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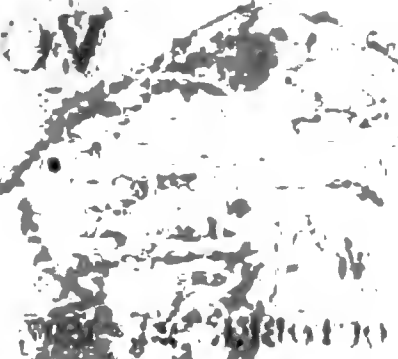
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# Literature

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## AUTHOR AND CRITIC.

It must be almost impossible even for the most imaginative of literary men to realize a world in which authors had the whole field to themselves, and there was no such thing as an organized system of criticism, to say nothing of a recognized guild of critics. Yet such a world there once was, and, indeed, the day of its existence was not so very far removed from our own. The critic, not officially so styled, we have, of course, had with us for a couple of centuries; but he was himself usually a great man of letters,—a DRYDEN, for instance, or a JOHNSON—and though a "mighty hunter before the Lord," when he took to pursuing other authors, he condescended only to the larger species of game. Save for one brief but agitated interval in the middle of the eighteenth century, when the lairs of Grub-street were suddenly beaten up by

a swift and singularly well armed little poet, and their occupants, down to the very smallest among them, chased in all directions, the people of that district lived in peace and contentment, pinched it may be by poverty, but unvexed by critical detraction. The great Unappreciated of the present period must look back, one might imagine, upon that era—or they should do so if the supposed eternal enmity between author and critic were a fact, instead of, largely, an amusing fiction—as upon a Golden Age of letters. For there was no one then, as nowadays they complain that there are so many, "to come between them and their public"; and that public was so easy to reach that an obscure author of the early Georgian era had only to find an influential patron in order to be at once relieved of all apprehension of having to sleep out of doors. If such a patron were not forthcoming that risk had, it is true, to be run; but even then the literary aspirant who could find no nobleman to accept a dedication could still address the reader in a preface. In those days he was the "gentle reader," the "candid reader"—gentle because his heart was not yet seared, and candid for that his judgment was still unperverted by the cruelty and dishonesty of the professional critic. And so the Golden Age ran its course and passed away.

Saturn succumbed to Jupiter we may suppose in 1802. The commencement of the Silver Age is marked by the establishment of the *Edinburgh Review*. Obscurity then for the first time ceased to be a protection. Criticism began to organize itself, and a little band of reviewers arose who, not content with discussing the merits of such writers as had already gained the ear of the public, affected, as they still affect, to sit in judgment on the claims of those who were as yet only aspiring to win it. They showed, in fact, from the very outset of their operations that they had no idea of confining their attentions to well-known authors like MR. SOUTHEY, whose "Thalaba" is roughly but not, perhaps, unrighteously handled in No. 1 of the *Edinburgh*, or like the famous divine and scholar whose pulpit eloquence is the subject of a still quoted "appreciation" beginning, "Whoever has had the good fortune to see DR. PARR'S wig"; for a luckless and now long-forgotten MR. PRATT, author of "Bread; or the Poor—a Poem," is called up for correction, and two other unhappy Doctors of Divinity, of less note than PARR, are chastised for their presumption in publishing their sermons. These last three are evidently only aspirants to acceptance; so here we have the critic "coming between" them and their public to warn off their possible readers

and, as they doubtless flattered themselves, their not impossible admirers. The Silver Age, we see clearly, has begun. Like its mythical prototype, though worse than the Gold, it was vastly better than the Brass, for the critic only went on the war path once a quarter, or a little later once a month, whereas when the Brazen Age—for authors—was ushered in by the appearance in 1817 of the *Literary Gazette*, the critic began to go about his sinister business every week. As to the Iron Age, its commencement is almost an affair of yesterday. It began when the daily newspapers, instead of bestowing merely a casual and intermittent notice upon literature, took to opening their columns liberally to the reviewer at short intervals and regularly-recurring dates. From the combined effect of their separate action it has resulted that when one of these great journals is not reviewing another is; so that the critic is now to be seen at work somewhere or other every morning of our lives, and no author can be sure of not awakening any day to find that intrusive shadow falling "between him and his public." The daily critic! Do but consider what it means. The gentleness of the gentle reader turned into severity, the candour of the candid sophisticated, at least, once in every twenty-four hours. This should be the worst and darkest of all our literary eras for the injured author. It should be verily and indeed the age of the departure of Astræa—the age when Justice, despairing at last of preserving that scanty remnant of impartiality which the critic has left in the mind of the public, has finally taken leave of the earth.

Or that, at any rate, is what ought to be the author's gloomy view of the situation; and that is what it would be if there were any truth left in the legend of his hostility to the "irresponsible, indolent reviewer." As a matter of fact, his actual attitude towards this immense development of the critical industry has been surprisingly different. So far from his having been driven in disgust from the field by the vastly-increased number and activity of his "natural enemies," he has redoubled, or rather quadrupled and quintupled, his own energies of production. One would think that he welcomed criticism instead of repelling it; that it stimulated instead of discouraging his literary ambitions; and that his dread of injustice had been completely conquered by his desire for notice. It has apparently been borne in upon even the Great Unappreciated that obscure merit, after all, fares better with too many critics than with too few or none, and may congratulate itself that its lot has been cast in a time when, instead of sinking helplessly in the icy waters of neglect, it is much more often found floating, perhaps even too buoyantly, on a "boom." But there is, perhaps, another reason why the ever-increasing crowd of authors, especially among the ranks of the unknown, have begun to look upon criticism with other and more friendly eyes. They are getting dismayed by their own numbers, and, what is more, they have begun to perceive that this feeling of dismay is becoming general. They are uneasily conscious that, even if the reader still retained all the gentleness and candour which they were wont to ascribe to him, he would

be unable to exercise those qualities through sheer mental confusion; and they no longer, therefore, attach a superstitious value to the privilege of coming un-introduced into the presence of a public which is merely bewildered by their multitude. On the contrary, they have begun to feel the need of an intermediary between themselves and the reading world. Looking round upon their crowded and ever-swelling ranks, and "conscious, as they are"—in the words of the famous judicial epigram—"of each other's imperfections," they welcome and, indeed, crave for the services of the discriminating dust-sifter who will be quick to discern the flash of merit amid the rubbish-heap of incompetence.

The situation is not without its embarrassment for the critic; but in one respect, at any rate, it simplifies his course of action. He is not called upon to excuse himself for increasing the scope of activities which seem to be so much in demand. No apology, for instance, can be needed for adding another to the list of journals which devote themselves, exclusively or principally, to the art and industry of literary criticism. Vastly as that industry has developed of late years, its progress has been not equalled merely, but outstripped, within the same period by the growth of literary production. Where the analytic impulse abounded; the creative *nisus* apparently doth much more abound. There is apparently no reason to hope, or fear, that the former will overtake the latter, or that there can ever be a time in store for us when critics will be found increasing and multiplying with as much rapidity—even relative rapidity—as authors. Nor, even in that case, would it be possible by any conceivable expansion in the literary department of the periodical Press to overtake and keep abreast of the stream of production. Already, however, the thought may have occurred to the reader of these lines that, even if this were possible, it would scarcely be desirable. To render an account, however short, of every book published nowadays is a task only to be attempted on the quite untenable assumption that every such book deserves to be so treated. In offering to the public a new weekly journal dealing exclusively with the subject indicated by its title, we are animated by no chimerical hope of accomplishing the impossible. *Literature*, on the contrary, owes its existence in some measure to the conviction that, in the effort to satisfy every one of the innumerable applicants, deserving and undeserving, for its notice, contemporary criticism is running a real danger of neglecting its discriminative functions, and of forgetting that the special recognition which it owes to writers of genuine literary merit is necessarily depreciated in value by association with a too liberal complaisance of attention to all writers whatsoever. While endeavouring, therefore, in these columns, to provide the public with an adequate account and appraisal of whatever works may deserve any critical notice at all, we shall at the same time make it our constant aim to assign that position of importance to the higher class of literary productions which nowadays, amid the multiplicity of claimants to the attention of criticism, they too often fail to obtain.



## Reviews.

**Alfred Lord Tennyson: A Memoir.** By his Son. 9½+63ln. 516+551 pp. London, 1897. Macmillan. 36/- n.

(FIRST NOTICE.)

A biography of a great poet from the hand of one who stood to him in the three-fold relation of son, secretary, and constant literary confidant must needs be full of interest for the world; and Lord Tennyson's personal share in this memoir of his illustrious father abounds naturally enough in matter of the highest value. But the additions, copious in amount and various in kind, with which he has been able to enrich it indefinitely increase its worth. It may be doubted, indeed, whether any work of this description has ever before so munificently enlarged the stock of public knowledge concerning the inner and spiritual life of a profoundly thoughtful philosopher-poet, the opinions and judgments of a life-long student of English poetry, and the artistic development and methods of the most exquisite of poetic artists. The book contains letters of the highest interest from and to the late Laureate, an abundance of his own literary memoranda, a faithful record of his conversations, ranging over a wide field of subjects, a collection of critical pronouncements, always weighty and illuminating, on the literature of the past, and, most precious of all, a singularly large array of hitherto unpublished pieces from the hand of the poet himself. It is only by the biographer's resolute self-effacement that room has been found even within the thousand pages of these two substantial volumes for the mass of illustrative matter with which they present us. "According to my father's wish," writes Lord Tennyson, in the modest and judicious preface with which he introduces the work, "throughout the memoir my hand will be as seldom seen as may be"; and he goes on to plead this excuse, unneeded, it appears to us, for its "occasionally fragmentary character." It will surprise none who can recall certain famous and trenchant utterances of the poet that he "disliked the notion of a long formal biography." "He wished, however," adds his son, "that if I deemed it better the incidents of his life should be given as shortly as might be without comment, but that my notes should be final and full enough to preclude the chance of further and unauthentic biographies." His wish has assuredly been fulfilled in this work. It is not always that what may be called the "official biography" of an eminent person is, or indeed deserves to be, the final one; but here the claim to finality is quite indisputable. What the biographer has given us about the poet's "birth, home, school, college, friendships, travels, and the leading events of his life" supplies an ample account if not, to use his own words, of all that "people naturally wish to know," yet certainly of all that people have any sort of right to learn. Those who wish to know more will belong essentially to that class of persons upon whom the Laureate half humorously, half seriously imprecated the "curse of Shakspeare."

To readers of this order—an order unfortunately which various causes have for a good many years past contributed to increase—the new biography will be a wholesome disappointment. One cannot honestly say that the story of Tennyson's life, domestic and literary, full though it is of human interest, would as here told supply much "copy" for a "mainly-about-people" column. The biographer has adhered so resolutely to his own sound principles that, writing as he does on a man who had already been the subject during his lifetime of "sketches," "studies,"

"monographs," and "appreciations" without number, he has naturally made few new additions to the Tennysonianana with which all the world was already familiar: a fact which only shows that inquiry and revelation had been carried to the verge of the legitimate before he even entered upon his task. Such additions to popular knowledge as he has made are to be found, as might be expected, in the earlier chapters. We catch a glimpse for the first time, for instance, of the poet's grandfather—the wrongheaded and capricious old gentleman who left his landed property away from his elder to his younger son, and who deserves immortality if only for the monumental infelicity of the prophecy of which he delivered himself in handing to the youthful Alfred the honorarium for a poem which the lad had composed "by desire" on his grandmother's death, "Here is half a guinea for you, the first you have ever earned by poetry, and, take my word for it, the last." Had the unlucky old man contented himself with the less specific prediction that the boy would never become a poet, he might even now be sturdily defending it in the Elysian Fields as a matter of individual opinion. But the hard fact that his grandson left behind him the largest fortune ever amassed by the exercise of the poetic art must be beyond the power of the venerable shade to explain away. Another quaint picture sketched from the Tennysons of an earlier generation is that of the poet's rigidly Calvinistic aunt who wept over the infinite goodness of the Deity in damning "most of her friends," while she, who was "no better than most of her neighbours," had been picked out for eternal salvation—a reflection quite in the manner of Browning's "Johannes Agricola;" and who one day remarked encouragingly to her nephew, "Alfred, Alfred, when I look at you I think of the words of Holy Scripture, 'Depart from me ye cursed, into everlasting fire!'" Something, too, we hear, and would fain have heard more, of Alfred Tennyson's brothers and sisters, the other members of that extraordinary family of twelve—remarkable alike for longevity and genius—which has produced two poets of distinct mark besides the Laureate himself, and is even at this day represented by five survivors, the eldest upwards of ninety and the youngest approaching her eightieth year. The poetic instinct appears to have developed itself almost as early in Alfred's two elder brothers as in himself, and, indeed, was in all of them, it would seem, an inheritance from their father. In an interesting fragment of autobiography he writes:—

According to the best of my recollection, when I was about eight years old, I covered two sides of a slate with Thomsonian blank verse in praise of flowers for my brother Charles, who was a year older than I was, Thomson then being the only poet I knew. Before I could read I was in the habit, on a stormy day, of spreading my arms to the wind and crying out "I hear a voice that's speaking in the wind," and the words "far, far, away" had always a strange charm for me. About ten or eleven Pope's "Homer's Iliad" became a favourite of mine, and I wrote hundreds and hundreds of lines in the regular Popeian metro—nay, even could improvise them, so could my two elder brothers, for my father was a poet and could write regular metro very skilfully.

Again he writes:—

At about twelve and onward I wrote an epic of six thousand lines à la Sir Walter Scott—full of battles, dealing too with sea and mountain scenery—with Scott's regularity of octosyllables and his occasional varieties. Though the performance was very likely worth nothing, I never felt myself more truly inspired. I wrote as much as seventy lines at one time, and used to go shouting them about the fields in the dark. Somewhat later (at fourteen) I wrote a drama in blank verse, which I have

still, and other things. It seems to me I wrote them all in perfect metre.

Specimens of his father's earliest poetic efforts are given by Lord Tennyson at the end of the chapter from which the above extracts are taken, and among them is a scene belonging doubtless to the blank verse drama referred to. Of the matter there is not much more to be said than what always has to be said of a clever boy's first offering to the dramatic muse.

Ha! by St. James,

Mine was no vulgar mind in infancy.

We all know the kind of thing. But the form and technique of the piece will repay a much closer examination. For not only is the metre "perfect" in the sense of observing strict accuracy of scansion, but it is singularly free from the monotonous prosody which usually marks the blank verse of the schoolboy. It is true that he quotes his father as having given him the excellent advice not to "write so rhythmically," but to "break your lines occasionally for the sake of variety." There is much more, however, in these juvenile attempts than a mere occasional breaking of the line; there are signs of an almost mature conception of the importance of a richly varied caesura. Another of these pieces, "The Coach of Death," is also remarkable, though on a different ground; for, though crude and formless enough, it does undoubtedly compel some revision of the verdict commonly, and, on the whole, not unjustly pronounced upon Tennyson's first published poetic utterances. But more of this hereafter.

On the school and college career of Tennyson there is little more to be known than has been gathered, either from already published correspondence or from incidental references to it in the Tennysonian poems. His friendships with Spedding (of the "Life of Bacon"), with Monckton Milnes, Brookfield, Charles Buller, and, of course, Arthur Hallam, have long been matter of literary history, and to have preserved the tradition of their talk and symposia and aspirations generally is perhaps the only one among the acts of "the Apostles" by which that academical body is at all likely to have preserved its own memory to future generations. Fitzgerald, however, although he did not lay the foundations of his life-long intimacy with Tennyson until the latter had completed the University course, has left an interesting account of this Cambridge coterie which is given in the memoir from his unpublished MS. notes:—

The German school, with Coleridge, Julius Haro, &c., to expound, came to reform all our notions. I remember that Livy and Jeremy Taylor were the greatest poets next to Shakespeare. I am not sure if you were not startled at hearing that Eutropius was the greatest lyric poet except Pindar. You hadn't known he was a poet at all. I remember A. T. quoting Hallam (the great historian) as pronouncing Shakespeare "the greatest man." I thought such *dicta* rather peremptory for a philosopher. "Well," said A. T., "the man one would perhaps wish to show as a sample of mankind to those in another planet. He used sometimes to quote Milton as the sublimest of poets, and his two similes, one about the "gunpowder ore" and the other about "the fleet," as the grandest of all similes. He thought that "Lycidas" was a "touchstone of poetic taste." I don't know how it is, but Dryden always seems greater than he shows himself to be.

Among new particulars of Tennyson's University days we read of his having been attacked, though apparently in a mild form, by that Spanish revolutionary fever of which John Sterling, as Carlyle tells us, had so much more violent a seizure. In the summer of 1830 he started off for the Pyrenees in the company of Arthur Hallam, with

money for the insurgents under the command of Torrijos, and the two young men disappearing from the ken of their friends for several weeks held a secret meeting with the heads of the conspiracy on the Spanish frontier. The well-known cloak and sombrero of the poet's later days would have lent themselves admirably to the purpose of such an expedition. Less hot-headed, however, than Sterling's cousin, the unfortunate Boyd, they refrained from any active participation in the revolt, and instead of getting himself shot by a file of Spanish soldiers on the esplanade at Malaga, Tennyson happily returned home with no more compromising document in his pocket than the unfinished MS. of "Enone," the beautiful opening lines of which had been inspired by the scenery of the valley of Caunterets.

There is much in the earlier chapters of the memoir and in the picture of the young poet's domestic life over which one would gladly linger if space permitted. But it is with the story of his literary and artistic career that in these columns we are more closely concerned, and to this, therefore, we cannot much longer delay to pass. Before doing so, however, a word or two must be said on those portions of this memoir in which the twin threads of the biography and of the literary history are of necessity intertwined. Surveyed in this aspect it reveals to us a figure which the countrymen of Tennyson, though they have no doubt formed a correct conception of it, have never yet realized in all the nobility of its true proportions. Generally speaking, of course, they were aware that his early career was beset with pecuniary difficulties. His circumstances stand recorded in fact in his reluctant acceptance of that Civil List pension for which Carlyle, according to the well-known anecdote, only succeeded in enlisting the late Lord Houghton's interest by reminding him that on the Day of Judgment it would not do to lay the blame of the refusal on his constituents, but that it was Richard Milnes himself who would be damned. But few people probably, either then or since, were in a position to estimate the full measure of the poet's needs or the duration and steadiness of the struggle which he had waged with poverty. The death of his father in 1831 left the widow with straitened means. The eldest brother was absent from England; Charles had his clerical duties to attend to; and upon Alfred devolved the care of his mother and unmarried sisters. It was under his superintendence that the household was transferred from Somersby Rectory to High Beech on the borders of Epping Forest, and finally settled after various migrations at Boxley, near Maidstone. Misfortune, assisted in some measure by imprudence on their own part, if not by dishonesty on that of others, followed their footsteps. A certain Dr. Allen prevailed upon Alfred to invest not only the money for which he had sold a little estate in Lincolnshire, but also a legacy of £500, in an enterprise which seems to have been as unpractical from the commercial point of view as it was artistically unsound. The calamity, indeed, becomes doubly painful to contemplate when we consider its cause. Tennyson, if we are not mistaken, had yet to make the acquaintance of Mr. Ruskin, otherwise it would have given the keenest of pangs to that eminent doctor in æsthetics to find that a personal friend and a poet, promising even then to attain a place among the Immortals, had wrecked his fortune on a scheme for carving oak panels and oak furniture *by machinery*. "The entire project," writes the present Lord Tennyson, "collapsed; my father's worldly goods were all gone, and a portion of the property of his brothers and sisters. Then followed a season of real hardship and many trials for my

father and mother, since marriage seemed further off than ever." It was, indeed, not till 1830 that the union took place, after an engagement prolonged, through sheer want of the means to marry, over some twelve or fourteen years. The patience with which Tennyson underwent this protracted delay, and the steady courage and perseverance with which he laboured the while to perfect himself in his art, must impress every reader of the simple and matter-of-fact narrative in which his son has related the story of this long probation. His father's letters abound with references to "the eternal want of pence," but they are in every instance references of a merely casual and uncomplaining sort. No murmur of dissatisfaction escapes him at the prolonged failure of exceptional and acknowledged poetical genius to earn even a modest competence for its possessor; nor does he ever seem to have shown a moment's wavering of the purpose to which he had dedicated his life. In short, the career of Tennyson, from his twenty-first to his forty-first year, when the tide of worldly success turned at last in his favour, presents an example of single-minded devotion to a lofty ideal which it would not be easy to match in the history of literature.

To pass now from the region of biography to that of criticism, we find ourselves at once confronted with the inquiry as to how far the memoir, and still more the poetical "documents" now for the first time given to the world, may be regarded as throwing additional light on the development of Tennyson's genius and the advance of his art to that unique perfection which by the consent of even the coldest of his admirers it achieved. A partial answer to this inquiry may at once be given by saying that the hitherto unpublished "juvenilia" do to some extent abate the perplexities of at least one problem long familiar to the Tennysonian student—that, namely, of the truly amazing superiority of the poems of 1830 to those in the "Two Brothers" volume of 1827. The contrast exhibited by these two productions, divided from each other only by this brief interval, has been always, and with reason, regarded as one of the most mysterious of literary phenomena. That contrast, it will be remembered, was one of matter as well as of form; and it is not necessary to assign the various "numbers" of the earlier volume to their respective authors in order to estimate the value of its testimony to Alfred Tennyson's powers, inasmuch as there is nothing to choose between them. Their inferiority is the inferiority, not of the merely crude, but of the hopelessly commonplace. Some critics, striving to shut their ears to that whisper of conscience which tells them that if they had been then "in practice" they could not possibly have detected the touch of the future master in this prentice hand, have endeavoured to persuade themselves that it is nevertheless there, and have sought to exhibit it. But it has been a futile effort. There is absolutely nothing, either in the smooth conventionality of their thought or in their feebly imitative style, to explain the stupefying paradox that they were the forerunners by only three years of such a masterpiece of sombre imagination as "Mariana," and by only five years of so rich and splendid a piece of romantic imagery as "The Palace of Art," and above all so matchless a combination of colour and music as "The Lotos Eaters." It must be admitted, however, that in the light of these newly-published pieces the mystery has in one of its two aspects become less mysterious. The greater of the Two Brothers is shown to have done himself injustice by his choice of the poems which he selected for publication. If in his eighteenth year he had nothing in his portfolio less crudely executed than his contributions to the volume of 1827, he had written

at least one poem considerably less commonplace in point of matter at the age of fourteen. Had "The Coach of Death" appeared among the "Poems by Two Brothers" the work of the younger author, at any rate, could never have been pronounced devoid of promise. For, though in its conception "The Coach of Death" no doubt shows traces of the influence of Coleridge, and even traceable reminiscences of "The Ancient Mariner"—though it is throughout unequal in its workmanship and occasionally descends in point of expression to positive bathos—there is a certain power of lurid imagination and a certain vigour of vivid description which could not but have struck the eye of any competent critic of the work of a poet in his teens.

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**Private Papers of William Wilberforce.** Collected and Edited, with a Preface, by **A. M. Wilberforce.** With Portraits. 8vo., 285 pp. London, 1897. **Fisher Unwin. 12-**

The importance of the Diaries of William Wilberforce among the sources of English history during the administration of the younger Pitt has long been recognized. Wilberforce had entered the House of Commons almost at the same time as Pitt; he sat in it during the whole of Pitt's Parliamentary life; he was probably without exception his most intimate and affectionate friend, and, although he was on the whole a steady supporter, he was by no means a blind adherent. Having inherited a considerable fortune, and sitting for the most important county in England, his position in Parliament was one of great independence, and he soon became the leader of the distinctively religious party in the House of Commons, and devoted himself much more to religious and philanthropic questions than to the ordinary topics of party warfare. He has himself mentioned that on the occasion of the second speech which Pitt made in Parliament he voted against him, and he differed from him on more than one considerable question, including the momentous one of the great French War. The fact that Pitt never shared the evangelical sentiments which Wilberforce deemed of all things the most transcendently important; the languor which Pitt showed in the latter period of his administration towards that great question of the abolition of the slave trade to which Wilberforce devoted the best energies of his life; and the sharp conflict that arose between them at the time of the impeachment of Lord Melville—though they did not destroy or seriously weaken the friendship, at least enabled Wilberforce to judge his friend without excessive admiration. It must be added, too, that he was himself a man not only of transparent truthfulness and honesty, but also of no little intellectual power. He does not, it is true, in this respect rank in the first line of his contemporaries; he had a large share of the narrowness of judgment, of the morbid self-consciousness and exaggerations of feeling, that so frequently characterized the early members of the Evangelical party; but his eloquence, set off by a voice of singular beauty, was heard with pleasure in a House which was accustomed to the speeches of Pitt and Fox, Sheridan and Burke; his social gifts delighted men who had very little sympathy with his opinions; and his letters and journals plainly show that he was no mean judge of character.

The private papers which are now published form an excellent supplement to his well-known biography, and, although they do not contain any revelation of capital importance, they throw many highly interesting side-lights on the events and actors of his time. The most valuable

are some hitherto unpublished letters of Pitt and a very full sketch of his character, which was written by Wilberforce in 1821. These papers fully confirm all that has been said of the close intimacy between the two statesmen. In one of the earlier years of their Parliamentary life, Pitt, "who was remarkably fond of sleeping in the country, and would often go out of town for that purpose as late as eleven or twelve o'clock at night," slept at the house of Wilberforce at Wimbledon for two or three months together.

Seldom (writes Wilberforce) has any man had a better opportunity of knowing another than I have possessed of being thoroughly acquainted with Mr. Pitt. For weeks and months together I have spent hours with him every morning while he was transacting his common business with his secretaries. Hundreds of times probably I have called him out of bed, and have, in short, seen him in every situation and in his most unreserved moments. As he knew I should not ask anything of him, and as he reposed so much confidence in me as to be persuaded that I should never use any information I might obtain from him for any unfair purpose, he talked freely before me of men and things, of actual, meditated, or questionable appointments, plans, projects, and speculations.

The letters of Pitt are in no degree inconsistent with this statement, and they illustrate clearly the simple and affectionate nature which was concealed from the world by a demeanour that in public life was so cold and unbending. The most interesting is that which was written when Wilberforce first announced his great religious change, and when there seemed much danger that the friendship between the two young men might cease. When that friendship had first been formed, the life of Wilberforce, though according to all worldly standards very blameless, had been simply that of a young, popular, wealthy, well-connected, and intelligent man of fashion, moving in the best society and looking forward to a brilliant political career. He was a member of five clubs, his house at Wimbledon was a great centre of attraction, and his acquaintances included some of the most distinguished men and some of the most charming women of his time. But in 1785 he passed under the influence of a great religious enthusiasm, which was henceforth to give the whole colour to his life. He declared that his former life had not been that of a Christian. He warned Pitt that, although he intended to remain in Parliament, he could no longer be a party man, and he spoke of his desire to retire from the world in a strain which foreshadowed not only an alienation from his old friends, but also the termination of an active and useful career. The wise and beautiful letter which Pitt wrote on this occasion is well worthy of a careful perusal, but a few sentences will give its purport.

I will not disguise to you that few things could go nearer my heart than to find myself differing from you essentially on any great principle. I trust and believe it is a circumstance which can hardly occur, but if it ever should . . . believe me it is impossible that it should shake the sentiments of affection and friendship which I bear towards you. . . . They are sentiments engraved in my heart, and will never be effaced or weakened. . . . You will not suspect me of thinking lightly of any moral or religious motives which guide you. As little will you believe that I think your understanding or judgment easily misled. But forgive me if I cannot help expressing my fear that you are nevertheless deluding yourself into principles which have but too much tendency to counteract your own object and to render your virtues and your talents useless both to yourself and mankind. . . . You confess that the character of religion is not a gloomy one, and that it is not that of an enthusiast. But why, then, this preparation of soli-

tude, which can hardly avoid tincturing the mind either with melancholy or superstition? . . . Surely the principles as well as the practice of Christianity are simple, and lead not to meditation only, but to action. . . . I will ask you, both as a mark of your friendship and of the candour which belongs to your mind, to open yourself fully and without reserve to one who, believe me, does not know how to separate your happiness from his own. . . . The only way in which you can satisfy me is by conversation. . . . If you will open to me fairly the whole state of your mind on these subjects, though I shall venture to state to you fairly the points where I fear we may differ, and to desire you to re-examine your own ideas where I think you are mistaken, I will not importune you with fruitless discussion on any opinion which you have deliberately formed. . . . No principles are the worse for being discussed, and believe me that at all events the full knowledge of the nature and extent of your opinions and intentions will be to me a lasting satisfaction.

In answer to this letter Pitt and Wilberforce had a long interview. As might have been expected, neither convinced the other, but though their governing motives from this time ran in different channels their friendship continued as genuine as before, though it perhaps lost something of its former intimacy. Both Wilberforce and his surroundings had changed. Hannah More and Mrs. Fry soon took the place which had been once held by Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Crewe, or the brilliant Duchess of Gordon. Religious practices and doctrines dominated over all political interests, and the house at Wimbledon lost much of its attraction to his old friend.

The public questions touched in these letters are not numerous or very important. One letter relates to the candidature of Wilberforce for Yorkshire in 1784, and shows the great pains and the keen interest with which Pitt supported it. In another letter Pitt promised, if necessary, to postpone his motion on Parliamentary Reform for a week or ten days in order that Wilberforce, who was then on the Continent, might be present when it was introduced. In a third he defends his very dubious policy of appointing his brother to the head of the Admiralty, on the ground that this appointment ought to be in the hands of a landsman, and that giving it to a near relation had "the solid advantage of establishing a complete concert with so essential a department and removing all appearance of a separate interest."

His desire to see peace with France established in 1802 and his belief that the character of Bonaparte would make it impossible for that peace to be permanent are very clearly expressed. The slave trade, as might be expected, often appears in the correspondence, and in the early years of the abolition movement the earnestness of Pitt left nothing to be desired. He appears to have paid some attention—though a remarkable passage in the sketch shows that it was not very great—to the recommendations of Wilberforce on questions of Church patronage; but there is no sign that he responded to Wilberforce's ardent entreaty that among the new taxes required for the war should be "a tax on all public diversions of every kind, including card-playing."

The very interesting sketch of Pitt which follows is preceded by a few biographical details which are well known, and, among others, by an account of his first and only visit to the Continent in the autumn of 1783. Wilberforce and Eliot, Pitt's future brother-in-law, were his companions, and their journey extended to Paris, Fontainebleau, and Rheims. The most important part, however, of this sketch is the matured judgment which, 16 years after the death of Pitt, Wilberforce formed of his former friend and his careful analysis of his characteristics. The most re-

markable appeared to him the singular fairness and calmness of his judgment.

They who have had occasion to discuss political questions with him in private will acknowledge that there never was a fairer reasoner, never any one more promptly recognizing and allowing its full weight to every consideration and argument which was urged against the opinion he had embraced. You always saw where you differed from him and why. . . . I never met with any man who combined in an equal degree this extraordinary precision of understanding with the same intuitive apprehension of every shade of opinion or of feeling, which might be indicated by those with whom he was conversant. . . . No man ever listened more attentively to what was stated against his own opinions. . . . His regard for truth was greater than I ever saw in any man who was not strongly under the influence of a powerful principle of religion; he appeared to adhere to it out of respect to himself, from a certain moral purity which appeared to be a part of his nature.

In his official intercourse with professional experts or subordinates it was remarked how ready he was to surrender his own pre-conceived opinions if superior expert knowledge convinced him that he was wrong. As Wilberforce acutely observes, many men would thus change their line of conduct on important occasions, but few would do so without some fretfulness or irritation on those small occasions "which are not of sufficient moment to call a man's dignity into action."

This was a quality of intellect which was closely connected with his moral character. Wilberforce bears emphatic testimony to his unruffled good humour both in great matters and in small, and to the strongly sympathetic nature that endeared him to those who came in close contact with him. The haughtiness which was so conspicuous in his public life was, he believed, largely due to shyness. "No man appeared to feel more for others when in distress; no man was ever more kind and indulgent to his inferiors and dependants of every class, and never were there any of those little acts of superciliousness or indifference to the feelings and comforts of others by which secret pride is sometimes betrayed." There was not a tinge of jealousy in his nature, and, like Fox, he was always prompt and generous in recognizing rising talent.

Wilberforce did not, however, believe that Pitt had much insight into individual character or much power of foreseeing events. His extremely sanguine temperament, while it freed him from depression in the darkest hours of public affairs, often led him to underrate difficulties and to give too easy credit to information which accorded with his wishes. In the eyes of Wilberforce his capital defect was the absence of any strong religious conviction. This want and his habitual association "with men of worldly ways of thinking and acting" deprived his Government of moral force, induced him to govern by influence rather than by principle, and prevented him from "giving their just weight to religious and moral principles and character in the exercise of his unlimited patronage both in Church and State."

In comparing his eloquence with that of Fox he makes one somewhat whimsical criticism:—

The necessity under which Mr. Pitt often lay of opening and speaking upon subjects of a low and vulgarising quality, such as the excise on tobacco, wine, &c., topics almost incapable with propriety of an association with wit and grace, especially in one who was so utterly devoid of all disposition to seek occasions for shining, tended to produce a real mediocrity of sentiment and a lack of ornament, as well as to increase the impression that such was the nature of his oratory.

The portion of this volume relating to Pitt is that which will especially attract the reader. There are, however, a few miscellaneous letters of some interest. There is one from Lord Ellenborough defending his conduct in accepting a place in the Cabinet at a time when he was Lord Chief Justice of England. There is a long and desponding letter from Windham, giving a deplorable picture of the defenceless state of England in 1803, and of the impossibility of saving London from capture if Bonaparte succeeded in landing 50,000 men upon our shore, and there are some interesting letters of Wellington, in 1814, describing the great jealousy with which French statesmen and French public opinion regarded the English movement for the abolition of the slave trade.

A great portion of the volume consists of home letters chiefly addressed to his son Samuel. They are deeply imbued with religious sentiment of the Evangelical type, and it is curious to observe that an "indisposition to work strenuously" appeared to Wilberforce a besetting sin of the son who afterwards became, perhaps, the most indefatigably energetic Bishop of his generation. These letters are almost wholly religious, but there is one, written in 1830, on the effects of University education which is both interesting in itself and a good illustration of the practical wisdom of its writer.

It is curious to observe the effects of the Oxford system, in producing on the minds of young men a strong propensity to what may be termed Tory principles. From myself and the general tenour of our family and social circle, it might have been supposed that my children, though adverse to party, would be inclined to adopt Liberal or, so far as would be consistent with party, Whig principles, but all my three Oxonians are strong friends to High Church and King doctrines. The effects I myself have witnessed would certainly induce me, had I to decide on the University to which any young *protégé* of mine should go, were he by natural temper or any other causes too prone to excess on the Tory side, I should decidedly send him to Cambridge, Trinity; were the opposite the case, he should be fixed at Oriel, Oxford.

**History of French Literature.** By Edward Dowden, D.Litt., LL.D. (Dub.), D.C.L. (Oxon.), LL.D. (Edin.), LL.D. (Princeton), Professor of English Literature in the University of Dublin. (Short Histories of the Literature of the World II. Edited by Edmund Gosse.) 8vo., 444 pp. London, 1897.

William Heinemann. 6/-

There is no department of letters to which the proverb "Many men many minds" applies better than it does to literary history, and, therefore, from one point of view at least, there can hardly be too many literary histories, though no doubt from other points this is not quite true. It will be strange if any single grouping of so vast a body of facts sets it in finally satisfactory combination; stranger if each new grouping, arranged by a person of knowledge and ability, does not set it in new lights. But, generally speaking, there are two main ways of attacking the problem. The historian may determine to make his own reading and judgment the stones of his edifice, using the collections, views, and opinions of others only as the mortar, and using this mortar sparingly; or he may reverse the process and draw his matter mostly or mainly from others, supplying the connecting stuff himself. The advantages of the former method and its disadvantages are obvious enough, the chief of the disadvantages being that it is a sort of counsel of perfection; he who adopts it can never hope to carry it out even to his own complete satisfaction. The other method—which it would be quite unfair to call

compilation, and which may perhaps best be called intelligent devolution or enrolment of contributors—admits of much more complete carrying out, and may, on its own plan, be relatively perfect.

Professor Dowden, as he explains in his Preface and shows in his book, has chosen a variety of this second course, and we think that he has done wisely. He could not, in about 400 pages of not very small or close print, have given anything like an exhaustive account of his subject on the first plan; on the second he has been able to present an *aperçu*, arranged and written with the skill of an accomplished literary craftsman, permitting the exclusion of what he did not choose to give, and the presentation at intervals in enlarged scale of portions of the subject which he thought specially important and interesting, and embodying generally the accepted and authoritative views of the day. From the *Chanson de Roland* to 1850 (the period which he has chosen as at least nominally his terminus) he has unrolled a panorama of his subject sufficiently clear in outline, brightly though not too gaudily coloured, and exhibiting the relations of its different parts in a way which will not draw down upon him the wrath of any prominent specialist. In his general arrangement he has followed the usual, and, indeed (except at the cost of wilful eccentricity), inevitable plan of five "books"—dealing respectively with the Medieval period, the Sixteenth, Seventeenth, and Eighteenth Centuries, and the last division of all, which he has in his case made to coincide with that from the Revolution to the incoming of Napoleon the Third. In the Medieval period he has avowedly followed the system, and has, we should suppose, confined himself pretty closely to selecting the matter of the large new Encyclopædia of French Literary History of different contributors which M. Petit de Julleville is editing; in the later divisions he has been more eclectic in his discipleship, and has, we should imagine, drawn more on his own reading. As we proceed, too, the enlargements to which we have referred above become more frequent. Even the *Chanson de Roland* and its hundred companion epics, even the great Arthurian romances lumped together with the *Romans d'Aventures*, according to the recent French practice, as "*Épopée Courtoise*" can be afforded but some half dozen pages each; even the Romance of the Rose does not tempt Professor Dowden to much expatiation. But the interesting personality, as well as the charming work, of Froissart finds him sympathetic enough, and in the sixteenth century we have excellent sketches of Rabelais and Montaigne. Still, we should imagine that the historian's full interest in his history is not aroused till he comes to the seventeenth, and finds matter which not only appeals to his own sympathies, but has been thoroughly treated and re-treated by those collaborators of his who, as he pleasantly says in the preface, "are on his shelves." There can be no doubt that the best parts of the book (though we should have mentioned the account of the *Pléiade* as very good) are the extended literary portraits of Corneille and Racine and Molière; of Montesquieu and Voltaire and Diderot; of Madame de Staël, with her inseparable pendant and foil Chateaubriand; of Lamartine and Vigny and Musset, and, above all, Hugo. It is on these that Mr. Dowden has expended the principal outlay of his reading, his critical faculty, and his style; it is these which he has evidently written with the most pleasure to himself and consequently to his readers; and it is by these and by the comparative facility for them which his plan presents that that plan is chiefly justified as a whole.

Other parts of the book may suggest some reservations.

It will in these inevitably seem to the most indulgent critic who knows the subject rather insufficiently *étoffé*, as the French say themselves—insufficiently provided, that is to say, with positive information. This is, we say, inevitable. The smooth sweeping generalizations which the French method loves, and which Professor Dowden has most successfully adopted, accord ill with a profusion of titles and names and dates, of criticisms of individual works, and indications of individual biography and bibliography, except in the case of the greatest masters. To illustrate what we mean let us take the notice of Saint-Evremond. No one would expect much about Saint-Evremond in such a history; the twenty lines actually accorded to him are liberal, and the characterization they contain is, in the main, just. But let us quote the passage:—

The great name of criticism in the second half of the seventeenth century is Boileau. But one of whom Boileau spoke harshly, a soldier, a man of the world, the friend of Ninon de L'Enclos, a sceptical epicurean, an amateur in letters, Saint-Evremond (1613-1703), among his various writings aided the cause of criticism by the intuition which he had of what was excellent, by a fineness of judgment as far removed from mere licence as from the pedantry of rules. Fallen into disfavour with the King, Saint-Evremond was received into the literary society of London. His criticism is that of a fastidious taste, of balance and moderation guided by tradition yet open to new views if they approved themselves to his culture and good sense. Had his studies been more serious, had his feelings been more generous and ardent, had his moral sense been less shallow, he might have made important contributions to literature. As it was, to be a man of the world was his trade, to be a writer was only an admirable foible.

That is excellently written, and for the most part truly said. It "places," for those who know him, their Saint-Evremond neatly and with hardly any unfairness if with some omission. But will not the hungry sheep look up and say "But what *were* his various writings?" "What did he write besides the drama which is elsewhere catalogued?" And it is surely the duty of a literary historian to feed, though not to cram, them with some reply.

Again, though we fully recognize the truth of Mr. Dowden's prefatory remark, "many matters in dispute have here to be briefly stated in one way; there is no room for discussion," we cannot help thinking that especially in the Medieval period he has been rather positive in accepting certain theories and stating them categorically. He must be aware, for instance, that when he writes "Breton harpers wandering through France and England made Celtic themes known through their *lais*; the fame of King Arthur was spread abroad by these singers and by the history of Geoffrey of Monmouth," he is not merely taking one side of a matter in dispute, not merely basing a sweeping statement on the slenderest evidence, but actually converting a hypothesis into a fact. A "perhaps," or a "probably," or an "it seems likely that" could not have taken so very much room.

These, however, are the almost inseparable drawbacks of the method which is nothing if not confident, summary, and clear, and as Professor Dowden has plainly set forth what his method is and loyally abides by it, there is nothing more to be said.

We need only add, or repeat, in conclusion, that this is a very pleasant book to read, displaying its author's usual care, and for the most part avoiding the "preciousness" of which he has sometimes been accused. Its ornament—whether Professor Dowden borrows, as in the case-

of Nisard's description of Madame de Sévigné's own preciousness as "one superfluous ribbon in a simple and elegant toilet"; or paraphrases without quoting, as where upon a well-known sentence of M. Sorel's he finds the remark that "Madame de Staël's novels are old now, which means that they once were young"; or adds flowers of his own, as where he defines Hugo's vanity, "if it is vanity to take a magnified broken-shadow for oneself and admire its superb gesture on the mist"—is seldom disagreeable. We, at worst, doubt whether "M. de Climal—old angel fallen" is not a little grotesque, and whether in "He knew how to wing his verses with a volant (volant?) refrain," "flying" would not have done better than "volant." But these are small matters; and of matters smaller still we have only one thing against Professor Dowden or his printer, which is the adoption of the horrible Anglo-French contraction "Mdle." instead of "Mlle." Fortunately we are spared "Mdme.," though it would have been only consistent.

**A Russian Biographical Dictionary. Russki Biograficheski Slovar.** Tom I. Aaron—Imperator Alexander II. 892 pp. St. Petersburg, 1896. Skorokhodof.

Those who have occupied themselves much with the history, politics, or literature of Russia must often have felt the want of a good biographical dictionary of distinguished Russians. The want was felt and publicly expressed by the late Emperor Alexander III. at a meeting of the Imperial Russian Historical Society, and his Majesty suggested that something of the kind might be undertaken by the society in question. The Imperial suggestion has borne fruit. First, a so-called *sbornik* was prepared and published in two volumes, but it was soon felt that such a brief summary, though useful enough in its way, was quite inadequate for the object in view. It was decided, therefore, that a greater effort should be made in the same direction, and the president of the society, M. Polofstef, undertook the direction of the work. It promises to be of gigantic dimensions. The first volume, which is the only one hitherto published, is a quarto of 892 pages in double columns, and it includes merely, as the title-page shows, the names from Aaron to Alexander II. Of course the length of the articles varies considerably according to the importance of the personage whose life is described. In the great, highly centralized, autocratic Monarchy, the Autocrats entirely overshadow, and almost eclipse, ordinary humanity, and this peculiarity is reflected in the work before us. Out of the 892 pages no less than 751 are devoted to two Emperors—Alexander I. and Alexander II.—and only 141 to uncrowned mortals.

Fortunately, the lives of these two Sovereigns are very well written, the authors having in both cases examined and utilized not merely the best printed works relating to their subject, but also a considerable amount of hitherto unpublished material. It requires, however, a very intimate acquaintance with the previous literature to determine what is *inédit*, because the individual statements of fact are in no case authenticated by a reference to the particular authority on which the statement is based. No doubt the initiated, by reading over the list of authorities, can generally be pretty certain as to the source, but it would have been much more satisfactory if the authorities had been cited for at least the more important statements. As it is, strong calls are sometimes made on our faith in the scrupulous accuracy and sound judgment of the authors.

Both of these are well known as careful historical investigators, and their articles contain internal evidence of the care they have taken to arrive at the truth, but the prudent reader would prefer to use his own judgment a little more, and be less frequently obliged to trust to that of others, however able and conscientious these others may be. At the same time he is frequently reminded in an unpleasant way that what he is reading was written under the vigilant eye of the Press-Censor—not, indeed, the Press-Censor of the ordinary type, but an official of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, whose duty it was to see that no political secrets were divulged, and no diplomatic indiscretions committed. We mention these things simply as facts, and not with any intention of complaining, because we are well aware that in all countries the privileged historian who is allowed to burrow in archives of comparatively recent date is always subjected to a control of this kind, and is obliged to keep for himself many delicious plums which he would gladly share with the general public. In a country like Russia, where the Emperor is theoretically responsible for all the sins of commission or omission of which his Government may stand convicted, and where it is one of the fundamental principles of Statecraft that the public veneration for the Autocratic power and the August personage in which it is for the moment incorporated should be most carefully preserved, the precautions taken against the possible indiscretions of semi-official and independent historians must be exceptionally rigorous. Taking all this into consideration, and remembering that the reigns of the two Sovereigns described belong to the present century, we are surprised not at the amount of restraint imposed, but rather at the amount of liberty accorded. We are agreeably impressed also by the effort the writers have made to avoid, as far as possible, the use of that unctuous ceremonial language which is so frequently used in semi-official articles regarding not only the Tsar, but all the members of the Imperial family. Though the customary stereotyped phrases occasionally appear, they are not obtrusive, and they are not accompanied by a straining after what is known in the Russian literary world as political "well-intentionedness" (*blagonamérennost*)—a peculiarity which so often disfigures semi-official Russian literature.

The article on Alexander I. is written by M. Schilder. Of him it will be sufficient to say that he has already made for himself a well-merited reputation as a careful investigator, well acquainted with the personages and events he describes, and that he has not allowed his judgment to be seriously warped by patriotism or prejudice. Of M. Tatishchev, the author of the long article of 507 pages on Alexander II., we ought, perhaps, to speak a little more in detail, for he was exposed to much greater temptations. A considerable portion of his life had been spent in the Russian diplomatic service, and he had played a part—albeit a subordinate one—in some of the events with which he has had to deal. Among those who played the most important diplomatic rôles he had his friends and he had his enemies, and he could hardly have forgotten the bad services rendered to him by some of the latter. Besides this, it is no secret that he has, with regard to the Eastern Question, certain very strong convictions which he would like to see adopted by the public and by the Government, but which were not in favour during the reign of Alexander II. He had, therefore, strong temptations to let his judgment as an historian be biased and distorted by personal feelings; but we must do him the justice to say that he has resisted such

temptations to a wonderful extent. The easy flow of his narrative is rarely disturbed by political reflections, and he never adopts a polemical attitude. Here and there the reader who is well acquainted with his diplomatic activity or his subsequent writings may perhaps detect the personal note, but it is nowhere obtrusive, and it cannot be said that the facts have been coloured or distorted to suit foregone conclusions. What we are inclined to complain of is that he sometimes whets our curiosity without satisfying it. Take, for example, the famous mission of General Manteuffel to St. Petersburg in 1866, when Napoleon III. was threatening to intervene in the peace negotiations between Prussia and Austria, and when M. Benedetti, referring to the Manteuffel mission, informed his Government that his efforts were fruitless because the Prussians had found support "elsewhere." It is well known that Bismarck on that occasion undertook certain engagements as the price of Russian diplomatic support, but these concessions have never been divulged, and consequently it is impossible to determine how far the accusations subsequently brought against him by Russia are well founded. In dealing with this incident M. Tatishcheff had evidently before him the diplomatic documents relating to it, for he gives a very detailed account of General Manteuffel's first interviews with Alexander II. and with Prince Gortchakoff, and he does not conceal the fact that the *pourparlers* at first brought out into strong relief the latent antagonism of the two Governments. Even the words of the Emperor are quoted *verbatim*. Then, to our disappointment, a *hiatus* occurs in the narrative, and we find the two Sovereigns once more in the most cordial relations. Evidently, in the interval, the foundations of that understanding which was to prove so useful to Prussia in her struggle with France had been laid, but the operation had taken place behind the scenes and we are told nothing about it. Nor is this by any means the only case in which a corner of the veil is raised and then suddenly dropped without any explanation. It would be unreasonable, however, as we have already admitted, to complain of reserve and reticence of this kind. A biographical dictionary is expected merely to summarize information already published. It is precisely because M. Tatishcheff writes as an historian rather than a mere summarizer that we frequently feel disappointed in reading his long and instructive article. It is hardly necessary to say that the great majority of the articles awaken no such feeling. They are merely dictionary articles of the ordinary type, and they will satisfy all ordinary requirements.

We cordially wish the undertaking all success, and we hope that the succeeding volumes may appear within a reasonable time, but we must confess that on this point we are not without apprehensions, for among Russian literary men it must be difficult to find the methodical perseverance required to bring to a successful termination a work of such gigantic dimensions.

**William Blackwood and His Sons: Their Magazine and Friends.** Annals of the Publishing House. By Mrs. Oliphant. 2 Vols. 9x6in., 522+514 pp. London, 1897.

Blackwood. 42/-

No better historian of the house of Blackwood (the publishing house) could have been found than Mrs. Oliphant. She possessed the lively tradition of a firm always full of vitality and vivacity. From the beginning, the Magazine was regarded by the people concerned as a kind of immortal literary nymph, "Magna," whose contri-

butors were her true knights. From the beginning the founder of the firm and his successors were the friends of their eminent hands; these early friendships were stormy and interrupted but unbroken. A kind of loyalty to the house was felt, such as Knox entertained for the Hepburns; the sentiment was Scottish, almost romantic, and perhaps unexampled among the clients of English publishers. Mrs. Oliphant, a truly veteran ally and contributor, had the Blackwoodian sentiment in the highest degree. Picturesque rather than accurate as an historian, in this case she had documents before her and her publisher to keep her in the right way. Her book is full of interesting literary anecdote, and it is not her fault that the early years have often been written of before. Her fault is an excess of her qualities. The firm and the Magazine are magnified in her eyes, but that is part of the humour of her book. She is also too copious about things unessential.

Of Blackwoodian genealogy we have none. The original Blackwood seems to have been descended from a burgher ruined by the Darien affair, but no links of pedigree are given, and, nearly alone among Scots, Mr. Blackwood claimed not to be "the King's cousin." He was born in 1776, and apprenticed at 14 to a firm of booksellers. We are told, *more Oliphantico*, what the boy "would do" in the way of diversion, but, of course, we know not what he did. He then became Glasgow agent to Mundell, the publisher of Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope." Part of his business was to hunt out old books for customers such as "The Disputation" of Nicol Burne (1581), who is so cheerfully frank about John Knox. For years later, publishers were also sellers of old books; we know "Longin's Catalogue." With a Mr. Cuthill, in London, "famous for his catalogues," Blackwood worked three years. In 1804 he established himself on the South Bridge, in Edinburgh, being then a handsome, well-dressed young gentleman, to judge by his miniature. Fifteen years later his aspect and manner did not please Lockhart, nor his friend Christie, both fastidious young Oxonians. Lockhart's familiar name for him is unpublished, and may so remain; it is eminently disrespectful. In 1805 Blackwood married a young lady "with a king's name," Miss Stewart (of Carfin), whom he had long admired. The Scottish literature of the early century was blossoming, and Mr. Blackwood went into it, being "rash, but not so rash" as Constable. He alone, of these northern adventurers, made and kept a fortune by bookselling. Scott was buying old books from him as early as 1812; he wrote, with order, on that luckless day when he "flitted" from Ashiestiel. When the Ballantynes and their bills frightened Mr. Murray, Mr. Blackwood became, for a time, not a pleasant time, his Edinburgh agent. He himself published McCrie's "Knox," which Mr. Stevenson found so arid. In 1814 Hogg came into Blackwood's view. In 1816-17, Blackwood's adventure with Scott's "Black Dwarf" occurred.

Mrs. Oliphant devotes much space to this affair. She thinks that Lockhart, perhaps designedly, told the tale of Blackwood's natural discontent with "The Black Dwarf" and offer of a hint for a new conclusion so as to leave "a disagreeable impression" of Blackwood. "Except the sons of the Edinburgh publisher there was nobody to be wounded." This is, indeed, to be sensitive! There is not a wounding word in Lockhart's anecdote (which is quoted textually) or, if any one had a right to be hurt, it was the descendants of Sir Walter. The sons of Blackwood themselves furnished Lockhart with documents on the subject for his second edition. Mrs. Oliphant calls Lock-



hart's version "exactly the kind of skilful compound of truth and imagination which has ruined the character of many a man." Yet Mrs. Oliphant adds nothing, and disproves nothing, and nobody's "character" is harmed. Scott was amusingly touchy; Blackwood was amusingly tactless. Mrs. Oliphant offers a guess, that Scott himself wrote the words substituted by Ballantyne for the first furious note, "God damn his soul!" Perhaps he did; nobody knows. And she says that Scott has been more intimate with Blackwood than Lockhart thought. At this date (1816) Lockhart had no acquaintance with Scott, and later an unpublished letter of Scott's to Laidlaw, about the bookseller, shows very hostile, though doubtless transitory feeling.

In business questions relating to the novel, which are given in detail, Blackwood had much to complain of on the part of the Ballantynes and, perhaps, of Sir Walter. But the "Black Hussar" and "Black Dwarf" anecdote remains exactly as Lockhart gave it, and could only "wound" a person suffering from emotional hyperaesthesia. That Scott was irritated by the showing of his work to Gifford (which he had refused to allow), as well as by Blackwood's proposed new end to his novel, is already clear from Lockhart's narrative, and is no discovery of Mrs. Oliphant's. Blackwood's letter to Ballantyne is given by Lockhart himself (Vol. V., p. 158), and on the affair of Scott's wrath Mrs. Oliphant adds nothing whatever.

The early history of *Blackwood's Magazine* (1817) is familiar. Owing to some combination of causes it had a far from creditable youth. Mrs. Oliphant may, or may not, have worked out the series of savage libels, now obscure enough, for which Wilson, Lockhart, and Maginn were responsible. These go far beyond "rather cruel fun," and often are not funny at all. Wilson's ferocious article on Coleridge is, however, sufficiently reprovod by the lenient Mrs. Oliphant, and Lockhart's "Cockney School" is justly styled "unpardonable." As to the Chaldee MS., except in a few disgraceful verses, it was innocent. Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe had been grossly rude to Mr. Blackwood, and deserves what he got (Vol. I., p. 54).

Of Lockhart little is told that is new. His notes to Blackwood do not reveal the "innest soul of him," which is, and will remain, undiscovered. He asks for a sight of a *nox ambrosiana* by Hogg, "that I may put in a few cuts at himself," but he shows a singular protecting care of Wilson's feelings. His butt, the Odontist, remonstrates in vain; it is clear that he did not like the fame which was thrust upon him—the "Jocks," as he spells it. There are two letters, obviously written after the Scott-Christie duel. Lockhart was disinclined to write for the magazine. Scott absolutely disapproved of his doing so. Christie pressed him to abstain, and perhaps Blackwood should have left him alone. Lockhart knew, no doubt, that he could not trust himself to abandon satire, and it is much to be regretted that he did contribute a review of Patmore, John Scott's second in the duel. The relations with Lockhart were weakened, but remained friendly, and were continued to the successors with all Lockhart's unvarying kindness to young people. Blackwood, out of a laudable but mistaken tenderness for Scott, rejected an amusing skit of Lockhart's on Scott's imitators. We think that it appeared, as a review, in *The Quarterly*; and Scott must have been amused, for none of the banter touched him.

Wilson appears as a very sensitive author, and Mrs. Oliphant has not spared the tale of his terror lest Wordsworth should find out one of his caprices. After being

Wordsworth's guest, after a renewal of a broken friendship, Wilson instantly attacked him violently in *Blackwood*, and the fact was likely to be discovered. Wilson was reduced to a kind of hysterical fear of exposure, and his whole conduct is inexplicable. Till his death he loathed his early deity, Wordsworth; nobody knows why. "We understand," says Lockhart, "these failures of one of the best-hearted men God ever put breath into." "The professor really seems to act on such occasions as if he was mad" is another observation which does not clear matters up. All this aspect of Wilson, his purposeless, ungenerous rancies of attack on Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Scott, is, necessarily, not to be found in Mrs. Gordon's "Life of Christopher North." Lockhart is not a character easily understood, but the bluff Wilson is even more puzzling. Wilson was excessively unpunctual with "copy," and Mrs. Oliphant confesses that the 20th of a month once came to herself, without a line written of her monthly instalment of her novel. "These were still the heroic days," says this lady, "at heart a rake" in literary matters, and gifted with a tenderness for the ancient erratic habits of scribbling mankind. Wilson appears later, like most of the heroes, as dilatory and energetic by turns; they all showed energy in writing vast letters of quarrel, excuse, and remonstrance, when they might have been at work.

The Shepherd appears in his usual character, ever in pursuit of a fugitive note for £50. Mrs. Oliphant rather underrates the Boar of Ettrick, who really was a man of genius, "the most extraordinary man that ever wore the maul of a shepherd," writes Lockhart, even when estranged. From James Blackwood endured many intolerable things, but from Maga (which gave the ideal Shepherd to the world) James had often much to endure. Ballantyne, as printer, went beyond his province in criticizing an attack on Hogg; he was tactless, here, but honest.

Maginn appears in his real colours, all but absolutely unscrupulous (he was sorry for having attacked Keats), lying, laughing, gossiping, versatile, and finally, broken utterly, and every way bankrupt. Blackwood's censures on his own refusal to sell "Don Juan" are manly and humorous. He thus retorted on Murray's moral refusal to be concerned in the magazine. But he was also disgusted by "that friend's" (Byron's) "attempt to degrade every tender and sacred feeling of the human heart," so he told Maginn. It is curious that Maginn long refused to take money for his articles. Maginn proposed that Lockhart should review his own "Spanish Ballads" for the *Quarterly*, or that Blackwood should get any scholar to do it, when Maginn would send in the criticism—as his own! Nobody reviewed the Ballads, Southey would not touch poetry, and no competent hand could be found.

Coleridge appears in a light very Coleridgean. Wilson, after wishing to review him kindly in the *Edinburgh*, for some inscrutable reason libelled him in *Blackwood*. Coleridge consulted Crabb Robinson about an action for libel. Lockhart, however, won over S. T. C. by praise in "Peter's Letters," and then, more unadroitly than mischievously, published part of a letter of his. Communications were established, and Coleridge was invited to write. He replied by sending a theory of how to conduct a magazine, and offered "the whole weight of my influence, name, and character." Coleridge did contribute, in his vaporous, wandering way, but where is his "Lyrical Tale, 250 lines," with three or four equally important poems? To Scott's style he applies the phrase, "the oncarryingness of his diction."

The pages of de Quincey's correspondence are almost too painful for publication. He sends a page or two of an

article, and needs a pound or two; he reveals old squalors, infinitely better left to oblivion; he wastes time and energy in elaborate, useless epistles; he insults Blackwood's feelings about "ma Maga" with intolerable want of tact. The letter in Vol. I., p. 435, ought to have been omitted, for very conspicuous reasons. Mrs. Oliphant contrasts with de Quincey's ways the literary commercialism of to-day, with its prices "per thou." Of old they reckoned by "sheets;" that is all the unessential difference. We know enough about de Quincey, and his part of the book gives more pain than pleasure. Galt's also is melancholy, he had but one serviceable string; of that, the world wearied, and he laboured on sadly through a variety of failures. Samuel Warren appears with an ebullient vanity, but his prime successes were great, and most serviceable to the magazine.

From publishing Mrs. Oliphant turns, in a sympathetic manner, to Mr. Blackwood's domestic life, which was prosperous, his quiver being full of sons ready to speak with the Whigs in the gate. It is amusing to find young Alexander Blackwood, in London, congratulating his sire on the decrease in the number of Lockhart's contributions and the simultaneous increase in the magazine's "character for respectability" (1825). He does not assert a causal connexion between these facts. The lad was put through the routine of the trade from its lowest degrees, "with a blue bag on his shoulder," an ordeal unneeded, but never repined at by Alexander. A young man who cheerfully carries "heavy loads" through "long visty walks" is the right and rare sort of young man. The vast family letters, though highly creditable to every one concerned, are not of great general interest.

The elder Blackwood died in the autumn of 1834. Lockhart tells a curious anecdote of his deathbed. "He asked me to smoke a cigar." The brief manly page on Blackwood's character (II., 134) was from Lockhart's pen. No other estimate is needed of a man whose chief foible was "a sincerity that might be considered rough," and whose only obvious fault was concession to the excesses of three wild contributors. Mr. Blackwood, however, was wholly of the mind that Whigs were constitutionally "vile," and that he was rather an injured being in the ancient brawls. "Oh, professor, you will stand by the boys!" said the anxious widow to Wilson, who did stand by them with all of his eccentric vigour. John, who finally became his father's successor, did not like the "blue bag" and the long, muddy walks.

The young Blackwoods rejected an early work of Thackeray's, and other pieces (1840), which they must have had reason to regret. Branwell Brontë's verses were not even returned to him; he was a mere boy, and his letters show that he had, at least, "the temperament of genius." "I appear to you to be writing with conceited assurance" (he thought he could supply the Shepherd's place), "but I am not . . . You have lost an able writer in James Hogg, and God grant you may get one in Patrick Branwell Brontë"—aged fifteen. Branwell sent in a promising piece called "Misery, Scene I." He also offered octosyllables in Scott's manner, about "a wounded charger vast and white, all wildly mad with pain and fear." No notice was taken of the unlucky and undeniably precocious boy. He was not more absurd than Sterling with his offer to write, in thirty or forty numbers, on Goethe! Contributors are not only a fierce, but a crazy folk. Their vagaries are stereotyped, and are constantly illustrated here. "The extreme sensitiveness" of George Eliot leaves its mark; she even meddled with the profound mystery of advertisements. These a publisher may be

left to understand and manage, while the wise author keeps his "puzzled dissatisfaction" to himself.

The affairs of the Epigonoi are not of exciting interest, and there are certainly far too many long letters which might have been reduced to a few paragraphs. This error has become common to all biographers: the letters interest *them*, are their own discovery, as it were, and also fill space. But this book, like almost everything of the kind in recent years, would be better if it were terser. What could not be bettered is Mrs. Oliphant's short personal note, which concludes the second volume. Her courage—"absolute foolish courage in life and Providence"—the melancholy which fate forced on her, her humour, her tenderness are all here, and the last lines of her task are worthy of her genius in its freshest hour. Hers was an example of all manly and womanly virtues.

The interest of the Memoirs will doubtless revive with the reign, in the third volume, of Mr. John Blackwood, whose literary and social sense was powerful and popular. But this volume will not be from the hand of Mrs. Oliphant. Her earthly task is done. This portion of it was well worth doing, for Blackwood and his circle, though Time has overtaken much of their work, lighted and kept alive a vivid interest in literature, especially among the young. Many men of letters might repeat the confessions and acknowledgments of a great debt, which are rather prematurely offered by poor Branwell Brontë.

**Outlines of a Philosophy of Religion**, based on Psychology and History. By **Auguste Sabatier**. Authorized Translation by the Rev. T. A. Seed. Crown 8vo., xv.+318 pp. London, 1897. **Hodder and Stoughton. 7/6**

This is, on the whole, a striking book. It does not profess to be a systematic treatise. In form it consists of a series of short sections dealing with particular points in the history and philosophy of religion; but though these seem at first sight to be wanting in strict connexion, a certain sequence is observed in the treatment of the subject. The book is divided into three parts, the first dealing with religion and its origin, the second with Christianity and its essence, the third with dogma and its nature.

The first part contains much that is suggestive and admirable. Throughout his treatment of the psychological conditions in which religion finds its origin, M. Sabatier writes with the lucidity, candour, and freshness of a man who has clearly thought out his own position and who has become conscious of the limitations under which thought addresses itself to religious problems. In his endeavour to account for the constancy and perpetuity of the religious sense, the writer betrays his dependence on Pascal. Thus he tells us that religion begins with the unsatisfied sense of contradiction between the *data* of self-consciousness and the experience of the external world, a contradiction leading to the recognition of a third term, in which the two opposites are reconciled. This term is "the sense of their common dependence on God" (p. 24). So far M. Sabatier's conception of religion appears to be that of Schleiermacher, but he is careful to correct this impression by pointing out that, in so far as religion implies "a conscious and willed relation" between the soul and the power on which it finds itself dependent, a relation expressing itself instinctively in the form of prayer, religion becomes "a movement of liberty" and a venture of faith. It becomes a free act as well as a feeling of dependence.

It is needless to illustrate in detail M. Sabatier's point of view. The application of a purely psychological or Cartesian method to the ultimate problems of religion appears to him to be the most hopeful line of treatment in view of the results of criticism and historical research. There are, of course, dangers involved in the too strict adherence to this method. There is danger of the content of religion being unduly narrowed; there is the tendency to subjectivity and arbitrariness in deciding problems of authenticity. Thus M. Sabatier tells us that there is only one criterion by which an authentic revelation may be recognized. "Every divine revelation," he says, "every religious experience fit to nourish and sustain your soul must be able to repeat and continue itself as an actual revelation and an individual experience in your own consciousness" (p. 62). That this kind of individualism leads to occasional arbitrariness in dealing with the records of revelation was sufficiently manifest in Dr. Martineau's *Seat of Authority*. It is not surprising indeed that M. Sabatier appears to overrate the function and value of historical criticism in relation to the Christian facts, and that he lays undue stress upon the right of individual judgment (p. 179).

The second and third parts of the book are less satisfactory, in spite of many suggestive and acute remarks. Christianity is the perfect religion, "the absolute and final religion of mankind," because it claims to reproduce in men the consciousness of filial relation to God which was manifested in Jesus Christ. The third part consists of an attempt to formulate a theory of religious knowledge; but M. Sabatier does little more than point out certain positive characteristics of religious knowledge as contrasted with the "knowledge of Nature." It is, he tells us, subjective in the sense that it finds its *data* within the soul of man—viz., in the immediate consciousness of relationship to God. It is teleological. "Every teleological affirmation respecting the universe is a religious affirmation" (p. 318), for it passes beyond the domain of mere scientific investigation. It affirms the sovereignty of spirit over matter, in which affirmation is implied an initial act of faith. Further religious knowledge is necessarily symbolical owing to the inadequacy of language as a vehicle of thought.

A certain one-sidedness is apparent in the last two parts of the book. The writer's view of Protestantism strikes us as too highly idealized, and his criticism of Catholicism as somewhat trite and barren. The optimistic tone of the book reaches a climax in the seeming paradox that "Not only has Christianity never been better understood than in our own day, but never were civilization or the soul of humanity taken in their entirety more fundamentally Christian" (p. 180). Lastly, it should be noted that as a study of Christianity the book does not adequately recognize the fact which gave to the teaching of Jesus its unique significance and power—viz., His incomparable moral authority. M. Sabatier regards Christ as the perfect pattern of religion—that is, of filial dependence, submission, and trust. "What was there that was so new and potent in the least of his discourses? The treasure of His filial consciousness" (p. 161). Had the writer entered more deeply into the essential characteristics of Christ as a teacher of mankind, he would probably have done more justice to those aspects of Catholicism which he ignores or misjudges.

With these limitations, the book may be recommended as likely to aid perplexed minds, though it will not guide them to a just estimate of historic Christianity. The translation is on the whole excellent, though it is here

and there disfigured by solecisms—e.g., "virtualities," "phenomenism," "hierarchised," "parallelly."

**Recent and Coming Eclipses.** By Sir Norman Lockyer, K.C.B., F.R.S. 8vo., xii. + 103 pp. London, 1897. Macmillan and Co. 6s. n.

It has always been held that an eclipse of the sun is an event of grand importance to mankind. The dawn of history shows us that one of the chief duties of the primitive astronomer was to predict the occurrence of such a phenomenon, not indeed that scientific expeditions might seek points of vantage to observe it, but that the nations might be warned in time, by prayer and penance, to avert the wrath so obviously proclaimed on the part of the gods. Forty centuries ago in China the official astronomers revelled, and neglected this duty; the moon's shadow took the land unawares, the Emperor was perplexed with fear of change, and the astronomers were put to death. Familiar anecdotes from Herodotus and Plutarch show how ready mankind has always been to accept the most awful effects that Nature can produce as a tribute to the interest which Providence takes in the affairs of this inconsiderable planet. The same spirit is still vigorous among the less civilized races. A recent traveller describes how, in the midst of the horrors of the siege of Plovna, an eclipse of the moon took place, and the Turks "were acting in accordance with an ancient superstition when they fired off every available gun, believing that in doing so they would scare away the monstrous animal which was endeavouring to devour the silver queen of night." Sir Norman Lockyer tells us that in India, in 1871, his observations "would certainly have been rendered impossible by the smoke of sacrificial fires to frighten away Rahu, the Dragon which is supposed to cause eclipses by swallowing the sun, if there had not been a strong force of military and police present to extinguish them; and in Egypt in 1882, without the protection of the soldiery, a crowd of Egyptians would have invaded the camp." As far as one can make out from history, the shepherds of the vast Chaldaean plains were the first to free themselves from this fear of an eclipse, and to calculate its approach without emotion. Perhaps the explanation of their superiority lies in the fact that not even the most anthropomorphic of theologians could easily suppose that the gods would take the trouble of darkening the sun in order to predict the death of a valuable ram or the advent of a bad lambing season. Yet any one who has seen a solar eclipse—it is a rare experience amongst modern Englishmen, and none has been visible in Britain since 1715—can hardly wonder that this most striking of celestial phenomena should have excited awe and even worship in its beholders at all stages of the earth's progress. Even the modern astronomer, who has done much to pluck the heart out of the mystery, falls under the glamour of the spectacle. "There, in the leaden-coloured utterly cloudless sky," writes Sir Norman Lockyer of the eclipse of 1871, "shone out the eclipsed sun! a worthy sight for gods and men. There, rigid in the heavens, was what struck everybody as a decoration, one that emperors might fight for; a thousand times more brilliant even than the Star of India, where we then were! a picture of surpassing loveliness, and giving one the idea of serenity among all the activity that was going on below: shining with a sheen as of silver essence."

The business of the astronomer, however, does not allow him much time for contemplation of the weird beauty of an eclipse. His mind runs chiefly on the fact that the advancement of our knowledge of the sun's constitution—and by analogy of that of the other stars—depends in great measure on the use he can make of the two or three minutes during which, twice or thrice in a decade, the moon veils the intolerable splendour of the solar disc and reveals its atmosphere and appendages to the myriad eyes of science at gaze. Into those few minutes has to be crowded a quantity of work whose very description with its tale of highly specialized instruments would appal the untechnical reader, to whom it hardly seems

that so much can possibly be done during the brief duration of the total phase of the eclipse. Even the trained observer knows that good results can only be obtained by the most carefully ordered plan and a systematic drill which leaves no opening to flurry, and no time for confusion. It is to this end, with the solar eclipse of next January in view, that Sir Norman Lockyer, than whom we have no higher authority on the subject, has published the excellent volume now before us. In it he gives a full account, based upon letters that have already appeared in *Nature*, of the elaborate though unfortunately abortive preparations which were made by the expedition sent to Norway to study the eclipse of August 9, 1896, as well as many brief but instructive remarks upon the discoveries made in earlier eclipses. He notes, indeed, "how often it has happened that the chief scientific result secured at any eclipse was hardly dreamt of by the organizers of the expedition." But none the less it is essential to have the plan of campaign laboriously thought out beforehand in every detail, and Sir Norman Lockyer's description of his admirable arrangements at Kio in 1896 ought to be studied by every astronomer, amateur or professional, who proposes to be in the track of the moon's shadow next January. Such students should especially note the hint that "time-saving devices are of the highest importance in eclipse work, and too much attention cannot be given to them." It would be idle here to attempt to summarize Sir Norman Lockyer's account of the chief points in solar physics on which, by increasing the dispersive power of his spectroscopes and prismatic cameras, he hopes to get fresh light in January. His own words must be read, as they will be read with close attention, by all who take an interest in one of the most fascinating branches of astronomy. The only fault one can find with the book is that the style lacks the polish and even at times the lucidity to which one is accustomed in the author's writing, but that may be excused in what is not so much a treatise as a collection of practical notes.

Before taking leave of this book, one may call attention to the very interesting account of the remarkable aptitude which the officers and crew of H.M.S. *Volage* showed for astronomical work at the eclipse of 1896. Many astronomers have previously felt that in such expeditions as that to the Varanger Fiord "a warship at one's back makes everything easy," but it does not seem to have occurred to any one before Sir Norman Lockyer that its crew might provide a large staff of observers. An eclipse is an occasion on which much useful work can be done by intelligent amateurs. When Sir Norman asked for volunteers, he got as ready a response as if it had been a question of cutting out a hostile cruiser or boarding a slave-ship. More than 70 volunteers of all ranks were enlisted. Groups were formed to sketch the corona, to note the stars visible during totality, to record the colour-changes in the landscape, and to do much similar work that, whilst useful to science, was beyond the scope of the astronomers engaged in more intricate duties. The training which went on busily for some days before the eclipse proved both sailors and officers to be apt pupils, and at least one of the most delicate instruments was intrusted to their sole care. When the eclipse had come and gone behind a bank of cloud, Sir Norman Lockyer replied to the captain's condolences by assuring him that a most important discovery had actually been made. "He had demonstrated that with the *minimum* of help, and that chiefly in the matter of instruments, such a skilled and enthusiastic ship's company as his could be formed in a week into one of the most tremendous engines of astronomical research that the world has ever seen; so that if the elements had been kind all previous records of work at one station would have been beaten." When we remember what highly-complicated pieces of machinery our modern warships are this testimony to the ease with which the crew of the *Volage* took to the manipulation of delicate and unfamiliar instruments helps to show that, in spite of the pessimists, we have got the right sort of men in our Navy. As the ships have become more complicated, the men have grown more ingenious. And one is encouraged still to say of the British sailor, as was said in Armada days, that he has not his equal anywhere for skill and general handiness.

**Are we to go on with Latin Verses?** By the Rev. Hon. E. Lyttelton, M.A., Head Master of Haileybury College. Crown 8vo., 103 pp. London, 1897. Longmans. 3/6

This little book is a *contio ad clerum*, an appeal by a schoolmaster to his brethren of the craft to reconsider before it be too late the educational value of an exercise that is fast disappearing from the curriculum of our secondary schools. Latin verse composition is (at Oxford at any rate) no longer a *sine qua non* for college scholarships or the highest classical honours. The increasing pressure of subjects for which room has to be found at public schools involves the gradual crowding out of those which are in least demand or are supposed to be merely ornamental. Such subjects become the luxury of a few. The verdict of the teaching profession and of the general public condemns them as a necessity for the many; and once condemned, to restore them is difficult if not impossible. Mr. Lyttelton, as becomes an Etonian brought up upon a surfeit of Latin elegiacs, under a system which used to be irreverently described as giving the *maximum* of trouble to masters with the *minimum* of result to boys, makes a gallant attempt to stem the tide. He claims for Latin verse-writing even in its most elementary stages the credit of an intellectual discipline, giving sureness of vocabulary, perception of rhythm, and the genuine satisfaction of overcoming a difficulty, of visible achievement after effort. The schoolboy who after many searchings of heart and of his "Gradus" has produced a line or lines that will scan and have no grammatical fault looks upon the result, we gather, much as Touchstone speaks of Audrey—"a poor virgin, Sir, an ill-favoured thing, but mine own"; and this sense of proprietorship and successful effort, by enlisting the boy's interest in Latin verses, is supposed to enhance the intellectual profit of the exercise.

With much that Mr. Lyttelton says of Latin verse-making as an aid to the imagination and to the correct use of language we agree; and it is true that, as he puts it, "a boy who has to translate an English poem must read it," and make some effort to understand it. To many of us the most abiding and fruitful result of our Latin verse composition is the familiarity with much good English poetry. But granted that one of the best tests of proficiency in a language, dead or living, is a facile and idiomatic employment of it in composition, is not such proficiency as well attained, and more accessibly to the average learner, by the employment of prose? Mr. Lyttelton says not; and repudiates Latin prose as an educational instrument in comparison with Latin elegiacs—to which, by the way, he seems to confine Latin versification, almost ignoring the much higher branch (as we should call it) of hexameter verse. But Mr. Lyttelton's view of the whole question is, we cannot help thinking, somewhat narrowed by his educational environment—by old Eton superstitions of constant Latin elegiacs as the best educational instrument, and by the Cambridge tendency to ignore, as compared with Oxford scholars, the great value of Latin prose composition—an exercise (to quote the words of a great teacher thereof) "so absolutely intolerant of imperfect knowledge, such a stern touchstone of obscure thought or superficial work." Mr. Lyttelton, we fear, will not roll up the stone of Sisyphus, or sweep back the sea. Things have gone too far for that. But if he helps to preserve for good scholars a graceful accomplishment, and (we would add) one of the purest of intellectual pleasures for those who are able to enjoy it, his book will have done service, though not exactly in the way he hoped.

As a practical appendix, Mr. Lyttelton prints nineteen Latin elegiac versions of a smoothly flowing but rather vague poem of O. W. Holmes, full of loose metaphors, the grappling with which has been the chief difficulty of translation—Latin, as is well known, being much less tolerant of metaphor than English. Mr. Lyttelton pleads—and some of these translators agree with him—for a more liberal use of metaphor in Latin. But of these versions the most successful, in our opinion, are those in which its use has been restricted. Take, for example, the metaphor "Time's grey urn" in the opening lines:

Yes, dear departed cherished days,  
Could Memory's hand restore  
Your morning light, your evening rays,  
From Time's grey urn once more.

Such renderings as *pallida Temporis urna, actas tristis ut urna, vetus actatis urna, lrida urna* (would this be "grey" ?), *gravis urna*, and the like, are unnatural and unmeaning, a translation of *ignotum per ignotius*. Professor Jebb, whose fine taste for scholarship serves him alike in Latin as in Greek, thus renders it, simply but effectively, in what strikes us as the best of these versions:—

Tempora præteritæ penitus delecta iuventæ,  
O si Mnemosyne vos revocare mihi,  
Si iubar ex ævo posset reparare sepulto  
Quod nova læva olim, quod moritura dabat.

What the average 15-year-old school-boy would make of such a passage we shudder to think. Mr. Lyttelton can hardly intend it as a specimen of what should be put before him as an educational instrument.

**Slam on the Meinam**, from the Gulf to Ayuthia, together with Three Romances illustrative of Siamese Life and Customs. By **Maxwell Sommerville**, Professor of Glyptology, University of Pennsylvania. With 50 Illustrations. London, 1897. **Sampson Low, Marston.**

A book entitled "Great Britain on the Thames from the Nore to Putney-bridge," compiled by an amiable and observant gentleman from China, unacquainted with the English language or with Western thought, would hardly be expected to give a very reliable account of the British Isles, or of the customs of their inhabitants, even though it should be charmingly illustrated with photographs from neighbouring countries, and embellished with a little *pidgin* English spelt phonetically. In the same way Mr. Maxwell Sommerville's book about Siam must not be expected to be otherwise than a collection of very rough impressions. Mr. Sommerville did a certain number of the sights of Bangkok, and went fifty miles up river in a passenger steamer to the "jungle" of the old capital, Ayuthia, where he spent at least a day. In the short time he was able to devote to the subject of his book he certainly used his considerable powers of observation with effect, and the scenes of native groupings, as they present themselves in the every-day life of the city and the river, are given not without some liveliness and evident appreciation. As a guide-book to the bazaars and *Wats* of Bangkok, Mr. Sommerville's work may rank with Carl Beck's and Frank Vincent's. More than this we cannot say. The book is hastily written, the information is inaccurate, the grammar is often faulty, and the style is poor. The native words and names are spelt with no regard to system, and there is nothing in the volume which may not be found far better considered in the works of Pallegoix, Crawford, Bowring, and many others. The illustrations are from photographs, most of which are familiar to Bangkok residents, and many of which are so charming that they go a long way towards redeeming the book. A large proportion, however, are not Siamese at all, but are Malay, Shan, and Burmese, and many are given fancy titles by the author which rob them of much of their value.

With regard to the "original romances" at the end of the book, intended, as the author informs us, to illustrate "phases in Siamese life and customs, combined with the history of the river Meinam and of the people of the northern provinces" which they "are intended to portray," we can only remark that they fail completely in their object. The idea would be an ambitious one even for a careful and experienced student of the East and of Indo-China; carried out as it has been it amounts almost to a practical joke. The hero, the viceroy of a large province, travels across country alone, with three servants, on mules, maintaining a pace of twenty-three miles a day for many hundred miles; the envoys of the King are made to travel thirty-six miles a day at least when they go abroad; Muang Pimai, a jungle village in the Korat plateau, is illustrated by photographs of Bangkok. It is not necessary to say more to show that the stories are valueless as illustrations of the life of the country; nor, unfortunately, are they very interesting.

The character of the book is well illustrated by the map which forms the frontispiece. A large proportion of the names are wrongly spelt. A red line, designated "the frontiers of Laos," separates the northern Lao States of Chiengmai and Nan, both of which are in reality inhabited by the same race of Lao, and also cuts the Korat plateau into two parts, although the Lao extend south of it for nearly three degrees of latitude. *Inter alia*, the Pichai river is called the Nam Pat; the important towns of Pichai and Nan are omitted altogether; and two high roads are marked as extending across the country in a N.N.W. direction to the Salwin from the neighbourhood of Paknam Po. These are apparently designed to illustrate the very "original romance" at the end of the book; they have no existence in fact. Below is the inscription—"The most recent and comprehensive Map of the Interior of Siam." We wonder if this joke will go down in America? No one in this country acquainted with the many surveys which have been made in the Meinam valley or with the maps of Pavie and McCarthy, or the publications based on these which have from time to time been published by the Royal Geographical Society, can be asked to treat it seriously.

The author appears to have approached his task with a levity and lack of industry and study which, in literature at all events, seem somewhat out of place.

## SOME MINOR POETS.

**The Earth Breath**, and other Poems. By **A. E.** 6½x5½in., 91 pp. London, 1897. **John Lane. 36 n.**

**Lyrics**. By **John B. Tabb**. 5½x4½in., 157 pp. 1897. Boston: Copeland and Day. London: John Lane. 46 n.

**Minuscula**. Lyrics of Nature, Art, and Love. By **Francis William Bourdillon**. 6x4½in., 112 pp. London, 1897. **Lawrence and Bullen, Ltd. 5-**

Our younger poets, and those poets that are latest born into an unworthy world, seem to have made a compact by which they have bound themselves to be careful of their powers and risk no overstrain. They would go delicately, to small measures. The long poem—that "test of invention," as Keats calls it—is not for them. Perhaps they have assured themselves that the public is not for the long poem. Certainly, none can accuse our minor poets of profligality. Their volumes are of the alimtest; so much so, indeed, that the term "volume" applied to them savours of irony. Slight, too, are the lyrics wont to be, as though the poet sang in snatches, like the bird that "starts into song one moment, then is still." But here the analogy stops. There is little that is birdlike in the laboured, over-elaborate composition, which, brief though it be, moves the fatigued reader with a painful apprehension of the toils of composition.

"The Earth Breath," while not responding entirely to the characteristics we have indicated, is a fair example of the class of book the extreme tenacity of which is by no means a material attribute only. The author, modestly initialled as "A. E.," shows a certain accomplishment of verse, writing, indeed, as if it were his native tongue occasionally, and not the acquisition of study. But his style is exceedingly tropical, not to say flamboyant, and he too often tantalizes us by the imperfect expression of some possibly inspired or beautiful thought. He may be said to grope where he should grasp, and even when disposed to deviate into clearness it is not for long, as the opening of the little poem "Divine Visitation" may suffice to show:—

The heavens lay hold on us; the starry rays  
Fondle with flickering fingers brow and eyes;  
A new enchantment lights the ancient skies.  
What is it looks between us gaze on gaze;  
Does the wild spirit of the endless days  
Chase through my heart some lure that ever flies?

Mr. John Tabb is a poet of graceful fancy and some individuality. His little book of "Lyrics" appears to have reached a second edition. Mr. Tabb's prevailing mood is grave, sententious, almost aphoristic. Within the limits of two or three stanzas he enshrines some *pensée*, or flower of fancy, pretty or piquant it may be, or of a purely ethical character. The "quatrain," which is so commonly epigrammatic, elegiac, or onomastic, becomes in Mr. Tabb's hands an extremely graceful poem. "The Mid-Day Moon" is a charming example:—

Behold, whatever wind prevail,  
Slow westering, a phantom sail—  
The lonely soul of yesterday—  
Unpiloted, pursues her way.

Again, in this quatrain of "Fame" we have a pretty conceit:—

Their noonday never knows  
What names immortal are;  
'Tis night alone that shows  
How star surpasses star.

Not all of these quatrains, each of which adorns a page of the book, are so neatly turned as these.

Mr. Bourdillon's *Minuscula* comprise certain reprints from previous volumes—"siftings," the author calls them—with the addition of some new poems. It is a pity the poet has allowed his sieve to retain the five "Love Sonnets," which have almost every defect that metrical form may know. The third especially—

Now hath the ageing year forgot thee, June,  
And doteth on the mænal month, October.—

is a monument of ungainly artifice and sad infelicity. Can it be that Mr. Bourdillon imagines the stanzas "To a Lark," though classed among his "new poems," to be either new or original? A clearer Shelleyan echo than this infinitely little poem there could not be. Oddly enough, the poem that precedes it—"Joy's Way"—is the freshest, brightest, daintiest lyric of all that is new in the book. For the rest, some of the additional songs are extremely pretty, and will increase Mr. Bourdillon's reputation as a song-writer, both with musicians and lovers of song.

# White Horses.

*Where run your colts at pasture ?  
Where hide your mares to breed ?*  
Mid bergs against the Ice-cap  
Or wove Sargossa weed ;  
By lightless reef and channel,  
Or crafty coastwise bars,  
But most the deep-sea meadows  
All purple to the stars.

*Who holds the rein upon you ?  
The latest gale let free.*  
*What meat is in your mangers ?  
The glut of all the sea.*  
Twixt tide and tide's returning  
Great store of newly dead,—  
The bones of those that faced us,  
And the hearts of those that fled.

Afar, off-shore and single,  
Some stallion, rearing swift,  
Neighs hungry for new fodder,  
And calls us to the drift.  
Then down the cloven ridges—  
Ten million hooves unshod—  
Break forth the wild white horses  
To seek their meat from God !

Girth-deep in hissing water  
Our furious vanguard strains—  
Through mist of mighty tramlings  
Roll up the fore-blown manes—  
A hundred leagues to leeward,  
Ere yet the deep hath stirred,  
The groaning rollers carry  
The coming of the herd !

*Whose hand may grip your nostrils—  
Your forelock who may hold ?*  
E'en they that use the broads with us  
The riders bred and bold,  
That spy upon our matings  
That rope us where we run—  
They know the wild white horses  
From father unto son.

We breathe about their cradles,  
We race their babes ashore,  
We snuff against their thresholds,  
We nuzzle at their door—  
By day with stamping coursers,  
By night in whinnying droves,  
Creep up the wild white horses,  
To call them from their loves.

*And come they for your calling ?  
No wit of man may save.*  
They hear the wild white horses  
Above their fathers' grave ;  
And, kin of those we crippled  
And sons of those we slew,  
Spur down the wild white riders  
To lash the herds anew.

*What service have ye paid them,  
Oh jealous steeds and strong ?*  
Save we that throw their weaklings,  
Is none dare work them wrong,  
While thick around the homestead  
Our grey-backed squadrons graze—  
A guard behind their plunder,  
And a veil before their ways.

With mareh and countermarehings—  
With press of wheeling hosts—  
Stray mob or bands embattled—  
We ring the chosen coasts :  
And, careless of our clamour  
That bids the stranger fly,  
At peace within our pickets  
The wild white riders lie.

\* \* \* \*

Trust ye the curdled hollows—  
Trust ye the gathering wind—  
Trust ye the moaning groundswell—  
Our herds are close behind !  
To mill your foeman's armies—  
To bray his camps abroad—  
Trust ye the wild white horses  
The Horses of the Lord !

## Among my Books.

### A COLLOQUY ON CRITICISM.

There is, about this we are pretty well certain, nothing more uncomfortable and disquieting to the ordinary good fellow—and unless you adopt a standard of excellence so high as must damn the whole British Empire most of the sons of Adam are good fellows—than to find himself at loggerheads with his neighbour about anything.

The people who love to differ are the minority—they may be found, no doubt, if not in every hamlet, certainly in every township, but for all that they are the minority and only distantly resemble the kindly hosts who love best those songs which have a chorus in which all can join.

As a proof of this I would instance the unhappiness of finding yourself positively disliking and despising some book written, it may be, by an acquaintance, which is enjoying great popularity. To take it up only to find its "pathos" repulsive, its "humour" disheartening, its "merriment" offensive, and then laying it down with a groan to read, or, worse still, to be told by some honest fellow, of its strange power, its dramatic grip, its enormous sale. All this is sheer agony. The ordinary sorrows of life, however crushing, are shared with humanity. Tombs and monuments remind you of other men's bereavements;—the list of bankrupts gives you a feeling of kinship with half the town; but this inability to enjoy what apparently all the world is enjoying is intolerable.

It is no use saying *de gustibus, &c.* In the first place it is not true. Burke long ago pointed out in his Treatise on the Sublime and Beautiful that mankind are more generally agreed about Virgil than they are about Aristotle. These things cut very deep into life. Were you to be condemned to spend three months at sea in a small cabin with a stranger with what easy composure would you hear him, the first night, declare himself a Hobbist, but how would your heart sink within you were he to aver that he never could see anything funny in "Pickwick"! It is a very serious thing to differ radically on a question of taste.

And so it comes about that the life of a Critic in these times is well nigh intolerable, and, indeed, it is not without emotion—genuine emotion—that to-day I see launched a new critical adventure. It makes a brave appearance as it pushes off, friends wave their handkerchiefs, the captain is on the upper-deck, the crew (well-tanned veterans some of them) wave their new quills—it is indeed a gallant sight! Yes—but look ahead to the sea where the ship must go, to the far off ocean, whose vast tides pant dumbly passionate with dreams of all the books, as yet unwritten, which *Literature* must review, and of the authors, passionate but not dumb, whom we shall, if we do our duty, most grievously offend. *Duty!* the word instantly arrests one, just as did the word "delicacy" the great Journalist in *Friendship's Garland*. "Delicacy," he murmured, "surely I have heard the word, in the old days before I learnt to call Hepworth Dixon's style lithe

and sinewy and before ever I wrote for this cursed paper." So at the word "Duty," I stand at attention. What are the duties of a Critic?

No sooner is the question asked than temperament steps in and makes everything difficult. One man's temperament leads him to magnify his office, another's to minimize it. Pomposity is the besetting sin of the one, cynicism of the other. Of the two Mr. Cynic is the more agreeable while Mr. Pomposity does the least harm. It is desirable to avoid "glasses" and to see things with the naked eye.

Can it be said that to review new books as they appear is a public duty? The fact that it is discharged privately proves nothing. Until 1870, in England the duty of educating the young was discharged by the British and Foreign School Society and the National Society, whilst for many a long day the duties of nursing the poor and visiting prisons were left to individual charity. The maintenance of the Fine Arts is, after a beggarly fashion, recognized by the State, and there are those who seriously advocate a National Theatre. Ought Criticism to be established and endowed? Should the Gazette appear with a Literary supplement? On the whole, we think not.

But if Criticism is a matter of private enterprise it should be undertaken in a suitable spirit. The famous motto of the *Edinburgh Review* assumes too much. A Judge is not self-elected, neither does he choose his calendar and condemn whom he wills. The country prosecutes, the jury convicts, the Judge sentences. Lord Brougham, if it was Lord Brougham, owed no duty to the public to ridicule John Keats in the *Edinburgh Review*. Lady Eastlake had no better right to slander Charlotte Brontë in the *Quarterly Review* than has any evil-tongued woman to revile her neighbour in the market-place.

The duties of a Critic are those of a handicraftsman who takes money in exchange for an article of his manufacture. He must do his best to learn his business, and, having learnt it, to go about it diligently and honourably, and in a spirit of humanity. He must avoid the error of imagining his opinion to be a great matter, but he is not entitled, if his criticism be printed and circulated, to treat it as if it were of no moment whatever.

Critics are sometimes accused of forgetting the publicity, the almost awful publicity, of the printing Press, and of scattering abroad in the lightness of their hearts all kinds of winged words and poisoned arrows. But do they? You have only to compare the trenchant and often most valuable criticism you hear at a dinner table with the tame, emasculated utterances of the Press to realize how paralyzing is publicity and how impossible it is to say in print what you may utter with perfect propriety in private. Nobody can truthfully assert that harshness or brutality is a characteristic of present-day criticism. Whether it be wise or foolish, important or insignificant, it is at least good-natured. Books are liberally besmattered with praise, and the rarest gifts of the gods are affected to be bestowed upon writers of the most humble endowments. Enthusiasm seems easily kindled. Nobody, as I have already said, wishes to differ

with his neighbour, least of all to make his differences public. "Whistle and let the world go by" is a maxim of prudence, and one very generally observed by wise men. But how is the poor critic to observe it? A popular novel, a popular volume of theology, and a popular poet are sent him for review. He reads, and as he reads his gorge rises. They are, so, at least, the unhappy writer conceives, everything fiction, religion, poetry ought not to be; what should be natural is forced, what should be devout is vulgar, what should be felicitous is ill-expressed; grace, dignity, delicacy, charm—of no one of these qualities is there so much as a trace. Of course, the reviewer may be mistaken. But, if he is, his whole outlook upon this world is mistaken; all that is about him is mistaken; his library is all wrong; every estimate he has formed, every lesson he has learnt is all wrong—everything is upside down, if these books be anything but the poor trash his judgment tells him they are. But is he to say so? The novelist is a great friend of his wife's sister, the divine and the poet are club acquaintances of his own. He cannot say what he really thinks of their productions—their "work," as they love to call their lucubrations. Unable to say what he thinks, he proceeds to say as little as he can about the books before him, and to fill up his space with general reflections, which are deprived of all value because the writer does not apply them fearlessly to the matter in hand. The result is deplorable.

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL.

### FICTION.

**St. Ives:** Being the Adventures of a French Prisoner in England. By **Robert Louis Stevenson.** Chapters xxxi.-xxxvi. by **Mr. Quiller Couch.** 7½×5½in. 312 pp. London, 1897. Heinemann. 6-

This posthumous romance of Mr. Stevenson will hardly take rank with his strongest work; but it has all that charm of the intensely characteristic, which, in the case of any writer of deeply-marked and attractive individuality, renders the reader almost unconscious of defects. With the author of "St. Ives," indeed, they are so essentially the defects inseparable from "qualities" that it is hardly possible even to wish them away. Throughout these "Adventures of a French Prisoner in England," in the midst of one's admiration for the unflagging spirit with which the Vicomte Anne de St. Yves relates them, one is continually being reminded of the singularly loose thread of plot on which the Vicomte's creator has strung them together. And the picturesque vigour with which the French prisoner himself is delineated only serves to render more conspicuous the sketchy, not to say shadowy, draftsmanship which is all that Stevenson has cared to bestow on Flora Gilchrist, one of many heroines so treated by him, or rather, one might say, the subject of a treatment which perhaps only the fascinating *Catrina* can be said to have wholly escaped at his hands. There are indeed times when the pursuit and courtship of this very vaguely adumbrated young woman by her vividly real, sharply outlined, essentially flesh-and-blood admirer, makes us almost feel as if we were assisting at the interview between *Aeneas* and the shade of his wife. Until the Vicomte succeeds in actually embracing Flora through the open cottage window in that very pretty love scene in the rain, we can hardly believe that she will not elude her lover's clasp, as the ghostly *Creusa* eluded her husband's, *par lebribus centis, voluerique simillima somno.*

To these contrasts, however, between heroes of "three

dimensions" and heroines who represent merely a plane superficies, all good *Stevensonians* are by this time well accustomed, having, indeed, been mostly disciplined into submission to them, if the truth may be whispered *salva reverentia*, by no less a master than Sir Walter himself. Inured, too, they are to the loose-jointed narrative, and to that slow evolution of plot which is only emphasized by the briskness in the succession of incidents. All these things, as has been said, have the charm of the characteristic. They are "Stevenson all over." In this last novel of his they are more than usually in evidence, though as easy to forgive as ever. For instance, there is really very little reason, on the face of matters, why the whole story should not come to a premature close with the escape of St. Ives from Edinburgh Castle. There is, at any rate, no reason, except a *Stevensonian* one, for his prolonged and harebrained tramp over a large portion of Great Britain with a hostile kinsman at his heels and a price on his head. Every well-wisher whom he meets with, from the girl whom he loves down to the family solicitor, deploras his obstinacy and rashness, and plies him with arguments for an immediate flight to France which a candid reader recognizes as unanswerable while he rejoices that they were disregarded. For the consequence of this disregard is that we accompany the escaped prisoner through a succession of the most stirring adventures, as ingeniously invented and as brilliantly narrated as anything we have had from their lamented inventor and narrator since he carried us breathless, with David Balfour and Alan Breck Stewart, through the stirring pages of "Kidnapped."

Apart, moreover, from the excellence of the story-telling, the fortune of the romance would be made by the masterly portraiture of its hero, who ranks high in our opinion among Stevenson's most successful studies of character. Never, perhaps, have the fascination and the foibles of the typical Frenchman been studied with such humorous insight, or hit off with such easy felicity of touch. To compare it with the "Brigadier Gerard" of Mr. Conan Doyle would of itself be no light praise, as all who are familiar with that brilliant little piece of portrait painting will admit. But the later of the two heroes has in more than one respect the advantage of the earlier. There is the same feather-headed courage, the same invincible cheerfulness, the same gallantry, gaiety, vanity, *naïveté*, in the one as in the other, but Stevenson's hero is the finer by certain superiorities which he would naturally and of right possess and also by certain qualities which were the gift to him of his literary creator, and which have no doubt intentionally been left out of Mr. Doyle's creation. The Vicomte is a polished gentleman, which can hardly be said of the worthy Brigadier, and he indulges in a delightful candour of self-criticism, of which that other equally high-spirited but still slightly wooden-headed soldier of the Empire would have been wholly incapable. Mr. Stevenson's hero in fact is, through and through, an adventurer after Dumas' own heart, as dashing as *D'Artagnan*, as chivalrous as *Athos*, as amorous as *Aramis*, as genial and jovial, if, of course, not quite so muscular, as *Porthos*; and we follow him through the whole series of his enterprises by flood and field, and even by air, for he finally gives his enemies the slip in a balloon, with unflagging interest. The dialogue is of Stevenson's best, for in a certain sententiousness of humour indeed it often recalls some of the quaintest colloquies in the "New Arabian Nights," and particularly in that most fantastically droll among the stories in that volume, "The Rajah's Diamond." Excellent too is the picture of Old Edinburgh, and of the works and ways of the French prisoners on its Castle rock; while foremost among passages of the latter kind is the description of the fatal duel with scissars between the hero and the ruffianly but staunchly loyal *Goguelat*. "You have given me the key of the fields, comrade. *Sans rancune*," said the fellow when he had got his mortal wound. And Victor Hugo himself, at his best in "Les Misérables," would not have disdained to sign this passage, in which the dying man, who has firmly refused to give up the name of his slayer, bids him final



farewell, with the assurance that he will carry the secret with him to the grave :—

Hard by in a little bed lay Goguelat. The sunburn had not yet faded from his face, and the stamp of death was already there. There was something wild and unmanly in his smile that took me by the throat; only death and love have ever seen it. And when he spoke it only seemed to shame his coarse talk.

He held out his arms as if to embrace me. I drew near with incredible shrankings, and surrendered myself to his arms with overwhelming disgust. But he only drew my ear down to his lips—

"Trust me," he whispered, "I'll take it to hell with me and tell the devil."

A word of commendation must be added on the work of Mr. Quiller Couch, to whom was intrusted what Mr. Stevenson's literary executor rightly calls "the delicate task" of supplying those concluding chapters of the romance which the author, who had temporarily laid aside "St. Ives" to take up "Weir of Hermiston," did not live to write. To describe the style adopted by the continuator as an imitation of Stevenson's would be neither correct nor, in our judgment, complimentary; since, the real authorship of these chapters being known, it would be the reverse of pleasing to the judicious reader to have his attention continually solicited by any deliberate and obtrusive mimicry of the original. All that was really wanted was merely to spare him distraction from the exactly opposite cause, or, in other words, to maintain such a general conformity with the Stevensonian spirit and manner as to prevent the reader from being conscious of any abrupt break in the style of the narrative. This condition Mr. Quiller Couch's continuation quite satisfactorily fulfils. In cases of this kind there will always be those who think that "the unfinished window in Aladdin's tower unfinished should remain"; but assuredly none even of these objectors can in this instance complain that there is anything in the architecture or tracery of the completed window to offend the artistic eye.

**What Maisie Knew.** By Henry James. Svo., 304 pp. London, 1898. Heinemann. 6/-

Mr. James's other works must bear the burden of "What Maisie Knew," for this is hardly a book to enhance his great reputation. There are, of course, almost as many ways of writing a novel as of "constructing tribal lays," and for that reason we should hesitate to express a sweeping opinion on the merits and demerits of the book. Besides, it is well understood in these days that a modern novel may dispense with a great part of the machinery, and many of the virtues, that used to be thought necessary. Plot, incident, humour itself, is superfluous if only the author be sufficiently expert in portrait-painting and analysis. Mr. James himself is a proof of this. "What Maisie Knew" is not amusing, not exciting, not humorous; it has little or no plot; it neither cheers nor inebriates; and yet it is worth reading. The reader, we know, will not expect ordinary novels from Mr. James, or find fault with him because his qualities are not those of other writers. His work has never been in the least degree commonplace; he has had his special public, and has been content to appeal only to educated people. But, as even a highly educated palate sometimes longs for plain fare, so the most fastidious lover of fiction may prefer something just a shade wholesomer than this particular book. The plain truth is that we do not like the atmosphere of the Divorce Court, and pant for the breath of fresh air which comes, in a vague and inferential manner, in the very last page. From cover to cover one is bewildered by the complicated and promiscuous immorality of the characters, and by the unpleasant situations which the author elaborates and analyzes. The thread of the story is tolerably simple. Beale and Ida Farange, Maisie's father and mother, are divorced, both being equally guilty, and the child spends alternate half-years with each of them. It need not be said that they hate each other heartily. In each of the hostile camps a governess is found

for Maisie, a young governess by her father, an elderly one by her mother. Her father then marries the young governess, while her mother marries Sir Claude. All the men are handsome, and, except the elderly governess, none of the women are virtuous. These marriages, therefore, turn out as badly as the original Farange alliance. Maisie's own parents go from bad to worse, and a liaison occurs between her step-parents—that is, between Mrs. Farange's second husband and Mr. Farange's second wife. The child, falling into the hands of her step-parents, is ultimately rescued by Mrs. Wix, the elderly governess.

There is no blinking the fact that this is about as unpromising a story as could well be invented. Indeed, with the whole field of human comedy before him, one fails to see why Mr. James should insist on taking us through this slough of immorality. It is true that he picks his way through it with extreme delicacy, but it is a case of *corruptio optimi* all the same, and it may be doubted whether even the greatest artist is justified in painting a picture so repulsive in design and outline. But, while we dislike the design of the picture, it must be pointed out that the central figures in it are not the objectionable parents and step-parents, but the innocent child Maisie herself and her governess Mrs. Wix. It is on them that Mr. James has expended most of his skill. Maisie, who was in a position to know a good many strange things, remains charming and childlike in spite of her disastrous surroundings. Her natural guardians having forfeited all claim to her custody, a glimmering moral sense at last induces her to prefer Mrs. Wix to Sir Claude and her step-mother, though Sir Claude, except that he is tarred with the same brush as the others, is quite an agreeable personage. Mrs. Wix, however, is the best-drawn character in the book, and is thoroughly human and lifelike. We have said that the book is not humorous, and humorous in any large sense of the word it certainly is not. But there are frequently humorous touches in it which go far to light up the unrelieved dullness of the narrative, and these have the distinct literary flavour of good writing. The early description of Mrs. Wix may be instanced, with her poor appearance and poor qualifications for governessing—a lady, rea enough to Mr. James, whom he at first laughed at and then endowed with courage and strength of character, so that she triumphs at last by sheer moral superiority. Ida Farange, too, Mr. Farange's first wife and, so to speak, Maisie's first mother, "was a person who, when she was out—and she was always out—produced everywhere a sense of having been seen often, the sense, indeed, of a kind of abuse of visibility, so that it would have been, in the usual places, rather vulgar to wonder at her." On reflection, but only on reflection, one knows that kind of lady, and recognizes the subtle truth of the description. It is Mr. James at his best; the only thing is that he might have placed his gems, since he has found the secret of manufacturing them, in a more attractive setting. Perhaps we may add that this same subtlety of ideas and of expression now and then leads to obscurities that tax the reader's intelligence rather severely. Several passages might be quoted, but it would be ungracious to do so. They are hard reading and, we should imagine, not easy writing. But this is more or less true of the whole book. It is a serious study, and the reader who does not mean to study it had better leave it alone.

**Jerome: A Poor Man.** By Mary E. Wilkins. Cr. Svo., 506 pp. London and New York, 1897. Harpers. 6/-

This novel will do much to increase in this country the reputation of Miss Mary E. Wilkins, who has, chiefly through her short stories, already gained the ear of a discriminating circle of readers. Ladies sometimes describe a novel as a "pretty" one, and the reader who hungers for the stronger meat of the "new fiction" is too apt to make a mental note of such a book as one to be avoided. Miss Wilkins's novels are "pretty," but they represent the glorification of prettiness.

Her canvas admits of no gross realism; her pictures are idyllic, compounded of pure delicate tints and graceful harmonies of colour. They speak of love and of sorrow; but the love has nothing to do with illicit passion or the problem of sex, and the sorrow makes its appeal to a natural human pity without branding its mark upon us with a red-hot iron. The world described is a small one, but it is looked upon with a very kindly eye, and its more gloomy phases are used only as a contrast to those which are happy and agreeable. We are, indeed, inclined to ask whether this New England village of Upham can really exist anywhere but in the world of romance? These homely maidens who are ready to give up all for love, these toiling villagers who have never heard of Silverism or of "Coins Financial School," these rustic gentry with their ancestral homes, high breeding, and gentle ways—do they really hail from the States, do they vote, do they read their *New York Herald*? We can only reply that Miss Wilkins lives, we believe, not far from Boston, that she describes the life around her, and that Bostonians are delighted with her novels. At any rate, the setting of her story is a highly picturesque one, and for English readers it gains something from the fact that life in an American village is in certain respects more like our own than life in an American city.

"Jerome" belongs to the class of novel which may be described as biographical. It starts with the hero at the age of thirteen, and leaves him happily married and settled. This kind of story labours under some disadvantages. It does not lend itself to a dramatic arrangement of events, and it almost always suggests the same *motif*, a struggle upwards, like that of David Grieve, in social position or in character, or in both. Circumstances, however, force Jerome to take his place rather prematurely among those whom children of his age speak of as "grown ups"; and a skilful handling of the *dramatis personæ* gives a certain unity to the plot. Jerome Edwards, his sister Elmira, and their mother, are left in grinding poverty by the head of the family, and make a hard fight of it for a living. But the main interest of the story does not arise until we reach the courtship of Elmira by the son of the rich doctor, who annexed field to field by taking advantage of the ailments of the poor, and of Lucina, the daughter of the Squire, by Jerome. The situation could hardly exist anywhere but in rustic America. The curious democratic customs which make such courtships possible, and the aristocratic or, perhaps, "timocratic" prejudices which fight against them, suggest a fortunate combination for the novelist. There are, undoubtedly, blemishes in Miss Wilkins's management of the plot. Jerome who, like his fellow-villagers, toils at unprofitable manual labour, manages to save dollars with a rapidity which must have appeared to them positively startling, and the disappearance of Abel Edwards, the father, who was working on a farm twenty miles off whilst his friends and relatives were holding a funeral service for him, is hardly convincing; nor does his resurrection at the end, though the incidents of it are well conceived, seem at all necessary. But the events of the tale are well developed; and just as the authoress does not drag us through the minutiae of child-life in the opening chapters, so she does not mar her dénouement at the end, and knows to a minute when to draw down the curtain. We must in passing give a word of criticism on the writer's style. Perhaps we ought not to complain of an occasional Yankeeism, as "During Jerome's absence, Eben Merritt's wife came across lots to the Edwards house." But we trust that Miss Wilkins will not let her subtlety of thought lead her into obscurities, such as "All that was not in straight parallels of accord with the universal yielding of nature to the simplest law of growth, was in her soul." There is, indeed, high authority for this kind of thing, but we cannot encourage any writer of merit to forget that lucidity is the first law of a literary style.

The real virtue of this book lies in its sketches of individual types, in its love of the picturesque, and still more in its sensitive touch upon mind and nature. Jerome himself is a fine study, even if he inclines a little to the ideal. Some readers will perhaps doubt the possibility, apart from religion, of any

adequate motive for the renunciation of a fortune of 25,000 dollars by a "poor man" who is only debarred from marriage by his poverty. It was due in a great degree simply to pride—the rigid Puritan independence of the New Englander—a quality of which, in its effect on others, the reverse side is suddenly brought to his eyes at the end of the book. Miss Wilkins's men are, we think, more successful here than her women, and than the men in her other stories. Lucina and Elmira somewhat lack individuality, but nothing could be better than, for instance, the kindly squire Eben Merritt and his three bachelor friends, or than the humorous pessimist Ozias Lamb. But a pleasant picture, too, is that of Miss Camilla, the Squire's elder sister—the opposite of those hard-working, middle-aged women whom Miss Wilkins is fond of portraying—seated in her garden of roses and box in a shawl scented with sandalwood. There is hardly a scene or character throughout which has not its touch of picturesqueness, and the same eye for effect shows itself in countless telling cameos from nature, such as these:—

"The robins were singing all about. Every now and then one flew out of the sweet spring distance, lit, and silently erected his red breast among some plough ridges lower down. It was like a veritable transition from sound to sight."

"Red cows in the meadows stared at him as he passed, with their mysterious abstraction from all reflection, then grazed again, moving in one direction from the sun. The blueberry patches spread a pale green glimmer of blossoms, like a sheen of satin in a high light; young ferns curled beside the road like a baby's fingers grasping at life; the trees, which were late in leafing, also reached out towards the sun little rosy clasping fingers whereby to hold fast to the motherhood of the spring. The air was full of that odour so delicate that it is scarcely an odour at all, much less a fragrance, which certain so-called scentless plants give out, and then only to wide recognition when they bloom in multitudes—it was only the simplest evidence of life itself."

But Miss Wilkins is a *naturaliste des esprits*, and seldom looks at nature as a descriptive artist only. It is for her closely interwoven with human feeling. The great merit of her work is her keen insight into temperament and her quick grasp of its more subtle changes when touched, however lightly, from without, and especially when under the spell of wild nature. Jerome going to brave the tyrannical doctor enters his avenue of pine trees with nervous trembling.

"However, halfway up the avenue he came into one of those warmer currents which sometimes linger so mysteriously among trees, seeming like a pool of air, submerging one as visibly as water. This warm-air bath was moreover sweetened with the utmost breath of the pinewoods. Jerome, plunging into it, felt all at once a certain sense of courage and relief as if he had a bidding and a welcome from old friends. There are times when a quick conviction, from something like a special favour or caress of the great motherhood of nature, which makes us all as child to child, comes over one. 'His pine trees ain't any different from other folk's pine trees,' flashed through Jerome's mind."

We might quote many other passages of real beauty showing the same keen observation and delicate handling of mental moods under the softer influences of nature. It is this vivid appreciation of the finer spiritual aspect of things, never approaching any crude effect or jarring note, which gives to almost every page of this book a peculiar charm.

In *Kedar's Tents*. By H. Seton Merriman. Svo., 340 pp. London, 1897. Smith, Elder. 6/-

Mr. Merriman shows a tendency, becoming common among a certain class of novelists, to import into fiction the artifices of the stage. He relies much on "situation," and conceives his plot in a series of vivid scenes on which the curtain falls just at the point when the conflict of chance or fate with human desires has implicated the *dramatis personæ* in an *impasse*, which, as the reader well knows, will be duly solved in the final chapters. Picturesque properties and stage setting, a crisp and pointed dialogue, a cessation of movement when some incident pertinent to the plot has closed, and a material object round which the interest is focussed—in this case a mysterious

letter, passing from hand to hand, and affecting in different ways the fortunes of all concerned—these are the stock-in-trade of the playwright. The leisurely study of manners, or the still more prolix analysis of temper and motive, belong to the opposite school of novelists, a school which has recently been less high in popular favour. This novel reminds us of the methods of the "Prisoner of Zenda," or of "Under the Red Robe." Once more we have an adventurous hero, lauded among scenes unfamiliar to him, plunged unexpectedly into a world of plot and counterplot among strangers in whose fortunes he is called to take a leading part, and becoming perforce a public personage with a share in the making of history. "In Kedar's Tents" is, roughly speaking, in Four Acts—1. Conyngham's rooms in the Temple; 2. The Walled Garden at Ronda; 3. The Casa del Ayuntamiento at Toledo; 4. The Walled Garden at Ronda again. The action, it will be seen, takes place almost entirely in Spain, and the author has clearly studied to some profit both the Spanish country and people. One Geoffrey Horner, of whom we should like to hear something more, but who passes out of sight at the end of Chapter 2, has unintentionally killed a man in a Chartist riot. Conyngham, with an Irishman's quick generosity, undertakes to divert suspicion from Horner, who has a wife and child, by a sudden flight to Spain. Here he proposes to fight against the Carlists, but his good-natured promise to deliver a letter, purporting to be a love-letter and in reality a revolutionary document of momentous import, involves him in a web of difficulties and dangers, which becomes the more intricate when Sir John Pleydell, the father of the youth murdered by Horner, makes a sensational appearance upon the scene. It is, we suppose, by an oversight—though a curious one—that Pleydell, a solicitor and colliery owner, develops, after his arrival in Spain, tricks of manner, due, so we are given to understand, to his long training at the Common Law Bar.

Without affecting any eccentricity of type, Mr. Merriman here shakes himself free from the rather conventional figures to which he introduced us in some of his earlier books. All the chief characters are thoroughly well conceived and on the whole consistently depicted. Conyngham the *jeune premier*, Concha the Spanish Priest, Concepcion Vara the *contrabandista*, Larralde the Carlist are all excellent, and we doubt whether anything in recent fiction equals the vivid and interesting portraiture of General Vincente, or the masterly scene in which Estella his daughter, in obedience to her father, and in the presence of her lover, impersonates the Queen Regent and faces the fury of a Spanish mob. This incident, like many others in the book, reveals a keen dramatic instinct, but there is sometimes a failure to recognize the essential difference in the conditions of the spectacular drama and of the written chronicle. The author lets himself forget the time-honoured maxim "Segnius irritant," &c. A spectator is more wrought up, more keenly attentive than a reader. Much more can be left to his imagination, which is for the moment actively stimulated, and he has no time to analyze results or weigh probabilities. More than once we have the light switched off from a situation at a critical moment, leaving the actors grouped in a highly effective manner, but arousing in the mind of the reader a perfectly reasonable curiosity as to their next move and a feeling that truth is being sacrificed to effect. A faithful narrator cannot isolate events like this, or avail himself of methods which are justifiable and even necessary in another sphere of art. The close of the chapters in which Conyngham reveals his identity to Sir John Pleydell, and in which General Vincente dies, illustrate what we mean. What did Estella say to Conyngham over her father's death-bed? Mr. Merriman is also still a little too fond of the sententious apothegm, sometimes of a cynical character. He introduces it, as it were, to call attention to the knowledge of human nature displayed in his narrative:—

"The little fountain plashed in the courtyard below; a frog in the basin among the water lilies croaked sociably, while the priest and the beautiful woman in the room above made history. For it is not only in kings' palaces nor yet in Parliaments that the story of the world is shaped."

"Julia stood looking from one to the other—a self-contained woman made strong by love. For there is nothing in life or human experience that raises and strengthens man or woman so much as a great and abiding love."

Too much of this is a little irritating. But there is not enough of it to mar one's enjoyment of a skilfully constructed story told by a writer who has an unflinching eye for effect and the power of putting before us real human beings commanding both our sympathy and our admiration.

**Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker**, sometime Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel on the Staff of his Excellency General Washington. By **S. Weir Mitchell, M.D., LL.D.**, Edinburgh and Harvard. Cr. 8vo., 485 pp. Illustrated. London, 1897.

Fisher Unwin.

The period of the revolutionary war has of late attained great prominence in America, and volume after volume of memoirs and letters has been added to the store of historic material. In "Hugh Wynne," which is an extremely powerful and accurate picture of the old colonial days of America, free use has been made of these, and the mixture of fact and fiction gives an extraordinary appearance of reality to the book.

As the title indicates, the romance is in the form of an autobiography of a some time Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel on Washington's staff. The fact that Hugh Wynne is styled "Free Quaker" requires some explanation. For several years before the War of Secession many members of the Society of Friends thought that passive resistance to oppression was a duty. On the other hand, many more held that active resistance, even to bloodshed, was justifiable. This latter view led to the expulsion of many able and conscientious men from the Society, many of whom naturally drifted into the rebel army, and at the close of the war these disowned Friends formed themselves into the distinct sect of Free Quakers.

Perhaps the fact that Hugh Wynne was of Welsh and French blood caused him to be apparently more Free than Quaker. Be that as it may, the fact that he was a born soldier is made very apparent; and of the final struggle which raged round Philadelphia the details are so vividly given that a careful reader would appreciate two or three good maps. One map only is inserted, and a small *facsimile* of a sketch made at the time with a pen, but there is nothing to indicate the lines of the city at the present day. Washington was encamped at Valley Forge, some 18 miles away from Penn's city, and in that area the final issue of the great war between England and her colony was fought out, though the actual surrender of Cornwallis was made further south.

Many of the greatest figures of American history come and go through these pages—notably Washington, who is carefully and somewhat critically drawn; and we seem to see, clearly silhouetted against the picturesque background chosen by Dr. Weir Mitchell, the impetuous young Lafayette, André, Sir William Howe, the darling of the "loyal colonial dames," and Hamilton. The writer does full justice to the strong Tory or loyal element which played so great a part in eighteenth-century Pennsylvania. Indeed, Hugh Wynne looks on at the famous Mischianga ball, given by the "loyal dames" in honour of Sir William Howe, in the old country seat of that grave Friend, Joseph Wharton, the "Quaker Duke." There, peeping through a window, Wynne saw the brilliant scene, the pirouettes, courtesies, and bows of the Bristol officers and the Philadelphia belles being reflected in the great mirrors which concealed the walls of the dead Quaker's splendid rooms.

To the two women who play so great a part in "Hugh Wynne" the book owes, perhaps, its greatest charm. The winsome French mother is strangely framed in the grim world where she found herself. We seem to see her as she leans on the half-door of the solemn house at the end of Walnut-street waiting for her little boy to come from his first day at school.

