succeeded in producing a pretty little volume, and although we are not disposed to accept as absolute some of the days assigned to their various illustrators, little harm is likely to result from confusion or inaccuracy in such matters. No system seems to have been followed in the choice of names attached to each day of the calendar; all are fish which come to the net, and unfortunately the minnows overpower the tritons. It would perhaps be interesting to discuss (if the compiler could be trusted) how some days of the year seem overcrowded with celebrities, whilst others are wholly ungarnered. For instance, to illustrate August 15, we are given, in addition to the first Napoleon, Admiral Blake, Jeremy Taylor, Edward Irving, Sir Walter Scott, and William Woollett; whilst on December 17 we are told were born Prince Rupert, Cimarosa, Beethoven, Sir Humphry Davy, Allan Cunningham, Sir William Napier, and Mr. Woolner. On the other hand, for June 25, only Horne Tooke and Paul Daubrie can be found; July 31 has to depend on John Canton, General Thomas, and the Duc de Montpensier for its patrons. If the compiler is determined to continue work of this sort, we would suggest that it would be more interesting to bring out a book of wedding-days—on the same model. That day is at least within the power of selection of at least one of the parties to the contract, and would doubtless appeal strongly to the class of patronesses who purchase birthday books. It is only right to add that to each day of the year in the present volume is attached a cleverly executed vignette portrait of one of the persons born thereon; and altogether the volume is likely to be a popular present amongst those who never know what to give, and yet who are always bent on giving.

*My Friend the Tramp.* The Story of a Mine. By Bret Harte. (Routledge and Sons.)—These two volumes contain the latest works of Bret Harte, and both bear evidence of the author's change from California to New York State. It was perhaps a pity that Bret Harte ever came East when he had made the West, its ways and its people, so peculiarly his own; but if, as his recent work has served to show, his capacities for working that vein were exhausted, the loss is not so great. It would have been better for Bret Harte to have remained in the West if he would but have let his mind lie fallow and waited for a fresh inspiration, but if we were only to have a succession of repetitions of his early works it was just as well that he should try his hand at the life in the Eastern States. And this attempt has been, on the whole, successful. The volume to which the short story "My Friend the Tramp" gives the title is a collection of prose sketches and essays, and one or two poems, most of which are influenced by existence down East. Of these the prose is as usual the best. Bret Harte has a keen power of observation and a delicate play of fancy which is well fitted for the observer of life in large cities, and his descriptions of early morning studies in the New York Avenues are very well done. "The Man from Solano" is an amusing account of a rough Western man's success in New York; and the poem, "An Idyl of the Road," deserves rank among the best Bret Harte has done. "The Story of a Mine" occupies a volume to itself; the beginning is laid in California, the conclusion in Washington. Some old friends are met in it, some new, the story is interesting and well told, and if not equal to those which first made Bret Harte's name famous, much better and fresher than some which have since tended to lower his fame considerably.

*The Chicken Market, and other Fairy Tales.* By Henry Morley. (Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.)—Professor Morley's fairy tales have been out of print for several years, so we are very glad to welcome a new edition of them. Stories so thoughtful and so poetic, which gladdened so many children when they first appeared, will be likely to do so again, and if the reprint gives as much pleasure as the book itself did some half a generation ago, it should be very successful. There is an imaginative charm of weird and vivid fancy about these stories which is especially attractive, while at the same time they possess a semi-philosophic sincerity well calculated to appeal to the minds of children, and make them reflective as well as happy. Such stories as "Baron Bletch of the Hammer," "Elan the Armourer," "The Cunning of Sissoo," "Silver Tassels," "Bred upon Gold," "The Bag of Minutes," "Sir Aylevan," and "Sirius," are impressed with so much original thought, delicate pathos, and humour, and above all such genuine story-telling power, that we can imagine few greater pleasures for an imaginative child than reading them for the first time.

*Tourist's Guide to the Upper Engadine.* Translated from the German of M. Caviezel. By A. M. H. (Edward Stanford).—Herr Caviezel is known to many visitors to the Engadine as a most competent and laborious botanist. The little book which he now publishes is, however, more than a mere guide to the flora of the district, though ample information is given on that head for the wants of the majority of flower-fanciers. It aims at doing the work, in a small compass, of a complete handbook to this part of the Alps, and does it as well as could be desired. Those who think of spending their next holiday in the Engadine cannot do better than take Herr Caviezel's book with them or buy it there. Murray's 'Guides,' excellent for many parts of Europe, are not satisfactory for Switzerland, and the notice of the Engadine in Baedeker is too meagre to be of much practical use. Herr Caviezel begins with a general sketch of the district, of the routes by which it may be reached, of its natural history, its inhabitants, with their manners and peculiarities, and of the social changes which have taken place among them since the Engadine became frequented by foreigners. The topography of the district is there fully dealt with, and the various walks, drives, strolls, and ascents, minutely described. The concluding part of the book contains a good deal of useful miscellaneous information on various points connected with the subject. We have seen no guide to the Engadine so handy, practical, and complete. We would only suggest that in the next edition the map might show the mountains and valleys by gradations of light and shade, as is the case with most maps of mountainous countries, and not merely indicate them by their names, or leave them to be inferred from the course of the streams.

*Other People's Children.* By the Author of 'Helen's Babies.' (Routledge and Sons).—Mr. Habberton's continuation of 'Helen's Babies' is certainly very amusing, but it cannot be compared to its delightful predecessor. This is the great fault of American humourists, that, when they once hit upon some fresh vein of humour, they stick to it tenaciously, and work it to the end. Some book published by chance proves a great success, and its author, who perhaps had sold it for a small sum, at once seeks to gratify popular taste and reap a sure reward by producing some book as nearly similar to the first as possible. This has happened to almost every contemporary American humourist, from Bret Harte to Mark Twain, from Charles Dudley Warner to the Danbury News Man, and Mr. Habberton is no exception. Still "Badge" and "Toddie" are very laughable in their absurd adventures. The chief difference of 'Other People's Children' from 'Helen's Babies,' is that it is less fresh, and more likely to startle the reading public by its irreligious tone; while its moral, if it has any, is one that children at least will like, namely, that they should be allowed to do as they like.