"This sweet and most tender-hearted lady wore, as you may like to know, a gray gown and a blue chintz apron fastened

over the shoulders with white bands. On her head was a very broad-brimmed white beaver hat, low in the crown, and tied by silk cords under her chin. She had a great quantity of brown hair, among which was one wide strand of gray. This she had from her youth, I have been told. This rebellious hair curled, and she had serious blue eyes, very large and wide open, so that the clear white was seen all around the blue, and wore a constant look as of gentle surprise. In middle life she was still pliant and well rounded, with a certain compliment of fresh prettiness in whatever she addressed to find a guest. Some said it was a French way, and indeed she made more use of her hands in speech than was common among people of British race. Her goodness seems to me to have been instinctive, and to have needed neither thought nor effort. Her faults, as I think of them, were mostly such as arise from excess of loving or of noble mood."

Small wonder that she feared no one, neither her grave husband nor the grimmest of inquisitive committees of Friends. Wynne's own lady-love, who, though she had not one perfect feature, had, notwithstanding, a countenance "so variously eloquent that no man saw it unmoved," is, if less original, a charming portrait of a lady.

The story of the hero's varying fortunes, till, the war being ended after several years of fighting, Hugh and Darthe became man and wife, and lived soberly and worthily in the great stone house at Merion, is so told that the interest at no time flags. Dr. Weir Mitchell deserves our thanks for an admirable piece of work. Apart from its excellence as an historical novel, the book reveals certain abiding elements in American life of which the modern generation are scarcely conscious.

**Marietta's Marriage.** By W. E. Norris. Svo., vi.+350 pp. London, 1897. Heinemann. 6/-

The excellence of some of Mr. Norris's early stories, the fair view they presented of human nature, adorned with much skill of characterization and a somewhat cynical wit, encouraged many critics to welcome him as a coming Thackeray. Unfortunately, he has not shown himself able to maintain the position which he challenged, and the reader of his later works can only admit the description in the sense in which Dumas fils called Scribe *le Shakespeare des ombres chinoises*. Mr. Norris, if he is to be compared, as the fashion is, to Thackeray, can only be called a Thackeray of marionettes. His puppets dance gaily enough, the dresses are lively and appropriate, and the showman's running commentary on their actions is clever enough; but the breath of life and the touch of spontaneity are wanting. At the same time, it must be added that Mr. Norris always writes like an educated gentleman, and his clever and well-bred work is much above the average level of the modern novel. It is only when one compares him with the classics and immortals that his inferiority is felt, and that he should always tempt the reader to that comparison is a testimony to his real ability. The story now before us is a good example of his later manner. It deals with the married life of a beautiful girl, half English, half Italian, who weds the heir to an English peerage. "She is ambitious in an aimless sort of way," her lover's father warned him, "she is greedy of admiration, and she has not been broken to harness, like the average young Englishwoman of your own class." Further, as the author tells us, "her nature was so queer and so ill-regulated that she was quite incapable of distinguishing between right and wrong." Withal, she was not by any means a bad woman, but belonged to the type which is apt to find a husband *ex officio* unsympathetic and to pose as the *femme incomprise* for the benefit of other men. Mr. Norris handles Marietta with his usual skill, and has made a very entertaining book of her story. The other characters are admirably sketched, notably the easy-going Lord Middlewood, St. Quintin, the man who, "if you should ever have occasion to ask him what he thought of you, would subject himself to deep mental suffering by telling you the unscrupulous truth," and the hoydenish Betty. Roland Strahan and Lionel are perhaps hardly so convincing. A curious misprint has crept into page 28, where "elbow" has been converted into "below," with a somewhat ludicrous effect.

**A Week of Passion; or, the Dilemma of Mr. George Barton the Younger.** By Edward Jenkins. Svo., 370 pp. London, 1897. Bliss, Sands. 6/-

It will be a comfort to most people to know that "A Week of Passion" belies its name. To give so good a story such a title is unwise, for it suggests a class of novel to which Mr. Edward Jenkins has never been, and is not likely to be, a contributor. The book is, in fact, a capital detective romance. There is a dark mystery in it, and if the reader skips the chapters explaining what the mystery is all about, he will find the unravelling of it very entertaining. No one save a highly-placed wrangler or a chief cashier could be expected to grapple with the pages of figures and financial details in which the affairs of Lord Selby are set forth; but as a comprehension of these is quite a work of supererogation, no one need complain of the author's having exercised in this harmless way his mathematical ingenuity. It would, perhaps, be the more correct to say that there are several mysteries, the most sensational of which is the blowing-up of a highly respectable person in broad daylight at Regent-circus. When we add that the detectives who figure in the story leave nothing to be desired in their zeal, professional keenness of scent, and cunning, and are as far removed as possible from the dilettante semi-amateur kind of person who has been so much with us, the seeker after excitement need hear no more. Once started upon it, he will need no spur. The fine melodramatic plot will keep his attention firmly fixed, and when he has reached the close and shed a quiet tear of satisfaction over the union of the middle-class hero with the noble heroine, he will find time to reflect upon the neat character-drawing, and the fact that the story is well written in addition to being well told.

**Stapleton's Luck.** By Margery Hollis. Two volumes. Svo., 570 pp. London, 1897. Bentley. 12/-

Miss Hollis gives us a bad five minutes towards the end of her second volume, when, for the space of a chapter or two, it looks as if "Stapleton's Luck" was going to turn out ill all through. Possibly she may have hesitated herself. Do not the fortunes of our dream-children sometimes hang trembling in the balance, just as do those of more substantial beings? Can we not picture an author saddled with a responsibility akin to that of the Home Secretary when the question of a reprieve or commutation has to be faced? Shall the hero recover consciousness after the injuries that the villain has inflicted, or shall he pass away and give the author a chance of a harrowing death-bed scene? Shall the heroine abandon hope of her darling's reappearance, and in desperation marry the other man? What wonder if novelists look prematurely aged when they have to decide such matters of life and death every day of their lives! Fortunately, in this case the death-bed is spared us, and the story ends cheerfully amid the ring of bells, with all reasonable prospect of a prosperous future. That this should strike a reader as fortunate is good enough evidence that his sympathies have been aroused. Miss Hollis has a happy knack of telling a story, and Ralph Stapleton's fortunes can be followed with pleasure. The pictures of provincial life among the *petite bourgeoisie* are clever and amusing, and both incidents and characters are natural and interesting.

**The Son of the Czar.** By J. M. Graham. Cr. Svo., 408 pp. London and New York, 1898. Harper & Bros. 6/-

Alexis, the son of Peter the Great, is the personage who bears the title rôle of this book. It is perhaps worth noticing as a serious essay in historical romance of the kind affected by Lord Lytton, in which the plot is drawn from the actual events enacted on the stage of history, and the characters are the leading actors themselves. As a means of impressing facts upon the mind such novels have unquestionably a certain value, even if their accuracy is not such as to satisfy the scientific historian. But Mr. Graham is not a Lytton or a Scott; and his story, a gloomy one at the best, has little of the picturesque or the humorous to give it relief. The knowledge which might be gained from this book of the latter years of Peter's reign would be better than no knowledge at all; but some passages, as the description

of Eudoxia, the Tsar's first wife, in retirement, and of the public acknowledgment of Catherine as her successor during the campaign on the Pruth, are, to say the least, questionable history, while the dignified and courtly monarch here depicted bears as little resemblance to the real Peter as Hyperion to a satyr.

**The Dorrington Deed Box.** By Arthur Morrison. Illustrated. 8vo., iv.+308 pp. London, 1897.

Ward, Lock, and Co. 5/-

**The Crime and the Criminal.** By Richard Marsh. Illustrated by Harold Piffard. 8vo., vi.+346 pp. London, 1897.

Ward, Lock, and Co. 3/6

What Mr. Stevenson called "the detective that there is in all of us" perhaps accounts for the perennial vogue of the tales of crime which the cleverness of one or two writers has lately again permitted to find a precarious footing on the slopes of literature. In the form of what they call in America "the dime novel," indeed, the detective story is always with us. The secret of its popularity is adumbrated in the well-known anecdote which represents the typical street urchin as anxious to invest in a paper with "a illustration and a horrible murder" in it. But it is only at occasional intervals that the detective story ascends from the bookstall of the gutter to the circulating library, and even the shelves of the book-lover. Poe in America, Gaboriau and Boigobey in France, Charles Reade and Wilkie Collins in England have all shown what can be done with these records of "complicated but intensely interesting crime." The inventor of Sherlock Holmes may certainly claim to find a place beside them, although the ingenuity of his conception has been somewhat obscured by a crowd of more or less successful imitators. Mr. Morrison, however, has hit upon a comparatively new device in the volume now before us. Hitherto the detective of fiction, Dupin, Lecoq, or Holmes, has had for his aim "to defend society, to deracinate occult and powerful evil," as Paul Somerset describes it. But Mr. Morrison's hero is a private inquiry agent, somewhat akin to Wilkie Collins's Bashford, who uses his detective ability, with entire freedom from scruples, in the interest of his own pocket. His constant object was "to get hold of as much of other people's private business as possible, and to know exactly in what cupboard to find every man's skeleton." He is certainly an amusing scoundrel, and his adventures may easily beguile an hour or two. Mr. Marsh has also invented a novel form of hero for his book, which contains a Murder Club based on the Suicide Club of the "New Arabian Nights." The story is mere extravaganza, but it is ingeniously constructed and cleverly written. The hero is even sympathetic, in spite of his singular lack of any moral sense. Mr. Marsh keeps up the thrill throughout his book, which is likely to be read with avidity by all who begin it.

There need be no fear that any story by Mr. Guy Boothby will be lacking in incident. "SHEILA McLEOD" (Skellington) is not so full of lurid sensation as the Dr. Nikola books, but it is a capital tale, packed with exciting scenes and situations strung together by a practised hand and seldom failing of their effect. Mr. Boothby gives us a picture of Queensland in the early days of the colony, and what with horse-stealing and homicide, bush-fires and floods, steeplechasing and fisticuffs, with a little love-making thrown in by way of yeast, the lover of adventure gets full value for his money.—Every aspect of modern life is reflected sooner or later in fiction, and the revival of interest in the getting of gold has naturally created a certain demand for tales of the diggings and the fields. Mr. H. C. Maellwaine in "THE TWILIGHT REEF AND OTHER STORIES" (Fisher Unwin) supplies it as well as most writers in this kind. He tells in a racy style of incidents in the rush for fortune, and in the life of camps and half-baked communities, and most people, being unable to judge of its accuracy, will be content to accept his picture as sufficiently true to nature. The prospect is not so alluring as to increase greatly the number of passengers for Klondike, but the stories are readable and come at an opportune moment.—Lady Helen Craven's "NOTES OF A MESSIAH-LOVER" (Bentley) are notes in the form of short tales, mostly about the opera and operatic singers. In their way they are well done, and Lady Helen Craven is, like the supposed narrator, an enthusiast who knows her *milieu*. For the unmusical there is, perhaps, a little too much music, but as a set-off to this (which to many people will of course be the main charm of the book) there is a good allowance of story, and here and there a welcome touch of humour—a quality that enthusiasts too often manage entirely to dispense with.

## MILITARY.

**Under the Red Crescent.** By Charles S. Ryan, M.B., C.M. Edin., in association with John Sandes, B.A. Oxon. 8½×5½in., 425 pp. London, 1897. Murray. 9/-

**The Battlefields of Thessaly.** By Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett, M.P. 8½×5½in., 400 pp. London, 1897.

Murray. 9/-

**Reflections on the Art of War.** By Brigr.-General R. C. Hart, V.C., C.B. 7½×5in., 311 pp. London, 1897.

Clowes.

No phase of the Russo-Turkish War aroused so general an interest as the heroic defence of Plevna. Its military lessons have been widely discussed and frequently misunderstood; it has supplied subject matter for many pens and its memories dwell in the Turkish army. Until recent years, however, information from the inside has been excessively meagre. Osman Pasha had a rooted dislike to war correspondents, and the events of the long siege have been mainly chronicled from the Russian side. In "The Defence of Plevna," published in 1895, Mr. W. V. Herbert, a young English Volunteer serving as a subaltern in a Turkish battalion, gave a vivid description of life in the trenches and added materially to our knowledge of the proceedings. Mr. C. S. Ryan has now described his experiences as a surgeon up to the time when General Gourko, with the Russian Guard Corps, acting on the representations of Todleben, cut the Orkanie road and sealed the fate of Plevna. "Under the Red Crescent" is well written and uniformly interesting. Although mainly occupied in the arduous duties of his profession, the young Australian surgeon had a free hand and was enabled to see much of the severe and fruitless fighting which the blunders of the general staff entailed upon the Russian army. The horrors of the hospitals at Plevna, where the scanty medical resources were soon totally inadequate to relieve the sufferings of the Turkish wounded, the patience of the stricken soldiers, and the cheerful endurance of all ranks are well depicted. Mr. Ryan had many opportunities of seeing Osman Pasha, to whose stubborn character and strict discipline the memorable defence was mainly due, while Tewfik undoubtedly supplied the organizing power and directed the extemporized fortifications, which, like those of Sebastopol, were developed under the eyes of the besiegers. The gloom of the picture has its alleviations, and some of the author's experiences recall the stories of Charles Lever. After leaving Plevna, Mr. Ryan proceeded to Erzerum and remained till the place fell to General Loris Melikoff's army. Here the terrible scenes of Plevna were repeated in an aggravated form. Typhoid raged in the crowded hospitals, and the hapless troops died by hundreds. Some curious figures fit through these pages. Prince Czertwinski, a young Pole, appears as the commander of Osman's body-guard, and was subsequently told by Skobelev that he would have been shot if caught in Plevna. Olivier Pain, escaped from New Caledonia, arrived as correspondent of a Geneva newspaper, and was destined to die in the Sudan after nearly giving rise to a serious diplomatic difficulty between Great Britain and France. Edmund O'Donovan narrowly escaped being killed at Erzerum by some Circassian officers whom he had hospitably entertained on roast pig—a practical joke which he could not help revealing to his guests. He also was to find a grave in the Sudan. From beginning to end the book is thoroughly readable as a picture of varied life and character under the strange and sombre conditions of war.

In "The Battlefields of Thessaly" Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett ranges at large over the Eastern question, thus traversing a political battlefield through which, in these pages, we will not follow him. Of the fighting the author has little to tell, and his comments and criticisms are naturally of the most obvious character. Some measure of military knowledge is required to enable an eye-witness to follow the operations of wars with intelligence. It will, however, be a revelation to most people to discover in Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett the *deus ex machina* of the campaign. At critical moments his advice seems to have been always at the disposal of the Commander-in-Chief. "The general conviction of unreasonable delay" on the frontier "led me to pay a visit to the Mushir after dinner . . . in the presence of several of his Staff, who were overjoyed at my representations to their chief." "The Marshal had intended to return to the Col, but we begged him to press on to Tournaves at once." After the occupation of Larissa, "I ventured to urge Edhem Pasha to press forward with his left wing upon Valetinos and Volo. The Mushir did

not disagree with the idea"; but he had a scheme of his own, and "needless to say, this scheme was entirely futile." When at length the principal adviser of the Ottoman army, with a repeating rifle and a variety of trophies taken from the enemy, fell into the hands of the Greek navy, the treatment he experienced can only be described as admirably generous. The capture was, however, a great advantage to the Greek cause, since Sir Ellis was enabled to express his "sentiments" at much length to the King, and his "plan in almost all its details met with his Majesty's approval, and in some points his cordial approval." At Constantinople the author was received with a distinction which, as he points out, is not always accorded to Ambassadors; but although the Sultan "seemed gratified" as was certainly natural, the "plan" was less favourably received than at Athens. While "The Battlefields of Thessaly" cannot be said to add to the sum of our political or military knowledge, transparent simplicity and unconscious humour combine to render it distinctly attractive. Unfortunately nothing is quite so simple as the Eastern question and the conduct of military operations appear to Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett.

The second and enlarged edition of Brigadier-General Hart's excellent "Reflections on the Art of War" is a welcome addition to military literature. In breadth of handling, sound common-sense, and wide research, the book supplies a needed antidote to some modern tendencies. There is a school which appears to regard the lessons of the Franco-German War as all-sufficing, and seeks to base military teaching upon the academic analysis of selected episodes. Colonel Hart, on the other hand, recognizes fully that the first object should be to inculcate principles, that circumstances never exactly repeat themselves, and that the ancient masters of the art of war have not been dethroned by the adoption of magazine rifles. If Napoleon could learn from Cæsar, Scipio, and Hannibal, so can we, and it might be fairly argued that the conditions under which the British Army is accustomed to make war approximate more closely to those of the old world than to the exigencies upon which German science has been brought to bear. It is, therefore, a philosophy of war which the author endeavours to construct by grouping copious references to the experience of all ages. It results that a sense of scale is introduced in military operations, that history replaces tactical exegesis, and that moral qualities assume the enormous importance to which they are entitled. Colonel Hart even includes an interesting chapter on "The Fortune of War," in which he shows that accident may ruin the best-laid plans of the general and determine the issue of a campaign. Here and there a quotation might perhaps have been qualified with advantage. "The general," wrote Lord Wolseley, "who cannot, in his mind's eye, see before him the whole scene that some projected operations will present, who cannot, as it were, picture to himself, in a series of mental dissolving views, all the various and progressive phases of, say, an attack on an enemy's position, lacks a natural quality which no amount of study can supply." It is evident that no general, however brilliant, can possess this "natural quality" except in the most limited degree. Who could possibly have pictured in a series of dissolving views the "phases" of the attack of the positions at Waterloo, Wörth, or Gravelotte? What study will enable the imagination to foresee the tumultuous movements of masses of men spread over miles of country—movements liable to be modified or arrested at any moment by the enemy's action or by that of subordinate commanders? Only in a formal advance, undertaken on a small front in open ground against an enemy who may be counted upon to remain passive, can successive phases be conjured up to form a mental picture. As an introduction to the study of war and a summary of principles which lie at the root of the effective conduct of military operations nothing could be better than these "Reflections."

## LAW BOOKS.

(1) **Ruling Cases**; arranged, annotated, and edited by **Robert Campbell, M.A.**, Barrister-at-Law, and Advocate of the Scotch Bar, assisted by other members of the Bar; with American notes by Irving Browne. Vols. I. to XII. (Abandonment—Indemnity). Price 25s. net per vol. Addenda, Table of Cases, and Index to Vols. I. to X. Price 28s. net. London, Stevens and Sons, Ltd.

(2) **The Law of Torts**. By **Sir Frederick Pollock, Bart.** 5th Edition. London, Stevens and Sons, Ltd. 1897. Price 25s.

(3) **Rogers on Elections**. Vol. I. Registration, Parliamentary, Municipal, and Local Government, including the Practice in Registration Appeals, with Appendices, &c. 16th Edition. By **Maurice Powell**, Barrister-at-Law, one of the Revising Barristers on the South-Eastern Circuit. London, Stevens and Sons, Ltd., 1897. Price 21s.

Mr. Campbell's **RULING CASES** (1) is one of the most ambitious and ought to be, when it is complete, one of the most generally useful legal works which the present century has produced. The leading case method of exhibiting the theory and practice of the law has always been a popular one with the legal profession and with legal authors both in this country and in America. But with the exceptions of Comyns' *Digest*, the last edition of which was published in 1822, and, to some slight extent, Saunders' *Reports*, of which the latest edition appeared in 1845, no one has attempted to cover the vast field of English law quite on the lines on which Mr. Campbell is working. Most of his forerunners have confined their attention to special departments of law. This is the characteristic, for example, of such well-known standard treatises as Smith, White and Tudor, and Finch. Again, the general practice has been to take one leading case after another, without regard to the alphabetical arrangement of their subject matter. In respect of each of these points, Mr. Campbell's work is justified by an important difference. He applies the leading case method to the whole domain, not only of English, but also—with the competent aid of Mr. Irving Browne—of American law; and he imparts cohesion to the entire publication by treating the heads of law, coming within its purview, in strictly alphabetical order. The advantages of this latter part of the plan are not inconsiderable. It is logical; it prevents any subject that deserves discussion from being overlooked; and it makes information as to all the great heads of law readily accessible without troubling the reader to ransack his memory for the names of the "ruling cases" relating to them—a point on which not a little divergence of opinion might exist—or to consult an index, always an irksome task, even when it is such an excellent one as Mr. Manson has prepared for the first ten volumes of the series.

And if the conception of *Ruling Cases* is good, the same must be said for most of the matter contained in it. No better work of the kind will be found anywhere in English legal literature than the notes on "Administration," "Agency," "Carrier," "Contingent Remainders," dealt with under "Estate," (by Mr. A. E. Randall), "Distress," "Domicil," "Easements," "Evidence," "Highway" (by Mr. Austin F. Jenkin), and "Husband and Wife." At first sight, the bound which the work takes in vol. XII. from "Executor" to "Indemnity" strikes one as rather precipitate. But a reference to Mr. Manson's Index, which not only deals with the ground covered by vols. I.-X., but indicates the headings in subsequent volumes where matter not yet disposed of will be treated, has satisfied us that, so far, no subject of importance has been passed over. Mr. Irving Browne's notes on the American case law are in general excellent. Those appended to *The Queen v. Tolson* (vol. VIII., pp. 44-60) are particularly valuable as a statement of the American law as to *mens rea*. There is, however, discernible here and there in *Ruling Cases*, an element of hasty and inaccurate workmanship which ought to be eliminated. The most generous allowance must be made for the difficulty of editing such a work as this, and no critic would lay stress on incidental shortcomings, errors, or omissions. But it is rather startling to find such a familiar case as *Manson v. Douglas* figuring as *Mangone v. Douglas*, both in the text (vol. I., p. 205) and in the index (p. 158), and the case of *The Tabernacle Permanent Building Society v. Knight* cited (vol. III., p. 427) without a word of allusion to the provisions in the Building Societies Act, 1894, which get rid of it, so far as incorporated building societies are concerned. Moreover, it is difficult to justify the failure of the author of the notes on contractual capacity (see vol. VI., p. 74) to allude to the question whether, in view of Lord Esher's judgment in *The Imperial Loan Company v. Stone* ([1892] 1 Q.B. 599, and duly noted in vol. VI. at p. 74) the distinction drawn by *Molton v. Casaroux*—which is selected as the "ruling case"—between executory and executed contracts, when the capacity to contract is in issue can any longer be maintained. Still less excuse is there for the statement (vol. VIII., p. 41) that the views expressed by the Judges (in *Macnaughton's case*), "establish that the responsibility of an insane person must depend upon his power to distinguish between right and wrong." A note of this kind is worse than useless. In the first place, the few critical words in the test of responsibility prescribed by the Judges in the case in question are terms of art. They

cannot be paraphrased, and they ought not to be cited without reference to the controversies as to their meaning, authority, and scope, in which the late Mr. Justice Stephen took so prominent a part. In the second place, the criterion which makes the criminal responsibility of the insane depend upon "the power to distinguish right and wrong," was laid down by Sir James Mansfield on the trial of Bellingham, in 1812, for the murder of Mr. Perceval, and was in reality set aside by the "views" which are alleged in the note to have established it, and which substituted for it the sounder modern test—viz., did the prisoner know the "nature and quality" of the particular act with which he was charged? We call attention to these matters in no spirit of captious criticism, but from a sincere desire that the utility of a most valuable work should not be marred by blemishes which could be avoided. It only remains to be added that the printing and binding of *Ruling Cases* are as excellent as its plan and its general execution.

Of Sir Frederick Pollock's treatise on THE LAW OF TORTS (2), which has run through four editions in ten years, and is now entering on a fifth, it is superfluous to say anything by way of general criticism, save that it is not only incomparably the best work that has been written on the subject, but also a contribution of permanent value to the history, the philosophy, and the practice of English law. In the present edition all the current leading decisions relative to torts have been noticed down to and including those reported in August; and Chapter First—dealing with the nature of tort in general—has been recast in a simpler form. This is a change which will be welcomed not by those students alone who approach the book for the first time. In the earlier editions Sir Frederick Pollock elaborated his definition—or rather "normal idea"—of a tort by a process of negative exhaustion. The method was strictly scientific, and its application, one need scarcely say, was illustrated and fortified by a skillful use of the wealth of historic learning which Sir Frederick Pollock has at his command. But the train of reasoning could not be perfectly followed without a degree of concentration of thought which taxed the ordinary professional reader's energies and time somewhat severely. In the new edition the leading conceptions are stated more directly and simply; and the reader has the advantage of commencing his study of the chapter with a general view of the field covered by the law of torts before him.

In spite of the somewhat unconnected manner in which new editions of its several volumes appear, and, it may be added, of a certain want of system in the arrangement of the whole work, ROOERS ON ELECTIONS (3) is deservedly recognized as the standard authority on all questions of election law. How emphatic its approval by the legal profession has been is demonstrated by the fact that Vols. 2 and 3, which are edited by Mr. S. H. Day, and which are a complete treatise on the law of elections and of election petitions, have respectively reached a 17th edition; while the 16th edition of the first volume, for which Mr. Maurice Powell is responsible, and which is concerned solely with the registration of voters, now lies before us. Since the publication of the last edition of this volume, the Local Government Act, 1894, has passed creating a new class of parochial voters, who now elect guardians and the members of the parish council, and, in the Metropolis, the vestrymen and auditors, and, except in boroughs, the members of the district council. The present volume includes the law as to the registration of these electors. Several other changes of importance have been made. The decisions of the old election committees, which are useless as precedents and have been largely superseded by judgments of the superior Courts, have been omitted. On the other hand space has been found for Irish and Scotch decisions, to which the English Courts in administering the registration law now attach very considerable weight. Some new forms have been added—it would be an improvement, by the way, to subsequent editions if the headings in the appendix of forms were set out *seriatim* in the table of contents. And last, but not least, the dates of all cases referred to are given either in the text or in the foot-notes. The new edition of this volume is a piece of thoroughly good workmanship.

## Obituary.

### THE LATE DEAN OF LLANDAFF.

The death of Dean Vaughan removes not so much a great figure from the world of literature as a living example of the practical value, whether to the individual character or to society at large, of the liberal and balanced judgment which is

the only true *raison d'être* of great scholarly attainment. He started in life, it is true, with a natural equipment of the highest order. He derived remarkable intellectual gifts from the family of his father, which contained names of high distinction in medical, legal, and diplomatic life. But no one who would plead the cause of a classical education could point to a more signal instance of a mind strengthened, refined, and tempered by the classics. He went to Rugby when Arnold, appointed to the headmastership but two years before, was undertaking to show for the first time what an English public school should be. His extraordinary list of successes at Cambridge, his University prizes for Greek iambics, Latin essay, Greek ode, Greek and Latin epigrams, and his first place in the Classical Tripos (shared with Lord Lyttelton) present him to us as a classical scholar in the strictest sense, the ripest product of a culture founded on the study of language. It is not unreasonable to regret that he made no permanent contribution to classical learning. Theologians, too, may often have wished that so accomplished a scholar should have taken a more prominent part in religious controversy, critical or philosophical. His scholarship and learning produced little result of this practical kind, but it did what was after all far more important. It coloured his entire life and character. He was an ideal product of the system embodied in Arnold's well-known saying on the headmaster's dais at Rugby—"It is not necessary that this should be a school of 300 boys, or of 200 boys, or even of 100 boys. But it is necessary that it should be a school of Christian gentlemen." The same spirit animated Vaughan himself when he undertook the headmastership of Harrow. The boys at Harrow were treated with the same confidence as the boys at Rugby. If their new headmaster had a defect it was his excessive courtesy. Under his rule school life revived at Harrow and many men distinguished in letters or in public life were his immediate pupils. But it was not in education any more than in history or religious speculation that his great intellectual powers found their scope. In one or two of his books, and still more in his work on the Revision Committee, we can recognize the polished critical scholar. But a glance down the list of numerous works—marked always by a style pure and eloquent, if sometimes severe—which he published during the last half century, is enough to show that he looked upon pastoral theology as the work of his life. Perhaps it was due to his keen insight and cultured evenness of temper that his position in the Church grew to be one absolutely unique. He has been claimed as a Broad Churchman, and in one sense there is truth in the claim. He was spiritual rather than dogmatic. He never lost sight of the common ground at the base of sectional formulas. No Churchman was so respected among the Nonconformists of Wales as the late Dean of Llandaff, and yet they had protested against his appointment on the ground that he knew no Welsh, and they were never left in doubt as to his keen advocacy of the Welsh Church. He protested warmly against the dismissal of Temple from the headmastership of Rugby because of his share in the "Essays and Reviews." But he was far from being a Broad Churchman of the type of his lifelong friend Dean Stanley. As Bishop Wordsworth of Lincoln said of them when they were bracketed as winners of a college distinction, they were *magis pares quam similes*. As little can he be reckoned among the divines whose names are connected with the great Anglican movement, the completed record of which in "The Life of Dr. Pusey" was given to the world on the day on which Dean Vaughan's death was announced. Neither Latitudinarianism nor Sacerdotalism could find a congenial home in the mind of one who regarded himself not as a student or a teacher but solely as a minister of the Gospel. It was as a Christian pastor that he voluntarily laboured for so many years in training young men for the ministry. It was no less as a Christian pastor that he undertook the Mastership of the Temple. And in this work the talents of a brilliant scholar, the practical wisdom derived from an exact and profound study of classical learning and literature were undoubtedly put to a worthy use. His influence on his generation was primarily personal and indirect. But in his writings, which mainly consist of sermons and lectures at Harrow, the Temple, and elsewhere, he has left a storehouse of Christian teaching, sane and sincere, rational and yet profoundly spiritual, which will not only be a memorial of a remarkable personality, but a permanent addition of great value to theological literature.

### PASCUAL DE GAYÁNGOS.

The death, on the 4th inst., of Don Pascual de Gayángos y Arce is a very serious loss to Anglo-Spanish literature and bibliography; and the net result of his life-long labour, as

seen in his published volumes, is such as to secure him a very high place in the literature of his country. He was born at Seville on June 21, 1800, the son of Don José de Gayángos y Nebot, a Spanish officer. When 13 years of age he went to France to complete his education, first at Fontelvoy and afterwards at Paris, where he attended the Oriental lectures of Silvestre de Sacy. When 19 he came to England for a time, and during his stay here married Miss Fanny Revell, of Round Oak, Windsor. After visiting Africa he was, on his return to Madrid, nominated to a post in the Treasury, and in 1833 became interpreter to the Foreign Office, a post which he retained until 1836, when political events and the Carlist War compelled him to return to England. He resided here until 1843, contributing to magazines, reviews (including the *Edinburgh*), and mixing with the best circles of literary society. He was a frequent visitor to Holland-house, and formed the acquaintanceship of Ticknor, whose "History of Spanish Literature" he translated into his own tongue. For the Royal Asiatic Society he translated into English Al Makkari's "History of the Mahomedan Dynasties in Spain," in two volumes, 1841-43. In March of the latter year he was appointed Professor of Oriental Languages, recently created at the University of Madrid, and this post he filled until 1872; in 1881 he became Director of Public Instruction, but held the post only for a short time, the town of Huelva having elected him Senator, which involved the resignation of the Directorship. The great work of his life, which is also, perhaps, the work least known to the literary public, was the continuation of the "Calendar of Letters, Despatches, and State Papers," relating to the negotiations between England and Spain, preserved in the archives at Simancas and elsewhere. This invaluable work was commenced by Gustav Adolph Bergenroth, whose early death at the wretched village of Simancas in February, 1870, would have indefinitely postponed a very great national undertaking but for Don Gayángos. To this series Gayángos contributed eight volumes, which date from 1873 to 1895, and extend to no less than 7,200 pages imperial octavo, and form a complete history of affairs from 1525 to 1542. He also catalogued the Spanish MSS. in the British Museum, of which four volumes, comprising about 3,000 pages of matter, appeared from 1867 to 1893. To Owen Jones's work on "The Alhambra Court," 1854, he contributed an historical notice of the Kings of Granada; for the Hakluyt Society he translated, in 1868, "The Filth Letter of Cortes to the Emperor Charles V.," and he edited John Foster's "Chronicle of James I., King of Aragon," 1883. The foregoing form the English portion of his life-work. To Spanish literature he was a constant contributor, including, in addition to the translation of Ticknor already mentioned, "Memorial del Moro Raris," 1845, "Memorial Historico Español," in 19 volumes; to Ariban's great corpus of "Autores Españoles" he contributed three volumes; and to the "Sociedad de Bibliófilos Españoles," of Madrid, he contributed eight more.

#### SIR PETER LE PAGE RENOUF.

Sir Peter Le Page Renouf, who until 1891 was Keeper of the Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities in the British Museum, was of a Guernsey family. During his Oxford career, in 1842, he joined the Roman Church, and his first work, written at the age of 19, was a book on "The Doctrine of the Catholic Church in England on the Eucharist." "He began, however," to quote *The Times* of October 18, "to pay special attention to Eastern languages; was in 1855 appointed by Dr. Newman to a professorship in the Catholic University of Ireland; and about the same time he became one of the editors of the *Home and Foreign Review*. Gradually he came to specialize his studies, and, falling under the influence of Lepsius, he devoted much time and energy to the study of the history and language of Ancient Egypt. His first separate publication in this department of learning was in 1860. Soon afterwards he became one of her Majesty's inspectors of schools, and more than 20 years later, on the death of Dr. Samuel Birch, he was appointed to succeed him as Keeper of the Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities at the British Museum (1885). Before this, in 1879, he had attracted a good deal of attention by his Hibbert Lectures on 'The Religion of Ancient Egypt' (1879). Beside the large amount of administrative work which falls to the lot of a head of a department in a great museum, such a man can generally find time for serious publications, and Mr. Renouf issued in 1890 a splendid facsimile, with an elaborate introduction, of the famous 'Papyrus of Ani' in the British Museum. This important papyrus, illustrated with vignettes which Mr. Renouf described as 'among the most beautiful and interesting of their kind that are known,' was obtained for the Museum by Mr. Budge."

## Notes.

In the First Number of *Literature* it is fitting that we should gratefully recognize the cordial greeting accorded to our project by the majority of our contemporaries. If we make special mention of any it is only to note with peculiar satisfaction that the *Daily News* and the *Star* have recognized so fully that "Letters know no politics."

This First Number contains 32 pages devoted to literary matter, and, in order to meet as far as possible publishers who desired to advertise in the first number, we have extended the advertisement space to an equal number of pages. We regret that we have been compelled to refuse more. Future numbers will contain a larger proportion of literary matter in comparison to advertisements.

The amount of literary matter will depend on the number and importance of books worthy of review. It will naturally be larger during the winter months than the rest of the year.

It is hardly necessary for us to say that Literary matter and Advertisements will in every way be kept wholly unconnected. While welcoming advertisements, we assume that they are sent us as business transactions and not as favours with a view to influencing reviews. To put it tersely, a book advertised in five pages of *Literature* will receive precisely as much or as little consideration as if it were not advertised at all.

Authors and publishers are desirous of prompt reviews. They are presumably equally desirous of careful reviews. The two are inconsistent, unless the critic can receive the book some days before publication.

But it is urged by Publishers that it is not an infrequent experience for them to find on secondhand bookstalls almost on the day of publication, or before it, books which they have submitted for review.

The delivery of review copies is an increasing tax upon author and publisher amounting sometimes to 10 per cent. Our entire sympathies are with any attempt to prevent this alleged abuse, and we ask that books sent us may be legibly marked on the title page with the date of publication and the price.

Books sent us for review will be acknowledged in the list of books at the end of the journal. If they receive no further notice they will, as far as possible, be held at the disposal of the Publishers who may send for them. We cannot, of course, be responsible for possible miscarriage of a volume, but if a book is not returned it may be assumed that it is held over for review; the person calling should present an authority to receive such books as may be given him.

The well-known publishers Messrs. Brockhaus of Leipzig have undertaken the agency of *Literature* in Germany, Austria, and Switzerland; and Messrs. Harper and Brothers of New York will publish an American edition which, so far as the literary matter is concerned, will correspond exactly with the English edition.

All books and magazines may be subjects for review in *Literature*. We do not treat of the Drama, Art, Science, or Music, except so far as books dealing with them may be published.

We invite correspondence on any literary subject, or on any subject treated of in a book discussed from a literary point of view, but we do not desire to make the publication of a book an excuse for the discussion of a subject not intimately connected with it.



We understand that Her Majesty has now given her final approval of the work on which Mr. Richard Holmes has been engaged, entitled "Queen Victoria." The Japanese paper edition of the work will be published by Messrs. Goupil at the beginning of November, and the fine-paper edition will be ready about three weeks later.

The Duke of Atholl has recently completed a work entitled "Chronicles of the Atholl and Tullibardine Families," in four volumes quarto, printed, we understand, for private circulation only.

A facsimile of the Trafalgar number of *The Times* which appeared on November 7 in 1805 has been issued from *The Times* Office for the Navy League. The facilities then existing for the despatch of news across land and sea only allowed the Admiralty to receive after an interval of 16 days the news of a victory which crushed, not indeed the power of Napoleon, for Trafalgar was quickly followed by Austerlitz, but the offensive power of his Empire against England.

It was not, however, the victory of the British fleet that filled the mind of Admiral Collingwood when he penned the despatch given in full in *The Times* of November 7, or, indeed, the mind of the British nation, so much as, to use the words of the despatch, "the loss of a hero whose name will be immortal and his memory ever dear to his country."

The rest of the paper is filled with reports from Europe, giving details of the movements of armies and the policy of Governments in the face of the great common danger from France. Foreign politics, in fact, were at the moment so urgent that they occupy the first leading article, leaving the victory of Nelson and his death to be dealt with in the second. It is worth noting that there is nothing in the paper to show that the English public took, at any rate at that particular moment, the slightest interest in literature.

It is not an inauspicious coincidence that our first number appears on the anniversary of the birth of Francis Lord Jeffrey, the chief pioneer of independent criticism of contemporary literature, and, as Mr. Leslie Stephen has called him, one of the best editors that ever managed a Review.

Jeffrey was not indeed the founder of the Review with which his name is connected, and which has called into being such a vast number of similar periodicals. He dedicated his collected essays to Sydney Smith as the "the original projector of the *Edinburgh Review*." Nor was he editor from the first beginning of the Review. It was originally managed "in committee," and if anybody could be called the Editor it was, again, Sydney Smith, who insisted on the conspirators repairing singly and secretly to the office, which was "a dingy room off Willison's printing office in Craig's-cloze." But it was found necessary to appoint Jeffrey sole responsible editor in a very short time. Its success was immediate and striking. Published in 1802, its circulation in 1808 was about 9,000, and in 1814 had reached 13,000—a very considerable number for a periodical published in the northern capital 80 years ago and devoted to serious criticism.

The completion of the third volume of the Historical English Dictionary received a fitting recognition at the dinner given at Oxford by the Vice-Chancellor, on the 11th inst. Dr. Murray's account of the inception of the Dictionary from the year 1857, when Dr. Trench first pointed out the necessity of such an undertaking, down to the year 1882, when Dr. Murray himself began the work with the help of the University of Oxford, the Clarendon Press, the Philological Society, a multitude of coadjutors in different parts of the country, and a store of some two million quotations pigeon-holed for use, has already been recorded more or less fully in the daily papers. We join in the congratulations which the public owes to Dr. Murray and Mr. Henry Bradley for the sound judgment and indefatigable industry they have displayed, and in the satisfaction which all scholars must feel at the wisdom of the University which has devoted its funds to so valuable a form of research.

In the new illustrated Keats, published by Messrs. G. Bell and Sons, with an introduction by Mr. Walter Raleigh, we have another specimen of Mr. Anning Bell's peculiar gift of fanciful design employed in the adornment of the printed page. The drawings are full of his usual gracefulness of conception; and they show also an unevenness of execution which has marked much of his illustrative work. Sometimes the drawing is faulty, or there is a want of meaning about the hang of the drapery; and, if the thickness of the line sometimes produces a successful effect peculiar to itself, it more often renders a picture flat and dull. Unequal, however, as the illustrations are, they contain much work of great beauty. The illustrations to the "Rape of the Lock," by Mr. Aubrey Beardsley, were, probably, quite the best drawings he has produced, and they certainly gain rather than lose from their reduction in size in a neat little edition of that poem just issued by Mr. Leonard Smithers.

Among examples of the adornment of the page in a manner less severe than Mr. Anning Bell's, few drawings have lately been published so workmanlike as Miss Alice B. Woodward's illustrations to "Red Apple and Silver Bells," a book of verse by Mr. Hamish Hendry intended for a public somewhat indefinitely defined as "Children of all ages." It is chiefly designed for children of the ages of from three to ten. The successful drawing of an attractive chubby infant has, it is true, become a mere trick; Miss Woodward can do it, but she can do a great deal more besides. Her touch is clean and sure but full of vivacity, and some of the landscape scenes, particularly one of a snowstorm, are excellent. The pictures at any rate in this little book will appeal to "children of a larger growth."

It is probably not generally known that the revived interest in historical portraiture, due to the popularity in its new house of the National Portrait Gallery, has led Mr. Lionel Cust, Director of the Gallery, to take steps towards an universal catalogue of historical portraits in the country. A complete catalogue of these interesting works of art would be a highly valuable publication, and Mr. Cust has prepared a form for an inventory which has been published by the Queen's Printers, with the view of encouraging the possessors of historical portraits about the country to catalogue their treasures. Pending the completion of such a catalogue, much useful information has been collected on the subject by Mr. H. B. Wheatley in his recently-issued volume "Historical Portraits," which belongs to the Connoisseur Series, published by Messrs. G. Bell and Sons.

In the catalogue of a collection of miscellaneous books sold recently by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson appeared the following entry:—"King Justa Edoardo King Wangrago, mor. by F. Bedford, Cantabrigie, 1638, &c., 6 vols." The first bid received for this apparently innocent "lot" was 1s., but it eventually realized £70, and ought to have brought more, for Milton's "Obsequies to the Memory of Mr. Edward King" contains the first edition of "Lycidas," and the book (one of the six catalogued) is extremely rare. Last year a copy sold at Sotheby's for £87 and others have brought more.

There is at the present time a great demand for old song-books. That "The Hive," published in four small volumes 1732, only realized at the same sale 16s. is due to the fact that the books had been re-bound. The years that cluster around 1745 were productive of much ungodly glee if the character of the song-books of the period are any evidence. "The Toper's Delight," 1744, is a small book which sells for about £3 3s. on the rare occasions on which it appears. As a rule, the Georgian toppers thumbed their song-books to rags or soaked their leaves in sack, sometimes both, and as a consequence very few books of this class are presentable. Such works as "The Linnet," "The Robin," "The Thrush," "The Syren" and "Bacchanalian Songs" are worth much money when perfect. In fact, all old song-books which appeal to the national love of sport or help to fill Ben Jonson's Skull are held in great esteem.

The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge are issuing an Historical Church Atlas, illustrating the history of Eastern and Western Christendom until the Reformation, and that of the Anglican Communion until the present day. By Mr. Edmund M'Clure, M.A.

The revival by Mr. Lyttelton of the old question " Shall we go on with Latin verses ? " will recall to lovers of Calverley his amusing " Poem on Alexander the Great," which is instinct with the afflatus of the Lower Fifth Form. It began, if we remember rightly, in this vein :—

Magnus Alexander, vir clarus, vixit in orbe,  
Et multas pugnas pugnavit, robore fortis.

And it ended the record of the conqueror's career in a spirit of chastened contemplation, thus :—

Sed tandem cecidit, devictus morte tremenda,  
Atque homines dicunt, certe mors horrida res est.

\* \* \* \* \*

This is in the style of " Tentavi mundum " (" I've tried the world "), or of the boy who, no doubt entirely to his own satisfaction, rendered " We knew the merry world was round,"  
Jucundum mundum cognovimus esse rotundum.

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As an apt commentary on the work on his father's life which Lord Tennyson has just completed comes a little work entitled " The Age of Tennyson," published by Messrs. G. Bell and Sons almost simultaneously with the great biography which has raised so much expectation. " The Age of Tennyson," is one of the Handbooks of English Literature, edited by Professor Hales, and it has been preceded by similar volumes on Milton, Dryden, Pope, and Wordsworth, or rather on the periods in which each one of those poets was the chief literary figure. Mr. H. Frank Heath has undertaken the age of Alfred, Professor Hales himself that of Chaucer and Shakespeare, and Mr. Thomas Seecombe that of Johnson.

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Lord Tennyson in the biography which we notice elsewhere, follows the uncertainty which his father showed as to the spelling of the word *Idyl*. In speaking of the early poems he calls them *Idyls*, as did the author of them on the title-page of the rare volume published in 1842, containing " *Morte d'Arthur*, *Dora*, and other *Idyls*." By 1859 the form *Idyll* was adopted ; but it is curious that in the line in the " *Princess* " :—

I heard her turn the page ; she found a small Sweet *Idyl*,  
the word has always remained as it was first written.

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Mr. Temple Scott's " *Book Sales of the Year 1897* " will be ready in November. It will contain indexes of names and subjects, general introduction, notes, and, as a new feature, a notice of three important American book sales. The publishers are Messrs. George Bell and Sons.

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" *Hollandia*," a Dutch weekly for all Hollanders abroad, will be published at 110, St. Martin's-lane, London, W.C., on Saturday, November 6. It will be conducted by Mr. J. T. Grein, and Miss Johanna Volz will be the assistant editor.

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The Royal Navy List Diary and Naval Handbook, a new publication, is intended to form a Naval Annual, in conjunction with Lean's Royal Navy List, recording the progress of the British Navy. It will contain a Summary of the Year's Naval Progress, by Professor J. K. Loughton, the Navy Estimates for 1897-98, a Calendar of Naval Events, the Naval Honours and Obituary for the Year, a Full Account of the Celestial Phenomena for 1898, with notes, tables, articles, &c.

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Messrs. Macmillan announce for publication " *The Scientific Papers of T. H. Huxley*," in four volumes. These will consist for the most part of reprints from the journals of scientific societies, magazines, and other publications. They will be edited by Professor Michael Foster.

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Mr. Bernard P. Grenfell, who, in conjunction with Mr. Arthur S. Hunt, discovered the " *Sayings of our Lord*," has written a report of his excavations at Behnesa, the modern representative of the once famous city Oxyrhynchus, for the " *Archæological Report of the Egypt Exploration Fund for 1896-97*." Mr. Hunt contributes a collation of four chapters of Thucydides from a papyrus of the First Century. Mr. Froude is the publisher. An interesting account by these authors, " *How we found the Logia*," appears in the current number of *McClure's Magazine*.

Messrs. Macmillan have issued a little pamphlet describing the new premises they are taking in St. Martin's-street. The site is an interesting one. Once there stood there an old galleried inn, the Nag's Head. Strype (1720) describes St. Martin's-street as " *fronting upon Leicester-fields and falling into Hodge-lane, a handsome open place, with very good buildings for the generality, and well inhabited*." It was in a house on the east side of St. Martin's-street that Sir Isaac Newton lived between the years 1710 and 1725, and in the same house Dr. Burney resided at a later period, and his daughter, Fanny Burney, wrote " *Evelina* " there.

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Mr. H. J. Morgan has long been well known in Canada as an experienced and capable chronicler of lives and of events, and probably no man in the Dominion has done more than he has in the department of biography and bibliography. His " *Celebrated Canadians* " appeared more than a quarter of a century ago. He is now issuing a " *Canadian Men and Women of the Time*," which should prove a serviceable book of reference both in England and Canada.

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Among other architectural works Messrs. Batsford announce a book on Stained and Painted Glass, by Mr. Lewis Day, entitled " *Windows*."

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Mr. H. M. Stanley, in his few words of preface to a new and cheaper edition of *IN DARKEST AFRICA* (Sampson Low, 5s.), says his principal object in consenting to this reissue of his fascinating narrative has been to extend knowledge of Equatorial Africa and to enable a wider circle of readers to take an intelligent interest in " *the developments that are being constantly made there by the Congo State, Great Britain, and Germany, the three Powers that are now in possession of the regions traversed by our expedition*." Mr. Stanley does not think the work in its new form can be " *remunerative to either author or publishers*," but really there does not seem to be any need for such a gloomy and self-denying forecast. On the contrary, the venture ought to pay well, for there must be a large class of readers still unacquainted with " *In Darkest Africa*," as well as many who read the book at the time of its publication, but will be very glad of the opportunity offered them to possess it. It is unnecessary now to sing the praises of this striking record of a wonderful achievement. All we need do is to mention that it has been subjected to thorough revision and partial re-arrangement, with the result that the interest of the story of Emin Pasha's relief is now sustained even better than when it first appeared seven years ago.

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Signor Negri, whose new book of essays is included in our list of publications, is one of the most brilliant of Italian essayists. He has, in addition to his literary reputation, considerable political influence, having for many years been mayor of Milan and a Deputy. He is now a member of the Senate. His essays have recently been placed on the *Index* in spite of their author's tendency towards clericalism.

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Hermann Bahr, the Austrian critic who has espoused the cause of Maeterlinck, and preached it with much persuasiveness to the German-speaking world, has recently published a volume of critical studies of modern writers under the title of " *Rennissance*." He represents the progressive moderns, especially those of Vienna, since he appeals in the first place to the literary public of that capital through his weekly journal, *Die Zeit*, and endeavours to kindle its enthusiasm for his liberal ideas. Some of the most interesting essays in the book are those which deal with E. T. A. Hoffmann, Sacher Masoch, Georg von Ompteda, Laura Marholm, Johanna Ambrosius, and Rikarda Huch.

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Readers of German fiction will be interested in a series of stories by Austrian writers entitled " *Erzählungen aus Oesterreich* " (Leipzig ; H. Meyer). The first place among them must be given to Adolf Pichler with " *Allerlei Geschichten aus Tirol*," and " *Joehrauten*," which contain very faithful and living descriptions of the Tyrolese.

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The literature of peace has been much scoffed at in Germany, but it is already considerable in that country, and is constantly growing. The last accession to it is a volume entitled " *Pax Vohiscium*," by H. Newosely and A. Renk (Munich and Leipzig ; August Schupp). The little book includes a number of poems,

legends, visions, and so forth, all pointing the same moral—that war and duelling should be abolished. Some of Herr Renk's poems have already been translated into French and English by sympathizers with his views.

The extraordinary revival of interest in Napoleon Bonaparte is by no means exhausted. Frédéric Masson has brought out (Borel, Paris) a volume entitled "Marie Wawleska," in which are published a number of letters written by Napoleon I. to the Polish Countess who became the mother of Count Wawleski. The volume is illustrated by Harold and Nittis, and is apparently the first of a series to be entitled "Les Maitresses de Napoleon."

It is probable that "Les Rois de la Rue," the novel at which Gyp is now working, is another anti-Semitic series of sketches, for the Comtesse de Martel, curiously enough, is one of the most esteemed authors of the great publishing house, Calmann Lévy, but the firm, the partners of which have always been Jewish, do not care to publish violent anti-Semitic literature. Accordingly whenever the versatile authoress of "P'tit Bob" wishes to have a tilt at the Jewish financiers who play such a part in modern French life, she temporarily transfers her business to M. Fasquello, who is now the head of the Maison Charpentier.

It is not generally known that the brilliantly clever, if occasionally coarse, illustrations accompanying some of Gyp's satires on Paris life, and signed "P'tit Bob," are really her own work. There is little doubt that, had she cared to devote herself to art instead of to literature, she might have made a great name among Continental caricaturists. Even now she spends many hours of each day in her studio, her literary work all being done between the hours of 11 p.m. and 3 a.m.

The *Revue de Paris* announces among its forthcoming publications the following novels in serial form:—"Quinze Ans de Mariage," by Alphonse Daudet; "La Sève," by Paul Bourget; "L'Île d'Amour," by Anatole France; and translations from Gabriel D'Annunzio and George Gissing.

A capital translation of Edmond About's amusing tale *Le Roi des Montagnes* has been made by Mr. Richard Davey, and "The King of the Mountains" (Heinemann) is sure to be read by many to whom the original is unknown. The fact that Greece has been so much to the front lately, and that we have all become familiar with the names at any rate of the districts and places where brigands once flourished, makes the issue of the book at this moment singularly opportune. Mr. Andrew Lang contributes an introduction, in which he compares brigandage in Greece with the outlawry and organized robbery which at a not very remote period of history made the Highlands of Scotland dangerous travelling-ground.

It should be specially interesting to such English readers as follow most attentively the literary movement in France to hear that the famous little series of M. Gustave Geffroy's volumes of art criticism "La Vie Artistique," which M. Dentu used to publish, has been taken over by M. H. Floury, the bookseller and publisher recently established in the Boulevard des Capucines, and that henceforth it is M. Floury's name which is to appear on the title-page of these volumes. The fifth series, indeed, which has just come out, bears the name of H. Floury, and is still published at 5f. in the same form and on the same *papier de luxe* as were the four earlier volumes. It contains a lithograph by Fantin-Latour, and the most notable of M. Geffroy's articles of the past year.

The famous "Essay on Comedy," by Mr. George Meredith, has just been translated into French by Mr. Henry D. Davray, and printed in the September and October numbers of the *Mercure de France*. Re-read in the language most congenial to the comic spirit, the essay seems even finer than in the original. The French tongue invariably gives a larger significance to all but the happiest phrases of the few artists in style who speak in other languages. An illustration of this can be found in the French translations of Byron, where some of the most careless jingles, transposed into the stately rhythm of good French prose, become reminiscent of the music of the Old Testament. A good instance of this is to be found in the third canto of "Childe Harold" in Daniel Lesueur's translation. The atmosphere is that of Obermann or Ossian, even at times of Job.

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# Literature

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## A TRAGIC SUCCESS.

One book—or, as some put it, one novel—is supposed to be potentially contained, like the field marshal's baton at the bottom of the French recruit's knapsack, in everybody's intellectual wallet. It is true that everybody does not succeed in producing it and exhibiting it to the world; but then neither did every one of Napoleon's conscripts win his way to command and pick up a peerage of the Empire on a German or Italian battlefield. All that the saying means is that, with the favouring circumstances of leisure, industry, some knack of literary expression, and the dash of egotism necessary perhaps to their effective exercise, we could, every man and woman of us, find in our mental and emotional experiences—in the action, thought, and passion of our lives—material enough for at least one book which our fellow men and women would read with interest. Whether we call it generically a book or specifically a novel is a matter of no moment; in any case it will be an autobiography. Whatever name we may choose

to give to the hero or heroine, he or she will be the author or authoress of the novel in a very thin disguise. And this, of course, is the secret of its success. The writer has written on a subject which he knows better, or, at all events, has studied longer than any other in the world—and that, too, a subject to which without any gifts of imagination or sympathy, with no other equipment, in short, but the faculty of memory and the common human instincts of self-love and self-pity, he can do the fullest justice.

No wonder that a book so begotten should often astonish a world of artless readers and mislead them with a wholly deceptive appearance of power. They do not realize the purely egoistic origin of its intensity of feeling, nor suspect the strictly subjective limitations of its insight into moods and motives. Still less does it occur to them that what they take for literary art in the telling is simply that natural eloquence which under the influence of strong personal emotion many a writer once in his life attains to, but never afterwards recaptures. For these mistakes on the part of the too impressionable reader there is every excuse; but their result, as illustrated by many a literary reputation which has risen like the rocket to come down like its stick, is almost invariably disastrous. No sooner does the deluded writer endeavour to exchange subjective for objective portraiture than he finds how grievously he has deceived himself as to the extent of his powers. It is one thing, he learns, to feel his personal experience acutely, and another to see life steadily and see it whole. The glass in which he has formed a pretty accurate and vivid reflection of himself turns out to be not precisely the kind of mirror which can be "held up to Nature" with much advantage.

No one who can distinguish between the accidents and essentials of a literary success will be in any danger of confounding the late MR. DU MAURIER with the great company of those who, having their one book inside them, produce it and exhaust themselves in the act. Nor is this only because he left not one successful novel behind him, but at least two, to say nothing of a third, the first in point of time, which obtained a certain measure of belated popularity, long unjustly denied to it, on the strength of a subsequent hit. For there have been writers who have managed to make their one book do duty with variations two or three times over, and have not lost their public until even the average reader, who has much of the child's liking for the story he knows best, has begun to awaken to the fact that they are repeating themselves. And it must be regretfully admitted that, for reasons to be hereafter adverted to, MR. DU MAURIER'S posthumous novel, which we review this week, is itself in some measure an example of this economical process. But, as every com-

petent critic is aware, there was a great deal more in the author of "Peter Ibbetson" than the mere literary faculty, often slender enough in quantity however attractive in quality, which serves well enough for the equipment of the writer who strings together a few chapters of autobiography and calls the result a novel. True it may be that it was upon the autobiographical element in his three books that MR. DU MAURIER'S enormous public fixed: in the case, indeed, of the second of the three this truth is too obvious to need insisting upon. To the great mass of the "Trilby lunatics" in the United States—a generation, apparently, who had grown up in complete and artless ignorance of Henry Murger—the bright and spirited picture of the Parisian *Vie de Bohème* in the artists' quarter would seem to have come as a positive revelation of mid-nineteenth century manners. Nor need we doubt that, when the astonishing vogue of "Trilby" had brought forth DU MAURIER'S earlier and incomparably finer novel from the shadow of unmerited neglect, it was again from the autobiographic chapters of "Peter Ibbetson," from the exquisitely told story of the author's childish days in the Parisian suburb, that they drew such pleasure as the book was capable of affording them. Still, their newly-acquired taste for the earlier romance, whatever it was therein that specially hit their fancy, served to swell the extraordinary triumph of the later work, to stimulate the overwhelming demand upon the author, and eventually, as one cannot but fear, to cut short a career which otherwise might have been productive of much greater work.

In a recent monograph on his friend and fellow-novelist, Mr. HENRY JAMES has speculated with subtlety and discoursed with eloquence on the effect of the "Trilby obsession" upon MR. DU MAURIER'S mind. No doubt it was a disturbing one, but, in tracing its results, immediate and ultimate, the ingenious analyst surely refines too much. The general "disorientation," certain to be experienced by a man of good sense and self-critical habit who suddenly finds himself the idol of a popular worship which he knows to be extravagant when it is not purely unintelligent, will account for much in this history of a tragic success. But not for all. The rest submits itself to a simpler, more familiar, and less dramatic explanation. It is the old, sad story of opportunity coming too late in life to a man, and of his exhausting himself in the attempt to make the most of it. The temptation to overtax his productive energies was in MR. DU MAURIER'S case extraordinarily strong; for, not only was the success achieved by him almost without precedent in point of mere magnitude in the annals of modern literature, but its achievement by a man embarking in advanced years upon an entirely new form of artistic endeavour is, so far as we are aware, absolutely without example. And, when this late but brilliant good fortune came to an artist whom the apprehensions of a failure of eyesight had for years rendered nervously anxious about his future, the consequence was almost inevitable. That fatal impulse to "make hay while the sun shines," which many a young writer with three parts of a lifetime before him finds irresistible, has a terribly

coercive power over one whose course is nearly run. He does not see, or he cannot bring himself to act upon the perception, that not only is literary hay thus hurriedly made too apt to decline in quality, but that the sun may set sooner on the haymaker through his excessive labours. MR. DU MAURIER had undoubtedly more of the matter of literature in him than his books ever brought out; but time was required to produce it, and time was not forthcoming. He had nothing new to say, and he must have been conscious of it; but the public invited him—bribed him, in fact, with glittering offers—to say the old things over again. The result was "The Martian," another great commercial success, but, from the artistic point of view, a comparative failure. And now that, with its completion, we know that the hand which should have rested for two or three years after "Trilby" will write no more, we have to record another loss to literature from one of those exaggerated and destructive popular crazes from which it has suffered so much.

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## Reviews.

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Alfred Lord Tennyson: A Memoir. By His Son. 2 vols. medium 8vo., 516+551 pp. London, 1897.

Macmillan. 36/- n.

(SECOND NOTICE.)

It was hardly to be expected that a boyish venture like the publication of the "Poems by Two Brothers" should be preceded by any very careful process of selection; and it need not therefore surprise us to find that among the contents of at any rate the younger Tennyson's portfolio there was much more of the "stuff of poetry" than ever came out in the published volume. This, it appears to us, is placed beyond dispute by the specimens of the period 1809-1827, which are given at the end of the first chapter of the memoir. Still they are metrically even rougher, and in general artistic quality not less immature, than the least satisfactory of the "Two Brothers" series. Hence they leave untouched the problem of Tennyson's astonishingly rapid progress to perfection in his art. The poet himself wrote:—"I suppose I was nearer thirty than twenty before I was anything of an artist." But admirably as the poet in most instances criticized himself, it is impossible to accept this piece of self-criticism quite literally. "Poems Chiefly Lyrical" appeared in 1832, or, in other words, when its author was nearer twenty than thirty, being, in fact, just twenty-three, and to speak of a volume which contains "The Lotus Eaters," to say nothing of "Enone," "The Dream of Fair Women," and the "Palace of Art," as the work of one who was "not yet anything of an artist" is surely an abuse of language. In what precise sense Tennyson may have employed the word it is hard to guess; but he certainly could not have used it in its ordinary acceptation. Not only are the poems we have mentioned remarkable for their artistic finish, but one of them, though it may have been equalled, was never afterwards surpassed even by the artist himself. This curious post-dating of his attainment of technical mastery is, however, the only critical lapse—if, indeed, it be not a mere chronological slip—which these volumes reveal. Or, at any rate, we may say that, if the poems of 1827 were not so happily selected as they



might have been, we can never from that time forward find cause for anything but admiration of Tennyson's unerring judgment and of the stoical fortitude with which he submitted many a striking passage in his poems, which was disapproved for some reason or other by his fastidious taste, to the ruthless surgery of the pruning knife. Among the newly published fragments there is for instance a whole series of stanzas, some eight or nine in number, omitted from the "Palace of Art." The reasons of their omission were evidently diverse, some having been left out, apparently, because of an alteration in the poet's plan, and others, it would seem, merely for the sake of giving greater brevity and compression to the poem. There are not many among mortal men, to say nothing of Immortals, who, being capable of writing such poetry as this, would have had the heart to excise it. Yet one sees that from the point of view of the author, and in the interests of the poem as a whole, he was undoubtedly right. Or take, again, the "Balloon Stanzas" cut out of the "Dream of Fair Women," which ran thus:—

As when a man that sails in a balloon,  
Down looking, sees the solid, shining ground  
Stream from beneath him in the broad blue noon,  
Tilth, hamlet, mead, and mound ;  
And takes his flags and waves them to the mob  
That shouts below, all faces turned to where  
Glows, ruby-like, the far-up crimson globe,  
Filled with a finer air ;  
So, lifted high, the poet at his will  
Lets the great world flit from him, seeing all,  
Higher thro' secret splendours, mounting still  
Self poised, nor fears to fall,  
Hearing apart the echoes of his fame.  
While I spoke thus the seedsman Memory  
Sow'd my deep-furrowed thought with many a name  
Whose glory will not die.

There have been lesser and less severely self-critical poets in abundance who would have been sensible of a certain commonness about the image embodied in the first two stanzas, and would have rejected them on this ground had they stood alone. But how few would have been willing to do so when the act involved the sacrifice of two stanzas so striking in their power and dignity as the third and fourth!

It is always interesting to note how far a poet is consciously influenced by his models; or, if he does not himself perceive, or will not admit, that any such influence has been at work, there is almost as much interest in the inquiry as to how far the history of his poetic preferences during the period of development of his genius renders it probable that he worked unwittingly to himself under the spell of those particular forerunners whom he most revered. The testimony of Tennyson's tastes is highly instructive, in this connexion. We know from a well-known anecdote that Byron was the idol of his "green, unknowing youth," and we know also that the idolatry did not survive the devotee's twentieth year. If, therefore, the "Poems by Two Brothers" could, without overstress upon marks of heredity, be affiliated to any poetic style or spirit, it would be to the Byronic. On the other hand, the descent of Tennyson from Keats has been again and again pointed out and, indeed, in "The Palace of Art," for a capital instance, is too patent for a moment's denial; so that it is peculiarly gratifying to the inquirer to note the frankness of enthusiasm with which the author of that masterpiece of splendidly sensuous imagery records his admiration for the poet of the "Eve of Saint Agnes." Keats,

as may be remembered from one of the extracts which we quoted last week, had been raised by young Cambridge to the rank of one of the twin Dioscuri of English song, Shelley being the other; but it is very noteworthy that Tennyson should have devoted himself with so much more ardour to the cult of the former than to that of the latter. Of no other poet, indeed, of the last two centuries—assuredly not of Shelley, to whom the references in this volume are singularly few—has he spoken in such terms as of Keats, who, he declared, "with his high spiritual vision"—an adjective much more appropriate, one would think, to Shelley's—"would have been, if he had lived, the greatest of all of us (though his blank verse was poor)," adding truly, and with admirable precision of aim, that "there is something magic and of the innermost soul of poetry in all that he ever wrote."

His apparent lack of interest in Shelley is curious, and not altogether to be accounted for by the lack of affinity between their respective forms of poetic genius. For nothing is more remarkable or more significant of the fine catholicity of Tennyson's critical appreciation than his quick sensibility to the special force and merit of various forms of poetry. One sees from his attitude towards Wordsworth that he was no less fully alive to the aged poet's power in his inspired moments than conscious of the melancholy bathos to which the sudden withdrawals and prolonged absences of Apollo inevitably depressed him. "My father and Fitzgerald had a contest," writes the biographer, "as to who could invent the weakest Wordsworthian line imaginable." They ultimately adjudged the prize, though they disputed as to the winner of it, to the line—

A Mr. Wilkinson, a clergyman.

But Wordsworth himself has run his parodists close with an actual line—namely,

Spade with which Wilkinson has tilled the ground,  
where the form scarcely rises higher, if the verse is a little richer in ideas. But to the inspired Wordsworth, to the Wordsworth of the Sonnets and of the great Ode on the "Intimations of Immortality," there is abundant evidence that Tennyson rendered ample justice; and the devout Wordsworthian, even more puzzled than pained at the blasphemies of the unconverted, will nowhere find a better key to the distressing mystery than in the younger poet's extremely happy adaptation of two of the elder's lines:—"You must love Wordsworth ere he will seem worthy of your love." Equally sure and discriminating were his pronouncements on the poetry of Burns, and the amusing conflict between his judgment and that of Wordsworth on this subject gives as perfect a measure of their respective critical capacities as could well be obtained. "Read the exquisite poems of Burns," he once exclaimed—

In shape each of them has the perfection of the berry, in light the fragrance of the dewdrop; you forget for its sake those stupid things his serious pieces. The same day (adds Mr. Aubrey de Vere, who tells the story) I met Wordsworth, and named Burns to him. Wordsworth praised him, even more vehemently than Tennyson had done, as the great genius who had brought Poetry back to Nature, but added, "Of course I refer to his serious efforts, such as 'The Cottar's Saturday Night'; those foolish little amatory songs of his one has to forget."

To the poetry of Coleridge, perhaps the only poet, or the only one since Milton, who ranks with him as a master of melody, Tennyson was devoted, his especial favourites being "The Ancient Mariner," "Christabel," and that fragmentary strain of unearthly dream-music "Kubla Khan."

Of Coleridge's hitherto inexplicable criticism on the Poems of 1830, that their author had "begun to write verses without very well understanding what metre is," an explanation was suggested many years after by Tennyson which may partially, but can only partially, account for it. From what he had heard it occurred to Tennyson as possible that Coleridge had been misled by the young poet's "absurd antipathy to hyphens" into reading certain words dactylically which were not intended to be so scanned. "If that was the case," added Tennyson, "he might well have wished that I had more sense of metre. But so I, an old man who get a poem or poems every day, might cast a casual glance at a book, and, seeing something that I could not see or understand, might possibly decide against the book without further consideration." It is, however, evident from Coleridge's previous remarks that though he had not read through all the poems, he had taken much more than a casual glance at the contents of the volume. On the whole, therefore, the sweeping dismissal of a poet who was a born metrist, displaying from the very first that acute sensibility to rhythm and melody which in its fullest development was destined to rank him beside the "mighty-mouthed inventor of harmonies" of his own *Alcaic Ode*, remains one of those few but amazing ineptitudes in the criticism of poets by poets which literature records.

Of the generous admiration with which Tennyson regarded Browning, and which Browning no less generously reciprocated, there is no need to speak, as it was, of course, matter of common knowledge during the lifetime of both poets.

His relations with his literary contemporaries generally are here revealed, in so far as they were not known already, in pages which abound with interest but which have already been freely quoted from in other columns than ours. Perhaps the most curious testimony to his attraction for one of the most "difficult" of these contemporaries is to be found in the letter evoked by the Poems of 1842 from Carlyle. Well might the author of that dithyrambic utterance volunteer the half-ashamed apology which he makes for his inability to keep silence from good words:—

If you knew what my relation has been to the thing called English "poetry" for many years back you would think such fact almost surprising. Truly, it is long since in any English book, poetry or prose, I have felt the pulse of a real man's heart as I do in this same. A right valiant, true fighting, victorious heart: strong as a lion, yet gentle, loving, and full of music. What I call a genuine singer's heart! There are tones as of the nightingale; low murmurs of wood-doves at summer noon; everywhere a noble sound as of the free winds and leafy woods. The sunniest glow of life dwells in that soul chequered only with dark streaks from night and Hades; everywhere one feels as if all were filled with yellow glowing sunlight, some glorious golden vapour, from which form after form bodies itself; naturally golden forms. In one word, there seems to be a note of the eternal melodies in this man for which let all other men be thankful and joyful!

Who would imagine that this eloquent rhapsody came from one who, with exception made in favour of Shakespeare, and, perhaps, Burns, had almost as grave doubts of the value of poets and poetry as he had of romance in general and of Scott's achievements therein in particular? No wonder Carlyle was disposed eight years afterwards to take so gloomy a view of Monckton Milnes's eternal future in the event of his neglecting to secure due provision for the temporal future of so admired a poet. Of Tennyson's intercourse with

Rogers we get a very pleasant picture, and one which should beneficently correct the forbidding outlines in which that once famous figure has been too often presented to the world. And tragi-comic as it is—nay, perhaps more tragic than comic when one looks at the empty niche where the old man in imagination saw his statue—one could ill spare either the following anecdote or the trenchant comment upon it of its contributor, the late Mr. Locker Lampson:—

"He liked me," Tennyson said, "and thought that perhaps I might be the coming poet, and might help to hand his name down to future ages. One day we were walking arm-in-arm and I spoke of what is called Immortality, and remarked how few writers could be sure of it. Upon this Rogers squeezed my arm and said 'I am sure of it.' Tennyson was fond of Rogers and told me this with no unamiable intention, but, on the contrary, in all kindness and good faith."

"Most poets," adds Mr. Locker Lampson with pungently satirical effect, "have felt at times as Rogers felt on this occasion but with this difference, that they had not an Immortal's arm to squeeze."

We must now, however, take leave of these interesting volumes, in which there is only one thing that we miss: a fuller study of that mystical side of Tennyson's nature and his power—a power exceptionally marked, no doubt, in his case, though common to all minds which are at once powerfully imaginative and profoundly meditative (not itself, however, a very common combination)—of attaining to that sort of trance-like condition which Professor Tyndall in his extremely interesting contribution to the memoir describes as "an apparent isolation of the spirit from the body." Mr. Myers prefaces his letter of reminiscences by recalling the biographer's request to him to approach his subject "not from the side of Plotinus but from the side of Virgil"; in conformity with which instruction Mr. Myers supplies three or four most fascinating pages of critical disquisition on Tennyson's relation to the immortal poet whom he has immortally celebrated. Thus from the side of Virgil he has been admirably studied; but we should have liked a study of him from the side of Plotinus too. Perhaps some day we may get it.

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**William Morris: His Art, his Writings, and his Public Life.** A record by **Aymer Vallance.** 11×7½ in. 445pp. London, 1897. **Bell. 25/-**

As little more than a year has passed since William Morris's death, it would be surprising if a complete biographical account of him were already in print. Mr. Aymer Vallance, the author of this large and sumptuous work, is careful to point out in his preface the limited nature of his undertaking. The book "makes no claim to be a biography or a record of Mr. Morris's private and family affairs," and Mr. Vallance, not being asked or authorized to write a biography, submits that, with a few trifling exceptions, he has not introduced into the book any personal details that are not by this time public property. For our own part, so far from finding fault with Mr. Vallance for abstaining from unauthorized biography, we commend his good taste, and are content to take the work for what it is—namely, as an enlargement of his "Art of William Morris," which was published earlier in the present year. From eight chapters the book has grown to 15; the author has availed himself of certain suggestions, corrections, and further facilities; and, while expanding and completing his record of Morris's work in all directions, has in particular added a chapter on Morris's con-

nexion with the Socialist movement. The result, except as far as Morris's private life is concerned, is a worthy memorial of a great artist, and of his labours, always honest and sincere, for the public benefit. The Chiswick Press has printed the book, and the woodcuts and the larger reproductions of tapestry, wall-paper, tiles, and the like would have commanded the approval of Morris himself.

Mr. Vallance's best chapters are those in which he describes Morris's achievements as an artist and a craftsman, "a maker," as he called himself, "of would-be pretty things." The chapters on Morris's writings are less valuable. It is quite possible that the "Earthly Paradise" and some of the other poems may long outlast Morris's fame as an artist, which may conceivably collapse at any moment in some revolution of public taste. The poems, doubtless, will live; but there is no need at present for a vindication of their merits, and one is rather disposed to resent Mr. Vallance's long explanations and expositions. It is a matter on which almost every reader will prefer to form his own opinion. A critic usually fails alike in commanding and in prohibiting one's admiration of poetry. It is an amazing thing, however, that Morris should have found time, in his crowded and many-sided life, to write either so well or so much. And to his poetry he added the work of writing many articles and addresses, and the most active support of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, and the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society, to say nothing of all that he wrote and did on behalf of the Socialist movement. If we say no more of his poetry, it is not because we think it the least important part of his work, but because Mr. Vallance's remarks upon it have less value than the rest of his book. It is more to the purpose to notice that Mr. Vallance makes a point of putting Morris's Socialism in a proper light. When Morris died, his biographers in the Press did their best to keep his political opinions in the background. They slurred them over, apologized for them, spoke of them as the aberration of genius, and bade the public remember rather his poems or his wall-paper. Morris himself took a very different view, and, when the plan of Mr. Vallance's book was proposed to him, particularly desired that due prominence should be given to his political and social principles, which were, in his mind, closely associated with his art itself. He regarded himself as an artist, a craftsman, a "common fellow," whose duty it was to lead other "common fellows," if he could do so. Mr. Vallance recommends those who cannot trust themselves not to take offence to skip this chapter, and then bravely faces the task of describing Morris's energetic and unassuming work with various Socialist societies and leagues that seem to have been in a state of chronic schism and dissension. We will not pursue the story in detail, or show how these unlucky theories led to Trafalgar-square and the police-court. But in justice to Morris, and in order to make his position clear, it must be stated definitely that his Socialism arose from his views of the functions of art, and of the true rights and duties of the workman, and that it originated in no vulgar envy of the rich, and, least of all, from any selfish motive. It was simply one of the defects of his qualities. He may speak for himself:—

What I mean by Socialism is a condition of society in which there should be neither rich nor poor, neither master nor master's man, neither idle nor overworked, neither brain-sick brain-workers nor heart-sick hand-workers; in a word, in which all men would be living in equality of condition, and would manage their affairs unwastefully, and with the full consciousness that

harm to one would mean harm to all—the realization at last of the meaning of the word "commonwealth."

All this is visionary enough, but the vision came from generous instincts. The poverty of the workers, the vulgarity of the rich, the general want of art and beauty in daily life, in short, a combination of aesthetic and industrial causes led, or misled, Morris towards Socialism.

Happily, the greater part, and the best part, of the book is not an analysis of Morris's opinions, but a record of work done. For all his extreme politics, he was as practical a man as ever lived; a craftsman as well as an artist, and hardly equalled in artistic versatility. He gave no early evidence of artistic powers, but these were naturally stimulated by his pre-Raffaellite friends. His younger days are adequately described by Mr. Vallance, as is also his wonderful Red-house at Bexley Heath, the furnishing and decoration of which gave him an occasion for the exercise of his taste and ingenuity. A little later came the establishment of the firm that so soon headed the revolt against the domestic art of the period. No middle-aged man can entertain more than a sentimental regard for the fashions of that time, for the Berlin wool-work, the bead-mats, the glass-shades, the wax flowers, the gilt stucco, and the rest; nor would any young man willingly go back to them; but as long as it seemed to accord with the fitness of things that our houses should be so decorated, it needed not only an artist, but a practical artist, to point out a more excellent way. It was in 1861, after a meeting of Morris and his friends, that business premises were taken at No. 8, Red Lion-square. The original members of the firm of Morris, Marshall, Faulkner, and Co. were:—William Morris; Ford Madox Brown; Dante Gabriel Rossetti; Edward Burne-Jones; Arthur Hughes; Philip Webb, architect; Peter Paul Marshall, surveyor and engineer; and Charles Joseph Faulkner, an Oxford don. As Rossetti said, the firm had no idea of commercial success, but it succeeded in their own despite. Of course, there were difficulties at first, trade jealousy to be combated and artistic workmen to be secured; but the venture soon became prosperous, and one of the Exhibition juries reported in 1862 in commendation of the work exhibited. They described it as "in the style of the Middle Ages," and as "satisfactory to the archæologist from the exactness of the imitation." The account of the subsequent development of the firm and its work is as full as can be desired, especially as regards the stained glass windows from designs by Sir E. Burne-Jones, the reproductions of which are among the most beautiful things in the book. But the firm aimed at success in many kinds of art. For instance, when tiles were wanted at the Red-house, no hand-painted tiles were made in this country. Morris, therefore, procured plain white tiles from Holland, and began a series of practical experiments until at last he obtained the desired results. The famous wall-papers, the designs for which have been, with few exceptions, drawn by Morris himself, are well described and illustrated. The papers, however, were never actually manufactured in the works of Morris's own firm, but in those of Messrs. Jeffrey and Co., on account of technical difficulties. Another art which Morris did much to revive was that of tapestry making, which demands less technical skill than artistic excellence. This was in 1878. He set up a hand-loom in his bed-room at Kelmscott-house, Hammersmith, and, following the directions of an old French book, practised weaving every day until he had become proficient. The new industry was attempted at Merton first in 1881, in which year the firm set up their works in that place. Sir E. Burne-Jones was almost

invariably the designer, and it is to him that Exeter College Chapel and Stanmore-hall owe their most important decorations. But neither glass, tiles, nor tapestry satisfied Morris's artistic appetite. Whenever it seemed to him desirable to learn an art, he learned it; nothing came amiss to him, not even the production of suitable designs for the humble linoleum, and his attention was given in turn to the arts of dyeing, carpet-making, printing, and embroidery. The periodical exhibitions of the Arts and Crafts Society and the general improvement of the public taste bear witness to the wide influence of his work.

From Red Lion-square the firm removed to Queen-square. In 1877 they took show rooms in Oxford-street, and in 1881 they transferred their works to Merton, in Surrey. Mr. Vallance quotes the following account of them from a Frenchman, M. Gabriel Mourey:—

The art workshops of Merton Abbey stand in an immense field amid tall trees and charming scenery. Workshops did I say? It is an ugly word that conjures up visions of grimy smoke, creaking machinery, and bodily toil. No, there is nothing of all that. It is a sort of large farmhouse built on one floor, surrounded by foliage and greenery, close by the bank of a small stream, the Wandle, which winds in and out with happy, joyous murmurs. Such is the workshop of Merton Abbey. Nothing is manufactured there except by hand. No machine-power is used, either steam or electric, but implements of the simplest construction, the most primitive in kind, the old tools, the old handicrafts, of four or five centuries ago. The predominant feature is that the artisan is allowed almost perfect liberty of talent and imagination in the development of his work. This is especially the case in the tapestry and glass-work studios, where the most exquisite marvels of art are turned out. The workman takes part in the work, becomes artist, and imparts his own personality to the thing created, of which a rough plan has first been drawn up by the master. The handpress is used . . . or the velvet and eretonne work is done directly with the hand. Thus is avoided that monotonous stiffness peculiar to the work of modern machinery, and further, it encourages the workman to take a more personal interest in his labour.

This striking description does not appear to be overdrawn. Morris's view of work was that it was "right and necessary" that every man should have pleasant work that was worth the doing, under conditions involving no over-fatigue. He showed that the production of works of art was possible in this manner—perhaps that they could be produced in no other manner; but he failed to see that no Socialist system could render his counsel of perfection applicable to unskilled labour. However, nothing was more characteristic of the man himself than these works at Merton.

Mr. Vallance writes pleasantly of Kelmscott-manor, Morris's country home on the upper Thames from 1871 to the day of his death. Rossetti discovered the place, and loved it; Madox Brown painted there; Morris himself found it an earthly paradise. He was buried in Kelmscott churchyard. The manor gave its name to Kelmscott-house, Hammersmith, where, in January, 1891, Morris established his famous printing-press. He held that "the only work of art which surpasses a complete medieval book is a complete medieval building," and, the latter work being impracticable, he determined to attempt the former, and set about it with his invariable thoroughness. No pains were spared, no details were neglected, nothing was left undone that could contribute to the excellence of the work. It was not the work of his life, but only of a few years; yet no books are more truly artistic than those from Morris's press. *Omnia novit*. There really seemed to be no branch of art in which he could not, if he chose, attain to mastery.

**History of the Commonwealth and Protectorate, 1649-1660.** By Samuel Rawson Gardiner. Vol. II.—1651-1654. 9x6in., 503 pp. London, 1897. Longmans. 21/-

Mr. Gardiner's latest contribution to the history of England in the seventeenth century has a special interest of its own. It deals with the history of the Commonwealth from 1651 to 1654, and, what is more, it subjects Cromwell's policy to a searching analysis, the results of which must be as gratifying to the historical student as they will be surprising to the Protector's admirers.

Between the stern religious enthusiasm of the Puritans and the new Commercialism Cromwell stood forth as a mediator. No one could accuse him of want of zeal for religion or for social reform; but on the other hand he realized, like Chatham, that maritime power was a necessary condition of commerce. "It is mainly," writes Mr. Gardiner, "this combination of interests which has raised Cromwell to the position of the national hero of the nineteenth century." Still he was no Heaven-born Minister of Foreign Affairs. He entirely misunderstood the significance of the Treaties of Westphalia, and persisted in believing in the continued existence of a European conspiracy against Protestantism. The period of religious wars was closed, but Cromwell's mind still worked on the lines of the Elizabethan period. This ignorance of the drift of Continental feeling proved a very serious stumbling-block in his path during the greater part of his later career, and explains much of the apparent vacillation noticeable in his foreign policy.

The years 1652, 1653, and 1654 constitute a very important period in the history of the Commonwealth. Presbyterianism had, indeed, proved a failure in England, but the disorganization of the English Church remained, and the statesmen of the time were unable to attempt the task of establishing religious liberty. As early as 1651 Cromwell had become impatient of the existing system of governments, and showed a distinct leaning towards constitutional Monarchy. In the same year Hobbes's "Leviathan" appeared, and political thought ranged itself definitely in antagonism to the misgovernment of the Long Parliament. The dissolution of this famous Assembly in 1653 was followed a few months later by the meeting of the Nominated-Parliament, which soon distinguished itself by the violence of its actions. This Parliament occupies, to quote Mr. Gardiner, "a noteworthy place in the historical development of England. Its mere existence, irrespective of the good or evil it may have essayed to do, exhibits the high-water mark of Puritanism in Church and State." The tide indeed had been rising ever since the meeting of the Long Parliament. By the "Instrument of Government" Cromwell was installed as Protector, and Puritanism seemed secure as long as he was at the head of affairs. The framers of this new Constitution aimed not only at setting up a bulwark against the despotism of a single House, but also at preserving the predominance of Puritanism. Yet Siéyès himself when attempting to subject Bonaparte to the control of various bodies by his elaborate Constitution of 1799 was not more manifestly building on sand than were these earnest Puritans.

In 1653 the tide in respect to Puritanism and to constitutionalism had begun to turn. The system of proping up Puritanism by expelling all who disagreed with it, and by setting aside the principle of election to Parliament by the constituencies, could not be continued indefinitely. It was not likely that men of the world would allow Puritanism to dictate to them its laws. It was certain that Cromwell would not let his Puritan zeal blind him to

other considerations, political or mundane. The year 1654 found Cromwell occupied in the difficult task of endeavouring to set up a constitutional edifice in the place of the one he and others had destroyed. The statesmen of the Commonwealth, however, had not only to deal with constitutional matters; they had to provide for war as well as for peace. "They had to complete the predominance of England in the British Isles, and, as if this were a light task, they had already involved the nation in a maritime struggle with the first naval power in the world." The work of subjugating Ireland, Scotland, and the colonies during these years went on simultaneously with a Dutch war, and with negotiations for an alliance with either France or Spain. Of the volume before us, the most important portion is that which traces the foreign policy of Cromwell. In his lectures delivered last year at Oxford, and published under the title of "Cromwell's Place in History," Mr. Gardiner indicated the nature of the conclusions now laid before us.

In the story of the first Dutch war, Mr. Gardiner has differed in many important respects from the accounts of previous writers. We think, however, that his deductions will be pretty generally accepted, for they embody the results of very careful investigations. The struggle between the two Protestant maritime rivals will always be read with interest. In spite of the magnificent seamanship of Tromp, the Dutch could not contend successfully against the overwhelming geographical advantages enjoyed by England. It was extremely difficult for the Dutch admirals to fight with any hope of success when hampered by a convoy. And yet the Dutch depended for their very subsistence upon commerce; and so it remained the first duty of their admirals to defend their commerce. After Tromp's death and Monk's victory of the Texel on July 31, 1653, Cromwell's desire for peace was strengthened, and one of his confidants—probably Cornelius Vermuyden—carried to Holland what Mr. Gardiner describes as "the most astonishing proposal ever made by an Englishman to the Minister of a foreign State."

This proposal included an offensive and defensive alliance between England and Holland, which was to be joined by Denmark, Sweden, and such of the German States as were Protestants, and even by France if she conceded to her people liberty of conscience. The arrangement between Napoleon and Alexander I. at Tilsit pales before the second portion of the proposal, according to which the Globe was to be practically divided between England and the United Provinces. A war against both Spain and Portugal was undoubtedly contemplated, and missionaries were to be sent to all peoples willing to receive them. Interesting as the plan is, the mixture of personal and religious aims, acceptable as they would have been to Elizabethan statesmen and adventurers, renders it unpalatable to later generations. To the Dutch, suffering from their defeats by England and enjoying the benefits of peace with Spain, it seemed peculiarly ill-timed to enter into an unprovoked quarrel with all those Catholic States which supported the Inquisition. Nor, indeed, was Cromwell himself more decided upon a clearly defined policy.

In July, 1653, he certainly entertained the idea of a war with Spain, but, in the autumn of the same year, anxiety on behalf of the French Protestants led him to hope and intrigue for Spanish aid against Mazarin in Guienne. Mr. Gardiner's explanation of these extraordinary fluctuations is as follows:—"It was not levity that was at the root of this revulsion of feeling in Cromwell's mind but sheer inability to formulate a consistent foreign policy

which would find room for an energetic display of the strength of England, and would, at the same time, in one way or another, strike a blow for that which he conceived to be the cause of God upon earth." At any rate from October, 1653, to July, 1654, negotiations went on with both France and Spain. Amongst the men who surrounded Cromwell there were three parties; Lambert and other officers desired a war with France, a minority headed by Pickering and Strickland advocated a close alliance with France, while a third, influenced by Thurloe, wished to stand aloof from the war raging between France and Spain and to rest upon an alliance with the Protestant States. Mazarin's diplomacy and Spain's intolerance at length decided the question, and Cromwell prepared for war with Spain. But his mind was so steeped in the Elizabethan tradition that he seems to have imagined that the war could be confined to the Indies, while English ships continued to enter Spanish harbours in Europe for purposes of trade. Up to this point, at which the volume closes, Cromwell's foreign policy reveals "a distracting maze of fluctuations." Nevertheless it remains true that the dominant note in his mind was a desire to attack Spain. What had held him back was anxiety about the French Protestants, but as soon as he convinced himself that all danger to them was imaginary he reconciled himself to war with Spain as being an attack on the Pope and the Inquisition.

Cromwell himself aimed in all his actions at benefiting religion. Later generations regard his foreign policy with favour because they see in his wars "the beginning of the prolonged effort by which England's Empire beyond the Seas was built up." In these wars we recognize the predominance of material interest, and with it the beginning of that reaction which led to the Restoration. Though the Puritan spirit remains strong in Cromwell "he has now given the first place to mundane endeavour. If the Restoration is to be regarded not as a mere change of the forms of government but as a return to a mode of thought anterior to Puritanism, it may fairly be said that the spirit of the Restoration had at last effected a lodgment within the bosom of Oliver himself." It is with these words that Mr. Gardiner concludes his volume, and, while they are a summary of what he has written in the preceding pages, they give an indication of what we may expect in a continuation of his present work. All historical students will welcome the present valuable addition to our knowledge of English history, which adds one more to the many existing proofs of Mr. Gardiner's marvellous industry and unerring historical insight.

**The Diary of Master William Silence: A Study of Shakespeare and of Elizabethan Sport.** By the Rt. Hon. D. H. Madden, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Dublin. 9x5 1/2 in., 386 pp. London, 1897. Longmans. 16-

This is a pleasant and valuable book. Shakespeare's versatility has tempted men of many sorts and conditions to argue that he was an expert in some particular business. An American actor tried to prove from internal evidence that he, and not Harvey, really discovered the circulation of the blood. Lord Campbell wrote a book on Shakespeare's legal acquirements, and another distinguished lawyer now draws attention to his skill in rural sport. A famous head of a famous college is derisively said to have wondered "why gentlemen could not hunt in the long vacation," but Mr. Justice Madden, not being one of those who love to sleep between term and term, has actually done this where alone it can be done, that is with the

Devon and Somerset staghounds. He has observed that the methods in use with that pack do not much differ from those of the Elizabethan age, and that the "Noble Arte of Venerie," first published in 1575, is still cited as an authority by those who follow it. Shakespeare was constantly in his mind, and he thinks that where the authenticity of a play or passage is in question sport frequently provides a key. Where a genuine knowledge of horses or of woodcraft is shown, then he holds that the point is more than half proved, and that a term wrongly used is fatal.

Absolute certainty in Shakespearian criticism is attainable only in regard to matters of venery and horsemanship. Shakespeare would as soon write of rousing a fox as of starting a deer.

This book is described by the real author as the

Diary of William Silence, who records his experiences, and who finally collects certain notes, the loss of which I endeavour to supply in a chapter entitled "The Horse in Shakespeare." Every lover of the horse who is a student of Shakespeare must have been struck by the number and appropriateness of his references to horses and to horsemanship; and I found that some passages which once seemed obscure became clear, and that others gained a new significance, in the light of such knowledge of the old-world phraseology of the manage as may be acquired from the copious sources of information set forth in a note entitled "The Book of Sport."

The chase of the red deer is first taken in hand, the hounds being "of necessity Master Robert Shallow's," and the scene is transferred from Exmoor to Gloucestershire and the Cotswolds. The hunt occupies four chapters, plentifully garnished with apposite passages from Shakespeare. Six chapters are devoted to the sayings and doings of country sportsmen when not actually engaged in pursuing anything. The kennels are visited, and we learn that "the old Exmoor staghounds, the last survivors of the Southern hound," were sold to a German baron in 1825, and that they have been succeeded by what are practically large fox-hounds. They have lost much of the fine music described in the "Midsummer Night's Dream" by Theseus, whose pack were

Matched in mouth like bells

Each under each.

On the other hand, they are not so "slow in pursuit," and we are told that—

The philosophic stag-hunter, dismounting after a twenty-mile gallop across Exmoor from Yard's Down, may reflect that Theseus' hounds, tuneable as was their cry, could no more have accounted for the four-year-old galloper set up at Watersmeet than a pack of beagles could kill a fox in Leicestershire, and that neither to hounds nor to men has the grace of absolute perfection been vouchsafed.

In describing country humpkins the author does not forget to put them sometimes alongside of people who have seen men and cities. The distinction is well marked in the characters of Slender and Fenton. Mr. Justice Madden is of opinion that Shakespeare did not at first intend Shallow for a caricature of Sir Thomas Lucy, but that he did "at some time of his life intend this identification." In *Henry IV.*, and in the early quarto of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Shallow is still the Gloucestershire rustic, who prosed about a somewhat problematical youth, and it is not till the folio edition of the latter play that he is merged in the pompous knight, who knew the ways of Courts, and who had been the host of Queen Elizabeth. The deer-stealing story is discredited altogether, though it was early accepted at Stratford, "where Shakespeare's tastes and habits made it seem likely to the

townsfolk that he might have got into trouble by loving sport not wisely, but too well." Exact proof is impossible, but Mr. Sidney Lee has lately examined the evidence, and is not inclined to flout the received tradition.

There are chapters on hawks and hawking, which has its votaries in England still, but which can never again become general. Enclosures make the pursuit difficult, neither herons nor falcons are easily to be had, and short-winged hawks cannot compete with breechloaders. Falconry had a whole language of its own, upon which the author descants copiously. "I am," says Hamlet, "but mad north-north-west; when the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a handsaw." Upon this Mr. Justice Madden remarks:—

The heron was also called heronshaw (heronsewo in Chaucer's "Squier's Tale," and herounsew in John Russell's "Boko of Nurture," circ. 1430), easily corrupted into handsaw. Shakespeare does not hesitate to put into the mouths of his characters vulgar corruptions of ordinary language current in the stable or in the field. Thus Lord Sands talks of springhalt (stringhalt), and Biondello of fashions (farcy) and fives (vives). In the edition of *Hamlet* by Mr. Clarke and Mr. Aldis Wright we find the suggestion that the north-westerly wind would carry the hawk and the handsaw between the falconer and the sun, with the consequence that they would be indistinctly seen, while it would be easy to tell the difference between them when the wind was southerly. I believe this to be the origin of the saying. It was probably a common one in Shakespeare's time, which naturally fell out of use with the practice of falconry. In aid of this suggestion I may add that, in an article on "Falconry in the British Isles" in the *Quarterly Review* (1875), an account of a flight at the heron is quoted from an old French writer, who describes the heronshaw as mounting directly towards the sun, *pour se couvrir de la clarté*. The soothsayer in *Cymbeline* (iv. 2, 350) notes as a portent that Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, "vanished in the sunbeams." This annoyance must have occurred constantly on a bright morning with a strong north-north-westerly wind. The angler who, under similar conditions, in order to have the wind in his favour, fishes with the glare of the sun in his eyes, can sympathize with Hamlet when he describes himself as "mad, north-north-west." When the wind is southerly he can tell a ruse from a riple.

Lovers of the horse will find much to interest them in this volume, both as to breeding, training, and using the noble animal. Shakespeare may or may not have held horses at the play-house door, but he certainly understood them, and the language of the stable and the riding school was familiar to him. He alludes more than once to racing, but without showing any affection for it. "It occupies the unique position of a sport recognized by Bacon and ignored by Shakespeare; so let it pass." For fishing, at least of the more legitimate kind, he seems to have had but little taste, and Walton, who loved poets, does not mention his name. The author adduces evidence to prove, and it is pleasant to believe, that Shakespeare did not care for bear-baiting or such like barbarous amusements.

The Diary is followed by a critical appendix, which raises many interesting questions, but only one of these need be noticed here. "Whenever," says the author, "a knowledge of the incidents or the terminology of Elizabethan sport suggested a departure from the text of the 'Globe Shakespeare,' which I have generally adopted, I have noted the variance. The consequence has uniformly been to restore the reading of the Folio of 1623." We are, therefore, called upon to believe that that is the true original, and that the Quartos ought to be rejected whenever they differ from it. Mr. Justice Madden agrees that the Cambridge edition is the best, but he joins issue,

nevertheless, with the editor, who had "somewhere read, or heard a suggestion that the text of the First Folio ought to be taken as a basis for a critical edition of Shakespeare," but who found that, "in the great majority of cases where a previous Quarto exists, the Quarto and not the Folio is our best authority." Each disputed passage must no doubt be considered separately, and it is not likely that universal agreement will ever be attained, but the author's plea for the editors of the First Folio will not be readily accepted. He tells us that if Heminge and Condell exaggerated the importance of their own work they must be regarded as conspirators, and that Ben Jonson and Leonard Digges must have been of the plot. It is true that Jonson and Digges and Hugh Holland prefixed verses to the First Folio, but they are in praise of the poet and not of his executors. Jonson says a great deal about Martin Droeshout's success, but nothing about the special text which his portrait illustrates. It would be as reasonable to claim Milton's authority for the Second Folio merely on account of the famous lives therein printed. In any case the 1623 Folio was the first attempt at a collected edition, and that was quite enough to cause rejoicing among men of letters. It was not a complete edition of Shakespeare's works, but it made the first long step towards one, which suffices to account for its fame and for the enormous price which a copy commands in the market. As an almost exhaustive treatise on Shakesperian sport, this book may be safely recommended to all who love the poet and to all who love the country and its amusements. There are some suggestive wood-cuts.

**Gleanings in Buddha Fields.** Studies of Hand and Soul in the Far East. By **Lafcadio Hearn.** 7½x5in., 206 pp. London and New York, 1897. **Harper.** 5/-

This is a volume which should have been printed on rice paper and clad in one of those dainty bindings which the Japanese delight in, for it is not so much a book about Japan as the very emanation of Japan. It is little to say that Mr. Hearn has "the feeling of Japan," and he maligns himself when he asserts that that feeling cannot be communicated to Western minds. Though even his metaphysical speculations are full of poetry and suggestion, we may not always be able to follow him into the esoteric world of Buddhist thought through which he soars on the fearless wings of enthusiastic conviction. But in the less shadowy world of Japanese life, with its perennial youth and hoary antiquity, its exuberant joyousness and subtle pathos, its robust vitality and delicate sense of beauty, we cannot wish for a more appreciative and stimulating guide. Wherever his fancy leads us through the highways and byways of Japan, whether to Osaka, the great capital of her modern industry, or to Kyoto, her city of ancient temples; whether into the counting-house of one of her merchant princes, or into the humble toyshop where he tells us the Japanese secret of making pleasure the commonest instead of the costliest of experiences; whether into the rustic spirit-chamber of a Shinto shrine, or into the Imperial Garden of the Cavern of the Genii, he invariably lifts for us a corner of the veil through which our Western eyes are apt to peer vainly at "a world of traditions, beliefs, superstitions, feelings, ideas," so foreign to our own.

What can be more delightful than the opening chapter, in which the simple story of village life in any one of the thousand hamlets of Japan is told, as it were,

through the mouth of the tutelary deity, the confidant of all the humble joys and woes, and hopes and fears of successive generations, that dwells "in the old Izumo shrine on the summit of the hill, guarded by stone lions and shadowed by a holy grove?"

Sometimes a girl would whisper all her heart to me :  
 "Maiden of eighteen years, I am loved by a youth of twenty.  
 He is good ; he is true ; but poverty is with us, and the path  
 of our love is dark. Aid us with thy great divine pity !—help  
 us that we may become united, O Daimyōjin !" Then to the  
 bars of my shrine she would hang a thick soft tress of hair,—her  
 own hair, glossy and black as the wing of the crow, and bound  
 with a cord of mulberry-paper. And in the fragrance of that  
 offering,—the simple fragrance of her peasant youth,—I, the  
 ghost and god, should find again the feelings of the years when I  
 was man and lover.

Mothers would bring their children to my threshold, and teach  
 them to revere me, saying, "Bow down before the great bright  
 God ; make homage to the Daimyōjin." Then I should hear the  
 fresh soft clapping of little hands, and remember that I, the  
 ghost and god, had been a father.

No child-story from Rudyard Kipling's pen is more  
 pathetic than that entitled "Ningyo-nc-haka," nor do  
 "The Seven Seas" contain anything more dramatic than  
 the tale of Hamaguchi, "a living god," with its weird  
 description of one of those tremendous volcanic waves  
 which now and again, as in June, 1896, carry destruction  
 for scores and hundreds of miles along the coast of Japan.

One autumn evening, more than a hundred years  
 ago, Hamaguchi, who was the headman of his district,  
 was watching from the balcony of his house the prepara-  
 tions for a merry making in the village below, in which he  
 was, alas ! too old and infirm to join. An earthquake  
 came, not strong enough to frighten anybody in  
 that land of earthquakes, but with "a long, slow,  
 spongy motion . . . and Hamaguchi became aware  
 of something unusual in the offing. He rose to  
 his feet and looked at the sea. It had darkened  
 quite suddenly, and it was acting strangely. It seemed  
 to be moving against the wind. The sea was running  
 away from the land." And below the people guessed not  
 what that monstrous ebb signified, but were running to  
 the beach, and even beyond the beach, to watch it. But  
 Hamaguchi knew its meaning. He calls to his grandson  
 for a torch, and, hurrying into the field where his summer  
 crop lies piled up in rice stacks ready for the market, he  
 kindles the sun-dried stalks till his whole harvest is ablaze,  
 and the big bell is set booming in the neighbouring  
 temple, and the people hasten back in response to this  
 double appeal. They think he is mad.

"Kite !" shouted the old man at the top of his voice, point-  
 ing to the open. "Say now if I be mad !"

Through the twilight eastward all looked, and saw at the  
 edge of the dusky horizon a long, lean, dim line like the shadow-  
 ing of a coast where no coast ever was,—a line that thickened as  
 they gazed, that broadened as a coast-line broadens to the eyes  
 of one approaching it, yet incomparably more quickly. For that  
 long darkness was the returning sea, towering like a cliff, and  
 coursing more swiftly than the kite flies.

"Tsunami !" shrieked the people ; and then all shrieks and  
 all sounds and all power to hear sounds were annihilated by a  
 nameless shock heavier than any thunder, as the colossal swell  
 snote the shore with a weight that sent a shudder through the  
 hills, and with a foam-burst like a blaze of sheet-lightning.  
 Then for an instant nothing was visible but a storm of spray  
 rushing up the slope like a cloud ; and the people scattered  
 back in panic from the mere menace of it. When they looked  
 again, they saw a white horror of sea raving over the place of  
 their homes. It drew back roaring, and tearing out the bowels  
 of the land as it went. Twice, thrice, five times the sea struck  
 and ebbcd, but each time with lesser surges ; then it returned  
 to its ancient bed and stayed,—still raging, as after a typhoon.

On the plateau for a time there was no word spoken. All  
 stared speechlessly at the desolation beneath,—the ghastliness  
 of hurled rock and naked riven cliff, the bewilderment of

cooped-up deep-sea wrack and shingle shot over the empty site of dwelling and temple. The village was not; the great part of the fields were not; even the terraces had ceased to exist; and of all the homes that had been about the bay there remained nothing recognizable except two straw roofs tossing madly in the offing. The after-terror of the death escaped and the stupefaction of the general loss kept all lips dumb, until the voice of Hamaguchi was heard again, observing gently,—

"That was why I set fire to the rice."

He, their Chōja, now stood among them almost as poor as the poorest; for his wealth was gone—but he had saved four hundred lives by the sacrifice.

The period of distress was long, because in those days there were no means of quick communication between district and district, and the help needed had to be sent from far away. But when better times came, the people did not forget their debt to Hamaguchi Gohai. They could not make him rich; nor would he have suffered them to do so, even had it been possible. Moreover, gifts could never have sufficed as an expression of their reverential feeling towards him; for they believed that the ghost within him was divine. So they declared him a god, and thereafter called him Hamaguchi DAIMYŌJIN, thinking they could give him no greater honor;—and truly no greater honor in any country could be given to mortal man. And when they rebuilt the village, they built a temple to the spirit of him, and fixed above the front of it a tablet bearing his name in Chinese text of gold; and they worshipped him there, with prayer and with offerings. How he felt about it I cannot say;—I know only that he continued to live in his old thatched home upon the hill, with his children and his children's children, just as humanly and simply as before, while his soul was being worshipped in the shrine below. A hundred years and more he has been dead; but his temple, they tell me, still stands, and the people still pray to the ghost of the good old farmer to help them in time of fear or trouble.

We have only space for one more quotation, and our difficulty lies in an extravagant *embarras de richesses*. But, to apply to his own work the words in which he describes the old-fashioned method of Japanese teaching, the example we have chosen may serve to illustrate "a method which invests every form and every incident with ethical significance."

The cooing voice of a little girl dissolves my reverie. She is trying to teach a child brother how to make the Chinese character for Man,—I mean Man with a big M. Then she tries to impress the idea of this shape on the baby memory by help of a practical illustration,—probably learned at school. She breaks a slip of wood in two pieces, and manages to balance the pieces against each other at about the same angle as that made by the two strokes of the character. "Now see," she says: "each stands only by help of the other. One by itself cannot stand. Therefore the ji is like mankind. Without help one person cannot live in this world; but by getting help and giving help everybody can live. If nobody helped anybody, all people would fall down and die." This explanation is not philologically exact; but, as a mere item of moral information, it contains the essence of all earthly religion, and the best part of all earthly philosophy. A world-priestess she is, this dear little maid, with her dove's voice and her innocent gospel of one letter.

If friendly relations between nations depend largely on their understanding one another, we can only hope that Mr. Hearn, who is Lecturer on English Literature at the University of Tokio, is as successful in imparting to the Japanese students a knowledge of the national life embodied in our literature as he is in familiarizing Western readers with some of the subtler aspects of Japanese life.

**Thomas and Matthew Arnold, and their influence on English Education.** By Sir Joshua Fitch, formerly H.M. Inspector of Training Colleges. 7½x5½in., 271 pp. London, 1887. **Heinemann.** 5-

**Arnold of Rugby.** His School Life and Contributions to Education. Edited by J. J. Findlay, Principal of the College of Preceptors Training College. 7½x5½in., xx. + 616 pp. Cambridge, 1897. **University Press.** 15-

This volume of the Great Educator Series has a wider scope and one of more immediate practical interest

than any of the six previous numbers of the series; for the two names which appear on its title page represent the great educational movement of the Victorian era. Thomas Arnold is unquestionably the greatest educational figure of the reign, or, indeed, of the century. We see in him not only the great head master inaugurating a new era in the teaching and the discipline of English public schools, but a reformer to whose enthusiasm is largely due all the educational advantages now offered so generously to the less fortunate classes of the community. He bore a large part in the beginnings of the London University; to the principles he insisted upon must be traced in great measure the movement which resulted in the Education Act of 1870; and it is in strict accordance with the gospel of humanity which he was one of the first to preach that a new spirit of brotherhood between classes has found definite expression, and that something has at last been done to spread among the poor the blessings of knowledge and refinement. Thomas Arnold was above all things an influence. Many men have been better instructors than he was. Dean Stanley, when asked if he taught the sixth form a great deal in the course of his lessons, said, holding up a little notebook he had in his hand at the moment, "I could put everything that Arnold ever taught me in the way of instruction into this little book." He had little appreciation of art or even of poetry. But, if he did not instil into his pupils a great body of learning, he did inspire them with much of his own enthusiasm for knowledge; he made them feel its dignity and its power, above all they learnt its moral aspects, and its immediate bearing on the higher issues of life. We are glad to see that Sir Joshua Fitch records a serious protest against the popular belief that "Tom Brown's School Days" is to be taken as a picture of Rugby under Arnold. As Matthew Arnold pointed out to him, it gives only one side, and that not the best side, of Rugby school life or of Arnold's character. We trust that Dean Stanley's Biography will live when Tom Hughes' romance is forgotten, and that "Tom Brown" will not be quoted in future years.

As illustrating the low standard of civilization, the false ideal of manliness, and the deep-seated indifference to learning for its own sake which characterized the upper classes of our youth in the early half of the nineteenth century.

Sir Joshua Fitch does not disguise his own rather advanced views on higher education; but, while they enable him to criticize with insight some parts of Arnold's educational method, they do not interfere with a singularly complete and impartial estimate of it. If we may suggest a criticism on work so admirably done by so high an educational authority it is that, with so representative and central a figure as Arnold for its subject, a somewhat wider view might have been taken of his antecedents and the general results of his work. Some mention, for instance, might have been made of the original experiment in school discipline made by Rowland Hill and his brothers at their school near Birmingham—an experiment which aroused an immense amount of interest both here and abroad, and was probably not without its influence upon the new régime at Rugby. It consisted mainly in putting the administration of law and justice in school matters almost entirely into the hands of the boys. It was an audacious scheme, but it went too far. As one of Hill's pupils said, "The thoughtlessness, the spring, the elation of childhood were taken from us—we were premature men." A very similar criticism was made with regard to the boys turned out from Rugby. This kind of moral precocity hardly survived the days of Arnold. How



far, as a matter of fact, his work did live after him, how far he actually reformed public school life, is a question we would gladly have seen Sir Joshua Fitch discuss a little more fully. The Rugby Head Master was not alone as a reformer. Others, especially Sewell of Radley and St. Columba's, have greatly contributed to a higher conception of a liberal education, and social changes have helped towards a greater civilization in school life and a better relation between masters and boys. There is much, too, in the school life of to-day which points to forgetfulness of the great lesson taught by Arnold. Some think that the love of knowledge is not the most conspicuous feature of our public schools, and there is certainly still much of unintelligent, uninspiring grammar-grinding quite out of harmony with the Arnoldian spirit. But he unquestionably impressed not only on the schools, but on the nation, a new ideal of education, and stimulated in every educational institution in the country (to use the words of the Bishop of Hereford) "the growth of public spirit, moral thoughtfulness, and what we sum up as Christian character." This is well brought out in Mr. Findlay's book, a book intended for a more special class of readers—to which the Bishop of Hereford also contributes. There is not much original matter in it besides the Bishop's brief but very interesting introduction. It is a kind of "Arnold Memorial," containing extracts from Stanley's "Life," Sermons and Essays by Dr. Arnold on educational topics, and a notice of the chief books bearing on Arnold and educational reform. It is carefully done, and students of education will certainly find it a book worth possessing. Sir Joshua Fitch's chapters on Matthew Arnold gain great importance from the fact that his life on its practical side, except so far as it can be gathered from Mr. George Russell's collection of his letters, has not been written, and that Sir Joshua Fitch is the one man now living who is most capable of dealing with it. It may well be asked why Matthew Arnold, who is known to the vast majority of readers only as a poet and a critic, who was never a teacher by profession, who formulated no new educational theory, who did not even believe very much in the kind of school to which his father's energies were devoted, and who performed with distaste, and from some points of view not wholly with success, the educational task which was the business of his life, should be ranked as a great Educator. But it is impossible not to recognize, after reading Sir Joshua Fitch's exhaustive and judicial "appreciation," that he had considerable claim to the title. An extremely interesting testimony to the indirect value of his work as an Inspector of Schools is here quoted from his assistant, Mr. Healing, who tells us how he inspired the teachers, and how he stimulated by his own enthusiasm for culture the whole life of the schools which he visited. "His usefulness as an Inspector," says Mr. Healing, "it appears to me, lay very much in his success in bringing some tincture of letters into the curriculum of the Elementary School." And he succeeded to some extent in inspiring, in the same way, the great Philistine public outside the schools. He accepted the dictum of a foreign reporter, who said, "L'Angleterre proprement dite est le pays d'Europe où l'instruction est le moins répandue." He preached a crusade in favour of a more reasonable and more liberal policy and of centralization on Continental lines as against the rule of vestries and sectarian committees. His knowledge of educational methods, both here and abroad, was immense, and his authority is constantly quoted in all educational controversies. The Report of the Royal Commission on Secondary Instruction, issued

two years ago, followed to a great extent the principles he enunciated. His educational reports, both for their ripe experience, their width of view, their literary quality, and their humour, are unique among Parliamentary records. He will go down to posterity as a poet; but readers of Sir Joshua Fitch's book will recognize that his claim to the gratitude of posterity really rests, not so much on his poetry, or on his unerring literary judgment, as on the impalpable impersonal influence wrought upon the thought of his own and succeeding generations by his work—we will not say as an educationist, for he disliked that term as much as he did the title of professor—but as the prophet of a new era in which every class in the nation should be humanized and elevated by a wisely-organized and enlightened educational system.

**The Lords of Lara. La Leyenda de los siete Infantes de Lara.** Por D. Ramón Menéndez Pidal. 4to. xvi.+448 pp. Madrid, 1897. **Ducacsal**

The legend which forms the subject of Señor Menéndez Pidal's brilliant study is one of the most popular in Spanish story. Taken from an old lost cantar, it first appears in the "General Chronicle" of Alfonso the Learned, is incorporated by Alfonso's nephew, Don Juan Manuel, in his "Crónica abreviada," and passes, with many variants, into a later redaction of the "General Chronicle," into the "Historia Breve del Conde Fernán González" and the "Historia de los Godos" of the fourteenth century. The ballad-writers and makers seized upon it and treated it to such enduring effect that the Cancioneros of Timoneda, Sepúlveda, and their brethren give some thirty romances on the theme. Its lasting popularity is attested by the fact that, while Juan de la Cueva, Lope de Vega, Hurtado de Velarde, and Matos Fragoso brought it upon the boards in the golden age of the Spanish theatre, it has been used in our century by the Duque de Rivas, Angel de Saavedra, in "El Moro expósito," and by pseudo-historical novelists like Fernández y González. Matos Fragoso's play, "El traidor contra su sangre" is still given in obscure corners of Castile, and was seen at the Teatro de la Cruz in Madrid by Abel Hugo in the twenties. The vogue of the tradition out of Spain may be inferred from the 40 plates engraved by Otho Vaenius, Rubens's master, or the "Historia septem infantum de Lara," published at Antwerp in 1612.

The story is a striking illustration of the ancient Castilian spirit. At the wedding of Ruy Velázquez and Doña Lambra there are present the seven sons of Gonzalo Gustioz de Salas and Doña Sancha, sister of Ruy Velázquez. The rejoicings in Burgos last five weeks, and, towards the close, a quarrel between Lambra's brother, Alvar Sanchez, and Gonzalo González, the youngest of the Seven Lords of Lara, ends with Alvar's death. According to the Castilian code, an affront to bride or bridegroom is accounted unpardonable, and Ruy Velázquez, urged on by his wife, strikes his nephew. A shallow truce is followed by the murder of one of Lambra's vassals who, by command of his mistress, has grossly insulted Gonzalo González while hunting near Barbadillo. The Seven Lords kill the offender under Lambra's mantle, smearing their aunt with the blood from their dripping swords. In this posture of affairs Ruy Velázquez arrives and vows to take such vengeance as shall ring through the world—

Que nacidos y por nacer  
Dello tengan que contar.

Dissimulating his wrath, Ruy Velázquez sends Gonzalo Gustioz on an embassy to his ally Almanzor, Emir of Córdoba, with a letter written in Arabic, purporting to be a request for a loan. The true contents are to this effect—Almanzor is asked to behead the bearer and to send troops to Februs where Ruy Velázquez undertakes to deliver his nephews into the hands of Galve, the Emir's lieutenant. Almanzor, however, spares his

prisoner's life, and a Moorish maiden—in some versions Almanzor's sister—grows enamoured of the captive. Despite the evil omens denounced by Nuño Salido, their mentor, the Seven Lords insist on following Ruy Velázquez, who leads them into an ambuscade at Almenar, where they and their two hundred yeomen are slain after miracles of bravery. Their seven heads are sent to Córdoba to be placed upon a sheet and shown to Gonzalo Gustioz, who falls into a passion of tears. In pity at his prisoner's grief, Almanzor frees Gonzalo Gustioz, who departs, leaving with his mistress half a ring to be presented as a token of identity by his son—as yet unborn. Impotent for action, the old man passes his closing years in Castile, awaiting the day when the avenger shall arrive. At last his half-Moorish son, Mudarra González, appears at the head of a troop, and redresses his father's wrongs by slaying Ruy Velázquez in single combat, and by slaying Lambra alive. As a final touch, Mudarra is baptized and becomes the idol of Doña Sancha.

So, given in rough outline, does the celebrated story reach us. Sr. Menéndez Pidal has undertaken to trace its historic basis, and we may say at once that he has acquitted himself with remarkable distinction. Ruy Velázquez has hitherto commonly been identified with a Leonese count of that name, in the service of Bermudo the Gouty, towards the end of the tenth century; but Sr. Menéndez Pidal demonstrates, by a most convincing argument, that this identification has no more solid reason to support it than has that which confuses Lambra with one of the innumerable Flamulas whose names recur in ancient Galician deeds and charters. But it is by no means impossible that the tradition embodies fragments of distorted fact. The sending of the seven heads to Cordova may be cited as an instance, and the Galve of tradition—a Moor of that name figures in the "Poema del Cid"—may be identical with the historic Galib of Garci Fernandez' time. The alliance between Almanzar and Ruy Velázquez, typical of the quarrels between a great baron and his suzerain, is a variant of the relations existing between the Emirs of Saragossa and the Cid Campeador; while the episode of Gonzalo Gustioz' amours, resulting in the birth of Mudarra, is another version of the story of Oliver and Galeant in the "Viaggio di Carlo Magno in Spagna." In both cases we find the same machinery—the half-ring whereby the father recognizes the son whom he has never seen. Sr. Menéndez Pidal discusses the development of the legend with great acuteness and learning. He successfully combats Milá y Fontanals' belief that no version of the Lara legend can be found between the venerable *cantar* incorporated in Alfonso's "General Chronicle" and the *romances* of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The demonstration is indeed triumphant, for Sr. Menéndez Pidal produces the connecting link in the form of a much more elaborate version which was discovered by him in a fourteenth century chronicle, and which contains an admirable lament by the father over his son's remains. This raises an important point—namely, the derivation of the poetic embellishments found in the later redaction. It is difficult to resist the conclusion that there existed a second *cantar* dating from the end of the thirteenth or the beginning of the fourteenth century. The second that Mr. Menéndez Pidal apparently seized upon his predecessor's theme and the "Cantar de Mio Cid" his own invention details and ornaments more in the Japanese than contemporary standards—as, for example, the embodied in Mudarra against the Emir of Segura, who Western readers with his obscure origin. And there is much Japanese life.

Menéndez Pidal's conjecture, based on a manuscript "Estaria de los Godos," Thomas and Maister a third, or even a fourth, *cantar* on the English Education. The authentic old *cantar* that we possess is "Inspector of Training del Cid," the single shroud of jetsam relic of a mass of ancient song. Composed

Arnold of Rugby. The "Chanson de Roland" and fifty to Education. Edited by Lennox, the "Poema del Cid" is an College of Preceptors Training, entire body of vanished literature, Cambridge, 1897.

It is, that this performance was

This volume of the *Gralla* against the notion and the wider scope and one of more ignites testify to the existence

of submerged masterpieces. From the early romances, none of which dates earlier than the fifteenth century, no certain deductions can be drawn. The most that can be safely said is that they are the *débris* of older songs, frequently retouched and completely changed from their primitive form; they owe their lives to the happy accident that their comparative brevity insured their remembrance down to a time when printing came to save them from oblivion. And, even so, the overwhelming majority of the songs in the *Romanceros* and *Cancioneros* is the work not of popular "makers" but of courtly versifiers. The almost complete extinction of older traditional song is one of the most perplexing problems in the history of Spanish literature. Doubtless the fact that the shorter *romances* and—later—the theatre made use of the more popular versions of historic and legendary incidents may partially account for the disappearance of the earlier style; and there is much force in Sr. Menéndez Pidal's contention that the uncritical adoption of national legends and traditions by the chronicles dealt a fatal blow to the old *cantares* and prevented the production of later examples in the same kind. But, be that as it may, there is grave reason to doubt if Castilian was, in truth, as rich in early verse as it is common to suppose. The mere fact that the chronicles were more to the popular taste is of itself evidence that no man of genius had arisen to do for Spain what the *jongleurs* had done for France. The *cantares de gesta* were a purely exotic growth, and it is scarcely doubtful that the *juglar* who sang the exploits of the Cid was, in many respects, a free imitator of the model set and fixed in the "Chanson de Roland." In other words Spain, like the rest of Europe, till the coming of Boccaccio and Dante, takes her themes and her treatment of them from French exemplars.

In the second part of his valuable appendix, Sr. Menéndez Pidal endeavours to reconstruct the second last *cantar* upon the octosyllabic verse-system of the *romances*, and it is simple justice to say that he has done his part with remarkable success and skill. Whether the ancient *cantares* followed any uniform system of versification is a very doubtful matter; in the state of the text of the "Poema del Cid" as it survives no ingenuity can fit the lines to one common measure. Moreover, if, as the writer somewhat imprudently allows, the ancient chroniclers deliberately wrote at times in assonant prose, it is obvious that the hindrances in the way of textual reconstruction are considerable. But, when all allowance is made, there can be no two opinions concerning the importance of Sr. Menéndez Pidal's treatise. His excellent method, his ingenuity, and his immense learning are exemplary; and his thoroughness is shown by the fact that he has been enabled to add seven new *romances* to the exhaustive collection made by Agustín Durán. One slip has occurred in a quotation from Lope de Vega's "El bastardo Mudarra," which is given as

Ay dulces prendas para mal halladas.

Manifestly the true reading should be "par mi mal halladas," the line being the opening of the tenth sonnet of Garcilaso de la Vega, who plainly had in mind the lament of Dido.

Dulces exuvia dum fata deusque sinebant.

Sr. Menéndez Pidal's work is, beyond all question, the most important that Spain has produced in the province of pure criticism and scholarship since the publication of Milá y Fontanals' capital volume, "La poesía heroico-popular castellana." Written with clearness, vigour, and rare precision, it abounds with ingenious reasoning and pregnant suggestion, with abundant new facts, with discoveries which may involve an entire reconsideration of the early chapters of Spanish literary history. It is not too much to say that Sr. Menéndez Pidal's study of the Lara legend is worthy to rank beside M. Gaston Paris's "Histoire poétique de Charlemagne."

History of Intellectual Development, on the Lines of Modern Evolution. By John Beattie Crozier, "Civilization and Progress," &c. Vol. I. 8vo., cloth, 154-538 pp. London, 1897. Longmans. 14/-

The "Intellectual Development" with which Mr. Crozier has set himself to deal is that of European civilization. Hindoo

thought (mentioned on the title-page) is discussed only with a view to determining whether it has had or is likely to have any profound influence on European thought, the conclusion being that it is and will remain quite a separate growth. Judaism is discussed as preparatory to Christianity. Thus the book has a unity not fully indicated in the title; for certainly nothing organic could be made of a history of intellectual development among men in general without reference to some central movement. In explaining the general nature of the scheme which he has begun to work out, Mr. Crozier remarks that the main question which concerns us is "whether there is at hand a sufficient body of facts bearing on the history of intellectual development to justify the attempt to reduce them to scientific laws, or to serve as proof of the bulk and sufficiency of these laws when found." He concludes, rightly as we think, that there is. The material for historical work such as that attempted by Hegel, Comte, Buckle, and Mr. Herbert Spencer is becoming ever more abundant, and provisional generalizations of a minor kind are constantly being added. Nor is Mr. Crozier's own attempt altogether unsuccessful. He has, for example, been able to make use of new results in reference to the development of Hindoo philosophy and of Jewish monotheism. His chapters on these subjects could not have been written early in the century. And, so far as method is concerned, he is not wrong in supposing that sound generalizations, when attained, should enable us to return upon history and deduce its main outlines. At the same time he lays too much stress upon this kind of "prediction." It is always open to a critic to point out that you can easily predict when you already know the facts. From a knowledge of the starting point of Greek philosophy, Mr. Crozier says, its termination can be foreseen, and he goes on to write a sketch of the history as if it were a perfectly calculable evolution in which the element of individuality could be ignored. This is the Hegelian error, for which Hegelians themselves have apologized by showing that Hegel was all along bringing in empirical facts as given, while apparently expounding them as if they were formally deducible. And when facts are not introduced in this empirical manner, the attempt to predict their details is apt to go wrong. Mr. Crozier, for example, puts Anaximenes before Anaximander and the Eleatics before Heraclitus, because the movement of thought that he presupposes requires that this should be the order. And is it certain that the atomic system in Hindoo philosophy, which he regards as one of its pre-determined phases, was not borrowed from the Greek Atomists? It does not seem to have occurred to Mr. Crozier to guard against all objections by saying with the Hegelians that he is only describing "the movement of categories in the order of thought-determinations," and that this cannot always be realized in the order of time, because there is in nature some impotence or "negativity" which prevents its responding to the self-evolution of spirit. His scheme requires that the predicted order should be chronological.

Comparison with Hegel naturally suggests itself because Mr. Crozier's central idea is much like Hegel's. He sees in history evidence of a power working for the production of higher moral and social relations among men, and to this end making use of the unconscious agency of individuals, who are instruments in a process of which they are themselves unconscious. Thus, while men and races think they are working out their own ends, they are really working out the ends of the genius of the world—"ends more vast and sublime than those they know." As history goes on, however, men become more conscious of the real end of the process; so that in modern times improvements are made "directly" where formerly they would have been made indirectly. With Comte also Mr. Crozier suggests comparison when he speaks of three kinds of causes—personal wills, abstract essences, and physical antecedents; these being, in his view, the kinds recognized by religion, philosophy, and science respectively. The doctrine here, of course, is not precisely that of Comte, for, not to speak of other differences, Mr. Crozier regards as real the causes that are recognized by religion as well as those that are recognized by science, excluding only the "metaphysical"

causes. Philosophy or metaphysics he regards as essentially transitional; though he does not, like Comte, make it uniformly a stage of transition between theology and positive science. Ancient philosophy, he holds, was almost wholly a transition from one religion to another. Although there were movements, like that of Democritus and Epicurus, in a scientific direction, there was not enough rational science to allow philosophy to find a resting place in its movement away from popular polytheism anywhere but in a monotheistic religion. Such a religion had been prepared in Judea, and came before the Roman world in the shape of Christianity. Modern philosophy, on the other hand, tends to become absorbed in science, which in modern times has at length been definitely constituted and now only needs reconciliation with religion. This reconciliation Mr. Crozier apparently finds in the view that personal wills as real internal causes are quite compatible with objective science taken as an account of everything when seen from without. He would probably not object to the description of this reconciliation as itself a kind of philosophy, in spite of what seems his hostile attitude towards "metaphysics."

It will be seen that, while he is under considerable obligations to predecessors—which he does not ignore—Mr. Crozier has a distinctive point of view of his own. And much of the detail is skilfully brought under this point of view. Objection might, no doubt, be made in many places to particular positions, but the course of development is well grasped as a whole. Sometimes, indeed, there is a tendency to balance overstatement of one side of the case by overstatement of the other. There was, of course, much in ancient philosophy that Christian apologists were able to seize upon, and to treat as preparation for a new revealed religion. Yet it is, perhaps, going too far to say, as Mr. Crozier does, that ancient philosophy logically ended in Christianity or something equivalent. On the other side, it is undoubtedly true, as he also says, that Christianity came from outside the Græco-Roman development, and that its victory meant the dominance of a new principle. Here again, however, he is too absolute when he asserts that "the soul and essential spirit of Paganism may be expressed by the moral relationship of master and slave, as that of Christianity is by parent and children." This is to oppose half the facts of the one to the ideal of the other. We think we remember a more liberal treatment of "Paganism" in the Acts of the Apostles. And, apart from any philosophic interpretation, Zeus is described as "the father of gods and men" in very ancient poems. To come to details, the assertion that the religions of Greece and Rome "took their rise in the worship of the heavenly bodies" is more than doubtful. Influential as ideas of the divinity of the stars were in classical antiquity, they seem to have been a Chaldean importation. There is a passage in Aristophanes where the sun and moon are said to be the gods of the barbarians in distinction from the anthropomorphic gods of Greece.

In an appendix Mr. Crozier contrasts the Biblical and the Platonic accounts of the creation of the world. The former he finds extremely crude compared with the latter. Yet, he says, Platonism, which was, perhaps, the best theory of the cosmos attainable before there was genuine physical science, failed because it could only draw out an analytic scheme of the world, and could not set it in motion by a system of personal wills. This Christianity, with its adoption of the Mosaic Cosmogony, was able to do. There was also a distinct theoretical advance from Platonism to Christianity, in that Christianity reduced the few primordial causes of Platonism to the single cause expressed by the term "will," thus satisfying the desire for the simplest key to unlock the universe. Yet the Platonic philosophy was in its manner a religion, or at least dealt with all the problems that religions ordinarily deal with. The whole essay is interesting, and quite philosophical in spirit, though in its earliest pages we note a curious tendency to "drop into" blank verse—not printed as such—in describing first the scheme of Creation according to Christianity and then according to the *Timæus*. This is a paper that illustrates the danger of being rhetorical.

**Neue Beiträge zur Theorie und Technik der Epik und Dramatik.** Von Friedrich Spielhagen. 77 x 5 1/2 in., xlv. + 300 pp. Leipzig, 1898. L. Staackmann. 6 marks.

There is a breezy optimism about the Introduction to Spielhagen's second series of "Contributions to the Theory and Art of Epos and Drama" which captivates the reader from the beginning, and abides till the last leaf is turned. We feel, as we lay the book down, that the writer would make a delightful companion over the nuts and wine, or their native equivalent of cigars and Munich brew. A sanity plays upon his pages which is as free from narrow prejudice as it is from rapid enthusiasm. Spielhagen stands upon the vantage-ground of the Psalmist's age, with his literary reputation behind him. On his journey through life, as his own novels bear witness, he has been more awake to the facts than to the negations of character. He gives all men the credit for what they mean, but keeps, at the same time, an accurate sense of the proportions between intention and achievement. In this way his present volume is an interesting contribution to the study of contemporary literature.

Its contents are of varying value, and only the first chapter rises to the height of a genuine essay. Much water has flowed under the bridges of the Rhine since the first series of these papers was written. After 1870, he writes in the present Introduction, "the younger men readily settled down into the conditions which were so completely changed, into which, indeed, the yet younger generation had first to be born in order to grow up under them. There were few traces of the whilom ideology to be discovered among them. The world was an oyster, which it was good to open. Success was trump, . . . and, rightly regarded, it is futile to deny a world when you are anxious to conquer it. The chief thing is to forge the weapons for the conquest." So the pessimists and ideologists disappeared for a while, and the realists and impressionists succeeded. In the literary sphere, which is Spielhagen's own, he recognizes epos and the drama as the two main vehicles of their message. Each adapted itself to the new demands, and in the second chapter of this book Spielhagen breaks a lance with Schiller on the proper definition of epic poetry. In a letter to Goethe, dated just a century ago, October 20, 1797, the brother poet had written that "every kind of romance is absolutely non-poetical. It lies entirely in the domain of reason, submitting to all its conditions, and participating in all its limits." Spielhagen disputes this opinion. He holds the view of the majority, that the romance and the novel of to-day are the legitimate heirs of Homeric verse. A new epos, in the stricter sense, we are not likely to see:—

"It cannot be otherwise. Every condition is wanting under which the *Volksepos* proper would come to birth. Mythos and Saga, the deep sources from which it derived its life, have been derelished. The people no longer composes with its bards. The thousand hues of society; its division into countless sets, rigidly divided by education, fortune, reputation; the refinements of civilized existence; the endless sub-division of labour; the universal intercourse which brings the extremities of the earth together, and eats away the differences of race and nationality, like the rising tide at the hem of the shore—all these are insurmountable obstacles to the palingonesis of the *Volksepos*. It was obliged to take the restrained language of verse as a mirror of the harmony in which the bard felt himself with his people, and as the only adequate means of expression, when the world to be delineated was held together by religious observance and traditional custom, and was completely perspicuous in its spatial limits" (p. 53).

But if these conditions can never again be repeated, Spielhagen's historical sense is satisfied that the novelist occupies the epicist's place—the more fully and freely, indeed, because his muse has shaken off the fetters of metre and rhyme. The critic does not regard such emancipation as lessening an author's responsibility. "The perfect novels of all times and peoples I could almost count on the fingers of my hands," he writes; but he draws an inspiring picture of the new field in which the novelist has to work.

This picture is contained in Chapter I., "Epic Poetry under the Changing Signs of Intercourse." By a rapid series of contrasts Spielhagen characterizes the wonders of the fresh

material which is ready to the epicist's hand. The genial optimist seems to imply that we are inclined to underrate the poetic opportunities of our own generation. The chorus of Sophocles, he says, in which man is extolled as the most marvellous of created things, might even have taken on a more ecstatic note had the news of the victory of Marathon been transmitted by telegraph-wire or had Salamis been fought with modern ships of war. Germany, he admits, has never yet stood "under the sign of maritime intercourse"; but Zeus' telescopic eye, and the telegraphic sandals of Hermes, and the telephonic communications between Olympus and Earth, have almost been realized by the science of mankind. "I remember to this day," writes Spielhagen, by way of personal illustration, "the powerful impression which the death of Mr. Carker, the villain in 'Dombey and Son,' made upon me; how he watched the glowing eyes of the locomotive, drawing nearer and nearer through the night, and stood stock-still on the rails, like a bird fascinated by the gaze of a snake, until the engine crushed him. That was, if I remember aright, towards the end of the forties. But even now, when no child is any longer afraid of the railway, how can one avoid a tremor at the description of the train rushing rudderless into the night, with which *La Bête Humaine* concludes? What a multitude of different scenes—meetings and partings, denouements, surprises, and captures—happy or sad, friendly or sorrowful—have not steam-horse and steamship, telegraph and telephone, made not only possible, but obligatory?" The writer then glances at "the perspective of the bicycle," and the part it may play in the Odyssey of the future. He has a word, too, to say on the modern tendency to read short novels only. Thirty years ago, he tells us, Auorbach and he debated whether four volumes or three represented the ideal length. The author of "Auf der Höhe" contended for the shorter limit; Spielhagen was of opinion that the book would be spoiled if less than the four volumes was aimed at. To-day he recognizes that the pocket edition at one mark has become the reigning favourite.

The reader will turn with ready curiosity to the accounts which Spielhagen gives of the sources of his inspiration for his "Problematical Natures" and the hero of "Sturmflut." Of more general interest is the paper on Fontano's novel, "Edi Briest," which the critic discusses from the point of view of the problems of elective affinity. "Epic Poetry and Goethe," the title of the second chapter, is made the opportunity of a summary review of a wide field of literature:—

"I must and will say, in despite of the favour which we in Germany extend to foreign productions, that the German romance and the German novel are not only not inferior to the compositions of epic art abroad, but are far superior. We have no Zola, it is true. And I willingly acknowledge that he and the rest of the French, Russian, and Scandinavian matadores of romance are almost always very industrious, very well-instructed, mostly quite entertaining, and sometimes even brilliant writers. But still I am unable to admit them to a high rank in epic composition. The 'documents humains' which they scrape together out of every nook and corner are not artistic pictures, and hardly claim to be so. Their reward will be that they and their German worshippers and imitators will go down to oblivion when once the fashion has changed and the interest in the material has abated. Our Gustav Freytag and Gottfried Keber, Paul Heyse and Theodor Storm do not only lie nearer to my heart; but I admire them at the same time as the far greater artists who dutifully bow to the *vis suprema forme*." (p. 89).

It is characteristic of Spielhagen's sanity that he apologizes in a foot-note for the sweeping statement in the text. It is unfair, he writes, to tar with one brush like Maupassant and a dilettante like the author of "Trilby."

The second division of the book, which is considerably shorter, consists of the contributions to the art and theory of drama. The dramatic profession in all its branches, whether of acting or of writing, plays a far more conspicuous part in Germany than in England. The average society man in Berlin betrays in his small-talk a very poor opinion of the English stage. At home, on the other hand, he seldom visits a theatre of any standing without having previously read the piece which he is going to see. He discusses it afterwards by the help of

Aristotle and Lessing, and refreshes his memory, before passing judgment, by reading the book again. It is this double view of dramatic work, as literature and spectacle, which makes the theatre so prominent a civilizing factor in German national life. No surprise then will be felt when a critic of Spielhagen's eminence devotes 130 pages to a minute appreciation of the several and respective merits of Hartleben, Halbe, Fulda, Hauptmann, and Sudermann. We gather from his reviews of their plays that he looks on the German drama as still in a transition stage. He holds fast to many of the principles of the older school; if not to the famous "unities" themselves, then at least to the modest conviction that, "turn and twist it as you will, a drama is and remains the production of an action by means of representation.

. . . This action must be, in the strictest sense, complete. That is to say, it must start from a definite beginning and work up to a definite end. In order to do this, it must have an agent, a definite man before our eyes, who is involved in the turmoil of the world and tries to fight his way out of its complications, or—as in a tragedy—who is overcome in the struggle. Such a man, as the doer of the action and the guarantee of its singleness, we call the hero of the drama." A play without a hero, adds the writer, a "Hamlet" without the Prince of Denmark, is "no drama, but only a series of dramatic scenes, so many variations—rising in intensity if you will, but at bottom nothing but variations—of one and the same theme" (p. 250).

Starting from this principle, Spielhagen does not take the young lions of literary Germany quite so seriously as he finds them. Some he proves out of their own mouths to be roaring as gently as any sucking-dove. Others he is inclined to regard as the victims of their followers and cliques. How true, for instance, is the final judgment between the claims of Sudermann and Hauptmann:—

"The adherents of a rigid realism recognize in Hauptmann a master-mind, while for Sudermann they have not a good word to say. The adherents of the older school shudder at Hauptmann's name, but would gladly count Sudermann on their side, if he only did not now and then go so far on the realistic road which they abhor. The fact is, both are through and through modern men and poets. From two different points on the circumference they are making for the same centre. Perhaps Sudermann has more 'world' and versatility, Hauptmann more inwardness and depth. But such subtleties may be left to the enthusiasts at either end. The wise friend of poetry will rejoice that we possess two such men" (p. 359).

Such a passage as the foregoing casts a suggestive light on the German's trained faculty of criticism. No one can have listened to the literature-classes in a Prussian gymnasium without admiring the thoroughness of the teaching, and the manner in which every comment is based upon precedent and rule. But Spielhagen's impatience at the hair-splitting of contemporary critics points the inevitable moral. Authors are divided into categories and classes, as mutually incompatible as German political parties, and literature ceases to be taken as a whole or read for enjoyment alone. It may be the more scientific way, but it has its attendant dangers for the writers as well as for their public.

Spielhagen's present "Contributions" aim at obviating this risk. They are pleasantly written and well illustrated from native and foreign sources. It may be that some of them are too near to the subjects which they treat to successfully anticipate the verdict of posterity. In Germany, at any rate, they are likely to arouse considerable discussion, which is, after all, not the least mission of such books; but any one interested in modern German literature who enjoys the combination of kindly good-humour with shrewd common-sense may safely be commended to Spielhagen's pages.

**America and the Americans.** From a French Point of View. Post 8vo., 233 pp. London, 1897.

William Heinemann. 3s

It is always interesting to know whether affection is reciprocated, and the well-known love of the American for Paris makes us naturally curious to read a Frenchman's impressions of the United States. M. Paul Bourget's book,

"*Outro Mer*," has been read and enjoyed by a host of Englishmen, and now an anonymous Frenchman has written a book on the same subject, though not, perhaps, from quite the same point of view. Bourget's impressions, said an American lady to the writer of "America and the Americans," "seem to have been filtered through a Boston and New York filter before they were printed; and, you know," she added, "Boston is no longer America." Our anonymous author has endeavoured to avoid falling into a similar mistake, and the result is a singularly readable and, on the whole, comprehensive survey of American character and customs. The book is full of acute observation and shrewd analysis. Its tone throughout is admirable, and there are numberless witty touches in its pages which serve to lighten the very respectable mass of facts which it contains. The author writes as a lover of Americans and a lover of Democracy—in fact, as a Republican of Republicans; but this does not prevent him from seeing clearly the many points in which the United States have failed to achieve that ideal of freedom, order, and good government at which Democracy aims. He has much to say of the lamentable shortcomings of the American Press, of the corruption and futility of American politics, and of the very false ideas as to what constitutes, and what derogates from, true Liberty which prevail in the States of the Union. "The theory of the political equality of every man," he writes, "is a good theory, and it has, to it said in its favour, done away with a certain servility of the lower to the upper classes; but, in practice, it has ostracized good manners and obedience in all classes, and put the management of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, and other cities in the hands of unprincipled and indifferent money-grabbers." But we have not space to quote more extensively from our author's very interesting views upon American politics and manners. We must, however, give one or two examples of the witty aphorisms which he scatters through the pages of his book. "The best society of Europe is success enjoying an idle hour or so; the best society here is idleness enjoying its success. . . . Society, to be permanently interesting, must be made up of idle professionals, not of professional idlers." "The only individuals who told me that they regretted the abolition of slavery were negroes." "I am no Anglophobe, but the English cannot make coffee, so that a Frenchman has no breakfast; they cannot dress salad, hence no luncheon; they cannot make soup, hence an ill-regulated dinner." Altogether this is a most entertaining book, conceived and executed with that admirable lucidity and logical directness of which the French are such masters. It deserves to be widely read both here and in the United States.

**JEWISH PORTRAITS**, by Lady Magnus, has deservedly obtained the honour of a second edition (D. Nutt). In familiar, yet enthusiastic, style Lady Magnus portrays the chief characteristics of some of the best known heroes of her race. Jehuda Halevi, Heinrich Heine, Manasseh ben Israel, and Moses Mendelssohn are among those whose lives and characters are sketched both lightly and brightly. A less known, yet even more interesting, personality is dealt with under the title of "The Story of a False Prophet," which gives an account of the meteoric career of a remarkable Eastern Jew of the 17th century. Sabbathai Zebi, who claimed to be the long-promised Messiah, and was accepted in that rôle by most of the Levant Jews. He ultimately professed Islam, and finished his career amusingly enough as door porter of the Sultan's Seraglio. The enthusiasm with which his claims were received is only another testimony to the fund of mysticism which exists among a people generally credited with exclusive attention to their worldly interests. The recent Science Congress at Basle proved that this mystical strain in the Jewish nature is by no means wanting among them even at the present day. This readable little volume might also be cited as an instance of the same tendency, Lady Magnus's enthusiasm for her creed and race displaying itself throughout its pages. Like all Mr. Nutt's publications, it is well got up, but in the copy forwarded to us the frontispiece referred to in the preface fails to appear.

## Among my Books.

### HISTORY AS IT IS WRITTEN.

Is it cynical to be amused by the innocent absurdities of historians? Nothing, to my mind, can be more amusing, in the way of literature, than to read, side by side, the works of two historical writers who deal with the same period, and, to a great extent, with the same authorities, but who differ in sentiment. I have lately read, in pure indolence, the chapters on Mary Stuart and Elizabeth Tudor, by Mr. Froude and Mr. Patrick Fraser Tytler. Mr. Tytler was no Mariolator. He thought that Mary had a guilty knowledge of her husband's murder, but as to how much Mary knew he was uncertain. The Regent Murray he regarded as a great, and, on the whole, as a good man, with a dash of the Peeksniff. Mr. Froude had no doubt that Mary was deep in her lord's murder; Murray he admired as the Bayard of early Protestantism. As to Elizabeth, Mr. Froude had few illusions. His opinion about her guilty knowledge of Amy Robsart's murder is rather like Mr. Tytler's opinion about Mary's guilty knowledge of Darnley's murder, though not so frankly expressed.

There does not seem to be a very wide difference between the ideas of these two historians, but, when we compare their works, we are entertained and edified by what they each leave out by their unconscious *suppressiones veri*. I would not accuse either gentleman of being consciously unsportsmanlike; nevertheless each omits exactly the points on which the other lays stress. This, of course, is futile. The facts are accessible, many of them are already printed, moreover one author is sure to tell what the other may be trusted to leave untold. Yet they cannot be trusted to be quite candid. Thus, to give a few examples, there was the return of the forfeited Earl of Lennox to Scotland, in 1564. Mr. Froude admits that Elizabeth had "supported his petitions" for restoration to his lands. In fact Elizabeth had warmly urged it. But, as soon as Mary had granted Elizabeth's desire, that lady changed her mind. Mr. Tytler has several pages on this subject; he quotes the replies of Mary's ministers as to Elizabeth's insistence on Lennox's pardon, as to Elizabeth's care to have evidence of her fickle behaviour destroyed. Mr. Froude omits all that; he merely says that a variety of pretexts were invented for delay or refusal.

Melville was now sent by Mary to England, and both our authors cite a Latin letter, from Elizabeth to Cecil, in which the English Queen admits that she is entirely unable to find a reply to her Scottish sister. "*Invenias igitur aliquid boni quod in mandatis scriptis Randall dare possim.*" This seems a simple affair, each historian has to translate an easy piece of Latin. Let us see how they do it. Here is Elizabeth's note to Cecil; both historians give, practically, the same Latin, except that, if Mr. Tytler quotes correctly, then Mr. Froude loyally amends her Majesty's spelling and grammar. So I offer Mr. Froude's text.

In ejusmodi labyrintho posita sum de responso meo

reddendo ad Reginam Scotiæ [Tytler, for "labyrintho," "labintho," for "ad Reginam," "R. (Reginæ) Scotiæ"], at nescio quomodo illi satisfaciam, quum neque toto isto tempore illi ullum responsum dederim, nec quid mihi dicendum nunc sciam. Invenias igitur aliquid boni quod in mandatis scriptis Randall dare possim [possem, in Tytler], et in hac causa tuam opinionem mihi indica.

Even as to Cecil's endorsement of this scrap our authors differ. Mr. Froude has "endorsed in Cecil's hand 'The Queen's Majesty's writing, being sick, September 23.'"

Mr. Tytler has "Thus backed by Cecil, 23rd Sept., 1564. At St. James's The Queen writing to me being sick." Who was sick? The Queen, in Mr. Froude's opinion; Cecil, in Mr. Tytler's view. "Elizabeth was harassed into illness" (Froude); "Cecil was then confined to his chamber by sickness" (Tytler). Which author could not copy an endorsement without omissions, or additions, and blunders?

Now let us compare the translations of this short and simple epistle:—

#### TYTLER'S TRANSLATION.

"I am involved in such a labyrinth, regarding the reply to the letter of the Queen of Scots, that I know not how I can satisfy her, having delayed all this time sending her an answer, and now really being at a loss what I must say. Find me out some good excuse, which I may plead in the despatches, to be given to Randolph, and let me know your opinion in this matter."

#### FROUDE'S TRANSLATION.

"I am in such a labyrinth about the Queen of Scots (no reference to her letter), that what to say to her or how to satisfy her I know not. I have left her letter to me all this time unanswered, nor can I tell what to answer now. Invent something kind for me, which I can enter in Randolph's commission, and give me your opinion about the matter itself."

Now, does *invenias aliquid boni* mean "Invent something kind," or "Find out some good excuse"? It cannot well mean both, and the difference is important.

A little later both historians describe the situation when Elizabeth made Lord Robert Dudley an Earl. Mr. Froude (whose ignorance of human nature one admiringly envies) holds that Elizabeth was honest in wishing to give Leicester up to Mary. Mr. Tytler is strongly of the opposite opinion. Well, the authority of both historians here is Sir James Melville, Mary's envoy. Mr. Tytler, naturally, one may say inevitably, cites the famous passage, "The Queen could not refrain from putting her hand in his" (Leicester's) "neck to kittle him, smilingly, the French Ambassador and I standing by." Mr. Froude does not cite this passage. Yet one woman does not usually cede to another an admirer whom she cannot refrain from tickling in public. Mr. Froude doubts Melville's general veracity, but quotes him just where he is *not* quoted by Mr. Tytler.

One might go on quoting these parallels, but I confine myself to one case, which seems very egregious. After the Rebellion in the North (1569), when mass was celebrated once more in the desecrated Cathedral of Durham, Northumberland fled across the Border, and was sold to Murray by Hector Armstrong, of Harlaw. This was the one crime which Borderers could not pardon. Murray, then, according to Mr. Tytler, proposed to exchange the betrayed Northumberland for Mary, his

sister, a captive in England. What he meant to do with Mary, " 'Tis better only guessing." At all events, he promised that she "should live her natural life." This proposal to sell Northumberland to his death, in exchange for Mary, Mr. Tytler cites from "Copy of the Instrument," endorsed with names of certain Scotch nobles, allies of Murray's, in Cecil's hand. Knox, at the same date, sent a letter bidding Cecil "strike at the root"—Mary. Mr. Tytler also cites Murray's instructions to his envoy, and his demand for Mary's person, from a note "wholly in Cecil's hand," and adds that Lesley, Bishop of Ross, detected a proposition "equivalent to signing Mary's death warrant." Then Murray was shot by Bothwellhaugh, and the arrangement fell through.

Well, Mr. Froude quotes much from Murray's instructions, as Mr. Tytler does, but about the proposed surrender of Northumberland in exchange for Mary Mr. Froude does not say one single word (chapter 53, 1570), nor a word about the Bishop of Ross's remonstrance, any more than Mr. Tytler dwells on the said Bishop's alleged confessions that Mary poisoned her first husband, and so forth. When we come to these episcopal revelations, it is Mr. Tytler's turn to leave things out. To be sure, the learned Bishop confessed rather too much, like Topsy. Why should Mary, when Queen of France, make herself a premature Dowager by poisoning her husband, the King?

It would be worth while to make a tabular statement of all Mary's iniquities, from the days when she was her uncle's mistress till she poisoned her first husband, blew up her second, and tried to poison her little boy with an apple. A greyhound shared the apple with her pups, and they all expired incontinently. Greyhounds are notoriously fond of apples, and apt to share an apple with their whelps, while apples are easy things to poison. On the other hand, a mere glance through Mr. Tytler's pages supplies a long list of Murray's treacheries; "He betrays Mary's intentions," "Treachery of the Lord James," "Conspiracy of Murray and Argyll," "Art and part in Riccio's murder," and so forth, till he plunders his sister's diamonds, and tries to get hold of her by betraying Northumberland.

Thus is history written, till one despairs, if not of history, at least of historians. There is a pleasing edition of Burnet, with the notes of Swift and other contemporaries. An edition of Mr. Froude, *cum notis variorum*, with the errors corrected and the omissions supplied, would also be a valuable work, and much more humorous than *The Comic History of England*.

ANDREW LANG.

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### FICTION.

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**The Martian.** By G. Du Maurier. Cr. Svo. 461 pp. London, 1897. Harpers. 6/-

The death of the late Mr. Du Maurier at the full height—  
one can hardly say, alas! in the full enjoyment—of one of the  
most astonishing literary triumphs ever achieved was in itself a  
sufficiently pathetic example of the irony of fate. To read "The  
Martian" the novel just completed by him before the close of his

life is to feel the "pity of it" even more acutely than ever. For, strange as it may seem to talk of the unfulfilled promise and uncertain position of a writer who died in his 63rd year, it is nevertheless true that no novelist possessing anything like Mr. Du Maurier's marked originality of mind and singular gift of expression has ever been more difficult to place; nor has any such novelist ever more needed a few years' longer life to enable him to show what was really the reach and what the limit of his powers. On the artistic side, it is true, he had already reached maturity—indeed, he seemed in his first, and incomparably his best, book to have already attained it. Thackeray was obviously his master from the beginning; and together, unfortunately, with the one least admirable trick of that great *exemplar vitis imitabile*—his too self-conscious confidences to the reader—he had certainly caught much of the master's charm. Nor, again, of his outlook upon life, of his attitude towards life, had we anything new to learn. In the main, it was the outlook and the attitude of Thackeray; but with a difference, which conspicuously and most agreeably distinguished him from a mere disciple. The difference, of course, lay in Mr. Du Maurier's exquisite feeling for the beautiful in art and nature—a missing or, at any rate, an undeveloped, faculty in Thackeray's nature; in a certain genuine, if limited, vein of poetry in his temperament; and most of all, perhaps, in that occasional note of profound melancholy which is so mysteriously attractive, even to the lightest-hearted among us, when, as in this case, it is quite obviously the sincere utterance of a human spirit, and not a mere docteronous performance on the pipe of art. This, it may be said, is an array of gifts which leaves little room for unfulfilled promise; and, indeed, on the purely technical side, as has already been admitted, there was none. Mr. Du Maurier had already approved himself a writer of singular force and fascination within the limits of his range; but there was abundant room for curiosity as to what those limits were. One could not help wondering whether the artist-novelist's remarkable faculty of satiric observation and portraiture, his delightful turn for narrative, his humour, his pathos, his tenderness were to display themselves on a wider sphere of life, and among more varied types of human character than heretofore.

It is disappointing to find that "The Martian" leaves that question unanswered. Like in scale and subject, it recalls—nay, it is almost a replica of—its author's earliest and best, though by far his least popular, work. If it was necessary for him to repeat himself—and no doubt the speed with which this novel has followed in the wake of the great triumph left him no alternative—it is, at any rate, matter for congratulation that he preferred to draw from the better, though the less noisily acclaimed, of his two models. "The Martian" does not aim at being a second "Trilby"; it is another "Peter Ibbetson," and "Peter Ibbetson," as the reader who does not wait for a new author to become the rage before reading him will remember, was a distinctly powerful and fascinating novel. Its "ground-idea," indeed—the idea of a man living a nightly dream-life, continuous in itself and wholly distinct from his waking existence—was, like everything else under the sun, not new; but there was novelty in the notion of such a life being lived *à deux*, and in Mr. Du Maurier's treatment of the dream-loves of his hero and heroine there was, what is much more important than novelty, extraordinary poetic charm. Barty Josselin, the hero of this later romance, has, like Peter Ibbetson, his spiritual Egeria; but his relations with her are far less human, and humanly intelligible, than those of the life-long prisoner with the playmate of his childhood, the beautiful Duchess of Towers, and the characters themselves appeal much less powerfully to a reader's sympathies. This is true even of the wonderful Barty himself, who is that most ticklish of subjects for the novelist to handle, an Admirable Crichton; while Martia herself, the disembodied spirit-visitant from the planet Mars, who presides over the hero's fortunes and organizes, or, indeed, rather wins for him his brilliant literary victories, is not only "something of a shadowy being" like the ghost which "Old Mr. Edward Cave" described to Johnson, but is wanting even in that unity

and consistency of conception which the creator of shadows is not less but more imperatively bound to maintain in them than in his creations of flesh and blood. We do not make her acquaintance till far on in the volume, when she takes up her abode in the brain of Barty at an extremely critical moment in his life,—at a moment in fact, when, in terror of an impending loss of eyesight, he was on the point of ending that life with his own hand. Instead, however, of taking the poison which he had prepared for himself, he falls into a deep sleep, from which he wakes the next morning to find on the table before him a paper written under Martia's influence in a shorthand of his own invention during his hours of unconsciousness, and containing the welcome information that the oculist was mistaken in his prognosis, and that the fears which had so nearly driven Barty to suicide might be dismissed. From this time forward, regularly or intermittently, Martia directs his intellectual operations during sleep. It was she who furnished him under these conditions with the materials of "Sardonix" and those other immortal works which have made him as famous on the Continent as in England, having, indeed, been translated into every European language. Martia's supernatural or supermundane wisdom appears, however, to be wholly of the abstract and speculative, and not of the practical kind; and her power over her *protégé* is similarly confined, for though she can compel him to write as she dictates, she is unable to make him act as she advises. Thus, though she urgently insists on his marrying the tall, blonde, and beautiful Julia Royce, with a view to re-incarnating herself in their offspring—which seems to show that they look ahead in Mars—he flatly refuses, and ends by marrying the almost equally beautiful but somewhat shorter brunette Leah Gibson. What is still more remarkable, Martia afterwards admits that she was wrong in her choice and Barty right: an admission which, however valuable as an example to the women of her adopted planet, does not tend to render her a more distinct and impressive figure. Ultimately she re-incarnates herself in Barty's youngest daughter, who dies, unfortunately, at an early age.

The extreme difficulty of the task which Mr. Du Maurier attempted in undertaking to impart even the credibility of dream-land to this story and its personages is obvious; nor can we honestly say that he has surmounted it. Still, "The Martian" is not without charm. If a little more leisure for the work of selection and construction would have enabled the author to possess himself with a fresher and more human theme, to escape from that atmosphere of the occult which had a little too insistent an attraction for him, and to work himself free from those perpetual speculations on the "future of the race," which are usually most depressing when they are meant to be most inspiring, and with which duller and more didactic writers than Mr. Du Maurier have already bored us almost to extinction, it cannot, on the other hand, be said that the lack of novelty in his subject has in any way affected the freshness of his treatment of it, or touched with any symptoms of languor the bright vivacity of his style. Even the story of Barty Josselin's school days, unduly prolonged and unfortunately reminiscent of the admirably-depicted boyhood of Mr. Du Maurier's earlier hero though it be, can be read without a moment's weariness; and though Barty himself—Barty the light-hearted, the frivolous, the miraculously handsome, the practical joker, comic singer, and dissipated young Guardsman, from whose haunted brain a whole series of epoch-making novels begins suddenly to stream forth—is but an imperfect success, the characters by whom he is surrounded, from the sweet-natured *dévote*, Lady Caroline Grey, down through the worthy Philistine wine merchant who is the supposed biographer of the hero, to the low-comedy bourgeois Mr. Gibson, reveal the lamented author in unimpaired mastery of his satiric and sympathetic touch. And the personal note, so clearly audible in both the two earlier novels, is never unheard for more than a few pages together in this last. Here, as there, it jars occasionally upon the ear of taste; in his references to himself, by name or almost equally clear indication, this most charming of *causers* never quite know "what to leave in the ink bottle";

and here, too, as there, the self-disclosure reveals weaknesses, to some of which indeed he was humorously alive, but not to all. No one, however, would wish these revelations away. A Du Maurier without his frankly avowed "love for beautiful giantesses" and his extravagant idolatry of physical beauty in general; without his comical remorse at not having resisted, like Mr. Gilbert's hero, the temptation to belong to more nations than one, and his queer little gibes in consequence at the nationality which he obviously prefers; without his manner, so like that of Thackeray, towards aristocracy—now contemptuous, now admiring, but never quite "correct"—a Du Maurier, we say, without these little foibles, which really added to the human interest of a brilliantly-endowed personality, would not have been the Du Maurier whom all who know him loved, and who by his writings alone has won his way to many thousands of other hearts.

**The Invisible Man.** By H. G. Wells. Cr. Svo., 245 pp. London, 1897. C. Arthur Pearson.

The notion of an invisible man is too full of possibilities to have escaped either the philosopher or the writer of romance. It is as old as the Greek mythus, and as modern as the Bab Ballads. The fortunate possessor of the miraculous gift is generally supposed to clothe himself with invisibility as with a garment which he can take on or off at will, and becomes a kind of spirit, able to satisfy his desires for good or evil independently of almost all the restrictions which hamper ordinary men. Some modifications of this conception were introduced by Guy de Maupassant and by an English writer, Mr. Fitzjames O'Brien. But Mr. Wells's peculiar gift is to reduce the impossible into terms of the probable. His hero, Griffin, employs no ring of Gyges or "receipt of fern-seed." He is simply a medical student, of University College, engaged in a series of chemical experiments on light, but with a magnificent vision of all that an invisible man might achieve. A string of statements about optical density—"a network of riddles"—about the tissue of the human frame, and the result of "lowering its refractive index," with a reference to the Rontgen Rays and other still more mysterious vibrations, throws a scientific glamour over the experiments, and one is really almost persuaded that one's own ignorance of the true meaning of scientific formulæ alone prevents a full apprehension of the process by which Griffin is able to send forth into the neighbourhood of Great Portland Street an invisible cat and at last to fade away himself out of human sight. A doubt might suggest itself to the curious whether by further manipulation of the refractive index Griffin ought not to have been able at once to bring himself back again without having to retire to a remote village in Sussex with bottles and dynamos to find out how to do so, and he certainly dismisses without due consideration the plan of making himself visible again by painting his face in its natural colours instead of veiling the poverty of his appearance by means of bandages and a false nose. For he soon discovers that the change he has undergone is subject to certain fatal limitations. Griffin himself has disappeared, but his clothes remain, and no scientific process can conceal the snow which falls on his shoulders, the mud which clings to his feet, or the money in his hand which he takes out of other people's cash boxes. He cannot even rest his eyes, for his eyelids are transparent, and the least involuntary noise betrays him.

"'An invisible man,' he says, 'is a man of power.' He stopped for a moment to sneeze violently."

Like Horace's philosopher he is "rex denique regum, Præcipue sanus, nisi cum pituita molesta est." Truly an original situation, and well adapted for the display of Mr. Wells's peculiar talent for "planking down" the miraculous among circumstances the most ordinary and familiar, divesting it of every shred of romance and pursuing it through every detail with merciless logic. He is in far more deadly earnest than Jules Verne, who is quite aware that you are taking his genial "yarns" with a grain of salt. The description of what would actually come to pass if an invisible man were known



to be at large in a Sussex village shows Mr. Wells at his best. There is no opportunity given for awkward questions. Every one who comes across this eerie phenomenon would undoubtedly have said and done just what Mr. Wells makes them say and do—the parson, the doctor, and the landlady; or the tramp who comes across the invisible wanderer on a bare Sussex down, and can only give up the enigma when he has stones thrown at him.

"It's a fair do," said Mr. Thomas Marvel, sitting up, taking his wounded toe in hand, and fixing his eye on the third missile, "I don't understand. Stones flinging themselves. Stones talking. Put yourself down. Rot away. I'm done."

Even the prosaic acceptance of the situation by Jaffers the constable who has to arrest a moving suit of clothes, "'Ed or no 'ed," seems perfectly natural.

"No doubt," he says, "you are a bit difficult to see in this light, but I got a warrant and its all correct. What I'm after aint no invisibility, its burglary. There's a house been broken into and money took."

Equally good as a study in grotesque is the picture of the invisible man taking off his clothes and of the antics played by the furniture when he gets violent with his landlady.

"The strangers hat hopped off the bed post, described a whirling flight in the air through the better part of a circle, and then dashed straight at Mrs. Hall's face. Then as swiftly came the sponge from the washstand, and then the chair, flinging the stranger's coat and trousers carelessly aside and laughing drily in a voice singularly like the stranger's, turned itself up with its four legs at Mrs. Hall, seemed to take aim at her for a moment and charged at her."

This is nothing less than an epitome of all that philosophers have told us about nature personification, and an intelligent force behind visible phenomena. But philosophising is the last thing for which Mr. Wells has a mind. He revels in the various humours suggested by his conception, and we are carried on with abundance of graphic detail and lively farce through the first part of the history in which the diaphanous Griffin is still undiscovered to the revelation of his mysterious secret, his declaration of hostility against the human race in general, and his tragic end. The pity is that we cannot keep the grotesque and get rid of the gruesome. Mr. Wells has little patience with the ordinary human feelings. If his uncompromising fidelity to truth leads him to shock them, he does so without a qualm. All the elementary emotions which supply the material of poets and novelists he is apt to regard with cynical indifference. His fiction would lose nothing in its humorous quality by a little sympathy for the weaknesses and passions of his fellowmen, and it would certainly be more convincing. The one fault in this book which mars its extraordinary verisimilitude is the undiluted scoundrelism of Griffin. He approaches so near to the fiend that, with the addition of the demoniacal quality of invisibility, he almost suggests an evil genius from the Arabian nights. Such an impression is certainly not contemplated by the author, but it saves the reader from being too much harrowed by Griffin's very unpleasant adventures and his violent death. Most of the book, however, is pure comedy of the rollicking order, and it would certainly be difficult to find in the literature of comedy so remarkable a study in the eccentric and bizarre.

**The Tormentor.** By Benjamin Swift. Cloth, cr. Svo., pp. 288. London, 1897. Fisher Unwin. 6s.

The hero, or rather the central figure, of this book, the "tormentor" from whom it takes its name, is a very notable villain called Jacob Bristol, and in regard to him Mr. Swift's early *apologia* must be quoted, for it seems to indicate the province which the author has marked out for himself in literature:—

That my task is pleasant I shall not say, but that it is important I shall say with emphasis. For the biography of a man like Bristol is as really, though perhaps not so directly, edifying as the biography of any saint. It lets you see by contrast what a height the saint leaps. In truth, the world seems to be finally interested not so much in art or science as in its own conduct. And the streams of evil and of good—those two

parallels which always meet—may perhaps best be represented by a series of Plutarchian parallel lines of scoundrels and of saints. I leave the saints to other people.

Here may be noted our author's essential difference from one great master, whom he certainly lies under strong suspicion of imitating. Mr. George Meredith would never frankly set up popular opinion as a standard, still less would he imply that edification should be a matter of concern to the writer of romances. Mr. Swift's resemblance to him is, of course, only a trick of style, a mere matter of verbal agility; it goes no deeper than that. There is, however, another master whom Mr. Swift would do well to study. Nothing is in its way finer in literature than Balzac's treatment of the abnormal, and from it the author of "The Tormentor" might draw valuable lessons of restraint and lucidity. It seems worth while to give this advice, for we feel that Mr. Swift possesses some power of penetrating below the commonplace surface of things, though he has yet to acquire the art of seizing only what is essential and of presenting it with clearness to the mind of the average cultivated reader.

It is not a little curious to find that the Tormentor himself is perhaps the least successful character in the book. In the tangled web of mingled motive, intrigue, and crime which, like a great spider, he spins round him, the reader may find a certain interest; but the spider himself is unconvincing. The tangled web of which we have spoken, easy to follow as the story proceeds yet impossible to summarize, introduces us to a crowd of minor characters, who have, however, somewhat more of life and reality than the hero. Lord Sother, the old reprobate, the ex-clergyman, is in some ways the most firmly-drawn character in the book. He is lovable in spite of his affection for the bottle, open-handed to such a degree that he is perpetually in money difficulties, which are described with some humour, and, in short, anything but the typical aristocrat of fiction. Lord Sother goes out in a terrible storm on the bleak and desolate hills to help the shepherds to rescue their snow-bound flocks. He comes home with a half-frozen sheep on his back, which he orders to be entertained royally in his kitchen, and then takes to his bed with a quinsy, of which he dies.

The feminine characters are fairly well differentiated. The three young girls, Jessie Ring, Fanny Mossman, and Maud Whipper, whom some writers would have fashioned out of one insipid model, are distinctly drawn, with much quiet observation and real feeling. Not less good in their way are the criminal Miss Pilking, Mrs. Ring's old nurse Mother Rachel, and the busybody Mrs. Crippen. Of the men, in Paul Ring there is an attractive picture of a raw, half-formed youth developed into something like heroism by honest love, and in Dr. Muster we have a subtle study of remorse acting upon a mind already senile.

It should be said, by the way, that, with reference to certain aspects of life, the book is strong meat. In justice to the author, however, it must be admitted, that the very passages in which the meat is strongest are written with commendable restraint. On the other hand, there are just one or two places where the author, as it seems to us quite needlessly, makes his characters overstep in their speech the bounds of convention. The technicalities of the Peerage often prove a stumbling-block to young writers, and Mr. Swift has not escaped one pitfall. He gives Lord Sother an unmarried sister, who is alternately referred to as "Lady Emma" and "Lady Sother." Of course, no peer's unmarried sister could be entitled to both prefixes; and, the rank of this particular peer being expressly given as that of Baron, his unmarried sister would be entitled to neither.

**Another's Burden.** By James Payn. 7½ x 5½ in., 179 pp. London, 1897. Downey. 3s 6d.

Mr. James Payn is a veteran in the ranks of the great army of novelists; indeed, we had almost said that he was one of the "Old Guard." Fashions change and schools of fiction rise

and flourish for a time, and then pass away; but though men may come and men may go, the author of "Lost Sir Massingberd" goes on delighting the world with his stories, and after reading his latest novel, "Another's Burden," we could wish that, like the brook, he might go on for ever. In this book he tells the story of a lapse from virtue and of its consequences. The penalty is only partially laid upon the guilty; the burden is borne and the sin is expiated by an innocent man.

His honour rooted in dishonour stood,  
And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true.

The author has placed the familiar lines from Tennyson's "Elaine" upon the title-page of his book, and they are true of his hero, Lord Larkspur, although in a different sense from that in which they are applied by the poet to Sir Lancelot.

Richard, Lord Larkspur, or, to give him his schoolboy nickname, Dare-devil Dick, is the only son of the Earl of Philomel, a dissolute and worthless nobleman who breaks his wife's heart and neglects his child. At a tender age the latter is left in the care of Mrs. Cave, the wife of the village rector, who loves him almost as she loves her own son Harry. Larkspur is nearly four years older than Harry, but, in spite of the disparity in their years, the boys are the closest friends. They are extremely unlike in character, for Dick is clever, idle, good-natured, full of mischief—indeed, from the point of view of the authorities of his school, he is a very bad boy. Harry, on the contrary, is gentle, and modest, and shy.

His fair complexion and blue eyes were almost effeminate in their expression, and when his hair was blown back by the wind his countenance resembled one of those angel faces which are carved on the spouts of the college buildings. His schoolfellows recognized the likeness and called him "the Gargoyle."

He, also, is an only child. His mother dotes on him, and as he grows up not only thinks that nothing is too good for him, but that he is too good for this world. It is given to few people to be wholly angelic, however, and Harry Cave, in spite of appearances, is not one of them. He has left school and is at home preparing for Oxford when he becomes conscious of the charms of Lucy Gordon, a young woman whom his mother has engaged to do some sewing at the Rectory. Lucy is a remarkably pretty girl, and one summer evening Lord Larkspur, by the merest chance, discovers her in Harry's society. Larkspur is anything but a "goody-goody" young man. In fact, his wild courses at Oxford have only just been condoned at the Rectory; but he is a man of the world, and he feels it to be his duty to take his young friend severely to task. The latter earnestly assures him that his suspicions are without foundation, and the subject is dropped. Soon afterwards, however, Lucy is obliged to leave the Rectory in disgrace. Harry's share in her fault is not yet discovered, but the lad's sin has found him out; his conscience gives him no peace. He is tortured beyond endurance by the knowledge of the certain disgrace and humiliation which will follow to his father and mother from his misconduct. He confesses to Richard when they meet on the morning of a shooting party, and shortly afterwards shoots himself. It is at this point that Lord Larkspur takes up his friend's burden. Hitherto no suspicion has rested upon Harry. His suicide is believed to be the result of an accident; he is buried in the odour of sanctity. Father and mother cling to the stainless memory of their son as the one great consolation in their hour of grief, and rather than see their faith in their boy's goodness shattered, Larkspur resolves to take the responsibility for his dead friend's sin upon himself. It was a chivalrous and Quixotic thing to do, and Dare-devil Dick little knew how heavy the burden would prove. It was destined to coat him many a bitter pang, and to estrange him from the woman he loved and who loved him in return. There is no preaching or moralizing in the book, which is characterized by the sane and mature judgment, and the thorough knowledge of human nature, which we are accustomed to expect in everything that comes from the author's pen. It contains many bright flashes of wit, and the characters are skillfully drawn. The story is emphatically a good one; none the less so, moreover, because it ends happily.

**Father and Son.** By Arthur Paterson. Cr. 8vo., 320 pp. London and New York, 1897. Harpers. 6/-

Mr. Arthur Paterson here makes an excursion into ground of a different character from that on which he has achieved most success. He does not move among scenes of stirring adventure, in which he has proved his capacity as a writer of vivid narrative; and the field of operations is not across the sea, but in London and Lancashire, and is peopled, not with Red Indians or fighting Americans, but with the unromantic figures of a British merchant, his friends, his family, and his manager. The only taste of the author's fighting quality is in the first chapter, which introduces the two leading characters of the story in the great annual football match of Breckport v. Rumborough. Of this match there is a spirited account. It takes place in the halcyon days twenty years ago, when, so Mr. Paterson would have us believe, the field is crowded with enthusiastic spectators of the working classes who regard with innocent astonishment the offer made by an audacious stranger to bet a sovereign on the result. Cunliffe, the Breckport captain, who wins the match for his side, is the "son"; the interested visitor who is so free with his sovereigns is the "father." The latter fact is not actually disclosed until we reach page 281; but by the end of the second chapter the reader has not failed to identify the speculative stranger with Cunliffe's father, who had served a sentence of penal servitude for destroying his grandfather's will, and had long been supposed to be dead. Mr. Paterson has many admirable qualities as a story teller; but in less capable hands the interest of his story would suffer from the engaging simplicity with which he helps the reader to the right conclusion. He lays all his cards on the table; he keeps no surprises up his sleeve. There is a good deal to be said for this plan, provided it does not leave the narrative at any point dull or barren. Skillfully managed, it renders a story well suited for serial issue, and readers of the Weekly Edition of *The Times*, in which this novel first appeared, while they would unquestionably find enough to interest them in their periodical instalment, would not remain for weeks on the tenter-hooks of expectation until the mystery enveloping some character or event were satisfactorily explained. Indeed, what we like about Mr. Paterson is the businesslike straightforwardness of his method. He does not encumber himself with many characters. Cunliffe and his father; the merchant of whose business the elder Cunliffe is the manager, under the name of Alexander Wilson; his eldest daughter, for whose hand "father and son" are rivals; her brother and two sisters; these almost exhaust the *dramatis personæ*. There are no interludes of general reflection or verbose description; the characters, though distinctly individual, are not very subtle, and they do not indulge in any delicate refinements of love-making. The writer sticks to his last. He has a good plot, carefully thought out; he keeps his narrative always moving, and his style is sensible, lucid, and facile. As a matter of construction, the coincidence which leads to the discovery of Wilson's identity is perhaps rather crude. But the scene itself is well described; and the events which follow on the discovery are capably handled. There are a good many strong situations in these closing chapters in which a rather intricate entanglement of love and business, affecting the character of Cunliffe the father, and his relations towards his son, is unravelled with considerable skill.

**Maime o' the Corner.** By M. E. Francis (Mrs. Francis Blundell). Cr. 8vo., cloth. London and New York, 1897.

Harpers. 6/-

This story may be regarded as a little study in Poor Law administration. Its hero and its heroine were "children of the State," and the career of the latter offers a capital text for discussion on the advantages and disadvantages of "boarding out." Poor little Maime o' the Corner, known to the guardians as Mary Clarke, was happy enough till her foster-father died, but in real life she would, before the union had done with her,

not have been left, we trust, to the unfettered disposal of her foster-mother, who hands her over to Mrs. Newton, a hard and well-to-do farmer's wife with a fine contempt for union children. Nor, when she gets near starvation with her husband in Liverpool, do we hear a syllable of any agency but the workhouse for the relief of a respectable young couple in distress. But we do not wish to criticize the book in the spirit of a Government Inspector. There are unfortunately many cases of genuine hardship which slip through the fingers of the most vigilant philanthropic societies, and the story of Maime and her lover Joe Beattie, a farm lad from an industrial school, is not only convincing but full of a genuine pathos. The construction is rather loose, and the authoress allows her memories of north country folk and manners to detain the reader with incidents, often graphic and humorous, which have not much to do with the story. It is, in fact, a very simple tale—Maime rejected by the faithless Will Newton and taken over by Joe to a life of grinding poverty in town. When things get too bad to last the unfortunate couple do not, we are glad to say, affect the new style and eke out the agony to the bitter end by starving or throwing themselves into the river; nor does Maime, like an old-fashioned heroine, come into the fortune which certain hints as to her origin seemed to anticipate. They simply make their way back through the snow to their old home, where friends are ready to take pity on them, and join the class of agricultural labourer in a district where no sign appears of agricultural depression. The story of the two waifs is vividly told, and Mrs. Blundell shows her usual power of enlisting both the imagination and the sympathy of the reader on its sadder side. Mr. Pedsnap said that poverty was not a subject to be introduced among our wives and young persons. We are quite sure that as here treated they can study it not only without harm, but with interest and even with profit.

**The People of Clopton.** By George Bartram. 8vo., pp. iv.+250. London. T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.

"I think everything that smacks of the primitive and natural," says Mr. Bartram, "is good and beautiful, and the older it is the better. Every man who possesses it should cherish this yearning after the pastoral, and if he is of rural breeding should keep alive the memories of his youth." Consequently our author has set himself to record his own memories of country life in the Midlands a generation ago. We do not, indeed, suppose that his narrative is just what it purports to be, the truthful record of "a country boy's love and lawlessness and escape from consequences;" though, for that matter, whether it is exactly accurate or whether the author is really as well as nominally the Georgie who made love to Jenny Hazeldine and went poaching with the accomplished Fowsey and Exeter Dick is neither here nor there. What concerns the reader is that the old country life of a Midland village thirty years ago is here revived with remarkable skill and verisimilitude. We do not remember so striking a description, for instance, of a rural merrymaking as "Clopton Feast" since Charles Kingsley and Thomas Hughes described the same thing from such different points of view in "Yeast" and "Tom Brown's Schooldays." A certain uncompromising realism marks Mr. Bartram's episodic narrative, and occasionally leads him into language which jars the reader's sense of fitness without materially adding to the power of his tale. Such descriptions as that of Jenny's "soft black eyes, touched for the moment with a bewitching strabismus," cannot be called happy. But in spite of some slips in taste Mr. Bartram has written a very remarkable book; his poaching scenes especially are narrated with a zest and vigour which one's memory cannot easily parallel from our literature. His knowledge of rustic character, shown in such portraits as Uncle Noah, Richard Needham, Lucy Probert, Tom Waakelin, and, above all, Fowsey and Dick, the poachers, is not unworthy of Mr. Hardy himself, the living master in this kind. If this is a first book it bears witness to a skill in characterization and a narrative art which promise to bring Mr. Bartram's name into considerable prominence within the next few years.

**A Rash Verdict.** By Leslie Keith. Two vols. 7½x5in. 277+201 pp. London, 1897. Bentley.

Mr. Leslie Keith's latest novel is marked by the same good qualities that marked that claver story "The Indian Uncle." Like that amusing variant of an old and popular theme—the rich man who "survives his own wake," as a famous Irish novelist puts it, and makes a posthumous study of his kith and kin—"A Rash Verdict" is simple enough in plot, the material being both allight and familiar, though the skill with which it is handled is decidedly uncommon. A wealthy old man bequeaths a fortune to his charming niece on her coming of age, with the proviso that she shall forfeit the money if she marry a certain young lawyer who has given mortal offence to her uncle. As she has no knowledge of the young man named her fortune seems assured. She is quite as ignorant of the cause of offence, but is convinced it must be an unpardonable enormity, since she reverences her uncle as a man of the highest honour and integrity. No testamentary novel could have a slenderer basis, yet the author has made of it a delicately fabricated and entirely readable story. The development of it takes an easy course on perfectly natural lines, and yet we may say, without unfair anticipation, it by no means accords with the expectations of the seasoned novel-reader. The strength of the story lies in the characters, which show shrewd observation and a light and refined hand in the drawing. The heroine, a trifle wilful as the heiress should be, is a capital sketch. Excellent, also, is the unconsciously self-revealing married half-sister with whom she lives, whose vacuous inconsequential talk is likened to "feeble prose" which needed "the support of emphasis." To her easy-going husband, whose chief interest in life is a good and a punctual dinner, she pours forth her fears as to the consequences of the eccentric bequest. It is in vain he reminds her that the young man who may rob the heiress of her fortune is utterly unknown to them and may be said to be non-existent. She is convinced that the money will pass from the good-natured Margaret, who would certainly assist her and her children, to the younger sister Kitty, who is so greedy. "Well, of course, you can't know Margaret as well as I do," she triumphantly retorts; "but can't you guess that she's certain to marry this man just because she's forbidden to?" Her apprehension, we feel, is not unreasonable, and that it is not justified is due to a fortuitous conjunction of circumstances which constitute the main element of interest in the story. This young matron, with her fussy solemnity and her habit of forcible-feeble speech, is drawn with genuine insight and a quickening humour. But, indeed, all the characters may be said to live, as men and women of this world live, and the story in which they figure is altogether an example of the easy, well-bred writing that makes agreeable reading.

**Perpetua.** A Story of Nimes in A.D. 213. By S. Baring-Gould, M.A. 7½x5in., 316 pp. London, 1897. Isbister & Co.

Stories illustrative of the struggles of primitive Christianity with the dominant yet decaying faith of Imperial Rome are, as their number and popularity prove, of constant fascination to a multitude of readers. "Perpetua" will not disappoint those who are sensible of the charm. Mr. Baring-Gould's command of the picturesque and power of graphic presentation are displayed to advantage in the pretty opening scene of the sacrificial rites in honour of the tutelary deity of Nemausus, the modern city of Nimes. There are scenes, indeed, in the story that are not altogether unworthy of association with the brilliant pictures of Rome under Nero in *Quo Vadis*, though Mr. Baring-Gould's book is far more restricted in scope than that of the great Polish novelist. By localizing the story in Nimes during the third century nothing is lost of the piquancy of contrast presented by the old order and the new, and the young faith that was to submerge the old striving with the orthodox, on the one hand, and the fanaticism of the rabble, on the other. As to the features that are common—inevitably common, we may say—to stories of this class, Mr. Baring-Gould's treatment of them shows some originality. The early Christians—the Bishop, Deacon Bandillas, the bibulous slave, Tarsius, and the rest—are very human, though primitive, Christians. They are after the school of Gibbon, rather than pupils of Dean Farrar. The patrician Roman convert is by no means easily converted. Æmilius Lentulus Varro, that noble Roman, declines, indeed, before the pleadings and reasoning of the Bishop, but he does not fall. It is the final sacrifice, the dauntless faith and fortitude of Perpetua that convinces him. The author does not fall into the error of making the Bishop talk like a school divine. Perhaps the Bishop's style is rather too like modern Christian apologetics, but the modern reader will rightly not magnify this anomaly in a picture

that possesses unquestionable force and veracity in its main features. Mr. Baring-Gould is a trifle lavish of archaeology and history. But he has, on the whole, employed his material with adroitness and effect, not merely as embellishments or pictorial accessories, but as integral constituents of the story. As exemplifying this artistic handling, we may cite the description of the feast held by the Christians before celebrating the Eucharistic rite; the account of the various clubs or guild-like associations of Nemausus, and the practical exposition of their functions supplied by the exploit of the Utriculars; and, lastly, the description of the horrible Barathrum or Robur, into which the unhappy Bandillas is cast, which suggests one of the most spirited episodes in the story.

**Menotah.** By Ernest G. Henham. With Illustrations by Hal Ludlow. Svo., pp. xii. + 370. London. Skeffington & Sons. 6s.

It has just been announced that Sir Wilfrid Laurier is thinking of undertaking the history of the Hudson's Bay Company. Hitherto that great trading organization has not made much appearance in literature. The late R. M. Ballantyne introduced it into one of his most cheery stories for boys, and Mr. Gilbert Parker has related some episodes in the lives of its servants, mostly to their credit. Now Mr. Henham undertakes to illustrate the other side of the medal: his tale of the Riel rebellion names, as a principal reason for that hopeless revolt of the half-breeds and Indians, "the unscrupulous treatment of the Indian women by the white invaders," and accuses the Hudson's Bay Company of having "paved the way for this miserable laxity in matters of morality." Mr. Henham's story is readable enough, though as an indictment of the H.B.C. it cannot be said to be convincing. His Indian heroine Menotah—"Heart that knows not sorrow"—is an engaging maiden, though she becomes somewhat melodramatic in the conclusion. Lament is a puppet who never seems to move by himself. But the minor characters are much more lifelike, and Mr. Henham describes the scenery and customs of the far North-West with a pictorial power that seems to be based on intimate knowledge.

## LEGAL.

**The Law of Motor Cars,** Hackney, and other Carriages. By G. A. Bonner, Barrister-at-Law. Svo., 252pp. London, 1897. Stevens. 7s. 6d.

Mr. Bonner describes his work on *THE LAW OF MOTOR CARS* as an "epitome of the law, statutes, and regulations" applicable to vehicles of this character. In so far as the chapters on the general law of negligence, nuisance, bailments, carriers, and ordinary locomotives on highways are concerned, this modest description is not inappropriate. The author's treatment of these subjects is careful and accurate, and will be found useful as a statement of the leading principles and rules of law in regard to them. For anything more the practitioner or student will have to consult the "books at large," and probably, in subsequent editions, when the light locomotive has evolved a case-law of its own, much of this matter might with advantage be omitted. But Mr. Bonner does himself an injustice in including that part of his work which deals with the Locomotives on Highways Act, 1896, under such a designation as "epitome." It is, in fact, a timely, full, clear, and learned annotation of the statute, and will be of great service to all who are in any way occupied with or interested in its administration. Together with the sections of the Act are given the regulations made under it by the Secretary of State and the Local Government Board, to which the Legislature has imparted statutory force. It is to be regretted that Mr. Bonner has not conformed to the now very general practice among legal writers of giving the date of every case cited. The established expectation which prevails among the readers of law books that this practice will be followed is not an arbitrary one. An immediate reference to the date of a case serves two beneficial purposes. It often enables a student to tell the worth or reliability of an authority at once from the place which it occupies in a chronological development of precedents. And—no slight advantage in these days of multiplicity in law reporting—it provides him with a ready means of determining whether any particular case is to be found in a series of reports which his library contains.

## MEDICAL.

**Masters of Medicine.** Edited by Ernest Hart, D.C.L. John Hunter, Man of Science and Surgeon. By Stephen Paget. With an Introduction by Sir James Paget. Crown Svo., 272 pp. One Illustration. London, 1897.

T. Fisher Unwin. 3/6

Charles Kingsley never gave better advice than when he said "Read biography, it is the best kind of history." The lives of great statesmen are tolerably well known. But even in the learned professions only a few well-informed men know more than the names of those to whom their profession owes the greatest debt. In many cases the details of their lives are lost, yet when they have been preserved they form pleasant and wholesome reading even for the great body of the general public who are not specially interested in the work which made them great. The most eminent names in medicine are sooner lost in oblivion than the masters in literature, art, or even commerce. Mr. Fisher Unwin is therefore to be congratulated upon his present venture, and with so auspicious a beginning we wish it all success.

The story of John Hunter's life has often been told, for in every alternate year the Royal College of Surgeons of England celebrates his birthday by an oration from the most eloquent or learned surgeon in London. Born early on St. Valentine's Day in 1728, the youngest child of a large family living near Glasgow, without any advantage of rank or fortune, John Hunter became the most famous surgeon in the world. Yet he was not a good operator, his manners were bearish without the eccentricity which sometimes commands respect, and he was so bad a teacher that it is said he began each course of lectures with a dose of laudanum to give him confidence in speaking to his class. But in spite of all these drawbacks he attained the very highest rank in his profession for, as Sir James Paget wisely says, "his mind was set on science, whilst his business was practical surgery." He was the first to experiment in surgery, not upon patients nor in detail, but to obtain an insight into the principles of disease. Correct thinking founded upon accurate observations, innumerable in number, led Hunter to a position far in advance of his predecessors, of his contemporaries, and of many of his successors. His work created Pathology, the science upon which all remedial measures, whether in man or animals, of necessity depends. All surgeons had examined dead bodies, but none before him and only a few even of his own pupils were able to generalize upon the facts they had observed. Morbid anatomy would have progressed without Hunter, but had he never been born the work of Baillie, of Paget, of Wilks, and of Lister would have been much less fruitful than the heaven of his genius enabled them to make it.

It is, therefore, peculiarly fitting that Mr. Paget should have been intrusted with the preparation of a Life of Hunter, and the introduction by Sir James Paget adds to the value of a really valuable work. The book teems with good stories, yet Mr. Paget has performed his task with zeal tempered with judgment. He has sifted the scandalous life by Jesse Foot, but he has avoided the undue praise which marked some of the older Hunterian Orations. He has availed himself, too, of many new sources of information, especially of the manuscript notes in the possession of Miss Hunter-Baillie, herself almost the last survivor of one of the most remarkable families in England, a family eminent alike in law, in medicine, and in surgery. Some interesting facts about Mrs. Hunter have thus been obtained. She was known to have been witty and beautiful. The friend of Madame D'Arblay and Mrs. Montagu, she wrote poetry, and her little lyric, "My mother bids me bind my hair," lives for ever in the setting given to it by Haydn. But Mr. Paget has discovered that she wrote the words for Haydn's "Creation," as the rough draft of them in her handwriting still exists. But Hunter did not always approve of his wife's pursuits, for

"On returning home late one evening he unexpectedly found his drawing room filled with musical professors, connoisseurs, and other idlers, whom Mrs. Hunter had assembled. He was greatly irritated, and walking straight into the room addressed the astonished guests pretty much in the following strain:—'I know nothing of this kick-up, and I ought to have been informed of it beforehand; but, as I am now returned home to study, I hope the present company will retire.'"

They lived pretty happily together in spite of the diversity of their tastes, but of their four children only two arrived at maturity, and they died without issue.

## NAVAL.

The latest number of *La Marine Française* contains many matters of interest. MM. le Commandant Z. and H. Montéchant, the industrious publicists who have assumed to themselves the mantle of the late Admiral Aube, contribute "a last word on the great French naval manœuvres," in which two statements of Admiral de Cuverville, commanding the squadron in the Mediterranean, are selected for criticism. According to the latter, "cruisers intended to maintain touch" ought to be armoured, fast, possessing a great radius of action, and able to preserve contact, *coûte que coûte*, in any weather. And, further, "the defence of the French littoral" ought to be self-sufficing in the Mediterranean so as not to "immobilize" squadrons whose vigorous offensive action constitutes the best defence. "The absurdity of the operation which consists in keeping contact pure and simple during the night" is pointed out by the critics. Admiral de Cuverville's condition cannot be fulfilled. If the so-called contact vessels are to be specially protected with a view to their fighting a night action, their functions resolve themselves into those claimed for torpedo craft, and the general question of the future of battleship squadrons is thus raised. The writers hold that "the ideas of Admiral Aube have not yet penetrated the brains of the chiefs of the French Navy," and that, "*fait extrêmement curieux*," it is our Admiralty which by building destroyers has rendered the fullest homage to the principles laid down by the French naval authorities. This is correct in a certain sense. It has been recognized that in some waters of limited extent the great flotilla of torpedo-boats which Admiral Aube demanded constitutes a danger, and the Admiralty wisely determined to build a distinctly superior class. In the destroyers, Admiral Colomb sees the doom of the battleships; but although this general proposition that changes are probable is evidently indisputable, there are strong reasons for believing that vessels not differing greatly from our present battleships will continue to be indispensable to the British Empire. The conditions of France are not the same as our own, and it may be that, as the critics state, Admiral Colomb's conclusions "apply better and more logically to the French than to the British Navy." A full investigation of the question is promised. As regards Admiral de Cuverville's second proposition, MM. Z. and H. Montéchant ask what is implied. "This famous Mediterranean squadron which has cost so many millions, and of which we were so proud, is apparently not able to serve for the defence of our coasts! Of what use then is it?" There is here a considerable confusion of ideas. What is meant by the "defence of our coasts"? Does it mean the protection of outgoing and incoming commerce, of coasting trade, or simply of harbours and buildings on the seaboard? If the last, then a few local defences on shore, backed by the great military resources of France, amply suffice for all needs. Such operations as Great Britain carried out against Cherbourg and attempted against Rochefort are now absolutely impossible. A coast line can, however, only be rendered secure in the broad sense by a mobile navy able to hold its own on the sea, and the views of Admiral de Cuverville appear incontestable.

The Naval Budget is critically examined by A. Gael in an open letter to the President of the Budget Commission. French naval expenditure—258,200,000 francs in 1897, will rise to about 284,800,000 francs in 1898, and if it is desired to obtain *une défense maritime sérieuse*, must be brought up to 300,000,000 francs (£12,000,000 sterling), exclusive of the cost of the Colonial troops. The writer considers that the distribution of the expenditure under its several heads should follow established rules, 40 per cent. being allotted to new construction and 10 per cent. to the service of the fleet reserve. The latter important item at present only obtains a little more than 2.6 per cent., and the writer attributes the great number of breakdowns to this cause. As he most justly points out, the machinery of ships constantly at sea is much more likely to be trustworthy than that which lies idle or is only employed at long intervals. The "Admirals of the old school" are of a different opinion, and hold that the number of breakdowns is simply proportional to that of the ships placed in commission. The life of the structure of a steel ship being fully 30 years, France, after replacing all her wooden or otherwise obsolete ships and obtaining at the end of 1902 an active fleet of 24 armour-clads, will find her reserve ships rapidly accumulating, and must either increase the number of vessels in commission or discover some means of keeping the reserve ships in a state of greater efficiency than at present. As regards men, the present active total is 41,000, showing an increase of only 22 to 23 per cent. in eight years, during which Great Britain has effected an augmentation of 39 to 40 per cent. A. Gael, therefore, considers

that the *personnel* of the fleet has lagged dangerously behind its *matériel*. Further light on these subjects is forthcoming in the very interesting evidence of Vice-Admiral Escande, "Major-General at Cherbourg," given before the Commission of Inquiry. The organization of the reserve and the causes of its deficiencies are explained at length. The want of men, and especially of stokers, is the subject of much complaint. In order to send out a vessel for her quarterly steam trial the Vice-Admiral stated that he was obliged to draw upon others, and was generally unable to make up the necessary complements. A greater number of men should be taken from the maritime inscription, which supplies a more suitable class than the recruits obtained inland. "I have very often said it; what I regret, what has transformed our Navy is that our men are no longer sailors." Masts having disappeared "our men are no longer what they were formerly; it is not their fault, but it is not by remaining on a deck that one becomes a sailor." This is an old story, and we do not yet know what will be the effect of the abolition of sail-drill upon the moral of the bluejacket. Admiral Escande believes that it was the habit of going aloft which fashioned the *occur solidos*; but endurance and all that is implied by solidity are found in soldiers who have never crossed a gangway, and knowledge of the sea is a thing as special, as unattainable, except by years of experience aloft, and quite as indispensable to an effective navy as in the days of Nelson. Our many diligent writers who are never weary of pointing out the supernatural merits of the French reserve, which in 48 hours or less is to place perfectly effective squadrons upon the sea, the enormous number of men at the disposal of our neighbours, and our own great deficiencies in *personnel*, would do well to devote a little time to the French point of view.

## At the Book Stall.

The large paper copy has now an established position in every bookman's collection. This is as it should be, for a plenitude of margin, if not carried to excess, forms a delightful element in the pleasurable reading. Of course, from the point of view of utility wide margins are almost synonymous with waste, but to our faculty of intelligent discrimination which we call taste opulence of margin on a page endows it with the quality of charm. The rule of disposition of space which lays down, in reference to the two open pages, or folio, that the block of print shall stand in a white field with the widest margin at the bottom, a narrower one at the side, one still narrower at the top, and the narrowest of all between the two halves of the book, has never been satisfactorily explained. When Mr. Morris adopted this rule for the Kelmscott Press, he indicated that the earliest example of the system of spacing which he could trace was in some 13th century MSS. It is extremely probable, however, that the plan was not at that time first adopted as a distinct and definite method of casting a page; indeed, it was actually the outcome of an earlier set of conditions. For the real origin of the rule we must go back to the 11th century, or even earlier, when an added richness was bestowed upon the illumination of MSS. by means of a very elaborate elongation of the principal capital letter to a great depth below the last line of written characters, and when delicate arabesques were added to the outer margins. To make provision for these new requirements, the scribes, who were seldom the decorators as well, had to leave corresponding spaces at the bottom and outside edges of the leaves. This practice soon became general in the case of the more gorgeously illuminated MSS., and in a mechanical way it was followed by the scribes for those MSS. on which little or no illumination was to be expended. Thus it will be seen that the early printers were only following an already established custom when they gave their blocks of type unequal margins, and this practice, so generally followed in the large paper copies of the present time, has much to commend it if only on account of the restfulness it gives to the eyes in reading.

To collectors who limit themselves to books from the early printing presses, one of the most pleasant things of late has been the steady flow into the London market of fine examples from the lesser known presses of the Netherlands. In many of the smaller Dutch towns, such as Franeker, for instance, some fine specimens of printing were issued which quite equalled anything issued from the great Plantin press. Such a book as the "*Pierii Winsemii Amores*," printed at Franeker in 1631, is a gem in regard to both printing and format. The preface is in

the large bold type, called the *mittell* type in Germany, so frequently used in the Plantin quartos, and the poems themselves are printed from an exquisite italic fount. Quite apart from any question of its intrinsic value as literature, a book like this is as desirable an acquisition as a fine antique coin, with which it may be said to have much in common, on account of the choiceness and precision of its lettering and the perfect balance of its parts.

The appearance of the last book issued by Mr. Morris, "The Floure and the Leafe" goes far to destroy the canon of workmanship which he himself did so much to enforce in the matter of printing. The spacing is not sufficiently wide, and this primary fault with so large a type causes the page to look dirty at a first glance, and it develops into a blur after a short spell of reading. Another point which presents itself for consideration is whether, for all ordinary purposes, the use of so large a type does not defeat its own ends, for there is no doubt that, even in *éditions de luxe* on full paged paper, no larger type than that known as great primer should ever be used if weight is given to the fact that the book may be read. Even where it is not so much a question of taste as of normal eyesight, size of print may err as easily in one direction as in the other. In connexion with this question of brilliancy of type, there arises the further question whether the use of stereotyped plates for printing books may not ultimately tend to become an evil. Books printed by means of stereo plates lack the quality of sharpness which distinguishes prints from a good clear fount of metal type, besides which the stereo letter possesses something of the qualities of the line used in dry-point etching, it has a tendency to run over and become woolly on the outer edges. If this fault is allowed to become at all general the books of the present generation will offer fewer attractions to the collector of the future than the books of the 16th and 17th centuries do to us.

From whence did the art of decorating bookbindings emanate; that it was an importation brought into Europe at the end of the 15th century there is no doubt, but in what country did it originate? The general opinion has always been that it was derived from the Persians. Many instances can be adduced in support of this idea, for the decoration of bindings by means of lines enamelled very heavily with opaque colours, so characteristic, for instance, of the Grolier bindings, can be matched by Persian bindings of a very much earlier date. Curiously enough in their least modern bindings the Persians keep very closely to the traditions of the past, and in matters of design and execution they have made scarcely any forward movement during the last 400 years. Some recent discoveries of bindings executed in Egypt under the later Mameluke rulers would appear to indicate that the early Italian binders owed much, if not all, of their inspiration to Egypt. This is a matter which it will take some time yet to settle. It is by no means improbable that amongst such a mixed race as the Mamelukes there were some workmen of Persian origin, and if this is found to be so, it will be another factor in support of the theory so long held that the art of decorating bookbindings was first brought to Europe from Persia.

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## University Letters.

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### OXFORD.

After a Long Vacation, which to all intents and purposes began last May, after sending a loyal deputation to Windsor and a representative to King Oscar's Jubilee at Stockholm, Oxford commences her academic year with the pleasing novelty of a new Registrar and two recently-elected Heads of Houses. The prestige of Mr. Gresham's name caused him to be returned unopposed. Both Professor Pelham and Professor Lock were the favourites, and both elections are justly popular. President and Warden have done the State good service within our boundaries, and are alike known to the world of the learned in their respective spheres outside this University.

While everyone is pleased with the choice of Trinity College, all must regret the departure of Dr. and Mrs. Woods. The late President's knowledge and taste made him especially useful in the control of those artistic collections which the University is so often charged with mismanaging. In Mrs. Woods we lose—what we can ill afford to spare—the most distinguished of our local novelists; local, but only so by residence; for, although a native of Oxford, she has never owed much to the *genius loci*. The plot of her best-known novel is laid in the classic haunts of Thyrsis and the Scholar Gipsy, but there is nothing academic

about it. It is curious to see how differently two artists may utilize the same background. To Matthew Arnold the "warm green-muffled Cumnor hills" suggested a wealth of classic and academic reminiscence. There is no harsh realism in his pastoral life—the half Virgilian shepherds of the Hurst, the boatman's daughter of the "shy Thames"—yet to Mrs. Woods these same scenes and the rustics of Berkshire provided material for the sombre and essentially modern story of a Village Tragedy.

Novelists have apparently lost touch of the life of Oxford itself. Perhaps existence there is lacking in incident; perhaps it is the sterilizing influence of a too critical spirit. At any rate, the day is over when the undergraduate could be a hero, as he is, for instance, in "Tom Brown at Oxford." His achievements in the schools and on the river used to be invested with a glamour and romance born of enthusiasms which we have now outlived; and no one in the present day much cares to read stories about schoolboy pranks and athletic triumphs; while if fiction carries the hero into other fields, he is in danger, while appealing to wider human sympathies, of doing things inconsistent with his residence at a University; it being, of course, the object of academic officials, like the good gendarme in "L'Homme à l'Oroille Cassée," to see that nothing unusual happens in the locality. On the other hand, too much vivacity in describing the life of Dons and the "Parks System" is apt to be held libellous. The thing has been tried, but not with complete success—Oxford society is still too small to be satirized with safety. It is understood that at Cambridge the works of "Alan St. Aubyn" are not productive of unmixed pleasure. Perhaps it is, on the whole, inevitable that, when the narrator of these days essays to lift the veil from Oxford social life, the result should be rather unsatisfying, as it undoubtedly is in the latest volume of local stories—published this term and entitled "Within Sound of Great Tom." Here are no heroic undergraduate figures, as in "Tom Brown," nor any impressively desiccated Professors of Etruscan as in "Belinda." When the undergraduate appears he is the colourless individual of the present day, and the Fellow is perhaps even milder and more ineffectual than he is in reality; while when the authoress ventures on a scene of collegiate life she does so obviously without personal knowledge, which is but natural.

Mr. T. G. Jackson, who has created a good deal of modern Oxford, now appears as the chronicler of its antiquities. His "Church of St. Mary the Virgin," a beautiful and profusely illustrated book, has recently been published by the Clarendon Press. The annals of our University Church are not only interesting architecturally; for a long time the history of St. Mary's was really the history of the University; the story of the many great and memorable scenes enacted within its precincts has a charm for every one. Altogether such a book appeals to all who know Oxford, even to that hapless generation of undergraduates who never saw the church at all, at least undraped by scaffolding. Towards the end, Mr. Jackson deals at length with the recent restoration of the pinnacles, luckily not in a too polemical spirit, though he has a little fling at sentimental persons who do not understand architecture. Fortunately the fires of controversy which raged round that vexed question are now extinct, and the searchings of heart which agitated Convocation for a year or more have passed into the limbo of the forgotten.

The progress of Dr. Murray's Dictionary has been lately celebrated in true academic fashion—that is, by a dinner, which is said to have been most successful. There is reason to hope that unless the English language should multiply words abnormally, the work may be finished in 1910. For an Oxford *magnum opus*, this seems almost indecently precipitate.

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## Foreign Letters.

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### UNITED STATES.

The October number of the *Atlantic Monthly* completes the fortieth year of the periodical, which, more than any other, has endeavoured to be representative of American literature. The *Atlantic* may sometimes have been irreverently called dull, insipid, or anything else unwelcome to editors; but nobody has questioned from the beginning that it has tried to be at once meritorious and native. The summary of its forty years, with which this last number concludes, is, in its own way, impressive. Whatever else it has done, the *Atlantic* has managed

to count among its contributors nearly all the Americans who, during that period, have earnestly tried to make literature, and has included much of their lasting work. In its first number, for example, Dr. Holmes began the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," Emerson published his essay on Illusions, Lowell and Whittier had poems, and so had Longfellow, and there was something by Motley. In view of this it is a little startling to find that, after the dignified old fashion, none of these articles was signed. Forty years ago an anonymity as unreserved as that of the *Quarterly Review* was an elementary condition of the literary manners of New England, at that time the literary centre of the United States. But that anonymity covered names well known then and better since.

No single fact could more clearly mark the present condition of American literature than the contrast between this state of things and the recent announcements of American publishers for the coming season. In quantity, these are said to be unprecedented; certainly they outnumber, by two hundred or so, the announcements of a year ago. And, almost without exception, they name the authors who thus appeal to the American public. The first impression which one gets from this rather bewildering mass of prophetic information is perhaps mistaken. The very bulk of the announcements inevitably means that a good part of what is announced must prove ephemeral; but among the names spread before us there are certainly a few which have long been respectably familiar. Not to speak of some stray letters which passed between Emerson and John Sterling, or of an unpublished diary of Hawthorne, whose literary remains seem almost inexhaustible; not to speak either of novels by Mr. Marion Crawford and Mr. Henry James, who may fairly be held by this time rather European writers than American, there is a collected edition of the works of Mr. Aldrich, and a new volume of poems by Mr. Stedman; and there are novels by Mr. Howells, and Mr. Frank Stockton, and Mrs. Burnett; and there is a new historical work by Mr. John Fiske. All the same, as one turns over the announcements, what strikes one most is the comparative unfamiliarity of the names so freely announced. That the literary activity of America has never been greater is an undoubted fact. Equally undoubted seems the fact that just at this moment America is not so rich as it used to be in established reputations. Fantastically enough, one begins to feel as if the Nineteenth Century were insensibly become a thing of the past, while the Twentieth is still a thing of the future.

Of course, this impression is not only fantastic, but perhaps a little unfair. When one begins to consider the announcements in detail, one finds a good many titles which cannot be overlooked. In the matter of scholarly contribution to the study of English literature, a study rather more orthodox in America than in England, where it has a far more deeply rooted classical tradition to contend with, at least two works of first-rate importance are promised: a new volume of Mr. H. H. Furness's "Variorum Shakespeare," comprising all that his experienced acuteness and industry can collect concerning *The Winter's Tale*; and the tenth and final volume of the late Professor Child's "English and Scottish Popular Ballads," a work which is believed literally to include every known English or Scotch ballad which can be traced to a popular, as distinguished from a literary, source, and to set forth every fact about them which the unceasing and enthusiastic labour of a scholar's lifetime could discover. The completion of this final volume has been accomplished by Professor Kittredge, of Harvard College, Professor Child's most trusted and intimate colleague. Then there is a second volume of Professor M. C. Tyler's "Literary History of the American Revolution," the most thorough and unbiased statement which has been made of what may be called the mental condition of this country during the years which changed it from a loyal dependency of the British Crown to a region where for above a century the British Crown has been traditionally, though most infelicitously, held to be an hereditary enemy. Then, too, Mr. Theodore Roosevelt promises a volume on American Ideals, which one may perhaps expect to uphold this tradition; the President of Harvard College, a man of

more peaceful temper, will publish a collection of essays and addresses on "American Contributions to Civilization"; and Bishop Potter, of New York, a similar collection of public utterances, entitled "The Scholar and the State." Mr. H. C. Lodge, too, one of the Senators from Massachusetts, and a man of high literary accomplishment, has just issued a book of essays about "Certain Accepted Heroes." Mr. Harrison, formerly President of the United States, has written a book entitled "This Country of Ours." Captain Mahan has made one about "The Sea Power and the Future of the United States." Mr. Justin Winsor, so well known as a librarian in addition to his reputation as a very thorough compiler of historical data, will complete his work on American history in its geographical relations by a volume called "The Western Movement (1763-1797)." And there are more books which might be grouped with these. Clearly enough, there is no lack of vigorous and wholesome mental activity among American men who might well be thought busy enough in their daily lives to have no spare time for the writing of books. Two other facts, though, are equally clear; the work of these men is pretty far removed from the region of pure letters; and yet among the announcements of the present season it is not only the most substantial but somehow looks as if it might be the most interesting.

It is in the region of pure letters, after all, that one must seek, if anywhere, for justification of one's impression that on the whole the writers of the present moment are not quite so well known as American men of letters used to be within everybody's memory. A good deal of the work promised, and now appearing day by day, certainly has merit; and more still very probably has. A book of essays by Miss Agnes Hoppler is sure to be clever. Dr. Weir Mitchell's "Hugh Wynne" is a thoroughly sound historical novel; and if the author were not one of the foremost of American physicians, he would be more generally recognized as no amateur in literature but one of our most accomplished living men of letters. The works of Mr. H. W. Mabie have become important enough for collection in a uniform edition. Mr. Fox's "Kentuckians" has already been enjoyed by the readers of *Harper's Monthly*. Mr. Owen Wister has a new volume of stories, and his stories are always thoughtful works of art. And whoever has read novels by Charles Egbert Craddock, or Ellen Olney Kirk, or Blanche Willis Howard, or Paul Leicester Ford is doubtless willing to read more. Then Mr. Burgess, whose "Purple Cow," and "Lark," or rather whose collaboration in those capital books of nonsense, set everybody laughing who came across them a year or two ago, promises to reprint them or pieces of them. There is no real dearth here of respectable essays and fiction and the like. Only, as one ponders over the announcements thereof one somehow cannot quite forget that the American literature which they cheerfully and pleasantly continue is the same American literature which forty years ago this month could anonymously give to the public in a new monthly magazine, work by Motley, Longfellow, Emerson, Holmes, Whittier, Mrs. Stowe, and Lowell.

It is in poetry that one feels the contrast most. Beyond doubt, the poetry of New England has often been rated above its merit, till even in New England itself the normal reaction of human nature has ended by rather underestimating its value. At least one may confidently say now that our poets were pure, wholesome, sincerely enthusiastic men of letters, who found in their verses a genuine and a welcome expression of what life meant to them. In mere technical finish the work of a dozen men and women whom one could name is probably better than most of that which within the past forty years has become locally classic. But as one scans the announcements of this closing year for names and titles which shall preserve our poetical traditions, one is at a loss to find them. The late Bishop of Massachusetts, toward the end of his life, was talking with a Harvard man of the difference of the Harvard of his time—he took his degree in '55—and that of to-day. "We had poets," he said, "and you haven't." Which means in all likelihood, that the poets of the Nineteenth Century are falling asleep and the poets of the Twentieth not yet awakened.

## Obituary.

### FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE.

Few men have done so much for the intelligent study of English poetry as Mr. Francis Turner Palgrave, whose death at the age of 73 was announced at the beginning of the week. He was himself poet of no mean order, and published books of original poems from time to time for a long period ranging from 1854 to 1881. But his name is best known in connexion with "The Golden Treasury"; and only a fortnight before his death the public had welcomed a long-expected Second Series, containing selections from the Victorian poets. Selections from the English poets have become common since the appearance in 1861 of "The Golden Treasury." It was not, indeed, a new departure. The presentation in a handy volume of gems from the vast storehouse of English poetry was an idea which had suggested itself to others—notably to Mr. C. Dana, whose death we record elsewhere. But few, if any, Editors of poetical selections have shown the taste and judgment of Mr. Palgrave. His "Golden Treasury" has been universally accepted as the most trustworthy guide to the best productions of the English lyrists. It has probably done more to cultivate an appreciation for poetry among young and old than the work of teachers or critics far more famous than Mr. Palgrave. The assistance he rendered to the study of English poetry was not confined to the "Golden Treasury." He published a "Children's Treasury" (1864), "The Treasury of Sacred Song" (1889), a selection from Wordsworth, Shakspeare's Lyrics, a selection from Herrick, The works of Keats, "Lyrical Poems by Lord Tennyson," and he contributed a paper of Personal Recollections to Lord Tennyson's Life of his Father. His artistic tendencies showed themselves in "Essays on Art" (1866) and in the letterpress which he supplied to "Gems of English Art in this Country" (1869)—his versatile literary faculty in "Five Days' Entertainment at Wentworth Grange." His work received a fitting recognition in his appointment by the University of Oxford, where he had been a Scholar of Balliol and Fellow of Exeter, to the Chair of Poetry on the death of Principal Shairp in 1886. He had previously held for five years the appointment of Vice-Principal of the Training College for Schoolmasters at Kneller Hall. He had also acted as private secretary to Lord Granville, and from 1855 to 1884 he was assistant secretary to the Committee of the Privy Council on Education. He was a son of Sir Francis Palgrave, the historian and antiquarian, and a brother of Mr. William Gifford Palgrave, the Arabic Scholar, and also of Sir Reginald Palgrave, Clerk to the House of Commons.

Dr. FRANZ XAVER VON WEGELE, who died on October 16, at Würzburg, in his 74th year, was a distinguished historian and professor, whose name was known not only in learned circles in Germany but to the general public also, owing to his co-editorship with Baron Rochus von Liliencron of the "Allgemeine deutsche Biographie"—the monumental work produced by the Historical Commission of the Munich Academy. He began his academical career at Jena in 1848, and in 1857 was appointed professor of history in the University of Würzburg. He earned for himself the title of "the historian of German history" by his "History of Historiography since the advent of the Humanities." Among his other works may be mentioned "Researches in German History," "Karl August von Weimar," "Dante Alighieri," and a "History of the University of Würzburg." He belonged as a historian to the school of Gervinus and Schloesser, at whose feet he had sat at Heidelberg. He was a most successful teacher, and the charm of his lectures attracted many hearers to his lecture room besides the regular students of the University. Professor von Wegele, who was a "Geheimrath," was also the Nestor of the philosophical faculty of Würzburg University.

M. JACQUES AMABLE REGNAULT, who died on the 14th inst., was born at Versailles in the year before Napoleon I. became First Consul. His friendships embraced many of the greatest personages in the European history of the century, and he was by marriage of affection closely connected with England. In France he had a high reputation as a scholar, a traveller, and

a historian of contemporary events, and his varied experiences rendered him an almost unique link with the past. "He had out-lived," as has been said of him elsewhere, "two empires, two monarchies, and two republics." Among his works may be mentioned "Histoire du Conseil d'État," accounts of journeys to the East, to Russia, and to Norway and Denmark, translations of Byron, studies on English and French prisons, and "Revue anecdotique des Champs Elysées et de leurs environs depuis 1730 jusqu'à nos jours."

Mr. CHARLES A. DANA, whose death has been announced from New York, was both an author and a politician, but the practical business of his life throughout was journalism, in which he achieved great distinction as editor of the New York *Tribune* during the ten years preceding the Civil War. He became editor of the *Sen* in 1867. So outspoken were his attacks on the maladministration of the executive during General Grant's Presidency that an unsuccessful attempt was made by the Government to remove him from New York on a charge of libel. He is well known both here and in America for his "Household Book of English Poetry" published in 1857. He had a large share in the "New American Encyclopædia," and with General James H. Wilson he wrote a life of General Grant. He also published a volume of stories translated from the German, entitled "The Black Ant."

The death of "Tasma" (Madame AUGUSTE COUVREUR) on the 23rd inst. removes a most interesting figure from the ranks of contemporary novelists. Miss Jessie Charlotte Huybers, to give her her maiden name, was of Dutch ancestry on her father's side, and Anglo-French on her mother's; yet her fame as a writer of fiction rests on her admirable presentation of Australasian life. She was born in Highgate, but she accompanied her parents to Tasmania when she was only two years of age.

In spite of the fact that her most distinctive gift was not to reveal itself till comparatively late in life—for Mme. Couvreur was well over 30 before "Uncle Piper, of Piper's Hill," established her place among contemporary writers of fiction, she possessed even as a child an extraordinarily vivid imagination. Her early Tasmanian home lacked no beauty save that of architecture, but this her fancy supplied, and both she and her favourite sister would wander for hours in a wonderful dream-city of her own creation, peopled with a whole society of fantastic beings. She was only 16 when the *Australian Journal* published some lines from her pen, which dealt with the somewhat gloomy subject of a mother's feelings towards an idiot child. Shortly after she entered colonial journalism, and some of her critical articles attracted a good deal of attention. "Tasma's" first story, a short, brilliant sketch entitled "Barren Love," appeared just 19 years ago, but a visit to Europe cut short her literary work. At that time, and indeed to the end of her life, she was much interested in the welfare of her early home, and on the Continent it is by her work as a lecturer on Tasmania that she is known, for she spoke in the principal towns of France, Belgium, and Holland, receiving the violet ribbon and the silver palm-leaves of the Officier de l'Académie. Long before there was any question of the young Australian lady's marriage to one of his most distinguished subjects, the King of the Belgians accorded her a special audience in order to discuss with her a scheme of Belgian emigration to Tasmania.

"Tasma" married M. Auguste Couvreur in 1884. Four years later "Uncle Piper, of Piper's Hill" was published in London, but she was a careful and conscientious worker, and refused to follow up immediately her great success as so many would have been tempted to do. Accordingly, in the last nine years "Tasma" has appeared but too rarely in the world of fiction. "In Her Earliest Youth," "The Penance of Portia James," and "A Knight of the White Feather," also a volume of some short stories republished under the title of "A Sydney Sovereign," make up the sum of her achievement. Since the death of her distinguished husband, so long the senior foreign member of the Cobden Club, and Correspondent of *The Times* in Brussels, Madame Couvreur gave up more and more of her time to journalism, for she succeeded her husband as *The Times* Correspondent. She had a singularly modest and unassuming personality, and her biography is missing from both "Men of the Time" and *Vapereau*.

Mr. WILLIAM ROSSITER, of Camberwell, who died last week, was a man of some literary ability, but will be best remembered as being the founder of the first free library in South London. The library grew out of the South London Working Men's College, and was established in 1878 in Kennington-lane.



## THE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

The Library Association, founded in 1877, held their annual meeting last week in the rooms of the Society of Arts. The new president, Mr. Henry Richard Tedder, in his inaugural address, said that the object of the association was to unite all persons interested in library work for the purpose of promoting the best possible administration of existing libraries and the formation of new ones where desirable. The library journals started since the inauguration of the society were a ready means of communication between English and American librarians. The Library Association began with a roll of 140; it was now about 550. The council's report told them that a charter of incorporation would probably soon be granted by the Privy Council. The speaker mentioned a number of interesting facts to show how the modern private book collector was an important factor in the formation of the public library. In the 18th century Stanesby Alchorne, whose books were incorporated in Lord Spencer's library, and Sir John Fenn were among the first who attached value to the dramatic and poetic literature of Old England. About the same period Mr. Crofts, Colonel Stanley, and "Don" Bowle were paying attention to old Spanish literature, while William Roscoe continued the practice of collecting Italian books, which had been a favourite pursuit of English literary men for more than two centuries. The library of the late Lord Ashburnham bore witness to its owner's love of interesting books combined with a keen sense of their ornamental beauty. The first of the great modern book sales was that of the library of Henry Perkins, formed between 1820 and 1840, and dispersed in 1873. Two copies of the Mazarin Bible, one on paper, the other on vellum, were sold for £2,680 and £3,400 respectively. Amongst the valuable MSS. in the Duke of Hamilton's library were the celebrated "Dante drawings" by Botticelli, now unfortunately lost to England. The late Earl of Crawford had created a representative library of all branches of literature, art, and science, both ancient and modern. In summarizing the main qualifications of a librarian, he referred to Mr. Bradshaw as an example of professional ardour and technical excellence.

Dr. Garnett, the next speaker, in alluding to the recent Panizzi centenary, said that it was gratifying to find that our adopted countryman, to whom the British Museum owed so much, was still held in high honour in his native land.

The subject of a paper read by Mr. Sidney Webb was "A New Specialist Library for Political Science." He predicted that, as the natural sciences had been the main work of the 19th, political and social science would be the chief object of the endeavours of the 20th century, and he called upon each district to collect all literary material affecting the social life of the people.

Among other papers read Mr. J. Y. W. Macalister, the hon. secretary of the Association, discussed the question of the "Durability of Modern Book Papers," and called attention to the disquieting fact that many modern books, some of them of great importance, were printed upon paper which was certain to crumble to dust in a comparatively short period. Of almost all books the worst in this respect were the Blue-books, to which the historian of the future must look for his material.

The proceedings on Thursday were of a more strictly professional nature, dealing with the management and arrangement of libraries. One interesting announcement was that of Mr. Cotgreave, of the West Ham Public Libraries, who said that he was engaged in a single-handed attempt to compile a contents subject-index on a small scale. He hoped that the example set in America, and also by the *Review of Reviews* in England, would lead to the production of a truly national index under the auspices of the Library Association.

Sir Edmund Verney gave at the concluding session a valuable and amusing address on "Village Libraries and the Duties of the Village Librarian." He instanced the case of Middle Claydon, where the Act had been adopted and proved most successful in its working. All that was wanted generally was an addition to the sources from which village libraries could be endowed. The village librarian must exercise a good deal of tact. She "must make herself acquainted by degrees with the literary wants and tastes of each home; she would know that a book on Cromwell and the Civil War must not be recommended to a household absorbed in gardening, or a history of the early Christian martyrs to an old lady devoted to pet cats. Each one who enters the library must have pointed out to him that it contains the very book he wants; the farmer must find a book on agriculture; the boy a manual on carving; the young woman hints on dressmaking and cooking; and the elderly spinster's attention might be drawn to scandalous revelations of the Court

of Queen Elizabeth. . . Librarians had to practice patience and perseverance, and listen with good temper to the most outrageous doctrines. In one case, a canon's daughter was regretting the time spent by the men in the tavern; but when the establishment of a reading room was suggested, objected on the ground that too much reading was not good for the lower orders. It was sufficient if they read their Bibles. The calling of the librarian was the most unselfish in the parish; it demanded the highest qualities of sympathy and self-sacrifice, but the danger was lest the lady who rose to the greatness of her opportunities should be beguiled to transfer her talents and influence to some other sphere."

Mr. Frank Campbell, of the British Museum, pleaded for endowed scholarships in the training of librarians, and Mr. W. Axon, of the Moss Side Public Library, for a complete official bibliography of all English publications. In the evening a dinner was held at the Hotel Cecil.

## Notes.

We renew our thanks to all our contemporaries who (we think without exception) have kindly greeted our first number.

In reply to inquiries, all publishers sending us regularly books for review will be placed on the free list, but during the first few weeks there may be some delay in the delivery of their copies, for which we ask their indulgence.

The demand for the first number has so greatly exceeded our modest anticipations that we must apologize for unavoidable delay in its delivery.

Canon Rawnsley has addressed to us the following sonnet:—

GOOD LUCK TO "LITERATURE"—A FIRST VOYAGE.

Child of this restless age of praise and blame,  
When all who hold a pen must needs outpour  
Heart's fruit for daws to peck at, to what shore  
Sails the capacious hull that dares to claim  
Toll of all books that name the English name?  
Shall baffling tides add sorrow to the oar,  
Dull calms perplex or surly tempests roar?  
Harbour bid welcome home, or reef work shame?  
One thing at least gives presage of far good,  
Your helmsman's guiding star can never set,  
The Star of Truth that knows nor hate nor fear;  
And launched adventurous on October's flood,  
The jealous winds of criticism fret,  
Towards a nobler dawn he dares to steer.

Professor Case, of Oxford, is engaged upon a work on Metaphysics, which is likely to prove an important contribution to Oxford Philosophy. It is to be divided into two parts—Metaphysics, founded on Aristotle's Metaphysics, as corrected by the light of modern physical science; and Psychology, founded on Metaphysics, with the special view of explaining our knowledge of the objects of physical science.

We hear that Mr. Stuart Reid is writing a biography of the first Earl of Durham, which will throw light on the secrets of the Reform struggles and Cabinet difficulties of Earl Grey. Many political celebrities, such as Lord Beaconsfield in his "Radical" days, will fall within the compass of the book. Mr. Reid will throw much new light on the policy of Lord Durham during his mission to Canada in 1838, having in his possession a detailed journal kept during the summer of 1838 in Canada by Lady Durham, and a full statement of the views of the most brilliant of Lord Durham's lieutenants, Charles Buller. Mr. Reid, whose address is Blackwell Cliff, East Grinstead, would be grateful for any letters of Lord Durham or other information concerning his career.

Does any one read Southey now? This question, sometimes asked, usually calls forth a negative response. Southey's fame is little more than an echo with us, and probably his best chance of being known to future ages will come from the fact that De

Quincey has enshrined him in his "Society of the Lakes," and various other writings. Consequent upon the breaking up of an old library in the North many of Southey's books have recently found their way to London, and not the least important of them is his own copy of "Madoc," a fine quarto volume, in spotless condition, and well worth a place in the national collection. Together with the books have come some lengthy letters, which show that Southey was a good correspondent, even though a mediocre poet. Here is the final paragraph of one addressed to Coleridge on the first day of the present century:—"Estlin is coming to London. I supped there on Monday—they produced Cartwright's 'Armine and Elvira' for me to read aloud after some half-hour's superlative praise upon its merit. I read a little at a hand-gallop—for an easier pace would have put me to sleep—and when I had done you never witnessed such a dead flatness as ensued. Danvers cried out—and I gave such a conscientious half-scruple of praise—that the next day they laid all the poor poem's failure upon my bad reading—I murdered it—this would have been like killing dead small beer."

An eminent living authority on art is said never to dress in the morning without an illuminated manuscript open on his toilet table. There are many students of medieval art who, if their enthusiasm does not carry them so far as this, take a keen interest in the subject, and welcome any means of increasing their knowledge of it. Most books illustrating the history of illumination give specimens of the best work in the British Museum and other great collections which may not always be the most representative of the decorations generally met with. Mr. Edward Quaille, of Birkenhead, who possesses a fine collection of ancient illuminated MSS., proposes to do something towards remedying this defect in a work announced by Messrs. H. Young and Sons, of Liverpool, of which 200 copies will be printed early in November. The pictures which illustrate the volume are copied from "Books of Hours" in Mr. Quaille's own possession, and have been specially chosen as being typical of the various styles of illumination and decoration usually met with by the ordinary collector of MSS.

Politicians—or, at any rate, their secretaries—and journalists frequently find it less easy than they could wish to obtain at a moment's notice information about the political history of recent years. The same difficulty is often felt by other persons less versed in the handling of books of reference. They do not like to appear ignorant of "matters of common knowledge" such as the dates and circumstances of the rise and fall of successive Ministries since 1868, or not to know which Government was responsible for the county councils, and which for free education, or what have been the changes in our relations with foreign Powers during the last 25 years. But they hardly know where to go to obtain with the *minimum* of trouble at least a decent cloak of facts to veil their ignorance. Something is required which no one at present has exactly supplied.

Mr. Justin McCarthy's, in many respects, admirable volume now brings "Our Own Times" up to date, and there are other handy books of reference, such as Messrs. Acland and Ransome's, giving chronological lists of events. But they do not entirely meet the case. What is wanted is a compendium of information on special subjects—Education, Labour, Agriculture, the Church, &c.—and on special countries all over the world, preceded by a chronicle of political events, and furnished with an exhaustive index. The foreign part, of course, might require to be thrown into a separate volume. A very large number of persons would, we are sure, be glad of such a work, and the only difficulty that suggests itself in connexion with it is the necessity of re-editing it every two or three years.

The extraordinary zest with which the English public have read Lord Roberts's "Forty-one Years in India" is shown by the fact that it was first published at the beginning of January in the present year, and the 21st of September saw its 23rd Edition. This is at the rate of about three editions a month, and does not include the United States Edition and the Indian Edition. Yet another edition, in Braille type for the use of the blind, is also announced.

A new edition of Mr. Walter Thornbury's well-known Life of J. M. W. Turner has been published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus. The book was originally written in 1862, and its very exhaustive treatment of Turner, not only as an artist, but as a

man, roused a good deal of controversy among the more devoted admirers of the artist. It has been considerably enlarged and recast since then, and it now contains eight coloured illustrations after Turner's originals—rather a bold, and not wholly successful, embellishment to the volume.

Mr. Cedric Chivers, in starting last year his "New Book List" made far the best attempt to produce a really useful bibliography of current literature that we have yet seen, containing a monthly list, with the fullest possible details of each publication, and occasional explanatory notes, arranged alphabetically according to authors' names, each entry being numbered. An alphabetical subject and title index in the middle of the book referring the student to these numbers enabled him to find at a moment's notice not only the particulars of any book published during the month, but also whether during that period a book has been published by a particular author or on a particular subject.

This numbering of the books, as Mr. Chivers says, "enables us to compile and issue cumulative indexes at any desired periods" and "acts as a code for ordering books at any time." At the end of the year these monthly parts are bound up together into annual volumes, with a new index, under the title "New Catalogue of British Literature." We are sorry to see that in the October List which Mr. Chivers has sent us he abandons the continuous alphabetical list according to authors, and divides the books according to subjects, the list of which is somewhat arbitrarily chosen, and does not, for instance, include "biography" as a separate heading. This very much impairs the usefulness of the book as a means of rapid reference, and the more so as we are not told on which page the different headings will be found, and, although we are promised a "cumulative author and subject and title index," it is not bound up with the October New Book List.

Early next year is to be published by the Cambridge University Press a Facsimile Edition of the Greek and Latin manuscript of the Four Gospels and Acts of the Apostles, preserved in the Cambridge University Library, and generally known as Codex Bezae or Codex D. M. Paul Dujardin, of Paris, will photograph the pages of the manuscript and engrave them on copper by the process known as "heliogravure."

The Fragment of Aquila, which Mr. F. C. Burkitt recently unearthed in the Cambridge University Library, will be published by the Cambridge University Press. Mr. Burkitt himself will edit it, and Dr. Taylor, Master of St. John's College, will probably write an excursus or appendix.

The "Antiquary's Library" of Messrs. Elliot Stock, which began with Mr. M. G. Watkins's useful "Gleanings from the History of the Ancients," follows it up with "Sculptured Signs of Old London," by Mr. Philip Norman, a book which was published some years ago at a high price. Mr. H. B. Wheatley writes a preface to the book. A number of other volumes are announced, the first two being "The History of Fairs," by Cornelius Walford, and "The History of Folk-lore Relics of Early Village Life," by G. L. Gomme.

It is a satisfaction to know that M. Paul Bourget, whose "Voyageuses" appeared only three or four weeks ago from the presses of M. Alphonse Lemerre, will offer us a new novel "La Dame Bleue" in November, to be published also by M. Lemerre. And it is a satisfaction, not merely because we are to have another story from M. Bourget—this is the third volume he will have brought out this year: we had "Recommencements" in March, and it is still selling like a new book—but because this is the best possible assurance that the quarrel between him and M. Lemerre is being arranged, if it be not indeed entirely settled.

M. Lemerre is also publishing a new novel by M. Remy St. Maurice entitled "Temple d'Amour" and three short stories "Trois Nouvelles," by M. Marcel Provost whose "Les Demi-Vierges," if the most popular, is not the most distinguished work he has done. At the beginning of the year M. Lemerre's name will figure on the title pages of stories by M. Paul Hervieu ("Amitié" to be published in March), by Daniel Leaneur ("Comédiennes" for February), by M. Bonnetain ("L'Impasse," also for February, although we should have it at an earlier date

if the author were not busy at his post in Indo-China), by M. René Maizeroy ("Hors l'Amour"), and by M. André Theuriot, the new Academician whom M. Bourget is shortly to welcome at the Palais Mazarin ("Deuil de Veuve," an illustrated volume also for February).

That exceedingly useful book by M. Joseph Texte, "Jean-Jacques Rousseau et les Origines des Cosmopolitisme Littéraire," published by Messrs. Hachette—a book which should immediately be translated into English—suggests other illustrations of the inherent universality of the syntax and genius of the French language. Young's "Night Thoughts," in the last century, made for this reason an incredible impression in France. Young was compared to Homer and Eschylus and Pindar. Even in Italy the "sepulchral Young" enjoyed hardly less celebrity. The French language in fact tends to eliminate the provincialism in the work of an English or German writer. And this is partly because, as Renan confesses in the preface of his "L'Avenir de la Science" (Calmann Lévy), French cannot readily express certain ideas which a subtle writer is tempted to make it express. The French phrase *cela n'est pas Français* is the petulant testimony to the French passion for clearness to which Renan had—at first against his will—to submit.

René Le Clerc, the young poet whose suicide made such a painful impression in Paris during the early part of this month, was not without talent. Unhappily, he had become reduced to absolute destitution while waiting for the success which never came, and it was misery which prompted him to take his life. The following are some of his verses:—

#### REQUÊTE A NOËL.

Point ne vous pantins ni poupées,  
Ni fanfreluches, ni bijoux ;  
Bon Jésus, garde tes joujoux  
Pour les âmes innocentes !  
Mets dans mon sabot de Noël  
Le jeune espoir qui nous fait libre,  
Mets le désir profond de vivre  
Et la fleur qui fleurit au ciel !  
Mets le désir profond des rues,  
Des foules, des dérisions ;  
Mets aussi des illusions  
Pour remplacer les disparues.  
Mets l'esprit factice et railleur  
Qui fait oublier la souffrance,  
Mets-y surtout une espérance  
En quelque chose de meilleur !  
Mets l'orgueil de la fantaisie,  
Le courage—rare parfois—  
De poursuivre une bonne fois  
La route que l'on a choisie !  
Mets le succès dans les efforts,  
Le travail, sans souci ni doute,  
Et, comme étoile sur sa route,  
L'orgueil simple qui fait les forts !

The visit of the King of Siam to the Guimet Museum has called attention to the founder of this Museum of Religions. M. Emile Guimet was born at Lyons in 1836. He has been a great traveller, and has visited Africa, America, China, Japan, India, &c. Having a considerable fortune, he brought back with him most valuable artistic collections and objects of all kinds with which to found a Museum of Religions. This most interesting museum he made over to the city of Paris, but he still continues to watch over it himself with the greatest care. M. Guimet is also a musician and a writer of much talent. He has noted down his impressions of various countries in the following books:—"Croquis Egyptiens," "Aquarelles Africaines," "Promenades Japonaises," "Esquisses Scandinaves," &c.

The city of Lyons seems ever ready to stretch out a helping hand to literary aspirants, and we now hear that a committee has been formed there on very original lines. The members of this committee consider that the writers of to-day take up too many different branches. Young writers, for instance, are frequently compelled to take up what pays, whilst the divine spark of their particular genius has to go on smouldering within them for years, or, perhaps, for ever; and the world is undoubtedly the loser thereby in the end. This Lyons committee proposes that other committees should be formed in France, each one of which shall patronize some specially-determined class of literature, and

undertake to remunerate the young writers who produce the best work of the kind specified. The Lyons branch has styled itself the "Edgar-Allan-Poe Committee." Its aim and object is to discover an Edgar Poe amongst French modern writers, and it undertakes to give a prize at the end of next year to the author of the best work in this class of literature. The address of the committee is 30, Rue Thomassin, Lyons.

Strangely enough Bulwer Lytton's "Richelieu," now being given at the Odeon, has been played in almost all countries except France. It was brought out first in England by Macready, and then taken up by Irving. Frederic Haase played it in Germany, Rossi in Italy, and Basil Samocloff in Russia. The adaptation for the French stage has been made by M. Charles Samson, whose original pieces "Les Guoux" and "Mario Stuart" are so well known.

A report on the princely bequest made by the Duc d'Aumale to the Institute of France has been presented to that body. The whole value of the collections is put at 15,000,000*fr.* The library, including 28,000 volumes and 1,400 manuscripts, amounts in value to a third of the whole.

Much scepticism is often expressed when stories are told of "finds" of rare books; but a story just now current is fairly well authenticated, and were it not true it is still *ben trovato*. It relates to Camerari's "Predestinatione," printed in Paris, in 1536, by Matthew Danidis. This particular copy was bound with the emblems of Henry II. and Diane of Poitiers, stamped on the leather cover. It belonged to a member of the De Retz family, who left his library to the Annunziata at Florence. In 1860 this library was seized by the Italian Government and sold publicly, by weight, including, of course, the rare "Predestinatione." The purchaser sold the library at the rate of a penny per volume, and the Danidis printed volume came into the possession of a bookseller, who cleaned its much-begrimed covers and came upon the coveted monogram. Mr. Gibson Craig must have acquired it somehow, as it was sold at the sale of his library; and now a London bookseller catalogues it at £210.

The mid-October number of the *Nuova Antologia*—the best of the Italian reviews—contains an excellent article by Signor Pasquale Villari, entitled "Due scritti inglesi sul Machiavelli." It is a criticism of Mr. Morley's Romanes lecture on Machiavelli and of Mr. Greenwood's reply in the August number of *Cosmopolis*. Signor Villari is of opinion that "Machiavelli's greatest merit was that he first dared to state openly the profound difference which exists between the conduct to be observed in public life as distinguished from that which should obtain in private life. Machiavelli's mistake," adds Signor Villari, "was that he allowed himself too frequently to employ language which was not only exaggerated but even cynical." An article in the same number, by Professor Alfredo Frassati, on Italian foreign politics and the Franco-Russian Alliance, has excited much attention both in Italy and in other countries. Our acknowledgments are due to our Italian contemporary for the cordial welcome it extends to *Literature*, which it regards as "another indication that in England the political and economic movement is not dissociated from culture and literary studies."

The first number of a new Italian review was published on the 15th inst. It is entitled *Rivista Politica e Letteraria*, and has its offices at 3, Via Marco Minghetti, Rome.

The third volume of Mr. Temple Scott's edition of the "Prose Works of Jonathan Swift" is in the press, and will be ready early next year. It is to include all the writings of the Dean which dealt with religion and the Church. The volume to follow will contain Swift's political writings on English affairs. The Irish tracts are to be treated separately. Mr. Scott will be extremely obliged for suggestions or for the loan of the first editions of any of Swift's pamphlets. He undertakes to return them with all care. Communications should be addressed care of George Bell and Sons, York-street, Covent-garden, W.C.

Mr. David Nutt will shortly publish an accurate reprint of Cuxton's translation of "Reynard, the Fox." It will be prefixed by an exhaustive introduction from the pen of Mr. Joseph Jacobs, who will trace the intricate literary history of this remarkable story.

In the Preface to the "Poems of the Love and Pride of England," which Messrs. Ward and Lock are about to issue, edited by Mr. Frederick Wedmore and his daughter, Mr. Wedmore comments on the comparative absence, as far as anthologies are concerned, of "any gentle body of teaching in patriotic virtue," and he adds, in part explanation, that, "while the worship of Heaven and the admiration of the opposite sex have been from all recorded time a passionate love of England and a pride in her performances, is an affair of at most two or three centuries." Speaking further of the mental attitude in regard to patriotism, "in certain corners of England, academic or suburban," a few years ago, Mr. Wedmore contrasts it with the present feeling, which is so much more characteristically a modern note, and suggests that a book of English patriotic verse, hardly now, under the changed circumstances, a needful stimulant, may yet do service in reminding young and old "what an inheritance is ours, and what an obligation!"

The poems of Tudur Aled, the last of the monkish bards of Wales, who died *circa* 1527, have been prepared for the press by Mr. J. H. Davies, of Lincoln's Inn, and Mr. Gwenogvryn Evans. Mr. Davies, in consequence of a recent visit to the Peniarth Library, will be able to base his text on the Peniarth MS. 11C, which was written about the time of the author's death.

The Literary Section of the Guild of Graduates of the Welsh University have announced their intention of issuing a series of reprints, consisting mainly of rare Welsh books published in Tudor and Stuart times. A complete edition of the works of Morgan Llwyd (1620-1659), by the Warden of the Guild (Mr. T. E. Ellis, M.P.), is in an advanced stage of preparation.

A volume of Welsh Ballads, by Mr. Ernest Rhys, will be ready by the middle or end of November. The publisher will be Mr. Spurrell, of Carmarthen.

Mr. Cyril Davenport has nearly completed the series of illustrations which he has been for some time preparing to illustrate the Cantor Lectures, on the origin and art of bookbinding, which he is to deliver in January next. The lectures will be divided into three divisions—Oriental, Medieval, and Modern, and in order to make each section thoroughly representative Mr. Davenport has been at considerable pains to procure the very finest examples in existence. Great difficulty has been experienced in regard to the Oriental bindings of the 15th and 16th centuries, most of which are covered with a thick glaze or varnish, possessing such a hard and brilliant surface as to render it impossible to photograph the designs. It has, therefore, been necessary first of all to copy the designs in black and white, and then photograph them, subsequently completing the photographs in the colours used in the originals. Some idea of the time and labour involved in this process may be gained from the fact that a resplendent quarto binding has to be exactly copied in every detail on a lantern slide only  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches long and 2 inches wide.

Mr. Gwenogvryn Evans, of Oxford, will issue at an early date several interesting volumes of old Welsh texts. An autotype facsimile of the oldest Welsh MS. (*circa* 1200) of the Laws of Havel Dda is now passing through the press at Oxford, and all the negatives for an autotype facsimile of the oldest Latin MS. (*circa* 1180) of the Laws have also been taken. The text of this MS., which has already been translated into English by Mr. Henry Owen, B.C.L., will be printed immediately. An autotype facsimile on Japanese vellum paper of the Book of Taliesin, with an introduction by Mr. Evans, may shortly be expected.

Probably towards the end of next year Messrs. Bell and Sons will issue the companion work to Mr. Blomfield's "Renaissance Architecture in England," which has just been published. It will be written by Mr. Edward S. Prior, and will bear the title "English Gothic Architecture and Art." Mr. Prior, beginning with the transition from the style which was common to both England and Normandy, will show the growth of English Gothic and its relations to, and differences from, that of Northern France, vindicating its claim to originality and to independent development as an extension of the national genius and temperament. The illustrations to the work will consist entirely of drawings by Mr. Gerald Horsley, executed from the actual examples.

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## THE DOMINATION OF THE NOVEL.

On another page of this Review we publish a letter from a correspondent who, in a strain of perhaps somewhat too ironical bitterness, gives expression to a feeling which we suspect to be nowadays more often entertained than avowed. Not, indeed, that he is absolutely the first to make public avowal of it. A well-known critic and man of letters delivered his soul on the subject, it may be remembered, a year or so ago; but his urbane complaint of "The Tyranny of the Novel," though it must have commanded, we should think, a good deal of assent in literary quarters, failed to the best of our knowledge to provoke any serious discussion. This indifference on the part of

the victims of the tyranny is, of course, intelligible enough. No doubt the large majority of them hug their chains and bless the benevolent despot under whose rule our correspondent seems to groan. So far from being irritated or disgusted by the ceaseless flow and ever-increasing volume of contemporary fiction, they thank their stars that they were born in this age of novels. They are as grateful for that good fortune as they are for having been born in the age of steam and the telegraph and the penny post. Speed of locomotion and ease of communication are hardly more prized by them than their inexhaustible supply of those ingenious modern appliances which save them from absolute boredom during their after-dinner hours and at the same time protect the integrity of their night's rest by keeping them awake till bed-time.

The truth—and it is explanatory of our correspondent's state of mind—is that that comparatively small class of persons who take books seriously as works of art, who regard them as a painter regards a portrait or a musician a sonata, can seldom comprehend the attitude of those others, the overwhelming mass of mankind in all ages, to whom a book is, like a bicycle or a mowing machine, merely a cunning device of civilization for getting rapidly and without fatigue through certain work (in this case the business of living), which without such assistance would have to be much more slowly and tiresomely performed. To resent this materialistic view of books and their functions is, considering the situation and circumstances of those who hold it, a little absurd. The professional man of letters is always too apt to forget that his own higher and more serious interest in books is not wholly due to an innate superiority of taste, but that, to some extent, at any rate, it arises from the fact that the study of books is the business of his life. It is, therefore, as unreasonable on his part to think scorn of the merchant or the stockbroker for their insensibility to literature as it would be for them to despise his indifference to the state of the produce markets or the price of stocks. He should remember that reading is and always will be to this numerous class of his fellow-creatures what golf, or cycling, if he is a golfer or a cyclist, is to him; and, regarded from this point of view, the inordinately augmented "output" of novels (to use a word by no means inappropriate to what has become a largely mechanical form of production) is a no more portentous symptom of national decline than the annual multiplication of golf links or the "boom" in pneumatic tires.

That there should be certain persons who "talk as if literature meant novels" and nothing else is in the interests of accuracy, of course, to be deplored. But

whether it much matters or not depends upon who they are that talk in that way. If it is only the novel-reader we have been considering—the man who reads novels as he goes to an opera bouffe because he needs relief from the cares of business, and seeks it, small blame to him, at a *minimum* expenditure of mental effort—it surely matters not at all. If he uses the word literature as synonymous with novel it can only be because he has caught the trick from somebody else; there is no pretension about his use of it, if he is a true specimen of his class; for, to do the honest fellow justice, he would probably at once admit that, so far from meaning seriously to affirm that novels are the whole of literature, he would not care, so long as they amuse him, if they were not literature at all. The only class of persons whose misuse of language in this wise can be said to have the smallest importance are the literary class themselves, and this, in the first place, because it is only polite to credit them with meaning something when they thus express themselves; and, secondly, because it is probably they who set the fashion in popular speech. Among this class, more especially among its younger representatives, there are certainly some whose habit it is to talk and write in a manner which does undoubtedly appear to convey the assumption against which our correspondent has protested. In theory they may recognize other literature than that strictly limited amount which finds its way into fiction, but in practice you find that when they talk and write of literature it is fiction, and fiction only, of which their heads are full. Their addiction, indeed, to a certain hackneyed formula containing an element of too easily exaggerated truth affords evidence enough of their inmost mind on the matter. The novel, they solemnly reiterate on every suitable and unsuitable occasion, is as essentially and characteristically the one great literary “form” of the nineteenth century: a proposition which they sometimes amplify by declaring that the highest literary genius of the Victorian era—that is to say, the genius which is richest in spiritual, intellectual, and artistic power—“as naturally seeks expression in the novel as in the age of Elizabeth it sought expression in the drama.” If this meant no more than that we have amongst us a certainly small but distinguished body of men who, having much that is valuable to say, and, in some but not in all cases, the capacity of saying it with that combination of truth, force, and charm which constitutes literature, and in its highest examples great literature, do in fact seek expression in the novel and not in the drama, there would be no ground for objecting to the proposition if there were also none for welcoming it as a brilliant discovery. But, unfortunately, from recognizing the distinction of some of those writers by whom this form of expression has been so employed, it is but too easy a step to the assumption that there is something especially “literary” in the form itself. Shakespeare, we are sometimes assured in moments of enthusiasm, would have chosen the novel as his vehicle of utterance if it had existed; it was only because his public could be reached from the stage alone that, shrewd man of business as he was, he devoted himself to the theatre. Now, no doubt it is a proud

reflection for the young novelist that he is following in what would have been the footsteps of Shakespeare if only the path had been in existence; but apart from its highly conjectural character it is not a reflection which it is good for the young novelist to indulge too freely. And it is, we suggest, a natural consequence of its too free indulgence that writers of fiction of every degree of importance, and of no importance at all, have of late contracted a habit of absurdly magnifying their office. They ought really to understand that their adoption of the “form,” in which all the “highest literary genius of the period seeks its natural, &c.,” does not of itself afford any presumption that what they write is literature, any more than the once general employment of Latin as the common language of educated Europe proved that the Western world was peopled with letter-writers, essayists, and orators of Ciceronian elegance. They should be further reminded that neither is this presumption of literary merit to be founded upon the fact that their books are more widely read and more frequently written about than any other works outside the department of fiction. For, in most cases, the real reason of their being more widely read—namely, that such books afford the readiest and simplest (though not perhaps the surest) refuge from boredom—is a reason of an entirely non-literary character; while, if it is still true that they are more frequently written about than any other class of works, it is also true that this excessive frequency of criticism and comment is sensibly diminishing, and that there are welcome signs of a tendency, in the literary world, at any rate, to form a saner and less extravagant view of the importance of the novel. Nobody would wish to see fiction thrust back again into the position it occupied at the date of Jane Austen’s apology for it; but from Cinderella to elder sister is too big a jump.

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## Reviews.

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**Life of Edward Bouverie Pusey.** By H. P. Liddon, D.D. Vol. iv. 8vo., xvi.+402 pp. London, 1897.  
Longmans. 18/-

The present volume, which is marked by great skill in the arrangement of material, and conscientious care in the narration of events, completes the laborious task which the late Dr. Liddon undertook in 1882. He seems to have contemplated a biography which would in any case have reached the dimensions of the work as it now stands, the four volumes corresponding roughly to four divisions in Dr. Pusey’s life—the “Preparation, the Movement, the Struggle, the Victory.” In fact, however, the present volume describes a period in Pusey’s career scarcely less troubled and stormy than the years covered by the third volume, and few readers can follow without emotion the ripening, under the pressure of most difficult circumstances, of a character which seems never to fail in patient dignity, in meek endurance, and in whole-hearted devotion to the cause of righteousness and truth.

The present volume enables us to form a just and dispassionate estimate of incidents in Dr. Pusey’s career which it has been the fashion in some quarters to condemn *sans*



phrase—e.g., his conduct in the matter of Mr. Jowett's appointment to the Professorship of Greek at Oxford. It now appears that Pusey recognized much more clearly than some with whom he acted the necessary limits of justifiable opposition in such a case. He had the courage of his convictions at a time when "even Keble began to waver in his support"; and he persisted in his efforts to secure a settlement, by the University itself, of a painful controversy which, had his friends gained their object, would have required the intervention of Parliament. The whole incident illustrates his sense of what was justly due to an honourable opponent, and his anxious care for the interests of learning and religion.

The editors have done well to point out, in reference to more than one passage in Pusey's career, the necessity of fairly considering the altered conditions of University life, which make it hard, after an interval of thirty or forty years, to appreciate the motives or approve the action of the Tractarian leaders. The vital difference, as it seems to us, between Pusey and the liberalizing theologians of whom Dean Stanley was so ardent a champion lies in the fact that Pusey had a consistent and definite faith to defend, while they were practically without a positive creed. Indeed what specially strikes us in the present volume is the light it throws on the main work of Pusey's life. "My name," he tells the Church Congress in 1865, "has been a by-word for things with which I am little concerned." "I am in this strange position," he wrote to Bishop Tait in 1860, "that my name is made a by-word for that with which I never had any sympathy, that which the writers of the Tracts, with whom in early days I was associated, always deprecated—any innovations in the way of conducting the service, anything of Ritualism, or especially any revival of disused vestments." It is clear that the main interest of Pusey's life was the defence of fundamental Christian truth. In the attack upon the Athanasian Creed he saw "a grave injury to the maintenance of the dogmatic principle in the Church of England"; it seemed to him an endorsement of "the central heresy of the day"—"It is of no importance what we believe." Pusey might appear to some not fully to appreciate the difficulties which are often urged against the retention of the Creed in the public services of the Church; but none of his sermons excels in large-hearted wisdom and charity that which he preached in defence of it before the University in Advent, 1872—"The responsibility of intellect in matters of faith." A perusal of this powerful sermon can hardly fail to dispel much ignorant prejudice against Pusey and those who share his convictions. His eager desire to aid perplexed faith also made Pusey a diligent student of scientific literature. "While others talked of sympathizing with scientific progress, he read the scientific books whenever he found that the faith of believers was imperilled by them." Almost the last sermon he wrote was one, the delivery of which by Dr. Liddon will never be forgotten by those who heard it, on "Unscience, not science, contrary to faith." The boldness, insight, and strength of thought displayed in this sermon produced a remarkable impression. It is scarcely surprising that "several well-known men of science, some of whom could by no means be reckoned on the side of Christianity, thanked Pusey heartily for it." It was even welcomed as "an Eirenicon, as the preliminaries of peace between genuine science and genuine theology."

There is very much in this volume which is of special interest in view of the present condition of thought in the English Church. In his various "Eirenica" Pusey

made an earnest, but for the time ineffectual, effort to bring about an understanding between the English Church and Rome. He displays prophetic insight in his remark that "The difficulty of treating is this—that we have two entirely distinct objects; we, corporate reunion upon explanation of certain points where they have laid down a *minimum*, and upon a large range beyond it; they, individual conversions or the absorption of us." In spite of the ultimate frustration of his hopes Pusey did not lose heart. "Before the Council [of 1870]," he writes to Newman, "I wondered whether I might not live to see the union of the Churches; you will have seen and mourned how that has already repelled minds." "I have done," he adds, "what I could, and now have done with controversy and Eirenica." The lapse of a generation has not made any essential difference in the attitude of Rome, to judge at least from the recent public action of the Pope. But the editors rightly draw attention to the "grandeur" of the picture presented by Pusey's untiring labours in the cause of peace.

Another point on which attention is sure to be fixed is the contrast between Dr. Pusey and some of his professed followers in the matter of Old Testament criticism. It is a fair question whether the "Lectures on Daniel" would have been written if the tone of German criticism thirty years ago had been other than it was. Pusey's eye was fixed not "upon individual exponents of a school of criticism, but upon the form of thought out of which that school first sprang." Behind the immediate theses of the dominant critical school of that day he detected the anti-religious assumptions of rationalistic unbelief. "Pusey dealt," say the editors, "with an earlier and cruder form" of the higher criticism than that with which we are familiar nowadays. In fact, the period of reconciliation and reconstruction had scarcely yet arrived. The difference, we take it, between Pusey and his modern disciples is the result of their having been educated in a somewhat different school. They have been trained in the systematic use of historical methods, and they recognize that the higher criticism has, to a great extent, changed its basis. It presents itself now in the form of an historical science, and depends no longer merely on *a priori* assumptions, such as a denial of the possibility of revelation or of miracle. It is quite possible that, under different conditions, Pusey would have welcomed some, at least, of the verdicts of criticism, or at any rate would have adopted a less uncompromising attitude towards it.

We have not space to touch on many points of personal interest with which this volume abounds. The sweetness and strength of Pusey's character cannot be adequately gathered from the detailed history of the conflicts in which he was incessantly engaged. It is in rare glimpses of his inner life that the true nobility of his nature shines out. One of his last acts was to destroy "all old letters in which 'any one said anything of fault of any one.'" Two charming letters to children, written shortly before his death, illustrate the simplicity and tenderness of his heart. The closing scene is worthy of a life which from the first had been consecrated to great ends.

The biography as a whole recalls some well-known remarks of the late Dr. Mozley on Pusey's preaching. In all his recorded utterances we catch the living tones of a voice which "imparts to its hearers for the time somewhat of that serenity, awe, and singleness, out of which itself issues; and which creates amid the confusions and

bustle of the mind's commonplace intellectual life a temporary calm, during which ideas, hopes, and longings which were never entertained before find an entrance into many a mind, to produce their living and permanent fruits afterwards."

**The Poetry of Robert Burns.** Edited by **W. E. Henley** and **F. P. Henderson.** With Etchings by William Hole, F.S.A. 4 Vols. 9x5 $\frac{1}{2}$ in., 404+475+518+348 pp. Edinburgh, 1897. **T. C. and E. C. Jack.** 10,6 the Vol., with Frontispiece only, 7,6

With the publication of the two concluding volumes of the Centenary Burns, its joint editors have completed their arduous task. The extent of their labours may be best estimated by briefly summarizing the statement of their aims, which prefaces the fourth volume. In the first place, they sought to create a "classic text" of the poet—an undertaking which involved an exhaustive collation of all the available versions, and the overhauling of such a mass of MSS., including many not hitherto utilized, that, in the opinion of the Editors, these volumes "may fairly claim to be regarded as a complete lexicon of the text of Burns's verse." In the second place, they have thought it right to "give the history so far as known, and the local setting of his every several piece, together with an explanation of the chief allusions, many among them of the most fleeting kind." Thirdly, they had to provide the Southron reader with a full and sufficient glossary, and, lastly, they had "to define and determine the relations of Burns to the past." All this elaborate programme they have so conscientiously fulfilled that if there were any such thing in reality as what is called a "definitive" edition—or, at all events, if there were any possibility of definitively editing a poet like Burns, who, true to his mundane antecedents, begets editions as fast and copiously as controversial pamphlets (which, indeed, they sometimes are) this product of Mr. Henley's and Mr. Henderson's editorial labours might well achieve that position. For to that careful recension of the text which the preface promised us they have added a copious body of notes, for the most part admirably illustrative, from both the literary and the historical point of view, of the poet's work and life. Appended, moreover, to the fourth volume is an essay from the hand of one of the editors on "The Life, Genius, and Achievement of the Poet," which, if Burns were any one but Burns—and, perhaps, we ought to add, if Mr. Henley were not Mr. Henley—would give the edition a still stronger claim to be pronounced definitive. But Burns and Mr. Henley being who and what they are it will surprise no one who knows either of them to hear that it is precisely this "terminal essay" which is certain to deprive the book of that character. For the terminal essay, deeply marked as it is with the militant individuality of its able author, has about as much "definitiveness" as a challenge to mortal combat, and looks as likely to put an end to controversy as the trailing of a coat at an Irish fair. Indeed, if any less than half of the Scottish admirers of Burns refrain from bringing out separate editions of the poet for the special purpose of refuting Mr. Henley's theories, it will argue either extraordinary self-restraint on their own part, or a singular lack of patriotism on that of Scottish publishers.

We must admit, however, that even if they did resort to this elaborate form of reprisals and satisfied themselves that they had driven Mr. Henley's theories out of the field, they would find the Centenary Edition in other respects extremely hard to beat in any one of those qualities of

perfect typography, lightness in the hand, and sober beauty of exterior, which are so much more prized by many readers than the strictest critical and biographical orthodoxy inside. The only point of material arrangement of which the ultra-patriotic Scot might possibly complain is one which will lend to these volumes an additional attraction for the ignorant Southron. We refer to the new method of interpretation which the editors have substituted for that of the old-fashioned glossary at the end of a book. No doubt it is not wholly free from offence both to the eye and the mind. Those English equivalents that so plentifully besprinkle the border of the text are not flowers exactly calculated to adorn that "meadow of margin" through which Sir Benjamin Backbite thought that verses should meander; nor is it altogether pleasant to be pulled up in the middle of a Burnsian lyric by a reminder that "braes" means "hill sides," and that "sark" is Scotch for "shirt." But it is mere hypocrisy to pretend that the ordinary English reader can dispense with all translation from the vernacular, and when the alternative to defacing the margin would have been to send him continually from the middle, say, of the first volume to the end of the fourth, it is impossible to contest the wisdom of the editorial choice.

It is the essay on the "Life, Genius, and Achievement" of the poet which will be the apple of discord flung into the midst of the critical banquet. Indeed, it is, so to speak, a threefold fruit of strife; for while the "life" has been fought over for years, Mr. Henley's theory of the "achievement" will be, in fact has been, found highly provocative by the more fanatical sect of Burns's worshippers, and though he warmly praises the "genius" of their Divinity, he is likely to have inflamed their wrath still further by praising him in what they will consider to be the wrong way. Upon the "life," that rather squalid battle-ground of sentimentalist and cynic, Mr. Henley cannot be said to have lingered long—at least not long by the foot-rule; for what he has to say about it in the way of actual narrative fills less than a fifth of the essay. The trouble is that by reason of the needless crudity, not to say coarseness, with which he puts the "cynical" case—so much the stronger of the two that it needs no violent enforcement—he manages to leave the impression that much more importance has been given to the matter than it really possesses. This is the less easily to be pardoned because he himself represents the point at issue—if anything can be said to be at issue—as one of the simplest kind. Those who labour it have not even the excuse which might be pleaded on behalf of that tiresome crew of casuists who have so persistently bored the world with the "Harriet question" in the domestic life of Shelley. For the domestic life of Burns is all "questions." There is an "Elizabeth Paton question" in it, and a "Jean Armour question," and a "Highland Mary question," and a "Clarinda question," not to reckon others of an innominate character; and when a man's life is all questions of this sort we are surely justified in saying that it is a case of *cadit questio* as to the character of the man himself. Instead of being "dark with excess of light," it becomes so light with excess of darkness—or, to put it more mildly, let us say shadiness—as to need no biographical illumination whatever. Mr. Henley, in one of his happiest moments, describes Burns as an "inspired faun"; but if he means, as he doubtless does, to set us thinking of the famous antique in the Vatican, the comparison, though admirably picturesque, is not quite exact. Nothing, it is true, could more aptly suggest that simple and careless grace and that air of childlike fellowship with Nature's wilder children, which appeals to us with a

scarcely more touching beauty in the marble of Praxiteles than in the songs of Burns. But the statue which so precisely symbolizes the poet does not so perfectly match the man. It might have occurred to Mr. Henley that the faun had a comrade who lived as close to nature as himself, and was, for all we know, as good a fellow; yet who, by other and more conspicuous marks than that of a slightly-pointed ear, proclaimed his kinship with the goat-foot god. And if Mr. Henley could have brought himself to define Burns as an "inspired satyr" he would have gone still straighter to the mark, and might have cut the controversy even shorter than he has.

But it is the dissertation on the "genius" and "achievement" which will rouse the hornets' nest on the other side of the Tweed. Or, rather, it is Mr. Henley's definition of the achievement, with the inferences inevitably deducible from it as to the genius, which will do the mischief. Indeed, it is to be gathered from the preface to the fourth volume that rufible buzzings were aroused in the nest by the introductory remarks prefixed to Vol. I. There were Scotsmen who bitterly resented the remark of the editors, that Burns was "what is called a local poet"; and we suspect that they will be but incompletely mollified by being reminded, as they are in this later preface, that "no finer eulogy could be passed on Burns, no nobler tribute paid to his gift, than is contained in the demonstration that, though 'the satirist and singer of a parish,' he appeals to a world-wide public, since he must of necessity command such an audience by virtue of intrinsic splendour and moral magnificence, and in despite of local and peculiar accidents." Nevertheless, it is perfectly true, and very much to the point: as also is the proposition that no poet was "ever more directly the product of immediate and remote forbears" than Burns. To speak of him as the founder of a new poetic school in the sense in which the word may be justly applied to Wordsworth and Coleridge and the other Naturalist and Romantic rebels against the rule of an effete Classicism is absurd. These men were essentially the destroyers of a tradition, while Burns was simply the inheritor of one. That he carried it to triumphs far beyond the power of the greatest of his predecessors to achieve is the highest proof of his genius as a singer, and so sure a title to fame that one would think it superfluous to press, as so many of his countrymen do, his unfounded claim to the honours of a pioneer. The idea that he in any way influenced Wordsworth because Wordsworth admired him is as preposterous as it would be to call Burns himself a disciple of that object of his own sincere admiration, Cowper. And the value of Wordsworth's admiration for Burns is amusingly revealed in the anecdote which Mr. Aubrey de Vere contributed to the Life of Tennyson, and which clearly shows that what Wordsworth admired in Burns's poetry was its element of resemblance to the weaker parts of his own. No; it is not by the Anglicized verse which the English poet loved but by the vernacular lyrics which he despised that the Scotch poet will live. What Burns took up and put to his lips was no new-fashioned reed: it was one which had been passed on to him through a long line of Scottish singers; it was as old and rude almost as the pipe of Pan. But he was the first to play upon it so that the whole world listened, and is listening still. He played upon it as the wood-god himself plays in Mrs. Browning's poem:—

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan!  
Piercing sweet on the river  
Blinding sweet, O great god Pan!  
The sun on the hills forgot to die  
And the lilies revived and the dragon-fly  
Came back to dream on the river.

Surely that is glory enough for any man. Yet some Scotchmen will be satisfied with nothing less than that Burns invented the instrument.

**Selected Poems.** By George Meredith. 8vo fols., 245 pp. Westminster, 1897. Constable. 6s.

The contents of this volume might almost tempt us to reverse Matthew Arnold's famous paradox, and to declare that Mr. Meredith will live by his poetry as that accomplished but sometimes wayward critic affirmed that the immortal part of Shelley's bequest to us is his prose. So skilful is the selection we have before us from the works of a poet whom we too often follow with alternate delight and despair; such power has it to make us lose all memory of the latter emotion and remember only the former. A prefatory note informs us that "the selection here made has been under the supervision of the author"; and even if this means only that Mr. Meredith has ratified the choice of some one else we may congratulate ourselves on his having, in so doing, displayed an amount of indulgence to the weaker brethren which hitherto they have not always obtained at his hands. For here are none of those arduous pieces of reasoning in rhyme with which the poet has sometimes exercised the labouring brain of the reader who has struggled through them, not, indeed, without profit to his mind, but with unquickened imagination and unmoved heart. There is nothing from the "Empty Purse," nothing from its cryptic companion of the same volume, nothing, in short, from any of those poems the study of which can result only in intellectual assent, enlivened perhaps by admiration for the subtlety or profundity of the thought, but by nothing else. In their stead we have whole poems, or portions of poems, which, if they do not—and they rarely do—yield up their full significance at a first perusal, yet reward a closer study with flashes of spiritual insight and glimpses of material beauty such as few poets of this or any other period has had power to reveal.

It is interesting to note, as an indication of the character of the poetry by which Mr. Meredith apparently, and most wisely, in our opinion, would prefer to stand or fall, that nearly two-thirds of the poems contained in this collection have been culled from the two volumes respectively published by him in 1888 and 1883, and severally entitled "A Reading of Earth" and "Poems and Lyrics of the Joy of Earth." From "Ballads and Poems of Tragic Life," the volume of 1887, but three important numbers have been extracted—the "Song of Theodolinda," "The Young Princess," and that splendid barbaric saga, perhaps Mr. Meredith's highest achievement in this order of poetry, "The Nuptials of Attila." We could wish that he had added the impassioned "France" from the same volume; but these are enough to show the strength and fire of his inspiration when dealing with the "tragic life" of men and women upon earth, while, as we have said, it is evidently as the poet of Earth herself that he would fain be judged.

And beyond doubt he has chosen wisely. Contemporary criticism has never yet rendered a full account of Mr. Meredith's Nature-poetry; and to do so would require far more space than is at our disposal here. In this place it must suffice to say that his spiritual attitude towards Nature is one which appears to us to have neither precedent in the poetry of any past generation nor counterpart in that of our own. It is essentially a matter of the poet's own attitude—a subjective question; for on the objective side, on the side of the artist as distinguished

from the seer and the thinker, there is no new way of poetizing about Nature, and never will be. There is one way only—that way which brings the beauty of the visible world the most vividly before the imagination of the reader and impresses its mystery the most deeply upon his soul. And to the exact extent to which the poet misses this way, by giving us images which appeal only to the mind instead of “flashing upon the inner eye,” and thoughts which speak, perhaps obscurely, to the understanding, but have no message to the heart—to that extent his poetry only becomes “new” at the expense of ceasing to be poetry at all. That Mr. Meredith sometimes goes astray in this fashion even his warmest admirers will admit; but that at his best he takes a path of victorious directness to the eye and heart of his reader not even his coldest critics will deny. We can forgive many things “too curiously considered” when we turn to such a panorama of the cloud-piled heavens as “The South-Wester,” or to such a revelation of the solemnity and (for the unworthy) the menace of the forest gloom as “The Woods of Westernmain.” And what could we not forgive for this single picture from the immortal “Love in the Valley,” that one poem which not even the most obstinate of Mr. Meredith’s detractors has ever, at least in our experience, been able to resist:—

Heartless she is as the shadow in the meadows  
 Flying to the hills on a blue and breezy noon.  
 No, she is athirst and drinking up her wonder;  
 Earth to her is young as the slip of the new moon.  
 Deals she an unkindness, 'tis but her rapid measure,  
 Even as in a dance; and her smile can heal no less,  
 Like the swinging May-cloud that pelts the flowers with hail-  
 stones  
 Off a sunny border she was made to bruise and bless.

When Mr. Meredith deals with Nature in her outward aspect, at his best, he speaks the eternal and universal language of poetry. No novelty of treatment is, happily, to be met with in him at these highest moments. It is his “Reading of Earth,” to use his own expression, his report of her inner meaning—his spiritual attitude, in a word, towards the Great Mother—which is new in poetry. His point of view is leagues apart even from that of Tennyson, while from Wordsworth’s it is divided, in more senses than one, by a whole heaven. To an extreme Wordsworthian, indeed, it would probably appear blankly materialistic; and certainly there are no “obstinate questionings of sense and outward things” to be found in Mr. Meredith. Nevertheless, his frank acceptance of Nature, alike in her cruelty and her charm, has a virile faith behind it, and a faith, too, which needs not to be always bracing itself to bear, but has its many moments of uplifting with a sober gladness of its own. It is the stoicism of the philosopher softened and illumined by the poet’s joy.

**Autobiografia di un Veterano. Ricordi storici e aneddotici del Generale Enrico della Rocca, 1807-1859.**  
 Seconda edizione. Svo., 500 pp. Bologna, 1897.

Nicola Zanichelli. 4 lire.

While it might be an exaggeration to assert that a perusal of this important work is indispensable to a clear understanding of the earlier phases of the Italian *Risorgimento*, it may safely be said that no book published for several years past has thrown as much light upon the personalities of the men who played the leading parts in the struggle, or has constituted as valuable an addition to our knowledge of the inner history of the period. Born at Turin on June 20, 1807—a few days after the battle of

Friedland, and on the eve of the first Franco-Russian alliance—Enrico della Rocca began his career at the age of nine as a page of the Court of Charles Albert of Carignano, heir-presumptive to the crown of Piedmont. Cavour, a few years later, made his *début* in a similar capacity. From his earliest youth Della Rocca was thus in a position to hear and observe all that took place in the neighbourhood of the Piedmontese throne, and the pages of the present volume, written, or rather dictated, by him at the age of 86 years, bear witness both to the keenness of his powers of observation and to the freshness of his memory. Like most works of its kind it abounds in details, and is more adapted for steady perusal than for review; but it contains many passages of high dramatic value and of no little historical interest. Such, for instance, is the description of the young Charles Albert at the moment when Victor Emmanuel I. summoned him to Turin—tall, exceedingly handsome, affable, gay; a contrast in every respect to what he became in after years when suspicion, slander, disillusionment, and exile had changed his jovial humour into melancholy, his buoyancy into despondent fatalism, and his natural piety into exaggerated asceticism. In regard to the character of Charles Albert, at least, General della Rocca’s memoirs can hardly fail to spread a juster view. They show conclusively that throughout life he was steadily faithful to his ideal—the liberation of the peninsula—and that his abdication in favour of his son Victor Emmanuel II., after the disastrous battle of Novara, was but the crowning sacrifice of a life full of disappointment and bitterness.

As intimate friend and brother-in-arms of Victor Emmanuel II., Della Rocca was constantly at his Sovereign’s side and always in his confidence. He repeatedly served him as special envoy, accompanied him to Paris and London in 1855 after the Crimean War, and later on returned to Paris to draft with Napoleon III. the basis of the Franco-Italian alliance. In Napoleon he believed he had found a true friend of Italy, and his comment on the French Emperor’s military qualities as evinced during the campaign of 1859 is both abundant and appreciative. The triumphal entry of the allied Sovereigns into Milan on June 8th, 1859, formed a remarkable contrast to Charles Albert’s flight from the same city 11 years before, and Della Rocca, who was present on both occasions, does not neglect to note the difference. On the one occasion we see Charles Albert, pale, thin, and downcast, holding his sabre under his arm, sadly ejaculating, “Ah, Della Rocca, quelle journée, quelle journée!” on the other, we hear the plaudits of the multitude and the *Te Deum* in the Cathedral attended by Napoleon and Victor Emmanuel. But perhaps the most strikingly dramatic page in the book is that in which the author describes the scene between Victor Emmanuel and Napoleon after Solferino, when the French Emperor intimated to his ally the urgent necessity of coming to terms with the Austrians. The two Monarchs had gone out to examine the positions of the troops in view of crossing the Mincio. Victor Emmanuel made a sign to Della Rocca to accompany them, but after furnishing various explanations of the merits and demerits of the ground the latter understood that Napoleon wished to be left alone with Victor Emmanuel, and retired to a distance. But before Della Rocca was out of earshot Napoleon suddenly drew up his horse. Victor Emmanuel did likewise, while Napoleon took from his pocket a letter and began to read in a loud voice. The letter was from the Empress Eugénie, and evidently one of many on the same subject. It spoke of certain designs on the part of the

German Confederation ; of the presence of Prussian troops near Coblenz and Cologne ; of the inadequacy of the forces left in France to resist a Prussian invasion ; of the imperious necessity of sending back a part of the French Army employed in Italy. The missive further pointed out the terrible consequences of a defeat on the Rhine, and urged Napoleon to profit by the victories obtained to secure an advantageous peace so as to be free to return to France and allay the discontent created by the Prussian advance. Victor Emmanuel listened in silence, then gave way to dejection, understanding that all was over. Both Monarchs slowly and silently descended the hill, dreaming no longer of crossing the Mincio.

Scarcely less interesting are the descriptions of the terrible wrath of Cavour, part of which was wreaked on Della Rocca's head ; of the cold reception of the allied Sovereigns on their return to Turin ; and of the close of the campaign. In one of the appendices are given the two proclamations issued after the peace of Villafranca. In the original draft of the proclamation signed by Victor Emmanuel, Napoleon had written, "The preliminaries of peace have assured to the peoples of Lombardy that independence which was the chief object of our common desires"; but Victor Emmanuel struck out the sentence and with his own hand wrote, "Have assured independence to the Lombard peoples." The difference is an index of the feelings with which Frenchmen and Italians have ever since regarded the treaty.

If one thing more than another strikes the reader of these memoirs it is the extreme directness and simplicity of the language, the absence of any striving after literary effect, and the air of good faith and veracity which pervades the book. If to General della Rocca age and experience brought no other boon, they at least enabled him to attain that serenity which is above and beyond all partisanship. To the student of Italian politics the quality is peculiarly refreshing.

The second and final volume of the memoirs will be published within a year.

**Gossip from a Muniment Room.** Being Passages in the Lives of Anne and Mary Fytton, 1574-1618. Transcribed and Edited by Lady Newdigate-Newdegate. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$  x 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  in., 150 pp. London, 1897. Nutt. 7/6

We have to thank Lady Newdigate-Newdegate for a volume which is in itself of great interest as a picture of social life in the Elizabethan age, but which is of particular interest as contributing to expose one of the most extraordinary mare's nests in Shakespearian literature. The papers published by Lady Newdigate from the archives at Arbury consist practically of the memoirs of two sisters, Anne and Mary Fytton, daughters of Sir Edward Fytton, of Gawsworth, in Cheshire, one of whom became the wife of Sir John Newdegate, of Arbury, the other a Maid of Honour to Queen Elizabeth and the wife successively of William Polwheele, of Perton, and of John Lougher. The career of the first differed in no respect from that of an ordinary English lady in the same sphere of life who fulfils faithfully her maternal and social duties, and carries an unblemished character to the grave. But, when we say that the second had to retire in disgrace from the Court of Elizabeth because it was discovered that she was with child by the Earl of Pembroke, and that she became subsequently the reputed mother of two other illegitimate children, it will be seen with concern that

the records printed by Lady Newdigate have their dark side as well as their bright. However, as Mephistopheles observes of Margaret, *Sie ist die erste nicht*, and poor Mary Fytton might have been lost among the undistinguished crowd of similar frail ones had it not been for the ingenuity of a modern scholar. In 1890, Mr. Thomas Tyler, in an elaborate edition of Shakespeare's Sonnets, attempted to prove that Mary Fytton was no other than the "dark lady" of those sonnets, and, consequently, the mistress of Shakespeare. As Mr. Tyler's theory has succeeded in making many converts, the appearance of the present volume, more especially as it throws new light on the question, offers a fitting opportunity of examining the evidence by which Mr. Tyler's theory is supported.

In 1609 appeared a volume, in quarto, printed for Thomas Thorpe by G. Eld, entitled "Shakespeare's Sonnets, never before imprinted." To the Sonnets was prefixed the following inscription:—"To the onlie begetter of these ensuing Sonnets, Mr. W. H., all happiness and that Eternitie promised by our ever-living poet wisheth the well-wishing adventurer in setting forth.—T. T." There begins and ends everything which is certainly known and which is not deduced from hypothesis and conjecture. No one knows when the Sonnets were written ; no one knows who Mr. W. H. was ; no one knows what sense is to be attributed to the word "begetter," whether it means, as seems probable, the person who got or procured them for Thorpe, or whether it means the person who inspired them, in other words, the youth who is the hero of them, the "master-mistress" of the poet's passion. Nor is any light thrown on these questions by the Sonnets themselves. All that is certain is that they record, or profess to record, a passionate attachment on the part of the poet to some youth and to some woman, the youth apparently being in a superior social position to the poet and of great personal beauty, the woman being almost certainly a married woman, not distinguished by beauty, but having a very dark complexion and possessing great skill in music. It is clear also that she was the poet's mistress and had played him false with his friend. Mr. Tyler would have us believe with Boaden and others that this youth was William Herbert, third Earl of Pembroke, and, in accordance with an hypothesis of his own, that this woman was Mary Fytton.

Now, in the first place, there is no evidence that Shakespeare was even acquainted with Herbert at this time, or was at any time on intimate terms with him, a passage in the Dedication of the First Folio to Pembroke and his brother, the Earl of Montgomery, speaking of these noblemen as "prosecuting them (Shakespeare's writings) and their author living with so much favour," being the sole indication of any connexion at all between Shakespeare and Pembroke. Again, there is every reason to believe that most of the Sonnets had been written long before the Pembroke-Fytton scandal occurred. This was late in 1600, but Meres, writing in 1598, speaks of their circulation, or of the circulation of some of them, among Shakespeare's private friends at and presumably before that date, while the Sonnet printed surreptitiously by Jaggard in the following year is presumptive evidence that the Sonnets referred to by Meres are the Sonnets on which Mr. Tyler relies for the connexion between Shakespeare and Pembroke. Thorpe's dedication seems to us in itself almost conclusive against the Herbert theory. In 1601 William Herbert became Earl of Pembroke. In 1609 he was Knight of the Garter and in possession of

other honours and distinctions, all of which Thorpe is careful to enumerate in the dedications of the several other works which he inscribes to him. Is it likely that in this case he would have addressed him as "Mr. W. H." Even on the supposition that it was "a blind" it is incredible. It must be added that, whoever the youth of the Sonnets may have been, he was conspicuously handsome, his beauty being of a somewhat effeminate cast. A glance at the portraits of Herbert will show that he could never have had at any time the smallest claim to such distinction.

But if the foundations of the theory identifying the youth of the Sonnets with the Earl of Pembroke are thus unstable, the theory identifying Mary Fytton with the dark lady is absolutely baseless. We will even go so far as to say that, assuming the identification of Pembroke with Shakespeare's friend to be proved, the difficulties in the way of identifying Mary Fytton with the lady would be almost as insuperable as they now are. The first condition that the heroine of the Sonnets must fulfil is that she should be a brunette, and a brunette of a very pronounced type, with "eyes raven black," with hairs like "black wires"; in short, "a black beauty." Of Mary Fytton there happen to be extant, as we learn from Lady Newdigate's book, two portraits, one of them taken about the very time of her intrigue with Pembroke. "It is that of a high-bred-looking lady with grey eyes and a fair complexion;" the other, taken when she was a young girl, is, it may be added, a corroboration of the features of the first. This alone would be fatal to Mr. Tyler's theory. The next condition must be that she was a married woman, for otherwise it would be difficult to explain the words in Sonnet CLII., "in act thy bed-vow broke." But Mary Fytton was not married till about 1607, being certainly, so far as is known, unmarried in or before 1604, for in that year her father made a bequest to her in her maiden name. With the first of these difficulties Mr. Tyler does not attempt to grapple; possibly the portraits were unknown to him. The second he tries to get over by assuming, on the strength of certain evidence he has of the very free life led by the Maids of Honour, and of a document in the Record Office showing that marriages could be easily and lightly contracted, that Mary Fytton may have been married without her friends being aware of the circumstance.

It might have been expected that Mr. Tyler would at least have been able to show that Shakespeare had some acquaintance with a woman who is assumed to have played so important a part in his life. But evidence of their acquaintance he has none. All he adduces in presumption of it is, first, that "Love's Labour Lost" was acted before the Queen, probably at Christmas, 1597, when Mary Fytton was likely to be present; and, secondly, that William Kempe, the clown in Shakespeare's company, dedicated to her his "Nine Daies Wonder." Now, granting, as Mr. Tyler has a right to have granted to him, the generally skittish character of the Maids of Honour, and more especially of Mary Fytton, it yet seems a far cry from witnessing the representation of a play to an intrigue with the probably absent author. We submit also to Mr. Tyler that if the clown in Shakespeare's company dedicated to her, it by no means follows that the poet of that company made love to her.

We have not space to examine Mr. Tyler's collateral illustrations and arguments. We give him full credit for great learning and great ingenuity, but he must forgive us for saying that he has contributed nothing to the solution of the most fascinating problem in our literature. The enigma of these Sonnets is as impenetrable as ever,

and we are very much inclined to think that it will remain so; that it will continue to be, as it now is, impossible to decide whether or how far they are autobiographical, whether or how far they are merely dramatic studies.

Of the facility, however, with which Mr. Tyler's theory gains converts there has recently been an amusing illustration. In the hundred and thirty-fifth Sonnet occur these lines:—

Whoever hath her wish thou hast thy Will,  
And will to boot and will in overplus;  
More than enough am I that vex thee still  
To thy sweet will making addition thus.

Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill  
Think all but one, and me in that one Will.

Now, it appears from Lady Newdigate's volume that among Mary Fytton's admirers was old Sir William Knollys, who, though his wife was alive, was anxious to secure as wife in reversion this frail Maid of Honour and was paying ardent court to her. What, it has been argued by a convert to Mr. Tyler's theory, could be plainer than this passage?—"Thou hast thy *Will* (Shakespeare), thy *Will* (Herbert), and thy *Will* (Knollys)." The passage is sufficiently ambiguous, but it is very doubtful whether more than one "Will" is included in the poem; there is certainly no evidence of a third Will; the "all" in the last line most probably refers to "beseechers," not to the "Wills."

**The Water of the Wondrous Isles.** By William Morris. 8½×5½in., 553 pp. London, 1897. Longmans. 7/6

During the year now past there have been many endeavours to ascertain for the world the place of William Morris in English literature; and now, as though he were to be numbered among his own critics, comes a volume from his pen which is itself almost an epitome of his qualities. It is in the familiar form of the romances which read like prose continuations of his "Earthly Paradise," and the well-known Apology of that work expresses the object with which "The Water of the Wondrous Isles" would seem to have been written. It is a story of those days upon which his imagination loved to dwell

When all the year was summer everywhere  
And every man and woman blest and fair,

and the scene passes in that borderland between faery and romance where skies are lovelier, streams purer, and the valleys deeper and more soft than those we know, where Nature is not as we see her, but as we dream of her. The opening words, like the magic horn in "Oberon," spirit us at once into a land of mystery:—

Whilom, as tells the tale, was a walled cheaping-town hight Utterhay, which was builded in a bight of the land a little off the great highway which went from over the mountains to the sea. The said town was hard on the borders of a wood, which men held to be mighty great, or maybe measureless; though few indeed had entored it, and they that had brought back tales wild and confused thereof. Therein was neither highway nor byway, nor wood-reeve nor waywardon; never came chapman thence into Utterhay; no man of Utterhay was so poor or so bold that he durst raise the hunt therein; no outlaw durst flee thereto; no man of God had such trust in the saints that he durst build him a cell in that wood.

Into this wood, called Evilshaw, the child Birdalone is stolen by a witch, and on the far side of it, by the edge of the great water, she grows to womanhood in bondage, seeing no one to love or to speak to except the Wood-wife,

or spirit of the wood, by whose aid she learns the spell for the witch's boat, and so at last escapes alone over the great water to a far island. Here she is saved from death by three maidens who are held there enslaved by another witch, while their plighted lovers are seeking them upon the mainland; and Birdalone, escaping from the island, finds the three knights at last, and by her aid the maidens are rescued. Thenceforward the story is of the friendship of these seven; but Birdalone's great beauty brings sorrow upon them for a while. For the Wood-wife has told her—

My friend, when thou hast a mirror, some of all this shalt thou see, but not all; and when thou hast a lover some deal wilt thou hear, but not all. But now thy she-friend may tell it thee all, if she have eyes to see it, as have I; whereas no man could say so much of thee before the mere love should overtake him, and turn his speech into the folly of love and the madness of desire.

And so it comes that Birdalone loves and is loved by the Black Squire, the lover of Atra, her dear friend; and in great sorrow she steals away from them to seek her livelihood apart. She passes, like Una, unscathed through all adventures, though young and old alike cannot but declare their love for her; and the joy of being so loved, and the pain of not so loving in return, fills her with pity for herself and the world, as she

Ponders upon this unasked gift of love  
And all the changing wonder of her life.

After five years she is constrained by love to seek her friends again, but, finding they have dispersed and left their castle in despair of living without her, she retraces her way back to the house of her captivity in Evilshaw, where at last her guardian spirit, the Wood-wife, contrives to bring the company of friends together again; and so Birdalone is happy at Utterhay in the love of the Black Squire and of Atra.

Such is the outline of this most charming romance; but to disentangle the main story from the overgrowth of episode and description with which it is surrounded is, perhaps, a mistaken task; for story and episode are here entwined like threads of one web. As a whole it is more like a tapestry than a picture, both in this respect, and also in the abundance and, one may almost say, the insubordination of detail. For just as in tapestry there is little heightening of a central effect by varying strength of light or by gradual leading of the eye to a central figure, so here there is no dramatic culmination of the story, no attempt to adjust the proportionate value of incidents. Mr. Morris has written throughout with a studied uniformity of emphasis, so that the effect upon the reader is in kind the same whether he reads ten or a hundred pages of a book in which each chapter is a miniature of the whole; while the removal of an entire episode here or there would only diminish the sum of the reader's delight without discomposing the balance of the work. But the effect is none the less one of real and delightful beauty; and although despite all the combats and escapes one's blood does not run faster, and though it is never impossible for the story's sake to lay the book aside, it does exercise a strong spell by its unfailing witchery and its consistent and dignified beauty of phrase and thought. There may be, as has been suggested, an allegory lurking in this charming story; and Birdalone's journey from the Isle of Increase Unsought to the City of the Five Crafts may typify some sort of social progress. But if one searches for the key, it should be only for the pleasure of discarding it when found. It is not for the allegory that we read "Comus." The true key-notes of this romance are the vivid

sense of beauty, and the calm melancholy, of which the following passage is an exquisite instance:—

In like wise they rode the next day, and came at eventide to a thorp in a fair little dale of the downland, and there they gusted with the shepherd-folk, who wondered much at the beauty of Birdalone, so that at first they scarce durst venture to draw nigh unto her until Gerard and his sons had had some familiar converse with them; then indeed they exceeded in kindness toward them, in their rough upland fashion, but ever found it hard to keep their eyes off Birdalone, and that the more after they had heard the full sweetness of her voice; whereas she sang to them certain songs which she had learned in the Castle of the Quest, though it made her heart sore; but she deemed she must needs pay that kindly folk for their guestful and blithe ways. And thereafter they sang to the pipe and the harp their own downland songs; and this she found strange; that whereas her eyes were dry when she was singing the songs of love of the knighthood, the wildness of the shepherd-music drew the tears from her, would she, would she not. Homelike and dear seemed the green willowy dale to her, and in the night eve she slept, and she lay quiet amidst of the peaceful people, she could not choose but weep again, for pity for the bitter-sweet of her own love, and for pity of the wide world withal, and all the ways of its many folk that lay so new before her.

It is this pity of the wide world and the desire to turn awhile from it that has prompted the poet throughout; and if an allegory is to be read into his fancies we prefer to find it in this passage at the close of the story:—

But of all those fellows it was Atra that had longest dealings with the Wood-wife; for whilea would she leave Utterhay and her friends and fare lonesome up into Evilshaw, and find Habundia and abide with her in all kindness holden for a month or more. And ever a little before these departures betid would she fall moody and few-spoken, but she came back ever from the wood calm and kind and well-liking.

It is with some such feeling of calm and rest that one returns to the world from following Birdalone and her company of friends from their captivity in the Wondrous Isles, through the labours of the Quest and the Days of Absence up to "the abiding in Utterhay in love and contentment."

**The English Black Monks of St. Benedict: A Sketch of their History from the Coming of St. Augustine to the Present Day.** By Rev. Ethelred L. Taunton. 2 Vols. 8vo. London, 1897. John C. Nimmo. 21/-

The work of the historian is not always easy. Among the difficulties which beset his path, that of subordinating his special subject to a broader view of the world's history is not the least. To fail in keeping this due proportion is, in reality, to defeat the very purpose of his labour; and yet one, who, so to speak, has been even for a time regarding the scenes and actors of his story with a magnifying glass, frequently forgets their true dimensions and importance. At first sight the two large and handsome volumes, in which Mr. Taunton tells the story of "The English Black Monks of St. Benedict," may seem to be a case in point. Some, not particularly well acquainted with who these monks are and what they have done, may be inclined to think that the author has given way to the initial temptation of beginners, and has drawn the picture of his subject as he himself has seen it under the microscope of his study, forgetting its real proportion in regard to the world at large. We do not ourselves think this is the case, and we believe that those who will take the trouble to read these volumes, as we have done, will readily acknowledge the justice of the author's treatment of his subject. Mr. Taunton has a story to tell that is worth the telling, and, apart from a little slipshod English, some slight and perhaps pardonable pedantry and the most extraordinary antipathy he displays to following the ordinary use of capital

letters, which is apt to irritate the reader, he manifests an undoubted capacity for writing readable history. Indeed, in several instances we are struck with the skill with which he has mastered the details of a somewhat complicated story and the clear way he has set it down for the benefit of his readers.

Roughly speaking, Mr. Taunton's history extends over some thirteen hundred years, and it is thus necessarily merely what he calls it, "A Sketch" of the story of the Benedictine monks in England from their coming with St. Augustine in 597 to the present day. In the course of those long centuries it would indeed be strange had the Order not witnessed many changes and vicissitudes; but not the least wonderful point in their history is the extraordinary vitality which has been displayed by the English monks in the midst of difficulties, disaster, and even of complete overthrow. We all of us remember the words of the late Cardinal Newman about the monks and their works in the restoration of civilization, which find in more places than one of the volumes before us their fullest justification. "He" (St. Benedict), he says, "found the world, physical and social, in ruins, and his mission was to restore it in the way—not of science, but of nature; not as if setting about to do it; not professing to do it by any set time, or by any series of strokes; but so quietly, patiently, gradually that often till the work was done it was not known to be doing. It was a restoration, rather than a visitation, correction, or conversion . . . and then, when they had in the course of many years gained their peaceful victories, perhaps some new invaders came and with fire and sword undid their slow and persevering toil in an hour. . . . Down in the dust lay the labour and civilization of centuries—churches, colleges, cloisters, libraries—and nothing was left to them but to begin all over again, but this they did without grudging, so promptly, cheerfully, and tranquilly, as if it were by some law of nature that the restoration came; and they were like the flowers and shrubs and great trees which they reared, and which, when ill-treated, do not take vengeance or remember evil, but give forth fresh branches, leaves, and blossoms, perhaps in greater profusion or with richer quality, for the very reason that the old were rudely broken off." In these words we have an epitome of the story of the English Black monks; and certainly one of the many interesting points in connexion with that history which Mr. Taunton brings out is the fact that, though Tudor disestablishment and disendowment swept the Benedictines from their old homes, the old stem was never utterly rooted out of the soil. The present English congregation of "Black Monks" is, as our author shows, by a singular providence—or shall we call it chance?—linked in strict continuity with the old national congregation which existed in pre-Reformation days. At the beginning of the seventeenth century, it is true, the English branch of the Order was reduced to a single survivor, named Sigebert Buckley, a professed member of the Monastery of Westminster, who was then naturally an old man in failing health. From him the corporate rights and membership of that ancient English monastic body was handed on as a sacred inheritance to the present English Black Monks. Broadly speaking, this event forms the division between the two volumes: in the first Mr. Taunton rapidly, but nevertheless pleasantly, passes in review the main facts in the history of the English Order up to the close of the sixteenth century; in the second he deals mainly with the revived congregation and the various re-established monasteries abroad and in England. Of course, as the Benedictines were closely connected with England for a thousand years before the destruction of the monasteries by Henry VIII., only the briefest outline of their history was possible in the space available; and our author wisely, we think, directs the attention of his readers to the work and mode of life of the monks rather than to their history. Here we cannot fail to note that in dealing with this matter our author evidently understands what he is talking about, and his pages are worth studying by those who desire information on the subject. Whatever may be our personal views about monks and nuns, or about their methods and aims, we must all admit, upon the testimony of indubitable facts, that we, as a nation, owe much to them. We cannot shut our eyes to the fact, for

the Benedictines, in all conscience, have written their names large enough upon the pages of our national history. We find them everywhere, whether it be as missionaries, as champions of the liberties of Church and of people, as apostles of a vernacular literature, as our historians and our teachers, or as the builders of many of the most splendid of our national monuments. How did they accomplish all this except in virtue of the training they received in their cloisters? We are glad, therefore, to find in Mr. Taunton's papers a popular account of the inner life of the monk, in order that the world at large may understand better the spirit which prompted, and which carried to a successful issue, many works for the commonwealth of England of which we to-day have the evidence.

The concluding chapter of the first volume contains an interesting and instructive account of the state of English Catholics during the reign of Elizabeth. Here Mr. Taunton shows that he does not write in the spirit of a partisan. He by no means is inclined to hide and cover out of sight unpleasant points in that history, but distributes his criticisms boldly. The result is a picture not all thickly covered with "rose colour." The issue of the bull *Regnans in Excelsis* is plainly condemned as a mistake, and is made responsible for much of the difficulties and sufferings which English Catholics had subsequently to endure. The policy and tactics of Father Parsons, the famous Jesuit, both in this chapter and in many places in the second volume, are chronicled and stigmatized as we are glad to think one of the most distinguished of modern English Jesuits, the late Father John Morris, thought they ought to be; and the intrigues and internal differences which existed among the Catholics themselves are fairly and in a straightforward manner set forth in these pages.

To those who are interested in such matters the *résumé* of the old consuetudinary of St. Augustine's Abbey, Canterbury (contained in the Cotton MS., Faustina, c., xii.), which is printed in the Appendix, will form a welcome addition to the first volume. We cannot resist quoting the account given of the office of almoner. Modern writers have called attention to the absence of any frequent mention of alms in the accounts of the various monastic obedientiaries and have asked people to believe that the alms-giving of the monasteries was a popular myth. Had Mr. Kirk, for example, or Dean Kitchin before generalizing consulted the words of this consuetudinary, they would have understood that monastic alms were distributed in kind rather than in money. This is the *résumé* given by Mr. Taunton (p. 291):—"The Almoner.—The almoner had to visit the almshouse two or three times a day, and see to the distribution of food to the poor which was made daily on behalf of the monastery. He also visited the sick poor of the neighbourhood and took them certain 'consolations,' and saw that they were properly provided with what was necessary. Anything they asked for was to be got if possible. The almoner did not personally visit sick women, but sent his servants in his place."

We have left ourselves very little space in which to speak of the second volume of Mr. Taunton's work. It consists mainly of the story of the renewed English Benedictines and the establishment of the existing monasteries. It must not be understood, however, that the interest is confined or narrowed to what many may regard as mere private concerns. There is much of general importance in these papers, even to the clearing up of some points of English history which have seemed to us before somewhat obscure. Chapter XIV., for example, which is named "Dom Leander and his Mission," puts very clearly the relations which existed between Archbishop Laud and Father Leander. The story of the negotiations between the then Anglican party in the Established Church and the Catholic authorities for a renewal of relations with Rome; of the hopes and aspirations of some, of the opposition and active hostility of others to any scheme for the reunion of the Churches; of the overwhelming difficulties and final failure of the scheme, is all well told in the sixty pages which form this chapter.

The work is furnished with a full index and, apart from the rather numerous typographical errors, is excellently printed and



got up. Our impression is that those who will read the volumes will find Mr. Taunton's story more entertaining than they might perhaps expect from the title of his book.

**Histoire Contemporaine : Le Mannequin d'Osier.** Par Anatole France, de l'Académie Française. Dix Septième Edition. Paris, 1897. Calmann Levy. 3f. 50c.

The new book of M. Anatole France is being sold and reviewed as a novel. Its author announces it as "contemporary history." In reality it is neither traditionally the one nor quite faithfully the other. In its method of construction and, indeed, in its integrity as finished result it is a marvellous mosaic of ideas as well as a delicate exercise in irony, and an admirable achievement of modern French literary art. It is this, and all these things, and more, but above all it is a characteristic reflection of its author's bric-à-brac mind and a further justification of his playful diabolized temper.

Nothing appears simpler than the method of its construction. For some weeks, which finally grew into months, two columns of matter signed by M. Anatole France in the *Echo de Paris* recalled every Monday morning to the memory of Parisians the typical tribulations, the wretched little worries, of the estimable M. Bergeret, and his spasmodic efforts to seek refuge in his classical studies from the commonplace annoyances of his existence;—a gentleman who, by mere force of a constant unassuming presence, had become mildly sympathetic, but at whom—and this betrays the author's art—any one of these Parisians, if he had crossed their path in the boulevards, wearing the academic blue riband, would have shrugged an amused and Pharisaic shoulder, intending to designate him thus as probably only a poor professor of the provinces. His little circle of friends, all these provincials whom we recognized as so deliciously typical when we read about them first in *L'Orme du Mail*, the Jew Prefect Worms-Chavelin, Abbé Guitrio, M. de Terremondro, and the rest; the coquettish, ignorant Mme. Bergeret, who installed the odious wicker *mannequin* on which she tried her toilettes in her poor husband's study and with its creakings cut, as by an untimely cesura, the rhythm of the Virgilian lines upon which he was engaged; the big youth M. Roux, whom poor M. Bergeret discovers with his wife under circumstances which it would be inadequate to describe as compromising; all these very usual and, in themselves, uninteresting people M. Anatole France brought back once a week in the columns of a Paris daily paper to our friendly recollection. Glimpses of what they thought about, snatches of what they talked about—problems of philosophy and of philology, questions of local politics, modern matters of pressing social interest, depopulation, disarmament, the French Revolution, the planet Mars, and the probabilities of life-fermentation therein, Church and State, capital punishment, &c.—M. Anatole France revealed and reported for us, the while telling us what his interlocutors did in the thin air of the provincial town, until they became one of the best-defined, little comic companies introduced to the appreciation of readers of taste by any literary *impresario* in Paris. In vivacity and distinction they were inimitable, far superior in these respects to earlier creations of their author. But the salient thing is this, that what M. Anatole France has been doing once a week for years he might continue to do, with even more felicity than M. Claretie is wont to display in arranging the programme of the month at the Comédie Française. In a word, in this easy, somewhat lazy way he has invented a new novel-form. He has applied the principle adopted by Theocritus from the methods of the plastic arts, the principle, that is, of the idyll, of the *little picture*, to the problem of book-making in the novel-form, and the result is something entirely original as to method. Let us hasten to say, however, that this invention is not what gives to the book its essential distinction. That distinction is due partly to the author's incomparably delicate irony—a quality wilfully imitated from Renan, whose principle, that

irony is the consolation of the just, M. France has obviously made it his ambition to justify—and partly to the sureness of his choice from the classified stores of facts, sensations, and impressions which furnish the brain of a writer who ever since his birth in a bookshop on the Paris quays has been a book collector, a book reader, a bookworm. What wide and desultory reading can do, not merely for taste but for the education which results in artistic detachment, is shown by the life of this Parisian *dilettante*. He is a scholar and a writer of the highest charm, but he is above all an ironist, who, as "*Le Mannequin d'Osier*" proves, grows more and more worthy of his master, the inventor of the phrase "historic psychology."

**Philosophy of Knowledge : An Inquiry into the Nature, Limits, and Validity of Human Cognitive Faculty.** By George Turnbull Ladd, Professor of Philosophy in Yale University. 8vo., cloth, 15+614 pp. London, 1897. Longmans. 18s.

The accusation of Schopenhauer against the German professors of philosophy in his time, that they were the authorized exponents of an official system, has sometimes been made against professors in the American universities. This does not come out very strongly in books on a subject like psycho-physics, in which Professor Ladd has done good work. When the "philosophy of knowledge" is entered upon, the case is different. We are here among disputed questions with a bearing on human origin and destiny, and the tone of the official advocate, when present, is easily detected. It is undoubtedly present in Professor Ladd's book, though he quite obviously writes in good faith. Take a passage of this kind on the doctrine of "psycho-physical parallelism":—"The old-fashioned theological way of putting the case was this: body and mind cannot act on each other, for they are separated by 'the whole diameter of being.' It had a claim to respectability, for it designed to further the interests of the human soul. Such a claim to respectability is quite lacking to the present doctrine of psycho-physical parallelism." &c. Or let any one look at the notes on pp. 208, 372-3 the *animus* in reference to subjects like determinism, scepticism, and agnosticism will at once be perceived. The tone is as unmistakable as in a text-book of Neo-Scholastic philosophy. And, indeed, the official philosophy of New England not only resembles that of the Catholic seminaries but is historically akin to it. Like the "Common-sense Philosophy" of Scotland and England towards the beginning of the present century, it had its origin in a reaction towards scholasticism produced by the scepticism of Hume.

Our old friends "natural realism" and "natural dualism" are not presented to us again in so many words by Professor Ladd. He rather seeks to reconcile them with what he is willing to find here in the opposed doctrines of idealism and monism. For all that, they form the core of his doctrine. Upon this are superposed ideas derived from Lotze and from English Hegelianism. The factors of feeling and will in the formation of belief are insisted upon, and we find ourselves led from the realism and dualism of common sense to a kind of monism that finds expression in the idea that reality in its ultimate nature is to be defined as "the absolute self." Many sound remarks are made in the course of the exposition, as, for example, that "the problem of knowledge cannot be properly stated, much less satisfactorily discussed, without unceasing reference to the conclusions of a scientific psychology;" or that "in the study of the epistemological problem, as in the study of all philosophical problems, psychology stands in the relation of a propædeutic." This is true and well put; but it is not new. To say of his book, as Professor Ladd does, that "it asks and should receive the treatment due to a pioneer work," is to claim for it the very qualities it does not possess. Its merits are those of an eclectic work. And the eclecticism consists rather in juxtaposition of doctrines which the author thinks can be reconciled with one another than in bringing them by a personal effort of thought under a single point of view. Indeed, if this were effectively

done, the book could no longer be described as eclectic in any depreciatory sense.

The author's central position is that "perception believes, and must believe, in itself as an indubitable experience of the trans-subjective." This term, "trans-subjective," is derived from the German writer Volkelt, to whom the author gives a reference in first introducing it. He, indeed, draws attention to recent German writers on *Erkenntnistheorie* as having to some extent preceded him in the task he has undertaken; but of course the true "pioneers" in the subject are Locke and Kant, as he often recognizes in spite of the curious remark quoted above from the preface. It may be said of German books on "Epistemology" generally, as Professor Ladd says incidentally of another class of critics, that they display "untiring patience and tiresome prolixity," and, indeed, books on the "theory of knowledge," even when they are not German, tend to be too long. What is really to be desired from a writer on the subject is precision and condensation. These qualities we certainly do not find in Professor Ladd's work. We get endless restatements of the position that "the sources of a philosophy of knowledge and of a trustworthy metaphysics also exist, inexhaustible, in the incontestable fact that knowledge is trans-subjective, and, in its very nature, implicates existence beyond the process of knowledge; that cognition itself guarantees the extra-mental being of that which, by the very nature of this process, the cognitive subject is compelled to recognize as not identical with its own present state." Professor Ladd has not the peculiar powers that enable a writer to make really telling criticism from this or any other point of view. The book is well-meaning and well-informed, but will hardly get serious attention as an original contribution to thought.

**Life and Letters of Mr. Endymion Porter**, Sometime Gentleman of the Bedchamber to King Charles the First. By Dorothea Townshend. Six Portraits. 8vo. 200 pp. London, 1897. Fisher Unwin. 12/-

This is a delightful little memoir of one of the lesser worthies of the early Stuart period. Endymion Porter, "that great patron of all ingenious men, especially of poets" (as Anthony Wood calls him), was born in the year before the Armada; he was the grandson of a Spanish lady of high rank; and he received much of his early education in Spain. This chance connection by birth and training with the great enemy of Elizabeth's Merrie England marked him out under James as a fit person to be charged with missions to Spain, when that country was rather courted than feared. Family influence had procured him a foot in the service of the Royal favourite, the Duke of Buckingham; and here his tact and dignified bearing recommended him to the Prince of Wales, to whose household he was soon transferred. It is not surprising, therefore, that he was one of the three chosen to accompany the Prince on his romantic journey into Spain to seek the hand of the Infanta. Miss Townshend gives a vivid sketch of that remarkable episode in our history, which occupied eight months in all, though the outward journey from Paris took only thirteen days. In the early years of Charles's reign Porter was often employed as an agent of the Court on secret missions; and, as such, he was viewed with the utmost suspicion by the popular party, who regarded him as a kind of Jesuit in disguise. On the outbreak of the Civil War he was expressly excluded from amnesty; all his private papers were seized, and have since remained at the State Paper Office.

The latter misfortune, as he might justly have considered it, has alone made possible the insight which this book gives into the domestic life of a courtier of the time. The series of interesting letters to his somewhat too high-spirited wife Olivia disclose a character frank and manly, yet sensitive and affectionate, which is determined to rule in the home circle, but feels unkindness most keenly. The Parliament must have been sorely disappointed to find only these lover-like epistles instead of the

expected evidence of treason; yet to that charge the lapse of his wife to Romanism had probably given some colour. We think Miss Townshend is right in saying that Porter himself could never be claimed as a convert; but she seems to throw needless doubt on the sincerity of his attachment to the Church of his fathers. Prynne's libel in his "Rome's Masterpiece" may safely be disregarded; and the fact that there is no whisper of Porter's conversion in the dreary years of his exile seems proof positive against it. The letters of James Howell from the Fleet to Porter at Paris (which, strange to say, are not mentioned in this memoir) at least show that the writer never suspected his friend of changing his religion. Porter was a connoisseur in art, and was employed in buying pictures for the King; while in literature his chief merit lay in acting as Mæcenas in a modest way to ceder bards than himself. Herrick, in the "Hesperides," has five poems addressed to Endymion, one of which, on a Country Life, is worthy of comparison with the famous Epode of Horace.

There are very few slips, either by authoress or printer, in this brightly written volume. If we point out one or two, it is with the frank admission that Miss Townshend has in general made a careful and intelligent use of rather scanty materials. The father-in-law of Porter's eldest son is said in the pedigree to have been the Earl of Bristol, in the text to have been the Earl of Norwich—the latter being correct, though not precisely so, for Lord Goring was not raised to an Earldom till some years after the marriage. In the Appendix is printed a letter from a Richard "Greville," grandson of Endymion, whose mother is supposed by Miss Townshend to have been born to "the Porters" in the early days of their union, and to have married into the family of their old friends, the Grevilles of Gloucestershire. Yet, in a note to p. 238, this daughter is more correctly called "Mrs. Grenville"—a different name; and if Endymion married Olivia as stated, about 1619, he must then have been a widower with at least one child. For in the State Papers (1630) there is a letter of March 16 from Sir Barnard Grenville, of Tresmere, in Cornwall to "his father-in-law Endymion Porter," in which he expresses "his strong filial regard to him and to the writer's honourable mother, with affection to his pretty brothers, &c." Another letter, six months earlier, from the same person, who held the Lieutenantancy of his county, alludes to Porter as "his father." This is fairly strong proof of an earlier marriage; perhaps there are existing records of the Grenville family which would give further details.

**Beginnings of the English Church and Kingdom**, Explained to the People. By Thomas Moore, M.A., Rector of St. Michael Paternoster Royal, London. Cr. 8vo., 202 pp. London, 1897. Skeffington. 5/-

**The Church of England before the Reformation**. By the Rev. Dyson Hague, M.A., Rector of St. Paul's Church, Halifax, Nova Scotia. Cr. 8vo., 300 pp. London, 1897. Hodder & Stoughton. 7/6

Two more books on a topic which has occupied so large a place in recent literature, and which is at the present moment being treated in an exhaustive and popular style by Dean Stubbs, would seem to require some apology; and it is certainly doubtful whether the frankly controversial character of both of them will help to justify their publication to the minds of those who think that a candid and impartial inquiry is far more needed at the present moment than any special pleading or militant advocacy. Mr. Moore, however, has some excuse for reverting to the useful task he undertook in his "Englishman's brief on behalf of his National Church." It was, of course, a partisan publication; but the politician or the student, to whatever religious denomination he may belong, who really desires that the electorate should understand the questions it is called upon to decide, could not fail to welcome a popular exposure of certain fallacies current about the history

of the Church. The belief that the bishops are paid out of the taxes, and that the State at some indefinite period selected one from a number of religious sects and "established" it, has such extraordinary vitality that it is worth while from time to time to have it clearly exploded; and it is better that this should be done by an Anglican partisan than not at all. The Augustine celebration of this year affords a convenient opportunity for recurring to the subject. Mr. Moore, who dedicates his book to the memories of Augustine and Ethelbert, does not display much profound learning, but he states his case clearly and moderately, and adopts the useful plan of discussing separately the main facts and most crucial points in the history rather than giving them in a continuous narrative. He is perfectly right in giving references to "works of acknowledged authority" in his table of contents, but we should have preferred to see his own various publications less frequently mentioned among these authoritative sources of information. Mr. Dyson Hague has in view a very different type of adversary from the Nonconformist politician or the Radical working man. The whole body of modern Church historians form the vanguard of the army against whom he levels his artillery. They are all of them, he thinks, carried away by a passion for the "historical continuity" theory. His own position is that, even from the earliest British period, the Church in England was tainted with unscriptural errors; that the doctrinal reformation begun by Wycliffe was not completed until long after the rejection of Papal supremacy by Henry VIII., and that this doctrinal and spiritual regeneration it is which compels us to speak of the creation of a new Church in the 16th century. If the controversy can be considered to have any practical value, there is undoubtedly room for this lucid and acute statement of the Evangelical position, revealing clearly both its strength and its weakness. But how largely this venerable dispute is one of words may be gathered from the following admissions in Mr. Hague's first chapter:—

That the Church of England is one, and ancient. That the Church of England of to-day is the same body corporate as the Church in England, if not the Church of England, many centuries ago. That the vicissitudes of several stormy centuries have not altered in any great degree her constitution, or changed her ancient name. That the Church of England was in a real sense an independent Church centuries before Rome's signet of universal bishopric was heard of. All this must be heartily admitted. These are facts, and facts cannot be withstood.

It is interesting to note that Mr. Hague, who is unquestionably an able and sincere divine, is a Canadian Churchman, who has, he tells us, "as a Canadian the pride of a citizen of the Empire, and as a Churchman the loyalty of a member of the Church of England."

**Chinese Characteristics.** By Arthur H. Smith, twenty-two years a Missionary of the American Board in China. Popular Edition, revised, with Illustrations. 8x5½in., 342 pp. Edinburgh and London, 1897. Oliphant. 5-

**The Gist of Japan: The Islands, the People, and Missions.** By the Rev. R. B. Peery, A.M., Ph.D., of the Lutheran Mission, Saga, Japan. With Illustrations. 8x5½in., 317 pp. Edinburgh and London, 1897. Oliphant. 5-

Both these books are by missionaries who have lived and moved among the people of whom they write. Although only prepared originally, as Mr. Smith tells us in his introduction, for the *North China Daily News* of Shanghai, with no reference to any wider circulation, the series of masterly essays embodied in "Chinese Characteristics" has deservedly achieved for itself a position among the standard works indispensable to every student of the Far East. They possess the unimpeachable accuracy of photography, but they are something more than photographs; they are living pictures, into which the artist has thrown the vigour of his own shrewd and active mind. There are two rocks upon one or other of which those who should be in many ways best fitted to reveal to us the true inwardness of

Chinese life are apt to split. The Western mind is either driven into aggressive intellectual antagonism by the perpetual inversion of all our own ideas and instincts and methods which Chinese life presents, or—and, curiously enough, this seems to be the greater danger—it succumbs to the strange fascination of its ancient and mysterious conservatism. Mr. Smith has steered clear both of Scylla and Charybdis. He simply reports what he sees, and there are few things Chinese which can have escaped his singular powers of observation during twenty-two years' residence among the people of China, but he leaves the reader to draw his own conclusions. Even with regard to the question which must lie nearest to a missionary's heart, he does not attempt to argue a case. He does not even "assume that the Chinese need Christianity, but if it appears that there are grave defects in their character, it is a fair question how those defects may be remedied." The present edition is a republication in a popular and revised form.

"The Gist of Japan" is written for a narrower circle of readers. Mr. Peery gives a slight but sympathetic sketch of the history and people of Japan. This, however, is only introductory to the real purpose of his book, which is to describe the growth and present position of missionary enterprise in Japan, and to set forth his own views as to the best methods of evangelization. He himself is a member of the Lutheran Mission, to which he naturally believes that "special work" has been allotted by Providence. There is much in what he says to which all who believe in the civilizing and elevating influence of Christianity will yield a ready assent. But his point of view is apt to be narrowly sectarian, and his comments on the work done by rival denominations more critical than generous. We fully appreciate the devoted assistance that Protestant missionaries receive from their wives, and the valuable influence of the Christian home which they set up in foreign lands as an example of what Christian family life should be; but in view of the testimony which Mr. Peery is compelled to render to the success of the Roman Catholic Missions, and especially of their ministrations to the helpless and infirm, his condemnation of celibacy appears somewhat sweeping. Could married missionaries, for instance, devote themselves to the care of lepers as do the priests of the Catholic leper hospital, which Japanese sufferers, we are told, much prefer to the Government hospital for lepers? Mr. Peery lays it down that the missionary's faith must be aggressive, and that his position should continually be one of offence and not of defence. But his aggressiveness appears to be chiefly doctrinal. At any rate, we do not imagine that the equipment of the missionary's house with Western furniture, books, music, papers, &c., and the provision of the missionary himself with the attractions of a liberal salary, summer vacations in the hills, and regular furloughs, would have occupied quite so prominent a place in a handbook for missionaries written, say, by Francis Xavier. Yet the Apostle of Japan was a missionary of an undeniably aggressive type; but, perhaps, he looked upon missionary work as a vocation and not as a profession.

**Shakspeare—Puritan and Recusant.** By the Rev. T. Carter. With a Prefatory Note by the Rev. Principal J. Oswald Dykes, D.D. 7½x5½in., 28 pp. London, 1897. Oliphant. 26

The subject of this volume is not, of course, William Shakspeare, but his father John, who owes to the reflected fame of his son a share of attention from students of English literature quite as large as that bestowed upon many authors who have won reputations by their own achievements. Mr. Carter undertakes to upset two more or less widely-received notions about John Shakspeare. At the beginning of the century a Mr. Charles Butler undertook to show that the great dramatist was reared in a Roman Catholic home, and though this theory cannot be said to have received any general acceptance, it has become very popular among some Shakspearian scholars. A much more generally received belief about the older Shakspeare, and one founded upon what, on the face of it, appears to be good

evidence, is that about the year 1577 he fell into financial difficulties. The arguments here adduced against the latter belief are certainly ingenious and more convincing than those employed to establish the proposition that he was, what Mr. Carter calls him by a slight anticipation in the development of ecclesiastical terminology, a zealous "Puritan." It has undoubtedly been too hastily assumed that the fact of a keen business man, fond of litigation, being relieved of a tax, owing to "no effects," or alleged to be in fear of process for debt, proves him to be actually destitute of means. Put, briefly, the theory here advanced is that the explanation of John Shakespeare's parting with the Snitterfield and Wilmore properties is to be found in the following passage from the Lansdowne MSS. "The Recusants convey all their lands and goods to friends of their's before their convictions and are relieved by those that have the same lands," and that Whitgift's persecution of the Puritans coincides in time with John Shakespeare's pecuniary troubles. There are certainly strong reasons for thinking that either through himself or his son, and either directly or indirectly, John Shakespeare was in possession of substantial resources during most of the period in which the documentary records present him to us as a poor man. But the suggestion that he was an "advanced Protestant," though, as Dr. Oswald Dykes says, it would be "no less natural than welcome" to a certain class of readers, involves a good deal more hypothesis. His prosecution of Perrot and his inclusion in Sir Thomas Lucy's Recusancy return do not go very far to prove it; and still less does his share in the Protestant renovation of the Guild Chapel, in which he was commercially interested. Mr. Carter produces some reasons against John Shakespeare's Romanism, but none to show that he was an earnestly religious "Puritan." Shakespeare, of course, shows great familiarity with the Bible—a fact which may have contributed to the success of his plays—and this the Puritan theory is intended to explain. But allowance must be made for other influences—for what he would learn at school, for the sacred plays from which he would glean knowledge of Bible characters, and for the avidity with which a youth of so intelligent a mind would devour the Geneva Bible, if he got hold of it. And, after all, the discussion has not much bearing on the plays, for controversialists on both sides admit that the dramatist throws the smallest possible light on the religious features of the time, and reveals no personal predilection for either Puritan or Papist.

**The Romance of the Irish Stage**, with Pictures of the Irish Capital in the 18th Century. By J. Fitzgerald Molloy. Two Volumes, with Portraits. Crown 8vo., 504 pp. London, 1897. Downey. 21/-

Mr. Molloy's volumes are fairly entertaining if taken in small doses, though the title is not altogether justified. What he does is to give us an idea—a good idea on the whole, though his hand lacks lightness in sketching in details—of the superficial life of Dublin throughout the last century. He pays special attention to the stage, it is true, and industriously chronicles much small beer of openings and closings and first appearances and benefit nights with some small history of all the noted performers who trod its boards; but the romantic element is a little to seek. The story of Sheridan's struggles with the young bloods who made themselves so objectionable in his theatre and of their final discomfiture is as good as anything in the book. This was, of course, the father of Richard Brinsley, and though he was less of an eccentric (and less of a genius too) than either his own father or his famous son he is an interesting figure. What with his ill-luck and his stubborn temper the fellow was constantly at loggerheads with somebody, and no sooner had he routed the bloods than he succeeded by ill-advised actions in incensing the theatre-going public to such an extent that they wrecked his playhouse. However, he soon made his peace with them, and made the business pay well enough until he found lecturing in England a more profitable occupation. There are plenty of good stories in the volumes both about him and about many of his fellow-players. This of

Macklin illustrates happily the friendly relations which prevailed between actor and audience in the old days:—

His acting was distinguished by three pauses, each longer than the other, according to the dignified impression he sought to convey, the last being styled his grand pause. One night when he had arrived at this point of his performance, the prompter imagined he had forgotten his words, and accordingly whispered them. As no notice was taken of this, he again and in a louder tone suggested the words, when Macklin rushed across the stage and knocked him down; then returning, he told the audience "the fellow interrupted me in my grand pause," and continued his part.

Another is a new and amusing variant upon a well-known theme:—

One evening when Mossop was playing Lear to a brilliant house, lighted by wax, as was the custom when Shakespeare was produced, Usher represented the Duke of Kent. All went well until the scene where the stricken monarch is supported by this faithful subject, when the latter took the opportunity of whispering to his Majesty, "If you don't give me your honour, Sir, that you'll pay me my arrears this night before I go home, I'll let you drop about the boards." Alarmed at this, the king muttered, "Don't talk to me now." "I will," persisted Usher, "I will let you drop," on which King Lear promised to pay the duke, and kept his word.

Two charming autogravures after the portraits by Reynolds and Romney of Mrs. Abington and Mrs. Jordan considerably enhance the value of the book.

**A Primer of Wordsworth with a Critical Essay.** By Laurie Magnus, B.A. Oxon., formerly Demy of Magdalen. 7½×5½in., 227 pp. London, 1897. Methuen. 2/6

It is much to the credit of Mr. Magnus that, though a young writer, he is perfectly simple and unaffected alike in thought and style. There is in this book no tendency to represent Wordsworth as a poetic Allah and Magnus as his prophet. Neither is there in expression any straining after long-drawn-out harmonies. The style is, on the contrary, somewhat bare. But, rich as Mr. Magnus is in "saving common sense," he has not altogether avoided youthful faults of another kind. With a little more experience he will learn to remove such marks of the University Extension chisel as the phrase, "I would refer you to" so and so. He will probably avoid such a word as "nuclear," applied to the characterization of a poem, and he will certainly shun such a slang term as "scamped," which occurs on page 69. Neither will his emotion be one of pride when he looks back upon a sentence like this:—

"And Wordsworth, torn between his strength of principle on the side of Beaupuy and his strength of sorrow for the Girondist victims, the women among whom were permitted that last and only privilege of freedom, held, too, by native loyalty to England, saw her join the coalition against France with feelings of deepest anguish."

But these are trifles; and, in spite of some more serious faults, this unpretending little book will be more helpful to the student of Wordsworth than many a more ambitious critical performance. To write a good primer of anything is far from being an easy task; but Mr. Magnus has all the chief requirements—full knowledge, patient industry, and sound method. It will not be easy to find elsewhere, within equal compass, so much solid information about Wordsworth. A great deal of it is meant, as the title of the book suggests, for the tyro in Wordsworthian lore; but there is also much that the ripe student of the poet will welcome—many suggestive criticisms, many helpful collocations, some interesting comparisons. It is divided into six chapters. The first deals briefly, but not inadequately, with the life of Wordsworth. The next four take up in succession the longer poems, the shorter poems, the tours and sonnets, and the prose works. Chapter VI., perhaps the least satisfactory of all, is devoted to a critical essay. There is also, in an appendix, a short but useful bibliography.

We have characterized the style as somewhat bare, and have instanced a few of its faults. But against occasional poverty of language there must be put such racy expressions as a "Blue-

book on the ordnance survey of Parnassus," applied to a passage from Wordsworth's preface to the "Excursion." We must also count for virtue the bold judgment that "the rough edges of 'Peter Bell' are much less offensive in art than the over-refinement of 'Enoch Arden' or the 'May Queen.'" This may or may not be critically sound, but the man who writes so is one who thinks for himself, and who has therefore the quality of all others most likely to make a stimulating guide to literature. And here we come upon the most vital characteristic of Mr. Magnus's criticism. It is thoughtfulness. He has read the philosophers with profit, and he treats Wordsworth throughout as a poet who is also a thinker. Perhaps he does so even to excess, and trusts too much to this criticism of the intellect as against the criticism of feeling. Thus, his remarks on the great "Ode on Intimations of Immortality" have much that is sound, and have at least some support from the judgment of critics so great as Matthew Arnold and Walter Pater. But may we not imagine Wordsworth in Elysium turning all this with the quiet remark that "he knew it, and it did not matter?" The child is not the glorious creature Wordsworth depicted, but then "out of the mouths of babes and sucklings" are we taught wisdom, not by reason of the wisdom that is in them, but of that which we read into them. Moreover, it is true, though strange, that in poetry a man may, sometimes, "for a tricky word" almost "defy the matter." One great test of the poetic gift is to know when and where and how.

Again, Mr. Magnus's conviction that the genius of Wordsworth was given to "the search for liberty, and its experiment in democracy," seems to lead him into error. Guided by it he finds in 1795, when "he changed from the pioneer of revolution to the prophet of freedom," the great division of Wordsworth's life. But what about the year 1808, when his "golden decade" ended? Surely the turning point, for better or for worse, in a poet's poetry is the true turning-point in his life. The same spirit leads Mr. Magnus to make Tennyson as well as Wordsworth a poet "of the democratic ideal"—not, apparently, without an uneasy sense of doubt, for he refers to Tennyson as disguising this spirit "by an innate aristocracy of heart." This is nearer the truth. Tennyson is not really a democratic poet, and scores of Doras and Enoch Ardens would not make him one. And in Wordsworth, too, there is "an innate aristocracy of heart," though it shows itself in a different way. Matthew Arnold wrote of him long ago that—

"Wordsworth's eyes avert their ken  
From half of human fate;"

and this abstraction from so large a share of men's interests is hardly consistent with such devotion to the "democratic ideal" as Mr. Magnus ascribes to Wordsworth. In such points as these we differ from Mr. Magnus; but we gladly welcome his little book as a valuable contribution to Wordsworthian literature.

## LEGAL.

**The Law of Mines, Quarries, and Minerals.** By Robert Forster Mac Swinney, M.A., Barrister-at-Law. 2nd Edition. By the Author, assisted by L. S. Bristowe, M.A., Barrister-at-Law. London, 1897.

Sweet and Maxwell, Ltd. £2

The first edition of this work appeared in 1884. Since that date, its subject matter has been affected by quite a unique mass of statutes and by very numerous decisions. The Trustee Acts, 1893 and 1894, have replaced the provisions of the Confirmation of Sales Act empowering trustees and mortgagees to sell mines separately from the rest of the land. The Copyhold Act, 1894, has replaced similar provisions in the old Enfranchisement Acts. The Settled Land Act, 1890, has extended the powers of limited owners as to the reservation of rents. A special law with reference to brine-pumping has been introduced by the Brine Pumping (Compensation for Subsidence) Act, 1891. The jurisdiction of the Vice-Warden of the Stannaries, after a well-meant effort on the part of the Legislature in 1887 to maintain it, has been transferred by the Stannaries Court (Abolition) Act,

1896, to the County Courts of Cornwall. Mines, like other property passing on death, have been swept into the wide range of operation of the Finance Act, 1894. And in addition to these enactments there has been an important series of new Regulation Acts, commencing with the Coal Mines Regulation Act, 1887, and ending with the Workmen's Compensation Act, 1897, which, Mr. Mac Swinney tells us, will, in the opinion of many competent persons, add 2s. per ton to the cost of producing coal. All this mass of legislation, with the exception of the Workmen's Compensation Act, 1897, which cannot properly be dealt with yet, has been skillfully welded into the new edition of "Mac Swinney on Mines," in so far as it has any relevance to the subject matter of the work. The scarcely less formidable accumulation of decisions since 1884 meets with equally exhaustive and judicious treatment. In this connexion one point deserves notice. Mr. Mac Swinney suggests that the effect of the decision of the House of Lords in the case of "The Lord Provost of Glasgow v. Fairie" (13 App. Cas., 657) has discredited Lord Justice Mellish's definition of "minerals" in "Hext v. Gill" as "including every substance which can be got from underneath the surface of the earth for the purpose of profit," with the result that such substances as clay, sand, and gravel are placed in a category of their own and are not "minerals" if they form the upper soil. The criticism may be correct, since, although the decision in question turns on the words of a Scotch Act of Parliament, these are identical with the language of the corresponding English Act, on which the validity of Lord Justice Mellish's definition depends. If, however, Mr. Mac Swinney is right in his view of the effect of the Scotch, there certainly seems to be room for an amending Act to do away with a distinction for which no apparent reason exists.

The following special features in the new edition should also be noted. The chapter on Support has been in great part rewritten, and an exceptionally good Table of Cases with references to all the reports has been prepared by Mr. W. Grant-Wilson. The pages of the text in which the facts of the case are stated being marked with an asterisk in the index. The new edition of "Mac Swinney on Mines" will be as invaluable to lawyers and mining agents as its predecessor. The author suitably acknowledges in the preface the labours of his coadjutor, Mr. L. S. Bristowe.

**Hunter's Roman Law.** A Systematic and Historical Exposition of Roman Law in the order of a Code. By W. A. Hunter, M.A., LL.D., Barrister-at-Law. Embodying the Institutes of Gaius and Institutes of Justinian. Translated into English by J. Ashton Cross, Barrister-at-Law. 3rd Edition. Revised and enlarged. London, 1897.

Sweet and Maxwell, Ltd. 32/-

In spite of the large measure of popularity which Mr. Hunter's "Roman Law" has attained—a popularity to which the publication of a third edition of so elaborate a treatise on what the "practical man" considers so academic a subject bears striking witness—it may be doubted whether the transcendent merits of this work have even yet received at the hands of the legal profession, and, in particular, of law students, the recognition to which they are entitled. Alike in conception and in execution, it is the greatest exposition of the civil law that has appeared in modern times since Pothier's monumental attempt to rewrite the Pandects. It will not, indeed, enable the student to dispense with other guides on special points; he will require to have recourse to Moyle's admirable *ecceuria*; such portions of the treatise as those that show how the coercive authority of the State grew out of the voluntary submission of the subject need to be supplemented by references to Maine; and no wise student will fail to qualify himself for an intelligent appreciation of Mr. Hunter's treatise by a preliminary perusal of the "Introduction to Roman Law" from the same pen. But, notwithstanding these qualifications, Hunter's "Roman Law" is better fitted than any text book that we are aware of to take the place—now necessarily to a great extent vacated—of Coke on Littleton in the mental discipline of students of law. It only remains to be added, by way of general statement, for the benefit of those who are imperfectly acquainted with the plan and contents of the work, that it is a digest and code of so much of Justinian as is likely to be of use to students of modern law, that the text of Justinian—which is well translated by Mr. Ashton Cross—is elucidated, where necessary, by the text of Gaius, and that the work is prefaced by a clear and concise sketch of the external history of Roman law by Mr. A. E. Murison. Mr. Hunter avoids the mistake of attempting to translate Latin technical phrases by doubtful English equivalents. Since the appearance of the first edition, the chapter on possession has been rewritten and enlarged; the indexes to the work are logical and exhaustive.

## Among my Books.

### UGLINESS IN FICTION.

Novel readers have escaped from the sex novel with a sense of relief and were beginning to hope that fiction was returning to the decencies of life when the slum novel appears and fills us with despair. For the majority of us hard-working men (and women), toiling considerably more than eight hours a day in various professions and businesses, fiction is an appreciable relief and reinforcement. An hour with a well-written novel when the work of the day is done—say at 10 p.m., if we be fortunate—consoles one for a long spell of care and drudgery. As a class, we are not unreasonable nor exacting; we do not complain that no "Henry Esmond" nor "Heart of Midlothian" is to be heard of anywhere, but are unaffectedly grateful for a tale which is interesting and well-written. If the author be able to move us to tears or laughter after an honest manly fashion or to set us a-thinking on the problems of society, or to brace us to do our duty better, or to waken us up by a good adventure story, then our hearts grow warm to the man and we rouse ourselves from arm-chairs to acknowledge our debt and afterwards burn the letter as becomes self-respecting Englishmen who are more ashamed of emotion than of anything else under the sun. Nor are we really squeamish and prudish, some of us having had occasion to know almost as much of life as a woman novelist, but let us confess that we would prefer to keep (fairly) good company in our hours of rest. We are perfectly aware that people swear and do other things which are worse, but without being Pharisees we distinctly object to books which swear on every page and do the other things on the page between being our companions for the hour when the lamp is lit and the streets are quiet. It may be our narrowness and we are prepared to hear that we are Philistines and destitute of the very beginnings of culture if we are rather sick of a certain monotonous adjective and the other things. We condoned oaths in Thackeray because it was the custom of very agreeable people to swear then, but it is only the custom of very disagreeable people now, and while some of us in various walks of life have to endure such people at times we do not hanker after their unnecessary and voluntary company.

This deplorable disability to appreciate a highly-flavoured book does not blind one to its frequent force and partial veracity. It deals, let it be granted, with elemental facts of savage life at home and at first hand. The author has heard with his own ears and not another's, and has seen with his own eyes, and whatsoever he has heard and seen he has written, or if there be some things kept back they are only such as could not be legally put into print. One must also, as a rule, acknowledge with admiration the dramatic sense of the author who recognizes a situation at a glance, and his artistic skill who presents it with a firm touch. It is the substance not the workmanship which offends and repels.

Very likely the subject is a chapter in the life either of a coster girl or a street arab, which is sometimes disgusting, sometimes immoral, and always unpleasant. Perhaps there is a minute description of a bank holiday excursion, where lovers drink incredible quantities of beer, and eat like ravenous beasts. There will almost certainly be a fight between two women, with full details, and if there be a death-scene the mother will discuss with a neighbour whether the coffin should be "helm" or "hoak" while her daughter lies a-dying, and relate with gusto how the coffin lid was at last fastened down on her husband's body, whose dropsy had made him an inconvenient weight, by the simple expedient of the widow's weight being added to that of two undertakers. One breathes throughout an atmosphere of filth, squalor, profanity, and indecency, and is seized with moral nausea. There are such things as drains, and sometimes they may have to be opened, but one would not for choice have one opened in his library.

When one asks why this kind of book should be written, and, let us suppose, by an author of power—did not Rudyard Kipling turn aside to write *Badalia Herodsfoot* and thereby incur a considerable paternal responsibility?—it will doubtless be replied, because it is true and it is desirable that people should know the truth. If costers or any other people are living after a bestial fashion, then this ought to be known to all whom it may concern. Which means that such books are really semi-philanthropic and are novels with a purpose, falling into the class of "Nicholas Nickleby" and "Never too Late to Mend." This leaves the question of their art untouched, but it vindicates their intention, and so at the worst the slum novel is only a mistake. It is, however, a very distinct mistake. For one thing the people who are to be addressed would be far more likely to be impressed were the life of this under-world stated in terms of fact and not tricked out as fiction. Besides, it is impossible that this can be the whole life of the East-end—this Inferno of vice and violence. Is there no purity, no loyalty, no kindness among these people? It is incredible that they should all be ruffians and loose women; and, therefore, it is certain that one side of life is ignored; and, if this be so, the description is disproportionate and unreliable. The writer has seen only such things as he proposed to see; they could not, of course, be the things he wished to see; and, instead of being realistic, his book is an inverted idealism in which—manipulating facts according to his mind—the author presents what is morally ugly as another idealist would present what is morally beautiful. Possibly the author may repudiate any purpose and may content himself with pleading the compulsion of his art. This life exists, as a matter of fact, and it has appealed to his literary sense; it is a subject and he has represented what he has seen. As a painter takes a black sullen pool so a novelist has chosen this sink of human life—this is his *métier*, and nothing remains to be said. It is his form of art and has to be judged by the rules of art. If so, a question at once occurs to the simple reader, and he would be greatly obliged by an answer. Is the representation of moral ugliness really artistic? As one under-

stands it the chief end of, say, sculpture is to create in marble that idea of physical beauty which lies in the background of the mind; and while suffering may be included in the beautiful, as for instance in the Dying Gladiator, or much of Michelangelo's work, no sculptor of the first order has set himself to embody in marble hideous deformity. Painters have not shrunk from crucifixions, but they have not chosen leprosy, although the silver sheen had lent itself well to treatment, nor a surgical operation, although the blood—well one need not press that point. Why is a hump-back or a leper inadmissible? Because they are the violation of the law of things; they are imperfection and disease. Why should the artist in life forsake the quest of the perfect and the beautiful, wrought out often through poverty and agony, and spend his skill on what is loathsome and disgusting? Is he not also bound to the service of the ideal, and is it not his function to fling out before us that model of high character and living which we all have imagined, after which we all strive, but which we cannot express; or is it that the canon of beauty which guides the sculptor and the painter has no authority over the novelist, and he alone of artists has the liberty of deformity?

IAN MAC LAREN.

### FICTION.

**Captains Courageous.** By Rudyard Kipling. 7½ x 5 in., 245 pp. London, 1897. Macmillan. 6/-

The external appearance of "Captains Courageous," with its bright blue binding, gilt edges, and inspiring woodcuts, suggests the idea that Mr. Kipling has written a boys' book. And so he has; only, like "Robinson Crusoe," "Treasure Island," and one or two other first-rate books of adventure, it will give almost as much pleasure to grown-up people as to boys. Whether ladies will approve the educational process that Mr. Kipling seems to recommend may be doubted; but it is certain that Disko Troop's school, in which young Harvey Cheyne was the only pupil, affords an admirable training for the sons of millionaires. The story is quite simple, and is agreeably free from shipwrecks, cannibals, and other horrors that one expects and experiences, in a literary way, with the approach of Christmas. Harvey Cheyne, the only son of an American multimillionaire, is a weedy boy of 15, who is described in the smoking room of an American liner as "the biggest nuisance aboard." In the agony of his first cigar he goes on deck, removes himself as far as possible from human observation, falls overboard, and is picked up by one of the small boats, or dories, of a schooner of the cod-fishing fleet. The boy is no fool, and, conscious of his father's unlimited wealth, offers Disko Troop, the skipper of the schooner, any amount of money to take him back to New York. He brags of his father's greatness, of his ability to buy the entire schooner every month and not feel it, and of his own 200 dollars a month pocket-money. But Disko Troop, a hard, just, seafaring man, who is seldom "mistook in his judgments," is persuaded that the boy is mad or has lost his wits in falling overboard, and is not moved by his representations. It is a thousand miles to New York, and, besides, it is only May, and the schooner will not return till the end of the fishing, in September. To this Harvey objects:—

"I can't stay here doin' nothing just because you want to fish. I can't, I tell you."

"Right an' jest; jest an' right. No one asks you to do nothin'. There's a heap as you can do; for Otto, he went overboard at Le Havre. I mistrust he lost his grip in a gale we

fund there. Anyways, he never come back to deny it. You've turned up—plain, plunt, providential for all concerned. I mistrust, though, there's ruther few things you kin do. Ain't that so?"

"I can make it lively for you and your crowd when we get ashore," said Harvey, with a vicious nod, murmuring vague threats about 'piracy,' at which Troop almost—not quite—smiled.

"Except talk. I'd forgot that. You ain't asked to talk more'n you've a mind to, aboard the We're Here. Keep your eyes open, an' help Dan to do ez he's bid, an' sechlike, an' I'll give you—you ain't wuth it, but I'll give—ten and a ha'af a month; say thirty-five at the end o' the trip. A little work will ease up your head, an' you kin tell us all 'bout your dad an' your ma an' your money afterwards."

That defines the situation. Harvey indignantly refuses to make himself useful, accuses Disko of robbing him, and finds himself in the scuppers with a bleeding nose, where he is comforted by Dan, a boy of his own age, the son of Disko. Naturally, the boys strike up a warm friendship, Harvey apologizes to Disko, and soon settles down, with zest, to the life of a fisherman. As for his shipmates, Manuel, Long Jack, Tom Platt, Pennsylvania, Uncle Salters, and the cook, they are all of them delightfully differentiated, not with the ordinary comic characteristics of the sea novel, but with most unlooked-for peculiarities. When at the end of the fishing season the We're Here, now chock-full of salt cod, returns to her port, Gloucester, Maine, the heir to thirty millions lands in oilskins and sea-boots a "full-blooded banker," and proud of it; and he has earned thirty-five dollars. Then he telegraphs to his father and mother, who hurry eastward from California in their own private railroad car, and make it clear to the excellent but disbelieving Disko Troop that Harvey had in no way exaggerated their magnificence. It need not be said that Harvey's father, a shrewd, self-made man, is more than satisfied with the improvement of his son, and finds the most agreeable means of recompensing Disko.

Such is the bare outline of the story, which is good enough for either boys or men, and as wholesome as sea air itself. It is told, as is only natural with Mr. Kipling, in the most graphic manner, and with the raciest dialect. And the interest of the book does not depend by any means entirely on the story, but almost equally on the vivid descriptions of the cod-fishing fleet and its industry. Mr. Kipling has sung of the "gliding fog bank" in one of his finest poems, and elsewhere of that and other perils of the sea. Here we have them as part of the every day life of the fisherman of the "Grand Banks," and can understand what it is to grope from one fishing station to another, with bells ringing and horns sounding—conch-shells, sometimes, like old Triton's—partly to warn the liners passing through the fishing fleet, and partly to keep the "dories" in touch with their schooners. The boy Harvey asked whether it would not be "great" to run down a fishing boat; but that was when he was on board the steamer. Afterwards, his point of view was changed.

"Aoooo—whoooo—whupp, went the siren, wingle—tingle—tink, went the bell. Graaa—ouch went the conch, while sea and sky were all milled up in milky fog. Then Harvey felt that he was nearing a moving body, and found himself looking up at the wet edge of a cliff-like bow, leaping, it seemed, directly over the schooner. A jaunty little feather of water curled in front of it, and as it lifted it showed a long ladder of Roman numerals—XV., XVI., XVII., XVIII., and so forth—on a salmon-coloured, gleaming side. It tilted forward and downward with a heart-stilling 'Ssoooo'; the ladder disappeared; a line of brass-rimmed port holes flashed past; a jet of steam puffed in Harvey's helplessly uplifted hands; a spout of hot water roared along the rail of the We're Here, and the little schooner staggered and shook in a rush of screw-torn water, as a liner's stern vanished in a fog. Harvey got ready to faint, or to be sick, or both, when he heard a crack like a trunk thrown on a side-walk, and, all small in his ear, a far away telephone voice drawing, 'Heave to! You've sunk us!'

That was the fate of a neighbouring schooner, sent to the bottom while "there were folks asleep in dry, upholstered cabins who would never learn that they had massacred a boat before breakfast." Good as this is, it is no more than a fairly

representative quotation from the book. Mr. Kipling has not made the mistake of crowding all the imaginable incidents of the North Atlantic into a three months' trip, but he has provided, within the bounds of reason and probability, sufficient excitement. We cannot quote indefinitely, but can safely commend the book both to men and boys. They will admire it for different reasons, but that will not signify. It should be added that Mr. Taber's drawings distinctly help us to understand our young friend Harvey's adventures.

**Lochinvar.** By S. R. Crockett. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ ×5 $\frac{1}{2}$ in., 447 pp. London, 1897. Methuen. 6/-

The experiment of building up a *quasi*-historical romance on the theme of Sir Walter Scott's picturesque ballad is rather audacious; and this for more than one reason. It is pretty well known, to begin with, that Scott borrowed the motive of his ballad from an earlier one, "Katherine Johnstone," in which Lord Lochinvar was the bridegroom favoured by the girl's parents and was a "lord of fair England"; while the bold lover who carried off the bride was Lord Lauderdale "frae the Lowland border." Scott's daring inversion of the hero and protagonist of the old legend was justified even more by the grace and spirit of his verses than by the circumstance that characters and incidents alike are, as far as is known, entirely fictitious, and are, therefore, material which may, in a manner, be lawfully appropriated by any writer who is strong enough to mould it effectively into a new shape. But Mr. Crockett is not quite a Sir Walter—a fact which becomes painfully apparent when we find that he has here done what Sir Walter Scott would have been too prudent to attempt. He has brought down the period of the ballad story a couple of centuries or so, in order to weave its incidents into a tale of the Revolutionary troubles of 1688-89. He has transformed the heroine into a fair Covenanter, Kate M'Ghie, the daughter of a Galloway laird; and young Lochinvar becomes in his hands a neighbouring laird or lord—Mr. Crockett, oddly enough, appears to think that in this particular case the one is much the same as the other—who albeit of Jacobite proclivities is obliged to go into exile in Holland, and takes service in one of the Prince of Orange's Scotch regiments. At the old city of Amersfoort he renews an acquaintance with Mistress Kate, with whom he has had some flirtation in their native Galloway. This time he falls instantaneously and madly in love with the girl, who in reality returns his passion, but who treats him with much outward coldness and scorn. The circumstance that Kate is also loved by the Earl of Barra, one of the Lords of the Isles, leads to a whole series of adventures, in the course of which Lochinvar does some Homeric feats of swordsmanship, encounters sundry misfortunes through his own folly and the plots of his rival—who is, however, by no means a dexterous intriguer—and is throughout a very melodramatic personage indeed. After rescuing his lady-love from the clutches of Lord Barra, who has carried her off to his stronghold in an isle of the Hebrides, he permits her in the tamest fashion to fall again under the influence of that unscrupulous nobleman, exercised through her father and mother, who approve of Lord Barra's suit. But Lochinvar and Kate have sworn to be true to one another till death, and when the young lady, in a fashion that is left unexplained, consents to marry the Earl, she sends her lover a token that he is wanted, and he appears on the wedding morning, and carries off the bride in the way that Scott describes in a single thrilling stanza—diluted by Mr. Crockett into some dozen pages of very prosy prose.

The appropriation of a subject already glorified by the genius of a great writer could only have been justified by adequate treatment. This Mr. Crockett could scarcely have given us at his best; and in this book he is very far from being at his best. It bears throughout traces of merely mechanical production, as though the writer had contracted to furnish so many adventures, and so many pages of Lowland Scottish dialogue, at a specified rate per dozen. His personages meet or swagger in Seventeenth

Century costumes, and occasionally, though very seldom, stray into Seventeenth Century modes of speech; but except in so far as they are wholly unreal—mere marionettes of which Mr. Crockett pulls the strings as his rather jaded fancy dictates—they all belong to the types which were made familiar in his earlier stories. At the outset of his career he acquired a trick of semi-humorous, semi-pathetic analysis, and exposition of moods and emotions which was very effective at first; but it was only a trick, after all, and with frequent repetitions it grew tedious. Mr. Crockett, however, seems quite unable to get rid of it; he uses it in this story, in season and out of season. The fiction-reading public is long-suffering, and often amazingly faithful to a writer who has once acquired its favour; but Mr. Crockett has severely tested its patience in the production of "Lochinvar," and he will not be well advised to repeat the experiment.

**One of the Broken Brigade.** By Clive Phillipps-Wolley. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ ×5 $\frac{1}{2}$ in., 279 pp. London, 1897.

Smith, Elder. 6/-

Adventures are to the adventurous, and when a high-spirited youth leaves England for the colonies with a fair supply of cash, the assurance of regular remittances from home, and no very definite object in view save that of "making his pile," he is pretty sure to have many curious and interesting experiences. Noel Johns, to whom the reader is introduced in "One of the Broken Brigade," is just such a young fellow as we have described. The book is the story of his life in British Columbia and on the rolling prairies of the North-West Territory. It is well written and contains many exciting incidents, but these are strung together with so little regard for probability that they fail to carry conviction with them, and leave the reader almost unmoved. It would require considerably more ingenuity than the author displays in this story to render credible the chance meetings of his characters in the vast and lonely regions of the Far West. Mr. Phillipps-Wolley is at his best in the descriptive passages of his book. There are skilful touches in the opening chapter, in which Noel Johns takes leave of his friends in the old country on the eve of his departure to seek his fortune in the New World. The scene is a village on the Berkshire side of the Thames, and the persons are Squire Verulam, his little daughter, Pussy, and Trevor Johns, Noel's cousin.

"But why couldn't you farm here, just as well as there, Noel?" asked the old man.

"Because a younger son's place is not on the family acres," replied Noel.

"And why not?" asked the Squire.

"Why not? Why," replied Noel, "because you say so; yes, you and thousands like you. I might stay and work at the Bar, if I had patience enough. I might go into the Army if I had money enough. I might stay and live upon my people if I was mean enough, and I might go into business; or farm for profit, if I was not a Johns of Kingdon. You would think it rather plucky of me to "run a store" in the North-West, but how would you like it if I sold groceries in the village?"

"Now, Pussy, give us just one more song before you go to bed. You don't mind her singing "Auld Lang Syne," Sir, do you?"

"Of course not, of course not, boy," cried the Squire: "good heavens, is it so late already?" And rising, the four joined hands, and sang together that old song which is a sacrament to some of us, pledging themselves for all years to come to the friend who stood on the brink, waiting to step out from the light and warmth of home into the battle of life in the Far West.

"For a moment all stood, hands joined, listening as the last notes floated down the dark river; then the old man wrung the young one's hands in both his, and, turning, said somewhat hoarsely to his daughter—

"Now, Pussy, bed! It's time for chicks to be at roost."

The sketches of British Columbia are sufficiently faithful. They prove that the author possesses considerable powers of observation. Mr. Snape and Colonel Gilchrist are two good examples of the financial shark of America, and they are outlined with a skilful hand, while in Miss Gilchrist, the colonel's beautiful



daughter, an amusing specimen of a certain type of American girl is cleverly described. The pictures of life among the men of the North-West Police are equally good, but the "holding up" of the stage coach by Trevor Johns, the arrest of that desperate road agent by his cousin Noel, and the adventures which subsequently befall the two men are incidents of so forced and improbable a kind that they excite incredulity. The book would be much better than it is if the author's imagination were equal to his talent for descriptive writing.

**Derelicts.** By William J. Locke, Author of "At the Gate of Samaria." 8x5½in., 414 pp. London and New York, 1897. Lane. 6s.

Mr. Locke appears to have a predilection for placing his personages in exceptional, and what, from the merely mundane point of view, might be pronounced hazardous, situations, and then working out their destiny for them. It is one method, and, of course, a strictly legitimate one, of constructing a story; but it is open to the objection that it exposes the author to the temptation of playing too obviously the part of an over-ruling Providence. In this story Mr. Locke makes his "derelicts" mutually helpful in getting off the reefs where they have stranded, and enables them to pass safely through a perilous voyage and reach a harbour of security and quiet happiness at last. That is a climax with which no reader of the book will be dissatisfied; but it is hard not to doubt whether matters would, or could, have arranged themselves so agreeably in real life. If this doubt be held at arm's length, however, "Derelicts" may claim recognition as a pleasant, pathetic, and gracefully-written story. Stephen Chisely, the hero, is a young man who, starting in life with every advantage of education, social position, and opportunity to prosper, has contrived in a very short time to come to ruin and to perpetrate embezzlements that entail on him a sentence of two years' imprisonment. Emerging from gaol, discarded by his family and former friends, he is engaged in a hopeless endeavour to find work, and is sinking into utter despair, when he chances to meet a certain Madame Yvonne Latour, a little music mistress of French origin but apparently of English birth, who has known and liked him in his day of prosperity. That meeting is the saving of him. She refuses to recognize any reason why the old friendship should not be resumed; she makes Chisely hope again in spite of himself; she puts him in the way of earning his own living, and her intervention enables him, though after many hardships and disappointments, to begin a new career. Then it is Yvonne who in her turn, by a series of undeserved misfortunes, is brought to the verge of despair, and Chisely who becomes the instrument of her rescue. They are threatened with a separation that would have been disastrous to both, and all because Yvonne, in her exceeding guilelessness, has not realized that she loves Chisely, while he on his part feels unworthy, in the light of his past, to ask for her love. But the inevitable explanation, of course, comes at last, and all ends well.

**By a Hair's Breadth.** By Heaton Hill. 1 vol. sm. 8vo., 307 pp. London, 1897. Cassells. 6s.

This is an extremely ingenious book and not ill written. It purports to give a full, true, and particular account of all the attempts on the life of the Tsar and Tsarina during their visits to the other crowned heads of Europe. It will be remembered that about the time of the visit to Balmoral last year certain Fenian purveyors of explosives were arrested both here and in France, and a wild theory was started at the time that their conspiracy was directed, not against the peace of England, but against the life of the Tsar. This universally-scouted hypothesis the author seeks to rehabilitate by introducing us to an Irish-American, Colonel Delaval, who, to oblige his Russian friends, puts a portmanteau of dynamite up a chimney at the back of the Tsar's apartments at Breslau. Fortunately, the fiancée of an English attaché hears the ticking of the detonator clock, and it is accordingly removed in the nick of time. Of course we have the usual *dramatis personæ*—the bewitching revolutionary princess; the aged conspirator, whose fierce eyes betray him; the captain, a perfectly idiotic officer in the Imperial service; the Russian police spy, moving in the most fashionable society of St. Petersburg; and a rank and file of *mouchards* and Nihilists. These characters are well enough, particularly Volborth, the Russian Sherlock Holmes, the exqui-

site, profound brutality of whose nature is excellently indicated. We cannot say as much for the English attaché, who has an unheard-of passion for amateur police work, and who if he had got killed for his pains, as he nearly did, would have been rightly served. He is described as "nothing if not cautious," but he is quite the most reckless employé of the F.O. that we ever read of. He even obliges so far as to personate the young Tsar (to whom he bears a remarkable resemblance) so as to draw on the Nihilists to attack him, which they are not slow to do. On this occasion he wears, it is true, a mail shirt under his coat, but with an enemy that usually works with dynamite this is a precaution that would have hardly satisfied an ostrich. When we say that, besides the incidents before mentioned, we have the whisking off from the stage at Vienna of a Nihilist chorus lady with a revolver in her bosom, the murder of Prince Lobanoff (who, it seems, did not die of heart disease, but by the prick of a rose thorn steeped in strychnine), all kinds of queer alarms and excursions at Balmoral, and the holding up by the attaché of the entire gang in a back room in the Rue St. Pol, at Boulogne, it is obvious that the searcher after sensation will here get value for his money.

**Claude Duval of Ninety-five: A Romance of the Road.** By Fergus Hume. 8x5½in., 256 pp. London, 1897. Digby, Long. 3s 6d.

If all Mr. Fergus Hume's "mysteries" had been as easily penetrated as that which forms the theme of "Claude Duval of Ninety-five" he would scarcely have achieved his present reputation as an author of cunningly-contrived stories of crime and its detection. There are not many experienced novel-readers who will fail to find out his secret before they have got through his first half dozen chapters; his narrative supplies so many clues that one can only wonder at the blindness of the detectives, amateur and professional, engaged in trying to hunt down his modern "knight of the road." But it by no means necessarily follows that the interest and attraction of the book are diminished on this account. If that were the case, few novels would be read a second time, few plays visited for a second performance. Whatever his other qualities as a story-teller, Mr. Hume undoubtedly possesses a considerable constructive faculty, and his method of straightening out the tangle he has himself created is in this instance distinctly ingenious, and affords opportunities for the introduction of an abundance of stirring incidents. The central motive of the story, the assumption by a woman of the rôle of a masked highwayman, is not original with Mr. Hume; it is at least as old as that quaint monograph of seventeenth-century rascality, "The English Rogue." But if not absolutely original it is novel, and is worked into a present-day environment with real dexterity. This was the greatest difficulty Mr. Hume had to overcome in giving a sense of actuality to his story, and he has been creditably successful in surmounting it. For the rest, most of his characters are as frankly conventional lay figures as the personages of a Drury Lane spectacular drama, and he concerns himself as little about literary quality or finish in this as in any of his preceding books. The story is emphatically one of incident rather than of character or manners, but since there is a large public who prefer to take their fiction in this shape there is no need to protest on that score.

**Lady Rosalind, or Family Feuds.** By Emma Marshall. 8x5½in., 307 pp. London, 1897. James Nisbet. 6s.

The "family feuds" out of which Mrs. Marshall has contrived to work up this story are of a somewhat complicated nature. Lady Rosalind Penfold is the daughter, and is supposed to be the only child, of a late Earl of Pembury, who, at the opening of the story, has just died at a very convenient moment for himself, since he has left his property hopelessly embarrassed, and literally no provision for his widow and daughter save what was secured to the former under her marriage settlement. Lady Rosalind, a girl of character and high principle, but as yet without definite religious convictions, suffers intensely from the feeling that she can do little or nothing to redeem the family name by clearing off her father's liabilities. But the full measure of the misfortune has yet to be revealed. Not only does a man who had professed to love her desert her in her hour of need, but it turns out that her father's difficulties have been largely due to the blackmail to which he has had to submit in order to preserve the secret of an early

private marriage, two descendants of which, in the third generation—two helpless little girls—are thrust upon Lady Rosalind's care. In her pride she will accept as little as possible of the assistance of her cousin, who is supposed to have succeeded to the title and to what is left of the estates; and, as this cousin is a fine, straightforward, manly young fellow, the reader will be disposed to protest against the cruelty of fate when yet another complication is disclosed and it turns out that the son of a never-did-well uncle of the young earl is the rightful heir of the family honours. How all these perplexities and rivalries are ultimately adjusted and the rough places made plain, and how, amid her trials, Lady Rosalind learns to find consolation and happiness, is duly set forth with the author's wonted narrative skill and simple realism. There is nothing profound or subtle in the tale, but it is wholesome and natural, and two at least of the characters—Lady Rosalind herself and Hensie Selworthy—are freshly conceived and thoughtfully wrought out.

**Liza of Lambeth.** By W. S. Maugham. 7x4½ in., 242 pp. London, 1897. Fisher Unwin.

Only one circumstance induces us to notice this most unpleasant book, and that is its author's evident ability to do better. He does not as yet write with much skill, because he does not thoroughly understand the poor people whom he describes, and, what is worse, does not seem to sympathize with them. He has sharp eyes, but they do not always penetrate the superficial dirt of toil and poverty, and he so greatly exaggerates the vices of the poor that we cannot accept his characters as typical work-people. But one thing he has done beyond all doubt. Roughly and inartistically, with violent colour and the blackest of black shadows, he has succeeded in drawing a figure that sticks with painful reality in the memory. Liza is a factory girl of 18, who lived in a Lambeth slum. She went wrong—it was not far to go—and died in the expected manner at the end of the book. That is literally all, but Liza's portrait is so complete and so strong that even now her ghost refuses to be laid; and that we take to be a considerable achievement for a writer of fiction. We may say with Catullus:—

Odi et amo. Quare id faciam fortasse requiris.  
Nescio: sed fieri sentio et excrucior.

And now that we have freely praised the one merit of the book, we must claim an equal freedom of censure, and must say plainly that the work is not merely disfigured, but is rendered absolutely unendurable by its sustained grossness, both of language and detail. How unnecessary this is, and how disgusting, Mr. Maugham does not seem to know. He must learn the value of reticence. Slang we can tolerate, for reviewers are born to suffering and get used to it, but in the midst of it all there are a number of needless and unpardonable things which we cannot by any means stomach. It is no excuse for Mr. Maugham that some of his rivals in this particular line of business have done much the same thing and, if he does not take care, will out-do him. Somehow, all writers of this sort remind us of the competition in the Dunciad, "who best can plunge through thick and thin"—only the Dunciad is an elegant and savoury piece of wit compared to these modern performances.

**Broken Arcs: A West Country Chronicle.** By Christopher Hare. Cr. Svo., 317 pp. London and New York, 1897. Harpers. 6-

This is a readable love story, following along the beaten track of many another similar tale of rustic life. The tyrannical Squire, who wants his son to clear off his mortgages by marriage; the pretty and admirable young person at the vicarage who spoils the Squire's plan; her father, the Vicar, immersed in theological composition; and the young villager who follows the Squire's son to the Crimea—they have all done duty for many a novelist, and doubtless will again. We have nothing to say against them if the chronicle of their doings is as devoid of the inanities too often characterizing this type of novel, and indeed as well suited for the entertainment of an idle hour, as "Broken Arcs." The title, by the bye, is suggested by a line of Browning's, "On the earth the broken arcs, in the heaven a perfect round," a motto which applies rather to the "young Squire's" romance than to that of his comrade in arms, which forms the main pivot of the story. The account of the trouble which comes to Harry Tinham's wife, who promised to conceal her marriage while her husband was fighting in the Crimea, is the best part of the book, though it is a pity that the author, when he has sent the husband away to the wars, should so far forget him as to give him on two occasions a wrong surname.

**The Temple of Folly.** By Paul Creswick. Svo., viii.+271 pp. London, 1897. Fisher Unwin. 6-

George Bubb Dodington, who began life as plain George Bubb and ended it by insinuating himself into the Peerage as Lord Melcombe, was a picturesque character enough to incline one to expect much from a novel which adopts him as a leading character. Browning fitly enough compares him to the bower-bird, as described by Darwin:—

"Birds born to strut prepare a platform-stage  
With sparkling stones and speckled shells, all sorts  
Of slimy rubbish, odds and ends and orts,  
Whereon to pose and posture and engage  
The priceless female stumper."

With his odd wig, which Hogarth has immortalized, his peacock's feathers and lapis lazuli columns, his bedside carpet "a splendid patchwork of his old-embroidered pocket-flaps and cuffs," he makes a striking figure among the courtiers of the Georgian era, even if we take a grain of salt with Thomson's fulsome dedication of "Summer" to him as one

"In whom the human graces all unite."

Mr. Creswick has not made as much as he might of this remarkable personage, in whom, with Browning, he seems to "see but one fool more, as well as knave." The Temple from which the title of the story is taken is, of course, Medmenham Abbey, that very Eighteenth-Century Abbey of Thelema where Jack Wilkes and the Hell Fire Club tried to revive the ceremonies of the Bona Dea. Satanism is rather in fashion among novelists nowadays, but Mr. Creswick handles the Black Mass with a much lighter and more gingerly touch than M. Huysmans and his followers. The best thing in his book is the character of Marget, a delightfully boyish girl whose antics are very amusing. The story itself trips on rather a shadowy foot, but it is cleverly written and quite as readable as the average historical novel of to-day.

**George Malcolm.** By Gabriel Setoun. Svo., 348 pp. London, 1897. Bliss, Sands. 6-

Like a recent work of the Kailyard School, Mr. Setoun's story is the history of a boy brought up in a Scottish village to which he was not native. The account of the inhabitants and manners of Cuttril and Invercolm, the two places in which the action goes forward, is evidently based on careful observation, and shows that Mr. Setoun has a distinct, if somewhat conventional, sense of humour. His religious village grocer, "Pharisee and Publican," on whom the author seems to have lavished many pains, is scarcely convincing, for he reminds one more of the typical jokes against the Scottish inclination to make the best of both worlds than of anything likely to be found in a real village. Nor does it seem a very brilliant jest to say that John Murdoch, "being a man who understood that the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof, aided and abetted Providence in the matter of potatoes and cabbages." Much better is the portrait of Mrs. Sibbald, a Scottish Mrs. Malaprop, whose nice derangement of epithets is really amusing. She was troubled by "a petulous and audacious girl," who was in fact "a Thomas-boy," and one of her griefs was that her husband had played the fiddle, "a light and frivolous instrument that you hide in a common green bag." Mary Montrie Ramage Ross, the "Thomas-boy" aforesaid, is prettily drawn, and the incidental villagers, though dull, appear to have verisimilitude. Unfortunately, Mr. Setoun, who has already shown himself to be possessed of a pretty, if slight, talent for describing Scottish manners, has felt it necessary to introduce a thrilling plot, and has given his boy-hero a most unnatural and melodramatic part to play in clearing his convict father's reputation. The whole of the Andrew Gemmill business is what Mr. Weller used to call "rather too thin." It is a pity that Mr. Setoun has thus spoiled a book which is distinctly above the average in parts.

**A Creel of Irish Stories.** By Jane Barlow. 8x5½ in., 320 pp. London, 1897. Methuen & Co. 6-

Miss Jane Barlow is already favourably known by her volume of "Irish Idylls." Her new book of Irish stories will probably be received with similar favour. She has a firm grasp of Irish peasant character, with its kindness and thriftlessness, its strange superstitions, and its affectionate devotion; and all her stories are written with knowledge and, what is better, with sympathy. They can none of them, we imagine, be called exciting. They have little incident and, in the dramatic sense, little action. But they are written in a pleasant, easy style, and

contain passages of description which are always well done and occasionally beautiful. The characters are drawn with great fidelity and insight, though they are for the most part not remarkable in themselves. The stories are all slight and at times rather lack matter. But in a volume of this kind one does not look for incident or adventure so much as for phases of rustic character and humorous or pathetic delineation of its failings and its virtues. Lovers of Irish peasant tales will read Miss Barlow's book with pleasure.

**The Fall of the Sparrow.** By M. C. Balfour. 8x5ln., 372 pp. London, 1897. Methuen. 6s.

Miss M. C. Balfour takes a great deal of pains, and undoubtedly her book shows a certain power of conceiving and working out the kind of story which hinges on the changing relationships and affections of ordinary people in ordinary life. It is built up round two men and two women—Walter and Nathaniel, Philippa and Gertrude. Gertrude is engaged to Nathaniel and loves Walter. Philippa loves Nathaniel and marries a certain Dr. Dale, whose acquaintance we are not permitted to make. Philippa, Gertrude, and Walter, who is a popular but shallow mission preacher, become substantial and even interesting personalities in the latter half of the book; Nathaniel, though we spend much time in exploring his mental operations, remains shadowy to the last. Miss Balfour reminds us of those actors of whom the dramatic critic says "They work very hard." If she would be content to tell us what happened in fewer words she would write a much more successful book. The long pages of description of interiors, mental or domestic, do very little to help on the story, and require, if they are to be written at all, more knowledge of men, women, and things than is possessed by the author of this novel. If she had taken more trouble over incident and dialogue, of which there is very little in the book, her labour would have been spent to very much better purpose.

The Rev. Alfred Church, whose tales of the ancient time have long been so deservedly popular, writes in *LORDS OF THE WORLD* (Blackie) of the fall of Carthage and of Corinth, those stout enemies of mighty Rome who perished in the same year and were visited by the same fate. The canvas is vast, but the artist is skilful: he groups—or, as he modestly says, he attempts to group—picturesque incidents round the person of a young Greek who struggles in vain to resist the destiny of the conquering race. As we read we feel with Cleopatra the power and the fascination of the "Lords of the World," who, great as they were, could not escape the doom of their enemies. For "the day when Rome rid herself of her rivals seemed to some of her more thoughtful sons to be the first of her corruption and decline."

## Correspondence.

### "THE NOVEL."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—May I be allowed to give expression to the feeling of intense relief with which I have looked through the first two numbers of *Literature*. From its title, I had feared that it would condescend to notice nothing but fiction; for it is my experience, gathered from the conversation of many dinner tables and most clubs, that most of those who discuss what they are pleased to call "literature" are apparently under the impression that literature is only another word for the last batch of new novels, and that the expression "literary people" means exclusively the men and women by whom this and former batches of novels have been produced. That there are such things as history, biography, poetry, philosophy, travel, criticism, the essay, and that these also, at least, may be literature, is a belief which I suppose I picked up somewhere in my youth, which I cling to in my old age, but which I should certainly never have deduced from most of the talk that I hear to-day, nor, I will add, from much of the writing that I read. I am glad, however, to perceive that you, Sir, are also apparently an adherent to the same old-fashioned opinion. While giving, perhaps, too much

space to notices of fiction, you not only recognize the existence of history, biography, travel, philosophy, science, and even minor verse, but you actually honour your reviews of some of these subjects with the most distinguished place and the most prominent type in your columns. For which please accept the grateful thanks of  
Your obedient servant,

A FOGGY.

### HISTORICAL ACCURACY IN FICTION.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—May I hope for your permission to comment on certain points of fact raised by your notice of my story, "The Son of the Czar"? Your reviewer regards as questionable history the description of Peter's wife Eudoxie in her retirement at the Convent of Souzdal. My authority is a summary by M. Eugène Melchior de Vogüé of the Russian historian Ostrielloff's account of the trial of Alexis. There became engrafted on this trial—

"La curieuse enquête de Souzdal. . . . À la suite de l'interrogatoire de la princesse Marie Alexeievna, un commissaire partit pour Souzdal. . . . C'était là que l'impératrice Eudoxie avait pris le voile, après le divorce de 1698, sous le nom de sœur Hélène. On le croyait du moins. . . . Le commissaire frappa à la porte du monastère sans se faire connaître et vint droit à la cellule de sœur Hélène. Au lieu de la religieuse qu'il s'attendait à trouver, il surprit là une femme élégamment vêtue. Autour d'elle, des coffres étaient ouverts, remplis de parures et de riches costumes. . . . Les religieuses commencèrent à parler. . . ; un officier de recrutement, un certain Glieboff, était depuis longtemps en liaison avec l'ex-tsarine; on le voyait passer le soir, se rendant à la cellule d'Eudoxie. Une sœur professe, qui vivait elle-même avec l'avoué du couvent, écrivait et portait les messages de l'ex-tsarine à l'officier."

With regard to the rise of Catherine I offer another quotation, in which the historian Solovieff is followed:—

"En 1711, durant la désastreuse campagne du Pruth, Catherine donna la mesure de l'énergie de son esprit; elle vendit ses bijoux pour solder les troupes, releva leur moral, et aida Pierre à sortir de cette épreuve; dans l'élan de sa reconnaissance, il célébra publiquement son mariage avec la captive de Marienbourg, la fit reconnaître impératrice, etc."

With reference to the person and character of Peter, I may, without defending my own portraiture, point to the marvellous divergence of views respecting him, from his own times until now. Even as to his stature, I have read close upon a hundred studies, essays, and biographies, in which he actually ranges from five feet ten to seven feet in height. Touching his character, Steele, writing in the 139th *Spectator*, as an admirer, in 1711, compares "this God-like Prince" with Louis XIV. of France, and much to the disadvantage of the French King. Daniel Defoe, though referring to the Tsar in a less friendly tone, gives him credit for his gracious manner, &c. The opinion of foreign contemporaries has not, in Peter's case, been the verdict of history. But the unsavoury anecdotes current about him after his death are traceable, I think, mainly to Germany, where they were much improved upon by Frederick II. of Prussia and the Margravine of Beyruth. In conclusion, I may say, in respect of other and undoubted departures from history, that my humble book must only defend itself behind the shelter of its title-page, where it is described, though with a qualification, as a "romance."

Your obedient servant.

JAMES M. GRAHAM.

\* \* \* We admit that there is much obscurity as to the treatment of Eudoxie; but she was deprived of resources by the Tsar, and against the quotation given by Mr. Graham from Ostrielloff may be placed the letter from "Sister Helen" to her brother, recorded by the same historian, describing her condition. There is, of course, authority for the view taken of the rise of Catherine, but here again Ostrielloff might well be consulted with advantage, as also the work of Waliszewski recently translated into English. As to Peter himself, while recognizing Mr. Graham's diligence as a student and the courtesy of his protest, we cannot alter our opinion that even the greatest admirers of the Tsar have never dared to draw so ideal a picture as is presented in this novel.

## Foreign Letters.

### FRANCE.

M. Geffroy is interesting for several minor reasons quite apart from the special one which makes him one of the most happily-endowed writers on all that pertains to art in the Paris of to-day, and he is interesting for special reasons to English readers. He is one of those who, like M. Arsène Alexandre, but at an earlier date than that learned critic, have appreciated justly the rôle of the English landscape painters and the English portraitists, not to speak of the influence of Turner, in the development of French painting during this century. M. Mourey in "Passé le Détroit," and M. Robert de la Sizeranne in the remarkable articles which he contributed to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, have since continued the task of acquainting Frenchmen with the results of the English artistic impulse. But M. Gustave Geffroy has the satisfaction of knowing that he was one of the very first adequately to render this service to his countrymen. From the very first, moreover, to mention another minor claim upon our attention, M. Gustave Geffroy has been independent and courageous enough to champion the Manets, the Monets, and the Pissarros, for whom in the old days M. Zola and M. Huysmans broke such well-tempered lances. With them and with the Goncourts—who early chose him to be one of their Academy; he is indeed one of their heirs—he defended the cause of sincerity and liberty in art against the academic spirit crystallized annually in those usually sorry products produced by French youths ambitious of winning the Prix de Rome. The five volumes of his "La Vie Artistique" are compact with the strong tissue of the author's polemical writing in this struggle of two decades, which ended triumphantly last year with the introduction into the Luxembourg gallery of the much-maligned Caillebotte collection. Meanwhile M. Geffroy had found time to apply his principles of art to an admirable little biography of Blanqui, entitled "L'Enfermé" (Charpentier), a study which would have appealed to Taine and which revealed in its author one of the best writers of the time. The book is untranslatable and should be read in the original.

M. Huysmans, who is known to English readers chiefly as the author of "En Route," has gone to Holland to visit his family, after having completed his new book "La Cathédrale." The volume cannot appear until the beginning of next year, but already the prospect of its speedy publication has aroused the curiosity of Parisians. This is a fact which is worth recording, because even five years ago a new book by Huysmans would have run into not more than two editions at the most. To-day, "La Bas" and "En Route" are in their eighteenth and twenty-third editions respectively, and collectors pay from 15 to 30 francs for the first editions, which it is now almost impossible to find of the earlier works—"Marthe," "A Van l'Eau," "Le Drageoir aux Epices," "Croquis Parisiens," "La Bièvre," "Les Sœurs Vataris," and even "A Rebours." Almost all of M. Huysmans's first books were printed in Brussels.

The author's full name is Joris-Karl Huysmans, a fact which may help to explain a number of un-French characteristics in his style. Yet his fame has become so completely French that in Brussels he is as little known as 10 years ago he was in England. It was to a great extent the Goncourts whose appreciation first attracted attention to the work of a man who, as an official at the Home Office, has discreetly avoided the self-advertisement to which so many of his French contemporaries are prone. But it was the kindred artistic impulse of the Goncourts that first gave him publicity.

M. Jusserand, upon whom at Taine's death his mantle fell, is continuing steadily his "Literary History of the English People," and two instalments dealing with the early Tudor period will be published before very long. They will appear in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* before their final publication in a book. But meanwhile English readers are to have the special satisfaction of seeing treated, with the detail and literary charm which are characteristic of M. Jusserand's scientific method and practised style, the whole question of Shakespeare in France. M. Joseph Sixte, in an admirable book in which he has written rapidly the history of the literary relations between England and France in the 18th century, had touched here and there upon this point. But M. Jusserand has been long collecting his facts in the course of his general reading, and the first fruits of this literary avocation, as it may be called—for the studies were pursued as by the way, and *en passant*—which appeared in recent numbers of *Cosmopolis*, are to receive additions; the articles are

to be remodelled, given book shape, and published very soon at Armand Colin's. In all probability Mr. Unwin will give an English edition of them. Let me mention, furthermore, while speaking of M. Jusserand, that he has just been reading the proofs, as the editor of the brilliant and famous little series of monographs on French writers known as *Les Grands Ecrivains Français*, of M. Larroumet's Racine. I know, moreover, that this new study by the author of *Maricour* is a very fine piece of appreciation, clear and clever in criticism.

A Sunday afternoon, that of the 24th October—the date and the place and the names of the friends who contributed to the distinction of this *fête* should be mentioned with that precision of realism upon which the great artist in question so rigorously insisted—was chosen for the inauguration of the monument erected in the Parc Monceau, in Paris, to the memory of Guy de Maupassant. M. Henry Housaye, the Academician, and M. Henri Roujon, the director of fine arts, and M. Emile Zola were there, each with a special right and each with characteristic ability, honouring the work of the author of *Fort comme la Mort*. But of these three M. Zola was best fitted to state the nature of this work. He saw Maupassant intimately at the beginning of the latter's career. He watched his talent, which had been at school to Flaubert, become popular, while remaining distinguished and refined. Flaubert dead, indeed, it was at first about M. Zola that the little company of writers, whose preliminary renderings of life when they appeared together in the famous *Soirées de Médan* announced the victory of the author of *Madame Bovary*, rallied for the campaign which was to bring honour to the name of Huysmans, as well as to that of the chief, but pre-eminently to that of Guy de Maupassant. Maupassant was the finer artist of the three, as M. Huysmans was the most special genius and M. Zola the most consistent and most logical defender of the principle inscribed on the banner of these enemies of the romantic tale. It has hardly been noted, moreover, how particularly some of the happiest artistic characteristics of the form assumed by Maupassant's talent were determined by the fact of his being driven to express himself within the conditions imposed by the space at his disposal in the Paris newspapers. This constraint helped him to invent the modern French form of the short-story, the short-story with a hyphen. It was his principle to deal only with life, but, occupied throughout the day in a Government office, he had not the time to attempt so long a transcript of life as it was within the power of his master Flaubert, whose time was his own, to attempt and, in fact, to carry to completion. The first two columns of the Paris newspaper offered him a frame of just the dimensions suitable to the few pages on which Maupassant found it possible at the start to transcribe his inconclusive impressions. He recorded what came under his vision with a fearlessness and an accuracy, and an exact felicity in the choice of the word, which made his masterly little sketches as delightful in their pitiless precision as are any one of those sketches by Grandville, which hang on the walls of the museum at Nancy; and the public to which he appealed was abundantly composed of readers with a faculty of clear sight almost as special as that of Maupassant himself. Hence his intelligibility, and hence his rapid and immense success. He gained speedily a vogue which he kept to the end. The need for a statue in his honour was bound, therefore, to be quickly felt in the Paris which so constantly counted on him. That statue has now been placed at one of the most exquisitely Parisian points of the capital. It is the work of the sculptor Raoul Verlet, and consists of a bust of the writer, high placed on a pedestal, at the foot of which sits a young woman in an attitude of reverie after the perusal of a story of Maupassant which she holds in her hand. It is only the vogue of the artist—the *l'art-vogue* among, perhaps, just those readers who were the least indifferent to the great qualities that justified that vogue—which is here represented. The statue is not quite the one that literary artists would have conceived. Its accent is too Parisian, and the tone, after all, of Maupassant's work was more general than that. It is not unlikely, however, that it is just such a memorial of his achievement as would have charmed the imagination of Maupassant himself.

A case interesting to men of letters is to come before the Paris Courts. The author of *Fredegonde*, a drama played for the first time at the *Comédie Française* last May, was so hurt by the playful irony of which he was the object, and the advice administered to him in M. Jules Lemaitre's criticism of his piece in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, that he has decided to seek vengeance from the Law Courts, and has sued M. Ferdinand Brunetière, the editor of the Review. It should be stated, however, that M. Alfred Dubout, the author, had written to M. Brunetière a long reply to M. Jules Lemaitre, of which he requested the insertion, but which M. Brunetière refused to publish. It remains to be seen whether the Paris magistrates

will consider themselves authorized to decide as to the limits of the privileges of criticism, and arrogate to themselves a privilege so inconsistent with the nature of that publicity which M. Dubout did not hesitate to court in exposing his piece to the varied appreciations of lay and professional theatre-goers.

M. Dubout's conception of the rôle of the Courts would seem to be very like the notion held under the "old régime" by believers in the Royal privileges of literary censorship, or like that of the Congregation of the Index, which has just condemned one of the school books most diffused throughout the French lycées, the "History of France," written by Professor Aulard, of the Sorbonne, and by M. Debidour, a high official of the Ministry of Education. As a matter of some curious and typical interest, it is worth while quoting from this popular French school-manual the sort of passage which has, no doubt, seemed to the Roman censors to warrant this rigour. With reference to the crusades the joint authors say:—

"Those wars, which cost the lives of many thousands of men, were not just, for they had as their main object to force peoples to change their religion. Ultimately, moreover, they altogether failed, and had as a result to render more violent that hatred of the Mussulman against the Christian which still to-day is so deplorable. The Popes, furthermore, after having preached crusades against the Mussulman, finally ordered them against the Christians. Thus it was that the Albigeois, a population of the south of France which did not understand the Christian religion in the same way as the Catholics, and who had a perfect right not to do so, were exterminated at the beginning of the 13th century by the will of Innocent III., as a consequence of an abominable war in which the crusaders conducted themselves as savages or wild beasts."

After this citation it is not difficult to imagine the tone of the estimate of that great act and great blunder of the reign of Louis XIV., the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. But this suffices to indicate the spirit of laic instruction in France and the constantly alert attitude of the Roman censors.

#### RUSSIA.

The present year has not been productive in Russia of any very remarkable work, either in fiction or in any other department of literature; and, although there is no paucity of talent amongst modern Russian authors, many of their writings fail to appeal to the æsthetic sense, and leave the reader unsatisfied on account of the absence of the ideal and the excessive realism to be met with in their work. The reason of this is not far to seek. Economical development, or, in other words, the pursuit of money-making, is what almost exclusively occupies all classes of society in Russia as elsewhere in the present day; agriculture, trade, industry, stock exchange business, the promoting of various companies, &c., are its objects and interests; and, as literature must necessarily reflect the conditions of the life of the country, it no longer portrays ideal heroes and heroines and romantic situations, but the everyday working life of the men and women, chiefly from the merchant and peasant classes, to be met with in the various fields of labour, and therefore assumes a realistic character. It is to be regretted that the usual amount of dirt and disgusting detail apparently regarded as a necessary part of such writings is not absent from them; yet there is also a great deal of purity to be met with in the work of modern Russian authors, even in tales of illicit love, and it is not exclusively sensual, as is the case with too many examples of contemporary French literature, which appeal to the lower senses even in descriptions of nature. Indeed, the passion of love is frequently entirely absent from Russian works of fiction, and we very often find so-called novels which are in reality rather chronicles of peasant life or of life under various social conditions, and contain no love story whatever.

Such a one is Nemirovitch-Dantchenko's great novel "Wolf's Greed," which first appeared in the magazine *Noroye Slovo*, and was published as a whole in 1897. The action takes place between the years 1885 and 1893, and therefore includes the terrible year of the famine. The scene is laid in a lonely part of Southern Russia, and the novel is the history of a usurer, who, having risen from the peasant class himself, has by dint of extortion and robbery accumulated vast wealth, and has gradually drawn into his toils and ruined nearly all the inhabitants of the little town, beginning with a retired general, whom he gets named as director of the bank, which he contrives to defraud under cover of the signature obtained by false pretences from the simple-hearted old man. Another of his victims is the widow of a landowner, an energetic young woman who has come to live among the peasants with the idea of helping them and improving her own estate besides, and who, having ruined herself during the famine striving to feed the starving people,

finally finds a home as directress of a refuge for poor children near Moscow. But young wolves are stronger than an old one, and the usurer's two sons, to whom he has nominally made over his fortune in case of any awkward questions arising about the bank fraud, conceive the idea of keeping the capital themselves and shutting their father up in a monastery. Exasperated at their conduct, he throws open his stores of grain to the famished peasants, and distributes some 10,000 roubles' worth of flour free among them; finally he takes to drinking, and, turned out of the house by his own son, he sets fire to it and is imprisoned in the gaol which he himself has formerly presented to the town, and for which he has been awarded a gold medal. The old usurer is succeeded by his son, more civilized, but more pitiless, more cruel—"You could sooner get something out of a brick than out of him." And with this cheerless picture the book ends. As previously observed, it is a novel without a love story, unless the love of humanity, as shown in the character of Anna Stepanovna, the young widow, may be considered as such, and it presents a stern, gloomy picture of life—of the inevitable hardness of the conditions of life. "Wolf's Greed" is accounted the most remarkable work of fiction of the year. Nemirovitch-Dantchenko is one of the most prolific of Russian authors, and has a new novel, entitled "On the Road to Happiness," now going on in one of the magazines and approaching completion; we will reserve further mention of it for another occasion.

Tchekhov's last production is entitled "Peasants." His talent is great, everything that he writes is carefully finished, and in comparison with other authors his writings are few and short. They are mostly psychological studies of a gloomy character, the cleverness of which compels the reader to thought, and never fails to awaken interest and comment, sometimes even provoking passionate disputes and vehement criticism. Such was the case with one of the most famous of Tchekhov's tales, "Ward No. 6," published a few years ago, a study of the lunatic ward of a hospital and its inmates under conditions of dirt, neglect, and cruelty that could only be possible in a small town some 200 versts from a railway. The descriptions are repulsively realistic, especially the death from apoplexy of the doctor in the very ward of the hospital he has neglected; it even surpasses Tolstoy's "Death of Ivan Ilyitch." But the literary ability and power of the author are undeniable, and the book leaves a profound impression on the mind. Tchekhov's "Peasants" relates how the waiter in a great hotel in Moscow, having fallen ill and been unable to save anything, is compelled to return with his wife and child to his native village. In his remembrances of childhood he has looked back to his birthplace as something bright and comfortable; now when he enters the izba he is even frightened, so dark, so close, so unclean does it appear to him. But the darkness is not only in the izba; darkness, moral and mental, surrounds him on all sides. Of rest and peace during his illness there is no possibility. Amongst his own people he is a stranger, an uninvited guest, another mouth to feed—not because the people are cruel, but because they are eaten up by poverty amounting to misery and awful mental and moral destitution. The waiter dies, and his wife and child are reduced to beggary. The wife has long had aspirations after the religious life; her greatest happiness has been found in prayer. She believes that, once back in Moscow, somehow she will be provided for. To get there is her chief anxiety, and she goes away from the village, stopping beneath the windows of the wealthier peasants to beg alms for Christ's sake. Such is the story. But, of course, the chief interest does not lie there; it lies in the terrible scenes of the people's ignorance and helplessness in times of misfortune that are so vividly unfolded before the reader, in the descriptions of the humiliations and affronts the unfortunate waiter and his wife have to endure, and of the lightless darkness in which the village is wrapped. And, although such things have been described many times before, they never fail to arouse interest in Russia on account of the unlikeness of the life depicted to that of the cultured classes that read of them. They have their use also in directing attention to questions and conditions of life that might otherwise pass unobserved, and doubtless on this account they form a favourite theme with the more serious Russian writers of the present day.

In referring to tales of peasant life it is impossible not to regret the silence of Count Tolstoy. Since the publication of "Master and Man" we have had no work of fiction from his pen. All his leisure time is said to have been absorbed by his book on Art, shortly to be published, but which, we fear, will add as little to his literary reputation as his religious works. The Moscow papers, however, announce that the Count is now finishing a novel of peasant life, and we can only trust they are correctly informed.

After Tchekhov's somewhat depressing writings it is refreshing to turn to one of Potapenko's last tales, "Fate." Like

his celebrated "Russian Priest," known to English readers through the late Mr. Gausson's translation, it is a story of the clerical life which has furnished Potapenko with all his best subjects. An ambitious mother forms the project of marrying her son, who is about to be ordained deacon and must therefore first be married, to the daughter of a wealthy peasant and miller, instead of to one of the undowered daughters of the neighbouring clergy, as is generally the custom in such cases. Her husband, an easy-going elderly priest, allows her to do as she likes, although it is against his own wishes, and the mother thinks she will have but little difficulty with her son Vassia, a dreamy, indolent youth, who seems to have but little will of his own. How the dreamer awakes, finding the miller's buxom daughter very different from the ideal, gentle, brown-eyed maiden of his fancy, and unknown to his mother persuades her to refuse him, is charmingly told. Thanks to the help of a friendly widowed priest, Father Martiri, Vassia is united in three days' time, with a rapidity somewhat startling to those unacquainted with the ways of Russian clerical circles, to the orphaned daughter of a deceased cleric, a *protégée* of Father Martiri's, who exactly realizes the ideal maiden of the young man's dreams. The miller's daughter is happily married to a prosperous young peasant, and all ends well. It is a slight story, but full of charm and freshness; the country life, the simple people, the genial figure of Father Martiri, the young people's friend, who is so stout that he has to have a kibitka made on purpose to hold him, are all delightfully described, and it would be hard to find a tale that would leave a more pleasing impression on the mind.

A strange play has just been acted in St. Petersburg; it is entitled "The Evil Pit, or Ditch," and is by a young author named Foloméeff. When it came under my notice some months ago, I was struck by the apparent impossibility of such a piece ever being represented on the stage; of plot there is hardly any, of scenery still less, for the whole action takes place in one room, and amongst the few characters that comprise the *dramatis persone* there is absolutely no hero. It is a sordid story of a poor girl who, having vainly tried, after the death of her paralyzed father, to support her brother and herself by her work, is at last driven to lead a life of shame in order to keep the boy at school. After a time, taunted by his schoolfellows as to the way his sister gets her living, he suspects the truth, and when he calls upon her to deny it, and she only turns away weeping, saying it is for his sake, he strikes her a blow in the face, and an opportunity being given him of rejoicing his elder brother exiled to a remote town for a political offence, he catches at the chance and leaves his sister without a look. She is utterly crushed, and with the words, "Then I am left alone; it is terrible, terrible," the play ends. The young girl's sacrifice of herself somewhat reminds us of Dostoevsky's "Sonia," but Dostoevsky's genius is unfortunately lacking, and the work does not possess sufficient literary merit to relieve its tediousness and dullness.

Very different in character is the work of the brilliant feuilletoniste Baron On-Dit, one of the Princes Bariatinsky, who writes under that name and whose speciality is the cynical delineation of high life and smart society in St. Petersburg. His short sketches, mostly in the form of dialogue, are a scathing satire on the empty, vicious, pleasure-seeking society he depicts. The last of them, entitled "Lolo and Lala," which appeared but a few weeks ago, shows how society will receive and make much of a woman, even though she is known to have a lover, as long as she remains under the nominal protection of her husband, even though that husband makes a shameful use of her beauty to indulge his extravagance; yet as soon as she obtains a divorce from him and marries the man of her choice, the world turns the cold shoulder on her and treats her as a *déclassée*.

Recent numbers of the magazines and newspapers have been full of eulogistic notices and personal reminiscences of Katkoff, the famous editor of the *Moskovskaya Vedomosti* and the *Russki Viatnik*. Ten years have elapsed since his death, and the occasion was deemed a fitting one to issue a reprint of all the articles he ever wrote. That Katkoff was a remarkable personality no one will deny, nor is there any doubt as to the enormous influence he exerted in Russia, yet the adulation, almost amounting to worship, now lavished on him appears excessive and overdone, especially as many persons regard the classicism he was mainly instrumental in introducing into Russian schools as a doubtful good.

Another remarkable feature in the current magazines is the depreciation of Pushkin. An article recently appeared in the *Viatnik Evropey* maintaining that Pushkin was not nearly such a great poet as is generally supposed, and, in fact, that poets such as the Polish Mickiewicz and others were infinitely superior to him. Now another article, this time by Solovieff, a well-known critic, has been published in the same magazine asserting

that Pushkin's early and tragic death was by no means a matter of regret, for he was no longer capable of further enriching Russian literature. Of course, other writers are found taking up the defence of the great Russian poet; but in Russia, as abroad, the taste for romantic poetry is on the decline, and as Byron is now but little read in England, so Pushkin's works, with the exception of his "Evghenii Oneghin," find but few readers in Russia.

### THE UNITED STATES.

As one thinks of one's impression that America to-day lacks such men of letters and most of all such poets as we used to have, a quatrain of Father Tabb's comes to mind:—

"Their noonday never knows  
What names immortal are;  
'Tis night alone that shows  
How star surpasseth star."

This little verse, entitled "Fame," is from the volume of Lyrics which he published last spring. Just how much recognition that book has had, or the volume of poems which preceded it, one hardly knows; but as one grows familiar with them one feels more and more sure that no poems written in this country have been better able to stand the test of familiarity. They are not, so far as one could see, typically American; they might have been made wherever the poet who made them chanced to have been born or to live; but they could never have been made by any but a true poet, nor yet by any other poet than the gentle priest, a professor in Maryland College, who has made them what they are.

Two little volumes of reprints which have appeared within a week or two rather confirm the suggestion of Father Tabb's quatrain. Professor Bliss Perry, of Princeton, who is enthusiastically editing a series of "Little Masterpieces," has just brought out his first volume, containing seven of the best-known tales of Poe; and the Harpers, under the apt title "Ars Recte Vivendi," have collected some of the pleasant essays on how one ought to live, which Mr. George William Curtis contributed to the well-known Easy Chair of *Harper's Magazine*. Both of these books are attractive in aspect—the kind that one likes to slip into one's pocket when in doubt as to what one wants there; and the contents of both, it is needless to say, deserve the care which has been given them. All the same, as one turns the pages, one has reassuring thoughts. Poe's name is one of the chief in our American past; and though Poe's star surpasses that of Curtis there is little danger yet awhile that Curtis will be forgotten. The two, different as they are, fairly typify our older time, for which now and again one is apt to sigh; one is glad to have both remembered and revived, yet one can hardly feel, as one reads either tales or essays, that such work as this is unapproachable. A book promised us before winter may fairly be hoped to contain things as well worth preserving as the best in these. Mark Twain is to give us a new volume of travels. He is a puzzling figure, largely because the oddity of his humour combines with the obvious crudity of his early work to make one think him merely clownish; but whoever has read "Huckleberry Finn," to take a single example, must feel that a man who can write like Mark Twain at his best is one to reckon with in any serious estimate of national literature. Whatever else, he has a power rare in modern times—to use a big word for want of a little one, he can write in the Odysseian style. Assuming this character or that, he can take you through episode after episode, whether of a trip to Palestine or of a drift on a raft down the Mississippi, and somehow can combine these disjointed things into a coherent panorama of a human epoch which, like any other, is bound to pass. In a century or two, one inclines to think, people may begin to discover that these queer things, which their great grandfathers thought mere nonsense for a spare hour, have in them, for all their crude whimsicality, something of the quality which makes the *Odyssey* or *Don Quixote* so lastingly human. Mark Twain is not a Cervantes, of course, and far less a Homer; yet at times he can make one think of both. And the beauty of it is that you cannot imagine him suspecting the fact for a moment. All of which, significance and unconsciousness alike, one likes to believe characteristically American.

Characteristically American in a very different way is the biography privately printed in Boston a few weeks ago and now unobtrusively put before the public. This is the "Memoir of the late Mr. Robert C. Winthrop," prepared for the Massachusetts Historical Society by his son, who bears the same name. The Massachusetts Historical Society is one of the few learned bodies in America which, by strictly limiting their membership, have preserved

their corporate dignity. It may doubtless be called provincial, local, old fogey; but nobody can doubt that it really maintains the traditions of New England, or that its publications, though sometimes of chiefly antiquarian interest, are excellent in their kind. Mr. Winthrop was president of this society for thirty years; and this Memoir is the most considerable which has ever been formally presented there. For two reasons its value is more than local or temporary; in the first place, after an interval which has allowed the passions of our Civil War to cool, it sets forth with utter simplicity and fidelity the career of a man, who, in 1847, before he was forty years old, was Speaker of the national House of Representatives; who found himself unable, in the time when the storm was gathering, to ally himself with any movement which endangered the Union; who retired accordingly from public life, probably the least understood of American public men; who lived to be called in his old age the first citizen of the United States; and whom those who knew him best believe to merit the epitaph under which he lies:—"Eminent as a Scholar, an Orator, a Statesman, and a Philanthropist; above all, a Christian." In the second place, even if this Memoir concerned a man and a time of small historic interest it would remain notable for the rare quality of its style. The younger Mr. Winthrop is not widely known as a man of letters: it is doubtful, indeed, whether he has ever published anything except in the proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society; but nobody who has written in America has written better, and few writers of English anywhere have written so well.

Nothing like so distinguished in style, but for all that a book to consider with respect, is the "Life of General Robert E. Lee," just written by Professor H. A. White, of Washington and Lee College, the institution of which General Lee became President after the close of the Civil War. Of course, Professor White's sympathies are strongly Southern; if they were not he could not adequately deal with Lee. One of the most welcome phases of American feeling nowadays, however, is that strong sympathy with the South no longer repels the temper of Northern readers—at least among those to whom the War is a matter of history and not of passionate memory. This book will help to confirm the growing sentiment that Lee is one of our national heroes, as surely as Hampden is one of England's. Two other books of rather popular history, which appeared at about the same time as Professor White's, perhaps deserve at least passing notice as characteristically American. The first is a "History of American Christianity," by the Rev. Leonard Woolsey Bacon, one of the well-known Bacon family, of New Haven; it appears on cursory examination to set forth with more clearness than one would expect the bewildering story of the dissidence of dissent, the Protestantism of the Protestant religion. The second is a work, uniform with the other, in which the Rev. Paul Van Dyke, a graduate of Princeton, now Minister of the Church at Northampton, Massachusetts, where Jonathan Edwards preached, sets forth the history of the Papacy during the Renaissance, or, as he prefers to call it, the Renascence. The American character of this work does not transpire from the title; but if Mr. Van Dyke is responsible for the headlines of his pages he has enriched the English language. One of the Popes—Sixtus V., we will say at a venture—is described in capital letters as a "nepot."

Two volumes of essays which have just appeared seem equally worth attention from whoever is interested in the contemporary trend of American thought. One, entitled "The Personal Equation," is by Professor H. T. Peck, of Columbia College, or, as the grandiloquent fashion of the moment ardently prefers to call American seminaries of learning nowadays, Columbia University. Of this College, it will be remembered, Mr. Seth Low, the Reform candidate for the Mayoralty of Greater New York, has for some years been president, and Professor Peck is editor of the *Bookman*. His essays are mostly on American subjects. One, for example, is about Mr. Howells, another about President Cleveland. A glance at them suggests that if not permanent contributions to the higher thought, they are at least individual and sincere, and that the individual sincerity which pervades them is of a kind which would never have developed in any other environment than that of New York City. The other is a thoughtful book by Mr. Delos F. Wilcox on the "Problems of City Government." These, which are among the most disturbing in this country, he sets forth with courage if not with cheerfulness. The closing words of his book, to which he leads his readers with obvious care, are "Democracy is at stake." No four words could be more typical of what Mr. Wilcox, probably with justice, believes the temper of this country to be. To enlightened thought, one may assume, democracy, like autocracy, is only a means to the end of law, order, and social happiness, to be judged by its results. To Mr.

Wilcox, or at least to the public he addresses, democracy presents itself as a fetish, to be worshipped as blindly as divine right ever was by cavalier.

## Obituary.

### THE DUCHESS OF TECK.

In connexion with the lamented death of the Duchess of Teck we may be allowed to express the regret which the literary public, in common with the entire nation, will feel at the loss of so sympathetic a personality and the close of a life in which the duties attaching to high station were so thoroughly and conscientiously recognized.

The circumstances under which the dramatic death of Mr. HENRY GEORGE took place made it, at the moment, chiefly of political importance. He was the Socialist and Labour candidate for the Mayoralty of Greater New York, and died on October 29 of apoplexy, brought on by the work and excitement of the electoral contest. If he never attained a position of political importance, he will have a distinct place in the history of pamphleteering literature. Few *brochures*, if one may so describe it, attracted so widespread an interest both in England and America as "Progress and Poverty," published in 1879. George was born in 1839, and after spending some time at sea he settled in California in 1859, where he was struck by the monopolies in land granted to powerful corporations. He was led to believe that private property in land was, both on abstract and practical grounds, radically wrong; and he devised a scheme for ousting proprietors by appropriating rent in the form of taxes. His theory was explained at length in "Progress and Poverty," and, unsound as the work was in much of its argument, it was read with keen interest not only on account of the audacity of its proposals, but of its easy flow of language and the real power with which some parts of the case were presented. The book did much to stimulate thought. It exposed abuses, but it also revealed the weakness of the remedies proposed by the school of reformers for which the author spoke. A more valuable work was his "Protection and Free Trade," a very instructive contribution in the interests of Free Trade to the tariff controversy, and one which exercised a wide influence in the Presidential campaign of 1892. In 1880 Mr. George had settled in New York as a journalist. He was the editor of a weekly periodical called the *Standard*, and was recognized as one of the leaders of the Socialist party in the city. He was an unsuccessful candidate for the mayoralty in 1886. With his social and political opinions we are not here concerned. Though he had a considerable following in the United States he was more impressive as a writer than as a speaker, and his failure to influence permanently any large section of his English readers was due not to any distrust of the man—for his honesty was acknowledged by both friends and foes—but to the fact that the things he had advocated with his pen he did not prove himself able to support in controversy on the platform.

The VERY REV. JAMES BYRNE, Dean of Clonfert, who died on the 23rd ult., at Ergonagh Rectory, Omagh, aged 77, was a distinguished scholar of Trinity College, Dublin. In the midst of his clerical duties he found time for a profound study of philology, and published "General Principles of the Structure of Language" in 1885, and in 1887 "Origin of the Greek, Latin, and Gothic Roots." Besides these researches into the bases of literature, he contributed lectures on "Naturalism and Spiritualism," published in 1856.

Dr. SROUGTON, who died, at the age of 89, on October 24, was well known in London as the minister of Kensington Congregationalist Church, from which he retired in 1874. He was one of the most eminent of Nonconformist divines, and one of the founders of the Congregational Union. His tastes and opinions naturally led him to choose the 17th century as a field of study. In 1867 he published "The Ecclesiastical History of England from the Opening of the Long Parliament to the Death of Oliver Crom-

well," and three years later "The Church of the Restoration." His final contribution, however, "Religion in England from 1800 to 1851," brings us nearer to the religious questions of to-day, and shows how the broad difference between Roundhead and Cavalier had increased into a multiplicity of sects. One great object of Dr. Stoughton's life was to show that differences in ecclesiastical forms can be consistent with social and literary friendships. His intimacies with Dean Alford, Dean Hook, Dean Stanley, Canon Swainson, and Archbishops Tait and Magee are ample evidence of this.

The REV. T. E. BROWN, the poet and exponent of Manx life, died on Saturday last. He was born and, until he went to Oxford, educated in Manx land. The son of the Vicar of Braddan, he went first to King William's College, Isle of Man, whence he obtained a junior studentship at Christ Church, and crowned a University career by winning almost the highest distinction Oxford had then to offer, a Fellowship at Oriel. After a period, spent partly in his native country as a master at King William's College and partly at the Crypt School, Gloucester, he went in 1863 to Clifton College, where he remained until 1892 as second master. He was a successful, inspiring teacher, who could, undoubtedly, had he wished it, have achieved a wide reputation, either in the world of letters or in public affairs; but outside the walls of Clifton College he is known only as the author of "Betsy Loe" (1873), "Fo'e's'le Yarns" (1881), "The Manx Witch" (1889), "The Doctor" (1887), and "Old John and Other Poems" (1893). They appealed to a somewhat limited circle of readers and were chiefly in the Manx dialect; but they won the warm admiration of discriminating critics and of distinguished writers, such as George Eliot and Browning. Mr. Brown lived latterly in his old home in the Isle of Man, and contributed occasionally to the *National Observer* under Mr. Henley and to the *New Review*.

## Notes.

A considerable number of volumes which will not be noticed in *Literature* are at the disposal of publishers, and will be handed to any one they may authorize to receive them. They will be otherwise disposed of if not called for by the 20th inst.

The publication of Mr. Meredith's Poems gives Mr. Arthur Symonds the opportunity for an interesting study, in the *Fortnightly Review* for November, of the qualities which repel and fascinate in Mr. Meredith's novels. They are the work he thinks of a "poet struggling against the bondage of prose." He ranks Mr. Meredith as a Decadent—taking literary Decadence in the sense of "a learned corruption of language, by which style ceases to be organic"; and thousands of readers of the novels will have felt the truth of the criticism, "the impressiveness with which nothing happens, when nothing is happening, is itself a strain upon the energy." It is the poetry in the disguise of prose which attracts and holds the reader—"affecting us, in spite of ourselves, as if a strange and beautiful woman suddenly took her seat among the Judges in a Court of law." As an attempt to explain Mr. Meredith to his less discriminating admirers, no less than to those who confessedly fail to understand him, the article is well worth reading.

Next spring Messrs. Goupil and Co. will publish "Charles I." by Sir John Skelton, LL.D. The work was completely written and revised to the last chapter before the death of the author. The illustrations have been selected mostly from the Royal collections at Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace, and a number of them have never previously been reproduced. A reproduction will also be included of "The Execution of Charles I." from a painting by an eye-witness, in the collection of the Earl of Rosebery. The volume will be a Royal quarto of the same size as "Queen Victoria," "Mary Stuart," and "Queen Elizabeth."

Mr. Palgrave, whose death was noticed in our issue of last week, was of Jewish extraction, and the name Palgrave was first assumed by his father, the eminent historian. Indeed, the first work of Sir Francis Palgrave—a translation into French of "The Battle of the Frogs and Mice"—bears the following curious

description of its author on its title-page:—"Par M. Francois Cohen de Kentish Town, agé de huit ans. London, 1897." A remarkable instance of precocity.

Sir Francis Palgrave's "Rise and Progress of the English Commonwealth," which was described by the *Edinburgh Review* on its appearance as "the most luminous work that has been produced on the early institutions of England," had, when first issued, a very slow sale. Though first issued at £3 3s., it was at one time to be had for 15s. Its real merit, however, asserted itself, and its value rose to more than its original price.

Messrs. Longmans have a good deal of interesting biographical matter on their list for publication—lives of Sir G. Savile, first Marquis of Halifax; of Stonewall Jackson; of Sir Henry Rawlinson, by his brother Canon Rawlinson, with contributions by Lord Roberts; of Cardinal Wiseman by Mr. Wilfrid Ward; and Professor Max Müller's *Reminiscences*.

"Reviews and Essays" is to be the title of a volume of essays in literary criticism which the Rev. D. C. Tovey, the Clark Lecturer at Cambridge, will shortly publish through Messrs. Bell and Sons. Most of the essays are reprinted from the *Guardian*, and include criticisms on "More's Utopia," "Fuller's Sermons," "Chesterfield's Letters," "Arnold's Last Essays," "Edmund Waller," "John Gay," and "England's Helicon."

"The Glasgow School of Painting," by Mr. David Miller, is to be the first of a series of monographs on "Modern British Schools of Painting." The series is intended to do for the history of English art what the historians of the Schools of Art of Italy, the Low Countries, Germany, and France have done for Continental art. To Mr. Miller's volume, Mr. Francis Newbery, the Headmaster of the Glasgow School, has contributed an introduction, in which he carefully differentiates his particular school from those of Edinburgh, London, and Birmingham. The book will be fully illustrated by reproductions from paintings by Messrs. MacGregor, Lavery, Guthrie, Stevenson, Roche, Walton, and others. It will be published early in December.

Messrs. Constable announce for publication this autumn, among other books, a collection of Tales of the West Highlands, by Lord Lorne, entitled "Adventures in Legend."

A correspondent writes to point out that in our obituary notice of the late Dean of Llandaff we inadvertently spoke of his protest "against the dismissal of Temple from the headmastership of Rugby." We should, of course, have said, "the suggested dismissal."

Early next year the first volume of Mr. Murray's edition of Byron's works will be published. The chief features in the volume, which contains his early poetry, will be—first, an authoritative text, carefully collated from the existing manuscripts, proofs, and successive editions, and giving all the important changes made by Byron from time to time; secondly, the addition of 11 new poems belonging to the period of the "Hours of Idleness"; thirdly, the notes to the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," the "Hints from Horace," the "Waltz," and the "Curse of Minerva." The *édition de luxe*, strictly limited in number, will contain several pictures and portraits connected with this period of Byron's life, some of which have never before been reproduced.

Mr. D. Nutt writes as to our review of Lady Magnus' "Jewish Portraits" published last week:—"Will you allow me to say that the reference to a frontispiece (upon the absence of which you naturally comment) was suffered to remain in the preface by an oversight, and was only noticed after the review copies had already been sent out. It has since been cancelled."

Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier are issuing the biographical sketch of "Lady Blanche Balfour," the mother of the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, in a new "booklet" style.

A work of much interest to hymnologists announced by Mr. Murray is the Life and Letters of the Rev. John Bacchus Dykes, late vicar of St. Oswald's, Durham. Dr. Dykes's hymns have done



much for the religious life of the country; and fifty-five of them are included in "Hymns Ancient and Modern." The Editor is the Rev. J. T. Fowler, Vice Principal of Hatfield Hall Durham.

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Three other books of much interest from the same publishing house are Sir Mount Stuart Grant Duff's "Notes from a Diary," Sir William Anson's Autobiography and political correspondence of Augustus Henry, third Duke of Grafton, from documents hitherto unpublished in the possession of his family, and the scholarly collection of original verse by the President of Magdalen College, Oxford, entitled "By Severn Sea." A small edition of these Poems was printed privately in Oxford.

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Messrs. A. and C. Black are publishing the "Liturgy in Rome," the second part of the Handbook to Christian and Ecclesiastical Rome, giving an historical account of the Mass, Church functions, vestments, festivals, and Saints' days. The volume will be useful for the visitor at the great Roman Catholic ceremonies.

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Mr. H. S. Merriman in his "In Kedar's Tents," which we reviewed recently, has been commended for the local colour of his Spanish scenes. Mr. M. Yglesias, however, writes us to point out that this is hardly compatible with what he thinks shows an ignorance of the Spanish language. "Concepcion," he says, "is a girl's name, like Concha and Conchita, short for Maria de la Concepcion, and it is quite wrong to append the cedilla to the second soft C in it. It is common for a man to be christened Maria, but only as an addition to a masculine prefix. Vincente is probably a slip for Vicente. Estella is a town in Navarre, famous in the Carlist wars. It is not a girl's name. Inés (Spanish for Agnes) is so spelt, and has not the dash or "tilde" over the n. These are a few of the errors I remember to have noticed when reading the book. Also 'buen' instead of 'bien' or 'bueno.' I do not suppose Ronda can ever have been a Capitania General. It is probably a dependency of that of Seville or Malaga, and I think I may safely assert that there was not a revolver in the place at the time written of."

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The first edition of Lord Tennyson's Life, consisting of five thousand copies, has been entirely exhausted, and a reprint is announced by Messrs. Macmillan. The same publishers are issuing a volume of sermons selected from those University and other Sermons by the late Dean Vaughan which had been allowed to go out of print.

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The *National Review* for November has an excellent article on Tennyson by Mr. Leslie Stephen, and a readable paper on the Volunteer by Colonel Eustace Balfour; but more than half of "Episodes of the Month" and about one-third of the entire Review is devoted to bimetallicism, solely from the bimetallic point of view. Heaven forbid that we should express any opinion on a subject which, more than love or religion, appears to dissolve family ties and life-long friendships, but does Mr. Maxse really think that this or any other single subject is worth this amount of space in what professes to be a National Review? If he does, it would be fairer at least to give both sides, and if he thinks there is but one side let him call his organ the "Bimetallic Review" and have done with it.

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Mr. William Watson, who has been spending part of the summer and autumn at Windermere, is said to be preparing a considerable amount of new work for his volume which is to be published towards the end of the year. This book will contain the already printed "Ode in May" and the poem entitled "The Unknown God," which appeared in the *Fortnightly*.

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Last year Mr. Tom R. Way, the well-known lithographer, issued a series of drawings illustrative of "Reliques of Old London." In that volume he proposed to record only buildings which had escaped the Great Fire of London. He has, however, found one volume insufficient; and he has prepared a new series, to include the great foundation schools, such as Christ's Hospital and the Westminster Bluecoat School. As for the previous volume, Mr. Wheatley has supplied the explanatory letterpress.

Mrs. Crawshaw, whose prizes for "the best essays in English written by a woman of any nation" have been well known for some years, announces the subjects for 1898 as follows:—Byron's "Marino Faliero."—First prize, £10; Second prize, £5. Byron's "Hints from Horace."—£10 and £5. Byron's "Prayer of Nature."—Four prizes, £5 each. Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound."—£10 and £5. Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind."—£7, £5, and £3. Keats's Sonnets.—One prize, £5. Mrs. Crawshaw's address is, care of 12, Warwick-road, Paddington, London, W.

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Last winter the British Museum obtained a papyrus containing some of the lost Odes of the Greek lyric poet Bacchylides. The manuscript, which was much mutilated, has been pieced together and transcribed, and the poems will be published towards the end of November. An exact transcript of the manuscript will be given in uncial type, together with a restored text in ordinary type, and a commentary; and a photographic facsimile will be published separately. The editor is Mr. F. G. Kenyon. In its restored state the manuscript contains over 1,300 lines, of which about 1,000 are perfect or may be restored with approximate certainty. Six poems (including three long ones) are complete, nine more are represented by substantial remains, while five are very fragmentary. Six of the poems are Pæans, Dithyrambs, or Hymns, a class of Greek poetry hitherto unknown except in small fragments. The rest celebrate victories in the great athletic festivals, four of them commemorating successes which were also celebrated by Pindar.

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Among the collected works of Charles Lever, "Horace Templeton" finds a doubtful place. Indeed, it has been questioned whether Lever wrote the book at all. It first appeared in two volumes in 1848, with the imprint of Chapman and Hall, and, like "Arthur O'Leary," it relates the experiences of a traveller on the Continent, who picks up odd bits of gossip, anecdotes, and tales. The book owed its existence to a series of Tyrol sketches, which Lever wrote to appear originally as separate articles, but around which he subsequently wove the tragic story of Horace Templeton himself. When rearranging his works, in 1872, Lever does not appear to have included this volume, nor is mention made of it in Fitzpatrick's "Life of Lever," but that it is by him is conclusive from internal evidence.

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In the sumptuous *édition-de-luxe* of Lever's Works, which Messrs. Downey and Co. are issuing, "The Diary and Notes of Horace Templeton" is to be included, and will be ready for subscribers towards the end of November. In the original issue there were no illustrations, but the reprint will be provided with a series by Mr. Gordon Browne.

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Miss Agnes Repplier, the authoress of "Essays in Idleness," and other poems and essays, has just completed a new volume, which she calls "Varia," and which will be published in England by Messrs. Gay and Bird.

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Now that Mr. W. T. Stead's "Borderland" has ceased to exist, the "Letters from Julia" may receive a more careful attention. "Julia" is the lady who guided Mr. Stead in writing these letters. What their real import may be, or what we are to understand from this unique relationship, students may be in a better position to find out when they read the "Letters" in the volume form, in which Mr. Grant Richards will, next year, publish them.

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A book important to Colonial readers will be "Deeds that Won the Empire." The stories of these "Deeds" will be told by the Rev. W. T. Fitchett, and will be issued as an illustrated volume by Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co., some time in the Christmas season. Mr. Fitchett is the Australian editor of *Review of Reviews* and has, we understand, given much study to the subject of which his book deals.

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Mr. Gilbert Parker has almost completed a new novel, "A Hundred Years Ago," which is to appear next year in *Good Words*. In its serial course it will be illustrated by Mr. Lancelot Speed. Messrs. Methuen will probably issue it in its volume form after it has run its "course" in the magazine.

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In Bell's "Cathedral Series" will be shortly published "Exeter," by Percy Addleshaw, B.A.; "Peterborough," by

Rev. W. D. Sweeting; and "Winchester," by P. W. Sergeant, B.A. The volumes will be fully illustrated.

A new story, entitled "Lost Man's Lane," has been completed by Anna Katharine Green, author of "The Leavenworth Case." The story will be published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Mr. Stuart Erskine sends us a protest, which we fear will hardly command much sympathy, against publishers' "readers." He has had an MS. returned to him by a publisher with a note to the effect that "our reader cannot advise the publication," &c. He thinks it is "a monstrous thing that a gentleman's MS. should be subjected to the indignity of being sat on . . . by some coxcomb reader." He is of opinion that we ought to know something about these readers, since "our critics in the Press are all known to us," and that the subject is much too serious and important for a Royal Commission. We fear that publishers cannot be expected to read for themselves all the MSS. submitted to them.

In Mr. Batsford's publishing list appears "Examples of Old Furniture, English and Foreign," drawn by Alfred Ernest Chancellor. The plates, which will be 40 in number, promise to be historically interesting as examples of each period in the art of furniture-making both in this country and abroad. The work will include drawings of a cabinet once belonging to Charles I., purchased by the late Sir John E. Millais, and now at Hatfield-house, and of Dean Swift's *escritoire*.

The Gospel of Dr. Samuel Smiles has fallen somewhat into discredit with the present generation. The virtues of the commercial spirit do not strike the popular imagination so much as they did in the days of the Manchester reformers. But Smiles's books contain abundance of sound advice, and are a perfect treasurehouse of personal anecdote. The cheap edition of them now being issued by Mr. Murray will help to make known to the rising generation books which at one time had an enormous circulation and have been translated into many languages.

Harper's *Round Table*, of which the first number appeared on November 1, adds yet another to the numerous periodical publications of that well-known firm. In the frontispiece we have the world as a rich plum-pudding being presented to a number of expectant children seated at a round table. The fare provided for the young people, to whom this new monthly magazine is devoted, is, judging from the first number, well selected and well served up. It contains five completed stories and two "to be continued in our next," four articles containing information in a readable form, a poem, prize competitions, notes about stamps, coins, photography, and many other subjects of interest to intelligent boys and girls, a "humorous page," and abundance of capital illustrations. The price is 6d.

In 1892 were published two partly tomes entitled "Gossip of the Century," by the author of "Flemish Interiors," "De Omnibus Rebus; an old man's Wanderings," &c. The "old man" proves to be the widow of Mr. W. Pitt Byrne, a former proprietor of the *Morning Post*. She was a remarkably able lady, and was on terms of friendship with many of the noteworthy literary and ecclesiastical personages of her time, both in England and in France. After her demise a large number of notes were found among her papers, amounting practically to a series of reminiscences. These have now been carefully digested and edited by her sister, Miss R. H. Busk, who will issue them in the form of two large volumes, through Messrs. Ward and Downey, with the title, "Social Hours with Celebrities." The celebrities include Squire Waterton, Cardinal Manning, Cardinal Wiseman, Bishop Wilberforce, Charles Bradlaugh, and many notable literary and clerical Frenchmen. Interesting should be an account of researches among the archives of the *Théâtre Français*, and the story of the "making of Brighton," to which Miss Busk devotes special chapters. From the French archives Mr. Pitt Byrne has unearthed some interesting information respecting Robespierre, Charlotte Corday, Cartonche, and others.

Mr. John Adams, the Rector of the Free Church of Scotland Training College, has just corrected for Press the proofs of his work on "The Herbartian Psychology, as applied to Education." It will be published by Messrs. Isbister and Co.

In many of the notices of Mrs. Oliphant's book about the Blackwoods surprise has been expressed that George Eliot should

have discovered herself to be a sharp woman of business in her correspondence with the publishers of her earliest works, and that she should even have interfered with "the profound mystery of advertisements." The letters written by George Eliot to Mr. Blackwood were really dictated by George Henry Lewes, who watched her business affairs with the utmost scrutiny and with unceasing vigilance. Lewes was himself a first-rate man of business in all literary concerns, and he took the management of George Eliot's matters entirely into his own hands from the first, nor had she any desire to be consulted on such questions, much less to interfere in them. That Lewes was a most efficient literary manager is proved by the large fortune which George Eliot left behind her, every shilling she possessed having been made by her pen during a period of about 21 years.

An evening journal has published an article entitled "The Earnings of Authors," in which it gives the amount "left" by many deceased writers. It should, however, be remembered that the sum possessed by an author when he dies affords no sort of indication as to the gross amount of his "earnings." Unless a writer possesses a fortune of his own (which is rarely the case) he has been living on his earnings, and the private expenditure of literary celebrities is usually on a generous scale. For example, this article states that Dickens "left £100,000." As a matter of fact Dickens died worth £93,000, which included the price of his Gadshill property and the sum obtained for his furniture, pictures, &c., all of which realized extravagant prices. Moreover, Dickens had made about £35,000 by his readings. Let it be remembered that while Dickens was writing "Pickwick" he had absolutely nothing except his literary earnings. For some 33 years Dickens lived lavishly and brought up a large and expensive family, and all his annual expenditure was derived from his literary gains, so that the sum left by him really affords no information whatever as to his "earnings" from his books. He had no private means of his own, nor did his wife bring him a shilling.

The *Taylorian*, the organ of Merchant Taylor's School, contains a Latin rendering of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "Recessional," from which we quote the last two stanzas:—

Ebria si tante rerum mens vana paratu  
Impulerit linguam verba soluta loqui,  
Barbaries quo more solent jactare cetera,  
Gentibus aut Veri si quibus usus abest,  
Da veniam, Teque aspectu ne subtrahere nostro,  
Oblisque Tui nominis adde metum I  
Cum sis humanis opibus nova fulmina belli,  
Aut ferre armatas conlimos arte rates;  
Pulvere cum pulvis statuit sua tecta superluis,  
Et sine Te tutas res jubet esse suas;  
Cum sine lege furit ventosae insanis lingue,  
Da veniam nobis! Da, Pater, esse Tuos.

The rendering is signed "W. B.," and we shall probably not be far wrong in assigning it to Dr. Baker, the Head Master.

Mr. Shadworth H. Hodgson, formerly President of the Aristotelian Society, has in the Press a new philosophical work, entitled "The Metaphysic of Experience." It consists of four books, distributed over as many volumes. The titles will be as follows:—Book I., General Analysis of Experience; Book II., Positive Science; Book III., Analysis of Conscious Action; Book IV., The Real Universe.

The next meeting of the Aristotelian Society will be held on November 15. Mr. G. E. Moore will read a paper on Freedom.

The "Victorian Era Series" (Blackie and Son) will begin on November 15 with Mr. Rose's volume "The Rise of Democracy," which will be followed on December 15 by Canon Overton's volume "The Anglican Revival."

Messrs. Fisher Unwin announce that they are arranging to issue Madame White Mario's Reminiscences, which promise to be of interest as treating of the revolutionary movement in Italy.

The Zoological Society have just issued a very important publication, by Messrs. H. J. Elwes, F.R.S., and J. Edwards, entitled "A Revision of the Order *Hesperidae*." The *Hesperidae* constitute the fifth and last family of the Butterflies. Very few species are found in Europe. The monograph, which should be of great service to entomologists, consists of some 200 pages of letterpress and 11 plates.

Mr. R. A. M. Stevenson has written a monograph on Rubens, which will be published by Messrs. Seeley and Co. as the January issue of the *Portfolio*.

The moral to be drawn by Englishmen from the Eleventh International Congress of Orientalists, held last September in Paris, is forcibly drawn in the October issue of the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*. "There was an unusually large attendance from England at this Congress. But, notwithstanding that fact, the preponderance, both in scholarship and influence, was unmistakably on the side of foreign scholars. This is not owing to the want of ability in Englishmen to undertake this kind of work. . . . But whereas the foreign Governments have established and equipped large and important Oriental schools in Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and St. Petersburg, the English Government, which has larger interests at stake, is content to drift along, under the new condition of modern days, with the same scant provision of all such incitements to study it has considered sufficient in the past."

A very large number of translations from the French, German, and Italian figures among new American announcements, and there can be no question that in America the interest in contemporary foreign literature is largely on the increase. Messrs. George H. Richmond and Co. are to issue this season translations of at least two of Gabriele D'Annunzio's novels. It will be remembered that their edition of the Italian author's "The Triumph of Death," was attacked by the American censor, and in consequence had a very large sale.

Dr. Weir Mitchell, the author of "Hugh Wynne," is a man of seventy years of age, and is in medical practice in Philadelphia. He is the author of several important works on nerve diseases, and as a novelist is already well known to the reading public of America. His books, "Hephzibah Guinness," "Roland Blake," "Far in the Forest," and "In War Time," have all met with considerable success, and he is the author of numerous poems and several dramas.

The indefatigable Major Pond, who is responsible for Mr. Anthony Hope's lecturing tour in the States, has arranged for Mr. Louis Fagan, of the British Museum, to give a series of lectures in America on the contents of the literary and manuscript departments of the British Museum and of the National Galleries of London, Madrid, The Hague, Haarlem, and Amsterdam. He has also made arrangements for Mr. Zangwill and the Bishop of Ripon to visit America next year.

The American booksellers are suffering even more than their English brethren from the "department store," where more than half of the book trade of the country is now carried on. It is the open boast of the proprietor of one of the largest "stores" in New York that he can supply an ordinary customer with a book at a cheaper price than a bookseller can obtain it from the publisher direct. These "stores" now buy books in such enormous quantities that they can practically demand any discount from the publishers.

"The Christian" is having a large sale in the States, but the book most in demand is still "Quo Vadis." Nothing seems to have any effect on the sale of Sienkiewicz's novel, which is published at the comparatively high price of two dollars. Messrs. Roberts Brothers, of Boston, the publishers of "Quo Vadis," are bringing out a complete edition of Sienkiewicz's works.

The craze for small and artistically printed magazines—"fadazines" or "fadlets" they are called in the States—is evidently on the wane. The *Bookseller* gives a bibliography of these "ephemeral bibelots," showing that the majority have had but a very chequered existence. The best known of these magazines is the *Chap Book*, which has enjoyed something more than a local reputation, but probably the most clever, certainly the most amusing, was the *Lark*, which has been described as the "reductio ad absurdum of decadence." Mr. Gelett Burgess, the editor, was a personal friend of Robert Louis Stevenson. His burlesques and nonsense verses made excellent reading, and deserve republication in book form. Some of the titles given in the *Bookseller's* bibliography are suggestive of a nightmare. It is strange that any one has had the audacity to issue a periodical bearing such a name as the *Gray Goose*, *Buzz Saw*, the *Chop Block*, *Phyllida*, or the *Millmaid*, the *Wet Dog*, and the *Yellow Kid*.

A good many years ago the veteran bookseller Carl Berendt Lorek, of Leipzig, conceived the idea of the erection in that City, famous throughout the world as the headquarters of the German book trade, of a building which should afford a worthy home to all the clubs and associations of publishers. His ideal was a monumental Hall of Gutenberg, which should be the central feature of a handsome building, one wing of which was to contain the German book-trade museum, and the other to be utilized for the annual book trade exhibition and the various allied exhibitions. Part of this plan has been carried out and Leipzig now possesses a fine building in the German Renaissance style, which provides accommodation for the Central Club of the Collective Book Trade, together with the Book Trade Museum, and is a symbol of the importance of this great industry in Germany. Herr Lorek was born in 1814, and, during an extremely busy life, has found time to write much on the book trade and its history.

The struggle for the emancipation of women is making headway in Germany, and every year sees numerous contributions to the literature of the campaign. One of the most active opponents of what used to be known as women's rights is a lady, Frau Laura Marholm, who has published two books this year, one a novel and the other a philosophical treatise, in both of which she seeks to prove that woman is unfitted for public life, and that her true sphere is that of wife and mother. In "Frau Lilly als Jungfrau, Gattin, und Mutter," she adopts the novel as her instrument for enforcing this doctrine; in "Zur Psychologie der Frau" she relies on scientific arguments. She regards the agitation for women's rights as a species of degeneration. "The same need for excitement in women which 300 years ago induced them to denounce one another as witches, and to acknowledge themselves to be witches, compels them now to enter into the agitation for women's rights. Both are misdirected emotional impulses diverted from their central point." Both these books are published by Karl Duncker, Berlin.

Hardly less severe is Dr. Otto Dornblüth in "Die geistigen Fähigkeiten der Frau" (Rostock: W. Werthers Verlag, 1897). Herr Arthur Kirchhoff, on the other hand, speaks with not less authority in favour of the emancipation of women, and his work "Die Akademische Frau" (Berlin: Hugo Steinitz, 1897), adduces the opinions of many distinguished professors and authors in favour of the capacity and suitability of women for scientific studies and professions.

The Italian Minister of Public Instruction has appointed a commission to examine the unpublished MSS. of Leopardi, and to decide whether it is desirable that they should be published. The commission numbers Carducci among its members.

Because some enterprising French publisher has started an issue of Mons. Alphonso Daudet's very popular works in penny numbers, the cry has been raised in certain quarters of literary Paris that the knell of the novel in volume form has sounded, and that henceforth all French novelists will publish their works *par livraisons à deux sous*. Mons. Edouard Rod, the well-known writer of "decadent" fiction, will have none of the prophesied "revolution." In an article in the *Débats* he declines to believe that this revival of an old practice will extend. Of course, it has been applied in the past to such romances as those of Victor Hugo and Dumas père, just as in England the works of Dickens and many other authors of the same period appeared first of all in this form. But, while hitherto it has been reserved in France for "popular" works, "on tâche maintenant," says Mons. Rod, "de l'approprier à des œuvres littéraires." "I do not believe," he concludes, summing up his views, "that the format *Charpentier* will last for ever, any more than the tall hat or any other fashion of to-day. I believe, too, that conditions of reading, and consequently those which govern booksellers, change with changes of manners, of ideas, and of customs. But I do not believe in the revolution of which we hear. As long as romancers take the trouble to polish their works and to seek after unity in their composition, so long will the volume form be necessary. To-day, and for some time to come, their reputation will be made and kept up by this form: the *livraison*, whether with or without illustrations, will only be a more or less ingenious means of increasing their 'author's rights' and widening their popularity."

Mlle. Zina de Wassilief, daughter of the Arch-priest of the Greek Church, has just finished the translation into French of an important historical novel by a young Russian writer who has

come to the front rank in Russian literature, M. Dmitry de Mérojkowsky. The title in French is "La Mort des Dieux," and the subject is the struggle of Christianity against Paganism in the time of Julian the Apostate.

Plon Nourrit et Cie are about to publish the Memoirs of Cboution, who was in turn a member of the Legislative Assembly and of the Convention between the years 1761 and 1838. The volume (7f. 50c.) has been edited by M. Barrucand, and claims to be absolutely authentic.

The same firm have just published a specially interesting book, entitled "Une Sœur de Grand Frédéric," being the life of Louise Ulrica, Queen of Sweden. The work has been written in a great measure from unpublished sources by C. G. de Heidenstam. There is an introduction by M. René Millet, one time Minister of France to Stockholm. Price 7f. 50c.

Messrs. C. F. Müller, of Leipzig, have sent us some copies of their *Internationale Litteraturberichte*, a fortnightly periodical now in its fourth year of issue, which works on similar lines with *Literature*. While most of its space is devoted to reviews and notices of German books, occasional articles are published on the progress of literature abroad, and the fortnightly lists of new publications contain, so far as we have been able to test them, a fairly full and accurate account of the output of the London market. A notable feature in this department is the attention which is paid to foreign editions and translations of German books.

Can you analyze the poetic afflatus? This is the question, or rather the summary of a series of questions, which Herr Friedrich von Hausegger, author of "Music as Expression" and "On the Other Side of the Artist," recently addressed to various authors and artists in Germany. The answers are published in the September and October numbers of the *Neue Deutsche Rundschau*, and make an interesting chapter in the history of the modern interview. Whether Herr von Hausegger's pretension to a scientific purpose in his investigations is supported by the result, we may perhaps be allowed to doubt. Humperdinck, for instance, whose delightful *Hänsel und Gretel* has been performed on every operatic stage in Europe, is commonly inspired in the time "just before sunset until the advent of night." While we cannot help wondering what light he writes by in this bewitching hour, we thoroughly concur in his next remark, that "the morning is admirably adapted for composition, provided one has had a good night." Richard Strauss, the Court conductor, recalls that he was six years old when he composed his first piece—a polka in quick time. For the production of his realistic novels and his scraps of true lyric poetry, Otto Julius Bierbaum requires "a residence in still nature, with the occasional possibility of contrast. For the rest, frequent movement, beautiful surroundings, and no worries, except for an occasional strong spiritual excitement."

Fulda, the dramatist, was also a six-year-old prodigy, and began to make verses before he could write. He remarks, to the confusion of his questioner's theories, that "in times of general melancholy my imagination often evokes humorous pictures," and *vice versa*. Max Liebermann, the impressionist, welcomes the attempt to build up a system of aesthetics on a subjective foundation, but he fears that "the depths of art must remain unplumbed. *Ignorabimus*." The last word, by the way, was the whole philosophy of the late Professor Du Bois Reymond, of Berlin, and—except for some very general inferences—it serves to sum up the result of Herr von Hausegger's inquiry.

The third of the five large volumes on "Prince Bismarck since his Dismissal" (*Fürst Bismarck seit seiner Entlassung*), which Herr Johannes Penzler is editing for Messrs. Fiedler, of Leipzig, has been recently issued from the Press. It follows the Prince's diary at Friedrichsruh with the same fidelity and detail which marked the first two instalments, and the editor's brief notes are lucid and to the point. At the same time, it should be noted that very grave doubts were at one time raised as to the correctness of the claim in the original Preface to *Quellenmitsaiger Werth*—authoritative value. We believe, however, that Prince Bismarck's organs in the Press have now practically admitted this title, in which case the merit of Herr Penzler's encyclopædic work would be very considerably enhanced.

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RÉCLUS. NOUVELLE GÉOGRAPHIE UNIVERSELLE. Vols. 11, 12, 13. Paris, 1886-88.

L'EXPANSION DE LA FRANCE. L. Vignod. 1891.

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LES COLONIES FRANÇAISES (published in connexion with the "Exposition Coloniale de 1889"). V. Colonies d'Afrique. Paris, 1889.

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REVUE COLONIALE, Nov., 1895, Afrique Occidentale. By F. Dubois.

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TANGALAND UND DIE KOLONISATION DEUTSCH OSTAFRIKAS. Von Karl Kaerger. 1892.

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HISTORY.

East Anglia and the Civil War. By Alfred Kingston. F.R.Hist.S., with Appendices and Illustrations. 9 x 6in., viii. + 407 pp. London, 1897. Stock.

The Return of Chaos. By Charles N. Satter. 8 x 5 1/2 in., 286 pp. London, 1897. Kegan Paul.

Geschichte der deutschen Hanse in der zweiten Hälfte des 14ten Jahrhunderts. By Dr. E. R. Daenell. Large 8vo., xii. + 210 pp. Leipzig, 1897. Teubner. 8 Marks.

LITERARY.

Hawthorne's First Diary, with an Account of its Discovery and Loss. By Samuel T. Pickard. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., vii. + 115 pp. London, 1897. Kegan Paul. 3s. 6d. net.

A Short History of French Literature. By George Saintsbury. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., xiii. + 636 pp. Oxford, 1897. Clarendon Press. 10s. 6d.

A Short History of Modern English Literature. By Edmund Gosse. 8 x 5 1/2 in., vi. + 416 pp. London, 1897. Heinemann. 6s.

The Spectator. Vol. I. With Introduction and Notes by A. Aiken. With 8 Original Portraits and 8 Vignettes. In 8 vols. (sets only). 8vo., 474 pp. London, 1897. Nimmo. 7s. net.

A Selection from the Work of Thomas De Quincey. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 322 pp. London, 1897. Simpkin, Marshall.

Social Forces in German Literature. By Kuno Francke. 8 x 5 1/2 in., xiii. + 577 pp. 1897. New York, Henry Holt, 10s. net. London. Gay and Bird.

The Occasional Address; its Composition and Literature. By Lorenzo Sears, L.H.D. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., xii. + 343 pp. London and New York, 1897. Putnam. 6s.

Neue Beiträge zur Theorie und Technik der Zeit und Dramatik. By Friedrich Spielhagen. 8vo., xiv. + 359 pp. Leipzig, 1898. Staackmann. 6 Marks.

Goethe's Sprache und Stil im Alter. By P. Knauth. Leipzig, 1898. Avenarius. 3.60 Marks.

MEDICAL.

The Origin of Disease, especially of Disease resulting from Intrinsic as opposed to Extrinsic Causes. By Arthur V. Meigs, M.D. 9 1/2 x 6 1/2 in., xiv. + 229 pp. London and Philadelphia, 1897. Lippincott. 21s. net.

The Practitioner's Handbook; or, the Principles of Therapeutics. By J. Milner Folkergill, M.D. 4th Edition, edited and in great part rewritten by William Murrell, M.D. 9 x 5 1/2 in., xviii. + 688 pp. London and New York, 1897. Macmillan. 15s. net.

MILITARY.

With the Royal Headquarters in 1870-1. By General J. Von Verdé Du Vernois. Vol. I. of the Wolsey Series. Edited by Captain Walter James. 9 x 6 1/2 in., xix. + 253 pp. London, 1897. Kegan Paul. 10s. 6d.

Geschichte der Entwicklung des russischen Heeres von der Thronbesteigung des Kaiser Nicolaus I. Pawlowitsch bis auf die neueste Zeit. By Major-General Krömer. (Second concluding volume, 1874 to 1897). Large 8vo., vii. + 284 pp. Leipzig. Zuckerschwerdt. 15 Marks.

MISCELLANEOUS.

London Signs and Inscriptions. By Philip Norman, F.S.A. With an Introduction by G. H. R. Wheatley. F.S.A. 8 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., xx. + 237 pp. London, 1897. Stock.

Austral English: a Dictionary of Australasian Words, Phrases, and Usages. By Edward E. Morris. M.A. Oxon. 8 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., xxiv. + 525 pp. London and New York, 1897. Macmillan. 16s.

Safe Studies. By the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Lionel A. Tollemoche. 8 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., xix. + 437 pp. London, 1897. Rice. 5s.

The Civilisation of Our Day: a Series of Essays on some of its more important Phases at the close of the Nineteenth Century. By Expert Writers. Edited by James Samuelsen. Illustrated with Maps by Stanford. Portraits and Woodcuts. 10 x 6 1/2 in., xviii. + 345 pp. London, 1897. Sampson Low. 16s. net.

Italianische Reminiscenzen u. Profile. By Sigmund Münz. 9 1/2 x 6 in., ix. + 323 pp. Vienna, 1898. Weiss. 5.30 Marks.

San' Mario. Gedanken aus der Landschaft Paratubis. By Paul Mongré. Large 8vo., viii. + 379 pp. Leipzig, 1898. Naumann. 0.50 Mark.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Die Vögel Europas. Ihre Naturgeschichte und Lebensweise in Freiheit und Gehegenheit. Nebst Anleitung zur Aufzucht, Eingewöhnung, Pflege samt den Fang- und Jagdmethoden. By Friedrich Arndt. With 76 Text illustrations and 48 coloured plates. Lex. 8vo., lxxx. + 8 + 8 457 pp. Stuttgart, 1897. Hoffmann. 21 Marks.

PHILOSOPHY.

Unthinkables. By Frederick H. Balfour. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 160 pp. London, 1897. Bentley.

Psychologie als Erfahrungsweisenschaft. By Hans Cornelius. Large 8vo., xv. + 415 pp. Leipzig, 1898. Teubner. 10 Marks.

POETRY.

Carmen Deo Nostro. To Decet Hymnus. Sacred Poems. By Richard Crashaw. Edited by J. R. Tutin. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., xviii. + 124 pp. London, 1897. Andrews. 3s. 6d.

Poems and Songs. By H. E. Brookbank. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., viii. + 379 pp. London, 1897. Unwin. 5s.

The Flower of the Mind. A choice among the best Poems, made by Alice Meynell. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., xxiv. + 348 pp. London, 1897. Grant Richards. 6s.

A Moorland Brook, and other Poems. By Egan T. Keane. 7 1/2 x 4 1/2 in., xl. + 87 pp. London, 1897. Long. 3s. 6d. net.

Pencil Rhymes and Poetry. By George A. Roberts. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., viii. + 85 pp. London, 1897. Long. 1s. 6d.

The Treasury of Sacred Song. Selected from the English Lyrical Poetry of Four Centuries by Francis T. Palgrave. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., ix. + 374 pp. London and Oxford, 1897. Oxford University Press.

The Poetry of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Edited by Richard Garnett, C.R. 6 1/2 x 4 1/2 in., xl. + 318 pp. London and New York, 1898. Lawrence and Bullen. 5s. net.

A Gabriele d'Annunzio Legislatore: (Olio di Antonio della Porta. Paper. 13 1/2 x 9 1/2 in., 10 pp. Rome, 1897. Societa Editrice Dante Alighieri.

Life of Lilliput, and Other Verse. By Arthur Salmon. 7 1/2 x 4 1/2 in., x. + 64 pp. Edinburgh and London, 1897. Blackwood, 2s. 6d.

Four Poets. Selections from Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats. By Oswald Crawford. 6 1/2 x 4 1/2 in., viii. + 480 pp. London, 1897. Chapman and Hall. 3s. 6d. net.

POLITICAL.

Die Soziale Frage und ihre Lösung. Alltagsbetrachtungen. By Adam Ego. Large 8vo., xvi. + 248 pp. Bremen, 1897. Heinsius. 4.50 Marks.

SCIENCE.

The Elements of Hypnotism. By Ralf H. Vincent. Sec. Ed., with 17 Illustrations. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., vi. + 271 pp. London, 1897. Kegan Paul. 5s.

Studies in Psychical Research. By Frank Podmore. M.A. 9 x 5 1/2 in., ix. + 458 pp. London, 1897. Kegan Paul.

Electric Light: its Production and Use. By J. H. Craythorn, Electrician. Sixth edition, revised, with additional chapter. With numerous Illustrations. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., xvi. + 428 pp. London, 1898. Lockwood. 7s. 6d.

The Scope and Method of Political Economy. Second edition, revised. By John A. Keynes, M.A. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., xiv. + 374 pp. London and New York, 1897. Macmillan. 7s. net.

The Machinery of the Universe: Mechanical Conceptions of Physical Phenomena (Romanco of Science Series). By A. E. Dobbins, A.B. 6 1/2 x 4 1/2 in., vi. + 122 pp. London, Brighton, and New York, 1897. S.P.C.K. 2s.

Handbuch der hypnotischen Suggestion für Ärzte, Praktiker und Erzieher. Die Anwendung des Lebenmagnetismus (Mésmerismus) und die magnetischen Erscheinungen. By Reinhold Gerling. 8vo., 212 pp. Berlin. Stange. 3.50 Marks.

SPORT.

Sporting and Athletic Records. By H. Morgan Browne, Barrister-at-Law. 7 1/2 x 4 1/2 in., xxii. + 326 pp. London, 1897. Methuen. 1s.

Chronicles of Blackheath Golfers. Edited by W. E. Hughes. With Illustrations and Portraits. 10 x 7 1/2 in., xii. + 245 pp. London, 1897. Chapman and Hall. 21s. net.

THEOLOGY.

Bishop Barlowe's Dialogue on the Lutheran Factions, with an Introduction bearing on the Question of Anglican Orders and Notes. By John R. Lunn, B.D. First published in 1531, and again in 1553. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 124 pp. London, 1897. Ellis and Keene. 2s. 6d.

The Evolution of the Idea of God. An Inquiry into the Origin of Religions. By Grant Allen. 9 x 6 in., 417 pp. London, 1897. Grant Richards. 20s. net.

Illustrated New Testament. With 20 Illustrations of Bible Scenes and Sites. 7 x 5 1/2 in., xl. + 576 pp. London, Edinburgh, and New York, 1897. Nelson. 2s. 6d.

When Thou Prayest; or, Suggestions for Daily Private Prayer. By Rev. Hecolton, M.A. With Preface by the Rt. Rev. the Lord Bishop of Coventry. 5 1/2 x 4 1/2 in., 126 pp. London, 1897. Home Words Pub. Office. 1s.

English Church Teaching; or, Faith, Life, and Order. By R. B. Girlington, H. C. G. Moule, and T. W. Drury. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 264 pp. London, 1897. Murray. 1s. net.

Selections from Early Writers. By Henry Meville Grantham, M.A. Illustrative of Church History to the time of Constantine. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., xx. + 191 pp. London and New York, 1897. Macmillan. 4s. 6d. net.

History of Early Christian Literature in the First Three Centuries. By Dr. Gustaf Kruger, Professor of Theology at Uppsala. Translated by Rev. Charles R. Gillett, A.M., with corrections and additions by the author. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., xxiii. + 460 pp. London and New York, 1897. Macmillan, 8s. 6d. net.

Hezekiah and His Age. By Rev. R. Sinker, D.D. (Vol. V. of the Bible Student's Library.) 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., xviii. + 184 pp. London, Melbourne, Sydney, and New York, 1897. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 3s. 6d.

The Book of Common Prayer. With Historical Notes, by Rev. J. Cornford, M.A. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., xxx. + 389 pp. London, Melbourne, Sydney, and New York, 1897. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 3s. 6d.

The Life of Our Lord Jesus Christ. By James Tissot. 315 Compositions from the four Gospels, with Notes and Explanatory Drawings. Notes translated by Mrs. Arthur Holt. Vol. I. 15 1/2 x 12 1/2 in., xl. + 48 pp. 1897. London: Sampson Low. 21s. net. Paris: Lemercier and Co.

A Short History of the Catholic Church. By F. G. Hatpole. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., xvi. + 199 pp. London and New York, 1897. Burns and Oates. 3s.

The Papal Conclaves. By Rev. A. R. Pennington, M.A. 6 1/2 x 4 1/2 in., 100 pp. London, Brighton, and New York, 1897. S.P.C.K. 1s. 6d.

Addresses and Sermons. By Basil Archbishop of Smyrna. Translated (with his permission) by Rev. A. Baker, B.N. 6 1/2 x 4 1/2 in., 126 pp. London, Brighton, and New York, 1897. S.P.C.K. 1s. 6d.

Religions of Primitive Peoples. American Lectures on the History of Religion. Second Series. 1896-7. By Daniel G. Brinton, A.M., Professor of American Archaeology and Linguistics in the University of Pennsylvania. 8 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., xiv. + 264 pp. London and New York, 1897. Putnam. 6s.

The Spirit on the Waters. The Evolution of the Divine from the Human. By Edwin A. Abbott. 9 x 6 in., xii. + 475 pp. London and New York, 1897. Macmillan. 12s. 6d. net.

Side Lights on Church History. The Liturgy and Ritual of the Ante-Nicene Church. By F. E. Warren, B.D., Rector of Bardwell, Suffolk. 8 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., xvi. + 343 pp. London, Brighton, and New York, 1897. S.P.C.K. 6s.

The Anglican Communion. Sermons Preached in St. James's Church, Piccadilly, in July and August, 1897. By the Bishop of Kentucky, and others. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 110 pp. London, Brighton, and New York, 1897. S.P.C.K. 2s.

Cardinal Manning's, des Erzbischofs von Westminster, letzte Schrift. Neun Hindernisse für den Fortschritt des Katholicismus in England, geschrieben im Sommer, 1890. Translated from Purcell's "Life of Cardinal Manning" (vol. II., chs. 25 and 27). By Erhart Wahrmut. Large 8vo., xxiv. + 112 pp. Würzburg. Göbel. 1.50 Marks.

TOPOGRAPHY.

Golspie: Contributions to its Folklore. By Annie and Bella Cumming, Jane Stuart, and others. Collected and Edited, with a chapter on the Place and its Peopling, by Edward W. Nicholson, M.A. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., xv. + 351 pp. London, 1897. Nutt.

TRAVEL.

An der Westküste Afrikas. Wirtschaftliche und Jagd-Streitzüge. By Dr. Max Escher. Illustrated. 10 x 7 in., 225 pp. and a map. Berlin, 1898. Ahn. 7 Marks.

# Literature

Edited by H. D. Traill.

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## THE BOOKSELLING QUESTION.

In the current number of *Chapman's Magazine*, MR. ANDREW LANG discourses on a problem which, with his playful fancy, he considers to include “the whole metaphysics of commerce.” It is a problem on the solution of which depends the very existence of a class of tradesmen around which every reading man and woman has, some time or other, cast a halo of sentiment. In all probability, if the truth were told, it is the sentiment which touches us; but, if its preservation carries with it the continued existence of so worthy a body of men as the booksellers, it may be that it is worth the fighting for. But, in truth, there is very little of metaphysics in the matter. What metaphysics there is we must lay

to the blame of the authors, who, of late, brought a new factor into the discussion.

For many years now, booksellers have found it practically impossible to make a profit out of the sale of new books. The discount of 3d. in the shilling which they give leaves a margin barely sufficient to pay the working expenses of their business. That they have been able to “keep going” is due to the fact that, in addition to selling books, they have also sold what MR. LANG calls “women's fal-lals, photographs, futilities at large.” “What,” they now ask, “is the use of selling books? We gain nothing by it. If we are to remain booksellers; if publishers are to have their legitimate agents; if we are to cease to do their distributing work for nothing, we must appeal to them to consider with us, What are the best means by which we may be enabled to live?” Thus it happened that, two years ago, the Associated Booksellers sent out a circular letter to all publishers, suggesting a meeting for the purpose of discussing the “question.” To consider this circular the publishers met; but they only agreed to disagree, until a Publishers' Association was an established fact. The Association became a fact, and, so far from settling the problem, its attempts at a solution showed that an important factor—the author—had been lost sight of entirely. It is in explaining how *he* comes in that the “metaphysics” of the question begins to manifest itself.

And, first, let us begin with a definition. An author is not now the writer of a “Decline and Fall,” or a “Sartor Resartus,” or an “Origin of Species,” or a Waterton's “Wanderings”; but he is generally a novelist, who is paid “royalties” on the number of copies sold. The larger the number of copies sold the greater are his earnings; it is at once evident that a system where under-selling is rife is a system which makes for the author's advantage. Therefore, any suggestion which took for granted the abolition of the “discount system” brought down the author's adverse criticism, since if no discounts were allowed fewer books would be sold. This MR. HALL CAINE clearly demonstrated in that very remarkable address he gave last year to a body of newsgents whom he mistook for booksellers. He showed, however, his keen sympathy with “the trade” by suggesting that an author should stipulate with his publisher that the bookseller “shall have his book at a living wage.” What this meant he did not clearly demonstrate. Why he did not chime in with the booksellers' wish for a *net* price for a book may be gathered from the following explanation:—At present, on a six-shilling novel an author would get, say, a 25 per cent. royalty on the *published* price—that is, eighteenpence per copy. Under the *net* system, the selling price and the published price were to be the same—that is, in the case of a six-shilling book, four shillings and sixpence. Now the

author steps in, and says, "Am I to get only 25 per cent. on 4s. 6d. instead of 6s., because the bookseller has raised a 'question,' and calls it his 'grievance' ? You tell me more copies will be sold ! I answer, a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

The situation may be put for consideration in this form :—

- A. is an author who writes books for a royalty on every copy sold.
- B. is a publisher who asks the bookseller to sell the books for him, for a consideration.
- C. and D. are booksellers who, in their eagerness to do all the business, "undersell" each other, and give to the public the consideration the publisher allowed them.

What here is food for A. and B. is thus not food for C. and D. How may C. and D. obtain their sustenance without diminishing the supply of A. and B. ?

As we have seen, the original remedy of *net* prices injured the author (A.). Also, it happened that this method, when it was tried, did not prevent some booksellers from selling below these *net* prices. In other words, C. and D. could not agree among themselves, and were compelled to call in the publisher to make them. The proposal now finally agreed to by both publishers and booksellers is to go back to the old system of twopence in the shilling discount, and the publishers to undertake to stop supplies to any bookseller who sells books at a greater discount. This, it is argued, will prevent "underselling," and give the bookseller a fair "living wage." But how will this affect the author ? To determine the point, the publishers, before giving their final adhesion to the scheme, have submitted it to the Authors' Society for approval or criticism. As yet, the Authors' Society has not spoken ; nor, so far as we can gather, is it likely to speak. But it is evident that the author holds the key to the situation. In the first place, the Publishers' Association does not include *every* publisher ; and if any scheme from the Association proves to work for his detriment, the author will go outside it, and will find not a few publishers ready to pay him handsomely. In the second place, the Booksellers' Association does not include *every* bookseller, and how the outsider is to be coerced is a question indeed. It looks as if there is likely to grow up a class of outside publishers supplying outside booksellers with books which will be sold to the public at a discount of threepence in the shilling ; while the two Associations are working to little or no purpose in asking the same public to buy books at a discount of twopence in the shilling. Such a condition of things will immediately send the author to the outside publisher ; and the "question" will then require to be put again.

As it stands at present, the scheme of the Publishers' and Booksellers' Associations amounts to a penny in the shilling tax on all book-buyers. It may be that the public, for the sake of the sentiment, will pay this tax ; but it also may be that it will not. Even supposing that all publishers and booksellers agree to the scheme, what

would the author say if the sales of his books "fell off" ? "A plague on both your houses !" Naturally ! He is not going to subsidize a special small class of men at the expense of his own existence. Once upon a time an author wrote for pleasure—now he writes for a living. "Literature" is become a "profession," and professional men, human as they are, reserve a large share of the milk of human kindness for their own sustenance. MR. HALL CAINE threw out a hint that if authors turned publishers, the bookseller would be certain of a "living wage." The hint may become a fact, although the present difficulty would, in that event, require to be met again. The "question" is still waiting for a solution. What the publisher and bookseller should do it is not our purpose to consider at present, though it may occupy our attention on another occasion. MR. LANG hopes much from a public who shall be educated on non-copyright books. He knows "no better cure for the love of bad books than the knowledge of good books ; no better check on the advertising methods of some popular novelists than the spirit of humour which laughs at them, and passes by on the other side ; no remedy for devotion to discount but increased generosity." Good ! But what becomes of the "question" in the meantime ? We must deal with what is, not with what should be. At present the popular novelist is in vogue ; he it is who, practically, makes the bookseller a trade—and he is not gifted with a sense of the dignity of his profession. If "ignorant fustian" did not "go down" with the public, the popular novelist would never affect current reading in the slightest degree. That he will never affect literature is, of course, undoubted ; but "the pity of it" is that he should retard its culture in the mind and heart of a living community.

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## Reviews.

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**The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning.** Edited, with Biographical Additions, by **Frederic G. Kenyon.** 2 vols. 7½×5¼in., xiv. + 478 + 404 pp. London, 1897.

**Smith, Elder, & Co. 15/- n.**

When we have expressed a regret that these volumes should have appeared at the very moment that is filled by the splendour of the "Life of Tennyson," and when we have gently censured Mr. Kenyon for not having the courage to fill out the lines of his portrait a little more in its bare places, we have exhausted all possible blame, and left ourselves free to welcome without reserve a very weighty and a very charming contribution to the history of literature. Mr. Kenyon (our curiosity as to the biographer's relationship to his subject's life-long friend, John Kenyon, is never satisfied) seems to possess the confidence of Mrs. Browning's family and old friends. We miss any contribution from Mrs. Jago, one of Elizabeth Barrett's earliest intellectual companions, who preserved until her death, as a treasure, a peculiarly important budget of E. B. B.'s letters ; but here is the invaluable correspondence addressed in the poet's youth to Mrs. Martin and Mr. H. S. Boyd, to Miss Commeline and Mr.



Kenyon, to Miss Mitford and Mr. Westwood. Later on, of course, selection was trammelled by the excess of abundance, but Mr. Kenyon seems to have chosen wisely. His preface is very agreeably written, and his slight biographical thread, though, as we have suggested, sometimes so stretched as to be almost invisible, is in excellent taste.

The life of Elizabeth Barrett Browning is now told for the first time, and mainly by the best of all authorities—herself. But it must, of course, be remembered that a great part of it has already been inevitably chronicled by Mrs. Orr and others in their lives of Robert Browning. From 1845 onwards, the two great poets were scarcely ever separated for a week, until the sad expiration of Elizabeth—for she rather breathed her life away from feebleness than died of any set disease—divorced them for ever. The public, therefore, is already familiar with the external, and even many of the internal, incidents of the career of Mrs. Browning. What it has hitherto known little or nothing about is what happened to Miss Barrett. For this reason curiosity is concentrated on the first 300 pages of Vol. I. of this biography, conducting the poet from her birth to her marriage. What follows is delightful reading, but it lacks the peculiar novelty of the early chapters. Let us take this occasion, however, of saying that it emphasizes, if possible, and gives a deeper sanctity and pathos to the absorbing and unbroken affection which reigned in these two noble and distinguished persons. We may search in vain for any of the littlenesses, the jealousies, the irritabilities which are supposed to be the inevitable accompaniments of genius. Mr. Kenyon is perfectly justified in calling the wedlock of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning “the most perfect example of wedded happiness in the history of literature.”

It is at last finally decided that Elizabeth was born on March 6, 1806, at Coxhoe Hall, Durham. So that Robert Browning was perfectly correct in the statement on the subject which he made in December, 1887—a statement which was immediately questioned and even contradicted. We have never been able to understand why there should ever have arisen so much controversy about the birth of a lady who was a member of a large and reputable family, living in the present century. But some one or other—certainly not herself—was determined to make her appear much younger than she was. It is a disappointment, at first sight, to find that Mr. Kenyon has no material to set before us earlier than 1828, when the poet was advanced in her twenty-third year, and had long been a published author. He has nothing to tell us of the original training and development of that admirable mind, nor of its early “adventures among masterpieces.” But her own letters, later on, tell us one or two curious facts. Of these none is more amusing than that when she was a girl she came so deeply under the charm of Byron that she seriously made up her mind to dress in boy’s clothes and run away to be his lordship’s page. In the life of Byron all is romantic, but imagination hugs itself to think of the slim and pale Elizabeth, with her ringlets well tied back, skipping up the steps of the Villa Rossa and paralyzed to discover the Guiccioli installed there. There are also, scattered about among the letters, many reminiscences of early life which are valuable, but of the development of her mind no direct record seems to be preserved.

The correspondence, however, gives interesting and valuable internal evidence of this. The first letters, written from Hope End in 1828, are stiff and colourless; they are just the sort of letters that Jane Austen’s heroines would

write to their confidantes; they would not have been disapproved of in the coteries of Cranford, but there is not a trace in them of the felicity of expression or breadth of mental curiosity which was presently to characterize the writer. Then there comes a hiatus, and we are in 1832; Elizabeth has reached her twenty-seventh year. The change is instantly apparent; she is still strangely juvenile, but she has found her voice. Here is discovered that peculiar species of affectionate persillage, an affectation of being a forlorn and helpless female, which was henceforth to be habitually the mode in which she concealed her intense concentration of will, shooting it at friends who tried to thwart her, as the sepia shoots its ink. But the letters still deal but little at first with literature; that really does not become prominent until 1835, when Elizabeth is actually in her thirtieth year. In this we seem to face a curious paradox; she was at once extremely precocious and of singularly late development. Timid, invalid, very small in stature, she seems to have found a great difficulty in impressing her years on new acquaintances. People took this learned and experienced “authoress” for a child. The careful reader will trace a curious instance of this. Miss Mitford speaks of driving Elizabeth Barrett to see some friends, who could not be persuaded that she was “out.” We do not know the date of this particular excursion, but we do know that the poet was in her thirtieth year when Miss Mitford saw her for the first time.

A fact which ordinary readers are slow to accept is that great poets are admirable critics. This truism has been finely exemplified in the recent Life of Tennyson, where his recorded utterances on literature could hardly be amended. It is seen to be true also of Elizabeth Browning, and a very valuable anthology of critical utterances might be gathered from these letters. In her youth she was shy and easily overborne; but when she arrived at mental maturity she was of an extreme clairvoyance. An instance of peculiar importance is her treatment of Ossian. Hugh Stuart Boyd was old enough to be as thoroughgoing an admirer of the Macpherson-verbiage as either Goethe or Napoleon. Miss Barrett was very much influenced by his judgments, for he was a good scholar, read Greek with her and scolded her well. But when Mr. Boyd insists that “Ossian is superior as a poet to Homer” even the worm turns. It is amusing to see how she wraps her objections up in sugar at first, and then how she hurls them in desperation openly at the enemy. Her phrases are absolutely true. “There is a sound of wild, vague music in a monotone—nothing is articulate, nothing is *individual*, nothing various. . . . Compare them with the old, burning ballads, with a wild heart beating in each. How cold they grow in comparison.” All this is “obliquity” to the outraged Mr. Boyd, who tries to preserve his dignity, but is thoroughly worsted in successive letters. “Ossian has wrapped you in a cloud, a fog, a true Scotch mist,” cries the poet, three months later, stung out of all her timidity, and Boyd at last retires, with Ossian under his arm, followed by a shower of jeers and cat calls. It is all intensely amusing and it is excellent sound criticism as well.

When her eye is concentrated on a personage, Elizabeth Browning is able to exercise the very rare gift of portraiture. Usually she is a little languid about people, in her pursuit of ideas and fancies, or else, as when she took a long drive with Wordsworth, too frightened to observe. But, quite early, she has a splendid phrase about Landor who talked to her “brilliantly and prominently,” until “the ashes of antiquity burned again” in his hands. In

her married days hervignettes and silhouettes are often of great picturesqueness. The whole episode of her strange flinging of herself upon the indifferent and preoccupied George Sand is magnificently told; we see it, step by step—the frail, impassioned Englishwoman, wrapped in her furs, half expiring, rushing forward to kiss the hands and be lifted to the lips of the solid marmoreal Frenchwoman, evidently much perplexed at all this rapture and not a little bored by it. The introduction of Hans Christian Andersen, “not really pretty,” but “very earnest, very simple, very childlike, in a general *verve* for embracing,” is lifelike; and he who writes these lines has heard from the lips of Andersen *his* version of the story, and how he kissed “the wonderful little English lady, so pale, like a water-spirit!”

Mrs. Browning divined “Carrer Bell” as a woman from the first, and stuck to her conviction. Her references to Charlotte are frequent and sympathetic, but these two great sisters in literature came into no personal relations. Carlyle she did not see face to face until 1851, a few weeks before he was conducted to Paris under the charge of Robert and Elizabeth Browning. Readers of Carlyle’s Journals will recollect a rude reference to the kind and distinguished lady who permitted him to travel with her as “the woman.” But his bite (on paper) was worse than his bark (in the train), for E. B. B. records, with her usual penetration:—

Are you aware that Carlyle travelled with us to Paris? He left a deep impression with me. It is difficult to conceive of a more interesting human soul, I think. All the bitterness of love with the point reversed. He seems to me to have a profound sensibility—so profound and turbulent that it unsettles his general sympathies.

In 1855 Carlyle appears again, “in great force, particularly in the damnatory clauses.”

It would, however, be doing the heroine of these charming volumes a great injustice to turn to them mainly for what they say about others. Their cardinal interest consists in what they say about herself. We rise from their perusal with the impression that, although so much is told us, we need more to enable us to form a thoroughly clear vision of so complicated a character. She was—this at least is plain—a woman of an exquisitely delicate soul, inspired by true piety, human and divine, full of tenderness, rectitude, sweetness. We know not how it is, but with all this, and with the evidences of her excellent judgment in intellectual matters, we are left with a sense of some imperfection of sympathy. She observed persons keenly, but not always humanly. Doubtless she was struggling all her life against a conscious tendency to be *pédante*, to acknowledge the limitations of a blue-stocking. When the spiritualistic craze swept over society, the high imagination and carefully-trained brain of E. B. B. were powerless to resist. She grovelled, none lower, in the dust before that miserable Juggernaut. This was, no doubt, the most dangerous, probably the only, moment of real strain between her wholesomer and better-balanced husband and herself. This wretched business is passed over lightly by Mr. Kenyon; to the end of his life any recollection of the impostures to which she had been subjected was enough to throw Robert Browning into a frenzy of indignation. And the strange, persistent delusion about Napoleon III., how is that to be accounted for? These were strange lapses of sympathy, instances of imperfect judgment, which may well be forgotten in the blaze of Elizabeth Barrett Browning’s pure glory, but they do not make the problem of her character easier to solve.

**The Bampton Lectures, 1897:** Aspects of the Old Testament. By R. L. Ottley, M.A. Svo., xix.+448 pp. London, 1897. Longmans. 16/-

The delivery of “eight divinity lecture sermons” upon the foundation of Canon John Bampton, of Salisbury, before the University of Oxford, has formed an appropriate conclusion to one period of Mr. Ottley’s brilliant academic career, and the dignity of the position of a Bampton Lecturer suits the Principal of such a home of theological learning as the Pusey House was intended to be. How far the view which is here taken of the Old Testament is likely to commend itself to those who revere the memory and accept the teaching of Pusey is a question which, as literary critics, we are not called upon to answer. But many clergymen and other theological teachers and students are eagerly and, perhaps, anxiously looking out at the present time for help and light upon the problems of Old Testament controversy. And, if they ask whether Mr. Ottley’s work is really serviceable to them, we have no hesitation in saying that a serious student will do well not to neglect the “aspects” of the subject which the lectures consider. Without going too far, we might almost say that the perusal of the lectures is indispensable in forming an estimate of the present state of the controversy.

Mr. Ottley has had in view several different classes of persons, some who, like Mr. Goldwin Smith, think that the Old Testament is a millstone to be cast off, and who misunderstand, in part or altogether, what is the true function of the Old Testament in the Church; others who, in their wish to discredit extreme criticism, ignore assured results; and others, again, whose simple faith and piety are shocked by utterances which are thought to be necessary in the present distress. In the opening lecture on “The Christian Church and the Higher Criticism,” Mr. Ottley explains the standpoint from which he approaches his subject. He does not attempt to reconstruct the history of Israel, but he looks upon the contents of the Old Testament from a theological point of view, because “a true estimate of the Old Testament . . . is only possible on the basis of faith in Jesus Christ, the Son of God made man.” It will be sufficient to say that Mr. Ottley’s declaration of belief in the doctrine of the Incarnation at the outset of these lectures is what we might expect from the Christological work which he published in 1896. He takes the fact of the Incarnation, in the orthodox sense of that term, for granted. As to inspiration, Mr. Ottley would rather say that “in the Bible the word of God comes to us” than that the Bible *is* the Word of God, an identification which he would not adopt “without caution.” He would admit the existence in the library of the Old Testament of “semi-historical folk-lore and primitive myths.” But he understands himself to “presuppose” the inspiration of Scripture as a fact which is independent of human explanations of it, which denotes the living action of God on the faculties of men, guiding either great religious leaders, or the life of a community, or the compilers, editors, and collectors of the records of revelation. Mr. Ottley dismisses very briefly the inquiry respecting the extent to which the results of historical criticism are to be taken for granted in the lectures by saying that he substantially agrees with Professor Sanday in accepting what he takes as “the established results of nearly 150 years’ investigation of the Old Testament.”

The different aspects of the Old Testament which Mr. Ottley considers are five in number. They are generally surveyed in the second, and discussed with much fulness,

eloquence, scholarship, and modesty in the following five lectures. Certain general aspects of the Old Testament, historical, prophetic, spiritual, literary, and archaeological, are set on one side to make room for those which specially seem to deserve attention. The Old Testament, Mr. Ottley points out, is a history of redemption and of the progressive revelation of God, it traces the steps of a covenantal relationship between God and man, specially exhibited in its system of worship, it unfolds in its prophetic utterances the Messianic hope, and it bears witness to a divine purpose for the individual in its teaching upon personal religion. It will be observed that the general arrangement of the Hebrew Bible closely corresponds with the five aspects which Mr. Ottley selects for consideration. In the space at our disposal it is not possible to enter at any length into the details of the subject, or even to mention the heads of all the topics to which we wish to allude. We must content ourselves with the statement that the scope and the standpoint of Mr. Ottley's work are illustrated by such matters as the *a priori* credibility of miracle, the main features of the Mosaic narrative, the elements in the prophetic theory of the sacred history, the names, attributes, and fatherhood of God, the significance of anthropomorphic language and minute sacrificial details, the aspects of the work of the prophets, the gradual growth of the Messianic hope, the foundation truths of personal religion. The concluding and in some respects the most important lecture upon "The Old Testament and Christianity" draws out the analogy between the incarnate Word and Holy Scripture, examines the view which the New Testament takes of the Old, the use which our Lord made of the Old Testament, and the permanent function of the Old Testament in the Church. We cannot overlook, says Mr. Ottley, that "Christ and His Apostles assign to the Old Testament a unique and inviolable authority." The very object of our Lord's coming determined the method in which He employed the ancient Scriptures. To Him all that made for righteous conduct and for truer conceptions of the divine character was of primary importance; to all that the scribes had overlooked or treated with indifference He assigned its rightful prominence. The sacred liberty, which is the characteristic gift of the Holy Spirit, appears in the very manner of Christ's citations from the Old Testament. Our Lord regarded the Old Testament as "an organic whole to which the Messiah and His Kingdom are the key," and His use of it is the true guiding line which leads to the goal of Mr. Ottley's inquiry,—the permanent function of the Old Testament. It is to reveal God, to testify of Christ, to mould character by giving us a manual both of individual and social righteousness, and to assist us in the interpretation of the New Testament, as in its turn the New assists us in interpreting the old.

Mr. Ottley's honest attempt to walk in a *via media* will of course expose him to attack from two extremes. This he may partially ward off by some of his remarks in conclusion. Few will refuse to praise the many marks of fine classical and theological scholarship which the lectures bear and to commend their prompt appearance; a greater number will enjoy their literary gracefulness and the modesty and reverence of the lecturer throughout, and above all, the vast majority of his readers will, we trust, bear us out when we say that, although Mr. Ottley may not always gain their acceptance of all his doctrinal or social tenets, he has shown himself to be, as he says, "a man who believes in the truth of historic Christianity with all his heart," whether that historic Christianity is "latent" in the Old Testament or "patent" in the New.

**A History of Renaissance Architecture in England, 1500-1800.** By Reginald Blomfield, M.A. With drawings by the author and other illustrations. 2 vols. 8vo., 431 pp. London, 1897. George Bell, £2 10s.

Mr. Blomfield has undertaken in these volumes to tell the whole story of Renaissance architecture in England, giving to that phrase a meaning large enough to cover the eighteenth century work, which represents the dregs of the style. The author is to be congratulated on the manner in which he has accomplished this Herculean task. He has sketched the beginnings of the Italians, the seedtime under Henry VIII., the sowing of the Flemish and German tares under the later Tudors, the sudden growth and splendid harvest under Inigo Jones and Wren, and the steady degradation of the Hanoverian period, until at the close of the last century the following of Italian models finally ceased, and the mimicry of Classical and Gothic swept everything before it. Having thus to deal not only with periods of profound interest, glorified by the work of men of genius, but also with the dull years of uneventful decay, some unevenness of treatment might have been forgiven, but the author has no need of forgiveness, for his work exhibits, as an architect's should, a quite admirable proportion. He has, too, kept as clear of controversial matter as is practicable in any critical treatise, although he once allows himself to refer to Mr. Ruskin as

"The most meretricious and intolerant of amateurs."

But Mr. Ruskin's onslaught on the Renaissance must not be taken too seriously, and it may be admitted that no passionate lover of Gothic can do entire justice to the Italian architecture of the Renaissance. We are all, it has been said, born either Goths or Classicists, and Mr. Blomfield was obviously not born a Goth.

It is with the great name of Wolsey that the first introduction of Italian workmen is associated. The decorations of the Cardinal's palace at Hampton Court were the work of Italian hands, and the King was not behind his great servant in recognizing the superiority of their craftsmanship. Henry VIII.'s palace of Nonesuch is said to have been built for him by Toto del Nunziata, just as John of Padua is credited with Longleat; but probably neither was responsible for more than the details of decoration. Nonesuch, unfortunately, has not survived. It was pulled down and the materials sold by Charles II.'s worthless mistress, Barbara Villiers. But before its destruction its portrait was taken and Evelyn and Pepys saw it. Evelyn was evidently much impressed, and described its plastic gods and goddesses in terms that remind one of the Groves of Blarney. Mr. Blomfield seems altogether justified in concluding that, though the presence of numerous Italians and Henry's lavish employment of them are historically established, "we cannot point to a single instance of a building of the sixteenth century designed and carried through by any one Italian in England." The reign of the Italian workman was not, however, of long duration. Under the children of Henry, when foreign artificers were needed they were sought in Germany and the Low Countries. Sir Thomas Gresham imported both the design and the materials for his Exchange from Flanders, and Theodore Havens, who seems to have been an emigrant from Cleves, was responsible for some part, though how much is uncertain, of Dr. Caius's buildings at Cambridge. That the German influence was, as a rule, unfortunate, is attested by the buildings carried out under Elizabeth. "Though picturesque in outline—a legacy," says Mr. Blomfield, "of the Gothic tradition—they are overcrowded with abominable ornament, and they have evident marks of having been designed by men

who were destitute of a taste sufficiently mature to save them from the silly extravagance of the Germans."

The great event was the coming of Inigo Jones—a talent so exceptional, so complete, so masculine, so unlike anything that has appeared since, that the word "prodigy" applied to him seems not extravagant. Mr. Blomfield has spared no pains to make his sketch of Inigo Jones complete, but he is unable to clear up the mystery of his life, or how he, a poor man, was enabled, at a very early age, to "pass into foreign parts to converse with the great masters of design in Italy." That he paid two visits to that country is certain, and that "he returned to England filled with the very spirit of the Renaissance and lifted the art of his country on to an altogether different plane." As far as England is concerned he was the inventor of classical architecture, meaning by that phrase architecture depending for its effect solely upon proportion and rhythm. "There was, in fact, no precedent for such a building as Inigo Jones designed for Whitehall," and this is true not only of its character but of its scale. Nobody will, we imagine, doubt the literal correctness of Mr. Blomfield's assertion that "the Banqueting House, mere fragment though it is of a stupendous design, is to this day the most accomplished piece of proportion in England, and not inferior to the finest work of Palladio." "His extraordinary capacity," says Mr. Blomfield, "is shown by the success with which he freed English architecture from the imbecilities of the German designers and started it on a line of fresh development, borrowed, it is true, from Italy, yet so successfully adapted to English traditions that it was at once accepted and followed by the best intelligence of the country for the next hundred and fifty years. His especial strength lay in his thorough mastery of proportion, his contempt for mere prettiness, and the rare distinction of his style. His own theory of architecture was that, in his own words, it should be 'solid, proportional according to the rules, masculine, and unaffected.' No man has ever more completely realized his own ideal of art."

From Inigo Jones to Christopher Wren is a natural transition, but, though the contrast between the work of the two men is often striking, Mr. Blomfield rightly insists on the fact that the stream of development was never arrested. The torch was carried on directly by Webb and others; while that the divergence between Wren's work and that of his great predecessor was due simply to his want of training is attested by the fact that the further he advanced in mastery of his art the nearer he approached the founder of the school. Not the least wonderful part of Wren's career is the abundant evidence that it affords that he learnt his trade mainly by practising it. The Fire of London came in the nick of time for him, and probably a talent so large was never so matched by largeness of opportunity. The inevitable result of the Renaissance had been "that the individual ideal had taken the place of the collectivist," and when the opportunity of rebuilding London and its cathedral came, the individual ideal was ready, embodied in one whose power of conceiving a great architectural scheme was probably unique. How great a man the builder of St. Paul's and Greenwich Hospital and half a hundred city churches was is accentuated by the work of the men that came after him. Of these Lord Burlington has generally held the highest place, though, as he had Campbell and Kent and Leoni for "ghosts," it is difficult to say how much of the credit he has got justly belongs to him. One of his supposed masterpieces—the Westminster dormitory—Mr. Blomfield

has finally taken from him, by showing, from the evidence of the All Souls' drawings, that the original design was Wren's, apparently pirated by Kent for the benefit of his patron. Moreover, if you add them all up, the contemporaries and successors of Wren to the third and fourth generation, how will the sum of their work weigh against his? Mr. Blomfield carries us carefully along the line of these able architects who were yet mediocre artists—Vanbrugh, with his sound feeling for mass, and Hawksmoor, his follower, Burrough and Aldrich, Campbell, Ripley, Kent, Gibbs, the two Dances, Chambers, the ingenious brothers Adam, and a host of obscurer men. The merit of their work is appraised from the standpoint of a skilful architect, and only such an one could have done them justice. Yet nobody can read this careful and elaborate history without realizing that it is the history of a decline. After Wren the severance between building and architecture went on without a check. Yet even before Wren died the disease had begun. Mr. Blomfield thinks that the fault lay with the architects. "Their vanity," he says, "led them to magnify architecture into a fine art and a mystery, and their cupidity to hand over its control to wealthy amateurs. As for the builder, they left him out of the account, and the poor man had to make the best that he could of designs made without regard to materials or climate. Many of these designs were extremely fine in themselves, and several of the eighteenth-century architects were very able men; but an art such as architecture, based on the actual facts of existence, cannot afford to be insane." Mr. Blomfield says some hard things of the Gothic revival, as, indeed, does Fergusson, with whom he is not frequently in accord. He speaks of it as a movement that taught false history and ignored three hundred years of permanent work and good tradition; and he even doubts if a good tradition can grow up again in English art. "The arts do not," he says, "at this moment express the finest intelligence of the country." It is difficult to deny the truth of this pessimistic conclusion, but at any rate it is well to face the facts, and in them there may be a sort of consolation.

**France Under Louis XV.** By James Breck Perkins. 2 Vols. 8x5½in., 406+488 pp. London, 1897.

Smith, Elder. 16/-

Mr. Perkins has now brought his studies of French history, which began with the administration of Richelieu, to within measurable distance of the Revolution. In the two volumes before us he carries his narrative from the accession to office of the Duke of Bourbon to the death of Louis XV. His treatment is in the main chronological; the only digressions being two chapters on Duplex and the loss of India and the two closing chapters on "Intellectual and Social Changes" and "The Influence of Literature." Of the merits of the book there can be no question. Mr. Perkins has read all the latest authorities, and he has supplemented them by independent study of the papers at the French Foreign Office. He has, perhaps, little that is new to tell the world, but he has constructed a clear, accurate, and interesting narrative of a very important period, and English readers who wish to study foreign history in their own language have every reason to be grateful to him.

If any fault is to be charged against Mr. Perkins it is a fault of omission rather than of commission. The bulk of the chronological narrative is occupied with the wars and the foreign relations of France. It is true that the

diplomatic squabbles from 1725 to 1731 are passed over very slightly, although for a true estimate of Fleury's administration and aims they are quite as important as the action taken when the aged minister was fortified and urged on by the more resolute Chauvelin. But from the outbreak of the Polish Succession War down to the Peace of Paris Mr. Perkins devotes most of his pages to the elucidation of the continental relations of France. Except in the rare intervals of peace, and at notable crises, such as the expulsion of the Jesuits and the suppression of the Parliament, we hear comparatively little of the inner history of France. No doubt it may be answered that the story of incessant bickerings between Jesuits and Jansenists, between the Archbishop and the Parliament of Paris, is wearisome and not at all picturesque, and that the procession of insignificant ministers across the stage is hardly worth tracing. But the importance of history is not always to be measured by its possibilities of literary treatment. France has a history of her own, quite apart from wars and treaties, during the eighteenth century, and it deserves more attentive study than it has yet received. Mr. Perkins would have had a stronger title to our gratitude if he had worked more in this comparatively neglected field, and given less space to the general history of Europe, which has been amply treated by many of his predecessors. His testimony was hardly needed to prove that the Austro-French alliance of 1756 was due to the Convention of Westminster between England and Prussia, and not to Frederick being forced into alliance with England by France having become the tool of Austria. It is true that Mr. Perkins seems to think the latter view is still maintained "with but few dissentient voices," but he will hardly find any historian within the last twenty years who has either made such an assertion or thought it worth while to controvert it.

Some of Mr. Perkins's statements are open to considerable discussion. His condemnation of the successive Family Compacts with Spain as uniformly disastrous to France is based upon arguments of the *post hoc ergo propter hoc* order. And even to these arguments important exceptions must be made with regard both to the war of the Polish Succession and to the war on behalf of the revolted American colonies. Far more open to criticism is the assertion that "to aid the Elector of Bavaria in his endeavour to be chosen Emperor necessarily involved an effort to sustain his claim upon the hereditary possessions of the House of Austria;" and the correlative statement (i. p. 301) that "it was to wrest the Imperial crown from the House of Austria that the war had been begun." The most elementary student of eighteenth-century history has to grasp the fact that the war was about the succession to the Austrian territories, and that the election to the Empire, though necessarily raised at the same time, was utterly and completely distinct. There was absolutely nothing to prevent Fleury from accepting the succession of Maria Theresa, and at the same time using French influence to urge the electors to choose Charles Albert of Bavaria instead of Francis Stephen of Tuscany. Most French historians would admit that he would have been well advised if he had taken this course. The only inevitable connexion between the two simultaneous vacancies was that Charles Albert, if he ousted Maria Theresa from the succession to her father's territories, might have given the Bohemian vote in his own favour.

Mr. Perkins seems to hold (ii. p. 122) that the third treaty of Versailles, concluded by Choiseul on his accession to office, was more unfair to France than the treaty of

1757, negotiated by Bernis and Starhemberg. This is open to serious dispute, though it would take too long to analyze and compare the terms of the two treaties. It may be doubted also whether Secretaries of State were often chosen from officials connected with the Parliament (i. p. 23), though undoubtedly there are occasional instances of such a choice. But Mr. Perkins must have been under a temporary hallucination when on the same page, in a contrast between the nobility of France and England in the eighteenth century, he speaks of the Pelhams and Newcastle as if they were distinct families.

Mr. Perkins has evidently corrected his proofs with great care, and there is quite a refreshing scarcity of misprints in his pages. He is a resolute adherent of his own, or perhaps of the American, rules of spelling, and the eye has to become accustomed to forms like "woolen," "equaled," "offenses," &c. As to the spelling of proper names each author is usually a law to himself, and can possibly give some reason for his decision. But it hardly seems worth while to speak of an Archbishop of "Meutz," as Mr. Perkins does. It is a hallowed form, in one respect, as it is perhaps the only mis-spelling which we have adopted independently of French influence, but it is becoming more and more unfamiliar, and there seems no good reason why it should not be allowed to disappear. Finally, in speaking of the institutions of a foreign country we must inevitably borrow the technical terms in which they are designated. If we translate these terms into our own language we either make them colourless and unmeaning or we give to them associations which are in all likelihood misleading. When we are told that John Law spoke of the kingdom of France as "governed by thirty Intendants" we understand at once what is meant. The word "Intendant" has been used so often by English writers that it has become the recognized title of the famous local rulers of France. But when Mr. Perkins speaks of "thirty superintendents" with a small "s" it requires a mental effort to understand who he is alluding to. No doubt it is a sufficiently correct translation of Intendant, but in this case we contend that translation is not only unnecessary, but much to be deprecated.

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**Darwin and after Darwin:** An Exposition of the Darwinian Theory and a Discussion of Post-Darwinian Questions. By the late **G. J. Romanes**, F.R.S. III.—Post-Darwinian Questions: Isolation and Physiological Selection. Crown 8vo., viii.+181 pp. London, 1897. **Longman.** 5/-

In Darwin's Autobiography there is an interesting passage referring to the solution of a great problem—how to account for the tendency of organic beings descended from the same stock to diverge in character as they become modified. "I can remember the very spot on the road, whilst in my carriage, when to my joy the solution occurred to me. . . . The solution, as I believe, is that the modified offspring of all dominant and increasing forms tend to become adapted to many and highly-diversified places in the economy of nature." In other words, isolation of the several new stocks from one another, and from the parent one, is essential to divergence of specific character, or what Professor Romanes here calls "polytypic evolution."

The present work, the concluding volume of "Darwin and after Darwin," is devoted to a discussion of the principle of isolation. Professor Romanes's view is that, in relation to the theory of descent, this principle is second to no other, and that heredity and variability being given, the whole theory of organic evolution becomes a

theory of the causes and conditions which lead to isolation.

From this point of view natural selection itself is a particular form of discriminate isolation. But Romanes shows, as Darwin long ago admitted, that this natural selection, though the main, is not the exclusive cause of the origin of species. One of the greatest difficulties in the way of accepting this form of selection as a complete explanation of specific characters is the difference between varieties and species when crossed. Another is the famous case of the land-shells of the forest region of Oahu, one of the Sandwich Islands. "Here," says Mr. Gulick, whose observations were made with great accuracy, "we frequently find a genus represented in several successive valleys (often only a mile apart) by allied species. . . . In every such case the valleys that are nearest to each other furnish the most nearly allied forms; and a full set of the varieties of each species present a minute gradation of forms between the more divergent types found in the more widely-separated localities." The difficulty of explaining, on the theory of natural selection, how allied varieties are generally mutually fertile and species infertile is overcome, according to Romanes, by his theory of physiological selection, which is stated and supported in the third, fourth, and fifth chapter of this work. The second case is particularly interesting. Mr. Gulick urged, in essays to which Romanes does full justice, that the constant differences of the land-shells of the little island of Oahu could not be due to natural selection because they occur in different valleys on the same side of the mountain, where food, climate, and enemies were the same, and he finally concluded that they were due to what he called "cumulative segregation," what Romanes here calls "discriminate isolation." The special interest of the case lies in the fact that it led Mr. Gulick, a lonely worker in the Sandwich Islands, to the same conclusion as to the importance of isolation which Romanes had independently reached by inductive reasoning. The first two chapters of the work are devoted to a discussion of the importance and the kinds of "isolation," while the opinions which have been held by naturalists who have specially considered the subject are criticized in the concluding (sixth) chapter. By far the strongest part of the book, however, lies in the statement and defence of the theory of "physiological selection" which occupy the remaining chapters. This theory, perhaps Romanes's most original contribution to the literature of Darwinism, implies that when a species is undergoing modification in several directions, so that (as with many plants and the lower classes of animals) the new forms continue to inhabit the same area as the parent stock, then these new forms are sexually incompatible with each other and with the parent species. Physiological selection in fact is, in regard to incipient species, a form of isolation which may act alone in preventing "the swamping effects of intercrossing," or its influence may be furthered by natural selection.

The importance which Professor Romanes attaches to isolation, and especially to physiological selection, in the production of new species has recently been the subject of severe controversy. Under these circumstances the present volume, with its clear statements of the author's views, is very timely. A useful summary of general conclusions is given at the end of the volume, which has been carefully edited by Professor Lloyd Morgan.

**Greece in the Nineteenth Century: A Record of Hellenic Emancipation and Progress, 1821-1897.** By Lewis

**Sergeant, Knight of the Hellenic Order of the Redeemer.** With map and 21 illustrations. 94x6in. 400 pp. London, 1897. Fisher Unwin. 10/6

"Plants do nourish; inanimate bodies do not: they have an accretion, but no alimentation." In quoting this definition of Bacon's we do not mean to infer that Mr. Lewis Sergeant's book is the product of an inanimate body, nor that it will not nourish some minds, but merely to show that, in calling it "an accretion," and confusing a process with the result, he uses a strained metonymy, and (to quote the old doggerel) "imponit nova nomina rebus." What he means is that it is a new edition. Probably a good many forgotten books on Greek and Turkish subjects will appear in new editions before the Eastern problem is solved. Mr. Sergeant's "New Greece," when it first came out in 1878, was recognized as a meritorious attempt to put the case for Greece in a favourable light at a time when Europe regarded Hellenic aspirations as rather a nuisance. It reappears with a new title, and a good deal of new matter and additional statistics, in a very similar mood of public opinion. A good many people are inclined to endorse the Apostolic assignment of attributes—"to the Greeks' foolishness";—others are willing to see a certain element of heroism, a "divine folly," in their dauntless kicking against the pricks. To Mr. Sergeant their conduct is purely noble from first to last, and his enthusiastic championship of their cause will warm the heart of many a despairing Philhellene in England.

The book is avowedly a plea. Reduced to its elements, the plea consists in three arguments. It is contended, first, that the modern Greeks are the lineal descendants and rightful representatives of the ancient Hellenes, to whom European civilization owes a debt that can never be liquidated, and, as such, are entitled to hold and enjoy the possessions of their ancestors. In the second place, it is argued that the European and especially the Western Powers, and most of all England, by interfering to create the kingdom of Greece early in the century, have made themselves morally responsible for the stability and well-being of the State they established, and are bound to further its "legitimate aspirations." Thirdly, if the Greeks have not entirely realized the expectations of their liberators, have run deeply into debt, and failed to develop to the full the resources of their country, it is all the fault of the Powers, who denied them any freedom of action.

We confess we think the argument from nationality, the appeal to the age of Pericles, little better than sentimental clap-trap. Mr. Sergeant holds that Fallmerayer's demonstration of the strong Slavonic element in the modern Greek race has been exploded, but his principal witness to the purity of Hellenic blood seems to be Edmond About. Students of ethnology will find it difficult to believe that a country swept by successive hordes of barbarians can have kept its inhabitants undefiled by intermixture. Travellers are by no means unanimous in detecting in modern Greeks the lineaments of the sculptures of Praxiteles, and Mr. Sergeant's illustrations of "Greek types" do not remind us of the works of Scopas. The very fact that the present occupiers of Greece are strongly imbued with a national sentiment makes against the theory of a pure Hellenic ancestry; for when did the ancient Greeks ever unite as a nation for any purpose soever? There was an Athenian patriotism, a Lacedæmonian patriotism, and any number of smaller civic sentiments; but a national patriotism for Hellas as a whole did not exist. The sooner we recognize that the Greeks, like the Russians, are a mixed semi-Oriental race, the easier will it become to arrive at a sane estimate of their performance and a just judgment of their conduct. To recognize the truth is really in the interest of the Greeks themselves, for we shall no longer try to measure them by our own standard; we shall judge them, as we ought to judge the Turks, by a criterion suited to their origin and conditions.

More than a third of this volume is filled with an account of the War of Independence, and the various steps, warlike and diplomatic, which led to the founding of the kingdom in 1830. It does not pretend to be more than a sketch, designed to show

that England, having put her hand to the plough, must not turn back. The argument is open to challenge. Because one sets a drunken man on his legs in the street, is one obliged to see him home? England may naturally feel sympathy with the State she helped to establish, but her obligations stop there, until her own interests in South-East Europe are involved. Mr. Sergeant, however, maintains that the shortcomings of Greek governments in the past were all our own fault. "The young kingdom was stifled in its birth." The Greeks, he says—

"Have never had the chance of growing into a great and powerful nation, or of developing the genius for trade and the civilizing energy which are their natural inheritance. They were exhorted to be free with their chains half severed, to run in the race with shackles on their feet, to be a model for the very Europe which had demoralized them. Europe demanded an impossibility of Greece; and to that injustice she has added the greater one of condemning and neglecting the half-enslaved race for what has been, not its crime, but its chief misfortune."

This is fine rhetoric, but when it comes to proof Mr. Sergeant is at fault. If his utterly misleading account of the Pacifico affair in 1850 is a fair sample of his diplomatic studies, his history must be taken with reserve. To abuse Otho and his Bavarians is easy and natural enough, but there is no attempt to show why the descendants of Leonidas and Themistocles did not sooner bring the King to his bearings. Nor does Mr. Sergeant explain why a practical people, imbued with a genius for trade, did not develop to its utmost capacity the country restored to them, however incompletely. Themistocles would not have run into bankruptcy whilst crying for the moon.

We cannot commend the illustrations, which are poor and often irrelevant. Botzari's portrait is enough to give one the nightmare, and why the well-known sculpture from the east frieze of the Parthenon should be described as a "Tomb in the Keramikos" passes understanding.

**Stories of Famous Songs.** By S. J. A. FitzGerald. 8½ x 5½ in., xviii. + 420 pp. London, 1897. Nimmo. 7/6

"I know a very wise man," wrote Fletcher of Saltoun, "that believed that, if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, we need not care who should make the laws of a nation"; and of the many songs described by Mr. FitzGerald those are certainly the most interesting which recall some great event or echo through some crisis in a people's history. For fifteen years our author has laboured to gather up "the stories of such lays and lyrics as were written under romantic, pathetic, or entertaining circumstances"; and the excellence of his subject-matter for much that is lacking in the presentation of it. In the matter of the history and origin of his Irish songs Mr. FitzGerald is not invariably as accurate as could be wished. Though individual singers may often find a favourite strain omitted from these pages, yet in the account of those melodies that have voiced the loyalty of a nation or roused its "stones to rise and mutiny" there is a wider interest which must appeal to everyone.

That there is fair ground for thus distinguishing between those who may look through these chapters is unfortunately but too true. There are few citizens of to-day who have a "book of songs and sonnets" which they value as high as Falstaff's forty shillings. Yet it is comparatively but a short time since Mr. Secretary Pepys deliberately chose a housemaid for her capabilities of voice, in days when almost every household had at least its own quartett, and there were "music-meetings" at the Post Office. Even in his time the thing was no longer what it had been. The popular appreciation of music had grown weaker; the power of popular song was less; and it has grown less ever since. Whether this change be due to the quality of our music or to some more general consideration of character and manners it were no easy task to say. Sir Philip Sidney could never hear the rhyme of Percy and Douglas without finding his "heart moved more than with a trumpet." And there are a few such old songs that can even

now thrill the senses of all those who listen. But as a rule our ears are dulled in these more blatant days by the infinity of unimportant outcry. Our passions are more trained to a correct restraint than were the men of earlier centuries. It is at least certain that the "Ballad" as the sixteenth century knew it is no more. The Press has killed it. When every great event in politics, in literature, or in religion was celebrated in verse which stimulated and informed the intellectual life of England, the man who had no music was considered rightly to be "fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils." There was still a memory of that yet older time when the minstrel was the welcomed guest who brought news from distant capitals, or celebrated the prowess of the local hero.

"Wer nicht liebt Wein, Weib, und Gesang,  
"Der bleibt ein Narr sein Lebenlang."

And the couplet holds good not in Germany alone but throughout all Europe.

Even at the end of the seventeenth century Lord Wharton could boast that he drove James II. from his throne with a few verses and a tune. The ridiculous chorus of "Lilliburlero" only won its popularity by Henry Purcell's music. But it ranks nevertheless in that line of our national melodies which begins with the old Norman burden "Vive le Roy." During the Protectorate the Cavaliers had to sing "When the King shall enjoy his own again." At the Restoration there might be heard in every loyal house the sound of—

"Here's a Health unto his Majesty,  
"With a fal lai lai lai la!"

Before 1743 Henry Carey, to whom the music of the people already owed the immortal "Sally in our Alley," had written and composed a National Anthem which was to remain thenceforth the song of all the English race. It would seem now beyond question that to Carey alone is due the honour of this noble melody. How much he wrote of those words in which so many others have claimed a share is not so certain. Longfellow's final verse was first publicly sung in April of this year at the opening of Her Majesty's Theatre. But the three stanzas of the original in the simple majesty of their first setting have never been surpassed and never seem likely to be supplanted. It is not without its significance, in the matter of historical connexion, that the same year which gave us "God Save the Queen" also saw the birth of Henry Fielding's "Roast Beef of Old England" and James Thomson's "Rule Britannia," while in 1769 (the year of Minden, of Quiberon, of Quebec) David Garrick was moved to write "Hearts of Oak," which was first sung in that same year to Dr. Boyce's music at Drury Lane.

It was not long after "Lilliburlero" had died out in England that you might have heard almost anywhere on the Continent the resonant refrain of

"Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre,  
Miron-ton, Miron-ton, Miron-taine.  
Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre,  
Ne sais quand reviendra."

The words were of very ancient origin; even if the mother of Sisera was not the first to cry through her lattice, "Why is his chariot so long in coming?" That some such poem was popular during the Crusades is well known; indeed, the structure and phraseology of the modern lines can only so be fully understood. But there was an evident break in their popularity until the burlesque chant that followed Malplaquet became the favourite camp-song of half-a-dozen armies. Yet, still neither words nor music seem to have been written down. And had not a certain Madame Poitrine (as Mr. FitzGerald writes her name) used it as a lullaby for the infant Dauphin at Versailles, it would barely have survived another century. The lively fancy of Marie Antoinette was taken by the cradle-song, and it was soon heard throughout all France. Beaumarchais inserted it in his *Marriage de Figaro*. Barras and Marat sang it. Beethoven used the tune in his *Battle Symphony* in 1813 as symbolical of the French Army. The melody is shouted still all over England to the words of "For he's a jolly good fellow," or to the still more convivial chorus of which "Father Prout" gives the origin in

his transcription of the early version of this celebrated funeral song:—

"Marlbrook, the prince of commanders,  
Has gone to the war in Flanders.  
His fame is like Alexander's.  
But when will he come home?  
He won't come home till morning,  
Till daylight doth appear."

After "Mallbrouck" came the terrible Carmagnole, with its "Vive le son Du Canon," in hideous parody of the farandole of Old Provence. But both this and "Ça ira" soon gave way to a mightier strain than any which the revolutionary spirit had yet aroused. In the winter of 1792, Claude Joseph Rouget de Lisle wrote the first words of "Allons, Enfants de la Patrie" for Baron Dietrich, Mayor of Strasburg. The wave of popular approval carried it swiftly to Southern France, and it was soon christened the "Marseillaise," from the town whose citizens first brought it into Paris. Its wild refrain swept in a torrent of emotion through the capital. Something even of Barrère's hysterical description we can realize to-day, for we know how Rachel kindled her audiences to a frenzy of excitement as she sang "Aux Armes, aux Armes, Citoyens!" By Lamartine and by Heine some echo of what that first enthusiasm meant has been preserved. No "art made tongue-tied by authority" could ever produce a rival to these passionate strains. No other song has ever so fully justified Fletcher of Saltoun in his quotation. It remains the national musical expression of the French Republic.

In August, 1813, a young Saxon soldier, only twenty-two years old, lay dead after a skirmish in Mecklenburgh. In his pocket-book was found the "Schwertlied," which made Körner famous, and to Weber's music has been sung wherever German soldiers fought. "Die Wacht am Rhein," which was written in 1840, was the sole effort of Max Schneckenburger, a perfectly obscure Suabian merchant, who never lived to hear it chosen as the War Song of 1870. In the same war the German outposts at Saarbrück were chanting the Kutschko Lied, with its more simple, soldier-like words and the refrain—

"Was kraucht da in dem Busch herum?  
Ich glaube es ist Napoleon!"

which dates back to the old War of the Liberation.

But we have no space to mention more of these national lyrics, or even to say anything of the many other examples of perfect music set to noble words which upon slighter occasions have won their place in this record of the power of song. That power seems weaker amid the growing indifference and the clamorous vulgarity of our modern life. But there is one clear note that sounds an echo of the Elizabethan lyre, one singer who is not ashamed of patriotism, nor afraid to take the British Empire for his theme. It is from Mr. Rudyard Kipling that we must seek—if we dare seek at all—the song that shall stir England of to-day as these old songs moved our forefathers long ago.

**The Connoisseur: Essays on the Romantic and Picturesque Associations of Art and Artists.** By **Frederick S. Robinson.** Demy 8vo., 220 pp. London, 1897.

Redway. 7/6

This little book has, at any rate, the rare merit of being thoroughly readable. It is a sort of artistic olla, made up of pleasant, gossiping essays about collectors and things which interest collectors. There are anecdotes of artists and art patrons, tales of art frauds and art discoveries, while whole chapters are devoted to the elder Pliny and Horace Walpole, and to "the indispensable" but inaccurate Vasari. It may be complained that only a very few of the anecdotes are really new, but, after all, there is small objection to that, provided that they are, as here, chosen with judgment and seasoned with apt comment. Nor does the book seem to be addressed to the grave or erudite student, but rather to the class referred to in the chapter on the art collector, to whom "the thought of such a place as the South Kensington Museum conjures up only

recollections of a smoll from hot-air gratings, which were noisy to walk upon, and of a refreshment room which it was only too difficult to find."

Though for the most part the author has gone for his materials to more obvious and generally available sources, he has to some extent exploited the stores of information in the possession of his father, Sir John Robinson, whose long previous experience as Superintendent of the South Kensington Museum has, as he frankly mentions, supplied him with a portion of the contents of this volume. In the chapter on "The Ideal Collector," there is a fine flavour of keen personal enjoyment. Mr. Robinson certainly draws a very attractive picture of the life of the ardent connoisseur hunting curios throughout the world, and in particular of the foreign travel, spiced with the danger and excitement of rough journeys in a wild country, "with the added anxiety caused by the consciousness of plenty of ready money in your belt." Nor must the thorough-going collector, ideal or not, insist on dealing only with the virtuous, and, indeed, we imagine that Mr. Robinson is right in asserting (so frail is human nature) that "moments of mild intrigue increase your delight in the acquisition of a coveted treasure." As, for instance:—

"Is it a question of church plate which the priests are anxious to sell? Then you may have judiciously to grease the palms of half a cathedral chapter. His holiness the bishop will display for the future a brighter diamond on his finger since he facilitated the exchange of his old communion plate for new. Most of the proceeds will go to the completion of the cathedral, as at Saragossa twenty years ago, when the votive offerings of the Virgen del Pilar were dispersed—to be found again, some few of them, at the all-embracing South Kensington Museum."

Naturally, we turn to the chapter on frauds and forgeries for interesting matter. "We are not able to say," the author sententiously remarks, "when the first artistic fraud was perpetrated." If we might venture a guess, it was probably during the later palæolithic period, but the practice seems to have kept abreast of advancing civilization up to the present time. The singular thing is that artists of extraordinary ability continue to exhibit an equally extraordinary readiness to undertake the work of forgery. A familiar instance is that of the artist who a few years ago engraved an exquisite arabesque ornament on a genuine steel corselet of the 15th century. This fraud was discovered, not through any inferiority in the modern work, but because a connoisseur detected the incongruity between the coarseness of the armour, which was only that of a common lanzknecht, and the delicate beauty of the decoration, which only befitted a grandee. The forger in this case was a Spaniard, but, judging from the examples given by Mr. Robinson, probably Italy has supplied most of this unprincipled talent. Nor is the Muscovite far behind, for if Professor Fürtwängler be right, and Europe knows no more accurate or accomplished critic, the famous gold tiara of King Salaiapharnes, the latest glory of the gold room in the Louvre, is the work of an unscrupulous craftsman in a small Russian town. The author has a somewhat loose grip of medieval history, and talks too glibly of "Gothic times" and "the darkness of a thousand years," a period which apparently would include the building of Saint Sophia and the prime manhood of Leonardo da Vinci. Similarly, his criticism of men and things, as when he calls the author of lines to the evening star a misguided eccentric, is apt to be a little too summary. But he has written an amusing book.

**Lumen.** By **Camille Flammarion.** Authorized Translation from the French by A. A. M. and R. M. 8vo., vi. + 224 pp. London, 1897.

Heinemann. 3/6

The scientific romance is always a dangerous thing to handle, and, to judge from this book, a still more dangerous thing to translate. Such mistakes, in fact, as are made by the ordinary novelist matter little, because it is only the very young who take their ideas of life from the novels they read, and most of us are quite competent to avoid being led into errors by stories that we take up for amusement. But the



scientific romance is on a different footing; science is so little familiar to the average man, and is yet an intellectual possession so jealously desired by him, that the novelist who, like M. Jules Verne or Mr. H. G. Wells, appears to combine amusement with instruction is apt to be regarded as a useful authority. Yet he is generally more liable to err than the serious compiler of text-books. Even Mr. Wells, for instance, has encouraged his readers to look forward to a time when bacteria will have disappeared as a sort of golden age, in apparent unconsciousness of the fact that they are the true scavengers and purifiers of the world. He may be readily excused when we find so sound an astronomer as M. Flammarion committing himself to the statement that "a more or less quantity of heat would produce liquid air," and that if the earth flew off at a tangent to its orbit, its atmosphere would "become liquid." This statement is certainly not justified by all that we know of the temperature of interstellar space, at which pressure as powerful as that used in the laboratory of the Royal Institution would still be needed to liquefy air. Many of M. Flammarion's numerical statements have been shown to be erroneous by the more accurate measurements of the thirty years which have elapsed since "Lumon" was written, and his translators have helped to pile up a list of errors which would have been avoided by the most elementary acquaintance with astronomy. As the charm of the book deserves to carry it into a second edition, it may be worth while to call attention to some of these. Thus the earth's speed in its orbit is said to be 12,700 kilometres per hour (p. 10); it is really about 66,000 miles, or more than eight times as much. On p. 95, whilst correcting M. Flammarion's arithmetic, the translators have forgotten that the statement of the speed of light as "75,000 leagues per second" conveys either no meaning, or a wrong one, to an English reader. There is also a misprint in the number of "leagues" traversed in a day. Page 108, "spectral analysis," is not the proper English phrase, but seems to refer to the proceedings of the S. P. R. Pages 131 and 166, the meaningless "leagues" recur. Page 132, the translators' arithmetic has gone all wrong in the attempt for once to turn French measures into English. Page 170, we are introduced to a chemical novelty in the shape of "carbolic acid gas." Page 176, "azote" should be nitrogen. Page 202, "the worm called lombric" is simply the common earthworm, and not such a "strange serpent" as it must appear under this unfamiliar designation. The translation throughout is far from reproducing the poetic charm and attractiveness of the original, but it might pass if the errors, of which we have pointed out the most glaring, were removed. The ingenious speculations and romantic hypotheses on which the book is based, which have earned it an immense popularity in the original, are too well known to need criticism. We may quote Dr. Newcomb's brief summary of the main idea:

"If an intelligent being had an eye so keen that he could see the smallest object by the faintest light, and a movement so rapid that he could pass from one bound of the Stellar system to the other in a few years, then, by viewing the earth from a distance much less than that of the furthest star, he would see it by light which had left it several thousand years before. By simply watching, he would see the whole drama of human history acted over again, except where the actions had been hidden by clouds, or under other obstacles to the radiation of light."

M. Flammarion has worked out this conception with much literary charm, and even in the rather inadequate translation his book is sure to find many appreciative readers. It is curious to notice in it what may be taken as a prophecy both of the Röntgen Rays and of Hertz's electrical vibrations, which Signor Marconi has just turned to such useful account.

**Social Switzerland:** Studies of Present Day Social Movements and Legislation in the Swiss Republic. By William Harbutt Dawson. 8x5½ in., 303 pp. London, 1897. Chapman and Hall.

Mr. Dawson's "Social Switzerland" might, perhaps, have been more appropriately called "Industrial Switzerland." To

a large extent, though working on a separate plan, he goes over the same ground as was travelled over by Mr. Geoffrey Drage, the secretary of the Royal Commission of Labour, in the report on "Switzerland" issued by that Commission in 1893. But there are distinct merits in Mr. Dawson's book. Not only is the information well up to date, so that various new projects which were arising about the year 1893 are now dealt with in the light of actual experience, but Mr. Dawson has supplemented an exhaustive analysis of official reports by personal visits to many of the institutions he has dealt with. He is thus able to give much fuller information as to the working of these institutions than is to be found in the Blue-book, while his interesting facts afford an occasional insight into the personal character and peculiarities of the Swiss worker which will commend the book all the more favourably to the average reader.

Mr. Dawson is, on the whole, content to let his facts speak for themselves without bringing his own views too much to the front, so that though he deals with what are in some instances decidedly controversial subjects, he does so in no controversial spirit. In his preface he says:—"I believe we may learn much from the ameliorative movements which are going on so near our own doors." This, presumably, is the point of view from which we are to regard the account he gives of "the boldness and originality which the Cantonal and Municipal Governments of the Swiss Republic have shown of late years in their manifold excursions in the field of social reform." It would, however, scarcely be possible for the English people to follow the example of the Swiss in all these excursions. The conditions in Switzerland are much more paternal, and the combinations alike of labour and capital much less powerful, than they are in England, while the Democratic spirit is so prevalent among the Swiss that, as Mr. Dawson tells us, "the public take sides with the strikers almost as a matter of course, and sometimes without regard to the rights and wrongs of the dispute." On this point he says:—

"As a strike oddity may be mentioned an incident which occurred during a strike of watchmakers in the Canton of Soloure in the spring of 1895. When the struggle was at its height the Communal Assembly of one village affected voted £20 a week to the support of the strikers. The employers appealed to the Cantonal Government, which ruled that the Commune was within its rights so long as help was not withheld from other destitute or needy persons not concerned in the dispute."

Then, again, there are municipal workshop-schools at Berne, where young people are given a thorough training in one of four common handicrafts; but it is not surprising to find that the goods made and sold and the "remunerative commissions" undertaken are regarded by the ordinary manufacturers as an undesirable form of competition with themselves.

The references alike to Poor Law agencies and technical education certainly suggest that in these respects, at least, there are lessons to be learned by us from Switzerland. In regard to the former the system of National Relief Stations (called "Natural" Relief Stations in the book, by an obvious misprint) affords an excellent means of distinguishing between the ordinary tramp and the genuine workman who is honestly seeking for work, and it is certainly open to consideration whether some approach to this dual system could not be adopted, here in preference to leaving the honest but unfortunate worker to choose between the tramp ward and a common lodginghouse. Mr. Dawson's references to technical education are also deserving of careful consideration. He says:—

"It is the proud boast of Switzerland that none of her industries is without efficient agencies for providing the requisite special study and training, and, better still, these agencies are, as a rule, situated exactly where they are wanted, having been established to meet local needs."

Containing, as it does, the latest information on these and a variety of other matters as regards one of the most "advanced" of European countries in respect to industrial questions, Mr. Dawson's book should be read by all who are in any way interested in the subject of present day progress.

**History of Dogma.** By Dr. Adolph Harnack. Translated from the third German Edition by James Millar, B.D. Vol. III. (Theological Translation Library, Vol. VIII.) Svo., 323 pp. London, 1897. Williams and Norgate. 10 6

This is a further instalment of the English translation of Dr. Harnack's well-known work. The present volume covers a period of exceptional interest in the development of Christology and Soteriology, extending from the beginning of the second century to the time of Augustine. One of the most interesting points in this volume is the study of Origen's disciples and successors. Dr. Harnack draws attention to the mediating position of Methodius, a theologian whose extant works are comparatively little known, but whose importance in the history of theology needs to be duly recognized. In a sense he is the precursor of Athanasius in so far as he represents the tendency to regulate the scientific theology, the "higher thought" of his day, by the accepted tradition of the Church and the facts contained in Christian consciousness. Dr. Harnack's sketch of Athanasius is on the whole most just and appreciative. The following criticism is specially noteworthy. "Athanasius's greatness consisted in *reduction*, in the energy with which, from a multitude of divergent speculations claiming to rest on tradition, he gave exclusive validity to those in which the strength of religion then lay" (p. 140). This observation strikes a note which does not occur so often in Dr. Harnack's erudite and exhaustive work as might be expected. He rightly points to the enduring interest of the history of dogma—the fact that it deals "with matters which have gained, and still exercise, an immense power over the feelings and minds of men" (p. viii.). It may be questioned, however, whether, among the various influences which determined the direction of dogmatic thought, Dr. Harnack has adequately recognized the action of Christian experience. In dogma there are two elements, the intellectual and the religious, the one being the outward expression or envelope of the other. The life and soul of dogma is religious experience, and even the most elaborate history of doctrines conveys only a faint impression of the life and worship which they inspired.

In spite of its magnificent scale, and the thoroughness of its method, Dr. Harnack's work, as he himself seems to hint in the preface to his second volume, lacks the interest which a more strictly psychological study of dogma would possess.

The translation displays the same high standard of workmanship as was exhibited in the former volumes.

**A Treatise on Sanctification.** By the Rev. James Fraser (of Alness). New and Revised Edition by the Rev. John Macpherson, M.A. Svo., xxxi.+493 pp. London, 1897. Bliss, Sands, & Co. 7 6

This book is a reprint of a rather scarce work which the author completed a few months before his death, and which passed through several editions between 1774, the date of the original publication, and 1824. Mr. Macpherson has re-edited the book with evident care, and describes it as "an extremely interesting specimen of 18th century exegesis." He has also prefixed a biographical notice of the author, the Rev. James Fraser, of Alness. Neither the method nor the style of the book is likely to commend it to ordinary students of theology. There is something repugnant to the modern reader in controversial expositions of Scripture, and it is difficult to imagine what good purpose can be served by reprinting a commentary which belongs to a peculiarly barren age in English divinity. The thesis on which the writer mainly insists is that in Rom. vii., 14-25, St. Paul is delineating the experience of a regenerate, not an unregenerate man. Most students will agree with the remark of Dr. Sanday and Mr. Headlam that "we should do better to refuse to introduce so technical a term as regeneration into a context from which it is wholly absent." There are, in fact, few portions of the New Testament in regard to which the *historical* method of exposition is more necessary and more fruitful than the Epistle to the Romans. Mr. Fraser defends a

"rigid doctrine" with the exegetical weapons of a period in which the historical sense was only beginning to waken, and when it was taken for granted that the words of the New Testament writers already possessed the fixed, formal, and technical meanings assigned to them by Protestant scholasticism.

The Appendix consists of a long dissertation on the doctrine of the Apostle in its relation to practice and preaching. It is evident that the writer overrates the extent to which the mass of hearers can be moved through appeals to their reason. He lays special stress on the importance of knowledge and good judgment in the religious life. He closes his dissertation with the remark that "it becomes ministers to labour in leading persons to know themselves and to know Christ . . . and to enforce holy practice by evangelical principles, arguments, and motives which alone will have effect."

**The Story of Our English Towns.** Told by P. H. Ditchfield, F.S.A. With Introduction by Augustus Jessop, D.D. Svo., 307 pp. London, 1897. George Redway, 6/-

Dr. Jessop's preface indicates clearly what this book ought to be; but "to summarize in a popular form the main results" of the labours of experts during the last few years on "the history of the origin, the growth, and the constitutional development of our English towns" is a task which might have proved arduous even for him. Mr. Ditchfield does not even attempt it. His work consists of antiquarian chit-chat of the most ordinary kind; and, but for a short description of the late discoveries at Silchester, a few facts about the origin of the Universities, and some allusions to the Empire, "on which, as yet, the sun never sets," there is nothing which could not have been written 50 years ago. As we wander or walk around under his guidance, we see, or seem to see—do we not?—the "good old" fancy scenes of Charles Knight's "Old England," and we hear a vast deal of familiar moralizing. "Familiar also is" his one cheap rhetorical device of inverting the usual order of the words in a sentence; and very melancholy are the impressions produced by Mr. Ditchfield's style as he contrasts—*e.g.*, the present with the past state of Sandwich. "Departed," he says, "is all its glory now, and the streets are as silent as those of the inland decayed towns through which, in old coaching days, kings and queens, statesmen and nobles, passed or stayed the night, and which the railways left high and dry, and their inns deserted."

Mr. Ditchfield begins with British and Roman towns, a Roman city, Saxon towns, Church towns, castle towns; and it is fair to say that under each head he manages to provide just a few relevant facts, though many pages are devoted to unnecessary descriptions of the nature of an abbey, a castle, or a Roman country house. He passes on to a short account of guilds and fairs, which is fairly intelligible; but the remaining chapters are more disconnected. "Our Great Metropolis" is perhaps the most absurd; in "Memorable Sieges of Great Towns," he mentions only Exeter, Gloucester, and Colchester; and much space is occupied by the "Thrice told Tales" of the Plague, the Fire, the Armada, and so forth. Actual blunders are numerous. John of Gaunt's first wife, Blanche of Lancaster, figures as the daughter, or step-daughter at least, of his second wife, Constance of Castile; "basilica" appears as a plural; a piscina "outside one of the doors" indicates the existence of a chapel; Winchelsea was rebuilt by Henry III.; Exeter street is named after an Earl of Essex; and a famous Roman town is now called "Catterwick."

It appears from a remark on p. 164 that these papers were written not long after 1882, and they seem to have been intended for publication in a newspaper at Reading. They would do very well for that, or for delivery as lectures with the aid of a magic lantern, especially as on p. 178 we find a reference to "accompanying illustrations," which are not inserted here. The frontispiece is as irrelevant as the whole work, since it consists of a secondhand woodcut of St. Leonard's Castle at Malling, which is not mentioned in the text.

## MILITARY.

**Richard Baird Smith.** By Colonel H. M. Vibart, R.E., Constable. 5-  
5x8in., 165 pp. London, 1897.

In seeking to claim for his dead brother officer the chief honour of the vitally important capture of Delhi Colonel Vibart evidently acted from generous motives. Colonel Richard Baird Smith was without doubt one of the great men by whom India was saved, and his appointment as Chief Engineer in June, 1857, to the force which for seventeen days had occupied a post of observation on the "Ridge," unquestionably marked a turning-point. To him was due the plan of operations which led to complete success. He not only planned the so-called siege, but he personally directed the works carried out by his able subordinates. Finally, it is certain that the plan was disliked and distrusted by General Wilson, on whom the command before Delhi devolved in consequence of the illness of General Reed. There was probably no officer in India so absolutely competent to direct siege operations as Baird Smith, who had seen much fighting in the first Sikh war and the campaign in the Punjab in 1848-49, taken part in the battles of Buddiwal, Aliwal, Sohraon, Chillianwallah, and Goojerat, and was in addition a most accomplished engineer. Essentially a man of action, as he showed himself at Roorkee on the outbreak of the Mutiny, full of vigour and ready to accept any responsibility, he was not the man to assert his claims when the time of peril was past, and his great services before Delhi received no recognition. After the siege, he returned wounded and broken down by illness to Roorkee. "I fear," wrote Sir John Burgoyne, "that his having resumed his old quiet post has put him out of sight, and so proverbially out of mind." This may have been the case, and in the Army distinctions do not always correspond with merit.

Colonel Vibart, however, considers that history has not accorded justice to Baird Smith, and this somewhat rambling volume is written with the object of upholding a reputation assumed to be endangered. The grounds for this assumption are by no means clear, and the fact that a share in the honours of Delhi is assigned to others detracts nothing from the memory of Baird Smith. The earliest and greatest historian of the Sepoy war, Sir John Kaye, gives the highest praise to the chief engineer, as Colonel Vibart points out. The latest writer, General Innes, allows his opinion of General Wilson's attitude to be clearly shown. "He disliked Baird Smith's scheme, and thought it likely to fail. But he could not suggest any more hopeful scheme of his own. So, on the latter ground, he sanctioned his Chief Engineer's proposals, yielding to his judgment, but avowing his opinion that the chances of success were unfavourable." In a letter to Sir John Lawrence General Nicholson stated:—"Wilson has made everything over to the engineers, and they alone will deserve the credit of taking Delhi. Had Wilson carried out his threat of withdrawing the guns, I was quite prepared to appeal to the army to set him aside and elect a successor." John Nicholson would certainly have carried out his intention if the occasion had presented itself. General Wilson was, however, in poor health and overburdened by the heavy responsibility for which, at this time at least, he was totally unfit. Nevertheless, he did not put a stop to the measures he distrusted. The siege was carried on in the way Baird Smith desired, and the titular commander cannot justly be denied the "fair share of rewards" which his Chief Engineer claimed for him.

Colonel Vibart's book, however well intentioned, is neither in manner nor in matter well calculated to promote the object he has in view. Some of Baird Smith's private letters, in which he comments bitterly on the obstruction from which he suffered, might with advantage have remained unprinted. In such exploits as the siege of Delhi it is rarely or never possible to assign the cause of success to a single individual, and it is a military canon that a general in command, who will be held accountable for failure, must, even when merely permitting actions of which he disapproves, receive the credit and the rewards of success.

**The Coldstream Guards in the Crimea.** By Lt.-Col. Ross-of-Bladensburg, C.B. 8x5in., 308 pp. London, 1897.  
Innes. 6-

"The Coldstream Guards in the Crimea" is a reprint of a portion of the author's earlier history of this distinguished regiment. Colonel Ross-of-Bladensburg succinctly narrates the painful story of a cruelly mismanaged campaign, quoting frequently from the diary of Colonel Tower, and adding some interest-

ing details and statistics relating to the Coldstream Guards. His criticisms are for the most part just; but the difficulties of attacking the north side of Sebastopol after the Alina appear to be underrated.

"It is obvious," we are told, "that, if the invaders could have established themselves on this northern bank, they could have taken the town and some of the forts in reverse; and that if they could have brought up sufficient guns of the requisite calibre, the fortress itself would have been untenable, and the destruction of the ships in the harbour insured by the force of the plunging fire directed upon them."

This is true, but the "ifs" are important, and it is difficult to understand how the Allies would have "established themselves" and brought up large supplies of siege guns and ammunition without the possession of a sheltered harbour. The force landed at Old Fort was in effect a flying column depending for existence on certain communication with its shipping. Todleben was probably right in stating that the defences on the north side would have fallen to an assault supported by the fire of the fleet, but their capture would not have enabled the armies to have dispensed with a base of supply for their immediate needs, and an open coast line would have been a dangerously precarious substitute.

The devoted gallantry of the brigade of Guards at Inkerman dwells in the national memory; but the losses were severe. Of the 26 officers and 737 men of the Coldstream Guards who embarked for the East in August, 1854, only 11 officers and 307 men remained in November. By the end of the campaign no less than 699 men had died, of whom 564 were sacrificed to disease mainly preventable. In view of the present state of the Army, it is especially interesting to note that the drafts sent to the battalions in the Crimea consisted of grown men, the average of the first being 21 with nearly two years' service, and of the last 23½ with 18 months. The line battalions were, however, less effectively supplied. Nevertheless, when the fighting was over, the loss made good, and the bitter lesson of the campaign learned, a splendid force was paraded for the inspection of the Russian generals. "I never saw anything so well as our troops looked," wrote Colonel Tower on the 17th of April, 1856. "The men had their best clothing on; regiments all made up to their full strength; artillery with new harness, horses in first-rate condition." This was an army; the force sent to the East in 1854 was only an aggregate of brave regiments.

**Cuba in War Time.** By Richard Harding Davis. Illustrated by Frederic Remington. 7½x5in., 43 pp. London, 1897.  
Heinemann. 36

"Cuba in War Time" is, states the author, partly composed of letters contributed to the Press of the United States. A work thus constructed is usually disappointing. We wish to know the route taken by the writer, the places he visited, and the events which occurred under his observation. Instead of a continuous narrative, we have a series of disconnected articles in which personal experiences are merged in general discussions, and the hurried reader of a newspaper, rather than the portion of the public which really desires information in regard to Cuban affairs, represents the audience. The book, however, has many points of interest, and, in certain respects, it throws vivid light upon the proceedings which have ruined one of the finest islands in the world, and thrown an almost intolerable strain upon the Spanish people. The military policy, if such it can be called, is one of fortifications supplemented by purposeless raiding.

"When the revolution broke out in Cuba, two years ago, the Spaniards at once began to build tiny forts, and continued to add to these . . . until now the whole island . . . is studded as thickly with these little forts as is the sole of a brogan with iron nails. . . . These forts now stretch all over the island, some in straight lines, some in circles, and some zig-zagging from hill-top to hill-top."

Within these immense lines of defence the Spanish army holds control; outside the country is in the possession of the insurgents.

"Flying columns of regular troops and guerillas are sent out daily, but they always return each evening within the circle of forts. If they meet a band of insurgents they give battle readily enough, but they never pursue the enemy, and, instead of camping on the ground and following him up next morning, they retreat as soon as the battle is over to the town where they are stationed."

No policy could well be more hopeless, or better calculated to demoralize an army. The military proceedings have consequently assumed the form of simple brigand-

age on both sides, and no decisive result is possible. General Weyler, according to the author, deliberately decided to lay waste every portion of the island which his troops, issuing from their fortifications, could reach. The miserable "paciferos" or non-combatants were consequently ordered into the towns and their houses and crops destroyed. Here, huddled together half-starved and perishing from disease, these wretched people are prevented from doing any work and are faced with absolute ruin when peace is restored. "In this war it is the women, herded together in the towns like cattle, who are going to die, while the men, camped in the fields and the mountains, will live." Mr. Davis brings the gravest charges against the Spanish officers, who, he states, have kept the rebellion alive in their own interests. They are "able to make small fortunes out of forced loans from planters and suspects, and they undoubtedly hold back for themselves a great part of the pay of the men." The latter are described as "patient, eager, and alert," although the ranks are being decimated by disease.

The author gives an interesting description of the *trocha*, a species of Chinese wall, fifty miles long, traced through dense jungle, and stretching across the eastern end of the island from Jucaro to Moron. The trees have been felled over a breadth of 150 yards and formed into a barrier "as wide as Broadway and higher than a man's head." Forts at intervals, a dense belt of barbed wire, land mines, and a single line of railway complete the most astounding fortification of modern times. The idea, like that of our remote ancestors when harried by the Piets and Scots, is apparently to create an impassable obstacle forbidding alike ingress and egress. "Every sheet of armour-plate, every corrugated zinc roof, every roll of barbed wire, every plank, beam, rafter, and girder, even the nails that hold the planks together, the forts themselves, shipped in sections"—all have been obtained from the United States, whose manufacturers must have benefited considerably from this monument of military nescience. In spite of defects of manner and arrangements, "Cuba in War Time" is well worth reading as an appalling revelation of military and administrative incapacity.

## MEDICAL.

**The Origin of Disease, with Chapters on Diagnosis, Prognosis, and Treatment.** By Arthur V. Meigs, M.D. With 137 original illustrations. Svo., xiv. + 220 pp. Philadelphia, 1897. Lippincott. 21/-

It is a question whether all books on the origin of any thing are not from their very nature unsatisfactory. Their title is too ambitious. It raises great hopes in the reader, hopes which are always destined to be unfulfilled, for nothing is more unknown than the beginning. The origin of disease is involved in even greater obscurity than the source of most things, for disease is itself very complex, and only in the rarest cases can the finger be laid upon the tissue or organ which is alone the seat of a morbid process. The work of Dr. Meigs is unsatisfactory, therefore, on general grounds; it has also some inherent causes of weakness peculiar to itself.

The book is the outcome of many years of honest work, and it is valuable exactly in so far as it affords food for thought, and this it does in abundance. Dr. Meigs, who is physician to the Pennsylvania Hospital, says that it has been his custom to attend the autopsies in the "hospital practice and to retain for microscopical examination portions of the five great organs—heart, lung, liver, spleen, and kidney—and of any other tissue the appearance of which seemed to indicate disease. The habit of examining with the microscope portions of the five organs named, even if no disease were apparent to the unaided eye, has been prolific of result. It is common for lesions which entirely escape the closest macroscopic investigation to be revealed by the microscope. Thus, by examining tissues revealing no unhealthy appearance, the beginnings of disease can be studied. It is often difficult to determine whether an unnatural condition that is seen with the microscope is due to *post-mortem* change or bad technique, or is actually disease." Dr. Meigs has endeavoured "to reduce this source of fallacy to a minimum by pursuing a uniform method of fixation of tissues and of preparation of sections. Small pieces of all tissues to be examined with the microscope were cut at the *post-mortem* examination and were at once placed in 70 per cent. alcohol, which was frequently changed during the first forty-eight hours, except in the case of nervous tissues, when Muller's fluid was used. The sections were then cut in paraffin and stained to a uniform standard with carmine."

The preparations thus obtained were skillfully drawn to scale by the Messrs. Faber, and to insure accuracy in detail the reflection of the magnified object was thrown by a camera lucida upon the steel plate, and was then traced directly with the etcher's needle.

We are here presented with the whole secret of the strength and weakness of the work. It is strong because it is the faithful representation of certain appearances seen under certain conditions, and all records of facts are of extreme value. They are of especial value in pathological histology, where as yet we are only familiar with the very commonest appearances, and we require such observations as those made by Dr. Meigs to be repeated over and over again with every possible variation. The work is weak because Dr. Meigs has chosen to build a theory upon this series of sections. He says:—"Fibrosis, which is the growth and increase of morbid fibroid material, is the essential pathological change incident to age; it is the 'disease of age.' In all those who live beyond the ordinary term of life excess of fibroid tissue develops, and, if no accidental cause of death steps in to close the scene, this degeneration finally reaches a stage when life can no longer continue." His observations have also led him to the conclusion that, "owing to the operation of various causes, there arises even in new-born children a state of disease which may be likened to age in youth, the lesion invariably present being fibrosis." This theory is still further elaborated in another part of the book in the following words:—"For the diagnostician nothing can be more important than to recognize chronic disease in its very origin. This can be done only by remembering that it is almost always widespread in its effects, and by the observation of very little things. There are no set symptoms, and it is largely by inference that a correct estimate can be made. Perhaps no one thing is more important for the diagnostician to know than that valvular disease and fibrosis are certain to come in all men if they live to be old enough. The corollary is that a similar state is produced earlier if the necessary conditions exist, and thus chronic disease resembles old age in youth."

The conclusion would be both interesting and important if it could be established, but in the present instance it is vitiated by a fallacy. Dr. Meigs has hardened all the tissues he has examined by plunging them at once into strong alcohol. Such a method causes irregular shrinking; all minute detail is lost irrevocably, and the fibrous tissue is brought into undue prominence at the expense of the cellular elements. In histological and pathological laboratories the method of hardening in alcohol has been long abandoned, therefore, in favour of other and more satisfactory re-agents. It is no wonder, therefore, if fibrous tissue, like King Charles's head, obtrudes itself everywhere in this series of preparations. To make his work scientifically complete Dr. Meigs should also have given particulars for each piece of tissue examined—first, as to the length of time which had elapsed since death; secondly, as to the meteorological conditions whilst the body was exposed. Otherwise it is impossible to say whether the vacuolated appearances, seen in such a figure as No. 105, were due to organic changes or were the result of *post-mortem* decomposition.

The work concludes with some very satisfactory suggestions about the treatment of cases of chronic disease.

**The Practitioner's Handbook of Treatment; or, the Principles of Therapeutics.** By the late J. Milner Fothergill, M.D. Fourth Edition. Edited and in great part rewritten by William Murrell, M.D., F.R.C.P. Svo., xviii. + 688 pp. London, 1897. Macmillan. 15/- net.

Useless to the person who is still in *statu pupillari*, the "Practitioner's Handbook of Treatment" should certainly be the first to be bought by every medical man as soon as he has obtained his diploma. It is a perfect mine of wealth to the general practitioner who is actively engaged in his daily work, for it teaches him what he has had no opportunity of learning during his student career—the whole art of practice. Ostensibly its object is "to enable him to wield satisfactorily a great proportion of the remedial agents" which science or individual experience has provided. Really it does much more. It treats of the application of abstruse physiological problems to the necessities of everyday life. It tells why bodies grow and decay. It teaches the many minute points in gait, attitude, or expression which are usually learnt only by experience, points which teach the old family doctor when to look for recovery in apparently hopeless cases, and when to prophesy evil though all appears satisfactory. It deals, too, with many points of public and private hygiene, such as the method of obtaining change of air in India or America, the use and abuse of baths, and the disastrous effects of a polluted water supply. The best methods of feeling in health and disease are also discussed, and many

recipes are given for invalid dietary. There is, too, an excellent chapter on the management of convalescents, so excellent, indeed, that it is worthy of being reprinted in a pamphlet form to be read by careless and self-willed patients before they are allowed to leave their beds. The book ends with a section "On the Medical Man at the Bedside," which contains the whole duty of a doctor, and is worthy to be read with "Ye Manere of a Leech," written by John of Arderne in the fourteenth century, for it shows that in such matters the medical profession has made but little advance on the teaching of that able and astute practitioner.

The book was originally written by Dr. Milner Fothergill, whose striking personality and hearty Cumberland dialect are still remembered by all those with whom he came into contact. Dr. Fothergill was a brilliant writer and an acute observer, but he excelled above all things in the art of treatment. The "Practitioner's Handbook" presents all these qualities of his mind at their best. The book is interesting throughout, and the various points are often driven home with some proverbial expression, or by some quaint simile, as when it is said of gout, "The man of long descent and of 'blue blood' is usually also the inheritor of an insufficient or reptilian liver; while the plebeian alderman, with a perfect liver, eats and drinks with impunity, until his indulgence brings fruit only in old age, or indeed he may himself escape scot free and only leave the tendency to uric acid formation (along with his wealth) to his descendants." The book finds an excellent editor in Dr. Murrell. He has brought it up to date by adding very largely to its substance, yet he has lost none of its salt. It still reads as crisply as when it only consisted of a few papers contributed to a students' journal.

**Medical Hints for Hot Climates and for those out of Reach of Professional Aid.** By Charles Heaton, M.D. Svo., xii. + 151 pp. London and Calcutta, 1897. Thacker.

"Medical Hints for Hot Climates" is divided into six chapters, dealing with general hygiene, food, the more common medical and surgical diseases, the treatment of accidents, and a description of the remedies in general use. The information is very elementary, but it is trustworthy, for it is based upon a sound professional knowledge. The book may therefore be relied upon in cases of emergency where it is impossible to obtain skilled advice. The next edition might be completely rewritten with a greater regard for style, and with the omission of such disfigurements as "liniment," "scarletina," and "hubee." The diagram (No. 7) of the treatment of fractured clavicle by a knotted handkerchief may then be replaced by the latest pattern of the triangular bandage copied (Fig. 15) from the Manual for the Medical Staff Corps. It is more comfortable to wear, and it has the great advantage of not pressing upon the broken ends of the collar-bone.

## LEGAL.

**Revised Reports.** Edited by Sir F. Pollock, Bart., assisted by R. Campbell and O. A. Saunders, Barristers-at-Law. Vol. 30. 10x6in., 300 pp. London, 1897. Sweet and Maxwell. 25/-

THE REVISED REPORTS are pursuing the even tenour of their way, becoming more and more valuable at each succeeding stage in their course. In vol. 30 a number of cases of considerable legal, and even public, interest are reproduced. We have the "Corporation of Ludlow v. Greenhouse," in which Lord Redesdale recorded his conviction that statutory alterations in procedure are generally "ill understood, . . . precipitately undertaken, and loosely expressed;" "Duffield v. Elwes," in which Lord Eldon described the Court of King's Bench as "a place where sometimes equity has been rather more misunderstood than it ought to be"; and "Doe v. Morgan," in which the legal point at issue was the scope of the word "property" in a will, but which will attract the lay reader chiefly by the quaint bequest contained in the ambiguous testamentary instrument—"I give to Howell Jones, apprentice, if he will wake a sober life, with the security of parson of the parish where he lives, the sum of £5 per year." An indication of the substantial progress which the work is making is afforded by the fact that the present volume contains the case of "Davis v. Russell," which stands almost at the fountain head of the modern law of false imprisonment and malicious prosecution. Sir Frederick Pollock's prefaces to the REVISED REPORTS are literary gems. They ought to be republished in separate form.

**Goodeve's Modern Law of Real Property.** By Sir Howard Warburton Elphinstone, Bart., J. W. Clark, and Arthur Diekson. Fourth Edition. 10x6in., 585 pp. London, 1897. Sweet and Maxwell. 21/-

GOODEVE'S MODERN LAW OF REAL PROPERTY is now so universally recognized as a standard text-book that it may suffice to say generally that its reputation has been amply sustained in the fourth edition and to note the new features which the present editors have introduced. These are equally numerous and important, although a somewhat minute examination of the text is necessary in order to follow the thoroughness with which the work of revision has been done. To begin with, purely historical matter has been to a great extent excised, although the editors have not hesitated, where necessary, to refer to the older authorities and to make use of "Cruise's Digest of the Law of Real Property," and Mr. Kenelm Digby's "History of the Law of Real Property," as well as to the great treatise on the same branch of the law which the legal profession owes to the genius and learning of Mr. Challis. Again the Appendix of Statutes has been much enhanced in practical utility by the insertion throughout of references to those passages in the text where their several sections are dealt with, and to any alterations or amendments made by later Acts. An entirely new Index, in alphabetical order, to Text, Notes, and Appendix has been added. We hope in subsequent editions to see the dates of the cases cited inserted in the text, and also a complete enumeration in the table of cases of all the reports in which any given decision is to be found.

**The Principles of Pleading.** By W. Blake Odgers, M.A., LL.D., Q.C. Third Edition. 9x5in., lvi. + 468 pp. London, 1897. Stevens and Sons. 12/6

IN ITS first and second editions, ODGERS ON PLEADING occupied in the modern science of pleading the position which the now too little known work of Mr. H. J. Stephen held in the old. Without attempting to supplant such treatises as Chitty's, Archbold, or Bullen and Loake, it gave the student a comprehensive and accurate view both of the principles on which the law of pleading is based and of their application in practice. The third edition of Mr. Odger's book does all this, and something more. It now includes a careful outline of the procedure in an ordinary action at law. This sketch will be of the utmost value to students, and ought to win the approval also of examining bodies as it is remarkably free from any adaptability to the purposes of the mere crammer. New chapters dealing respectively with parties, joinder of causes of action, jurisdiction, trial, appeals, execution, and costs, and an appendix with 120 precedents have been added. All the latest decisions down to the end of September have been noted, and, as an instance of the completeness with which the work has been brought up to date, it may be remarked that space has been found (p. 12) for a statement of the scope of the order for a compulsory summons for directions which came into force only on the 25th of October last.

**The Sale of Goods Act, 1893.** By Frank Newbolt, Barrister-at-Law. London, 1897. Sweet and Maxwell. 3/-

THIS is an excellent little book, which may be profitably consulted by all who desire to obtain a clear general view of the statute with which it deals. All relevant decisions, with a curious omission, however, at p. 11 of "Imperial Loan Company v. Stone," have been noted, and the author has adopted the convenient plan (seeing that the statute is a code) of keeping separate, in the form of a digest immediately after the list of cases cited, those that turn on the language of the Act itself.

**Marsden's Collisions at Sea.** A Treatise on the Law of Collisions at Sea. By R. G. Marsden, Barrister-at-Law. Fourth Edition. 9x5in., lxxvi. + 686 pp. London, 1897. Stevens. 28/-

THE form of MARSDEN'S COLLISIONS AT SEA has undergone no substantial change in the present edition. But the whole work has been thoroughly revised; all the recent English cases, as well as a considerable number of American ones, have been added, and the changes necessitated by the passing—since the appearance of the third addition in 1891—of the Merchant Shipping Act, 1894, and the issue of the Regulations of 1897, have been made. We are glad to see that Mr. Marsden protests strongly against the prolixity of these rules, which are fast becoming as great a snare to navigators as any peril of the sea. Not the least interesting and useful part of the work is the author's analysis of the cases by which the anomalous rule as to the division of damages where both vessels are to blame came to be grafted into English law. In this, as in the preceding edition, the author has had the assistance of the Hon. John Mansfield.

## Among my Books.

### THOUGHTS ON STYLE.

Literary men of old were supposed, I believe, to wander at will among their books and cull from their shelves what took their fancy. If such was indeed the case, they enjoyed a leisure very different from that of our generation. The man of books no longer brings out of his treasure-house things new and old, like the householder in the Gospel, but these things are borne in upon him by circumstances, and his mind is determined by what he has to read. Who can avoid, at this moment, reading critic after critic upon the "Life of Tennyson," a book which has hit the fortunate moment, "when nothing else was going on," and so has got an ample hearing. A college Don in Dublin is led by his examinations at this same moment to re-read the great classics which have long been part of his mental furniture, and so I chance to have before me again Virgil, the literary artist whom common consent has declared to be the most Tennysonian of the ancients. Not that our poet's direct obligations to Virgil are so marked as those to Theocritus, with whom he seems to have been saturated, but the general resemblance is surely the most remarkable. Virgil is far the greatest of the Roman poets, not by reason of his great ideas—in that Lucretius is his rival—but by reason of the combined purity and dignity of his style, which bears the evidence of being deliberately and consciously polished to the utmost degree of propriety and refinement. Illustrations abound on every page of his work. Take but one, not above the average, in his brief lines on the palace of Circe, which Æneas passes at the opening of the seventh book of the epic, from which I select but two :

Hinc exaudiri gemitus, iraque leonum  
Vincta recusantum et serâ sub nocte rudentum.

You feel that Virgil must have heard the strange grating and metallic sound of a lion's roar at some Roman amphitheatre. And so he uses the word *rudentum*. This is the kind of perfection to be found all through Tennyson, and when one of our weekly oracles of wisdom, in its recent comparison of Shakespeare with him, said many true things, it seems to me to have missed an important contrast in this respect. To talk of the style of Shakespeare seems to me odd and irrelevant. The style of Tennyson is of the essence of his greatness.

This reminds me of an interesting remark in Gustave Flaubert's correspondence. "What distinguishes great genius is generalization and creation; it resumes scattered personalities in a type, and brings new characters to the consciousness of humanity. Shakespeare is something tremendous in this respect; he was not a man, but a continent, there are crowds and countries in him. Such men have no need of attending to style. They are strong in spite of all their faults, and even because of them; but we, the little ones, are worth nothing except by finish of execution. V. Hugo, in this century, will eat up everybody, although he is full of faults. I venture on this proposition—that great men

often write very badly, and so much the better for them. It is not to them that we must go for the art of form, but to men like Horace and La Bruyère." I should leave out V. Hugo, who certainly aimed at a splendid style, and should put in Walter Scott, who now offends the young Scotland of Stevensonians by the negligences of his diction. But he, too, was far too great for style; he was unfolding such a wealth of human nature, galleries of great portraits, of nationalities, volumes of history and of legend that he had neither time nor care for the graces of a polished style. Look how his people live, just like the people of Shakespeare, in the hearts of all English-speaking people, nay, even in the hearts of foreigners, for Scott, owing to his want of style, is capable of translation! On the other hand, there is something so personal in an elaborated style that the characters are thrown into the shade by the personality of the poet, and so Tennyson has not left us a single character whose name is a household word, such as Scott and even far lesser men have created. His imagination has not furnished us with a great hero. The portrait of Arthur Hallam is drawn from real life with loving care, but fades out in the great "In Memoriam" before the great world-problems which fill the poet's mind, and so that exquisite monument of personal grief is like the Attic tomb reliefs, in which we wonder at the poetical pictures of human sorrow without knowing or caring what individual bereavement they were designed to commemorate.

But here I am, discoursing of style, concerning which my fastidious academic friends tell me I know nothing. Nevertheless, every man who writes must have some notions about good and bad writing, though they may be faulty. In a paper just published I had reason to compare two authors whom I called Miss Austen and Marie Corelli. An excellent academic Mentor said that was wrong; I should have said for conformity's sake, "Jane Austen." But, if I could only clear myself of the grave charge of having courted alliteration, I should defend my phrase by the fact that when I was young I always heard from my prim and staid relations of *Miss Austen*, a lady of whom they spoke with respectful but distant admiration. They would have thought *Jane* rather forward. And this marks the contrast to which I was pointing between certain older and newer novelists.

I have just said that thoughts on style may be expected from any literary source, and, by way of curious confirmation, where do I find the latest essay on this subject? Actually in the *Hellenic Journal*, where there is a paper not only very instructive but very interesting on the well-known tract "On the Sublime," which dates from the purist Renaissance in the days of Augustus. The author, who is apparently a literary amateur, tells us his ideas concerning fine style, as opposed to poverty and vulgarity on the one side, artificiality and bombast on the other. Mr. Rhys Roberts has given an excellent analysis of this very sensible and "modern" piece of criticism, and only shows in one spot that he has not taken the lessons of Longinus adequately to heart. I do not think the off-hand judgment disparaging Bacchylides in

comparison with Pindar will be justified by what I have read of the new papyrus. There seems to be, with great simplicity of structure and of metre, a rich vocabulary and a great deal of fine and moving pathos in these odes. But it is hard to judge æsthetically, when impeded by the trouble of deciphering, even an easy hand. There is no need, however, to anticipate the verdict of scholars which will be let loose upon the world almost immediately. But I return to the interesting passage thus translated in the *Hellenic Journal*:—"The legislator of the Jews, no ordinary man, having formed and expressed a worthy conception of the might of the Godhead, writes at the very beginning of his Book of Laws:—"And God said"—what? Let light be, and it was; let earth be, and it was." What a strange bathos in expression! And has Mr. Roberts never appreciated our Authorized Version? Longinus is quoting loosely from some version (not the LXX.) read out to him by some Jewish friend. But surely the A. V. is just as accurate—"Let there be light, and there was light. Let the dry land appear, and it was so." At all events, this was English.

I suppose it is only in so very simple an instance that we can reproduce sublimity in a translation. And how many of us can really understand the beauties of any language but our own? When I see criticisms on French and German masterpieces written by men who are unable either to speak or write these languages, it reminds me of the foreign criticisms on Burns by people who can read English, but who only know the dialect of Burns, as I do, through a glossary. And what knowledge of a dialect can we gain through a glossary, or even through a dictionary? How can we learn the clusters of associations, the delicate shades of feeling which cling about words familiar to the poet from childhood and which determine both the beauty and propriety of their use? So then, to the great body of English-speaking people, Burns, as a great poet, is inaccessible. How much more to foreigners? And for the same reason Goethe's *Faust*, or the lyrics of V. Hugo, are by us only very imperfectly understood. Of course the same may be said of our appreciation of Sophocles and Virgil, who would laugh their sides sore at our Babu verses in their language. But then in dead languages no better knowledge is now to be had. In the living we should perhaps be content with native judgments. I have even heard it said by a great linguist that no man really knows more than one language—and most men not even that. But what a blow to all our critical literature and our fancied appreciation of the great masterpieces of many languages! These considerations are so humiliating that I feel disposed to apologize for bringing them forward.

J. P. MAHAFFY.

### FICTION.

**The King with Two Faces.** By M. E. Coleridge. 8x5½ in., 421 pp. London and New York, 1897. Arnold. 6s-

A novel of adventure should have a striking commencement, and Miss Coleridge has borne this rule in mind in her remarkable

historical romance. It would be difficult to ask for a more exciting or better-managed scene than that which opens this story. One instinctively looks to Dumas himself for a parallel, and finds it without much trouble in the history of the immortal Musketeers. This is not, of course, to suggest that Miss Coleridge combines all the gifts which united to produce the excellence of a novel by Dumas; but that she can stand the mental comparison without being ruled out of court is the best possible warrant for the reality of her power. And the reception of Count Ribbing by the four conspirators is worthy to stand beside the interview of D'Artagnan and his friends with Mordaunt in the house of Cromwell. One is really struck by the character of the chief conspirator, the fanatic, *illuminé*, and withal chivalrous gentleman who thus disposes of the argument of one of his companions, that the King's messenger, whom they were waiting to assassinate, might at least be challenged and decently killed in duel, for the other plan was too like murder for his taste.

"It is murder" was the cool reply. "There is always a certain element of chance in a duel. I have never fallen, but I might fall; and the fate of my companions demands that I should not fall—yet. Murder, if managed well, is certain. What right have you to object to murder? May I ask you to remember your oath?"

This is the kind of conspirator for our money. When the messenger, Count Ribbing, arrives, one is quite prepared to see the work done in a gentlemanly fashion, and to hear the conspirator explain, as Athos might have done if he had been a fanatic—

"We wish you to understand that we have no personal grudge against you—that we are, in fact, not persons at all, but representatives. The cause we represent demands your life—except on one condition. . . . I ask your forgiveness for mentioning it beforehand. You comprehend that my doing so is the merest formality. It is a condition which no gentleman could accept, namely, that you reveal to us the message with which you are charged."

And when the condition has been duly rejected, it is quite in keeping that our conspirator should thus cheer up the man he is about to kill:—

"Reassure yourself, Count! A sudden pang, no worse than that you experience when a tooth is drawn, and then a sudden sleep; death means no more than that. But if you think about it, it grows mysterious and dreadful. Try rather to distract the mind! I feel for you. I know you wish to preserve your dignity to the end. Do you take any interest in subjects of this kind?" He handed Ribbing the book on which he had been engaged. The Count took it mechanically, and even at that pass could not forbear a smile at the grotesqueness of the incident when he read the title: "On the Proper Cultivation of the Coffee Plant in the Island of Ceylon." He was about to give it back when an idea occurred to him.

For Count Ribbing is the hero of the tale, and, as Mr. Meredith observes, "heroes don't die, you know." We must leave the reader to discover by what stratagem the Count goes free. Students of Swedish history are already familiar with Count Ribbing's name and singular history. While still quite young—Miss Coleridge gives his age as 23, but it was really 27—he was mixed up in the conspiracy by which Gustavus III. of Sweden lost his life. Count Ribbing was then condemned to perpetual banishment, changed his name, went to France, settled down, after many vicissitudes and wanderings, to the life of a newspaper hack, and for many years he earned his living by translating the English journals for the *Courrier Français*. In this story Miss Coleridge only deals with the earlier part of his life, down to the death of Gustavus. She carries him to Paris, however, and introduces him to that whirlwind of a woman Madame de Staël, of whose *salon* and conversation a very clever picture is drawn. The account of Paris in the years just before the Revolution, when "people complained very much of the triviality of the age," and only folks of insight like Madame de Staël and her father saw the growing misery of the poor, is brilliant and convincing. Fersen and his hopeless devotion to the Queen are delicately sketched. In a few trifling particulars the picture might be amended. Thus it was the Rue

du Bao in which Madame de Staël lived, and Wilberforce's recently-published account of Pitt's French tour seems to disprove the current tradition, which Miss Coleridge puts into the mouth of Madame de Staël, that Pitt ever proposed to that lively young person, who had made love to Gibbon when she was ten "because I thought that papa would like to have some one always in the house to talk to him." And it was not the death but the abduction of Clarissa that Madame de Staël used to declare to have been one of the great events of her girlhood. But these are tiny details, and, on the whole, Miss Coleridge's historical atmosphere is as good as her story—"the making of a conspirator" it might be called—is vigorous and convincing. It is, in short, one of the cleverest historical romances that the recent run on that form of fiction has produced.

**Lawrence Clavering.** By A. E. W. Mason. 7½x5½in., 380 pp. London, 1897. Innes. 6/-

Mr. Mason here returns to the romantic fiction which he attempted, not without success, in "The Courtship of Morrice Buckler." Readers of "Lawrence Clavering" will not fail to recognize that he has done wisely; for it is the work of a writer who has founded himself on the best models in this kind of composition, and it reveals a knowledge of the requisites of an historical novel which ought to place him in the front rank of those who represent its recent revival. The renewed popularity during the past 20 years of the romantic novel, which, if one or two brilliant isolated productions are for the moment ignored, may be said to have flickered out with Harrison Ainsworth, G. P. R. James, and Bulwer Lytton, is almost comparable to its new birth at the beginning of the century. The causes which have now brought it to a new and vigorous life are not easy to define. Its instantaneous success nearly a century ago was due to a variety of causes more or less obvious—the largely increased facilities for the study of history, the attention devoted both by poets and connoisseurs to the manners and literature of the past, the exhaustion of the novel of manners, and the failure of the theatre to supply a dramatic presentment of historical scenes. But the establishment of the historical novel in England was chiefly due to the appearance at the right moment of the one man who by common consent was best fitted to show the principles on which it should be composed. The tendency to romantic fiction at the end of this century has no such one single representative, and we need not cavil at a writer like Mr. Mason producing a novel so redolent of Scott as "Lawrence Clavering." The highest praise we can give him is that, with its inevitable reminiscences of the Waverleys, the most enthusiastic devotee of Scott can read "Lawrence Clavering" with enjoyment. The hero was "out in the '15," and his estate, Blackladies, in the lake country, came to him under a will which disinherited the testator's son, and enjoined that if Lawrence Clavering did not enter into possession the estate should pass to the Crown. Jervas Rookley, the son, is disinherited because he is a Jacobite, and he persuades Clavering that King James if he ascended the throne would not accept a bequest which came to him because its rightful owner supported his claims. Clavering, therefore, promises to hold the estate in trust for Rookley, pending the result of the Jacobite rising. But Clavering is also a Jacobite, and in that fact the astute Rookley, who is quite prepared to side with King George, sees another chance of getting the estate if the cause of James is unsuccessful. This is, as it were, the scaffolding of the story: the real structure is built up on a wrong done by Clavering to an artist, one Herbert. To Clavering's act was due the ruin of Herbert's married life, and his arrest on the charge of Jacobitism. To repair this wrong becomes the engrossing impulse of our hero's life, and it is only by his voluntary surrender to the Government and almost certain death that he can fulfil his purpose and redeem his character in the eyes of Miss Dorothy Curwen. Miss Curwen is a delightful coquette, whose coyness yields to the call of gratitude and to admiration for self-

sacrifice, and when Clavering escapes from the "Hanoverian" prison, she agrees with him that there is a better word than "friend." Here we have the life, the scenery, and the period made familiar by Sir Walter Scott: we have something of Waverley, of Rashleigh Osbaldiston, of Catherine Seyton, and a host of others from the Waverley portrait gallery. And as the romance is a good one we do not regret it. Mr. Mason is of course not a Sir Walter. If he could produce some thirty stories as good as "Lawrence Clavering" he might claim a nearer comparison. We miss, too, the broad clear touch; the machinery is a little too intricate; the sense of proportion not always exact, the characters—Herbert and his wife, for instance—sometimes lacking in individuality. But there are scenes of singular power—we may mention particularly the encounter between Lawrence and Rookley in the hall of Blackladies, and the chapter entitled "A conversation in Wastdale Church"—and both Clavering himself and the heroine, if so we may term her, Dorothy Curwen, are creatures of flesh and blood. The whole story is, it seems to us, conceived in the best vein of historical romance.

**The Making of a Prig.** By Evelyn Sharp. 8x5½in., 410 pp. London, 1897. Lane. 6/-

This novel is the work of a writer who steers a judicious course between two extremes. There is no attempt at being either very profound or very dramatic in "The Making of a Prig." But it is a story carefully thought out, and with just sufficient touch of originality about the main conception to make it worth the telling. In Katharine Austen we have a heroine of a fresh and agreeable type. The chief fault we have to find with the book is in its title. Katharine is not a prig in the ordinary sense, nor does her story describe the manufacture of a prig, even in the sense which Miss Sharp appears to give to the word. She is a clever girl, natural and frankly affectionate, who, partly from her training, partly from her temperament, fails to realize the requirements of Mrs. Grundy. This deficiency seems to arise from the natural *naïveté* of her character rather than from any social theory or intellectual conceit. There is indeed a certain self-content, an unconscious assumption that she could do nothing wrong which partakes of what might perhaps be termed moral priggishness. But we become so fond of her that we fully sympathize with her protest against being branded with so opprobrious a term; and as she reveals her character in the first page of the book, it is difficult to see where the "making" comes in. Miss Sharp has written a good story, but she has not described the "making of a prig." The unconventionality of Katharine's life in London, where she joins the army of working women whose lives have so little interest for themselves and so much for philanthropic ladies of leisure, is described by Miss Sharp with taste and good sense. The sternest social moralists could find no fault with her treatment of it, for her free-and-easy ways lead to the attempted suicide of one of her admirers, and to her throwing herself away on the other, Paul Wilton, who is quite unworthy of her. Miss Sharp, however, does not care to point a moral, and she might, therefore, have made Paul Wilton a little less self-contained and selfish, and a little more worthy of her delightful heroine. We like Katharine the least at the end of the book, where she gives utterance to such remarks as "Whole books might be written on the psychological aspect of the hump," or "The annoyances of life are much more important than the tragedies." "Currente rota, cur urceus exit?" One almost fears after all that the prig pure and simple was being developed all the time, as a surprise no less for the author than the reader. Miss Sharp is a careful observer of the details of life. The delineation of her characters is not wholly without faults of taste, considering the society in which they move—notably in the case of Heaton, Paul Wilton's friend—but they interest the reader. The dialogue, if not brilliant, is never dull; the style is facile and unpretentious, and the work throughout is that of a writer of sense and discernment who can tell a love story in a natural and interesting way and with no inconsiderable literary skill.



**Amy Vivian's Ring, or the Heir to a Curse.** By Surgeon-Major H. M. Greenhow. 7½x5in., 241 pp. London, 1897. **Skeffington. 5/-**

It is long since the Thug has figured in Anglo-Indian stories. Thuggee is practically a thing of the past; or at least, it no longer engages the public attention as it once did. Perhaps, also, writers are agreed that the subject has been treated once and for all by Meadows Taylor, and that he who would rival the adventurous and spirit-stirring work of that admirable story-teller must prove himself to be another Anglo-Indian Lo Sage. Surgeon-Major Greenhow scarcely achieves this distinction in "Amy Vivian's Ring." He has written a story, however, which, in spite of some weakness of structure and a somewhat ill-knit course of action, has decided merits. The three Thugs of the story are met at night in the opening chapter awaiting victims, and discuss business, the prospects of which are bad, and lament the loss of a certain ring which insures them, as they believe, good luck and protection. Lulla, the coarsest and most ferocious, wrangles with his leader, the polite and wily Nasir, on the subject of methods. He clamours, like another Robespierre, for more expeditious and "modern" means of murder. He would substitute wholesale poisoning by datura for the fine art of the "roumal." We were under the impression that the one process was as old as the other and that both flourished together—the elect favouring the strangling, the baser sort the poisoning. It is significant, however, that it is the ruffian Lulla who betrays his comrades by a cunning stratagem, in which Captain Arthur Tyndall undertakes the rather risky part of vicarious victim, while disguised as a merchant, and captures the accomplished Nasir. This exploit supplies one of the most effective scenes in the book. What is inexplicable, or, at least, unexplained, in this young officer is the suddenness and facility with which he transfers his love for the beautiful and interesting Amy Vivian to the pretty and ordinary young woman whom he marries. That Amy Vivian is clothed in mystery, of which the ring she wears is a symbol, and that she warns Tyndall in the vaguest terms of the danger to himself which must come if they wed, are circumstances that should increase, not quench, his ardour. She tells him that her mother was of mixed race, though her father was an English gentleman, and he knows that the mysterious ring is adorned with a representation of the knotted instrument of the Thugs. Obviously, this gallant officer fears nothing, and regards her own fears as "hallucinations." Then the ring, of which we expect much from the opening chapter, is anything but a potent agent in the story. The Thugs do not attempt to regain it, though their chief knows its possessor and might have obtained the talisman. Of course, it is no part of the novelist's business to discard the improbable. To the contrary, it is one of the triumphs of his art that he should transmute the improbable to conditions that are persuasive and *vraisemblable*. Surgeon-Major Greenhow is hardly successful in this when he causes the unfortunate Amy Vivian, after refusing the man she loves, to marry another, and make another "Bride of Lammermoor" of the venture.

**The Gadfly.** By E. L. Voynich. 7½x5in., 374 pp. London, 1897. **Heinemann. 6/-**

This powerful and distinctly agitating story deals with revolutionary Italy some fifty years since, when the liberalizing influences of Mazzini and others were bearing fruit. The interest of the book, however, is not historical. The author, at the outset, is at some pains to indicate the period, and he is successful in suggesting the atmosphere and the general ferment of the times. His revolutionary types, with their diverse temperaments, their discordant views, their differences of method, and their almost unanimous practice of vague rhetoric and windy declamation, are skilfully depicted. The students, too, by whom the "Young Italy" party was largely recruited, are very well drawn. Among these is the hero, a sensitive and enthusiastic young Catholic, whose revolutionary activity is confined to the

smuggling of forbidden literature into the port of Leghorn. Of a sudden he is brought before the authorities, thrust into prison, and when at length he is released, though he has been true to the cause, he finds himself suspected by his comrades of the betrayal of a fellow-prisoner. It is in vain he protests his innocence to the young girl he loves. She insults him and strikes him on the face. The climax of catastrophe follows, when he discovers that he is the natural son of the priest who has acted as his spiritual guide and instructor. The moral effect of this discovery is overwhelming. It leads to an outburst of despairing fury and hysterical passion, the morbidity of which is perhaps a trifle too persistent, and the note of anguish too prolonged. But there is no denying the power and poignancy of the scene. At this point the drama of "The Gadfly" really begins. The process by which the blameless young student is transformed to the satirist who is known as the Gadfly is rightly left to the imagination of the reader. We have, it is true, his own story of tribulations in South America, and we know that the memory of his sufferings rankles in him. But they are left shadowy compared with the fruit they bring forth in the man who returns after many years as "the Gadfly," the relentless and fanatical enemy of the Church. "The Gadfly" is a transcendent egoist. His own wrongs—not his country's—form the mainspring of action with him. The Church is the enemy, but not as with many of his honest comrades in revolution, because he is Republican and Atheist, but because the Church is represented by the priest, his father, the Cardinal Montanelli. The evolution is quite unforeed. Every stage of the story shows the author's remarkable dramatic aptitude. The scene in the prison, when the son reveals himself and the father softens, though the Churchman is resolved, is the finest in the book. In the final scene, though this, too, is well imagined, there is something theatrical that detracts somewhat from the pathos of what is nevertheless a deeply moving situation. In spite of such lapses, "The Gadfly" is a notable story.

**The Freedom of Henry Meredyth.** By M. Hamilton. 7½x5½in., 277 pp. London, 1897. **Heinemann. 6/-**

This is a story of "the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin," and as gray as such stories usually are. But it is well told, if not with much dramatic intensity, at any rate in a vein of vigorous and consistent realism. It is the dreary chronicle of the year which follows the winning of Henry Meredyth's divorce suit, when he finds himself free—that is, wifeless—and left alone with a daughter of 18, the one soft spot in whose stony nature is her love for her mother, and three younger children, in whom he has never taken the slightest interest. He is poor, too, for the money was the erring wife's, and his futile efforts to rearrange his life on a new basis are ludicrous even to pathos. He makes one half-hearted attempt to earn money as a bagman, travelling in "Pimley's ale," a situation the comical possibilities of which are discreetly left in the shade. But, of course, this comes to nothing, and he is glad to accept the post of manager of a farm and hotel in the West of Ireland, offered him by his brother the Earl of Meredyth. Here, with a salary of £400 a year, he enjoys quite a considerable degree of happiness, for his temper is perfect, his manners charming, and his position as heir presumptive to an earldom enables him to bear the crosses of his position with equanimity. But the daughter, Vivien, turns up unexpectedly and things promptly go wrong. The choice of the girl's name is singular, in view of her unresponsive, unsympathetic, unbending, and egotistic nature, but that nature is most happily indicated, and makes an excellent foil to that of the well-bred, easy-going, good-tempered, and profoundly selfish father. The good angel of the family is Alison Carnegie, an old flame of Meredyth's, who has forgiven but not forgotten her lover, and who now, at 40, is a worker in the slums, and presides over a rescue mission in the East-end. Naturally, and quite sensibly, he tries hard to marry her; it is the only sensible thing he really tries to do. After a painful

struggle with herself, she refuses him, partly moved by the jealous fury of the daughter's opposition and partly by her own religious scruples about divorce, but mainly by a noble sentiment of womanliness which prevents her from usurping the place of a mother whose children still love her. With this fortunate escape of Alison's the book stops, not because any *denouement* has been reached, but because there is no more to be said. Alison is very neatly drawn; the young Jew philanthropist, Abram Samar, is a spirited sketch, though marred by a few strokes proper to caricature; and the way in which the author contrives to temper our scorn of the unheroic hero, Meredyth, is distinctly clever.

**The Two Captains.** By W. Clark Russell. Illustrated by B. J. Rosenmeyer. 7½x5½in., 423 pp. London, 1897.

Sampson Low, Marston. 6/-

The remarkable ingenuity which Mr. Clark Russell has displayed in so many of his books in the way of imparting fresh interest to a few familiar characters and situations by new groupings and variations of incident is not so much in evidence in this latest of his sea stories, in which he introduces his readers to a scene that is comparatively unfamiliar. Captains Pope and Crystal, the heroes of the tale, are a pair of almost unmitigated scoundrels. Thrown out of employment at the peace of 1815, they make up their minds with very little hesitation to resort to piracy. They obtain the means for buying and equipping a vessel by a successful burglary, incidentally accompanied by a murder, and set off for the Atlantic with a primary purpose of capturing a rich treasure ship expected shortly to sail from Cadiz for Manila, but also with a very definite intention of plundering any other merchant vessel they may happen to come across. Their cruise is fairly successful at first, and it seems as though the end of the evil enterprise might have been as prosperous as the beginning were it not that the two captains fall out. The cause of the trouble, as may easily be anticipated, is a woman—a beautiful girl named Laura Crystal, found on board a West Indian man that is captured and destroyed by the pirates, and to whom Captain Pope loses his heart with even more than a seaman's traditional facility. But the young person, with a sense of the proprieties which, in the circumstances, seems to be rather strained, objects to a matrimonial connexion between his relative and so disreputable a person as Captain Pope. To prevent it, he organizes a mutiny, kills the captain in a hand-to-hand fight in his own cabin, and then straightway runs his vessel into the clutches of an English cruiser that is on the look-out for her, and blows his own brains out to escape the gallows. The story is full of bustle and movement, and is told with the vigour, directness, and richness of local colour to which Mr. Clark Russell has long accustomed us. But the almost unrelieved rascality of the personages and the sordidness of most of the incidents make it rather depressing. There is not one of the characters in whom the most sympathetic of readers will be able to feel much interest.

**The Rip's Redemption.** By E. Livingston Prescott. London. 8x5½in., 311pp.

James Nisbet & Co. 6/-

Any one who, misled by the cheerful-sounding title of "The Rip's Redemption," turns to it for pleasant reading will sustain a rude shock. It is a very clever book; the greater part of it is admirably conceived and executed, but by no stretch of language can it be called "pleasant." It is the story of an unfortunate ne'er-do-weel, a man weak rather than bad, who "goes under," as the phrase runs, and enlists in a cavalry regiment. The subject has been treated more than once before, but never, we think, with such relentless realism. The Rip, in other words, Reginald Alured Roche-Vandeleur, afterwards Trooper Vann of the Cuirassiers, becomes a reprobate of the most sordid kind. The gentleman ranker of fiction is usually a splendid Devil-me-care personage, whose courage, gentleness, and the rest make him beloved and respected by all the men. Trooper Vann is a very different figure—a sullen, hopeless, dull dog, despised

by his fellows, of small courage, and no self-respect, a weak wretched figure who drowns his cares, when he has any money, in a public-house or the canteen. Such a man would not usually win the sympathy of the novel-reader who is apt to ask for some touch of what is fine and heroic even in his reprobates. Herein therefore lies the author's triumph. While he never for a moment allows us to lose sight of Vann's unamiable qualities, he yet contrives to enlist our sympathies on his behalf. In other words he makes us understand him, and therefore pardon. On the other hand, he seems to us to fail both in his descriptions of people in a higher social sphere and also in the method in which the Rip is redeemed. Sir Clinton Roche-Vandeleur is a lay figure. He does not breathe, and the interview between him and his brother, the Rip, is unconvincing and, indeed, preposterous. The last chapters of the book in which Trooper Vann works out his salvation betray an altogether weaker hand and a less sure touch than the earlier ones which describe his abasement. Sudden conversions are rare in these days, and Mr. Prescott has failed to make Vann's reclamation as credible as he made his fall. The real Vann, we fear, would have died in a ditch just as he had lived in the gutter, a pathetic, sorrowful figure to the last, but scarcely a hero. The regimental funeral and other posthumous honours awarded to him by Mr. Prescott are out of tune with the rest of the book. We have criticized "The Rip's Redemption" with some fulness, because of the real power and ability which much of it displays. No novel of recent times has described the horrors of barrack life with such grim fidelity, or drawn the British soldier at his worst with more skill and success.

**A Spanish Maid.** By L. Quiller Couch. 7½x5½in., 302 pp. London, 1897.

Service and Paton. 6/-

Miss Quiller Couch has displayed a certain measure of skill in the management of her theme in "A Spanish Maid," but she has not attained to complete success. The effectiveness of her story depends upon its evoking a feeling of terror, of horror rather, in the mind of the reader and whetting his curiosity by a parade of mystery and awe. This particular department in fiction, of which Edgar Allan Poe was such a past master, has an attraction for many people, and, skilfully handled, it is capable of providing an effective novel. Miss Couch fails because the note of horror with which her book opens does not grow in intensity as the story proceeds. It does not even maintain its level, but rather recedes and grows fainter. The mysterious ship, with its ghastly crew of white-faced monsters, is an excellent opening, and the incident of the casting ashore of "the Spanish Maid" on the Cornish coast is effectively managed, but as the story proceeds this intensity diminishes and with it the interest of the scenes. This is partly due, no doubt, to the length of the book. It is hard to keep the flesh of your readers creeping throughout three hundred pages. Partly, too, it is due to the structure of Miss Couch's plot. In a work of Mystery and Imagination, to borrow Poe's term, the horror should work up gradually to a climax, whereas Miss Couch plunges at once, in point of fact in her second chapter, into her most nightmarish scene and deduces from it a descending rather than an ascending scale of disastrous calamities. In one point, however, she has shown a complete realization of the necessities of her art. She never explains anything. The Spanish Maiden comes on the scene with her train of misfortunes to those who befriend her and disappears at last, as suddenly and causelessly as she came, in a weird atmosphere of awe and mystery. This is as it should be. In a story of this kind explanations are out of place. Its design should be rather to produce certain emotions in the mind of the reader than to tell a story. Poe realized this thoroughly, and it accounts, in part, for his extraordinary success. But Poe was a genius of a high order, and it is perhaps hardly fair to hold up so unattainable a model to a modern novelist. Miss Couch describes Cornish scenes and Cornish character with considerable skill, and her book is written in an agreeable style.

**An Attic in Bohemia: A Diary Without Dates.** By **E. H. Lacon Watson.** 7½×5½in., 171 pp. London, 1897.

**Elkin Mathews. 3/6**

Let us say at once, to prevent disappointment, that Mr. Watson's Bohemia in no wise resembles Henri Murger's. Ever since the appearance of the famous *Vie de Bohème*, authors on both sides of the Channel have tried to give us glimpses of the wild country where painters and poets are supposed to pass the larval stage of their existence. But their efforts have not often been crowned with success. Already in Paris this life is a thing of the past. In London it never existed. The nearest homologue we can show to it is the more or less unconventional life of more or less impetuous Englishmen living in chambers and trying to get their livelihood by letters. Needless to say that among such Bohemians neither the tragic note nor that of royslering gaiety is struck. Its discomforts, its disappointments, its humours form the subject of Mr. Watson's sketches. They are a little pale in colour, perhaps, but lend themselves to the mild cynicism and placid irony of which, in his way, he is a master. There are various characters slightly but vigorously indicated—Tullivor, a Mark Tapley of a projector, Carington-Smith, a journalist and so forth, but of course the diarist is the chief personage, and his is the best and most consistently drawn figure. Indolent, humorous, cynical, and withal a minor poet, he is yet curiously well off, and though he lights his own fire and cooks his own breakfast, it is mainly to avoid the necessity of being forced to get up by the advent of his laundress. His masterpieces are produced much as pearls in an oyster. "Some foreign matter," he says—"a stray sentence from another author—a scrap of conversation—is caught up in my mind and causes irritation, until clothed by the smooth, prismatic-hued film of my own fancy. Then it is sold for a great price, sometimes as much as thirty shillings." He sees life through rosy spectacles and rejoices in it. Some of the best of the plums, perhaps we should say the currants, in this little book are in the quasi-serious vein, as when the owner of the attic complains of the want of staying power in the dinners at the vegetarian restaurant, or insists that the fault of the age is that we take things too seriously. Mr. Watson's Bohemia never takes things too seriously, and he thus lays the amused reader under an obligation.

**The Vicar of Langthwaite.** By **Lily Watson.** (New Edition.) 7½×5½in., 345 pp. London, 1897. **John Clarke. 5/-**

In republishing her novel "The Vicar of Langthwaite" Miss Watson carefully guards herself, in a preface, against the charge of having written a novel with a purpose. "The author's first and last desire," she says, "has been to tell her tale rather than to point a moral." She has also prefixed to the present edition a fragment of a commendatory epistle from Mr. Gladstone, the dominant sentiment of which is "one of satisfaction at the publication of a work, written with ability and in an attractive manner, which exhibits from a favouring point of view the social, moral, and spiritual facts of English Nonconforming life." Miss Watson's aim, therefore, has been, not to make converts, but to hold up the mirror to a certain phase of Nonconformist life and thought which has not often been sympathetically handled by her predecessors. The story is not a particularly thrilling one—perhaps its subject forbade this—but it is ably handled, and this new edition may very well find a welcome among novel readers.

**The Beetle: A Mystery.** By **Richard Marsh.** Illustrated by **John Williamson.** 7½×5in., 351 pp. London, 1897. **Skeffington. 6/-**

Story-tellers who would deal in things occult should believe in them, or be able to command the show of belief. That was where the strength of Bulwer Lytton lay in "Zanoni" and in "A Strange Story." He believed in his mysteries, and we,

under the spell of his magic, do also believe. Mr. Richard Marsh neither inspires nor is inspired with faith in this matter of the Egyptian mystery of "The Beetle." He shows cleverness in managing the Wilkie Collins method of narrative and much ingenuity in the machinery of the story. Like a disciple of the once famous Davenport Brothers, he complicates himself in certain knotty situations and moves our curiosity as to how he will wriggle free of them. But apart from these mechanical feats the narrative is utterly unconvincing. There is no heart in the mystery. Ineffectual, if not clumsy, is the story of the house at Cairo, with its unholy rites, which Lessingham relates in order to account for the persecutions the Beetle subjects him to in England. Alexandria, by the way, rather than modern Cairo, should have been the source of this mystery of transmigration. But Mr. Marsh's treatment clearly shows no faith, Pythagorean or other, in the Beetle, and we cannot say we find it more terrifying than the pasteboard dragon of the Wagnerian stage.

**BLADYS OF THE STEWPONEY** (Methuen) is a short story by Mr. Baring-Gould of life in Shropshire in the last century. This indefatigable author must, one would think, have something of the power ascribed to Julius Cæsar in the "Courtship of Miles Standish"—

"He could dictate

"Seven letters at once, at the same time writing his memoirs." But, quickly as his volumes pour from the press, he always writes like a man of the world, with a wonderful power of assimilating facts, and he knows as well as any one how to put a story together. Local history and tradition have always had an attraction for him, and he tells here of the old Shropshire cave dwellings, some of which are still inhabited, the haunts of the highwaymen on the Irish road, and the last case of burning for "petty treason," which took place at Shrewsbury in 1790. The Stewponney, it should be explained, was a tavern at Kinver, originally founded by a soldier who had brought a wife home from Estepona, in the south of Spain. The misfortunes of Bladys, the daughter of the landlord of the Stewponney, and the sensational account of the last victim of the stake are told skilfully, but too relentlessly. Brisk and interesting though the narrative is, the life described is too full of coarseness and violence to make it wholly pleasant reading.

Those who love to read of thrilling adventures and hair-breadth escapes, plots and counterplots, true lovers and their woes, princes and politicians, soldiers and slaves, monsters and mesmerists, will find much to their taste in **THE SINGER OF MARLY**, by T. Hooper (Methuen). The book would be well worth reading if it contained nothing but the love-story, for Lux and Bridget are a noble pair, and well mated. The odious trick which brought them together and the cruel plot which parted them are cleverly conceived and finely told. The wedded lovers and their fiendish tormentors sit to and fro on the earth. The scene opens in Ireland, in the year 1697, a doleful time for those of the Old Faith, then shifts to France, to the solitudes of Brittany and the noisy crowd of the Court, and finally to the West Indies, where all wrongs are righted. The book is very full, even crowded, but it is not a medley without shape. The central figure dominates the story in spite of all interruptions, whether masked as the Singer of Marly, or playing the part of the dead bridegroom, or braving the world in his own name and state. The writer has power, and can do even better than he has done in "The Singer of Marly."

The indefatigable Mr. Henty continues to labour for the instruction and gratification of the British boy, and we do not doubt that **A MARCH ON LONDON AND WITH MOORE AT CORUNNA** (Blackie) will find many readers. "A March on London" is "a tale of Wat Tyler's rising," and deals with matters of historic interest in the author's well-known fashion. Two brave young knights, unknown to history, are the heroes of the tale, and do their duty as manfully as the real folk, both at home and abroad, and those who follow the fortunes of Sir Edgar Ormskirk and Sir Albert de Courcy cannot help learning something about the troubled times of the great peasant revolt. The hero of "With Moore at Corunna" is a wild Irish lad, who, by a lucky chance, gets a commission as a cornet in the Mayo Fusiliers before he is sixteen; the energy and the wit which led him to play endless pranks and to torment and plague all around him are henceforth directed to a noble end. Terence O'Connor is a born soldier and a born commander of men, and his career is brilliant from the very outset. The present volume gives us only a part of his adventures. Mr. Henty promises to give us the sequel next year.

## CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

**Icelandic Fairy Tales.** Translated and edited by Mrs. A. W. Hall. With original illustrations by E. A. Mason. 8s. 5d. in., 317pp. London, 1897. **Warne. 3 6**

Nothing has been more marked of recent years than the improvement, both without and within, of children's books. In particular, the folk-lore of all countries has been ransacked for their benefit, and presented to them for their Christmas reading. Mrs. Hall's volume is a somewhat belated example of this movement. She has translated and adapted a number of tales from Icelandic sources, containing the usual incidents, and told without much charm or attractiveness. She does not mention the source whence the tales are drawn. They do not appear to be from Poesion, Arnason, Maurer, or Gering, the four best-known works on the Icelandic folk-tale, and they scarcely bear internal evidence of being native to the island. The very first story is no other than the adventure of the three King's sons with the magic apple, telescope, and carpet, best known from its occurrence in the tale of the Fairy Paribanou which forms one of Galland's additions to the Arabian Nights. It is true the leading personages have Teutonic names given to them, like Brunhild, Hildegard, Frithiof, and Edric, but these are scarcely sufficient to prove an Icelandic or Norse *provenance*. So, too, the story of the Five Brothers has a theme, that of the helpful companions, which is common to all Aryan-speaking peoples, and occurs even in the myth of the Argonauts.

Altogether, this volume contains little that is new in its incidents, and, but for the names, the tales might be located in almost any quarter of Europe. Nor is the manner in which they are told at all distinctive. No attempt has been made to adapt the language for an audience of children, and the book is couched in a style rather above their heads, and scarcely likely to arouse their imaginations. "Hastened to make preparations for his journey," "anxiously imagining all that had happened to him," are locutions hardly adapted to attract youngsters. Straight-forward statement in simple English with plenty of detail is what is wanted, but is scarcely supplied in the present volume. It is, however, excellently printed, in clear type, its illustrations do illustrate the chief incidents, and the price is moderate, so that for children who are not surfeited with the "common forms" of the fairy tale, the volume may serve. But why Icelandic?

Children's books may be roughly divided into the purely imaginative and the historical story. Of the two, the latter kind is no doubt the more popular with children themselves, though the powder of history must be artfully mingled with the jam of fiction. This difficult task has been very well accomplished by Mr. Herbert Hayens in his "PARIS AT BAY: A Story of the Siege and the Commune" (Blackie). There is plenty of fighting in the book, which Mr. Stanley L. Wood has illustrated with eight spirited drawings. Two other books issued by the same firm bring us nearer home, Mr. Edgar Pickering's "A STOUT ENGLISH BOWMAN" and Mr. Charles W. Whistler's "KING OLAF'S KINSMAN." Mr. Pickering's tale is placed in the reign of Henry III., while Mr. Whistler's is a story of the last Saxon struggle against the Danes in the days of Iroside and Canute. They are both written in an easy, clear style, yet with none of that infantile simplicity which wounds an intelligent child's self-esteem, and they are both well illustrated. "King Olaf's Kinsman" would be especially valuable as a present for any boy or girl who believes that English history begins with "William the Conqueror, Ten Sixty-six."

Of the imaginative class of children's books several have recently been published. It is a much more difficult *genre* than the historical story, and the appearance of Mr. H. Oskar Sommer's translation of Hans Christian Andersen's "STORIES AND FAIRY TALES" (George Allen) is a melancholy reminder that nothing approaching the old nursery classics is now being written.

Andersen was himself essentially a child, in whose mind wistful mystical abstraction and rapt contemplation of ideally beautiful or impossible things are divertingly mingled with a perfectly matter-of-fact literalness. Certainly, it makes us think better of the modern child that it should be worth while to publish this really beautiful edition. Our only doubt is as to Mr. A. J. Gaskin's hundred illustrations. Grown-up people will appreciate them, but children, we fancy, would prefer the more amusing, if less artistic, old cuts which illustrated the editions of Andersen twenty or thirty years ago. "THE REVELATIONS OF A SPRITE," written and illustrated by A. M. Jackson (Fisher Unwin), are a number of pretty little stories about fairies and trolls and elves, supposed to be told to a little girl named Lily Neville, the daughter of a journalist, by a sprite whom, fired by her father's example, she "interviews." Evidently personal journalism is invading our nurseries. "JUST FORTY WINKS, or the Droll Adventures of Davie Trot," by Hamish Hendry (Blackie), is illustrated by Gertrude M. Bradley. But the pictures, admirable as they are, do not seem to us to possess the qualities that appeal to children. Most of them are overloaded with detail, and in some the influence of Aubrey Beardsley is curiously perceptible. As for the story, perhaps the kindest thing to say about it is that it might conceivably amuse children who have never heard of the "Alice" books. By way of contrast, "ADVENTURES IN TOYLAND," by Edith King Hall, illustrated by Alice B. Woodward (Blackie), exhibits real knowledge on the part of both author and illustrator of what children want, as well as unusual power of supplying it. The pictures are, most of them, of that directly comic kind that children love, while the story is capital "make-believe."

## SIR PHILIP FRANCIS'S LETTERS.

The mere fact that Sir Philip Francis has been credited with the authorship of the Junius Letters is a testimony to his undoubted ability; a much more satisfying proof, however, is afforded by the great mass of documents upon which the late Mr. Joseph Parkes and Mr. Herman Merivale based their "Memoirs" in 1867. Inconclusive as are all these facts, so far as the argument that Junius and Francis are identical is concerned, they are nevertheless invaluable as material for the political history of the period. The correspondence to be sold at Sotheby's on November 27 undoubtedly comprises the most important series of Francis's letters extant; they are characterized by their vigour and by their unusual length, but they only remind us of the master hand as excellent imitations. Several of the letters written in the spring of 1768 deal with "Jack" Wilkes and his election. "We are all as mad," he writes on March 12, "about the Elections as you Americans were about the Stamp Act." Two months later he was writing, "You may say what you please of your Americans; but I'll be curs if we don't match you for riots. The worst on't is that they keep me at the War Office many hours a day more than I like; such marching and countermarching." The peculiar advantages of the martyrdom of Wilkes were very clearly indicated in Francis's letter of January 4, 1769:—

All our news here is that Wilkes is elected Alderman of Farringdon Without. At this rate I see no reason why he may not be Sheriff and Lord Mayor in regular succession; and why not Prime Minister before he dies? In short, nothing can be more ridiculous than everything that happens about this gentleman. Every attempt that has been made to injure or oppress him has in reality done him service.

The politics of the day, by their intricacy and the duplicity of all parties, much concerned Francis in May (4th), 1779:—

Each party says and believes just what suits themselves, without decency or moderation, and a neutral party is detested by both. A philosopher has no more chance among them than a cat in Hell.

The unrest in America in the year 1769 is reflected in many of these letters:—"Lord North has assured the House of Commons that, at the opening of next Session, there is a resolution to accommodate matters with America to the satisfaction of all parties" (June 7). "The news from America makes things worse and worse" (July 5). Again:—"If you Americans can submit to be quiet—that is, to confine yourselves to a passive resistance—you will infallibly carry all your points" (Aug. 2); and, a still more important passage:—"Grenville himself gives

up all views of taxing America" (Nov. 4th). Several of the letters relate to Francis's purchase of land in America; but quite the most important letter in the whole batch is one dated June 12, 1770, in which the following passage occurs:—

Junius is not known, and that circumstance is perhaps as curious as any of his writings. I have always suspected Burke; but whoever he is, it is impossible he can discover himself. The offence he has given (to his Majesty and the Duke of Grafton) is more than any private man could support; he would soon be crushed. Almon has been found guilty of publishing his letter to the King, and Woodfall, who was the original publisher, is to be tried to-morrow. If he be found guilty, I fancy he will have reason to remember it.

The fourteen letters from Sir Philip Francis to his cousin, Major Philip Baggs, follow on those to Macrabe in chronological order; but, while they deal mainly with political matters, their primary interest to posterity centres in the references to Junius. "The Duke of Grafton, since his appointment to the Privy Seal, has had a peppering letter from Junius, who promises a continuance of his correspondence as long as he is in office" (June 25, 1771). A month later he writes:—

Junius has given Horne [Horne Tooke] a most severe correction. The best on't is that Junius, under pretence of writing Horne a private letter, makes him the editor of the grossest and most infamous libel that ever was printed. This I take to be a *coup d'Etat*. Wouldn't you laugh if you saw the parson in the pillory for publishing a letter in which he himself is virulently abused.

Again:—"Junius and Wilkes seem to make common cause. Poor Horne is drubbed till he screeches for mercy. Never was there such a letter as Junius has flattered him with. All mankind agree that it is his masterpiece; and now I hope we shall never hear any more of them" (August 20, 1771). Francis and Junius are at one on most points, but neither this fact nor the additional one that they were writing, the one private and the other public, letters on similar subjects at the same time would be sufficient proof that they are one and the same person. It is believed that these are the only letters of Sir Philip Francis referring to Junius and actually mentioning his name which have ever come into the open market.

But the collection includes also a very remarkable series of letters from no fewer than eight other supposed authors of Junius—Lord Barrington, Edmund Burke, William Burke, Christopher D'Oyly, Richard Tilghman, William Pitt (Lord Chatham), John Horne, and Alexander Wedderburn (Lord Loughborough). These letters are 123 in number, and were all addressed to Sir Philip Francis. They vary, of course, in importance. Eleven are from Lord Barrington, whom Junius describes as having, next to the Duke of Grafton, "the blackest heart in the kingdom." Two of these letters are couched in very mysterious terms. In one he asks Francis to call, when "we may, without interruption, converse on a subject very material to me;" and, in another, "the matter will soon be known to so many persons that it cannot remain a secret" (Feb. 19 and 26, 1772). The letters from Edmund Burke and his brother William relate to various public affairs. One of the two letters from his brother-in-law, Macrabe, is dated from Philadelphia, March 10, 1770, and in the course of it he exclaims:—

But Junius is the Mars of malcontents. His letter to the King is past all endurance as well as all compare. The Americans are under small obligations to him for his representations of them. I will do them more justice than he does by declaring that his production is not very favourably received among them. Who the Devil can he be?

The several letters from Richard Tilghman, from Philadelphia in 1773, are printed at length in the "Memoirs" by Parkes and Morvale, and need not be quoted here, with the exception of a passage of the highest importance from one dated Sept. 29, and referring to Francis's extraordinary appointment from the position of an obscure clerk in the War Office ("the most adverse political antecedents") to that of a member of the new Council of India, with a salary of £10,000 a year. Tilghman was only expressing a very general astonishment when he asked:—

But how did you get this appointment? It is miraculous to me that a man should resign office in 1772, and in '73, without any change of the Ministry, be advanced in so very extraordinary a manner. Your merit and abilities I was always ready to acknowledge, Sir, but I was never taught to think much of Lord North's virtue or discernment. His treatment of you has in some measure redeemed him in my opinion.

It is certainly a very remarkable coincidence that the Junius letters ceased in May, 1772 (in which year Woodfall published the "author's edition" of these bitter invectives), just at the turning point in Francis's life. But coincidences equally remarkable and startling are not unknown in the political and literary history of this country. Unfortunately, coincidences are not evidence, and, however strong a theory may be deduced therefrom, it is only a theory just the same. And so it is with this intensely interesting series of Francis correspondence, inasmuch as it neither proves nor disproves that Francis was Junius.

## At the Bookstall.

It is to be hoped that the trustees of our national collections will soon make a definite and regular effort to secure more of the manuscripts of the great English writers. Every year increases the difficulty in regard to this. We know where the Dickens and some few other notable manuscripts are, but most of the finest manuscripts of Shelley, Keats, Browning, Tennyson, the Brontës, and George Eliot are in the hands of private owners, and they may at any moment be induced to part with them to American collectors, who, more than any others, are evincing a very keen desire for modern manuscripts.

Doubtless the element of expense has something to do with the question, but, with the exception perhaps of sporting books, no class of literary property has from the beginning of its existence shown such a steady upward tendency as literary manuscripts. The nation has therefore everything to lose and nothing to gain by adopting a waiting policy. What we contend is that the British Museum should be the first in the field when such property is for sale, because manuscripts of books are of far more consequence than the first editions of such books, however rare. For instance, many of the best Morris manuscripts have already passed into the hands of a private collector, without any effort being made by the Museum authorities to secure them. So also with the Brontë manuscripts. Within the last ten years these have gone up in value to a remarkable degree, and now it is only within the power of the very rich to purchase them. Only recently a collector had an offer from America of £400 for the manuscript of "The Professor," which he refused.

There is also another way of regarding the matter, and that is from the exhibition point of view. Every cultured man and woman finds a pleasure in looking at the manuscripts of famous authors, and if they do so at all it ought necessarily to be as the property of the public. One gentleman, who has probably the best private collection of these manuscripts in the Kingdom, allows any one to see his collection who comes with a proper introduction; but this is not what we want. These treasures ought to belong to the Nation, and the gratification of seeing them should not be dependent upon the generosity of any private individual.

One hobby which American collectors are riding rather hard at present is the acquisition of fine examples of the work of the great English binders, especially Samuel Mearne and Roger Payne. The result of this demand has been, at least in regard to Payne, that a number of books have been sent out of the country which are not his work at all. There is manifestly no difficulty in identifying these books, and they are not many, which contain his bills. In the absence of such labels it is not always easy to decide upon their claims of a pseudo-Payne binding, especially when it is remembered how Kalthoeber and his other contemporaries and immediate successors copied his designs. However, there is one test which has been strangely overlooked. It is not a great matter in itself, but like a hall mark it indicates the genuineness of the work. As is well known, Payne cut all his own tools, which accounts for the qualities of crispness and delicacy found in his bindings. But Payne always failed to make a presentable capital R for his letterings; the upper portion is unusually short, and over and above that it is so squeezed in as to give the letter a very ungainly appearance. Payne's other letters are well designed, and his imitators, while copying most accurately his general forms, omitted to reproduce this peculiarity in the R. Collectors would therefore do well to bear this marked feature in mind when purchasing books said to be bound by Roger Payne.

Among other peculiarities Payne had a fondness for working on russia leather, and this doubtless set the fashion for binding books in that material which so largely obtained at the end of the last and the beginning of the present century. Very little of the material is used for book-binding by self-respecting bibliophiles, so little indeed that Charles Lamb might now go through many modern libraries without meeting his pet aversion. Genuine russia leather—that is, calf or horse-skin curried with white birch tar (*oleum rusci*)—is hard to procure, but the article "made in Germany"—sheep-skin curried with the essential oil distilled from *oleum rusci*—is plentiful enough. This latter material is practically worthless, for it possesses no lasting qualities, and should therefore never be used for covering books of any value.

It is frequently asserted that not only has the competition of American buyers sent up prices, but the commissions from that country have made dealers so lynx-eyed that it is useless to

hope to come across a real "find." This, however, is only a half-truth. English collectors are just as keen and as competent as their kin beyond the sea, and rare books of extraordinary value need no longer be sought for here at about a shilling apiece; but there is a secondary class of book which is prized as being among the first-born of the great houses that sprang into existence during the first half of the 16th century. The other day one of these, a copy of "Demetrius Phalereus," Moreli, 1555, bound in russia leather by Roger Payne, and looking as brilliant and sound as when it first left his hands, was picked up for less than one-twentieth its value.

In this "Phalereus" we find all the luxuries of the old-time printing-house—fine linen paper, ink even in texture and deep in tone—and there is an air of luxurious ease, a charming old-world quietude, in the cast of the page so mellowed and refined with its more than three centuries of existence. The lustrous quality of the ink used in many of these old books constitutes an important qualification in the eyes of a book lover, for one of the greatest difficulties that a workman had to contend against in printing a fine and elegant book was the effects of the temperature upon his inks. It is this which gave such an easy pre-eminence to books printed in Italy over most of those printed in more northerly latitudes. Some of Caxton's print cannot be compared for evenness and richness with that of Aldus, but modern workmen, by the adoption of simple scientific remedies, are easily able to counteract the injurious effects of cold upon printing ink. The fly-leaf of this ancient classic indicates that it formerly belonged to Michael Wodhull, who bought it in 1783, and it bears his well-known inscription "coll and compl." Wodhull was a solid scholar as well as a collector. In his collection of the classics he had none but the finest copies procurable, and even then he demanded that they should be quite perfect. A glance through this book shows that Wodhull found no errors of any sort in it, although in the margins he has made frequent suggestions of different readings. It speaks well for the French printer that a really competent scholar, taking his book in hand some 250 years after it was issued, could have detected no mistakes in the work. How different from that first reprint of the first folio Shakespeare, published at the beginning of the present century, which in 56 pages contained no fewer than 368 typographical errors.

## Correspondence.

### RUDYARD KIPLING.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Mr. Kipling has written of the private soldier, his life, and character with so much force, skill, and truth that it may perhaps be not presumptuous nor unacceptable to the literary student for a private soldier to attempt to give his view of the creator of "Soldiers Three." That the keynote of this—dare I term it criticism?—is admiration will surprise no one. The soldier of to-day owes much to Kipling; his country owes still more. Many writers, from the day of Chaucer onward, have dealt with the fighting man, but none has ever aroused the interest, the enthusiasm, of the soldier's countrymen for the soldier that the author of "Barrack-room Ballads" has succeeded in lighting. Since the publication of those ballads and the soldier stories there has been quite a renaissance of military interest and admiration. Even those good people who do not read must be aware of this, for, if they go to the theatres, military plays were never more frequent and flourishing, and on the concert stage what greater successes of recent times have we heard than "Tommy Atkins," or "The Soldiers of the Queen"? Mr. Kipling has succeeded in a task that Acts of Parliament have failed in—namely, in making the Queen's uniform respected. This alone entitles him to the soldier's gratitude. Mr. Christie Murray, in his recently-published work of contemporary criticism, will have it that Mr. Kipling struck new ground in dealing with the soldier's "home" life, but this is not quite correct. Many, many writers had worked the soil before, but Mr. Kipling's style, originality, was not there. Mr. Kipling was the Pygmalion who put life into the marble. His marvellous correctness of technique is the feature that strikes the soldier most forcibly: for the everyday life of soldiers is largely composed of details, which, dry and uninteresting as they may be to the civilian, are very real and convincing to the military mind. And if a writer dealing with a soldier story goes wrong even in the matter of a button or a belt he loses his soldier-reader's good opinion for ever. Most people remember

the old story of the ancient mariner, who was shown a marvellous seascape, and at once expressed his disgust thereat. A great critic took the salt to task for daring to unfavourably comment on the masterpiece. "I know nothing about pictures," replied the seafarer, "but I do know that a ship won't come ashore when it's blowing a gale off land." Every one is a critic in his own walk of life, and it might be as well if a good many writers remembered this fact. Mr. Clark Russell has pointed out the folly of respectable old ladies or country clergymen being put down to review yarns of the fore-castle, and the average stay-at-home newspaper man, whose acquaintance with the military is of the most meagre, cannot be expected to understand and appreciate Mr. Kipling's wonderful command of technique. It is almost perfect. There is a glaring instance of error in one ballad that the soldier at once detects, but, with this one exception, I have never met the soldier who could find any fault with his local colour, nor can I myself. And his command of sailing technicalities is, I have learnt, just as perfect. A marine engineer to whom I read "McAndrew's Hymn" said, after I had concluded, "The man who wrote that has done his graft in the stoke-hole and the engine-room. Lord! to think a chap could write poetry on my engines!"

The three principal soldier characters, Mulvaney, Ortheris, and Learoyd, are as perfect as was Boswell's biography of Johnson, and more than this one cannot say. His handling of his officers is equally good, so long as he deals with officers of infantry regiments. Bobby Wicks, the Colonel of the "Fore and Aft," and Oulless, in "His Private Honour," are as fine delineations of the English officer of to-day as is Thackeray's Colonel Esmond of the days of Queen Anne or Scott's Ludovic Lesly of the time of Louis XI. of France. Indeed, as one can only judge these latter creations of the writer by contemporary literature, we might assert that the modern are better portraits.

Mr. Kipling's cavalry officers are not so good. He is evidently not as conversant with the mounted branches of the Service as he is with his beloved infantry. The officers of the Pink and of the White Hussars (writing as a cavalry man) I do not like. But I prefer them vastly to the impossible creations of certain lady writers who profess to have given us cameos of the cavalry officer. Kipling's Three Musketeers are as near perfection as is possible on this subliminary sphere; they are the best yet done, and most likely it will be long before they are equalled, still longer before they are excelled.

"AN HUSSAR."

### THE LATE LORD TENNYSON.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I have been much interested in your review of the "Life of Lord Tennyson"; and I venture to trouble you with a little incident in connexion with the great poet which I cannot but think would be of general interest if it were known. I only regret that I have not communicated the fact to the present Lord Tennyson.

Just before the death of the late peer, we were arranging to present a memorial to certain dignitaries of the Greek Church on behalf of the persecuted Stundists of Russia.

In answer to my request, Lord Tennyson signed the memorial and returned it to me almost immediately before his death, thus showing his interest in the cause of religious liberty.

I remain, Sir, yours faithfully,

A. J. ARNOLD, General Secretary.

Evangelical Alliance, 7, Adam-street, Strand, W.C.

## Obituary.

The name of SIR RUTHERFORD ALCOCK, who died last week, will not be without a place in the chronicles of literature, because he was among the first to instruct the public on the people, the history, and the art of Japan. He began his long diplomatic career in the Far East as Consul at Fu-chau in 1844, and closed it in 1871, after six years' service as Minister at Peking. His early experiences of Japan were described in a valuable work called "The Capital of the Tycoon." As long ago as 1863 he called attention to the importance of Japanese art, and in 1878 wrote a useful work on the subject, called "Art and Art Industries in Japan." He was also the author of books on the

Japanese language, and contributed to the Encyclopædia Britannica and to the leading reviews on the subject of Japan.

SIGNOR GIOVANNI BATTISTA CAVALCABELLE, whose death was announced at the beginning of the week, is better known for his literary work among art students than the general public. Crowe and Cavalcaselle's works on Italian art occupy an important place in the artist's library. Born in 1820, Cavalcaselle was one of the many foreigners who, after playing a part in the moving events of the middle of the century abroad, sought a refuge in England. He was not a great artist, but his steady industry as an illustrator brought him into connexion with Sir Joseph Crowe, who died in the autumn of last year, and with whom he collaborated in the production of "Early Flemish Painters" (1857, 1872), "History of Painting in Italy" (1864), "History of Painting in North Italy" (1871), "Life of Titian" (1877), "Life of Rafael" (1882).

## Foreign Letters.

### GERMANY.

With the turn of the leaf in the Ladies' Mile of lime trees, Berlin suspends her animation. Authors are correcting their last revise, Schulte's Galleries are filled for the benefit of the provincial cousin, and stage-managers are playing off the old favourites before the new season begins.

The activity of the country is spent in congresses and self-preparation. In a free Hansa State the leaders of the Socialists have arranged to push their two million followers to the borders of privileged election, and invade the Prussian Parliament. At Erfurt, in the heart of the region of culture, professors and clergy have combined to raise the ghost of the Emperor's past, and to draw from an ethical Liberalism conclusions not dreamt of in the schools. In the cathedral city of "the Rhine-land and the wine-land" an ex-Cabinet Minister has shocked Three Estates of the realm by pledging a toast to the Fourth, and has followed up his indiscretion by becoming part-proprietor of a newspaper devoted to the opinions for which he was turned out of office.

This unrest in the body politic is reflected in the domain of art. It speaks through the panting life of Begas' bronze and stone in his wonderful monument to William I. It cries out from the canvas of Liebermann or Leistikow, or any of that band of 11 who are united to tell "the truth, and nothing but the truth," through the medium of the brush. Socialist *versus* Individualist, Realist *versus* Idealist, Democrat *versus* Aristocrat, —one breath of reaction is fanning all these flames, and the *Logos* of a single spirit is informing all their experiments.

It is a part of the same movement in things that the reading public should be waiting with rapt attention for Gerhart Hauptmann's next work. For Hauptmann is the most famous of those literary sons of Berlin who revolted in the early eighties. Rumour speaks of a mystic seven—two less than the Muses whose control they shook off—who are even believed to have repeated the dream of a Pantisocracy across the seas which our poets dreamt a century ago. Certain it was, whatever their theories of emigration might be, they would create a new era at home. The outworn machinery of composition in painting, of construction in drama, and of harmony in verse, with all its attendant paraphernalia of types, and heroes, and adventures, was to be abandoned at a single sweep. The poem or picture of the future should be a *Lebensausschnitt*, a fragment from real life, dominated by a problem, and with its details submitted to the microscope. In a word, the impulse had come from abroad, and the seven were the pioneers of the naturalistic movement in Germany. Two of them indeed, to whom Hauptmann's first piece was dedicated, were appropriately disguised by a Norwegian name; and Bjarne P. Holmsen's *Papa Hamlet* was, we believe, the first play to be performed on the so-called free stage which they founded. The *Freie Bühne* survives, although its organ has taken on the less striking name of *Neue Deutsche Rundschau*, but the seven brothers in reform have long since parted ways. The authors of *Papa Hamlet* have fallen a little in the rear. The larger public waits for them no longer; only its stragglers, when they lag behind, are surprised at the beauty and the wealth of weeds where Holz and Schlaf have trodden. But of all the seven, and of all the names which are bound up with young Germany's revolt from Freytag and the Munich school—"never," says one writer, "were fathers and sons divided by a deeper line of

cleavage,"—the greatest and the most interesting is undoubtedly Gerhart Hauptmann. The bibliography of books and pamphlets in his honour would occupy two columns of *Literature*. The ablest critics have quarrelled about his merits, and his fame has been mentioned in the same breath with Shakespeare's.

He embodies a problem in himself. Hauptmann's first book, the "Promethidenloos," was published at the end of 1884. His latest, "The Sunken Bell," was the production of December, 1886. It appeared simultaneously in book-form and upon the stage. In seven months it passed through 28 editions, and it attained the distinction, much rarer here than in London, of a 100th night during its first season in Berlin. Between these two dates, and within the compass of the two works which they commemorate, there is contained the history of the Realist movement in Germany. So much is this the case that the critics hardly care to distinguish between the tendency and its exponent. They write that Realism stands to-day at the parting of the ways, when they mean that "The Sunken Bell" was a compromise between the two methods. They speak of the extreme of reaction as exhausted, when they mean that the author of "The Sunken Bell" has fallen a little from the height of his devotion. They point to the reconciliation as near at hand, because Hauptmann's last work was neither wholly realistic nor wholly idealistic in character.

They are all very much in earnest, these critics, and pamphleteers, and lookers-on; and seriously enough, Gerhart Hauptmann's poetical gifts are sufficiently great to justify their anxiety. His first three dramas (1889 to 1891) were originally known to a comparatively small public, and only the third of them, *Einsame Menschen*, was given on a regular stage. As books, they have passed through six, three, and seven editions respectively. They are reminiscent of Zola and Ibsen, as the "Promethidenloos," in 13 cantos, had recalled "Childe Harold" to mind; and it may frankly be said that they did not dishonour their sponsors in the degree of actuality which they attained. They mark together the first period of the poet's history. After another 12 months' silence, his fourth drama, *The Weavers*, was published. A year elapsed before the Free Stage would produce it, and it was not until September 25, 1894, or nearly three years since its first appearance, that it was put on the boards of the Deutscher Theater in Berlin. By the end of last season it had been played 211 times, and had gone through 18 editions in book form, so that it may at any rate be said that Hauptmann had conquered his public before he scored his greatest success last year.

*The Weavers* is a so-called *milieu* piece, a drama where the writer's whole strength is given to a faithful presentation of a definite set of circumstances. Its scenes—and it amounts to little more than a succession of scenes—are placed in a manufacturing district of Silesia in the year of ferment, 1844, and they portray with wonderful truth the pity and the horror of a weavers' strike. The book has been compared with Zola's "Germinal," but the foreign inspiration cannot be so directly traced as in some of the earlier productions. It has been claimed for the German writer that his naturalism passes into a milder phase, where Zola's brutality is chastened by something more humane, evoked by the very intimacy of the associations. But we need not linger in the prize-ring. Hauptmann's most enthusiastic backers do not attempt to deny that *The Weavers* is hopelessly depressing; its gloom is unrelieved by a single gleam from the lighter side of the workpeople's life. It may have raised the author at a bound to the foremost rank of modern literary men. It may be a masterpiece of the literature of social revolt, but it does not add to the beautiful things of the world, which we firmly believe to be the final test of art.

"The Sunken Bell"—to omit the intervening pieces—marks a complete change of perspective. There are two Hauptmanns, say the critics in their perplexity. The one is the realist, whose naked power of will shrinks from nothing which is true; the other is the man of imagination, whose longing for the unattainable breaks his earthly bounds. By all the traditions of his own conviction and example he is forbidden to gratify this longing by an idealization of real life after the fashion of the older school. In default, then, he has recourse to the trick of allegory, as a convenient makeshift which he could slip off at will, should his principles or his followers rise up to reproach him. The allegory of an artist's search for beauty, which "The Sunken Bell" very powerfully embodies, may be Hauptmann's own experience or not. Its lesson and its conclusion are less to our present purpose—they have received a score of different interpretations—than the evidence which is afforded of the author's change of view. His dramatic instinct is too strong to display itself permanently in the narrow field of allegory, and the Conservatives—for it can be expressed in

political terms—are dreaming of Hauptmann's conversion, and of a time when the apostle of literary revolt will write pattern novels of the so-called governess type. The revolutionaries look forward to their champion's return. "The Sunken Bell" they would regard as a *jeu d'esprit*, as the recreation of a serious man whose fame will be founded on *The Weavers*. The mild men, who stand in the middle, take a half-way view; they believe that the stream, which has been divided for a while, will rejoin and flow on with fresh vigour and strength. It will gather up what is best in the new contributions, their wider range, their clearer view, their abolition of hampering restrictions; but the wildness of their current will be curbed and checked by the old. "The Sunken Bell" is at the point before the junction. There are others, finally, who fear that Gerhart Hauptmann's boat has been too much shattered by the *Sturm und Drang* of its earlier passage to flow down now with the stream.

This stirring, restless city carefully guards the secrets of its spring. The leaves which have fallen from the lime trees will be swept away by the ablest municipality in Europe. But will the wind of discontent cease to blow through the ranks of those two million workmen? Will the clergy return in peace to their pulpits, and the professors to their chairs? Will Gerhart Hauptmann's next work follow his *Weavers* or his "Sunken Bell"? The questions have more in common than might appear at first sight.

### THE UNITED STATES.

When one read a week or two ago that we were to have a new volume of cartographic history from Mr. Justin Winsor one hardly noted it as important. It was sure to be full of accurate, minute information; sure to be the result of untiring, intelligent industry and enthusiasm; but then one felt Mr. Winsor had already done so much work of this sort, and was sure to do so much more, that a volume more or less made little difference. Perhaps, too, one had a secret feeling that, even though Mr. Winsor were undoubtedly a man of extraordinary information and method, he was not exactly a man of letters—an historian, if you like, but not one whose work was to be classed with literature. And now, with hardly any warning, he is dead. Already one begins to feel what a loss he is.

It is doubtful if any scholar in America has been more constantly heartily helpful to all sincere students who approached him. His information, unusual both in range and in precision, was at the service of whomever it could benefit. A characteristic example of this transpired since his death. A friend of his some years ago, chancing to get interested in David Garrick, asked Mr. Winsor for the best book about him; to which Mr. Winsor answered that, having once been interested in Garrick, he had collected material about him more complete than was published anywhere, which material was at his friend's disposal. And no one would have supposed Garrick to be one of Mr. Winsor's specialties. That these were various the very names of his publications attest: the best known of these are his *Bibliography of Shakespeare*, his *Reader's Handbook of the American Revolution*, the two series of *Co-operative Histories* which he edited so well as to make them almost coherent—the *Memorial History of Boston and the Narrative and Critical History of America*; his *Christopher Columbus*; and his three volumes, under separate titles, on the *Early History of the West*. His occasional writings and his papers on libraries are very numerous. None of these works is exactly literature, yet none of them can be neglected by any body who should wish to put in literary form the matters with which they deal.

For twenty years Mr. Winsor had been the librarian of Harvard. When he came there the College Library was only a treasury in which many thousands of books were religiously preserved from injury. Under his direction it has become the most potent educational engine that is working hereabouts. Its resources are open not only to instructors, but to students who wish to use them. Mr. Winsor's generous policy may have worn out a good many books, but they have been worn out in honest use which has almost revolutionized the old system of college education. Students before his time used to rely on text-books; now they consult authorities. For some years before taking charge of the Harvard Library, too, Mr. Winsor had been librarian of the Public Library of Boston, where his measures for increasing and extending the circulation of books had been notable. This unusual range of experience in libraries, both learned and popular, combined with his temperamental liking for conferences and other gatherings of human beings—he was a very "clubbable" man—to make him distinctly the chief of American librarians.

How important the office of librarian is becoming in America one need hardly say. Our most notable public

buildings of the past few years have been libraries. Three years ago the new Public Library of Boston was opened—by far the most elaborate and generous building in New England. A year or two later came the Library of Congress in Washington, which is probably the most elaborate and generous building in the United States. And only last month was opened the new Public Library of Chicago. New York lags behind. But plans are already making there for a larger and richer one still. In each case the building has been necessary; the collections of books have become too large and valuable for anything short of the best attainable accommodation. Whether the new buildings afford this may be disputed. That they are meant to, and that public moneys have been unstintingly devoted to them, is beyond doubt. The architects of the Boston Library, however, and of the Library of Washington have been thought a trifle too scenic in temper. The Boston Library, a masterpiece of construction, which contains some excellent mural decoration, is not intelligently adapted to its main purpose. Its admirable paintings by Puvion de Chavannes, John Sergeant, and others are more obviously accessible than its books, which are inconveniently thrust aside for these splendours. The Library of Congress, while rather more convenient, is oftenest remarked for the Roman munificence of its mural pictures and marbles. In both cases the architects were clearly so enamoured of their opportunities as not always to remember that a library should not primarily be a palace or a museum. The Chicago Library is said to be less splendid and to have the architectural fault of superficial inincerity. Its elevation, for example, shows only three tiers of windows and its inner plans reveal four or five stories. On the other hand, it was probably designed with more intelligence than the others. "The controlling idea in the interior plans," said the president of the Board of Directors at the formal opening, "has been to make the book-rooms the heart of the Library, the centre from which everything shall radiate, thus facilitating access from every quarter and lightening the work in every department." If this controlling idea has really been carried out one can forgive the insincerity of the outer walls, in themselves pleasant to look at.

Until the Columbian Exhibition, four years ago, people on our Atlantic sea-board had a patronizing way of regarding Chicago as on the extreme outskirts of civilization, much as complacent Europeans are apt to regard the most established parts of America. The Exhibition opened any eyes that saw it to the fact that Chicago is fast becoming an important centre of intellectual as well as material activity. That new Public Library of theirs is not only, in all probability, the best building on this continent for library purposes, but it gives a permanent home to an institution which in the year 1896 circulated more books than any other in the world. The Libraries of Birmingham and of Boston showed for that year a circulation of above 800,000; that of Manchester one of 975,000; that of Chicago one of far more than a million. In each case, of course, figures were greatly swelled by ephemeral fiction and the like; but with all allowance for this such figures mean great mental activity. Of this Chicago shows many other signs. For one thing it has at least two other important libraries in active operation—the Newberry and that of the University of Chicago. This University, only four years old, is already an educational centre of importance, not fairly to be judged by such feats as Mr. Moulton's, who is trying to make "modern readers" accept the Revised Version of the Bible as literature. Again, the daily Press of Chicago, though not distinguished by any single paper so good as the New York *Evening Post*, maintains an average merit which one is sometimes disposed to think the highest in America. And certainly the literary fortnightly of Chicago, the *Dial*, though not very profound, is on the whole the most unbiased and satisfactory of our purely critical journals.

A fair notion of Chicago as a modern literary centre may, perhaps, be had from a glance at some of the announcements and books which reach one from there in a single week. One publisher there, whose books are usually notable for good printing and the like, announces a new book by Mrs. Latimer on Spain in the 19th century; a book of travels in Spain, by Miss Nixon, who whimsically calls herself "A Pessimist"; a work on Thought and Theories of Life and Education, by Bishop Spaulding of Peoria; a volume of lectures on Christianity, delivered last year in India by the Rev. Dr. Barrows on a foundation lately given the University of Chicago for the purpose of Christianizing the Hindus; and a careful study by Miss Mary Fisher of some modern French critics. Meanwhile, among the books which have arrived from Chicago within a few days are Mr. Henry James's last novel, "What Maisie Knew"; a novel by a well-known American lady, whose pseudonym is Julien Gordon; Miss Godkin's "Stories from Italy"; a pleasant and



sound, though not extraordinary, book of lyrics, called "Love's Way," by Martin Swift; a queer book by Mr. Horace Fletcher on "Happiness as Found in Forethought Minus Fourththought," being one volume of an eccentric system of philosophy which he calls "Menticulture;" and a very clear monograph on the Campaign of Marengo, by Lieutenant Sergeant, of the U.S. cavalry, whose previous book on Napoleon's First Campaign was approved by recognized masters of military history. No astonishing contribution to history or literature is here, perhaps; but a city which can give us this and more in one week is not to be neglected.

To pass from new America to the older, Mr. Paul Leicester Ford has just issued an exhaustive book on the New England Primer, in which the Puritan children were taught to read. Whatever can be known about this quaint little volume Mr. Ford has collected, digested, and pleasantly set down. His work has but one fault; it appears in the late Mr. Lowell used to call an "edition of looks."

## Notes.

In a second kindly notice of *Literature* Sir Walter Besant in *The Author* makes the quaint reproach against our first number that he sees "no space devoted to correspondence." It was, we think, hardly to be expected that correspondence should be addressed to a paper before it came into existence, but we would point out that all our advertisements have laid stress on the fact that our columns would be open to correspondence, and our third number, as well as the present one, shows that we have been taken at our word.

While on the subject of correspondence we will repeat what we have already said—that we invite criticism adverse to our own and even adverse to ourselves. Critics cannot profess to be infallible. All we can do is to offer the best criticism we can obtain, and to allow a fair field and no favour to opposite views at, let us beg, reasonable length.

One word more. While we are grateful for the numerous congratulatory letters we have received, we are still more grateful to those who have aided us by criticisms, suggestions, and advice.

In accordance with a suggestion made to us, we announce that our next article "Among My Books" will be by Mr. Austin Dobson.

It is remarkable that no complete life of the Prince of Wales has ever been published. The task has now been undertaken by a writer well known in the world of letters (whose name, however, will not appear on the title page), and is likely to contain a great deal of interesting matter not hitherto presented to the English public. It is to be liberally illustrated—the frontispiece gives George Richmond's beautiful drawing of the Prince in 1859—and will be published by Mr. Grant Richards.

Mr. Arthur C. Benson, of Eton College, is engaged upon a memoir of his father, the late Archbishop of Canterbury, which will probably be published at the end of 1898 by Messrs. Macmillan. It is understood that the work will consist of a personal memoir, reminiscences by various friends, letters and extracts from the Archbishop's private diaries, which were very fully and completely kept. Any letters of the Archbishop's or biographical particulars which ought to be included should be sent to Mr. Benson at an early date.

On the 19th inst. Messrs. Chatto and Windus publish "More Tramps Abroad" by Mark Twain, who, judging from his last appearance in public, has not lost his power of humorous appreciation of foreign peculiarities, and also Mr. Christie Murray's "This Little World," which is to appear simultaneously here, in the United States, and in Canada.

In a very few days another book by Mrs. Bishop (Miss Bird) will be published by Mr. Murray. The country which the adventurous lady, armed with a camera, has now explored is

Korea. The book is to give an account of the recent vicissitudes through which the island has passed, and will contain a preface by Sir Walter Hillier, late Consul-General for Korea.

Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's new novel is published to-day by Messrs. F. Warne and Co. It is called "His Grace of Osmonde," and though not a sequel it may be regarded as a complement to "A Lady of Quality." Mrs. Burnett has conceived the idea, probably original in the world of fiction, of treating the same history from two points of view. The former novel told the woman's side of the story, and "His Grace of Osmonde" gives the man's. Messrs. Warne also publish to-day another novel by Caroline Masters called "The World's Coarse Thumb." The same publishers have in hand a Nursery Rhyme Book edited by the indefatigable Mr. Andrew Lang, and illustrated by Mr. L. Leslie Brooke.

Mr. Marion Crawford has made up his mind to take up once again lecturing work, and he will tour in several of the large American towns under Major Pond's management. Unlike most authors who from Dickens onward have added fortune to fame on American platforms, Mr. Crawford will not read extracts from his own works. He will deliver extempore lectures on "The Italy of Horace," "Italian Home Life in the Middle Ages," "The Early Italian Artists," and "Leo. XIII. in the Vatican."

The American lecture public seems to be very eclectic in its tastes. Russia is always interesting, and for a long time George Kennan was the most popular speaker in the States. The lecture room appears to take in many American towns the place of a theatre, for the lecture public is largely a religious public. The late Henry Ward Beecher travelled half a million miles in twelve years, and great efforts were made to persuade the late Charles Spurgeon to undertake a lecturing tour. Charles Kingsley's success in 1874 was undoubtedly more owing to his literary than his religious reputation; and it is interesting to note that some years ago Major Pond, when asked who of all living Englishmen he would rather take back with him to his own country, replied unhesitatingly, Lord Tennyson. Mrs. Beecher Stowe would undoubtedly have made a record tour, but she lost her voice early, and she never consented to turn her personal popularity to a money-making use.

We understand that M. Emile Zola is seriously thinking of visiting the United States on a lecturing tour early next year. At the beginning of the present year M. Brunetière, the eminent French critic, gave a number of lectures in different cities in the States and met with considerable success, though it is very doubtful whether more than half of his audience were able to follow his somewhat elaborate criticisms of present-day degeneracy. If M. Zola visits the States he will doubtless be able to reply to the very strong strictures passed upon him by his compatriot when in that country.

Mr. Bernard Shaw is publishing through Mr. Grant Richards two volumes of his dramatic works, including a number of unpublished and unperformed plays. The volumes, which will be entitled "Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant," will be sold separately, and will each contain a preface by the author. In the first will appear a portrait of Mr. Shaw from a private photograph.

Mr. Shaw began writing for the stage as long ago as 1885, when he was asked by Mr. Wm. Archer to write a drama in collaboration with him. The result was the first two acts of *Widowers' Houses*, ultimately produced by the Independent Theatre in 1892.

The new book by George Egerton (Mrs. Clairmonte) which Mr. John Lane is publishing carries on the nomenclature which began in "Keynotes." It is called "Fantasias," and she may be congratulated on having preferred this title to what, we believe, she had first thought of—"Fairy Tales for Grown-ups."

It is not generally known that the author of "Pêcheur d'Islande" once made a journey in the Holy Land under conditions strongly resembling some of Sir Richard Burton's famous wanderings. Pierre Loti performed the greater portion of his journey disguised as an Arab, and, with characteristic love of solitude and isolation, he refused the offers of several friends who were very anxious to accompany him. As in the case of

Burton, the French writer's spare form and dark complexion rendered it comparatively easy for him to pass as an Arab.

H. R. H. the late Duchess of Teck.—The memorial sermon preached in Rochester Cathedral by Dean Hole has been intrusted to Mr. Edward Arnold for publication, and will be ready in a few days.

Mr. E. H. Blakeney, M.A., formerly of Trinity College, Cambridge, and now Head Master of Sir Roger Manwood's Grammar School, Sandwich, will shortly publish an *édition de luxe* of his collected poems, with colotype illustrations reproduced by the London Autotype Company from drawings specially made for the book by Mr. H. Maurice Page, of Manwood Court, Sandwich. The book, which will be a large demy 8vo., will be printed on Whatman paper at the Gresham Press.

The leading authorities among publishers and papermakers do not seem inclined to pay very much attention to the "scare" about the tendency of modern books to decay and perish after a certain time by reason of the poor quality of paper used. At any rate, judgment may safely be suspended until we have the report of the Society of Arts committee which is to investigate the subject. The paper that will not resist the ravages of Time is, it appears, that made from wood-pulp which has not been subjected to chemical process, and thus had the resin removed from it. The cheapness of so many modern publications has brought this kind much into demand, especially in Germany, where a Government Department has been moved to inquiries. Books printed upon it cannot be expected to last more than a hundred years. A century is perhaps enough to satisfy our greater, if not our minor, poets and novelists.

*Apropos* of the attention lately drawn to paper made from wood pulp it may be remarked that paper made from this material is by no means a modern invention. The Chinese have for centuries made paper from the pulp of bamboo bark, and the paper made by the Japanese from the *kaatsi*, or paper tree, is notorious for its strength and fineness. The first serious attempt in Europe to manufacture paper from wood was made about the year 1760, when a French and a German chemist, almost simultaneously, announced the results of certain experiments made with a view to producing paper from the various parts of trees.

The strike among the "machine-men" of the printing houses of Edinburgh is causing much inconvenience to London publishers. Several publishers have had to postpone their publications, and unless some compromise be immediately effected it may do harm to the future of Scotch printing.

In its character of illustrated quarterly, the *Yellow Book* has ceased to exist. If further volumes are published at any time, it is intended, we believe, that the contributions shall be few and longer than before, and there will be no illustrations.

As the writers of the obituary notices of Mr. Charles A. Dana, of the *New York Sun*, have dwelt at some length on the most objectionable features of New York journalism, it is only fair to draw attention to the extraordinary improvement in the general tone which has taken place in American journalism within the last forty years. It should also be remembered that Mr. Dana was trained by the famous Horace Greeley, of whom it has been said that "he threw himself upon his newspaper opponents like a wild beast, so that the columns of the *Tribune* often recalled to those who knew him well the profane yells and violent diatribes that sometimes made his editorial chamber resemble the lair of a hyena."

Mr. Edward Bellamy, whose sequel to "Looking Backward" was published a short time ago, is a native of Chicopee, in Massachusetts. His father was a Baptist minister, but he attended the University with the view of becoming a lawyer. Mr. Bellamy first came into prominence as a writer for the *New York Evening Post*, and before he took up the work of a social reformer he wrote at least two novels—"Doctor Heidenhoff's Process" and "Miss Ludington's Sister," both of which were issued by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.—and a number of very striking short stories for the magazines.

A book by General Benjamin Harrison, the ex-President of the United States, entitled "This Country of Ours," is to describe in a simple manner the way in which the States are governed. The various departments of the National Government, with their functions and individual peculiarities, are characterized and described by an author who has himself occupied the chief place and the most responsible position in this tremendous and complex machinery. Messrs. Scribner's Sons are the publishers.

"Ik Marvel," whose delightful volume of *causeries*—"Reveries of a Bachelor"—achieved a wonderful success in the United States, is known in private life as Donald G. Mitchell, and is, we believe, a native of Liverpool. He is about to publish a volume of essays bearing the comprehensive title "English Land, Letters, and Kings," in which he deals with the literary celebrities of the present century.

Captain Mahan will issue this season through Messrs. Little, Brown, and Co., of Boston, a new volume entitled "The Interest of the United States in Sea Power, Present and Future."

The Dutch are following our example and revising their Old Testament. Like us, they have a version generally used and generally admired, dating from the beginning of the 17th century. But modern criticism is not content with it. A revised New Testament appeared in 1863; and in 1885 four Hebraists, including the late Professor Kuener, undertook the Old Testament. The result of their work has just been published by E. J. Brill at Leiden. No one supposes it will supersede the Old Version any more than our new translation has in England. Nor is it likely to convulse two Continents like the Revised English New Testament, which was printed in full the morning after its appearance in a Chicago daily paper.

As if to remind us that there was once a Diamond Jubilee, Messrs. Darlington, of Mangollen, send us a copy of Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Cook's admirable Handbook to London, containing, we think, no alteration except in its title-page. It is no longer "London and Its Environs," but "London in the Time of the Diamond Jubilee." As if to be more in harmony with such a title, it now clothes itself in leather and gilt edges.

Mr. Macqueen will publish in a day or two a new fairy story, by Mrs. E. S. Willard, the wife of the well-known actor, who writes under the name of "Rachel Penn," with original illustrations by Miss Maude F. Sambourne and Miss M. Jardine-Thompson. "Cherriwink" is the title of the story.

We regret that the Review of Dr. Pusey's *Life* was inadvertently omitted from our list of contents last week; and that the price of "Arnold of Rugby" in our second number was stated to be 15s. instead of 6s.

The biography of Mr. Henry Reeve, which is shortly to be published, ought to be a most interesting book. Mr. Reeve belonged to Lord Beaconsfield's class of "suppressed personages," and his name was almost unknown to the general public, even after he came before the world as the editor of the *Greville Journals*. For many years Mr. Reeve was entirely behind the scenes in political and literary affairs, and he was on terms of intimate friendship with a host of celebrated people, both at home and abroad, with many of whom he constantly corresponded in a very confidential way. Mr. Reeve held an important post in the Privy Council Office for nearly half a century, which brought him into near relations with many Ministers, and this was the origin of his long, close, and unbroken friendship with Mr. Charles Greville. Indeed, Mr. Reeve possessed ample materials for a secret history of English politics and parties between 1811 and 1865, and he could have thrown a flood of light upon many mysterious transactions and upon most of the personal intrigues and squabbles of that period. His knowledge of literary *tracasseries* and negotiations was not less comprehensive.

Mr. Reeve, who was for many years editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, was a luminous and forcible writer, and his weekly leading articles on foreign affairs, which appeared in a morning paper, attracted attention all over Europe, and were invariably quoted and commented on by the Continental Press.

In 1874 some of Mr. Greville's friends complained that Mr. Reeve had been far too slashing in his editorship of the Journals, and it is certain that he did cut out a great deal which might just as well have been published. Seventeen years earlier there had been similar grumbings against Mr. Greville himself, who was accused of having ruthlessly curtailed the entertaining "Journal" of Mr. Thomas Raikes, which book was the parent of a vast number of similar works.

Considering their price, the volumes forming the Illustrated English Library of Messrs. Service and Paton are certainly well turned out, and Miss Chris Hammond, who has so far illustrated the Thackerays, has in "Vanity Fair," which is now before us, not fallen short of her reputation. She here works in line, in her treatment of which she owes a good deal to Mr. Hugh Thomson. If she has not quite his delicacy, she has his humour and power of characterization, and much of his skill in composition. Dobbin is well conceived, as is Emmy; Becky presents greater difficulties, but for our part we are fairly content with Miss Hammond's presentation of her. She is least successful in a drawing requiring vigorous movement, as in that of Rawdon Crawley knocking down Lord Steyne.

Mr. F. H. Townsend is intrusted with the task of illustrating Rob Roy in the same series. The greater care of Mr. Townsend's style—our readers will remember his excellent illustrations to the "Misfortunes of Elphin" and other books of Thomas Love Peacock's—fully justifies his selection. He can draw a horse and put its rider on its back, which is more than many artists equally successful can do, and some of the landscapes in this volume are well sketched in. He does not, however, always correctly estimate the effect of reduction, and the figures in the foreground have sometimes a tendency to blackness and emphasis out of harmony with the rest of the picture. There is more accuracy and solidity about the landscape in Mr. F. Pegram's illustrations to the "Bride of Lammermoor," which throughout show that artist's thorough knowledge of the possibilities and limitations of pen-and-ink work.

Two other books, illustrated in the same method, come from Messrs. Macmillans. Another Jane Austen has passed through the hands of Mr. Hugh Thomson, and, like its predecessors, has an introduction by Mr. Austin Dobson. This is "Mansfield Park," and the drawings, like those to "Emma" and "Sense and Sensibility," are full of humour and form delightful studies in dress and furniture. Captain Marryat's "Newton Forster"—not one of his best performances—is introduced by a preface by Mr. David Hannay, and has pictures by Mr. E. J. Sullivan. The latter has something to learn both in drawing and composition from the artists we have mentioned; but these pictures, like all Mr. Sullivan's, have plenty of skill and expression.

The number of artists who can turn out first-rate illustrations in this style—a style which the public first learnt to appreciate in Mr. Hugh Thomson—shows the extraordinary advance made in recent years in illustrating books. The only cause for regret is that they are a little too identical in manner, and that they may occupy a little too much of the field. They are admirable when they deal with the quaint and the picturesque; but they are not so well suited to the romantic. Other methods, for instance, are much better suited to atmospheric effects, and without these an illustrated edition of Scott labours under great disadvantages.

It almost begins to look as if early editions of popular authors, illustrated by such master artists as Cruikshank, "Phiz," Leech, and the rest, were beginning to be appreciated again after their sleep of a couple of years. At one time there was a rush for books of this character; then the demand for them suddenly waned and finally fell, from a pecuniary standpoint, about fifty per cent. Now a turn appears to have taken place. £3 18s. given lately at Sotheby's for Cruikshank's "Points of Humour," two parts in 1 vol., calf, 1823-4 is a very fair price, and the same remark applies to Barker's "Greenwich Hospital," in the original boards, 1826, £5 15s. In this case the 28 illustrations were coloured.

The "Abbotsford Edition" of the Waverley Novels [12 vols., 1812] has been declining in value for many years, and a sound

and complete set in half morocco extra recently only brought £5. Eight or ten years ago some £12 or £15 would have been easily obtained. There have been several good editions of Scott's Prose Works since then, but hardly any can excel the "Abbotsford" in purity of text and general excellence. The decline of this edition is inexplicable.

Mr. Stuart Reid, whose forthcoming biography of the first Lord Durham we recently alluded to, writes to us with reference to the preparation of his book:—"Neither Lord Durham nor myself are able to discover the representatives of many interesting letters now in my possession addressed to the first Earl. This is the more unfortunate, since not a few of these communications can have failed to have drawn from Lord Durham important answers. He kept the letters he received, but I have only a slight clue in many instances to the writers. I wish some of your readers learned in the law of copyright would inform me if there is any statute of limitation in such matters. The majority of the letters before me were written between the years 1820 and 1840, and if it is absolutely necessary to obtain the consent of living representatives of the writers, many valuable political facts and opinions must remain unprinted. One of Lord Durham's most constant correspondents during a long term of years—to take but one instance—was Sir Robert Wilson, the gallant soldier who incurred the displeasure of the Prince Regent by his attitude towards Queen Caroline. Can any of your readers tell me where his representatives are to be found?"

Mr. Herbert Spencer has passed through the press a small volume entitled "Various Fragments." It will be issued by Messrs. Williams and Norgate as soon as the American edition is ready.

The second portion of the Earl of Ashburnham's Library will be sold by Messrs. Sotheby on December 6 and five following days. The catalogue extends from Galbary to Petrarch, and contains some extremely scarce and valuable books, besides many of great interest. The books of Hours, forming one of the finest series ever offered for sale, include one formerly belonging to Queen Catherine Parr, containing signatures and sentences in the autographs of herself, her relations, and friends. Another very interesting work is Grafton's Abridgment of the Chronicles of England, 1570, containing in its leaves an autograph letter of Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, written just before his execution on June 2nd, 1572. Several specimens of Wynkyn de Worde's Press are met with in the catalogue, and all of these are of exceptional rarity. The first portion of this important library, realized, it will be remembered, £30,151, and though it is not at all likely that any such total will be reached on this occasion, the fact remains that the books to be offered are of exceptional interest and value.

A highly interesting collection of rare books, chiefly relating to the discovery, history, literature, biography, and aboriginal dialects of Spanish America, will be offered for sale at Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge's on November 15. The name of the collector does not transpire, but the collection has evidently been formed with great knowledge and taste. One of the most desirable of all is a good copy of the extremely rare original edition of Oviedo, "La Historia General de los Indias," the "Primera Parte," printed at Seville in 1535, and with the autograph signature and arms of the author on the last leaf.

At the recent sale of the late Mr. W. E. Frere's library, Messrs. Sotheby disposed of a series of the Hakluyt Society's publications from the commencement in 1847 to 1880, consisting of 64 volumes, £30. Works issued by this society bring a price which varies but little. At the same sale a complete set of the Delphin classics edited by Valpy, 180 vols., green roan, sold for £12 5s. This scholarly recension has fallen on evil days, the whole 180 volumes bringing less in this instance than the cost of the binding. It is a melancholy fact that old editions of the Greek and Latin classics are, with some few exceptions, almost worthless at the present time. The 1625-26 edition of Purchas's "Hakluytus Posthumus, or Purchas his Pilgrimes," five vols. folio, brought £35. It was imperfect as usual. The late Lord Chief Justice Coleridge had a fine and perfect copy of this book, which, from an inscription on the title, was bought for 15s. in 1624. At his sale it realized £67.

A curious item occurs in the interesting book-catalogue of Messrs. Jaggard, of Liverpool. It is the MS. of an English

translation of Silvio Pellico's celebrated Prison Diary, by Charles Findlater, in 1835. The MS. was intended to have been given gratis to any publisher, but when the translator had finished his task it was discovered that he had been forestalled.

The Seventh Part of Mr. Will Rothenstein's "English Portraits," which he is issuing through Mr. Grant Richards, will be published next week. It will contain portraits of Mr. Robert Bridges and Professor A. Legros.

Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen announce that they will publish this month the "Il Pecorone," of Ser Giovanni, translated into English for the first time by Mr. W. G. Waters, with 11 illustrations by E. R. Hughes, R.W.S. Ser Giovanni was a contemporary of Sachetti, and these two story-tellers come next to Boccaccio in order of time. The most celebrated of Ser Giovanni's stories is the one which Shakespeare must have read before writing *The Merchant of Venice*. Many of them treat of the salient incidents in the annals of Florence: the factions of Guelph and Ghibelline, and Bianchi and Neri. Ser Giovanni was an ardent Guelph, and wrote his book in 1378. The "Pecorone," though somewhat archaic in style, is one of the masterpieces of Italian prose, and ranks next to the "Decameron" amongst Italian *Novelle*. It was first printed at Milan in 1558.

Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen will publish towards the end of the month the complete first volume of the "Encyclopædia of Sport." The same publishers announce the publication to-day of the first two volumes of "The Anglers' Library," edited by Sir Herbert Maxwell and Mr. F. G. Aflalo, dealing with Coarse Fish (by C. H. Wheelley) and Sea Fish (by F. G. Aflalo).

Messrs. Jarrold announce a "History of Hungarian Literature," by Dr. Emil Reich, and "Some Reminiscences of a Lecturer," by Dr. Andrew Wilson, the well-known lecturer on science. Among their novels are "Under the White Ensign," by A. Leo Knight; "A Modern Puck," by Agnes Giberne; "Sweet Audrey," by George Morley; and another novel by Roland Grey, the author of "The Power of the Dog," called "By Virtue of his Office."

Mr. Martin A. S. Hume, whose "Raleigh" Messrs. Fisher Unwin recently published, was asked to design a car for the Lord Mayor's Show, and this naturally took the shape of one containing living effigies of Raleigh, Maitland, &c.

Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll has collected his Sunday Afternoon Verses which appeared in the *British Weekly*. They will be published in a day or two by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. The same publishers have nearly ready "The Music of the Soul," consisting of Daily Readings for a Year, selected from the writings of Dr. Alexander Maclaren, by the Rev. G. Coates.

Mrs. Catherwood is a young American lady who has spent much time and study in original research among the peasants of the Vosges and Lorraine for the purpose of writing "The Days of Jeanne d'Arc." The book is to be published in this country by Messrs. Gay and Bird. In a prefatory note Mrs. Catherwood makes a bold statement. "At the risk of raising a smile," she says, "I will confess that I felt—so strongly that it was like an instant's experience of a blow—that Jeanne d'Arc herself had laid upon me the task of writing her story. I was in the train going to my summer home. The feeling, without any premonition, swept through me that I would be obliged to make a careful study of her life and times and of the present geographical aspect of France, and that I would have to give unstinted labour to the undertaking." An American contemporary takes this very earnestly; how far Mrs. Catherwood has succeeded in fulfilling her sacred duty remains to be seen by us.

The death of Mr. Johnson, the late proprietor of the old weekly story-paper, the *London Reader*, calls to mind a novel experiment which had a remarkable result. At one time the circulation of this journal was as high as half a million copies per week; then the owner introduced a new feature—no less than the serial re-issue of the novels of Sir Walter Scott. In spite, however, of the illustrations which Sir John Gilbert was commissioned to supply, the experiment was a failure, and the feature had to be abandoned entirely to save the magazine. In these days of much talk of "large circulations" we forget that

"circulations" quite as large ruled in the days when the present generation was in its youth, and we must look to such journals as the *London Reader* and the famous *Once a Week* for the prototypes of the modern "illustrated magazines."

Within the last few days a London dealer has disposed of a copy of Matthew Arnold's "Alaric at Rome" to an American collector for the large sum of £60. Arnold's prize poem was first recited in Rugby School on June 12, 1840, and was afterwards published in a small octavo pamphlet of 11 pages by a firm of printers in the same town. This early edition of "Alaric at Rome" is the rarest of all Matthew Arnold's works, and up to 1892 only one copy was known to exist. Since that date several others have been found, but the total even now is only some half-dozen. These, however, are not all perfect, and the want of the faded pink covers makes a difference of quite £10 in the price.

"The Song of Solomon" is to be issued by Messrs. Chapman and Hall in the form of an elegant Christmas gift-book. It will have 12 full-page plates and various other decorations by Mr. H. Granville Fell. It is to be quarto in size, and 7s. 6d. in price.

The same firm have reprinted in 21 volumes for 21s. the cheapest and completest edition of the works of Charles Dickens in the market. It is excellently printed and handsomely bound.

The Author has made from the *Publishers' Circular* of October 2 an interesting tabular statement of the books published during the autumn. We wonder whether publishers will agree with the somewhat inconsequent deduction with which it is prefaced—that the increasing number of publishers shows that "publishing is about the best business going." The same reasoning applied to the still more rapid increase of authors would certainly not be correct.

From the statement it appears that during the period 1,941 new editions and new books were published by 66 publishers, or less than an average of 30 each. But 16 publishers did more than half of the business—in the following order:—Macmillan, Cambridge University Press, Cassells, Chatto and Windus, Swan Sonnenschein, Clarendon Press, Longmans, Methuen, Sampson Low, Heinemann, Blackwood, Partridge, Fisher Unwin, Putnam, Religious Tract Society, and Warne—leaving 50 to divide the other half between them.

More than one-fourth of the total number of books are classed as fiction, and nearly one-half are included in fiction, children's books, poetry, and drama. For one-tenth of the fiction Messrs. Chatto and Windus appear responsible.

Mr. Frank Stockton's novel, "The Great Stone of Sardis," which has just completed its serial course in *Harper's Magazine*, will be published early next year in book form by Messrs. Harper Brothers, both here and in America. It is to be fully illustrated, and there is to be a special edition for the colonies.

Mr. Thomas B. Mosher is an American publisher who has fallen foul of Mr. Andrew Lang's stern censure. He has a nice taste and a delightful and happy way in exemplifying it in his publications. But that did not save him for reprinting "Helen of Troy." He has now gone a step further in his piracies, and announces among his "Bibelot" series dainty reproductions of Pater's "Essays from the *Guardian*," Michael Field's "Long Ago," Mme. Darmesteter's "An Italian Garden," Morris's "Defence of Guenevere," and Pater's rendering from Apuleius of the story of Cupid and Psyche. What has Mr. Lang to say to this?

The life of the Archduke Albert, who died in 1895, has been written by Colonel Karl von Duncker (Vienna and Prague: F. Tempsky, 1897). The author, a writer on military history, has produced a very handsome volume, in which he relates the eventful life of the Prince who won his place in history through the victory of Custoza. He has had the good fortune to be allowed access to the unpublished writings and letters of the Archduke, as well as the records of the highest military authorities.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

ART.

- The Shepherd's Calendar.** By *Edmund Spenser*. Newly adorned with 12 Pictures and other Devices by *Walter Crane*. 8 1/2 in. xxiii. +118 pp. London and New York, 1898. Harper Bros. 10s. 6d.
- Later Renaissance Architecture in England.** A Series of Examples of Domestic Buildings erected subsequent to the Elizabethan Period. Edited, with Introductory and Descriptive Text, by *John Belcher* and *Mervyn E. Macartney*. 23 plates. Vol. I. To be completed in VI. vols. 19 x 14 in. 12 pp. London, 1897. Batsford. 21s. net each part.
- Windows.** A Book about Stained and Painted Glass. By *Lewis F. Day*. 9 1/2 x 6 in., x. +415 pp. London, 1897. Batsford. 21s. net.
- Thomas Gainsborough.** A Record of his Life and Works. With Illustrations. By *Mrs. Arthur Bell* (N. D'Anvers). 11 1/2 x 8 1/2 in., xv. +130 pp. London, 1897. George Bell. 25s. net.

BIOGRAPHY.

- Queen Victoria.** By *Richard R. Holmes*, F.S.A., Librarian to the Queen. With Illustrations from the Royal Collection. 13 x 10 in., 200 pp. London, 1897. Bonssod, Valadon, and Co. £3 3s.
- Falklands.** By the Author of "The Life of Sir Kenelm Digby," &c. 9 x 5 1/2 in., xii. +193 pp. London, New York, and Bombay, 1897. Longmans. 7s. 6d.
- Robert E. Lee and the Southern Confederacy, 1807-1870.** (The Heroes of the Nations.) By *Henry A. White*, M.A., Ph.D. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., xiii. +467 pp. London and New York, 1897. Putnam. \$1.50.
- Ulysses S. Grant and the Period of National Preservation and Reconstruction.** (The Heroes of the Nations.) By *William C. Church*. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., xi. +473 pp. London and New York, 1897. Putnam. \$1.50.
- The Life of Ernest Renan.** By *Madame J. Darmesteter* (A. Mary F. Robinson). 8 x 5 1/2 in., viii. +282 pp. London, 1897. Methuen. 6s.
- Life's Look-Out.** An Autobiography. By *Sydney Watson*. 8 x 5 1/2 in., xii. +353 pp. London, 1897. Hodder and Stoughton. 3s. 6d.
- The Political Life of the Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone.** Illustrated from "Punch." 3 vols. 11 x 9 1/2 in. Vol. I. xvi. +360 pp. Vol. II. x. +376 pp. Vol. III. x. +372 pp. London, 1897. Bradbury, Agnew. 20s. net each vol.
- Marches and Music.** By *Mathilde Marchesi*. Passages from the Life of a Famous Singing Teacher. With Introduction by *Massenet*. 8 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., xiv. +30 pp. London and New York, 1897. Harper Bros. 10s. 6d.
- Life and Letters of John Arthur Roebuck, P.C., Q.C., M.P.** With Chapters of Autobiography. Edited by *Robert E. Leader*. 9 x 5 1/2 in., viii. +392 pp. London and New York, 1897. Edward Arnold. 16s.
- A Memoir of Anne Jemima Clough.** By her niece, *Blanche A. Clough*. 8 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., viii. +343 pp. London and New York, 1897. Edward Arnold. 12s. 6d.

CLASSICAL.

- The Ancient Use of the Greek Accents in Reading and Chanting,** with some newly restored Greek Melodies. By *G. T. Carruthers*, M.A. 8 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 76 pp. London and Tonbridge, 1897. Bradbury, Agnew, and Co.
- Die Lateinische Sprache.** By *W. M. Lindsay*. Translated from the English by *Hans Nohl*. Cr. 8vo. xvi. +747 pp. Leipzig, 1897. Hirzel. 14 Marks.

EDUCATIONAL.

- Matriculation Latin.** By *B. J. Hayes*, M.A., Lond. and Camb. Cr. 8vo., viii. +87 pp. Sixth Ed. The University Tutorial Series. London, 1897. Clive. 1s. 6d.
- An Elementary Text Book of Sound.** By *John Don*, M.A. Cr. 8vo., viii. +80 pp. The University Tutorial Series. London, 1897. Clive. 1s. 6d.
- Cicero Pro lege Manilia.** Edited, with Introduction, Notes, &c., by *Rev. R. Harvey*, M.A. 6 1/2 x 4 1/2 in., xxiv. +108 pp. London and Paris, 1897. Hachette. 2s.
- Pierrelle (Jules Charette).** Edited, with Biographical Introduction, Grammatical and Explanatory Notes, by *E. L. Malet*. 7 1/2 x 5 in., vi. +205 pp. London and Paris, 1897. Hachette. 2s.
- Passages from Standard Authors for Translation into Modern Languages.** Edited by *E. L. Miller-Barry*, M.A., and *Walter Rippmann*, M.A. 7 1/2 x 5 in., viii. +59 pp. London and Paris, 1897. Hachette. 1s.
- Louis XI. et Charles Le Teméraire (Michelet).** Edited, with Introduction, &c., by *John F. Davis*, D.Lit., M.A. 7 1/2 x 5 in., viii. +179 pp. London and Paris, 1897. Hachette. 2s.
- The Century Book of the American Revolution.** By *Elbridge S. Brooks*. 9 1/2 x 7 1/2 in., 249 pp. New York, 1897. The Century Co. \$1.50.
- The Assemblies of Hariri.** Student's Edition of the Arabic Text, with English Notes, &c. By *Dr. F. Steigass*. 8 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., xxviii. +472 pp. London, 1897. Sampson Low. 21s.
- The Helper.** A Handbook for Sunday School Teachers and Parents. By *Marion Pritchard* (Aunt Amy). 8 1/2 x 6 1/2 in., 250 pp. London, 1898. Sunday School Association. 2s. 6d. net.
- Scenes of English Life.** Psychological Methods of Teaching Languages. English Series No. I. Book I. Children's Life. By *Howard Swan* and *Victor Betis*. With a Preface on the use of the method for teachers of the deaf by *Susanna E. Hall*. 7 1/2 x 5 in., ix. +118 pp. London, 1897. Philip and Son. 1s.
- The London University Guide for the Year 1897-8.** 8vo., xx. +230 pp. University Correspondence College. Gratis.

FICTION.

- An Old-Field School-Girl.** By *Marion Harland*. Illustrated. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 208 pp. London, 1897. Sampson Low. 5s.
- Master Skylark: a Story of Shakespeare's Time.** By *John Bennett*. Illustrated by *Reginald R. Birch*. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., xi. +380 pp. New York and London, 1897. The Century Co. and Macmillan. \$1.50.
- The Days of Jeanne D'Arc.** By *Mary H. Catherine*. With an Introduction by *C. M. Davenport*. 7 1/2 x 5 in., 290 pp. New York, 1897. The Century Co. \$1.50.
- The Golden Galleon.** By *Robert Leighton*. With eight Illustrations by *William Rainey*. R.L. 7 1/2 x 5 in., viii. +332 pp. London, Glasgow, and Dublin, 1898. Blackie. 5s.
- With Crockett and Bowie; or, Fighting for the Lone-Star Flag.** A Tale of Texas. By *Kirk Munroe*. 7 1/2 x 5 in., vi. +347 pp. London, Glasgow, and Dublin, 1898. Blackie. 5s.
- Paste Jewels.** By *John K. Jangis*. Being Seven Tales of Domestic Woe. 6 1/2 x 4 1/2 in., vi. +202 pp. London and New York, 1898. Harper Bros. 2s.

- The Missionary Sheriff.** By *Octave Thanel*. Being incidents in the Life of a Plain Man who tried to do his duty. 7 1/2 x 5 in., 218 pp. London and New York, 1898. Harper Bros. 6s.
- The Three Disgraces, &c.** By *Justin McCarthy*. 8 x 5 1/2 in., 250 pp. London, 1897. Chatto and Windus. 3s. 6d.
- Unknown to Herself.** By *Laurie Langfeldt*. Author of "The Alien of the Family," &c. 7 1/2 x 5 in., 287 pp. London, 1897. James Clarke. 6s.
- Tales from McClure's (Romance).** By *Robert Barr* and others. 5 1/2 x 3 1/2 in., 186 pp. New York, 1897. Doubleday and McClure. 4 vols., \$1 the set.
- Tales from McClure's (Humor).** By *James H. Smith*, and others. 5 1/2 x 3 1/2 in., 186 pp. New York, 1897. Doubleday and McClure. 4 vols., \$1 the set.
- The Black Disc.** A Story of the Conquest of Granada. By *Albert Lee*. 8 x 5 1/2 in., viii. +338 pp. London, 1897. Digby Long. 6s.
- A Passionate Pilgrim.** By *Percy White*. 7 1/2 x 5 in., 316 pp. London, 1897. Methuen. 6s.
- John Leighton Junr.** A Novel. By *Katrina Trask*. 7 1/2 x 5 in., 292 pp. London and New York, 1897. Harpers. \$1.25.
- Outlines in Local Color.** By *Branden Mathews*. Illustrated by *W. T. Smooley*. 7 1/2 x 5 in., 240 pp. London and New York, 1897. Harpers. \$1.50.
- Stuart and Bamboo.** A Novel. By *Sarah P. McLean Greene*. 7 1/2 x 5 in., 276 pp. London and New York, 1897. Harpers. \$1.25.
- The Mystery of Choice.** By *Robert W. Chambers*. 7 x 4 1/2 in., viii. +288 pp. New York, 1897. Appleton. \$1.25.
- For the Love of a Bedouin Maid.** By *Le Voleur*. With 16 Full-page Illustrations by *Ernest Dyer*. 8 x 5 1/2 in., 444 pp. London, 1897. Hutchinson. 6s.
- A Knight of the Nets.** By *Amelia Barr*. 8 x 5 1/2 in., 314 pp. London, 1897. Hutchinson. 6s.
- Soldiers of the Legion.** A Tale of the Carlist War. By *Herbert Haynes*. 7 1/2 x 5 in., 413 pp. London, Edinburgh, and New York, 1898. T. Nelson. 3s. 6d.
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- In Simpkinsville.** (Character Tales.) By *Ruth McEnery Stuart*. 7 1/2 x 5 in., 241 pp. London and New York, 1897. Harper Bros. 6s.
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- The Joy of My Youth.** By *Claud Nicholson*. 7 1/2 x 5 in., 296 pp. London, 1897. Elkin Mathews. 3s. 6d. net.
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- Sma' Folk and Bairn Days.** Sketches of Child Life. By *Ingeborg von der Lippekonow*. Translated from the Norse by *John Beveridge*, M.A. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 219 pp. London, 1897. Alex. Gardner. 4s. 6d.
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- Guy Mannerling; or, The Astrologer.** By *Sir Walter Scott*. With Introductory Essay and Notes by *Andrew Lang*. Border Edition. 8 x 5 1/2 in., xiv. +630 pp. London, 1897. Nimmo. 3s. 6d.
- The Doctor's Dilemma.** By *Henck Stratton*. 8 x 5 1/2 in., 547 pp. London, 1897. Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.
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- Sister.** A Chronicle of Fair Haven. By *E. Everett Green*. 7 1/2 x 5 in., 422 pp. London, Edinburgh, and New York, 1897. T. Nelson. 5s.

GEOGRAPHY.

- Stanford's Compendium of Geography and Travel.** (North America.) New Issue. Vol. I. Canada and Newfoundland. With Maps and Illustrations. By *Samuel E. Dawson*. 8 x 5 1/2 in., xiv. +719 pp. London, 1897. Stanford. 15s.
- Roughing It in Siberia.** By *R. L. Jefferson*. 7 1/2 x 5 in., 210 pp. London, 1897. Sampson Low. 6s.
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- Politische Geographie.** By *Prof. Dr. Friedrich Ratzel*. With 33 illustrations. Cr. 8vo., xx. +715 pp. Munich. Oldenbourg. 16 Marks.

HISTORY.

- Revolutionary Europe, 1788-1815.** Period viii. By *H. Morse Stephens*, M.A. Balliol College Oxford. 7 1/2 x 5 in., xvi. +423 pp. London, 1897. Rivington. 6s.
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- Lionardo Vigo e i suoi tempi.** By *Giambattista Grassi Bertazzi*. 8vo., 437 pp. Catania, 1897. Niccolò Giannotta. 4 lire.
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- The Gunpowder Plot and the Gunpowder Plotters.** By *John Gerard, S.J.* In Reply to Professor Gardner. With Facsimiles of Documents. 9 1/2 x 6 in., 34 pp. London and New York, 1897. Harpers. 6d.
- LAW.**
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- The Law and Practice of Letters Patent for Inventions.** By *Lewis Edmunds*, D.Sc., Q.C. Sec. Ed. by *T. M. Stevens*, D.C.L. 10 x 6 1/2 in., ivii. +943 pp. London, 1897. Stevens. 32s.

**A Selection of Leading Cases in the Criminal Law.** By Henry Warburton, Barrister-at-Law. Sec. Ed., with Notes. 8 1/2 in., xlv. + 292 pp. London, 1897. Stevens, 10s. 6d.

**The Annual Statutes.** Statistics of Practical Utility, Passed in 1897. Arranged in Alphabetical Order in Continuation of "Utility's Statutes, with Notes, &c." By J. M. Lely, M.A. 10 1/2 in., xli. + 100 pp. London, Maxwell, 5s.

**The Law and Custom of the Constitution. Part I. Parliament.** By Sir William Anson, Kt., 3rd Ed. 9 1/2 in., xx. + 388 pp. Oxford, 1897. Clarendon Press, 12s. 6d.

**A Concise Treatise on the Law of Arbitrations and Awards.** With an Appendix of Precedents and Statutes. By Joseph H. Redman, 3rd Ed. 8 1/2 in., xxxvi. + 438 pp. London, 1897. Butterworth, 18s.

**A Treatise on Joint Rights and Liabilities,** including those which are Joint and Several. By Walter H. Griffith, 8 1/2 in., xx. + 65 pp. London, 1897. Butterworth, 5s.

**Geschäft und Kritik der heutigen Konfulargerichtsbauten in Japan.** By Dr. Trautator Sengo. D. 7 x 6 1/2 in., vi. + 160 pp. Berlin, 1897. Prager, 4 Marks.

**LITERARY.**

**The People for whom Shakespeare Wrote.** By Charles D. Warner. 7 1/2 in., 187 pp. London and New York, 1898. Harper Bros, 5s.

**Marriage Questions in Modern Fiction,** and other Essays on Kindred Subjects. By Elizabeth A. Chapman, Author of "A Little Child's Wreath," &c. 7 1/2 in., viii. + 220 pp. London and New York, 1897. John Lane, 3s. 6d.

**Fra Simone da Cascia e il Cavalca.** Studi critico-letterari sull'Umbria nel secolo xiv. Di Lorenzo Franceschini. Parte prima, 203. Rome, 1897.

**Usi e Costumi Abruzzesi.** Descritti da Antonio De Nino. Volume vi. Gioielli faucelluleschi. 8vo., 26 pages. Florence, 1897. G. Barbera, 3 lire.

**Il libro d'oro della vita.** Pensieri, sentenze, massime, proverbi. By Manfredi Cagni. 8vo., 520 pp. Milan, 1897. Hoepli, 5 lire.

**Gli "ismi" Contemporanei.** By Luigi Capuana. Verismo, simbolismo, idealismo, cosmopolitismo. Critica letteraria e artistica. 328 pp. Catania, 1897. Giannotta, 2.50 lire.

**Le Creature Sovrane** (Il uomo d'ignolo—I grandi dolori—Le grandi gioie—L'orgoglio—La morte—I naufraghi—Il genio nel futuro—Conclusioni). By Adolfo Padovan. 26 pp. Milan, 1897. Hoepli, 3 lire.

**English Masques.** (Warwick Library.) Edited by C. H. Herford, Litt.D. With an Introduction by Herbert A. Evans. 7 1/2 in., xliii. + 215 pp. London, Glasgow, and Dublin, 1897. Blackie, 3s. 6d.

**Little Masterpieces.** Edgar Allan Poe. Edited by Ellen Terry. 6 1/2 in., ix. + 276 pp. New York, 1897. Doubleday and McClure, 30c.

**The Essays of Michael Lord of Montaigne.** By John Florio. Translated. Leather Edition. 6 vols. 6 1/2 in. London, 1897. Dent, 2s. net each vol.

**The Christ in Shakespeare.** By Charles Elton. 7 1/2 in., 288 pp. London and Plymouth, 1897. Houlston and Son, 3s. 6d.

**The Kingdom of Manhood.** By Horace G. Georer. 7 1/2 in., 250 pp. London, 1897. Melrose, 3s. 6d.

**The Spectator.** Vol. II. With Introduction and Notes. By George A. Aitkin. With Eight Original Portraits and Eight Vignettes. 8 1/2 in., vii. + 424 pp. London and New York, 1898. Nimmo, 7s. net.

**Realism and Romance,** and other Essays. By Henry MacArthur. 8 1/2 in., viii. + 291 pp. Edinburgh, 1897. R. W. Hunter, 3s. 6d. net.

**Two Essays upon Matthew Arnold.** With Some of his Letters to the Author. By Arthur Galton. 7 1/2 in., 122 pp. London, 1897. Elkin Mathews, 3s. 6d. net.

**MEDICAL.**

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**Air, Food, and Exercises:** an Essay on the Predisposing Causes of Disease. By A. Koboglian, M.A. 7 1/2 in., xvi. + 250 pp. London and Paris, 1897. Baillièere, 5s. net.

**Consumption:** How to Avoid it and Wean Eyes. Two Lectures by H. Schwarzbach. 7 1/2 in., vi. + 107 pp. London, 1897. Digby Long, 2s. 6d.

**Mitteilungen und Verhandlungen der internationalen wissenschaftlichen Leprosy-Conferenz zu Berlin in October 1897.** (3 vols.) Vol. 1., cr. 8vo., xiii. + 184 + 62 + 103 + 250 pp. Illustrated. Berlin, 1897. Hirschwald, 16 Marks.

**MILITARY.**

**Medals and Decorations of the British Army and Navy.** By John Horsley Mayo. 2 vols. With numerous Coloured Plates and Illustrations. 10 1/2 in., lxxxviii. + 278 + 617 pp. London, 1897. Constable, £3 2s. net.

**The Story of the British Army,** with Plans and Illustrations. By Lieut.-Col. C. Cooper King, F.G.S. 9 x 5 1/2 in., x. + 428 pp. London, 1897. Methuen, 7s. 6d.

**Benin, the City of Blood.** By Com. R. H. Bacon, R.N. Illustrated by W. H. Overend. 9 1/2 in., 151 pp. London and New York, 1897. Edward Arnold, 7s. 6d.

**Die Feere und Glotten der Germanen.** By C. von Zepelin, Kgl. Preuss. Generalmajor u. D. Vol. II. Great Britain and Ireland. Berlin, 1897. Schall and Grund, 15 Marks.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**

**Le Tourney d'Amour** (The Tournament of Love): Drama Pastoral en un Acte. Par William Theodore Peters, avec dessins de William Gluckens et do Alfred Jones. Traduit de l'Anglais par Charles Read et Paul Reilly. 6 1/2 in., xvi. + 62 pp. Paris, 1897. Brentano's.

**Food, Frauds and Foods that Feed,** being an Exposure of some Commercial Shams and Some Advice on What to Eat. By Charles Hyatt Woolf. 8 1/2 in., 116 pp. London, 1897. Simpkin Marshall, 1s.

**Catalogue of the Collection of Arabic Coins Preserved in the Khedivial Library at Cairo.** By Stanley Lane Poole, M.A. 9 x 6 in., xv. + 384 pp. London, 1897. Bernard Quaritch.

**My Studio Neighbours.** By William H. Gibson. 9 1/2 in., x. + 245 pp. London and New York, 1897. Harpers, \$2.50.

**The Personal Equation.** By Harry T. Peck. 7 1/2 in., 377 pp. London and New York, 1897. Harpers, \$1.50.

**Ars Recte Vivendi.** Being Essays Contributed to "The Easy Chair." By George H. Curtis. 7 1/2 in., 130 pp. London and New York, 1897. Harpers, \$1.25.

**Varia.** By Agnes Repplier. 7 1/2 in., 272 pp. London, 1897. Gray and Bird, 6s.

**Celebrated Trials.** By Henry Laurence Clinton. 8 1/2 in., x. + 625 pp. London and New York, 1897. Harpers, \$2.50.

**Patriotism.** Address Delivered to the Students of the University of Glasgow on Nov. 3 by the Rt. Hon. J. Chamberlain, M.P. 8 1/2 in., 61 pp. London, 1897. Constable, 1s. net.

**A Post Office.** By Archibald G. Hovie. 7 1/2 in., 100 pp. London, 1897. Partridge and Co., 1s. 6d.

**The Imperial Souvenir for 1897.** Being a Translation of the 3rd Verse of the National Anthem, Metrically Rendered into Fifty Languages by Anthony Salmonc. With a Special Design drawn by Sir W. B. Richmond, K.C.B. 10 x 7 1/2 in. London, 1897. Nutt, 1s.

**How to Build a Home.** (The House Practical.) By Francis C. Moore. 7 1/2 in., vii. + 158 pp. New York, 1897. Doubleday and McClure, \$1.

**House Drainage Manual.** By H. Spiinks. With Tables, Illustration, Extracts from the Public Health Acts, &c. 8 1/2 in., xii. + 306 pp. London, 1897. Burgess and Co., 5s.

**Two Papers on the Ocean Word Anasaket.** By Lionel Horton Smith, M.A. 9 x 6 in., vi. + 81 pp. London, 1897. Nutt, 3s. 6d. net.

**Real Ghost Stories.** By H. T. Stead. 8 x 5 1/2 in., xvi. + 351 pp. London, 1897. Grant Richards, 5s.

**The English Revolution of the Twentieth Century.** A Prospective History. With an Introduction by Henry Lazarus. Second Edition. 9 x 6 in., xxiii. + 413 pp. London, 1897. F. L. Ballin, 5s.

**The Canon:** an Exposition of the Magan Mystery perpetrated in the Cabala, as the Rulo of All Arts. By R. B. Cunningham Graham. 9 1/2 in., xiv. + 403 pp. London, 1897. Elkin Mathews, 12s. net.

**NAVAL.**

**A Short History of the Royal Navy.** By David Hanway. 9 x 6 in., 474 pp. London, 1897. Methuen, 7s. 6d. net.

**PHILOSOPHY.**

**Modern Rationalism.** A Sketch of the Progress of the Rationalist Spirit in the Nineteenth Century. By Joseph McCabe. 7 1/2 in., 163 pp. London, 1897. Watts and Co., 2s. 6d.

**John Sedz, ein Bad aus den gefühlten Kdm jen Organts in 17ten Jahrundert.** By Dr. E. Fechtner. Cr. 8vo., xi. + 298 pp. Stuttgart. Frommann, 5 Marks.

**POETRY.**

**Poems and Songs.** By H. E. Brockbank. 7 1/2 in., vii. + 179 pp. London, 1897. Fisher Unwin, 5s.

**Romance of a Rose.** A Drama. By M. S. 7 1/2 in., 250 pp. London, 1897. Digby Long, 5s. net.

**Lays of Iona,** and other Poems. By S. J. Stone, M.A. 7 1/2 in., xxxiv. + 391 pp. London and New York, 1897. Longmans, 6s.

**English Lyrics.** Chaucer to Poe. By William E. Henley. 7 1/2 in., xiv. + 412 pp. London, 1897. Methuen, 6s.

**German Lyrical and other Poems.** With Isometrical Translations. By H. Campbell Galletty. 7 x 4 1/2 in., 180 pp. London, Edinburgh, and Oxford, 1897. Williams and Norgate, 2s. 6d.

**The First of Keble's Christian Year.** Being a Facsimile of the Edition Principally published in 1827. With a Preface by the Bishop of Rochester. 2 vols. 7 1/2 in., xii. + 201 + 200 pp. London, 1897. Stock, 5s. net.

**Catesby.** A Tragedy of the Gunpowder Plot in the year 1605. 9 x 7 in. Gullford, 1897. Billing, 5s.

**Vibrations.** Voral di Pietro Guastacino, 386 pp., in 8vo. Genoa, 1897. 4 lire.

**Poesie di Natale Talamini.** Scelte ordinate e commentate da Antonio Ronson. 551 pp. Milan, 1897. Cogliati, 4 lire.

**Fiori Autunnali.** By Bianca Simonetti. 32s., 112 pp. Catania, 1897. Giannotta, 1.25 lire.

**A Legend of Camelot.** (Pictures and Poems.) By George Du Maurier. 12 x 10 in., 85 pp. London, 1897. Bradbury, Agnew.

**Selected Poems.** From the Works of the Hon. Roden Noel. With a Biographical and Critical Essay. By Percy Adheshaire. With Two Portraits. 7 1/2 in., xliii. + 188 pp. London, 1897. Elkin Mathews, 4s. 6d. net.

**SCIENCE.**

**The Story of Germ Hilogy.** By H. W. Conn, Prof. of Hilogy at the Wesleyan University. 6 1/2 in., 190 pp. New York, 1897. Appleton, 40c.

**Outlines of Elementary Economics.** By Herbert J. Davenport. 7 1/2 in., xiv. + 280 pp. London and New York, 1897. Macmillan, 3s. 6d.

**SOCIOLOGY.**

**The Scholar and the State,** and other Orations and Addresses. By Henry C. Potter, D.D. 8 1/2 in., ix. + 335 pp. London, 1897. Union, 10s. 6d.

**Rapara; er, The Rights of the Individual in the State.** By Archibald Forsyth. 7 1/2 in., xxiii. + 296 pp. London, 1897. Unwin, 6s.

**SPORT.**

**Alpinismo.** By G. Brocherel. 8vo., 311 pp. Milan, 1897. Hoepli, 3 lire.

**Il Canottaggio a remi, a vela ed a vapore.** Con 387 incisioni e 31 tavole. By G. Groppi. 455 pp. Milan, 1897. Hoepli, 7.50 lire.

**THEOLOGY.**

**The Gospel Catechism:** an Unsectarian Christian Primer. By the Author of "The King of the Kingdom," &c. 8 1/2 in., xvii. + 139 pp. London, Edinburgh, and Oxford, 1897. Williams and Norgate, 1s.

**Genesis Critically and Exegetically Expounded.** By Dr. A. Dillmann, late Professor of Theology in Berlin. Translated from the last edition by William B. Stevenson, D.D. 2 vols., 9 x 6 in., xii. + 413 + 507 pp. Edinburgh, 1897. T. and T. Clark, 21s.

**An Introduction to the Literature of the Old Testament.** (International Theological Library.) By S. R. Driver. Sixth Edition. 8 1/2 in., xi. + 577 pp. Edinburgh, 1897. T. and T. Clark, 12s.

**The International Critical Commentary.** A Critical and Exegetical Commentary on the Epistles to the Ephesians and to the Colossians. By Rev. T. K. Abbott, D.D. 8 1/2 in., ixv. + 315 pp. Edinburgh, 1897. T. and T. Clark, 10s. 6d.

**The Christ of History and of Experience.** Being the Kerr Lectures for 1897. By Rev. David H. Forrest, M.A. 9 x 6 in., xx. + 479 pp. Edinburgh, 1897. T. and T. Clark, 10s. 6d.

**The Conception of God.** By Josiah Joyce, Joseph L. Conte, G. H. Rowson, and Sydney E. Mezes. 7 1/2 in., xxxviii. + 354 pp. London and New York, 1897. Macmillan, 7s. 6d.

**The Western Synagogue.** Some Materials for its History. By Mathias Levy. 11 x 8 in., 92 pp. London, 1897. G. Barber.

**Die Fötere Kritik des Pentateuchs.** By Professor William Henry Green. Translated from the English by Dr. Otto Becker. Cr. 8vo., xi. + 255 pp. Gütersloh, 1897. Bertelsmann, 4 Marks.

**TOPOGRAPHY.**

**A History of Cambridge.** (Popular County Histories.) By Rev. E. Conybeare. 9 1/2 in., xxviii. + 306 pp. London, 1897. Stock, 7s. 6d.

**The Roads Round Oxford.** By H. Graves and A. H. Evans. 2nd Ed., 6 1/2 in., viii. + 82 pp. Oxford, 1897. Alden and Co., 1s. 6d. net.

**Alden's Oxford Guide.** With Plan. By Edward C. Alden. 61st thousand, 6 1/2 in., viii. + 141 pp. Oxford, 1897. Alden and Co. Cloth 1s., paper 6d.

# Literature

Edited by H. D. Traill.

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## THE "QUARTERLY" ON POETS.

Many years ago a "foursome" of law students—as was the number of a "mess" in those days—were canvassing the forensic merits of some of the great men who looked down upon them from the high table in the Hall of their Inn. Comparison narrowed down at last to two eminent advocates, both long since dead, and the question which of them was the more deadly cross-examiner appeared for a time to divide opinion. Finally, however, it was determined by a timely reminiscence from one of the students, who, pointing to the elder of the two unconscious competitors, whispered in awe-struck accents, "He once killed a solicitor in the witness-box." Instantly the scale in

which the learned Serjeant's claims had hung trembling sank down, while that of his rival, weighted by no such romantic incident, kicked the beam. We have little doubt that this achievement was mythical, and that the learned gentleman never did kill a solicitor; but we know now that the story of the *Quarterly Review's* having killed a poet is equally fabulous, yet the glory of that exploit still hangs about the venerable periodical, just as the halo of the other long continued to encircle the distinguished advocate's brow. So hard is a *nimbus* of this description to disperse. In the literary instance, too, the difficulty has been enhanced by the fact that two other great poets conspired to perpetuate the legend relating to the third. People will probably go on believing till the end of time that "that very fiery particle," the life of John Keats, was actually "snuffed out by an article" from a Reviewer's pen.

The persistence of a myth of this kind is, no doubt flattering to the hero of it, but it is embarrassing, too, in its way. He feels that he has to "live up to it," and that is a feat to which he is not necessarily equal. Especially may this be so when the hero has only a metaphorical personality, a figurative identity, a corporate existence, as is the case here. For, of course, the mere fact that the *Quarterly* was supposed to be a dead shot at a poet in the days of Gifford and Lockhart affords no presumption that it can kill one now, even though nowadays they are as much more plentiful than the poets of the 'twenties as partridges are than snipe—and perhaps, also, as much easier to hit. Still, there is no tyrant like a reputation, and it was only to be expected that the *Quarterly* should occasionally feel bound to go out among the poets with its gun. The venerable sportsman is, in fact, out among them now, and, in the language of the stubble-field, "blazing away into the brown" in good earnest, for it has just put up a covey of seventeen poets and boasts that it has brought them all down but five. The stronger-winged flight of these fortunate ones has saved them, but the others have been all bagged—some of them blown to feathers. For in all seriousness the performance of the Reviewer in the current number of the *Quarterly* is hardly of a very workmanlike kind. He has clumsily mangled not a few of his victims, while his way of approaching one of them is distinctly unworthy of a sportsman. We may entertain whatever estimate we please of the Laureate's poetry; but to put him last on a list of 17 poets—and that list containing at least some three or four names of no poetic significance whatever—strikes one as a somewhat contemptible mode of attack; and even though it may have been intended from the outset to dismiss the author of "Narrative Poems"—a volume six years old, by the way—with half a page (out of 34 pages) and the remark that Mr. Austin "has said nothing, though he has said it nicely," the Reviewer would have made his

point with more effect by not coupling it with this rather childish insult.

But the cream of the article is to be found not in its destructive, but its constructive part. The fact that the *Quarterly* has brought down twelve poets is not nearly so interesting as that it has set up a new one. In one of the five righteous, in fact—a writer in whom the rest of the world has hitherto only perceived a deft artificer of satirical verse—the Reviewer has had a “find” indeed. He has discovered in this neglected Immortal “the nearest approach to Aristophanes that English literature can boast”; a poet whose lines “breathe a perfume of Herrick,” and than whom Tennyson “has not indited sweeter lyrics”; a jester with a “smouldering fire” lurking “beneath all his whimsicalities,” a “*sæva indignatio* underlying his polished irony”; a satirist whom Swift might have taken for his model in dealing with Lilliput, with Brobdingnag, with Laputa, with the Houyhnhms, and Yahoos, if only Swift had been “endowed with the same neatness and sweetness of metrical enunciation.” Of this reborn Aristophanes we are further told that his “satire of foibles is poetical satire,” that his songs are almost the only songs inevitably singable, and “that while tilting against humbug, unmasking folly and affection”—presumably a misprint for affectation—“he lifts his labours into an ideal atmosphere of logical illogicality, and invests the whole with a raiment of madrigal melody and of graceful raillery that redeem the bitterness and scorn.”

And the subject of this amazing discovery? This lyrical peer of Tennyson, this dramatic rival of the poet of “The Birds,” this brother satirist of the author of “Gulliver”? It is the agreeable rhymer of the “Bab Ballads”! It is Mr. W. S. Gilbert, whose neat and pointed, always quaint, and sometimes brilliant, verse in play and poem, no one who has any sense of the humorous or any feeling for clever workmanship is in the least likely to underrate, but whose elevation to the rank of a poet will take most people’s breath away, including, quite possibly, his own. For though Mr. Gilbert, as we all know, desires to be taken as a serious dramatist, and is not a little indignant with managers, critics, and public who decline, with singular unanimity, so to take him, we do not for a moment suspect him of sharing the delusions of this tasteless and humourless admirer, and seriously aspiring to competition with those great masters of poetic, dramatic, and satiric art, with whose names his own has been, with such cruel indiscretion, associated. Probably he does not himself think that the “charmingly simple ballad from *Patience*,” or “the elegiac duet in *The Gondoliers*,” or “Mad Margaret’s” song in *Ruddigore*, or “Tit Willow,” or any of the other pieces which the Reviewer has selected for gushing panegyric are any such wonderful matters. Unless he does think so he might well direct some of the wrath which he has been bestowing on the unappreciative playgoers who neglect him to the too appreciative critic who has done his best to make him ridiculous. It is true that it is not Mr. Gilbert’s fault that he has been made the victim of this operation, and as “no man was ever written down except by himself,” we ought in fairness to hold that the Reviewer has failed to

render the over-praised writer absurd. With a more hopeful subject, however—himself—he has perfectly succeeded.

## Reviews.

**Queen Victoria.** By Richard R. Holmes, F.S.A., Librarian to the Queen. 12 $\frac{1}{2}$  × 10 in., ii. + 195 pp. London, 1897. Boussod, Valadon. £3 3s. n.

Throughout the memorable year now drawing to its close the Queen and her great career have engaged the thoughts of every mind, dwarfing all other matters into comparative insignificance. So much has been said and written about the life of her Majesty lately that we should feel it unnecessary to advert to the subject were it not that the somewhat tardy appearance of Mr. Holmes’s long-expected work imposes upon us the task of reviewing a book of very considerable interest and importance. It is rather as a beautiful souvenir of this *annus mirabilis* than as a biography of the Queen that we welcome the volume before us. Indeed, it hardly pretends to be more than a sketch of her Majesty’s life, drawn for the most part from sources already accessible to the public. In turning its pages, however, and in looking on its admirable illustrations, we have revealed to us in a way which all can understand the secret of the love which the Queen has inspired in her people, and which has manifested itself during the last few months in such astonishing outbursts of national feeling and of national loyalty. In one respect the author can lay claim to speak with an authority not possessed by the multitude of writers on the life and times of Queen Victoria. He has received the assistance of the Queen herself in writing the chapters relating to her early life.

Many little fables (he says) have from time to time grown up respecting the life of Queen Victoria. It seemed, therefore, desirable to take this opportunity of correcting these inaccuracies, and with this object her Majesty most graciously consented to supply notes on her childhood and youth, and at the same time to correct matters of fact, especially in reference to the period before her accession to the throne, and more generally throughout the volume.

I am, therefore, enabled to present, for the first time, an accurate account of the childhood and youth of Queen Victoria.

The two pictures here reproduced of the Royal child at the age of two years will be turned to at once by every lover of children. The first is from a miniature by Anthony Stewart and the second from a painting by Sir W. Beechey, R.A., of the Duchess of Kent with the little Princess. Stewart’s miniature shows a chubby-faced, bright-eyed little maiden wearing a prim frilled cap, out of which her features peep as out of a frame. In Beechey’s picture the child is standing upright on the sofa on which her mother is seated. Here the future Queen is depicted in a charmingly-natural attitude. Her hair is no longer concealed by the old-fashioned and rather ugly cap, and she has an almost roguish expression in her large, fine eyes. It was about the time that this picture was painted that Mr. Wilberforce, who was then living at Kensington Gore, paid a visit to the Duchess, which he thus described in a letter to Hannah More :—

In consequence of a very civil letter from the Duchess of Kent, I waited on her this morning. She received me with her fine animated child on the floor by her side, with its playthings, of which I soon became one. She was very civil, but as she did



not sit down, I did not think it right to stay above a quarter of an hour.

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin, and there is probably hardly anywhere a doting mother who will not be interested to learn that

The Queen's earliest recollection is that of crawling on the floor on an old yellow carpet at Kensington Palace and playing with the badge of the Garter belonging to Bishop Fisher, who, as Bishop of Salisbury, was then Chancellor of the Order, and, having been tutor to her father, took a deep and affectionate interest in the welfare of the Duke's only child.

The childhood of the Queen does not appear to have been a particularly happy one. No doubt the thought of the exalted station to which she was likely to be raised was ever present to the minds of those immediately around her, and it may be that this rendered her liable to isolation from the companionship of other children, and to restrictions which press hardly on the irrepressible spirits of the very young. Be this as it may, in 1842 we find the Queen, when staying at Claremont with her husband and eldest child, writing us follows to her uncle Leopold at Brussels:—

This place brings back recollections of the happiest days of my otherwise dull childhood—days when I experienced such kindness from you, dearest uncle; Victoria plays with my old bricks, and I see her running and jumping in the flower garden, as old (though I feel still little) Victoria of former days used to do.

The account of the Queen's early years is deeply interesting, and although it will not be new to many readers, owing to the diligence with which all available contemporary records have been ransacked and utilized by writers on the life of her Majesty, it must be said, in justice to Mr. Holmes, that he has told this part of his story carefully and well. To his book, then, we must refer those who desire to know further details respecting the childhood of the Queen.

The author explicitly states in his preface that the text accompanying the illustrations is intended to deal with personal more than with political events. It would be unreasonable, therefore, to complain of the absence of information touching those important affairs of State in which the Queen has, from the time of her accession until now, been constantly immersed. This is not the time for the publication of such information, nor is the Librarian to the Queen the person by whom it could be best imparted. Mr. Holmes has rightly conceived it to be his duty to steer clear of anything resembling controversial matter, and if the interest of his book suffers thereby, its value in other respects is enhanced by the authority which it will henceforth possess. We are pleased to see that he corroborates, substantially, the pretty account given by Miss Wynn of the way in which the Queen received the news of her accession to the throne. Doubt has been thrown upon the story, so often repeated, of the journey of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Chamberlain from Windsor to Kensington to announce the death of William IV., and of their interview with the girl Queen. This doubt must now be considered as finally set at rest by the confirmation in the book before us of the main incidents related by Miss Wynn. The author draws largely upon Greville for the details of the Queen's first Council meeting. We will not quote them here for they are already familiar to almost every one. It should be observed, however, as proving the care which had been bestowed on the Queen's education, and the native abilities which had enabled her to profit by the instruction imparted to her, that all the witnesses bear testimony to

the extraordinary dignity and self-possession with which she made her *début* in the exalted and most difficult part she was henceforward to play.

The Bishop of London told Amyot (says Crabb Robinson in his diary) that when the Bishops were first presented to the Queen she received them with all possible dignity and then retired. She passed through a glass door, and, forgetting its transparency, was seen to run off like a girl as she is. . . . This is just as it should be. If she had not now the high spirits of a girl of eighteen, we should have less reason to hope she would turn out a sensible woman at thirty.

But if the Queen showed even then that she possessed the capacity to fulfil her arduous duties with the stateliness expected of a Queen, she exhibited at the same moment those other qualities of tact and innate delicacy of feeling which her subsequent history has proved her to possess in so exceptional a degree. On the morning of her accession one of her first acts was to write a letter of condolence to her widowed Aunt Adelaide. She addressed it to "Her Majesty, the Queen"; it was pointed out that the correct address would have the additional word "Dowager," but she refused to make the alteration, saying, "I will not be the first person to remind her of it."

The long and wearisome, if brilliant, ceremonial of the coronation is described without prolixity by Mr. Holmes, who quotes Mrs. Jameson's impression of the Queen as, fully appareled in State, and wearing the Crown, in the front of which blazed the historic ruby of Poitiers and Agincourt, the youthful Sovereign made her homeward journey.

When she returned, looking pale and tremulous, crowned, and holding her sceptre in a manner and attitude which said, "I have it, and none shall wrest it from me!" even Carlyle, who was standing near me, uttered with emotion "A blessing on her head!"

The Queen's betrothal to Prince Albert, their marriage, and the years of wedded happiness which attended this truest union of hearts, take up a large part of the book. Indeed, the later years of her Majesty's life—from 1861 to 1897—are briefly summarized in less than 40 pages. The author gives many quotations from the Queen's "Journal," and connects the events from the time of her marriage until that of the death of the Prince Consort, by a succinct narrative, which, if it tells little that is new, at least recalls in a pleasant and easy manner much of that which has already been made known to the public. Thus we read again Mendelssohn's delightful account of his reception at Buckingham Palace:—

It is, as G. says, the one really pleasant and comfortable English house where one feels *à son aise*. Of course, I do know a few others, but yet, on the whole, I agree with him.

The visits of the Queen and Prince Albert to France, first, as the guests of Louis Philippe, and, subsequently, as those of Napoleon III.; the successful inauguration of the Great Exhibition of 1851, thanks to the unwearied zeal of the Prince Consort; the death of the Duke of Wellington; the Crimean War; the Indian Mutiny; the betrothal and marriage of the Princess Royal—these are a few of the events which are described in more or less detail. Then comes that sad parting which cast so profound a shadow over the life of the Sovereign, and the memory of which has been for her an abiding sorrow, the death of the Prince Consort. Many years before, when the Queen announced to Lord Melbourne her intention of marrying the Prince, he said to her, as her Majesty records in her journal, "I think it will be very well received; for I hear that there is an anxiety now that it should be, and I am very glad of it," adding, in quite a paternal tone, "you will be much more comfortable, for a

woman cannot stand alone for any time, in whatever position she may be." In the time of her bereavement the Queen, recalling these circumstances, exclaimed, "Alas ! alas ! the poor Queen now stands in that painful position." In the depth of her sorrow her Majesty had the consolation to know that the observations written by the Prince on the draft despatches to Lord Lyons respecting the Trent incident contributed essentially to the satisfactory settlement of the dispute between England and the United States, and thus averted war between the two nations. It was the last thing the Prince Consort ever wrote. To the depth of the Queen's grief, and the completeness of her isolation after the death of her beloved husband, the long years of her seclusion testify in part. It was a knowledge of the weight of the blow which had fallen upon her that inspired Tennyson, in dedicating the "Idylls of the King" to the memory of Prince Albert, to pen the lines :—

Break not, O woman's heart, but still endure ;  
Break not, for thou art Royal, but endure,  
Remembering all the beauty of that star  
Which shone so close beside Thee, that ye made  
One light together, but has past and left  
The Crown a lonely splendour.

The concluding chapter of the book relates all too briefly the history of the last thirty-six years of the Queen's life. We extract the following passages which will be read with especial interest, revealing as they do the nature of her Majesty's personal tastes and relaxations :—

During the whole of her long life, in the midst of public business which has daily become more voluminous and exacting, the Queen has never entirely abandoned the pursuits which were the pleasure and relaxation of her earliest years. Mention has been made of her practice of music and of her instructors, and here it may be noted that within the last fifteen years her Majesty has sung with Signor Tosti, as at an earlier period she sung with Lablache and Mendelssohn. In all the extracts from the Queen's journals which have from time to time been made public, it will have been noticed how constantly she mentions that she sketched the scenery of the places visited by her. The early instruction, given by Westall, and supplemented by the hints occasionally given by Sir E. Landseer, was not in landscape drawing, which was taught by Mr. Lear in 1846 and 1847. Since that time the Queen has taken lessons from Mr. Leitch, and within the last 12 years also from Mr. Green. The Queen has always followed with the closest interest the course of current events, which have necessarily absorbed the greater part of her time and attention. But her Majesty has also made herself familiar with great imaginative writers, with poets, such as Shakespeare, Scott, and Tennyson, or with novelists, such as Jane Austen, Charlotte Brontë, George Eliot, and, it may be added, Mrs. Oliphant, whose recent illness and death aroused the Queen's deepest sympathy. The Queen's acquaintance with German and French literature is considerable, and her intimate knowledge of these languages is very noticeable in the purity with which she speaks them. In the last ten years a signal proof of the warm interest which her Majesty has always taken in her Indian Empire has been given by the Queen's study of Hindustani, under the instruction of the Munshi Abdul Karim.

In reading the rapid summary of these years, one is constantly reminded of the melancholy bereavements which have saddened the later days of the beloved Sovereign. Alas ! even since this book was finished there has been an addition to the number of these mournful events, in the death of the good and esteemed Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck. On the other hand, there have been joyous occasions, such as the marriage of the Duke of York to the Duchess of Teck's only daughter ; and the two

great national festivals—the Jubilee of 1887, and the Diamond Jubilee of the present year. These are fresh in the public memory, and we need not dwell upon them. It will be the devout hope of all who take up this volume and peruse its pages that the remaining years of her Majesty's life may be serene and happy, and that it may be long before the shadows of death again darken her home.

Mr. Holmes in the concluding paragraph of his book indicates its omissions. Among these he includes the absence of reference to "the poets, novelists, historians, and artists who have added the lustre of their genius to the Victorian era." We must wait for a life of the Queen which will do adequate justice to its great theme, and meanwhile we must express our satisfaction that so handsome a contribution to the books of the year as that which is the subject of this notice has been issued from the press.

Without desiring to be unduly critical we are constrained to point out three errors on page 193, where Mr. Holmes speaks of the receptions held this year by the Queen at Windsor. He says, "There also she received the 100 Bishops who had come to attend the Pan-Anglican Conference at Lambeth, the sixtieth anniversary of the Queen's reign being also the 1,300th anniversary of the conversion of Britain to Christianity." The number of Bishops was more nearly 200 than 100 ; the conference was officially known, not as the Pan-Anglican Conference, but as the Lambeth Conference ; and the present year is not the 1,300th anniversary of the conversion of Britain to Christianity, but of the introduction of Latin Christianity into England, where a British Christian Church had long previously existed.

Any account of this book which omitted reference to the beautiful illustrations which adorn it would be signally deficient. Messrs. Boussod, Valadon, and Co. have produced a work which is in every way worthy of their high reputation as fine art publishers. The frontispiece is a facsimile in colours of a miniature of the Queen and the Prince of Wales by Robert Thorburn, A.R.A. The picture was painted when the Prince of Wales was a child, but beneath it is a facsimile of the Queen's signature written this year—Victoria R.I., 1897. Among the other illustrations are full-page portraits of the Duchess of Kent, from a painting by Sir George Hayter ; of the Princess Victoria as a child, by Richard Westall, R.A. ; of the Princess Victoria and her favourite dog, by Sir G. Hayter ; a crayon drawing by the Queen at the age of ten ; the Queen's first Council, by Sir David Wilkie, R.A. ; her coronation, by Sir G. Hayter ; the Queen receiving the Sacrament at her coronation, by C. R. Leslie, R.A. ; her Majesty in 1838, by A. E. Chalon, R.A. ; her marriage, by Sir G. Hayter ; the register of her marriage, reproduced from the original document ; the Queen, the Princess Royal, and the Prince of Wales, from a painting by Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A. ; the Baptism of the Prince of Wales, by Sir G. Hayter ; a portrait of the Queen, by F. X. Winterhalter ; and a portrait of the Prince Consort, by the same artist (on the flyleaf of the copy sent to us it is described as "The Duchess of Kent from a painting by Sir George Hayter"—an oversight which is somewhat surprising in so carefully prepared a work). These are some of the principal illustrations, but we have by no means exhausted the list. The last full-page illustration is one of the marriage of the Duke and Duchess of York from a painting by Laurenz Tuxen. The pictures, the selection of which has been made by Mr. D. C. Thomson from the Royal collections, were chosen

with a view to the illustration of the Queen's domestic life. Altogether the book is a beautiful production, and we can give it no higher praise than to say that it makes its appearance in a guise worthy of the Queen.

**Recollections of Aubrey de Vere.** Svo., 382pp. London and New York, 1897. **Arnold. 16/-**

In the preface to this volume Mr. Aubrey de Vere tells us that "recollections" and "autobiographies" are very different things. It would be hard to draw an accurate line between two literary species which shade imperceptibly into each other. "Reminiscences," to use another phrase, are apt to mean indiscreet revelations of gossip, more or less scandalous, about other people. Autobiography, as a rule, is an indiscreet, though all the more charming, revelation of gossip about ourselves. "Recollections," judging from this example, means something different from both, in that the author is always present and yet he is never obtrusively in the foreground. Anecdotes about other people, many of them very excellent, are interwoven. But the general result is a kind of veiled autobiography. We are always in company with Mr. Aubrey de Vere, see things through his eyes and coloured by his modes of sentiment, and perhaps make acquaintance with him the more thoroughly as well as pleasantly because he gives no analysis of his own character and takes most of the external facts of his life for granted. It hardly requires to be said to any one who has read Mr. de Vere's writings that he is very good company indeed. To praise him for not being vulgar or malicious would be a gross impertinence. The charming urbanity of his style is only the natural result of high poetical sensibility, educated by congenial surroundings, and properly controlled by a very keen perception of the humorous. Perhaps Mr. de Vere is inclined to see the good side of men and things a little too exclusively. Although that tendency generally passes for virtues, it must be admitted that, like other virtues, it is sometimes very irritating to those who do not possess it. We will not, however, complain of the absence of gall or express any scepticism as to the perfection of the numerous models of all good qualities whom Mr. de Vere has been privileged to know in his life. We can make our little deductions for ourselves, and frankly admit that the praise is at least bestowed in the right places, and never interferes, as coarser praises do, with a sharp characterization of its objects.

Mr. de Vere is the son and grandson of Irish country gentlemen, both of them men of ability and cultivation, and the younger, Mr. de Vere's father, a poet admired by Wordsworth and by many good judges. They lived in the good old times of duelling and claret-drinking, and some recollections of the Sir Jonah Barrington kind are just touched in this volume. But Mr. de Vere's account of his father shows what finer qualities might be developed in the contemporary surroundings. The father was not only a man of letters and a most ardent lover of natural scenery, but keenly interested in the welfare of his poorer neighbours, and repaid by their grateful reverence. Representatives of the noted families were still regarded with the old clannish reverence by their tenantry. Mr. de Vere tells us that Gerald Griffin, of the "Collegians," whose very interesting character he describes from personal knowledge, represents in that admirable novel the true charm of the Irish character and manners. "Bad manners to you" was, he says, "an ordinary malediction;" and the

"manners," as he observes, were a tradition which had been acquired in the course of centuries by a people of singular "delicacy, pathos, and sympathy." The transformation of the "Collegians" into the "Colleen Bawn" disgusted him, as indicating the substitution of "vulgar sensationalism" for the old refinement. In those days no one had preached that "vulgarest of all things, Jacobinism;" and, in spite of all the social evils, of which Mr. de Vere speaks both feelingly and judiciously, there was a charm in the old order which has vanished with the "progress," to which Mr. de Vere would probably give a different name. We have, however, no concern here with political or religious controversies. It is enough to say that Mr. de Vere's appreciation of some characteristics which, for good or evil, have nearly disappeared, gives a lively interest to his sketches of his youth. Two or three, out of many striking anecdotes, comic and tragic, may be recommended. There is the aristocratic "Earl of K.," honoured as a "beneficent despot." When a manufacturer built a chimney in an obnoxious situation and refused to remove it, the Earl informed his tenants that he should retire to England, there was not room in the place for him and the factory at once. The manufacturer received a visit next day "from uninvited guests," and, on the third, had departed. The triumph was closely followed by the Limerick election. The Earl ordered his tenantry to vote like one man for his candidate. They went in a body and voted like one man the wrong way. O'Connell's reign was beginning. The Earl thereupon summoned all his tenants to come to his great hall. There he met them in solemn state, but the expected oration broke off. He could only exclaim, "They come to tear me to pieces!" Two days later he was in a madhouse, where he passed the rest of his life. A later anecdote, not less characteristic of the other class, is that of a poor lad who confessed to a priest that he had shot an agent, and, having a scrupulous conscience, thought of giving himself up to the police. The priest approved, but, on examining him, found that he could not even recite the Apostles' Creed. Obviously he was not fit to be hanged. He accordingly went through a course of instruction in the elements of the faith, until the priest could conscientiously assure him that he was fully qualified for the gallows. He gave himself up accordingly, and, though not hanged, was transported.

Irish noblemen are no longer worshipped; and the conscience of the Irish peasantry has received some new lights upon the ethics of agent-shooting. Mr. de Vere has much to say of the great catastrophe of the famine; of the efforts made by his own friends (efforts, we are left to infer, in which he took his part) to meet the appalling distress, and of the misunderstandings or less pardonable errors implied in the remedies then and afterwards adopted. Of the endless problem we need say nothing except that the remarks, right or wrong, show both good feeling and common sense. Mr. de Vere had long before those days become well known to congenial circles in England. He tells us what charming people he met everywhere, and we are left to guess how they must have been charmed by the refinement and simplicity of the young Irishman. He describes in a chapter—avowedly not of servile historical accuracy—how he once travelled on the top of a stage coach from Limerick to Dublin, taking fifteen hours on a bitter March day, and reports the quaint conversation of his various companions. It treats humorously and pathetically of repeal and the penal laws and legends of the days of '98, and of the good old customs when every gentleman went to bed drunk. Then, or later, he crosses to England with O'Connell in his most

exuberant days, and hears the great man declare that he would never "take an unjust cause," and explain directly afterwards how he could always entrap an Irish witness into committing perjury. From these characteristic scenes he wanders to Oxford, muses in the cloisters and on Magdalen Bridge, and is profoundly touched by the beauties of "England's holy city." Even the Oxford mob, it seems, showed a "staid courtesy" in those happy days; and Mr. de Vere was presented to the great Newman and several of his chief disciples. Then he passes to the lakes, visiting on his way the scenes made famous by Wordsworth, and makes the acquaintance of the great poet himself. Wordsworth was to him in poetry what Newman was in theology, a teacher of unrivalled suggestiveness. The few days passed under Wordsworth's roof were, he says, the "greatest honour of his life"; and the brief recollections of their conversations give admirably the key to the great influence of the older poet upon some of his best contemporaries. Wordsworth, indeed, asserted the superiority of English to Swiss mountains on the ground that in Switzerland the heights are generally hidden by mist. That may be taken allegorically to indicate the great man's local limitations, but Mr. de Vere repeats this without malice among other sounder sayings. No one, indeed, was better fitted to appreciate the Wordsworthian view of nature. Naturally, however, he was drawn into closer intimacy with men nearer to himself in age. One of his dearest friends was Sir Henry Taylor, whose poetry, for reasons not here to be discussed, is perhaps not so fully appreciated to-day as Mr. de Vere would desire. Anyhow, as Taylor's own "autobiography" indicates, he was a delightful friend in private life, suave, dignified, and amiable; and with a poetical sensibility duly checked by experience in official life. "I never saw him once out of temper, or once made anxious about trifles," says Mr. de Vere; there was "no little man," as in the case of some other poets, "inside the great man." Taylor's domestic circle, too, was delightful, and with him and his wife Mr. de Vere made a long tour through Switzerland and Italy in the years 1843-44. The only drawback seems to have been that Taylor objected to Swiss mountains even more emphatically than Wordsworth. The narrative is pleasantly lighted up by the humours of the little "Freddy Elliot," who was one of the party. "Freddy" resolved at one moment to become a monk; but on reflection wisely decided to change his plan and marry a nun. She would have to do all the praying and self-mortification and to occupy herself entirely with making him happy. We will not follow Mr. de Vere further. It is enough to say that he explains what requires little explanation, why he became a Catholic in spite of Carlyle's exhortations not to give up his freedom and "go into that hole." Anyhow, the change did not alienate him from his old friends, if it intensified his admiration of Newman and Manning. Characteristic, we will not say too enthusiastic, portraits are given of both; and that of Manning does not altogether correspond to the portrait drawn by Manning's biographer. Another very attractive sketch is that of Sir W. R. Hamilton, famous as a mathematician, but also a poet and a philosopher. Wordsworth described him as one of the only two men he knew who could be called "wonderful," Coleridge being the other. We are told, among other stories, how Hamilton had just thought of a difficult problem when his horse meanly took advantage of his abstraction to bolt. After a vain attempt to check the brute, Hamilton dropped the reins, turned his mind to the problem, and solved it just as he reached the stables

after a four miles gallop. That is the way to invent "quaternions." Hamilton's boy, we are told, at the age of five or six, was puzzled by the doctrine of the Trinity. Though told to drop the subject, he invented four solutions "of the mystery which turned out to be the four great heresies of the first four centuries." We must leave our readers to discover many equally excellent anecdotes, and will only notice one omission which they suggest. Every book of this kind should have an index; in future writers on biography will be apt to overlook some admirable illustrations of character.

**Italienische Reminiscenzen und Profile.** Von Sigmund Münz. 94×6in., 323 pp. Vienna, 1898.

Weiss. 5.30 marks.

After carefully reading Herr Münz's new volume of Reminiscences, we must confess to a feeling of disappointment. The *index nominum*, which runs to fifteen pages, contains so many names of distinguished men of all countries that it is distressing to find how little fresh or how little inspiring are the references to them in the text. No less than sixteen Kings and Queens find a place in this register; Crown Princes and minor Royalties are equally well represented; and other notabilities abound. The soil of Italy and the valleys across the Alps have been the centre for a large gathering of men of power and intellect, with whom Herr Münz has come in contact. He has returned from his travels with a dwindled liking for the city on the Danube where he has his home.

The book is not arranged in any particular order. It opens with a series of sketches in a gondola, dated from Venice, 1891-1893. These are followed by three Venetian letters, two of which go back to March, 1890. The next three chapters, dated respectively 1895, 1891, and 1893, are written from Milan, and treat of the *salon* of the Comtessa Maffei, of Giovanni Morelli, "physician, soldier, politician," and of Ada Negri, a young Lombardy poetess, who writes about Socialism, and Marie Bashkirtseff. Then follows a series of Lombardy Excursions (1889-90), which take us through the Engadine and by the North Italian Lakes, winding up with a visit to Verdi. *La Martadella di Bologna*—an amusing sketch in dialogue—and a short paper on the Bolognese University, on the occasion of its eighth centenary in 1888, then bring us to Florence, which remains the writer's head-quarters till the end. These last 130 pages comprise the bulk of the book, and include Herr Münz's "profiles" of Sir James Lacaite and the late John Addington Symonds, a paper on the Dante celebration, some minor sketches, and three miscellaneous Florentine letters.

The views and opinions in the Venice section are usually advanced through the mouth of Piero, the gondolier, whose hero is Lesseps, of the Panama Canal—"the gondolier of gondoliers, as holy almost as the Madonnas and Garibaldi, degraded by Philistines to a common malefactor." Through Piero's instrumentality, Herr Münz was introduced to a *soi-disant* Signor Abramo, who had some recollections of Lord Beaconsfield:—

"Signore, you are in error if you mean that he was just an average convert, who was ashamed of his past. . . . Signore, as a boy I used to accompany my father on his voyages through the lagoons. He acted as messenger to a great man from England who lived in a marble palace on the Canalazzo. One day there came to see a him young Briton with pale face, black curled hair, and rather theatrical dress. . . . He spoke a little Spanish as well as a broken Italian. He loved our country very much, and more than all the cities of Italy, he loved our Venice, which he called his Adriatic bride. He inspected all the sights of Venice, but especially used Signor Beniamino to wander about the Ghetto, and he often stood still at the Rialto. . . . This was the grandson of that old Beniamino Diersoli, who once lived among us, and died at 90 years as a Jew still, in England yonder. Signor Beniamino, the grandson, baptized as a boy, . . . never concealed his love for the Ghetto."

Through the next two or three pages the narrator continues to speak of "Signor Benjamin the younger," who conquered the hearts of the daughters of Zion, and read with tears the marble tablet in the Ghetto, and visited the synagogue where his grandfather had prayed, and climbed the long staircases to the rooms where he had lived. The Disraeli family is said to have died out in Venice, but Herr Münz, on the authority of his gondolier's friend, states that some members are still living in Trieste, and that the Issels in Genoa can claim kinship.

Herr Münz's reminiscences of Lord Beaconsfield's great Parliamentary rival are dated 1895, but they concern principally Mr. Gladstone's visit to Naples nearly half a century ago, and his letter to Lord Aburdeen on the kingdom of the two Sicilies. We learn that the Naples tour was chiefly undertaken on behalf of his daughter, aged three years, who was afterwards mentioned between the Gladstones and Sir James Lacaita as "Mary Naples." Mrs. Gladstone in a letter to Sir James Lacaita on her distinguished husband's retirement expressed herself as particularly pleased that "he won the praise of his adversaries, the Conservative leaders in the Upper and Lower House, Salisbury and Balfour, who extolled him by saying that no party had ever possessed so brilliant a leader as the Liberals had had in Gladstone."

The author of this volume feels himself most at home in Florence. He writes in one place:—

"If cities are to be judged by the level of their conversation, then Florence is more European than many a *Grossstadt*. Society here has an international cachet. If the Italian spirit flourishes most purely in Tuscany, yet we find in Florentine society an English element added to the Italian. The confluence of two of the chief streams of European civilization lends Florence a charm without comparison. Anglicized Italians and Italianized Britons are of common occurrence."

A kind of study in national contrasts is given in *La Maggiolata*, the record of May-day, 1893, when a Florentine lady attempted to revive the ancient celebration of that queen of the calendar. "Among the guests," writes Herr Münz, "were Sir Henry — and Professor —. It pleased the Signora to plant by the side of this British politician and German *sacant*, who were both unmarried, a graceful Florentine blossom apiece." The experiment does not seem to have answered, and when the young ladies were gone, the hostess rallied her unappreciative guests on their lack of gallantry. To "the melancholy Unionist, who had been thundering against Home Rule under the dome of St. Stephen's all the April," Signora X. remarked on his own inconsistency that, "although your hair is beginning to grow gray, you have not yet contracted a union," and she reproached the German antiquary with cultivating "a leather and parchment Renaissance" to the neglect of his own. "Militarism," said the Signora, "has made the German thinker, too, a little stiff, stiff in bearing and stiff in soul, . . . the dragoons of Cæsarian Socialism." Both the politician and the professor tried to extricate themselves. The former, in whom we fancy we recognize a present member of the House of Lords, turned the question by attacking the women of Italy who "become stupid when brought in contact with intellectual men," and threatened to bring a new Bill before Parliament "to regulate the *maximum* play-time and *minimum* work-time of women in the higher classes of society."

Some of the personages mentioned by Herr Münz are "profiles" only. In Maloja, for instance, in 1889, he met in the reading room of the hotel "a little man with white hair, white mutton-chop whiskers, and sharp, but good-humoured, gold-bespectacled eyes. The intellectual English head attracted me. 'Who is that?' I asked the director of the hotel, and he told me it was Mr. Huxley." Herr Münz's reminiscence stops here, but many of his readers will share the present writer's recollection of Mr. Huxley's pleasure at seeing a familiar face, and his eager question, "Now tell me what is going on outside." Herr Münz's pages, however, are always agreeable reading, and are occasionally brightened by a fresh anecdote or a sound reflection.

**Celebrated Trials.** By Henry Lauren Clinton. 8½ x 5½ in., xii. + 620 pp. With Index. London and New York, 1897. Harpers. \$2.50.

Any book is sure to be interesting in which a distinguished and successful lawyer gives a plain account of his experiences without addition or withdrawal. When the author has practised in the United States this proposition is even more likely to be true. For the legal profession has been the foster-mother of nearly every prominent official in America from the President downwards. Not only has almost every Senator and every Congressman probably owed the prominence which resulted in his election to forensic eloquence, but it has become more and more evident in later years that a political career is almost an impossibility in the United States without a thorough knowledge of at least the technicalities of law.

Mr. Clinton's cases, therefore, might well be expected to include a large proportion of political incidents, civil and criminal. And it may be said at once that this volume has none of the witticisms or attractions with which leading members of the English Bar have embellished their reminiscences; it has no palpitating horrors like the drama of *The Duchesse de Praslin* or *The Colleen Bawn*. Yet its interest at this particular time is very great. For, as Mr. Clinton is a New York lawyer, it is naturally with the political crimes of New York that he has most to do; and equally naturally the part of his book which will receive the greatest attention from readers of to-day is contained in the seven chapters which give a history of the "Tammany" organization for the past quarter of a century. This is not the avowed object of these chapters, for Mr. Clinton merely records the incidents of his connexion with William M. Tweed, with John Kelly, and with Richard Croker as so many facts in his legal career. But of these three "bosses" who have held the power of Tammany in the hollow of their hand Mr. Clinton throw one into the State Prison, defended the second in a libel case, and procured the release of the third from a charge of attempted murder.

Into all these cases it would be impossible now to enter. One instance will suffice. And we propose to sketch the account given by Mr. Clinton of the writs of prohibition issued against the Mayor and Aldermen of New York, at a time when the Tweed Ring ruled the city. And we do this as much for literary reasons as for reasons of a more obvious and general interest. If these pages will throw light upon what may be expected to be the immediate political future of New York according to the news of election so lately published, they will also furnish an example of political argument (whether intentional or not) in which a few facts simply stated will prove themselves superior to a ton of baseless rhetoric. Considerations of space alone compel us to compress Mr. Clinton's account into a few paragraphs the accuracy of which must be taken for granted: for the various legal documents on which that account is based we can only refer our readers to pp. 361 seq. in Mr. Clinton's book.

In October, 1871, by the influence of the Tweed Ring, an unconstitutional law was passed extending the terms of aldermen and assistant aldermen elected during 1870 for one year further. Tweed in those days represented the organization ruled by Richard Croker this autumn. Mr. Seth Low's party of Reform was represented in 1871 by the Apollo Hall Reform Democracy, which nominated candidates for the Board of Aldermen by the advice of Mr. Clinton and with the endorsement of the Republicans and the Committee of Seventy. Seeing that a contest was inevitable, Tammany Hall nominated its own candidates for the Board, and was badly beaten in the election. It determined, however, that the victorious Reformers should never obtain certificates of election, and that votes for them should not be counted. Mr. Clinton had to procure a *mandamus* from a Judge of the Supreme Court to compel the Board of Supervisors to count the votes of those elected on the Reform ticket. Then the old Board determined to hold on to the office which had been unconstitutionally extended, and not permit the Reform candidates to enter upon their duties at all. The men in office imagined that they could not be dislodged from it. To thwart

this plan Mr. Clinton procured from Judge Brady, of the Supreme Court, writs of prohibition against the Mayor and Aldermen who had been elected. Tammany Hall tried to set aside the writ. This failed. Mr. Clinton then proceeded to get ready a complete set of papers (some 30 or 40 pages of hand-writing) to be served on each alderman, and waited for Monday morning, the 1st of January, 1872, when the Board assembled at an early hour. The first alderman who came out was instantly served with a writ. The doors were then shut, but Mr. Clinton managed to get his shoulder against a door and kept it open while he waited for the stroke of 12. At the hour he led his clerks, followed by the Reform candidates, into the room in City-hall, and scenes began which were never before, and have never since, been witnessed in a legislative body. The clerks sprang at the aldermen to serve the writs; the aldermen, to avoid service, leaped from their seats and careered all round the room; Mr. Clinton and the newly-elected officials rushed to the seats just vacated and occupied them; the new Board instantly elected a chairman and clerk; and within ten minutes from the time their terms commenced the aldermen elected on the Reform ticket were installed in office. By avoiding service the old aldermen had vacated their office, they had become mere claimants and outsiders, and the Reformers were in possession. The language used by the City Fathers thus ousted from their office cannot be reproduced here. It will be found on page 373 of Mr. Clinton's instructive book.

We have mentioned the name of William M. Tweed. He was an alderman, a member of Congress, a Senator of New York State, a Supervisor of the County of New York, and Commissioner of Public Works of that city. For years he was the "Boss" of Tammany Hall. In November, 1873, he was tried on an indictment of over 200 counts, and fraudulent certificates amounting to over six million dollars were shown to have been passed by him as president of the Board of Supervisors. He divided the proceeds with his confederates. No jury could be found at first to convict him. At his second trial extraordinary precautions were taken to prevent bribery or tampering with the jurors; for there was no defence, and all the prosecution had to do was to obtain a fair and impartial jury. All 12 men were watched night and day, and 12 others were again appointed to watch the watchers. Tweed was convicted and sentenced. And the following words occurred in Judge Davis's charge to the jury:—

"If at any time in the future it should become the permanent idea of officials that their offices are the means of enriching themselves regardless of the interests of the people, and if upon that there should grow up another still worse—namely, that officers who have violated the law and plundered instead of protecting the public interests have with the money thus obtained the means of purchasing their own immunity, then indeed our Government would be an absolute and awful failure."

If these things be done in a green tree, what shall be done in a dry? If such incidents as Mr. Clinton here calmly and impartially narrates most undoubtedly occurred under the rule of Tammany in the smaller New York of only a few years ago, what will be the result of Tammany's victory in a greater New York to-day? After the convict came the professional gambler. After "Honest John Kelly" has come Richard Croker, who now has the patronage of offices representing city revenue to an extent equalling the entire revenue of the United States before the Civil War. What will he do with it? The voters who gave it him cannot answer that question. They had evidently never read Mr. Clinton's book. It is a terrible warning against the uneducated voter.

**S. Francis of Assisi.** His Times, Life, and Work. Lectures delivered in Substance in the Ladye Chapel of Worcester Cathedral in the Lent of 1806 by **W. J. Knox Little, M.A.**, Canon Residentiary of Worcester and Vicar of Horw-cross. 8vo., 328 pp. London, 1897.

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As an artistic production this study of St. Francis suffers from the fact that it is not, in the strict sense of the term, a

biography at all, but was originally delivered in the form of a series of lectures. Hence there is a certain inevitable disconnectedness about the book, a certain prolixity and tendency to repetition (as the author himself allows)—qualities above all detrimental to excellence in biographical literature.

Apart from this, however, it may safely be asserted that the task which Canon Knox Little has undertaken is one which could only be successfully handled by a very few. The author has, in fact, attempted a work somewhat beyond the range of his powers. He is biographer, theologian, historian, and art critic at one and the same time. Hence there is a certain superficiality of treatment which cannot fail to strike the reader, and his want of insight into the great forces which were disintegrating and building up medieval life in Europe leads the author to lay undue stress both on the personal character of his hero and also on the Franciscan movement itself. He looks upon Francis as the regenerator of society, this regeneration being effected "by the closest following in the path of his Master that this world has ever seen." With this exaggerated estimate of an undeniably lovely and heroic character, it is easy for the author to go one step further and to state that there is no adequate reason for disbelieving the majority of miracles attributed to St. Francis, and none whatever for doubting the greatest of all—the marvel of the stigmata. One fact at least is certain, and it is, after all, the supremely significant fact, that the extraordinary power of Francis depended not on miraculous gifts, but on the far greater wonder of his devoted, pure, and indomitable spirit. Surely it is a distortion of truth to describe Francis as "almost" the "creator of Italian art," and as having exercised an incomparable influence on Dante himself. The origin of Italian art is to be traced to causes far deeper and more wide-reaching than to the personality of any man, or to the movement of any age, however great; and Dante's sublime poetic genius seems to have assumed the particular form it did largely as the result of wistful longing after a kingdom of peace on earth—a longing doomed to disappointment by the fall of the Holy Roman Empire.

Further, it would strike the least critical of readers that to attempt a defence of the character of Pope Innocent III. is a somewhat delicate and dangerous task in face of historic facts. Canon Knox Little defends him boldly and with eloquence, but without carrying conviction. Innocent III., as history represents him, was overmastered by ecclesiastical ambition. To extend the territorial power of the Papacy he would shrink from nothing; and one need only recall his questionable production of the will of Henry VI., and his treatment of Philip Augustus and of the French nation, to assert, with little short of absolute confidence, that the Pope's aim throughout his rule was to exalt the power of Rome by undermining the secular authority of kings.

In keeping with this over-exaltation of the character of Francis is the unique position and influence on European society which the writer attributes to the Franciscan movement. No educated person doubts that the order which Francis created profoundly affected the life and thought of Europe. It held up before men a forgotten ideal—a simple conception both of goodness and of faith which was urgently needed. The work was, doubtless, achieved mainly, as Canon Knox Little points out, by the institution of the Third Order. To a remarkable degree, though not, we should say, to such a degree as the writer assumes, this exaltation of the idea of poverty, this spiritual kinship of men and women of all ranks did much towards loosening the iron fetters of the medieval feudal system. But the history of the middle ages does not begin with the life of Francis or the foundation of the Franciscan order.

On two subjects which the ordinary student would expect to find treated in a study of the Franciscan movement Canon Knox Little is silent. The first is the close inter-dependence of the Franciscans and the Dominicans. Except for two passing references to Dominic, this exceedingly important point is entirely passed over. Probably a deeper appreciation of the close inter-relationship of these two great orders would have led the writer to discuss the character and work of Francis and his society in

language more guarded and restrained. No student of medieval history can think of the one movement apart from the other, so closely were they linked in their work and destiny. And it is impossible to attach too much significance to the fact, in view of later events, that both movements exercised a vast influence on the common life and religious thought of the time, in so far as each supplied something that the other lacked. The Franciscan won men by deeds of love, the Dominican by words of fire. And this suggestion leads us to the second point. No study of the Franciscan movement can be regarded as adequate which does not, however summarily, tell the story and trace the causes of its decline. Canon Knox Little constantly draws attention to the insight and genius of Francis; but one fact is historically clear to which he makes no allusion, viz.—a certain want of insight on the part of its founder which led first to a breach in the order and ultimately to its complete degradation. According to the founder's idea his followers were to be not merely poor in spirit, they were to be intellectually starved. As the Franciscan monk, however, came into contact with the Dominican, his crushed intellect re-asserted itself, an unworthy envy overmastered him; and so began that rivalry between the two great orders which proved to be the beginning of their tragic decadence.

What will strike the reader most forcibly is that in the effort to deal with the wealth of his material the author has attempted too much and has over-stepped the limit of his powers. Hence, just the qualities most essential to a biographer—lucidity in arrangement and conciseness of treatment—are to be looked for in vain. Nevertheless, the distinction of the author and the easy eloquence of his style will doubtless commend this work to a wide circle of readers.

**The Chippendale Period in English Furniture.** By K. Warren Clouston. 11½x9in., 224 pp. London, 1897. Debenham and Freebody. Arnold. 21/-

The name of Chippendale has long been familiar as a household word, but it is only within the last quarter of a century that the renewed interest in domestic decoration has brought about a desire on the part of the general public to know exactly what class of cabinet work is entitled to bear the name. Of late years amateurs have been moved to a vague admiration of the

"Many things divinely done  
By Chippendale and Sheraton,"

while remaining in doubt as to which 18th century maker chose to work in solid mahogany with elaborate and often beautiful carved decoration, and which produced the fragile satinwood furniture, elegant with painted devices, or jewelled with Wedgwood ware. In Mr. K. Warren Clouston's volume such points, and many more of general interest, are made clear by the aid of some 200 drawings taken from the original designs or from the actual furniture. "The Chippendale Period in English Furniture" is a fairly exhaustive and well-illustrated history of 18th century cabinet work, and it is written in a spirit so much in sympathy with the subject, and with so pleasant and restrained a humour, that it will at once attract those who may not previously have come under the glamour of what Mr. Clouston calls "this great English renaissance." In the introduction the intimate connexion between architecture and cabinet work is shown by reference to the designs of, first, Sir William Chambers, who greatly influenced Thomas Chippendale, and, secondly, to the work of the brothers Adam, whose Græco-Roman designs did so much to obliterate the earlier work.

The story of English furniture, as we now have it, is shortly this: From the chaos of the period of the Crusades grew the oak furniture of the 16th and 17th centuries. It was broad and massive, useful, but barbaric and uncomfortable. With the coming of William and Mary the Dutch style became fashionable, and the chairs and tables of that period remained in vogue until, with the increase of wealth, something more "bedecked, ornate, and gay" was demanded.

Then came Chippendale, who appears originally to have taken the Dutch style as a basis and looked abroad and within for any suggestion of which his genius for cabinet work would enable him to make use. Contemporaneously, and almost by accident, mahogany was introduced into England and greatly assisted the workmen who had already found oak to be a wood of little adaptability. At this time, too, the architects became of great service to the cabinet makers, and together they planned and worked until their endeavours to combine the arts and beautify the house were recognized by all men of taste and the great English movement established. Out of the multitude of makers who flourished during the 18th century the names best known, and those whose influence was greatest, are—Thomas Chippendale, Thomas Shearer, A. Hepplewhite, and Thomas Sheraton. These were leaders each in his particular and original school, and, failing a more minute catalogue, typify for us the many other craftsmen who doubtless produced good work—but only in the same style as that of their famous contemporaries. For a student of the subject, Thomas Chippendale is not only the first name but the greatest. His successes were many, but he has always been considered most complete as a chair maker, and, as such, he owes, we think, even more than Mr. Clouston assumes to the plain but excellent style which had come to us with other useful things from Holland. Utility, strength, and beauty were combined in his chairs, and beauty is the quality which he gave. In Chippendale's general work there was almost always solidity of material and treatment and great constructive ability. Indeed, one of the chief differences between his work and that of the men who came after is that, while remembering the claims of beauty, his furniture is constructed primarily for use, secondarily for show; that of Hepplewhite and Sheraton is often beautiful to look upon, but by no means comfortable or remarkably durable.

With all his ability, it is somewhat surprising to find that the greater part of Chippendale's fame should have been posthumous, but one gathers that it was so from the tone of the preface to his book of designs, and from the fact that his name is rarely mentioned in memoirs of his period. "Lyon," says Mr. Clouston in his researches for his work on Colonial Furniture, "found that Chippendale's name never occurs in inventories of the time. Even Walpole, who left so many interesting memoranda concerning other designers and decorators, never alludes to him." But this is a matter that posterity took in hand. "Though the style was not entirely created by Chippendale," Mr. Clouston continues, "it afterwards came to be called by his name, to the utter exclusion of others who had contributed largely to the movement. Since the renaissance of taste for the later 18th century furniture other names have been recalled, though it must be admitted that no one could place them on the same plane as the master craftsman of the century." Although Chippendale's published books show a vast variety of excellent designs for all kinds of furniture then in use, there are many which a wise follower of his work will do well to pass by as vagaries forced upon the tradesman by the ephemeral taste of his patrons for pseudo-Chinese and for what has been called Strawberry-hill Gothic. But if, occasionally, his departures in search of some new thing were unworthy of his fine artistic feeling, he still invariably brought a wide practical knowledge and an exquisite sense of proportion to bear upon the suggestions he obtained from Continental, Oriental, and other work. One has only to compare his books of design with those of his immediate co-workers to see how infinitely greater he was, and how just it is that the movement should be known now and in the future by the name of Chippendale. Mr. Clouston sketches the careers and work of the cabinet-makers who followed Thomas Chippendale somewhat fully. The period of flamboyant lines and decorated curves was quickly followed by the pleasing severity of the Italian taste introduced by the famous brothers Adam, who, as architects, not only designed furniture, but directed its construction. The influence of the Adam style grew to be very important among the later cabinet-makers of the Chippendale period; the classicism of the Adam

work showed in the occasional hyper-elegance of Hepplewhite, whose designs are largely reproduced at the present time, and in the decoration and detail of the furniture by Sheraton.

With Sheraton the great cabinet-makers died, and even this artist's later days were given over to the production of somewhat grotesque work in the Empire style; but since his time, until very recent days, all is vanity and the Victorian era.

**Sir Walter Raleigh.** The British Dominion of the West. By **Martin A. S. Hume**, Editor of the Spanish State Papers of Elizabeth. 8vo., 431 pp. London, 1897.

**Fisher Unwin.** 5s.

It is fitting that Raleigh should be the first of the "Builders of Greater Britain" series, for he may be fairly regarded as the founder of England's colonial empire, though his own efforts in that direction were uniformly unsuccessful. He had a pecuniary interest in the abortive projects of his half-brother Sir Humphrey Gilbert, but the first settlement of Virginia, or rather of North Carolina, was his own work. The Queen would not let him go himself, and the expeditions of 1585 and 1587 failed mainly on that account. He sent £40,000 of his own money. At the head of the first undertaking was Raleigh's cousin Sir Richard Grenville, but the future hero of Flores was not equal to the work. "Like most men of his stamp and period, he was brave and magnanimous to a fault, but overbearing, proud, and tyrannical. Fight and plunder were what he gloried in, and the far-reaching ideas of his statesman-cousin with regard to the extension of commerce and empire probably appealed to him but little. In any case, he exhibited no tact in carrying them out."

A second attempt had no better success, and, though Raleigh made repeated efforts to rescue them, the remnant of the settlers was destroyed by the Indians. Raleigh never saw Virginia, but he fully recognized that gold is a commodity like another, and that trade and agriculture are the real foundations of national wealth. But the adventurers in whom he was forced to trust had no taste for such slow methods. "The idea of all such men was to grow suddenly rich by plunder or the discovery of gold, and to return home to spend their wealth; the colonization of an agricultural country, indeed, was calculated to be of permanent benefit to the nation, but could hardly bring great or rapid riches to the persons who took part in it."

The table of contents of this volume includes a map of Guiana, but it is not found in its place, and instead of it we have a duplicate sketch of the North Atlantic sea-board. Raleigh did not turn to Guiana until he had lost Elizabeth's favour, and his position in 1594 was very different from what it had been in 1585. "The promptness of the colonists to abandon the settlements and return to England, as soon as they understood that there was no opportunity of acquiring sudden wealth by plundering or discovering gold, had convinced Raleigh that mere extension of territory for England was a motive not powerful enough to unbutton the pockets of investors, accustomed to the great, if uncertain, profits of piracy, or to induce men to risk their bodies in the adventure" (p. 140). He hoped besides that the Queen would relent if he could pour the riches of the tropics into her lap, and he believed that this could be done without coming into serious collision with the Spaniards. Elizabeth would not, if she could help it, allow that, nor would she risk any of her own money; but the mere shadowy claim of Philip to the Western Hemisphere need not stand in the way. Berreo, the Spanish Governor of Trinidad, had indeed just taken nominal possession of the Orinoco for his King; but Raleigh knew well that the power of Spain was on the decline, and, besides, he hoped to be first in the field. He sent his old captain, Whiddon, to reconnoitre, but Whiddon, who was a sailor and no diplomatist, guilelessly answered all Berreo's questions. When Raleigh reached Trinidad, in March, 1595, the Indians told him that the Governor had murdered some of Whiddon's men, and was now preparing to surprise the expedition. Raleigh accordingly attacked Berreo's

small force, slew them all, and carried their chief on board, "so," he said, "as both to be revenged of the former wrong, as also considering that to enter Guiana by small boats, to depart 400 or 500 miles from my ships, and to leave a garrison at my back interested in the same enterprise, who also daily expected supplies out of Spain, I should have savoured very much of the ass . . . and at the instance of the Indians I set their new city of San Joseph on fire." The Indians, who had been oppressed and tortured, readily received the English as deliverers, but Raleigh, who had no pilot, could not take his ship into the Orinoco, and was forced to attempt the passage in small boats. Signs of mining were found, but no mine. His force being evidently too weak, Raleigh returned to England, when he was told that his specimens of gold came from Africa, and that he had never been in Guiana at all. Before he saw America again the Spaniards were settled on the Orinoco. Elizabeth, fearing that Raleigh's silver tongue might draw her Ministers into war, refused him admission to the Privy Council, and at her death England's colonial empire was still in the land of dreams.

Mr. Hume's labours among the State papers have enabled him to show more clearly than has yet been done how Raleigh was sacrificed to Spain. While Elizabeth lived Lord Henry Howard had poisoned James's mind against him, and when the new reign began he was stripped of his offices and reduced to poverty. The Winchester indictment set forth that Raleigh "did conspire and go about to deprive the King of his government; to raise up sedition within the realm; to alter religion, to bring in the Roman superstition, and to procure foreign enemies to invade the kingdom." His life was one long protest against Spanish pretensions, and it is incredible that he should have plotted to set up Arabella Stuart with Spanish help. The evidence satisfies no one now. Raleigh had been very unpopular, but the trial changed men's opinions. Dudley Carleton, a cool diplomatist, said that before the trial he would have given £100 for a conviction, but that before it was over he would have given £1,000 for an acquittal.

In the Tower the man of action, who had hitherto written only occasional verses or prose pieces bearing more or less closely on his own plans, was forced to employ himself in describing the deeds of others. Learned men brought him books, and the result was the "History of the World" as we have it. A second and third part were projected, but after the death of Prince Henry, in whom his best hopes lay, Raleigh had not the heart to finish them. Even in this history of a remote past, he found room for reflection on the things next his heart.

"C. Flaminius," he says, "a popular man in Rome, proposed a decree which was ratified by the people, that besides one colony already planted in the country of the Senones, as many more should be carried thither as would serve to people the whole country between Ancona and Ariminum, exterminating utterly the Gauls. Such an offer were it made in England, concerning either Virginia or Guiana itself, would not overjoy the multitude. But the commonalty of Rome took this in so good part, notwithstanding all danger joined with the benefit, that Flaminius had ever after their good will."

When Raleigh, after many years' captivity, was allowed to go to Guiana again, he found the Spaniards strongly posted on the Orinoco, and he attacked them. This was just what James had promised Gondomar should not be done, and he was easily persuaded to sacrifice Raleigh's life. He had promised to send him to Madrid for execution, but perhaps England would hardly have stood this, and he was beheaded at home on his old sentence, after being betrayed by his cousin Sir Louis Stukoly. An excellent account by Raleigh of his last fatal voyage is contained in a letter from him to his cousin Lord Carow, which Mr. Hume prints for the first time. His men were forced to burn the Spanish settlement in order to save their own lives, "and, my lord, that Guiana he Spanish territory can never be acknowledged, for I myself took possession of it for the Queen of England by virtue of a cession of all the native chiefs of the country. His Majesty knows this to be true." (p. 387.) His end, cheerful and even gay, was not that of a guilty man, and



the lines which he wrote during his last night on earth were not those of an atheist—he had been accused of atheism as well as of a design to “bring in the Roman superstition.” He moralizes on Time,

Who in the dark and silent grave,  
When we have wandered all our ways,  
Shuts up the story of our days ;  
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,  
My God shall raise me up I trust.

Sir Judas Stukely, as he was called, fled from the contempt of mankind, and died a raving lunatic in the storm-beaten solitude of Lundy Island. Raleigh's widow lived to see Charles I. a prisoner, his captivity soon to end in the same death which his father had dealt to her husband.

Mr. Hume is severe, perhaps a little too severe, upon the bad side of Raleigh's character, but he sums up the whole very fairly :—

“ His great misfortune was that he became a royal favourite. In the purely intellectual domain he would have been eminent, even in an age which possessed a Shakespeare and a Bacon. The reason why he is so much more popular with posterity than he was with his contemporaries is that the former judge him chiefly by his writings, the product of his brain, whilst the latter were necessarily more closely in contact with the actions of his life, the outcome of his weaker moral and physical nature.”

He is the typical Elizabethan, the most brilliant man of our heroic age. He first foresaw the conquests of the English race and language ; and though he failed himself, he paid for his mistakes with his life.

**Nature and Sport in South Africa.** By H. Anderson Bryden. 8x5½in., xvi.+314 pp. London, 1897.

Chapman and Hall. 6-

Mr. Bryden succeeds in captivating even the untravelled reader at his first page, from his description of the Pelican—the onocrotalus of the ancients—which flies in company with hundreds of its kind, weaving long skeins of gray against a rose and amber sky, to his amusing account of the embarrassment of the early settlers from the quantities of wild animals. Elands and koodoos broke into the Governor's enclosure, elephants and rhinoceroses wallowed in his standing corn, or dogged him round his own garden in the Fort. In 1653 it is recorded that “ it appeared as if the lions would take the place by storm.” This last chapter is a fitting conclusion to a most interesting account of the game, and more especially of the birds, in central Southern Africa. It demonstrates in unanswerable fashion the wanton destruction of animal life that has at last resulted in almost depopulating the veldt. There is but one way that seems likely to save South African big game from utter extinction ; it is a method that Mr. Charles Cornish has already suggested in his admirable books on the Wild Life of England. Some hundred thousand acres must be reserved in Mashonaland or elsewhere, and fenced in to form a national park, in which small herds of game may be enclosed. Either the Chartered Company or the British Government in South Africa can surely help this scheme, which ought to prove self-supporting if only by the sending of drafts from time to time to supply collections in Europe. Clearly some such plan is inevitable if there is to be anything left either for the naturalist to study or for the sportsman to destroy in what was once the richest game preserve in the whole world. Though the days of Gordon Cumming and of Baldwin are within a short-lived memory, it would seem as if F. C. Solous were already to be the last of the great hunters who should range the African veldt. Even when he began in 1871 Solous had to pass, by Lobengula's permission, up to the Zambesi before he could find his elephants. And an expedition as long as that undertaken by Dr. Schulz is now almost inevitable for any one who wants the best sport. This is not the fault of the hunters we have named. Throughout British Bechuanaland and the Protectorate, as far as Khama's country, every one has a rifle now, and the skin-hunter is pitilessly at work denuding all the plains.

To take but one well-known instance, the giraffe is already almost entirely extinct. Since Pliny saw one at the Triumph of Cæsar, and Aurelianus led others with the booty of Palmyra through the streets of Rome, giraffes were very rarely seen in Europe. Tamberlaine had one at the beginning of the fifteenth century ; but from the days of Lorenzo de Medici until those of George IV. no European eye had seen these extraordinary creatures. In 1827, the first one that ever came to England was sent over by Mohammed Ali, Viceroy of Egypt. Now there is but one in London and one alone in Paris. And there seems little prospect that we shall ever see another.

Since the Egyptian King recorded on his tomb how that he “ hunted the lion and brought back the crocodile a prisoner ” : since Thothmes brought the oryx and the dog-faced ape out of the sacred land of Pinet, Africa has been the happy hunting ground of many mighty Nimrods. Some of them have opened up the country ; many of them have left their bones beside those of the animals they helped to make extinct ; some few, like Mr. Bryden, have added definitely to our store of useful knowledge of the various living things upon the earth. His book will be another incentive—if one be needed—to preserve some little of what is left in the land which for every secret it gives up demands a heavy toll of lives.

**Historical Portraits: Some Notes on the Painted Portraits of Celebrated Characters of England, Scotland, and Ireland.** By H. B. Wheatley, F.S.A. (Connoisseur Series.) 9x6in., 276 pp. London, 1897. Bell. 126

We learn from the preface that Mr. Lionel Cust, the Director of the National Portrait Gallery, has lately set on foot a scheme for a sort of universal *catalogue raisonné* of the historical portraits of the United Kingdom, and has drawn up a form to enable the fortunate possessors to make the inventory of these treasures on a uniform system. If this excellent plan could be carried out, the result would be of great utility and interest, but, in view of the fact that the pictures in question are scattered about the country in many hundreds of country houses, it is one that will not be easily or swiftly completed. The writer claims for this volume that it is “ an attempt to cultivate this vast field as distinct from articles and papers in transactions,” although the limitations of the space at his command have not enabled him to do more than “ scratch the surface and indicate the riches to be found by those who search for them.” The book is divided into two parts. “ The first seven chapters contain,” to use the writer's own words, “ a chat about portraits and portrait painters.” The rest of the book contains notices of some of the chief portraits of famous personages, beginning with sovereigns and ending with the people. This part of the book contains a good deal of somewhat loose criticism, for we find the portrait of Julius in the National Gallery described as one of the glories of art, when it is but a middling replica of the original in the Pitti. It also contains a biographical list of painters of portraits from Holbein to Millais, but this is far from complete, a cursory examination showing that there is no mention either of Peters, whose admirable Mrs. Pope and Mrs. Abingdon have lately been admired by everybody, nor of John Linnell, who began life as a portrait painter and had Thomas Carlyle for a sitter. The second portion of the book, the antiquarian and anecdotal portion, is far better, the stories being retold with commendable spirit and the illustrations being excellent. Some of them, indeed, as, for instance, the reproduction of the beautiful half-length of Bonnie Dundee (by an unknown artist), seen a few years back at Burlington House, leave nothing to be desired. The exquisite, almost girlish, beauty of the ‘tigerish Claver's’ is a wonderful thing, only paralleled by a similar beauty in the face of the equally tigerish St. Just. The servants and actors, the poets and artists, included in the author's category of “ the people,” are extremely well used, and the portraits of men like Harvey and Newton, Keats and Thackeray, if not the work of artists of great talent, more than justify the words of Carlyle. “ Any representation,”

he says in his letter to David Laing, "made by a faithful human creature of that face and figure which he saw with his eyes is now valuable to me and much better than none at all."

"Often, too," he adds, "I have found a portrait superior in real instruction to half-a-dozen written biographies, as biographies are written, or, rather, let me say that the portrait was a lighted candle by which the biographies could, for the first time, be read and some human interpretation be made of them."

Mr. Wheatley has sought to provide us with a candlestick to many such candles.

**Portrait Miniatures** : From the Time of Holbein, 1531, to that of Sir William Ross, 1820. By **George C. Williamson**, Litt.D. With numerous Illustrations. (Connoisseur Series.) Demy 8vo., 170 pp. **Bell. 12s**

The need of a handbook on the Art of Miniature more convenient and less costly than Dr. Lumsden Propert's sumptuous volume has been long felt and has now been adequately supplied by Dr. Williamson. He has, however, done more than skim the cream from Dr. Propert's history, and from such widely known books as Walpole's *Anecdotes* and Bryan's and Nagler's *Encyclopedias*. He has worked through much less accessible material, such as the private Catalogues of the Burlington Club and of the Buccleugh and Portland collections. Dr. Williamson's volume only runs to 170 pages, and, seeing that the author has dealt with all the miniaturists who practised in England during three centuries and a half, has not omitted the enamellists Petitot Quicke and the rest, has managed to say a few words about the foreigners, and has told us all, perhaps, that was worth telling of the indigenous art of to-day, his book is merely a miracle of condensation. The illustrations, too, are well chosen, and in them the work of the various hands finely differentiated. The grand character drawing and breadth of Cooper, the *espiglerie* and grace of the two Pliniers, the solid elaboration of Andrew Robertson, the dainty artificiality of Cosway, all appear in these photo-engravings with sufficient precision. As regards contemporary miniature, it is pleasant to learn that in Dr. Williamson's view the art of the Billiards and Olivers, of the Coopers, of the Englehearts is in a fair way to be resuscitated. Most of us have lately admired the fine portrait of Dr. Propert in costume by Mr. Alfred Praga, which is here reproduced, and which was fine enough to have belonged to an earlier age. It was exhibited by one of the two societies that have been founded with the view of rescuing miniature from the "degradation" into which it had fallen, owing, no doubt, in part to the competition of the photographer, in part to the disease which is endemic in all forms of art-conventionalism. The coming into existence of these two bodies, the Society of Miniature Painters and the Society of Miniaturists, united by a common aim, and that aim the restoration of miniature art, is certainly most hopeful, but it is obvious that their continued separate existence would be prejudicial, and we are glad, therefore, to learn that a scheme for union is being discussed. One specially interesting chapter should be specially mentioned. It is that devoted to the notable collections of England, particularly those of Windsor, Montagu House, and Welbeck. In conclusion it is but fair to say that though in this volume compression has been pushed to the utmost limits of the endurable, Dr. Williamson has managed to enliven his pages with much comment that is interesting and much criticism that is sound.

**Lays of the Red Branch**. By **Sir Samuel Ferguson**, Q.C., LL.D., with an introduction by Lady Ferguson. 6½×4½in., 161 pp. London and Dublin, 1897. (The New Irish Library.)

**Fisher Unwin; Sealy. 2/-**

Lady Ferguson has collected from her husband's poems those dealing with what may be called the Ultonian cycle of Irish epic, or, perhaps, one should say, saga. Nominally this centres round the career of *Conor mac Nessa*, King of Airmagh,

but he is rather the villain of the cycle than its hero, who is Cuchullain (here spelt Cuchullin). But Sir Samuel Ferguson, whose knowledge of Old Irish was but elementary, did not attempt the chief episode of the cycle, the *Tain-bo-Cuailgne*, or *Cattle-Quest of Quelgny*, in which Cuchullain's exploits find their tragic climax; and so the lays here given seem to circle round *Conor*. They include that fine story *Deirdre*, one of the "Three Tragic Tales of Erin," which is dealt with here in quasi-dramatic form that scarcely does justice to the rapid movement and tragic intensity of the original. It is also to be regretted that the beginning of the saga had to be omitted owing to the adoption of the dramatic form. There is no doubt that these Irish sagas have much of the wizardry, the sense of colour and of mystery, that Matthew Arnold saw in all the productions of the Celt. But they want the sense of form and the feeling of restraint which go with a national ideal of self-discipline. This was given to the Celtic substratum of Gaul by Roman institutions and perhaps by Norman feudalism. But neither in Wales nor in Ireland was this discipline acquired, and hence we find their Celtic literature, though full of magic, wanting in the higher unities. It is owing to this that the saga literature of Ireland—the earliest local literature of Europe—is still neglected and unknown. It is, indeed, curious that the so-called Nationalist movement in Ireland has done absolutely nothing for the publication and popularization of the early literature of the island, much of which still remains in manuscript. It is by no means to the credit of Irishmen that the best work done on their ancient literature should be that of Profs. Gaidos, Windisch, Linnner, and Kuno Meyer. But apart from the publication of manuscript sources much work remains to be done in making known to the world the value and interest of what has already been published. It was to this kind of work that the late Sir Samuel Ferguson devoted so much of his life.

One would like to report the unqualified success of his efforts. But, unfortunately, Sir Samuel chose a rather conventional and almost totally uninspired English verse in which to popularize the more tragic and telling episodes of the Irish sagas. The originals have touches of magic amid their *longueurs*. Sir Samuel Ferguson, it is true, has got rid of their length, but he has also got rid of their magic. With their fine tact in such matters the French invariably restrict themselves to prose versions in translations from foreign poetic masterpieces, and it would be well if the editors of the New Irish Library were to follow their example. It is to be feared that the present selection from Sir Samuel Ferguson's works will scarcely promote the highly desirable object they have in view, to give to the general public some idea of the magic and romance of the early Irish sagas.

**Journals of Dorothy Wordsworth**. Edited by **William Knight**. 2 vols. 7¼×5in., 255+222 pp. London, 1897.

**Macmillan. 10/-**

The "Life of Tennyson" is pervaded by the unconscious self-portraiture of a devoted son, a Boswell by inheritance—one who felt himself in presence of the great, and, with feminine thoroughness, spent his days in loyal service. The sister and wife of Wordsworth played a similar part. But for those who delight in noting variations between the sexes it may be interesting to observe that, whereas Hallam Lord Tennyson (like most of his prototypes) has crowned his labour by a public presentment of his hero, Dorothy and Mary Wordsworth worked only in silence for the living man. Others, however, have broken into the privacy of that quiet home; and, thanks especially to Dorothy's neat habit of journalizing, her passionate tenderness for the "beloved" William has passed into literary history. It may almost be said that for Wordsworth also has been found a Boswell.

In this edition, however, sister and wife are presented to us on their own merits, so to speak; and the journals, being no longer printed as merely illustrative notes to Wordsworth's life or

poetry, may give a fuller and more undisturbed impression of the writer's own characters and powers. It is Dorothy with whom we are principally concerned. Two strong instincts, at first sight somewhat antagonistic, dominate all her utterances. She observes, at home and abroad, with no idea beyond comparing what she sees to an ideal constructed on early associations. Bare feet suggest only poverty or lack of proper pride; views from the Rhine inspire a longing for "castles" in the lakes; and the students of Heidelberg do not appear "very scholarlike." She is also practical, and welcomes every sign of cleanliness, neatness, and prosperity. Yet Dorothy Wordsworth had the artist's eye. Her descriptions of Nature were often the actual sketches for her brother's poems, and have at times more strength than the finished picture. In both we may discover the deliberate, and, occasionally, almost cruel adoption of all experience for literary material. The journals are almost entirely concerned with personal emotions. Thus she notes of a poor woman sitting in a field that "we were indebted to the chance of her being there for some of the most interesting feelings that we had ever had from natural objects connected with man in dreary solitariness."

Professor Knight, with the natural enthusiasm of an editor, has included some entries which to more impartial readers seem trivial and even tiresome; but the style of the journals, as a whole, is vivid and eminently attractive.

**Hawthorne's First Diary.** By Samuel T. Pickard. 7½×5½in., 111 pp. London, 1897. Kegan Paul. 3/6

**The House of the Seven Gables.** By Nathaniel Hawthorne. 7½×5½in., 304 pp. London, 1898.

Service and Paton. 3/6

The incidents of Nathaniel Hawthorne's youth are not fixed with great chronological accuracy, but it is known that when a boy he spent some time—at least a year, and probably more—on the shores of the Sebago Lake, in the State of Maine. The fascination exercised on him by the wild hunter's life he led there he has himself recorded in one of his letters; that such experiences must have had an effect on such a peculiarly receptive mind as Hawthorne's is a matter of course; and it would certainly be interesting to find any first-hand record which might give a glimpse of the transmutation of life into literature. Mr. Pickard publishes a little volume containing, first, an account of Hawthorne's home in Maine; secondly, the story of one William Symmes, a friend of Hawthorne's youth, who professed to have a diary of his, from which he communicated extracts to Mr. Pickard; and thirdly, the extracts themselves. The manner in which these documents came to Mr. Pickard is, as he admits, in the highest degree suspicious; the mysterious William Symmes, who was a negro spy in the service of the military secret police during the Civil War, never showed his face or gave his address to Mr. Pickard, but merely sent letters at irregular intervals containing the professed extracts. On the other hand, he would take no money for what he sent, and Mr. Pickard thinks that the documents vindicate themselves. And here, though the authority of Mr. Julian Hawthorne is against him, we are disposed to agree with him; the extracts are probably genuine, because no one could have taken the trouble to invent them. They are bits of a diary such as any healthy intelligent boy might have written if he could find time to write them; only in one passage, a rather lively dialogue with an old horse, is there any touch of that fancy which distinguished Hawthorne's literary work.

The introduction which Mr. Moncure D. Conway has contributed to Messrs. Service and Paton's new edition of "The House with the Seven Gables" collects some interesting facts with regard to a better-known side of Hawthorne's life—his interest in the old traditions of his native town Salem. The volume itself is well printed in good clean type, the binding is neat and inoffensive, and the illustrations, by F. H. Townsend, are delicate and pretty.

**A Question of the Water and of the Land.** By Dante Alighieri. Translated into English, with an Introduction and Notes, by Charles Hamilton Bromby. 8vo., 60 pp. London, 1897. Nutt. 2/-

Mr. Bromby's translation of the "Quaestio de Aqua et Terra" is the latest evidence of the deep interest which is now taken in this country in all that concerns Dante. This is the first English translation of the treatise, and as a proof of devotion to the study of the great Italian poet it deserves to be welcomed and commended. When, however, the translator, in his introduction, claims for the treatise a place among the authentic works of Dante, even going so far as to say that it is "undoubtedly authentic," we cannot but feel that his zeal outruns his discretion. It is true that he says in a footnote "I need not trouble the reader with all the arguments for and against the authenticity of the work," thereby implying that some persons, at any rate, do not regard it as "undoubtedly authentic"; but he immediately adds, "It breathes of Dante throughout"; and again "It is handled with all the seriousness of his grave nature, and is written in his most argumentative style." It is only right to compare Mr. Bromby's opinion with that of a more eminent authority on Dante. "We who have searched through Dante's works no less frequently and industriously," says Scartazzini, replying to Giuliani, "find in the treatise nothing whatever of his style and yet less of his spirit." ("A Companion to Dante," from the German of G. A. Scartazzini by A. J. Butler, p. 368.) Even Dr. Moore, in his learned "Studies in Dante," published last year, while he admits that he is impressed rather strongly in favour of the authenticity of the "Quaestio" (p. 106), says later on that "the great uncertainty as to the genuineness of that work prevents us here and elsewhere from basing any argument upon it" (p. 313, footnote).

We have felt it our duty to lay stress upon this uncertainty, but we must not be understood as pronouncing an opinion on a subject of so much difficulty as the authenticity of the work. *Non nostrum tantas componere lites.* While nothing which proceeded from Dante's pen could be a matter of indifference to those who love and honour both the poet and the man, truth compels us to say that the dry scholastic treatise before us, even if genuine, adds nothing to his reputation. Nevertheless, as the translator of a work upon which much has been written, Mr. Bromby deserves the gratitude of English students of the poet. He has acquitted himself creditably of his task, and those who wish to become acquainted with the contents of the treatise will find the translation very useful.

**The Silence of God.** By Robert Anderson, C.E., LL.B. Cr. 8vo., 100 pp. London, 1897.

Hodder and Stoughton. 5/-

The fact that this book is written by a layman of some distinction, and that it deals with a problem of inexhaustible interest, will doubtless commend it to a considerable number of readers, in spite of its patent faults of style and arrangement, and its occasional departures from reverence and good taste. Mr. Anderson writes from a decidedly "evangelical" standpoint, and it is clear that he has little or no sense of the difficulties which beset his peculiar view of Scripture as a supreme guide and authority in matters of faith and speculation. It is not easy to condone either the patronizing tone with which the author speaks of such distinguished thinkers as Mr. Balfour, or the unwarrantable abuse which he pours on those theologians whom he styles "Christian rationalists." We should have supposed that the perplexing difficulty of the problem which he discusses would have suggested to Mr. Anderson the need of modesty and reserve in passing judgment on those who with larger knowledge and deeper insight than his own have dealt with the subject.

With the main contention of Mr. Anderson—that the Christian facts supply an adequate explanation of the "Silence of God"—all Christians will, of course, be in agreement. Mr.

Anderson points to the experience of men of faith in every age—martyrs, missionaries, and saints—and observes very justly that “to men like these there is a sense in which Heaven is not silent.” To them the advent of Christ is “God’s full and final revelation of Himself to man.” But we cannot discover anything new either in the author’s statement of the problem or in the method he employs to solve it. It seems to us that Mr. Anderson falls at the outset into the common error of exaggerating the difficulty with which he endeavours to deal. Hence his picture of human suffering is unqualified by any recognition of the facts dwelt upon, for instance, in Dean Church’s fine sermon on “Pain and Remedy.” Nor does he apprehend the true function of miracle in revelation, which is surely not intended either to “compel belief” or to afford an unanswerable proof that God exists. Miracle is mainly significant as indicating *what* God is. It is not a bare token of His existence, but a revelation of His nature, character, and purpose; and it does not seem to strike Mr. Anderson that the manifestation of the Divine character may occasionally demand rather the absence than the occurrence of miracles.

Altogether this book conveys the impression that the writer is an honest, but petulant and somewhat narrow-minded thinker, overmastered by his sense of an awful problem which he fails to state adequately in so far as he forgets that it has different aspects, and needs to be studied from more than one point of view.

It is somewhat surprising that the original edition, in four large volumes, of Canon Rawlinson’s translation of *HERODOTUS* has never been reissued in a cheaper form. For a new edition, in two small and handy volumes, Mr. Murray will have earned prospective thanks from future generations of Oxford undergraduates, in whose curriculum it may be hoped that the “Father of History” will always be a prominent feature. It will also, perhaps, interest those who, without knowledge of the original Greek, wish to realize as far as can be done in English the charm of racy simplicity which makes “Herodotus” so delightful; for, as its present editor, Professor A. J. Grant, reminds us, Canon Rawlinson’s work is more of a reproduction than a “crib.” No attempt has been made to revise the text; but the appendices have been omitted and the notes considerably abridged. The Latin names of the Greek deities, still in customary use even by scholars when Canon Rawlinson wrote his translation, have given way to the more correct Greek names—Jove, Neptune, and Minerva to Zeus, Poseidon, and Athéné. The illustrations of the original edition are discarded; but new plans have been prepared to illustrate the great battles of Marathon, Thermopylæ, Plataea, and Salamis. In its present easily accessible form the book should find its way to many scholars’ shelves.

The series of literary handbooks which Professor Hales is editing for Messrs. Bell are among the most notable of their class. They are edited by competent writers, informed with an intelligent spirit, and directed by scholarly aims. Professor Hugh Walker in *THE AGE OF TENNYSON* maintains the standard of his predecessors. He knows his subject thoroughly and can “place” his authors with precision. Occasionally his criticism bears witness to personal study of the originals and independent judgment. He dares to say that “Westward Ho!” is dull. His style is severely plain and dry, but not always faultless. He writes in short, disconnected, and abrupt sentences. The arrangement of the matter, though reasonably planned, is not so carefully carried out as to avoid repetition. We are doubtful about the wisdom of multiplying this kind of book. It cannot, however well written, inspire enthusiasm or direct taste, and it is scarcely comprehensive enough for reference.

*BADDESLEY CLINTON*, by the Rev. H. Norris (Art and Book Company), is a handsome volume, and one likely to interest antiquaries, for it treats of one of the most

ancient families and one of the most picturesque manor-houses in the kingdom. Mr. Norris has worked with great diligence through the material at his disposal for a history of the Ferrers family and of the manor with its church and its hall, where they have resided for thirteen generations. The growing practice of utilizing old family or local documents is much to be commended. It encourages an interest in the past, and has an immediate bearing on the general history of the country quite apart from its genealogical and topographical importance. A curious illustration of the need for some authoritative organization of ancient manuscripts in all parts of the country is here given. Dugdale in 1653 borrowed a large number of the Baddesley documents, and never returned them. Much valuable evidence has thus been lost, but it is worth noting that an importunate antiquarian has almost as much opportunity now as he had two centuries ago of depriving posterity of valuable manuscripts.

Miss J. G. A. Wood contributes to Professor Garnett’s *Text-Books of Technology* an attractive little book called *How to Make a Dress* (Methuen), which bids fair to be very useful. The writer is entitled to speak with authority on the subject inasmuch as she is chief instructress in dressmaking at the Goldsmiths’ Institute, New-cross. The book is intended “to meet the want felt by teachers and students for a reliable and trustworthy source of information as to how to pass with success the dressmaking examination of the City and Guilds of London Institute.” But, though primarily intended for students, Miss Wood’s dainty little manual may be consulted with advantage by any girls who want to make their own frocks; the directions are simple and clear, and the diagrams very helpful.

## MUSICAL.

*Verdi: Man and Musician. His Biography, with especial reference to his English experiences.* By Frederick J. Crowest. 9×5½ in., xiv. + 306 pp. London, 1897.

Milne. 7/6

The fascination of the subject of a book devoted to Verdi, most distinguished of modern Italian composers, will no doubt lead many musicians to ignore the numerous faults of style of the author, and to forgive him for inflicting many dull pages and much pointless criticism on them. Verdi’s is a fascinating personality, and a study of the development of his genius from *Oberto* to *Falstaff* well repays the labour expended upon it. But we are not with Mr. Crowest in regarding *Falstaff* as the logical and natural development from *Oberto*, or, indeed, any of its successors before, say, *Aida*. Whatever the cause of the remarkable change that occurred in Verdi’s style may have been, there certainly was a violent change, for no known process of logical development will ultimately produce a *Falstaff* from a *Trovatore*.

Mr. Crowest is quite right in saying that the English critics showed a want of hospitality to Verdi’s earlier works; and, in spite of his advocacy, we still think the critics were right. Mr. Crowest thinks otherwise. He has, in fact, taken it upon himself “to place [Verdi] critically and musically among the great exponents of his art,” which some might think a work of supererogation. But unfortunately his efforts are discounted by the fact that he uses the very means which he deprecates in those he condemns. Thus he quotes page on page of long-forgotten criticism from *The Times* and the *Athenæum*—happy hunting-grounds for the musical “historian”—all, or nearly all, of which is abusive. This he attempts to rectify by pommeling with no gloved fist the critics of these two papers, both of whom are long since dead. Naturally, he fails to convince. Moreover, it is unfair to chastise critics for failing to find in the earlier Verdi the creator of *Falstaff*, one of the three operas which Mr. Crowest himself says “will keep Italian opera alive, if that effete institution can be preserved by mortal means.” And, in spite of his belief that *Il Trovatore* possesses undying properties, “a life current passing on to all who hear it,” Mr. Crowest has no great faith in

young Italy, since, after quoting a list of the young Italian school, which includes Pinauti, who died in 1888, and ignores Puccini and Leoncavallo, he asks, "Is Italy training a school of young composers capable of carrying on Verdi's work?" This he declines to reply to in the affirmative.

The book is full of curious statements and still more curious conclusions. If it is a fact that the listening with pleasure to the tones of a barrel-organ is a sign of musical aptitude, as Mr. Crowest suggests, how musical must be our own street arabs! *A propos* of barrel-organs and Verdi's interest in them, Mr. Crowest might have quoted the story which tells how Verdi bought up all the available instruments in the neighbourhood of his country house that he might have peace. The author surely does not imagine that in the days of the figured bass the performer played the bass part only. Yet he credits Verdi with uncommon ability in that at a performance of the *Creation* he "gave not only the bass-line, but the whole of the pianoforte part." Times have not changed so much as some folk think, though it was, in 1839, "the fashion for *impresarii* to demand, and to receive, large sums from unknown composers wishing to have their operas brought forward." *Tempora mutantur*, says Mr. Crowest. Is he sure?

Seriously, the book has little or no value for the musician beyond the chronological list of Verdi's operas and the account of their first performances. Mr. Crowest has apparently evolved the passage referring to an unknown opera, *Montezuma*, by Verdi from his inner consciousness, since Riemann and all the authorities do not even mention the work. The critical part of the book is quite unconvincing, and shows how poor a critic its writer is. The quotations are of no practical interest, and the style is often pretentious and involved. Mr. Crowest's knowledge of foreign tongues is apparently by no means accurate. A good portrait of Verdi forms the frontispiece.

MUSICAL MEMORIES, such as those recently written by Mrs. M. Diehl (Bentley and Son), are poured forth from the press in practically a never-ending stream, and thus by inference would seem to appeal to a section of the public. Yet can their intrinsic value historically be even approximately commensurate with the amount of trouble taken to rub up the dull spots in the memory of their writers? From the very nature of the case such memories can only look at the bright side of persons mentioned in them, since many are still alive, and there is such a thing as a law of libel. Mrs. Diehl's "Memories" go back to Paris in the early sixties, when Berlioz, Rossini, and other historic personages were among the living. By far the most interesting part of the book is the literary portrait of Henselt, the pianist, about whom Mrs. Diehl has much to say that will be new to most people. It is a pity that so much space has been devoted to similar sketches of Chopin and Berlioz, since the writer could hardly have known the former, who died in 1849, while the latter was an old man when she arrived in Paris. Chopin's portrait, therefore, was not from life, whatever that of Berlioz may have been. As the "Memories" are evidently meant to interest and amuse rather than to instruct, it would serve no good purpose to traverse many of the authoress's critical remarks, or to point out certain defects of style which detract from the literary value of the book, but no doubt will be unobserved by the general reader, for whom it evidently was primarily intended.

THE EPIC OF SOUNDS, by Miss Freda Winworth (Simpkin, Marshall), is another addition to the countless text-books explanatory of Wagner's *Nibelungen Ring*. It is unconventional in its arrangement, and for this very reason will probably not appeal to the right audience, for it teaches the Wagner student little or nothing, and the mass of the public do not care for unconventionality, especially in musical literature. For the serious manner in which Miss Winworth has attacked her subject she deserves credit, and it may be said that she has produced a book infinitely more valuable than the commonplace translations from the German which have held sway far too long.

## LEGAL.

**Greenwood's Manual of the Practice of Conveyancing.** 9th Edition. By Harry Greenwood, M.A., LL.D., Barrister-at-Law. London, 1897. Stevens. 20s.

The ninth edition of GREENWOOD'S MANUAL OF CONVEYANCING will maintain the reputation which the work has long ago acquired of being one of the best expositions which the English lawyer possesses of the present practice relating to the daily routine of conveyancing in solicitors' offices. We have tested it at various points of a somewhat critical character, and have no hesitation in pronouncing it up to date and in every way reliable as a guide to modern conveyancing practice.

**The Encyclopædia of the Laws of England.** Being a New Abridgment by the most eminent legal authorities under the general editorship of A. Wood Renton, M.A., LL.B. Vols. 1 to 3. 10x6 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. 531+505+553 pp. London, 1897. Sweet and Maxwell. 20/- per vol.

THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF THE LAWS OF ENGLAND, now in course of publication, promises to be an addition of distinct value to our legal literature. The old abridgments were all of them on rather different lines and are long since out of date. Perhaps the nearest resemblance is to be found in the last century dictionaries of Jacob and Tomlin, though they were conceived on a much less ambitious scale than the present undertaking. The rapidity with which the first three volumes have been brought out sufficiently testifies to the energy of Mr. Wood Renton, the editor, and their contents are not less creditable to his skill and judgment. He has been fortunate in securing such contributors as Sir Frederick Pollock, Sir Walter Phillimore, Mr. Blake Odgers, Q.C., Professor Maitland, Mr. Challis, and many other recognized authorities on the subjects with which they deal; and though some inequality is inevitable, especially in a first edition, a high standard of execution is maintained throughout.

The arrangement is alphabetical, and in deference, it is believed, to the supposed preferences of solicitors, a practical but unscientific race, the process of subdivision has been carried farther than would otherwise be warranted. Some of the shorter articles necessarily appear fragmentary and necessitate a very careful system of cross-references to give the work its full value. This is especially the case where phrases which have received judicial construction such as "become a bankrupt," "calculated to benefit" are dealt with separately. The heading "Colorado Beetle" reads funnily, but as he has special statutory orders of his own, he is, perhaps, rightly treated apart from the rest of his kind, though others more productive of litigation receive no separate recognition. One result of the practical arrangement adopted is to make Sir Frederick Pollock's Introduction dealing with an ideally perfect system of legal classification seem rather out of place. It should be mentioned that sufficient space has been afforded to deal adequately, but concisely, with the great heads of laws. Sir Frederick Pollock's article on Contracts and Mr. Manson's Bankruptcy and Companies may be instanced. The practical utility of some of the articles has been questioned, but we think mistakenly. One of the chief uses of a work of this kind is to supply information not readily accessible elsewhere.

Detailed notice of the different articles is impracticable, but in the last volume issued we may mention Professor Holland's admirable account of the Civil Law, and Sir Courtenay Ilbert's brightly-written article on Codification, a subject of special interest in a work which aims at presenting a conspectus of English law. The views of Bentham, the originator of the term and largely of the theory, are amusingly presented in his own words:—

The great utility of a code is to cause the debates of lawyers and the bad laws of former times to be forgotten. A code framed upon these principles would not require schools for its explanation, would not require casuists to unravel its subtleties. It would speak a language familiar to everybody; each one might consult it at his need. . . . The father of a family without assistance might take it in his hand and teach it to his children.

The hopeless impracticability of such an ideal is now universally felt, but Sir Courtenay Ilbert does full justice to Bentham's work as a law reformer. Dealing with our own modest achievement in codification, meaning thereby an orderly and authoritative arrangement of the leading rules of law on a given subject, whether derived from the common or statute law—in this sense the Partnership Act, the Bills of Exchange Act, and the Sale of Goods Act are our only codes—he points out that codification abroad has been undertaken, not so much with the object of improving the law, as of abolishing inconvenient local differences, and securing that legal unity which in its essentials we have possessed for centuries.

### ELUSION.

Where shall I find thee, Joy? by what great marge  
With the strong seas exulting? on what peaks  
Rapt? or astray within what forest bourn,  
Thy light hands parting the resilient boughs?

Hast thou no answer? . . . Ah, in mine own breast  
Except unsought thou spring, though I go forth  
And tease the waves for news of thee, and make  
Importunate inquisition of the woods  
If thou didst pass that way, I shall but find  
The brief print of thy footfall on sere leaves  
And the salt brink, and woo thy touch in vain.

WILLIAM WATSON.

### Among my Books.

#### "THE ADVENTURES OF CHERUBINA."

When the first editor of the *Quarterly* reported to John Murray, by request, upon Miss Austen's "Pride and Prejudice," he commended it chiefly for the absence of certain then popular features. There were, he said, "no dark passages, no secret chambers, no wind-howlings in long galleries, no drops of blood upon a rusty dagger"—things which, in Mr. Gifford's opinion, "should be left to ladies' maids and sentimental washerwomen." That he failed to discover in Miss Austen the characteristics of Mrs. Radcliffe is not extraordinary, nor to any fervent "Janite" (to use Professor Saintsbury's word) will it seem strange that he should declare "Pride and Prejudice" to be "really a very pretty thing." But it is assuredly worth noting that Miss Austen, so far from following the author of the "Italian" and the "Mysteries of Udolpho," had actually already composed a book to ridicule that gifted writer—the MS. of which book, "Northanger Abbey," to wit, when Gifford wrote to Murray, was temporarily interred in a publisher's drawer at Bath. It is also curious that, notwithstanding the vexatious suppression of her own finely-touched little satire, Miss Austen should, in her correspondence, be generous enough to praise warmly another work which was also devoted to making fun of Mrs. Radcliffe. "I finished the 'Heroine' last night"—she writes to her sister Cassandra while on her way to London to publish "Mansfield Park"—"and was very much amused by it. . . . It diverted me exceedingly." Later in the same letter she adds—"I have torn through the third vol. of the 'Heroine.' I do not think it falls off. It is a delightful burlesque, particularly on the Radcliffe style." This is "Praise from Sir Hubert Stanley"; and fully justifies us in taking down the volumes to be dusted.

Although occasionally to be discovered among those *bonquins de rebut achetés au rabais* of which De Musset writes, copies of the "Heroine" are certainly not common,

and may even be called rare. The author's name, which, it will be observed, Miss Austen does not mention, was Eaton Stannard Barrett, further described on his title-page as "Esquire." Born at Cork in 1786, Barrett was educated at a school at Wandsworth, and afterwards entered the Middle Temple. But he never seems to have practised at the Bar, and he died prematurely of consumption in Wales. He made several incursions into literature. He wrote a comedy; he wrote political satires against the Whigs of his day, of which one, "All the Talents," obtained some contemporary reputation; and he wrote a Popesque eulogy on "Woman," four lines of which periodically, and not undeservedly, figure among the "Quotations wanted" of literary journals. "Not she," he says of his subject,

"Not she with trait'rous kiss her Saviour stung,  
Not she denied Him with unholy tongue;  
She, while Apostles shrank, could dangers brave,  
Last at His cross and earliest at His grave."

Finally, in addition to a novel called "Six Weeks at Long's," he wrote the "mock Romance" of which the full title is "The Heroine, or Adventures of Cherubina." It was published in 1813 by Henry Colburn, and dedicated to the Right Hon. George Canning, and bore for motto "L'Histoire d'une femme est toujours un Roman."

The idea of burlesquing or satirizing current forms of fiction was obviously not a new one. Without going back even as far as Mrs. Lennox and the "Female Quixote," only a short time before the "Heroine" appeared, Miss Charlton had essayed something of the kind in her "Rosella," and Mrs. Green had put forth her "Romance Readers and Romance Writers." But Barrett, as fits a male, comes to closer quarters with his theme. Miss Cherry Wilkinson, whose adventures he relates, is the only daughter of a farmer who, by "honest and disgusting industry," has acquired—what he could scarcely acquire now—a considerable fortune. Cherry's governess, who has been discharged for misconduct, and who has stuffed her pupil with romances, easily persuades her that she is a "child of mystery." Thereupon Miss Wilkinson discovers—with the aid of an old indenture—that her real name is, or should be, Cherubina De Willoughby, and that she is called to the career of a Heroine. For this she has ready certain indispensable physical qualifications. Although but fifteen she is tall and "aërial," her hair is flaxen, her face Grecian, and her eyes blue and sleepy. She has also, according to one of her admirers, "a voice soft as the Creolian lyre." Further, she is an adept in most of the other requisites. She can "blush to the tips of her fingers"; faint at pleasure; has tears, sighs, and half sighs, at command; is mistress of the entire gamut of smiles, from fragmentary to fatal, and is fully skilled in the arts of gliding, tripping, flitting, and tottering, which last, being the "approach movement of heroic distress," is the heroine's *ne plus ultra*. She is also fully posted in the obligations of a heroine to "live a month on a mouthful," to accomplish long journeys without fatigue, and to obtain the necessities of life without the tedious formalities of payment. Finding she is threatened with an old playfellow, one Stuart, as a suitor, she resolves to fly from her father's house. This she does,

on a stormy night, taking with her, in "a small band-box," her jewels, her "spangled muslin" (the regulation costume of heroines), her satin petticoat, her silk stockings, and her satin shoes.

From this point to the end of Volume Three Cherubina "crowds and hurries and precipitates" her remarkable adventures. At the outset she saves her would-be suitor Stuart from robbers, an act which constitutes him her convenient protector through the book whenever her vagaries make a *deus ex machinâ* imperative. Then she takes coach to London, meeting on the road one Betterton, whose intentions are not honourable. Escaping from him, she falls in with a St. Giles's woollen-draper named Jerry Sullivan, whose womankind naturally distrust the spangled "child of mystery." So she takes refuge in a Baronial Castle, which turns out to be Covent Garden Theatre, where she meets an actor named Abraham Grundy, whose dramatic appellation of Lord Altamont Mortimer Montmorenci, and habit of acting (like John Kemble) both on and off the stage, exactly suit her *cadre*. He takes her to his lodgings, where also resides a half-crazy poet, whose poems are still unpublished, but who has written a biography of himself to precede them, which is an excellent parody of Johnson. Her father, following her, is promptly hustled by Montmorenci into a private madhouse; and Betterton (whose nefarious purposes are always foiled by her good angel Stuart) persuades her that she is entitled to the property of a certain Lady Gwyn. To Lady Gwyn's, therefore, Cherubina repairs, by this time attired in a Tuscan masquerade dress, modelled upon Mrs. Radeliffe. Lady Gwyn, at first regarding her as mad, afterwards retains her to divert her friends. Failing to oust Lady Gwyn, she endeavours to establish herself on a feudal footing in a neighbouring ruin called Monkton Castle, with Sullivan as Warden, Higginson (the crazy poet) as Minstrel, and a body of haymakers, at so much *per diem*, as vassals. After doing a good deal of mischief, and going through a tangle of fantastic experiences, some of which, in a Gothic chamber, remind one of those of Catharine Morland, she comes to her senses. Her father is set free; and Stuart, indulgently admitting that "her principles have been a little perverted by the influence of the native Novel," delivers himself of a discourse on fiction, which, although no burlesque, is not the less edifying. Upon Romances he is extremely hard; they are dangerous stimulants to the imagination, which first elevate, then enervate. Sentimental novels are not much better, but he excepts among these latter, "Rasselas" and "The Misanthropist" (?). He advises Cherubina, as a remedial measure, "to mix much in the world, and learn the customs of actual, not ideal society." "I now," says that reformed young lady, winding up her correspondence (the book, it should be stated, is in the "epistolary Style" which Fielding condemned), "pass my time both usefully and agreeably. Morality, history, languages, and music occupy my mornings, and my evenings are enlivened by balls, operas, and familiar parties." But she adds, after referring to the good counsels of her companion Stuart, whom she of course eventually marries, "I still retain some taints of my former follies and affectations. My postures

are sometimes too picturesque; my phrases too flowery, and my sentiments too exotic."

The above is but a rapid and imperfect summary of an undoubtedly clever book, although the modern reader, especially if he be averse from burlesque, will probably conclude that Miss Austen was rather easily "diverted." He will, however, do well to bear in mind that, while its light-hearted parody of "Caroline de Lichtfield," the "Beggan Girl," the "Mysteries of Udolpho," the "Children of the Abbey," and the rest is now hopelessly obscure to us, it was abundantly perceptible to that accomplished student of "follies and nonsense, whims and inconsistencies," the author of "Northanger Abbey."

AUSTIN DOBSON.

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### FICTION.

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**The Beth Book.** By Sarah Grand. 7½ x 5 in., 527 pp. London, 1898. Heinemann. 6/-

It may be ungracious to say so, but we thought there was a kind of honourable understanding that under the new one-volume dispensation novels were to be rather shorter than they used to be. "The Beth Book," however, is decidedly longer, for instance, than the *Esmond* book, and almost as long as the *Pendennis* book. And Mme. Sarah Grand, though she finds fault with Thackeray's style and grammar, is, after all, not Thackeray. Beth, of course, is not an adjective, but a more or less proper name, being the last syllable of Elizabeth; so that the "Beth Book" is, in fact, a history of Elizabeth from the very earliest times to the present day. As there is nothing like being thorough, Mme. Grand begins at the beginning, or a little before it, with the day preceding Beth's birth. We are compelled to leave out details and one or two of the most amusing characters; but the story is briefly this:—Beth was always an *enfant terrible* of the deepest dye, scorning all conventionality, and rendering herself a serious anxiety to her mother. Her father dies, and the family remove from Ireland to a little seaport town in the North of England. At last, but not until 280 pages have been devoted to an adequate description of her childhood, Beth is sent to school, the Royal Service School for Officers' Daughters, which she soon leaves in consequence of her escapades and her general eccentricity. Then, after a short experience of another school, Beth, who is now 17, marries a Dr. Daniel Maclure, who has bought a practice and holds a hospital appointment in a manufacturing town near her home.

Up to this point a great part of the book has been extremely entertaining and has been written, we readily allow, with much humour and vivacity. But now begin Beth's troubles, and the reader's. As soon as we hear that Beth retains her maiden name of Caldwell after marriage, and signs herself Elizabeth Caldwell Maclure, we know pretty well that we shall be plunged into the Woman's Rights propaganda, with the usual platform apparatus, and perhaps a recrudescence of the "Heavenly Twins." Dr. Daniel Maclure turns out a vulgar and faithless brute, like the husband in "Locksley Hall"; and, what is even worse than his personal faults, though these are bad enough, the hospital of which he is surgeon is a Lock hospital. What can be viler or more un-Christian than to relieve sufferers who cannot show a certificate of good conduct? Beth is at first too innocent to understand why this hospital appointment should absolutely degrade her husband and herself, but Angelica, one of the Heavenly Twins, is good enough to enlighten her, whereupon she threshes the whole subject out, in a very competent manner, with her husband. He is a coarse brute, no doubt, and Beth has a bad time with him; but she finds a certain consolation in writing, and, being now a full-fledged and ill-used heroine, discovers

secret chamber in which to pursue her literary labours. Secret chambers are probably not common in the houses of provincial doctors, but in fiction there is plenty of 18th century precedent for them, all the same. In another year or two Beth's position becomes intolerable, and we do not blame her in the least for leaving her husband to his own devices. She goes to London, where she has friends and has already made herself known as a platform speaker at women's meetings. Her attempts to live on her own little income of £50 a year are not very successful, but her investments suddenly improve to such an extent as to produce an income of between £700 and £800 a year, so that she is distinctly more comfortable without her husband than with him. She hears no more of him, except that "he must have lost his degrading appointment, the Acts having been rescinded." And here, at the end of the book, we must leave her, in a charming country cottage and with an agreeable, but, we should fear, a fluctuating income. We have no idea what her future will be, but evidently she is only withdrawn for a time, *pour mieux sauter*. She is only 25 even now, and a young woman of that age, with an income of £700 a year, cannot be left for the rest of her life among the roses, the jasmine, and the wisterias of Ilverthorpe Cottage.

Our readers will perceive that we do not admire this book. It is very well up to a certain point, in spite of its extreme prolixity. Beth is interesting as a child and a girl, and Uncle James and Aunt Victoria are well drawn. If Mme. Grand wished to amuse her readers, and not to annoy them with offensive subjects, the first and best part of the book would have sufficed, and we could have dispensed with the nonsense about religion and the subject that so unpleasantly flavours the rest of the work. We are afraid, however, that these so-called problems have so "obsessed" Mme. Grand's intelligence that she cannot leave them alone. It is useless, we suppose, to assure her that most people really do not desire to discuss them. She will wish to be taken seriously. Unluckily, we cannot take "The Beth Book" seriously or affect to believe that it carries heavy guns. Some novels, as we all know, have been a real power in their day and have helped social reforms. They have been sane, manly, and cleanly, and their writers have known exactly what they had to say. But as for Mme. Grand, we do not see what she wants or what object is to be gained by all this vague writing about passion, matrimony, "the Acts," celibacy, the God of the Hebrews, monogamy, and the Oneida Creek Community. What, in plain English, is the purpose of her noble sentiments and her strong language? If she desires nothing more than the abolition of Lock hospitals, it seems a little eccentric to write a long novel with that sole end in view. If she wishes to reconstitute the relations between men and women on an entirely new basis, it is rather late in the day to alter what was settled, with apparent permanence, at the Creation.

**Ninety-Eight**: Being the Recollections of Cormac Cahir O'Connor Faly (late Colonel in the French Service) of that Awful Period. Collected and Edited by his Grandson, **Patrick C. Faly**, Attorney-at-law, Buffalo, N.Y., and Illustrated by A. D. McCormick. 8x5in., 313 pp. London, 1897.

Downey. 6/-

"Ninety-Eight" is a very vigorous and graphic story of the troublous days of the Irish Rebellion. The hero, Cormac Faly, is a youth of 20 at the time when the events occur which he relates. At the age of 90 he is living in Paris with his son and his son's family. His grandson describes him as "a terrible old man," and such, indeed, he seems to have been, if we may judge by the virulence of his sentiments. One St. Patrick's Day he summons the family and harangues them in this wise:—

"Children," now said my grandfather, "and you, good friends, who are heartily welcome (and I wish there was more of you, and devil sweep the roof off the house you wouldn't be welcome in!), it's borne in on me that this is the last Patrick's Day I'll keep, the last time I'll drown the shamrock till I do it in the society of the blessed saint himself, and I think it an occasion to say one or two things for you to remember, while the speech is left in me, things for you to tell your children's

children, things far back from the bottom of an old man's memory which he has seen himself. . . . The papers I spoke of will tell you, and help you never to forget, never to tire of seeking, never to sell the hope of Ireland, and never to forgive her enemies"—and his eyes flashed darkly as he concluded—"bitter may their pillow be, the salt water their drink, bloody their end, and Hell their everlasting portion!"

The story is what one would expect from the speaker. It is that of an ardent patriot in whom the milk of human kindness has been turned to gall, at any rate so far as his enemies are concerned, by terrible experiences. His nearest and dearest relations and friends fall victims to the disorders of the period which excited false hopes in so many Irishmen, and filled English statesmen with apprehension and alarm. He himself was steeped to the lips in treason and fought valiantly in the principal engagements of the abortive rebellion.

His narrative is a painful one, but it has its humorous side, and the author has woven love and conspiracy together with no little skill. Of course, the statement that these are "recollections" is only the well-worn expedient of the writer of historical romance; and herein lies one of the main defects of the book. No one could be deceived for a moment into believing that they were genuine recollections, and the absence of that air of *raisemblance* which is an essential element in a work of this kind, if it is to be a success, is a distinct shortcoming. Moreover, the author, in his desire to avoid being dull, has fallen into the opposite extreme. He has overcrowded his book with characters and incidents which, added to the rapidity of the action, are apt to bewilder the reader. Nor can we quite forgive him for the excessive indulgence of his characters in language more forcible than polite. Every one knows that the vocabulary of the battlefield is not that of the drawing-room, and it is needless to insist upon the fact by the frequent reproduction of coarse and vulgar expletives. "I pray your pardon, Miss Doyle, for using camp language," says one of the most prominent and amiable personages in the book. A similar apology is due from the author to his readers, more especially to those of the sex of the charming and dauntless rebel Mary Doyle. In this character, by the way, we have a very clever study of a brave and beautiful Irish girl; but we confess we should like her better if she were a little less bloodthirsty. In spite of the faults to which we have referred, the story possesses conspicuous merits, and if it be, as we rather suspect, the first essay of the writer in the domain of historical romance it is full of promise for the future.

**At the Cross Roads.** By F. F. Montrésor. Svo., xi.+402 pp. London, 1897. Hutchinson. 6/-

"At the Cross-roads" shows in some respects an advance upon Miss Montrésor's previous work. There is the same firm characterization, there is true pathos, and a masterly treatment of the emotions. One cannot but regret, however, that the book is marred by weaknesses which might easily have been avoided. What may be called the human part of the story of "How first the man, and afterwards the woman, stood where two ways met, where each was bound to make that choice, which is 'Life's business,'" is powerful and convincing, but the machinery of the plot is weak.

To tell the story in brief, therefore, would be to do it an injustice. It must suffice to say that it is the story of an innocent man who is sent to penal servitude, of the way in which the loyalty of the woman who stood by him saved him afterwards from moral ruin, and he, in his turn, when their child died, saved her from becoming hardened and reckless. In a strong story of the human passions, such as this, adventitious aids may well be dispensed with, and care should be taken that in the presentment of "the fell clutch of circumstance" in which the actors writhe, there should be nothing puerile. In "Les Misérables," that monumental study of the struggle of a man with his human environment, it will be remembered that the crime for which Jean Valjean was first condemned (and of which, unlike Cardew in this novel, he was guilty) was the theft of bread



when he was starving. It was not idly that Victor Hugo chose this misdeed; it was necessary to select an action which should not alienate the sympathy of the reader. Conversely, to secure a full measure of sympathy with an innocent man sent to penal servitude, a crime should be selected from which all men shrink with horror. To attempt to secure money by false pretences from an insurance company is by no means a peccadillo, but still it is possible to imagine a more atrocious deed. Then there is an irritating doubt about the insurance business. An insurance company would require a very heavy premium to accept a risk which should include possible accidents to a MSS. while it was in its author's hands. It was not necessary, moreover, to show by the discovery of the long lost MSS. that Cardew was really innocent. If his innocence had been assumed once for all, his struggle and victory with the world would have gained measurably in effect. Gillian, his wife, is a fine study, and the conflict between her passion for justice in the concrete and the passion for justice in the abstract to which her husband attains is well conceived. The book teems with good characters, and the author has developed a pretty vein of sententiousness which in general sits lightly upon her.

**While the Billy Bolls.** By Henry Lawson. 7½×5¼in., 333 pp. London and Sydney, 1897. Simpkin, Marshall. 5/-

The English reader ought to be grateful for these stories, for they throw a little light on a subject of which he is just beginning to realize his ignorance—the particular way, namely, in which some of his colonial cousins do actually contrive to get through life. But his gratitude is likely to be mingled with some perplexity when he finds himself landed, without even a glossary, in a country whose inhabitants are divided into sundowners, swagmen, spielers, mugs, dummies, cockies, selectors, shanty-keepers, and squatters. The last name alone sounds familiar in our ears, and it is with the squatters, the great capitalist employers of labour in New South Wales, that Mr. Lawson has least to do. They are presented to us solely from the point of view of the workmen they employ. The hero of nearly all these sketches is the swagman—the man who plods on foot through the desolate, heart-breaking scrub of the back country, with his “swag” (which is his baggage) on his back, and his “billy” (which is his cooking-pot) in his hand, seeking work as a sheep-shearer or occasionally as a farm hand. His ambition—rarely realized, it would seem—is to save a little money and settle down on his own account; his temptation, needless to say, is the grog-shop; his occasional triumph is when he can steal away from an inn without paying his bill; and his best friends are tea and tobacco. At the worst, he can rely with fair confidence on the cook or the bailiff at a sheep-shearing station to save him from starvation and give him enough food to take him a stage further; and at the best, his distinction from the tramp is chiefly the moral one—that he is willing to do work if he can get it.

The most vivid impression which the book leaves behind it is the ugliness and poverty of the country of which it treats—the ugliness of a bush so monotonous that a man may walk 30 miles through it and not know one point from another on his way; and the poverty of a thinly-peopled, thin-soiled land, where there is food for all, but not much more than food for any. In spite of many humorous touches and a nomadic contempt of fortune, the prevailing tone is melancholy, and the moral seems to be that a man of energy who has the misfortune to find himself in the backwoods of New South Wales should shake the dust of them off his feet and go to New Zealand or Western Australia. The last sketch in the volume describes the gradual departure of a band of friends from Sydney, and the publishers' introduction, apologizing for the author's absence in Western Australia, seems to indicate that this is to be taken as a personal experience. Indeed, the whole value of these sketches lies in this—that they bring us into contact with one phase of colonial life at first-hand. The author's view may be one-sided; he has no extraordi-

nary literary power, and his style is founded on Mark Twain and Rudyard Kipling—not the safest guides; but in the best parts of his book there is no question of style at all, and the simplicity of the narrative gives it almost the effect of a story that is told by word of mouth.

**Odd Stories.** By Frances Forbes-Robertson. 8vo., viii.+318 pp. London, 1897. Constable. 6/-

These “Odd Stories” are very well worth reading. It is a pity that “Monsieur Paul” should have the first place in the volume, for the author has treated this story in too sketchy a manner. No less than thirteen little rows of asterisks are employed at various intervals to split up the story, and most of them have no *raison d'être*. In “As it Happened” the same method is adopted, and this story of the struggle between pity and love in a woman would have gained by compression. For the most part, however, nothing but praise can be given. It is a difficult and dangerous task to attempt to intrude the commonplace into the fantastic and the visionary, but Miss Forbes-Robertson where she has attempted this has succeeded.

The restrained pathos of “Jotchie” is calculated to overcome even the hardened reader of fiction. “Those other People” is a *bizarre* study of the reconciliation of a man and his wife who were growing each day more estranged and more antagonistic to each other. They meet at “the queer old Inn of Montenero, built high up on the rocks above the swift river,” a man and woman so mean and vile, and so revolting, that they are seized with the overmastering desire to rid the world of themselves. In the attempt they discover that “those other people” are but the phantasms of their inner selves, and the discovery is their salvation. The book would have been the better for the omission of two or three stories, such as “Reply Paid” and “A Way Out.” A few of the stories seem reminiscent of the work of others, for example, “The Legend of St. Aphilon's Dome” is in the manner of Balzac's study of the Christ in Flanders, “The Death of the Profligate” recalls the “Markheim” of Stevenson, and “Eric of Tolquhon” irresistibly suggests Hans Andersen, but the majority have the charm of originality. The book is steeped in an atmosphere of fantasy which makes us feel as if we had been to the edge of the world and smelt the flowers which grow there.

**For His Country's Sake.** By L. M. P. Black. 8×5¼in., 333 pp. London, 1897. Horace Cox. 6/-

**The Siege Perilous.** By Austin Clare. 7½×5¼in., 334 pp. London, 1897. S.P.C.K. 3/6

These two stories—both written chiefly for boys, and with a strong religious stamp—illustrate well an old lesson, the great advantage which a writer of even the humblest class of fiction has when his plot is laid in a time and place which he knows well. The first of them treats of the adventures of Esca, Prince of Damnonia, who lived A.D. 96; the second, those of Roger Jamieson, who might be alive now. It is no discredit to Mr. Black that he has failed where Kingsley and Lytton have not wholly succeeded; his story is told with spirit and without affectation, but there is not enough of eternal human nature in his characters for them to move easily in the ill-fitting antiquarian garments in which they are stiffly encased. Most of their speeches and sentiments are frankly modern, and although Mr. Black's archaeology is fairly painstaking and accurate, the essential unreality of the scenery sometimes becomes ludicrously evident, as, e.g., in his description of a Druidical “wicker-work erection . . . in which living victims were sometimes enclosed and burnt.” And, again, to any one who makes the effort, always difficult enough, to realize that the ancient Romans actually lived, it is disconcerting to meet them in this fashion:—

Allow me to make known to you my friends Plinius Secundus and Cornelius Tacitus, with both of whose names you are already acquainted.

Such objections as these, however, are not likely to

be raised by juvenile readers. They will doubtless find much to interest them in the adventures of Esca, who, taken from Damnonia (which is Devon and Cornwall) to Rome as a hostage, imprisoned and badly treated there, won Trajan's favour and saw something of his Court, and returned to Britain in the nick of time to succeed to his kingdom. And if the young student will look at the illustrations (as he certainly will) and refrain from skipping the archaeological descriptions (as he probably will not), he will have a slightly less hazy idea of what ancient Rome looked like than he had before.

"The Siege Perilous" suffers from the drawback of a more rigid and definite moral purpose; for it is avowedly directed, from the title-page on, against the sin of selfishness. But certainly, if there is any form of immorality which is deep and wide enough to form in itself a fit subject for fiction, it is this; and what Mr. Meredith has done in a higher kind Mr. Austin Clare does meritoriously in a lower, with as little direct preaching as could reasonably be expected, and a considerable ingenuity in making events happen naturally in the way the exigencies of his subject demand. But the strength of the story is in its unassuming truth of colouring. The hero is the son of a sergeant of infantry, who on being ordered abroad sends him and his sister to the house of their grandfather near the Scottish border. There they grow from childhood to youth, and are then sent to other relations in Devonshire. The boy runs away to enlist, but after various misadventures in a troop of strolling players settles down as a village schoolmaster. Nothing but humble everyday life is depicted, but the interest is well sustained. The weakest parts, which deal with love-making and the final settlement of affairs, are precisely those which, in any case, no boy would care for.

**The Three Disgraces, &c.** By Justin M'Carthy. 5½×5in., 250 pp. London, 1897. Chatto and Windus. 3/6

The reviewer of many novels becomes apt to think that the one thing needful in a novelist is to know how to write. But now and again comes a volume quite well written, fulfilling all the laws of the craft, and yet compelling from us the involuntary summing up, "What then?" The expert author has attained all the skill, all the deftness of touch, over whose absence we have so often sighed; but he has left behind him something which, it now appears, was of equal importance—his belief in, his subjection to, the creatures of his own fancy. Half-a-dozen stories are here presented by Mr. Justin M'Carthy, all excellently shaped, easy and agreeable; one—"Only a Photograph"—has even a touch of newness. But we read them and we do not care a bit; and we are convinced that Mr. M'Carthy also did not care a bit. He has learned the difficult art of succinctly and adequately presenting the spectacle, but he has, as far at least as these stories are concerned, ceased to feel any interest in the spectacle. His is not the wilful, cultivated sloofness of some younger writers; the mere expression is sometimes openly sympathetic, but the fact of the author's indifference remains palpable, and, of course, the reader is indifferent too. No one will ever desire to ask a second time for this volume at Mudie's; no one will retain from it a picture, an emotion, or a quotation. In workmanship it has merits far beyond the fumbling reach of any novice; yet the novice, living and palpitating in his own ill-rendered imaginings, sometimes, by very glow of faith, stirs the reader's pulses too. "If youth had knowledge, if age had power!" says the French proverb. "If fervour had knowledge, if skill had faith!" is the paraphrase suggested by such volumes as "The Three Disgraces."

**The Professor's Dilemma.** By Annette L. Noble. 7×5½in., 316 pp. New York and London, 1897. Putnam. 6/-

It is surprising what a fresh and pleasant story can be constructed out of material that seems hopelessly stale. A party of rich and well-bred Americans who cross the Atlantic together

and find themselves reunited in Egypt; two elderly sisters, one staid and the other sportive; a portentously learned and miraculously innocent young professor, who thinks himself in love with one girl and finds out after declaring himself that he is really in love with another—we have heard of all these things before. Nevertheless, this little book is a proof that they may be heard of again with pleasure. The style is quiet, simple, and lively; the descriptions of things Egyptian are vivid without being obtrusive. The characters, though only sketches, and by no means new, have occasional touches which indicate that they are taken from life and not from books. Only about the second hero, who marries the girl in whom the professor was mistaken, there clings something of that vague perfection in every walk of life, and that wide knowledge of women combined with a practical incapacity for dealing with them, which have always distinguished the heroes of the lady novelist. But neither he nor any other character is over suffered to bore the reader, and this power of keeping a story well in hand is a good omen of the author's success when she shall undertake more ambitious tasks.

**Three Comely Maids and their Affairs.** A Story for Girls. By Mary L. Pendered. 7½×5in., 328 pp. London, 1897. Hutchinson. 3/6

"Three Comely Maids and their Affairs" is a love story of a kind. One of the comely maids, Maud St. Quentin, engages herself secretly to a youthful farmer, also comely. After a time the pair elope and marry, but are caught directly after the ceremony, and brought home ignominiously by Barbe, the second comely maid. Barbe has troubles of her own, for she is penniless and her lover is of a purse-proud family, but her charms and her worth finally win the day. The third comely maid, Chris, has an easy time of it, and becomes engaged and married quite quietly, except for a little difficulty about the trousseau. Barbe and Chris, who are sisters, have no money, and cannot therefore buy wedding garments, and whenever their impatient lovers entreat them to name the day they are obliged to dissemble and procrastinate. This becomes awkward, but luckily Maud, the eloping lady, is rich, and she sends her friends a chest full of all necessaries for the two trousseaux, including "two dress lengths (sic) of the most exquisite white bengaline." Barbe and Chris are married in state; Maud waits till she comes of age and then is remarried to her young farmer, and we leave her condoling with her father on the trials of his married life. This remarkable chronicle calls itself "a story for girls."

**The Witch-Wife.** By Sarah Tytler. 7½×5½in., 290 pp. London, 1897. Chatto and Windus. 3/6

For those who like a Scotch story which is not so Scotch that it cannot be understood of the English; a story of witchcraft in which there is nothing that cannot be explained by a slight strain of the phenomena of hypnotism; a story of old times, without anything so old-fashioned as to be obsolete; and, finally, a love story, without a touch of modern eccentricities—for these "The Witch-Wife" will need no recommendation. Fastidious lovers of style may shrink from such amorphous heaps of words as

For he was only blate and silent when Babie sat upon him and repressed him with flouts and snubs and intolerable mirthful raillery, which made him feel ridiculous, and tempted him to gnash his teeth with mortification, promising himself that he would never speak another word to the saucy little jade, only to find himself again in her presence, yielding to her yoke, glum and sore.

But the reader who possesses the invaluable art of reading fast and skipping where necessary may be well entertained with the adventures of Babie and her lover, and will recognize a certain power and originality in the character of the very exceptional witch who gives her title to the book.

It is common knowledge that in the wilder parts of the United States the mail trains are sometimes "held up" and

robbed by "road agents," as the robbers are delicately called. It is not less notorious that American financiers do not stick at trifles when their object is to obtain financial control of the railroad. Combine the information and throw in the inevitable love motive and you have the plot of *THE GREAT K. AND A. TRAIN ROBBERY* by Mr. Paul Leicester Ford (Sampson Low, Marston) which is a rattling story of love, finance, fraud, violence, and adventure, breezily told in its main outlines, but somewhat handicapped in the telling by a profusion of local and technical details. "Any one," says the narrator with engaging candour, "who hopes to find in what is here written a work of literature had better lay it aside unread." Perhaps so; the literary quality of "The Great K. and A. Train Robbery" is certainly not its strongest point, but the story is ingeniously constructed, and it carries the reader along.

The *BANISHED BEAUTY* of Mr. Bickerdyke's "family chronicle" (Blackwood) is an Irish girl, Nora Lismore, whose life is threatened by moonlighters and who is obliged to flee from her own distressful country and take refuge in the friendly Hebrides. Here Mr. Bickerdyke is on familiar ground, and he gives us one of those delightful tales of sport which have been a joy to so many lovers of rod and gun. The plot is slight and the humours of the vulgar cockneys are sometimes tiresome, but these blemishes do not detract from the real merit of the book, which lies in the author's keen appreciation and admirable delineation of sport of all kinds in the Highlands.

Mr. Pett Ridge in *SECRETARY TO BAYNE, M.P.* (Mothuen) has succumbed to the temptation to dabble in Princes and Monarchs who leave their kingdoms in the south-east of Europe to wander incognito and otherwise amuse themselves. This particular Prince is a weak and unconvincing young man, and we cannot believe in him if for no other reason than that while walking down Shaftesbury-avenue he picks up a dirty little child and kisses its grubby cheek. His adventures end happily in an unconventional marriage, and those who have no objection to a world in which impossible policemen, impossible anarchists, and an impossible society live and move may be diverted by the book.

## LETTERS FROM A PORTFOLIO.

The letters, and extracts from letters, which we propose to publish under this title, are reprinted from the original documents, which are in the possession of a private collector.

### I.—EDMUND BURKE.

The following unpublished letter from Edmund Burke to Sir Philip Francis—the reputed author of the famous Junius Letters—was written from Beaconsfield in 1791:—

The most flattering thing in the world which young people can do to the old is to think them worthy of being admitted to their parties of pleasure. You may easily, therefore, judge that I am very much mortified at not being able to accept the invitation for Monday. I am inevitably kept here until Tuesday. That day I must go to town to look out some habitation for the winter, and I hope to contrive to see you before I return hither. As to poor Richard, he is obliged to go the Circuit, and cannot have the happiness of being one of a party a little more to his mind than that of the Judges. He is just come from Gloster, and going again into the same quarter. I hope the water will so far favour your expedition as that you may have it only upon Earth; at present we have it everywhere. Adieu! Mrs. Burke's best remembrances.

Although there was only a difference of twelve years in the ages of Burke and Francis, the former was an old man at sixty-two, while the latter at fifty was equal in physique and energy to many men of thirty-five. The "Richard" referred to in the above letter was the great statesman's deeply-beloved and only son, and it was his untimely death in 1794 which robbed life of all its joy for Edmund Burke and hastened his own end. The son was very gifted, and his illustrious father had looked forward to living over again in him many of his own great triumphs.

### II.—THOMAS CARLYLE.

The Sage of Chelsea so often felt it necessary to damp the enthusiasm of literary aspirants that it is pleasant to come across a letter of encouragement like this, penned in 1843:—

Your book and series of pamphlets, which you are kind enough to send me, have just arrived. I beg to return you many thanks for them.

Surely you do well to promulgate, with all emphasis and diligence, what you feel to be true; and this set of writings is honourable proof that you do not lag in the work. Go on to illuminate what is dark wheresoever you can: *Laissez faire*, as you mean it, and where you mean it, will do good only, and not evil.

### III.—ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

In presenting a series of his works—as far as they were written up to 1842—to Baron Taylor, the great Dumas, *Alexandre père*, accompanied the gift by this brief autograph note:—

À mon éternel ami le Baron Taylor, comme une expression de ma reconnaissance et de notre inalterable fraternité. Mai, 1828—Janvier, 1842.

### IV.—THOMAS HOOD.

This characteristic letter by the great humorist—dealing with his own health and the subject of Martineau and Mesmerism—was written in 1844:—

I am better—and should be well but for my excitable mucous membrane . . . for my heart has been quiet and I have had no spasmodic short breathing. I came in fresh, on the magazine course, and could have written more if wanted. The fact is my mind is so used to it that it must be employed, and is better engaged in composition than in thinking of unpleasant realities.

I am curious to see the end of Mesmerism and Martineau. What fun if the *passable* power becomes known to servants who wait or walk behind backs! Imagine a great lady, of dignified carriage, in Regent-street, suddenly beginning to kick and antic, in obedience to the passes of John, in her rear—or my lord at table, working his arms like a telegraph, by impulse derived from Robert behind his chair. The thing will be a rage—a madness—before long.

### V.—LORD JEFFREY.

Shortly after the death of Sydney Smith, in 1845, Lord Jeffrey thus wrote to Mrs. Smith, with reference to contributions by himself and Thomas Moore, to the projected Memorials of the great Whig humorist:—

I do not systematically destroy my letters—but I take no care of them, and very few, I fear, have been preserved, or are now accessible. I shall make a search, however, and send you all I can recover.

I was very glad to hear, some little time ago, that Moore had agreed to assist in preparing the Memorials, about which you are naturally so much interested. He will do it, I am sure, in a right spirit, and with the feeling which we are all anxious to see brought to its execution. Then, he writes gracefully, and is so great a favourite with the public, that the addition of his name cannot fail to be a great recommendation.

If it seems to me, on reflection, that there is anything that I can contribute in the way you suggest, I shall be most happy to have my name once more associated with his—on such an occasion. You know it must always be a pleasure to me to comply with any request of yours—and the form in which you wish this to be done is certainly that which I should prefer to any other. Yet the models to which you refer—[Sydney Smith's Letters to the Editors of Sir James Mackintosh's and Mr. Horner's Memoirs]—might well deter me from attempting anything that might lead to a comparison.

### VI.—W. C. MACREADY.

Writing from Covent Garden Theatre, in May, 1836, to J. A. Heraud, the poet, this distinguished actor made some pathetic closing references to himself:—

I wrote at once to Mr. Kenney on the subject of your note, and have received the enclosed from him. You already are in possession of my poor opinion on these compositions. I think them decidedly too philosophic and didactic to produce their due effect by delivery—they want the time and meditation of the study to be enjoyed. I have said as much to you before. Not to delay any project you may have on foot respecting their publication, I send this through our librarian, directing him to enclose the MSS. with it.

I am here wearing my heart and strength and means away, when I ought to be recovering health in purer air and a happier neighbourhood. Do you think there are theatres in Heaven? If there are, I won't go.

Heraud, though the author of poems of portentous length, was an able writer, and he had a decided vein of true poetry. Certainly, he did not merit the savage retort of Douglas Jerrold, who, when asked whether he had seen his "Descent into Hell," replied, "No, but I should like to do."

## Correspondence.

### "GREECE IN THE XIX. CENTURY."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I should not have said an audible word about your review of my book on Greece if you had not, in the second of your Notes, invited all and sundry worms to turn upon their critics, who "cannot profess to be infallible." I think the idea is a good one, and I will try my hand. The task is difficult, because my critic has written with an anti-Greek feeling as strong as my pro-Greek "enthusiasm," and to argue it out with him fully on these lines would take too much of your space, besides transgressing what I had understood to be the guiding principle of *Literature*.

(1) A question of English. My critic objects to my calling a book which has grown incidentally "an accretion." He says that I confuse a process with a result, and that I ought to have said "a new edition." But the book is not merely a new edition; it is the result of accretion, and so I called it "an accretion"—just as he might permit himself to say that his experience was "a growth" of many years. And his own word, "edition"—is that, strictly, a process or a result?

(2) Another question of English. My critic says, "A good many people are inclined to endorse the Apostolic assignment of attributes—to the Greeks' (sic) foolishness." That is, indeed, a strange assignment of attributes! When Paul said, "The Greeks seek after wisdom, but we preach Christ . . . to the Greeks foolishness," he seems to have assigned to them much the same kind of zeal as has been noted amongst contemporary scholars of the "semi-Oriental race" in Athens. Is my critic as strong on Scriptural exegesis as he is on the Greek question?

(3) "Mr. Sergeant holds that Fallmerayer's demonstration of the strong Slavonic element in the modern Greek race has been exploded, but his principal witness to the purity of Hellenic blood seems to be Edmond About." Seems? I mention a "consensus of modern ethnologists and anatomists"; I quote Dr. Friedrich Müller as representing them; I refer to Leake, Byron, and by implication Freeman; and then I simply let About "conclude the argument for us in his lighter vein." But this is a trifle; the serious thing is that what I ridicule in Fallmerayer, and consider exploded, is his assertion (as interpreted by me) "that the Slavonic immigration . . . had practically extirpated the Greek stock, and that the present inhabitants were consequently a race of Slavs." My critic makes me claim "the purity of Hellenic blood." Does he not really see the difference? What I contend (here and elsewhere) is that the persistence of the same language in the same mountains and valleys, together with other Hellenic marks, indicates a greater persistence of the Greek race than of any other. My critic is good enough to call this argument "sentimental claptrap." I respond by placing my exact words side by side with his representation of them.

(4) The argument that England is pledged to Greece "is open to challenge. Because one sets a drunken man (1) on his legs in the street, is one obliged to see him home?" That is according to circumstances. But if you bring a man to a feast, and make him drunk with your own wine, you are certainly bound in honour to see him safe through with it.

(5) I am said to maintain that the shortcomings of Greece in the past were "all our own fault." Not so. I have said they were our fault when I thought it to be true; but I have blamed the Greeks over and over again—for not adequately developing their resources, for "carpet-bagging," for spending unwisely, for not paying full interest on their debts at all costs, for not accepting Cretan autonomy this year, for not accepting a modified financial control, and for other things. But I thought I knew the circumstances well enough to justify me in blaming them with reserve, and appealing to British common sense and love of fair play.

(6) My "account of the Pacifico affair" is "utterly misleading." Well, if my critic defends the blockade of the Piræus on that occasion, I need not defend myself.

(7) One of my pictures is mis-labelled. That was a blunder, and I take my punishment without demur.

Faithfully yours,

LEWIS SERGEANT.

### MARY FYTTON AND SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I entirely agree with your reviewer with respect to Lady Newdegate's "Gossip from a Muniment Room" being of great interest as a picture of social life in the Elizabethan age. I presume, however, from the sequel that the "extraordinary man's nest in Elizabethan literature" which it "contributes to expose" is what I have written concerning the relation of William Herbert and Mary Fytton to Shakespeare's Sonnets. To searching or even severe criticism I have no right to object. This must be expected by any one who claims to have drawn back, even to a very slight extent, the veil which in so great part conceals the life of our greatest poet. To discuss in detail all the matters alluded to by your contributors would require me to make an inordinate demand on your space, and—as it would seem to me—I should be slaying the already slain. Without mentioning the important additional evidence now accessible with regard to William Herbert, I would remind your contributor that some 50 years or more have elapsed since the historian Hallam said:—

"That William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, born in 1580, and afterwards a man of noble and gallant character, though always of a licentious life, was shadowed under the initials of Mr. W. H. This hypothesis is not strictly proved, but sufficiently so, in my opinion, to demand our assent."

I pass on to touch briefly on one or two points relating to Mary Fytton. I do not shrink from the responsibility of having prevented this lady from being "lost among the undistinguished crowd of similar frail ones," when I alleged that she was the "dark lady" of the Sonnets. The "darkness" is essential. If she was a lady with fair complexion and gray eyes, then she was not the heroine of the Sonnets. Fortunately, we have at Gawsworth a painted marble monument, undoubtedly authentic, which gives decisive evidence with regard to the colour of hair, eyes, and complexion, and refutes altogether the evidence of the Arbury portraits, which, in my judgment, never were portraits of Mary Fytton. The frequency with which the inscriptions on old portraits are found to be incorrect is well known; and in relation to the Arbury portraits there are special reasons for scepticism.

I certainly never asserted that, as a maid of honour, Mary Fytton was "married without her friends being aware of the circumstance." My contention was, and is, on the evidence of certain documents, that probably she was married in very early youth (her sister was married at 12), but that the marriage was set aside, most likely as being without the consent of parents. This would furnish an explanation of the words "in act thy bed-vow broke," "in act" in Elizabethan times being used where modern usage would require "in fact," "in reality." But a better explanation of these words is now afforded by the letters of Sir William Knollys given in Lady Newdegate's book. The relation which these letters disclose between Mary and Sir William was such (as, according to repente, a well known critic has suggested) that the phrase "bed-vow" would be entirely appropriate. The modes of expression adopted by Sir William with reference to his contract with his prospective spouse are such as would scarcely be tolerated in the "more outwardly decorous days of our Sovereign Lady Queen Victoria." I may add that, having in view Sir William's letters, I concur in the suggestion of the critic just alluded to, that the "Will to boot and Will in overplus," &c., of Sonnet 135 has reference to at least three "Wills."

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,  
THOMAS TYLER.

### MRS. BROWNING AND MISS MITFORD.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Your reviewer does not seem quite clear as to the first meeting of Miss Barrett and Miss Mitford. It occurred 27th May, 1836, when Mr. Kenyon took the two ladies to see "the giraffes and the diorama." The following Thursday (June 2) they drove to Chiswick (furnished with an order which the Duke of Devonshire had given to Miss Mitford) to see the "pictures and flowers." Wordsworth was also of the party, and it was on that occasion that Miss Mitford found it difficult to persuade the friend in whose carriage they drove that Miss Barrett "was old enough to be introduced into company, in technical language, was out."

Miss Mitford was then on a visit to the Talfourds, and it is

of interest, in connexion with future events, to note that in mentioning the guests at dinner on the evening of May 26th Miss Mitford writes:—"We had a Mr. Browning, a young poet (author of *Paracelsus*)."

I remain, Sir, yours faithfully.

THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE ON MISS MITFORD IN THE "DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY."

### THE METHODS OF MR. MOSHER.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I notice in your last issue that you publish the fact that among the latest specimens of Mr. Thomas B. Mosher's methods was the publication of a collection of Pater's Essays. It will throw further light upon the ways of this American publisher if we add now that these Essays from the *Guardian* were privately printed in a very few copies for his personal friends, with the sanction of Mr. Pater's executors and sisters, who did not wish these Essays to be lost, yet particularly expressed, in the preface of the book, their determination never to reprint them or include them in the series of their brother's published works. Such a statement would naturally be considered to be final. To reprint these Essays after this was an act on a par with that of a man who should make his way into a house during the absence of its owners by bribing the servants, and should then copy the private papers which he finds there.

I remain, Sir, yours faithfully,

THEODORE A. COOK.

## Foreign Letters.

### THE UNITED STATES.

HARVARD COLLEGE, Nov. 5, 1897.

The most conspicuously advertised article in the last number of M'Clure's *Magazine*, a periodical which understands its public, is a reminiscent one by the late Mr. Charles Dana, for many years editor of the *New York Sun*. Mr. Dana's death is so recent that this article must have been on the verge of publication while he was still alive. One glance at these hasty memories of the Civil War with a feeling one was not quite prepared for. During his last thirty years at least Mr. Dana commanded less respect among people to whom he was not personally known than almost any other American of accomplishment and ability comparable with his. Everybody knew that he was a thoroughly equipped man of letters, of exceptionally broad culture; everybody recognized the mastery with which the *Sun* was technically managed—no American newspaper has been more incisive, entertaining, and, in its own way, stimulating. But everybody knew, all the while, that the *Sun* was recklessly abusive of individuals, and to all appearances serenely untroubled by principle. The last number of the *Dial*, in a severely judicial obituary notice of Mr. Dana, sums this up in a manner which the *Sun*, if it deign to notice it, will doubtless make the *Dial* pay for. A little incident of last year will typify the general regard in which Mr. Dana was held. Among his many other occupations, he was titular editor of a reputable book of reference. A little while before this appeared, the professors in a number of our colleges received a formal circular to the effect that if they would write favourable comments on this work before seeing it they might have the book for nothing. In all probability this unprofessional proposition came from some inexperienced clerk of the publishers; but the unauthorized impulse of the moment led the recipients to attribute it to Mr. Dana in person. One fact about him, however, has hardly been noticed. People who knew him personally, to whom he meant just himself rather than the most reckless if most able of journalists, seem to have felt for him a sentiment of more than common liking. Such a character is hard to estimate. Among its traits were probably incessant temptation to exercise exceptional power of invective and a disdainful contempt of the public which welcomes most eagerly what least deserves welcome; among them, too, perhaps, was a distorted shrinking from hypocrisy which turned at last into a freedom from it as complete as that of Colonel Francis Chartres. Somehow, as one thinks of Mr. Dana now, from Brook Farm to the grave, one remembers a little monument which, twenty years ago, still marked the grave of a village girl in Cortina, with the words "Chi la conobbe piange."

Whoever knew the state of American learning in the good old times when it was still dominated by English tradition must be disposed to lament over its state as revealed in the "Bibliography of Education," just published by Mr. Will S. Monroe, Professor of Pedagogy and Psychology in the State Normal School, at Westfield, Massachusetts. This gentleman has industriously collected the titles of 3,200 books and pamphlets, "grouped under twenty-two different classes, which are again broken into sections and subsections." The simple old notion used to be, that if one wished to teach something one should begin by learning it. The modern idea, as implied in this appalling little volume, seems to be that knowledge of a subject is unimportant, so long as a teacher is duly informed about things called "methods." Many of the titles recorded by Professor Monroe doubtless represent sensible and even useful works; more, it is to be feared, stand for nothing better than the vagaries of these myriad pedagogical dogmatists who are making ridiculous, if not worse, a profession which one would like to see in a position of respectability. The most depressing fact of all is that Mr. William T. Harris, LL.D., United States Commissioner of Education, states in a prefatory note that Mr. Monroe's book is "of great use to normal schools, training schools for teachers, and to educational lecturers"; as if all three were not too thriving already. And yet this same Mr. Harris knows enough to have recently brought forth a book on "The Spiritual Sense of Dante's 'Divina Commedia,'" which the *Congregationalist* pronounces "a remarkable presentation of the interpretation of the poet by one of the most profound and reverent of modern critics." Those felicitous "of's" make the phrase memorable.

From books like Mr. Monroe's it is refreshing to turn to such sound work as one finds in the last volume of the "Harvard Studies and Notes in Philology and Literature." Usually this series is severely technical. The papers collected in this volume, however, all written by friends of the late Professor Child to commemorate the 50th year of his teaching, include several which should interest any intelligent reader. Among these are one on the text of Donne's poems and of Francis Beaumont's Letter to Ben Jonson, by Professor Norton; an admirably spirited one on the Influence of Emerson, by Professor A. S. Hill, who writes so little that few realize what an accomplished man of letters he is; one on the Ballad and Communal Poetry, by Professor Gummere, of Bryn Mawr; one on Colton Mather's correspondence with a German divine, by Professor Francke; and one on the German version of *Hamlet*, by Mr. John Corbin. In another Professor Kithedge conclusively identifies Sir Thomas Malory; the rest are rather more technical. All, however, fitly exemplify the influence of the scholar, at once humane and untiringly thorough, whose jubilee they were meant to celebrate and to whom his unexpected death has made them a memorial.

The scholarly interest in the study of English now so characteristic of America, where England is just foreign enough to make its language and literature normally a matter of dignified study, is typified by this memorial volume. The more popular aspect of the same tendency appears in a number of books still new. A fresh volume of Mr. Donald Mitchell's "English Lands, Letters, and Kings" might seem too cursory for mention were it not marked throughout by something of that personal charm which has made the "Reveries of a Bachelor" and "Dream Life" survive for a generation. Far more thoughtful and suggestive are the lectures given a season or two ago at the Lowell Institute by Mr. Aslo Bates, Professor of English at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and now published as "Talks on the Study of Literature." Few books could be at once more readable and more helpful to people in search of some critical standards. Similar in purpose, but at once slighter and more discursive, is a little monograph by Mr. G. H. Palmer, Professor of Philosophy at Harvard, called "Self Cultivation in English." Of a different sort, but thoroughly interesting and stimulating, is a new and considerably altered edition of the Rev. Henry Van Dyke's "Poetry of Tennyson." Dr. Van Dyke, a well-known Presbyterian minister in New York, fervently believes Tennyson to stand in English literature second to none but Shakespeare. Though one be far from agreeing in this opinion, one can hardly help catching enough of Dr. Van Dyke's enthusiasm to find with his help many things in Tennyson which without it might have passed unnoticed. Finally, within a few days, has appeared a volume of Selections from Matthew Arnold by Professor Gates of Harvard, which has the misfortune to look so much like a text-book that one might well neglect it. In fact, however, the introduction to these selections is probably the best critical essay on Arnold which has been written anywhere; just as Mr. Gates's similar essay on Newman, published several years ago, is perhaps the best one known. In time, it is to be hoped,

he may give us these in less unpretentious form; they are far too good to be left in mere text books.

To pass to more popular matters, no general tendency has lately been more marked than the growing interest in our native birds. A few years ago, to our rather urban people, a bird was just a bird; at best, perhaps, a crow or a robin; now you find people on the watch everywhere for the sight or the sound of a new song-bird. The writings of Mr. John Burroughs, of Mrs.—or is it Miss?—Miller, and of Mr. Parkhurst have pleasantly expressed this feeling. Mr. Parkhurst's new "Song Birds and Water Fowl" is therefore very welcome—a chatty series of essays on the birds which any one may see in the Yankee country. More systematic, though wholly popular in character, is "Bird Neighbors," a delightful book, with an introduction by Mr. Burroughs, who vouches for its general accuracy, written by some one with the astonishing name of Neltje Blanchan. Grouping our birds as Mrs. W. S. Dana has grouped our wild flowers, primarily by their colours; full of admirably spirited coloured prints; and combining scientific descriptions with a thoroughly popular text, it will at once help Americans to recognize and to know the birds of their own country-sides, and tell other than Americans just what our common native birds look like. One rarely finds so close an approach to one's ideal of a popular work in natural history. To native Yankees, in a similar way, a pretty little picture book by Mr. Edmund H. Garrett must be pleasant. His text amounts to nothing, but the numerous sketches with which he has illustrated what he calls the "Romance and Reality of the Puritan Coast" are brim-full of the spirit which pervades the region between Boston and Cape Ann.

### RUSSIA.

For those who like to see the poetry of the people flourishing in its native wilds there is little that is cheering in the reports of the later seekers after Russian folksongs. The latest of all these is the Imperial Geographical Society of St. Petersburg, which has this summer issued the second series of its gleanings in the field which Rybnikof, Hilferding, and others have reaped with such success.

Sad as the truth may be, it can hardly be denied that our generation of material progress has seen the death of much that was beautiful and has been distinguished by a very marked decline in a system of poetry which had been flourishing in Russia for nearly ten centuries, the peasant epic to wit. Still we may congratulate ourselves that men have been found to reduce this floating poetry to writing before it was too late.

The peasants' ballads have of course an interest for the folklorist and a savour for the historian; but it is mainly as poetry, apart from all utilitarian considerations, that they deserve studying. They are relics of the happy hurly-burly days before order and oppression were. Rugged narratives, full of quaint exaggerations and tricks of the ballad-singer—there is a true ring of the out-door poetic spirit about them, and all they need is some native Homer to string the fragments into a whole to have a national epopee really remarkable for its vigour of incident, its sly dry humour, and the sympathetic elasticity of its expression.

Except for one long ballad of Nôvgorod, all the best of this poetry deals with the adventures of the knights of Prince Vladimir's Round Table at Kiev, and of mythical heroes of preceding ages. Here are no heart-searchings or subtleties; knights crash together like whirlwinds or thunderclouds, wielding maces five tons in weight; they drink four gallons of wine at a draught, and wash it down with six of metheglin; maidens have flesh like the driven snow, cheeks like poppies, and brows like the black sable. The inevitable and the unexpected alternate in a happy succession; dragons, talking horses, and other monsters provoke no surprise in the actors of the story and draw no comment from the narrator. The narrative is couched in nervous Russian, full of assonances and archaisms; the lines run lightly and end generally in dactyls; the rhythm varies to suit the sentiment. The general result is something halfway between "Chevy Chase" and "Hiawatha."

The Northern minstrels, unlike the *kobzars* of Little Russia, sing without accompaniment, for the ballads are the especial heritage of those that practise sedentary handicrafts, as tailoring, cobbling, or making nets, and the singer is generally one of a group of these craftsmen at their work.

The simple bards must not be suspected of inventing what they sing. Their lays are not of the same brood as the songs of the Bulgarian Pomaks, in the collection of the sly Verkovitch, stuffed with heathen deities out of M. Burnouf's Essay on the Veda. There is no Ossianizing here; the guileless

peasantry strive to recall the songs as they have heard them, word for word, with all the force of their vigorous memories; few of them would have the hardihood to take the capricious liberties with the text that Kirsha Danilof did. Naturally, however, the diction has altered with the course of time; new words and new ideas have been to some extent substituted for the old. "Walrus-ivory" is a northern luxury that was unknown to Vladimir's knights. The "silver pipe of Germany," through which heroes occasionally spy the enemy, smacks of modern invention. But the steppes, the feather-grass, the lions, the maces, the armour—things with which the singers are personally unacquainted—vouch for the care with which the narrative has been preserved, and the events and persons of the story vouch for its antiquity.

The ballads are to be found almost everywhere in Russia, European and Asiatic, except in the neighbourhood of Kiel, where they originated. But the hot-bed of them is the fen country of the far North-West. Just as this is the refuge where Dissent has hidden its head from the persecutions of the Church from Peter the Great's time down, so in earlier days it was the refuge of the free national spirit that was driven out from the other parts of Russia by native and Tartar tyranny. To this very day the North-West, the parts beyond Ladoga and Onega, are almost impenetrable, and the inhabitants are far behind the men of the South in their ways and manners. In many districts they have no sort of vehicles, for want of roads across the fens. In others, summer and winter, mud and snow alike, they use sledges instead of carts to carry their goods from place to place.

Here in these secluded wilds, far from the corrupting influences of civilization, unacquainted through all these years with serfdom, while their brethren have been toiling under the yoke, the simple dwellers of the North have handed down the old traditional ballads from father to son and from mother to daughter. And the vitality of the old poetry is shown by its survival in spite of the severity with which the old Ritualists—austrer folk than the Orthodox—look upon these toys. The Sectarials know that the secular song is no better than a lure of the Crooked One; but they have not been able to frown it altogether away. Perhaps in remembrance of their famous maxim, that "without sin is no repentance," and "without repentance no salvation," they wink at their own wickedness, and let the "old man" have his fling.

It is curious that this poetical treasure should have lain so long hidden. But for Kirsha's collection it was left for our generation to discover it. One of the great services of the commissioners of the Geographical Society has been the noting of the tunes to which the songs are chanted, a task which had defied all previous seekers; and no wonder, for, apart from the elusive wildness of the matter of the melodies, they are cast in rhythms hardly known to mathematicians, still less to music—rhythms that would certainly scandalize any well-regulated metronome.

The world's ignorance of the songs the peasants knew was not due to any shyness of the singers. Collectors have found them ready enough to sing. M. Istomin, one of the first commissioners of the Russian Geographical Society, tells how after some preening and coquetting, some giggling behind corners, and provocative evasions, the village singers would be brought to sing through their whole repertoire, while the rest of the inhabitants, in full assembly, stood round to urge them on and reap their share of the honours and profits of the occasion; how the peasant girls and wives that rowed him over the lakes in his journey would sing for hours together as they laboured at the oar. When Hilferding went on the warpath, queues of rhapsodists awaited their turn all day outside the door of his *izbá*, while the enthusiastic collector wrote within for all he was worth until exhaustion stopped him. Once the ice was broken, Rybnikof found most of them ready enough with their songs, though he tells how on one occasion he was out on horseback in the forest chasing one of these native troubadours who mistook him for the police.

But all the collectors are agreed that the rhyming rubbish of a later day is ousting the good old songs from the affections of the people, just as the so-called "quadrel" and "lansey," of the West are displacing the old national dances, the *Utushka*, the *Shesterochka* and *Sewing the Carpet*. Wise heads among the elder peasants ascribe the decline of art to the closing of the public-houses. "Where is a man to sing?" they aptly ask. The optimistic Hilferding denied the decline; but his own collection testifies against him. All the best of his pieces are from the mouths of the elder peasants; the bulk from that monumental singer, the octogenarian Ryabinin, who had already supplied a great part of Rybnikof's collection.

Knowledge is the bane of art. When the *mougik* has seen a steam engine he will believe no more in dragons. Till lately

hard and hearers devoutly swallowed the *bylini* whole, with all their bewildering weights and measures, their astonishing flora and fauna, and their wonderful deaths and resurrections. *Tempora mutantur*. The reformer has been abroad in the land preaching the gospel of the exact sciences and the end is near. Those who might have been the bards of the next generation have learned to read and write, and their memory is gone.

## FRANCE.

Is a song a literary form? Has it a right to academic recognition? On this question all Paris is taking sides, and the genial discussion has been brought about by an act of the French Academy which is being variously regarded as craven or courageous. A certain M. Montariol, who died not long ago, left to the Academy a sum of 10,000 francs to serve as a recompense every two years for the best song submitted to its judgment. The Academy accepted the bequest and announced that the contest was open. All Montmartre bestirred itself. Montmartre is the sacred hill where the special Gallic form of the Bacchic song and the amorous ditty survives—the song which dates from Villon, who was among the first Frenchmen to inform his work with that *esprit gaulois* which bubbles forth in the Montmartre *cabarets* and *cafés*. There the modern French type of the British Grub-street author sits enthroned. But he is better appreciated than his prototype. He receives nightly visits from the well-to-do outside world, who come to listen to the invention of his sparkling and ironic wit. Nowadays the *café-concert* or the *cabaret* peculiar to Montmartre are the only means by which a struggling poetaster can obtain publicity and fame. A successful song is usually a rare and happy accident. Its success depends not solely on literary merit or perfection of phrase, but on its biting allusions and its enticing music, on the eccentricity of the singer, or on judicious advertisement. Evidently such a success is a complicated result, and if we are to introduce into its causes the judgment of the academicians, matters will hardly be mended. The academicians have decided that the value of a song is due to considerations which, with a due regard for their own dignity, they cannot entertain. Confronted by the sheaves of strange rhymes which have been piling up in stacks at the Palais Mazarin they announce their intention not to mix themselves up in these matters—*ne sutor ultra crepidum*—and they have declared that they will return the money to the heirs of M. Montariol. Their decision does not decide the question as to whether or no the song-form is a literary form, but merely affirms the belief that it is not the sort of literature they are chosen to defend. Montmartre is up in arms, and turning out epigrams which it is to be hoped will be better than Saint-Evremond's once famous skit on the Academy. For the Academy's decision implies also that the songs with which the committee have had to deal in the first batch submitted to it were pretty poor stuff. Many blame the Academy, seeing nothing derogatory in a biennial decision as to the relative merits of the two years' songs. When it solemnly condemned the "Cid" it wittingly counted a blunder of quite another and more dangerous sort. Meilhac, it should not be forgotten, is dead—and so is Renan. Had the latter been alive it is probable that he would have pleaded so eloquently the cause of the *Chanson Gauloise* as to have averted this petulant and despairing decision of the academicians.

The success of the Bishop of Ripon in his address delivered at the inaugural meeting of the Franco-English Guild at the Sorbonne in Paris is not, perhaps, a matter of directly literary interest, but it has been recorded here with so many graces of style and with a recognition so ample that it may be worth while to cite from the *Journal des Débats* a single instance of the sort of appreciation it has evoked. This conference was on the romantic renaissance in English literature during this century, and is described by the journal just mentioned as "a charm."

"It was delivered," says this paper, "with a marvellous ease: it was full of eloquence, of poetry, and amiable simplicity: the speaker came down without effort from the summit of general ideas and large perceptions to the familiar, but not careless, tone of a free-and-easy conversation. He spoke standing up, with a lively expression of malice in the glance, an abundance and variety of attitude and movement which I have rarely met with. Who, then, has spoken of 'British stiffness'? I have never seen in any speaker a more supple ease. Moreover, I never better understood what the English call 'humour' than on Thursday, in listening to the Bishop of Ripon. He has, moreover, in his country as I am told a reputation as a lecturer and speaker second to none. That reputation he possesses now among us for all those who heard him, and he deserves it."

## Notes.

In next week's issue of *Literature* "Among my Books" will be written by Mr. Leslie Stephen.

There are so many demands for copies of Mr. Kipling's poem "Recessional" that, in accordance with numerous suggestions, we propose to republish it in our next number.

The *British Weekly* calls attention to the curious anticipation of *Literature* contained in the "Caxtons," where Uncle Jack is fired by the notion of a literary journal "on the plan of *The Times*." The days of a morning paper on the plan of *The Times* solely devoted to literature are, indeed, yet to come; but Uncle Jack's forecast of literary journalism and a *Literary Times* is interesting and amusing.

"It was to be the literary Salmoneus of the Political Jupiter, and rattle its thunder over the bridge of knowledge. It was to have correspondents in all parts of the globe; everything that related to the chronicle of the mind, from the labour of the missionary in the South Sea Islands, or the research of a traveller in pursuit of that mirage called Timbuctoo, to the last new novel at Paris, or the last great emendation of a Greek particle at a German University, was to find a place in this focus of light."

"My *Literary Times* once started," he continues, "people will wonder how they had ever lived without it. Sir, they have not lived without it—they have vegetated: they have lived in holes and caves, like the Troglodytes."

"Troglodytes," said my father mildly—"from *troyle*, 'a cave,' and *dumi*, 'to go under.' They lived in Ethiopia, and had their wives in common."

"As to the last point, I don't say that the public, poor creatures, are as bad as that," said Uncle Jack candidly; "but no simile holds good in all its points. And the public are no less Troglodytes, or whatever you call them, compared with what they will be when living under the full light of my *Literary Times*. Sir, it will be a revolution in the world. It will bring literature out of the clouds into the parlour, the cottage, the kitchen. The idlest dandy, the finest fine lady, will find something to her taste; the busiest man of the mart and counter will find some acquisition to his practical knowledge. The practical man will see the progress of divinity, medicine, nay, even law. Sir, the Indian will read me under the banyan; I shall be in the seraglios of the East; and over my sheets the American Indian will smoke the calumet of peace."

There are ample and excellent materials for the work for Archbishop Benson's life which his son is writing, as the late Primate regularly kept a copious journal, and he carefully preserved his correspondence. The book is to include some personal reminiscences by the present Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of Durham and Winchester, Dean Bradley, and other intimate friends. The work will appear in about twelve months.

Remembering the prodigious number of ecclesiastical biographies which have been published of late years, and considering the scale upon which many of these works have been written, it is very remarkable that lives of such eminently distinguished divines as Archbishops Longley and Thomson, and Bishops Phillpotts and Lightfoot, have yet to appear, nor has any memoir of Dr. Liddon been heard of. Henry of Exeter was so prominent a personage for many years, both in Church and State, that it is astonishing that no adequate memoir of this great ecclesiastic has been forthcoming. The Bishop's brilliant talent and his wonderful eloquence were matters of sufficient notoriety, but the superlative excellence of his table-talk and his bright and bitter wit were known to only a limited circle. Bishop Phillpotts uttered quite as many good things in his life as Sydney Smith, but they were neither quoted nor copied.

In rural Bedfordshire time ambles withal, and does not like to be urged into a gallop. The Rev. W. Wright, of Sutton, Beds, who writes to us about the modern novel, looks back, no doubt regretfully, to the days when people gave the novelist his material by keeping "private journals" instead of notes of their engagements, and writing letters instead of letter-cards.

He says:—"Sir,—I hate novels I cannot see what good they do; I can see what harm they do. What they tell us is very interesting, brilliant, amusing, and so on; but they put the facts of life in such rapid juxtaposition that they make one miserable. What happens in life is now and then, here and there, and we take it—good, bad, or indifferent—and make the best of it; but the novel pins you down to a tale of concentrated misery, for the most part, which you may cry over, but which you can do nothing to alleviate, and this is painful in the extreme. Accordingly I rejoice to see that *Literature* is not going to give the first place in its interesting columns to the novels of the hour." This is refreshing, and not without truth. But we are afraid that Mr. Wright's tears will only give satisfaction to the novelists referred to. To "alleviate the concentrated misery" would seem to them like throwing an inkpot at a beautiful picture.

It is an interesting indication of the continued prosperity of the publishing business that yet another young man should adventure his energy and capital in supplying what we must presume to be a still further demand for the production of new books. Mr. Gerald Duckworth, the stepson of Mr. Leslie Stephen, is about to start as a publisher on his own account at 3, Henrietta-street, Covent-garden. He has taken Mr. A. R. Waller into partnership, and the new firm will be known as Messrs. Duckworth and Company. Mr. Duckworth is no novice at his trade, for he was formerly with Mr. J. M. Dent, who is himself expanding from Great Eastern-street into the [more convenient premises just vacated by the Macmillans.

The reputation already made by Mr. Dent leads us to anticipate that he will be a worthy successor to the traditions of the house he has just acquired. We need hardly add that our best wishes are with Mr. Gerald Duckworth's venture. If we may judge from the recent success of certain books, it would appear that publishers will soon, like the population of the Scilly Isles, be able to earn at least a livelihood by taking in each other's Memoirs.

The first really valuable account of the Cid, in portable form, is on the point of publication by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons. It has been written by Mr. H. Butler Clarke, whose long residence at St. Jean de Luz has resulted in a very thorough acquaintance with Spanish history and manners. The value of his work will be considerably increased by the knowledge it reveals of original Spanish and Arabic authorities hitherto scarcely appreciated, and also by illustrations drawn from plans connected with the story of the Cid by Señor Arenas. In addition to his proficiency in Arabic and Spanish Mr. Clarke has more than a speaking acquaintance with that puzzle of philologists, the Basque language. Nor do his services to the scholarship of literature end here; for he has this year published (at his own expense) a verbatim reprint of that rare 1554 edition of "Lazarillo de Tormes," hitherto only accessible in the library of Chatsworth.

Mr. William Watson's forthcoming book, to which we recently referred, is to be called "The Hope of the World, and other Poems." The "title poem" and several others have not been published before. It will appear in about 10 days.

We have hitherto only had the opportunity of admiring Mr. G. S. Street's style and methods in the form of the novel or the short story. It will interest all those to whom he has given pleasure in the past to know that he has definitely determined to adopt the dramatic method of presenting his ideas, and this, too, from a deliberate inclination towards that form of expression. His knowledge and appreciation of Congreve are well known. We believe he has enjoyed a considerable reputation as the dramatic critic of more modern authors. His first play will be looked forward to with interest, and we trust that it will not be long in making its appearance. *Quod felicitè vortat.*

Mr. R. C. Lehmann's contribution to the Isthmian Library (Messrs. A. D. Innes) appears this week. It deals with Rowing, on which Mr. Lehmann is a recognized authority on both sides of the Atlantic, and contains chapters by Mr. Guy Nickalls and Mr. C. M. Pitman. Mr. Lehmann, by the way, is very far from being an athlete only, or in the world of athletics a rowing man only. Oddly enough he never achieved his blue on the Cam. He was president of the Cambridge Union, where he proved

himself a capital speaker. He won the medal for boxing; he had a free hand in "Granta." Since that time he has stood for Parliament, but his candidature has not met with the success which has followed him as a *litterateur*, a member of the staff of *Punch*, and a rowing coach both here and in America. Mr. Lehmann, who was born some 42 years ago, is still a bachelor. The next volume of the Isthmian Library is to be on Boxing by Mr. Allanson Winn.

Mr. Oswald Crawford seems determined to put new life into *Chapman's Magazine*. A *propos* of our leader of last week on the "Bookselling Question," and in continuation of the paper by Mr. Andrew Lang on the subject, the magazine is to contain a symposium on the subject of "Authors, Publishers, and Booksellers." To this symposium an eminent author, an eminent publisher, and an eminent bookseller will contribute. We are not told who will be the author or the publisher, but the bookseller is to be Mr. F. H. Evans, of the well-known City firm of Jones and Evans.

From America comes the information that the "leading feature" of the *Youth's Companion* for 1898 will be Mr. Gladstone's recollections of his friendship with Arthur Henry Hallam. From the same source we learn that the Rev. W. J. Dawson, the author of "The Story of Hannah," is to publish shortly a volume of his stories, with the title "Through Lattice Windows."

Dr. J. Murray Moore's paper entitled "Tennyson's Nature Studies," which is to be found in the 51st volume of the *Proceedings of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Liverpool* (issued during the last few days), will be read with interest at the present time. Dr. Moore remarks that, as the woodpecker and the kingfisher are already becoming rare in our country, it may be that 20 or 40 years hence Tennyson's poems will be searched by the naturalists of that day for a list of the wild birds of 1892. In the same volume are to be found papers on "William Morris," "The Four Georges and their Times, as illustrated by Contemporary Pictures," and "Felicia Hemans."

The late Mr. Walter White had exceptional opportunities for the making of interesting reminiscences. From 1844 onwards he was assistant secretary to the Royal Society, and, apart from the many subjects, literary as well as scientific, which the meetings of that learned body brought to his notice, he came into personal relationship with some of the greatest men of the century—Tennyson, Carlyle, Faraday, Tyndall, Grove, Huxley, Wheatstone, and Airy. Fortunately, Mr. White kept a "Diary," and this diary is soon to be given to the world, edited by his brother. Another element of interest associated with the journal is in the fact that it records the life of a man who strove unsuccessfully to earn a livelihood as a cabinet-maker, who educated himself far above the level of most gentlemen of his day, and who eventually obtained a position as congenial to his tastes as it was useful to those with whom he associated. His brother very sympathetically introduces him to his readers in an excellent preface. "The Journals of Walter White," which Messrs. Chapman and Hall are to publish, if they may not take high rank with the "Memoir" of Tennyson or the "Letters" of Mrs. Browning, will yet form no unworthy contribution to the "history" of the present century.

If we are to judge from the success which has attended the publications for this season of Messrs. Bell and Sons' art works, it must be confessed that the craze for "large paper" editions has not yet died out. It is not often that *all* the "large paper" issues of all the books so done by one firm sell out previous to publication, but this has occurred with Keats's "Poems," illustrated by Mr. Anning Bell; Mrs. Jameson's "Shakespeare's Heroines"; Mr. Eve's "Decorative Heraldry"; and Dr. Williamson's "Portrait Miniatures." Mr. Byam Shaw's illustrations to a selection of Robert Browning's "Poems" will find many admirers among collectors of the Rossetti school of book illustrators.

Another great "large paper" success is Mr. W. Nicholson's "Alphabet Book." A week ago it was published at twelve guineas; now a would-be purchaser may congratulate himself if he can get it for twenty pounds. This is certainly a phenomenal increase in so short a time.



Some 18 years ago the late Richard Hearne Shepherd, author and bibliographer (to whom we are indebted for the exhumation of some of Lamb's essays), proposed to publish "The Earlier Poems of E. B. Browning, 1826 to 1833." A London weekly condemned the proposal, and called Shepherd "a bookseller's hack," "Sporus," "Chiffonnier," "vampire," "resurrection nun," &c. Shepherd brought an action for libel. Browning was called for the defence, and stated (we quote from the newspaper report) that "the plaintiff had not communicated with him before he published his late wife's early poems. It was with his entire and grateful approval that the periodical in question had stated that he objected to the publication. These early poems were written when Mrs. Browning was only 14 years of age. He was anxious that the severest notice should be taken of the plaintiff's proceeding in publishing these works."

Shepherd was immediately and characteristically revenged. He drew from his pocket a thin, ancient-looking octavo, which he had rooted up with other literary trifles at a bookstall. This volume contained a number of forged letters, purporting to be by Shelley, with a preface to the letters, written by one "Robert Browning." In a transport of wrath the poet had to admit that he had been heaxed into lending the authority of his name to the publication. The result was that the "vampire" drew blood from the defendant periodical to the extent of £150 in damages.

The collecting of the first editions of Charles Dickens cannot be very well described as the poor man's folly. The catalogue of Messrs. Robson, of Coventry-street, describes a set of this author's works in 48 volumes, bound from the original parts in every case in which they were so issued, and from the cloth, with all the original wrappers, covers, and advertisements preserved, and bound in red morocco extra by Zaehnsdorf. The mere trifle of £250 is asked for this set.

Books from the library of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots are exceedingly rare. Perhaps the most interesting of all is that sad Book of Prayers, now at St. Petersburg, in which she wrote verses during her captivity, and which possesses historical associations apart from the Queen. A book from her library is to be sold at Sotheby's on November 25; it is the first Italian edition of a work by Beza, "Confessione d'olla fede Christiana," 1560, and it has the inscription "Maria R. Scotoru." in gold capitals on each cover. It was probably given by her to her devoted friend Sir James Melville of Halhill, who was her ambassador to Queen Elizabeth, and has his signature on the title. At the sale of David Laing's books in 1879 this realized £149. It does not appear to be mentioned in Mr. Sharman's indifferently compiled "Catalogue" of her library published in 1889.

The unveiling of the monument to Thomas à Kempis at Zwolle may be taken, one imagines, as a sign that the claims of that worthy monk to the authorship of the "Imitation of Christ" are generally admitted. In one sense this is highly gratifying, as it is essentially improper that "the sweetest and humblest of books" should continue to be mixed up with "one of the most bitter and arrogant of controversies." And all who are devoted to literature must be glad to see the most popular of uninspired books definitely ascribed to a man whose constant saying was that he had sought repose in all things, and only found it in a corner with a book.

But it must be confessed that one is sorry to see Gerson's claim to the authorship of the "Imitation" wholly abandoned. A book which preaches the duty of renunciation and the vanity of the world carries more weight when its author is a man who, like the Chancellor of Paris University, has himself known the pomps which he abjures. The scholar who was also politician and man of the world seems more in touch with us than the cloistered monk, who knows the world by books alone, and whose temptations have been limited to the pleasures of the refectory and the vanity of the caligraph. Written by Gerson, the "Imitation" would be classed with books like Bacon's "Essays" or the "Meditations" of Marcus Aurelius, whose charm is doubled when we remember that their authors were men of action. However, Gerson's claim is but shadowy, and it would be a cynical asperity to detract from the merits of Thomas à Kempis because, as the Muse advised Sidney, he merely looked in his heart and wrote.

The old-book catalogue of Messrs. Hitchman, of Sheffield, includes a volume of much more than average interest, the five publications bound together being rare Reformation tracts. Of these the most important is "John Olde's," "The Acquittal or Purgation of the most Catholyke Christian Prince Edwarde the VI., Kyng of Englande, &c., and of the Church of Englande reformed and governed by hym, agaiate all suche as blasphemously and traitoursly infame hym or the sayd Church, of heresie, or sedicion." This work, really written by John Ball, was printed at Waterford on November 7, 1555, and is said to be the second book printed in Ireland.

The Navy Records Society have just issued the ninth volume of their publications. This consists of the journal kept by Sir George Rooke, Admiral of the Fleet, from 1700-1702. Mr. Oscar Browning has edited the volume.

We hear that a section of the Manchester Literary Club has recently been formed for the special study of foreign literature. Their president is Mr. Joseph Angeloff, and the majority of the members of the section are students of the various literatures. At the next meeting Mr. Alfred Schumacker will read a paper on "Holberg."

On December 1st, at the next meeting of the Elizabethan Literary Society, which will be held in Tuynbee-hall, Mrs. Charlotte Carmichael Stopes will read a paper on "The Scottish and English Macbeth."

The literature of meteors has been enriched by the publication of a little work by Mr. W. F. Denning, F.R.A.S., entitled "The November Meteor Shower" (Taylor and Francis). All who are astronomically inclined will find here an easily understood account of this great shower, which is expected to afford fine displays during the month of November in the next few succeeding years. Future literature on this subject will be found in some papers by Dr. Stowey, published lately in the Proceedings of the Royal Institution.

We learn that Mr. Walter G. Bond has severed his nine and a half years' connexion with the *Electrician*. Mr. Bond joined the staff in April, 1888, and became editor in April, 1895. Under him and his predecessor, Mr. A. P. Trotter, the *Electrician* attained a leading position among electrical journals and was marked by a broad and literary tone, not usually noticeable among technical organs.

A translation into Welsh of La Motte Fouqué's romance, "Sintram and his Companions," is appearing in the Welsh magazine *Ye Haul*. The translator is the Rev. J. Evan Williams. Published by W. Spurrell, Carmarthen.

Mr. Murray will publish shortly a book of a somewhat unusual kind. It is named the "Memoirs of a Highland Lady," and contains the Reminiscences of Miss Grant of Kothiemurehus, who became the wife of General Smith of Baltiboy, County Wicklow, and died in 1835 in her 89th year. She left a careful and minute record of her whole life which was printed a short time ago for private circulation; but the interest which it aroused has been such as to induce the family to publish it to the world. The book gives a lively and in many respects remarkable picture of those feudal affections and that spirit of clanship which characterized Scottish race and social life in the Highlands, Edinburgh, and London, during the early part of the present century. The author's recollections carry the reader back to the days when dwellers in the Highlands depended chiefly on their own produce for most of the necessaries of life, when their flocks and herds supplied them not only with the greater part of their food, but with fleeces to be woven into clothing or carpets, or with leather to be dressed at home.

Another interest of the book lies in the impression gradually produced on the reader through a succession of vivid though trifling details of intimate familiarity with a form of family life and a conception of family duty which has passed away. In these days when girls are educated to be independent and self-governed, a study of the very different environment which produced the type of woman we are familiar with in Jane Austen's novels will certainly have a great charm for many readers. The Author's range of acquaintances was as varied as it was

wide. Among the names of those whom she knew or about whom she writes are to be found some of the most eminent people of the day in politics, art, and literature, such as Mr. Perceval, Mr. Canning, Lord Lauderdale, Sir Francis Burdett, Lords Eldon, Stowell, and Jeffrey, Sir Walter Scott, Shelley, Mrs. Thrale, Mrs. Siddons, the Kembles, and a host of others. The work will be edited by Lady Strachey, a niece of the author.

Captain A. T. Mahan's new book, "The Interest of the United States in Sea Power, Present and Future," will appear next month. It will deal with "The United States looking Outward," "Hawaii and our Sea Power," "The Isthmus and our Sea Power," "Anglo-American Alliance," "The Future in Relation to American Naval Power," "Preparedness for Naval War," "A Twentieth Century Outlook," "Strategic Features of the Gulf of Mexico and Caribbean Sea." The publishers are Messrs Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.

The American *Bookman* announces the advent of a curious new weekly paper in New York. It is to be called *L'Enfant Terrible*, and will be devoted to "humour for humour's sake." The editors are Mr. Gellert Burgess, who did some clever work for the *Lark*, and Mr. Oliver Herford and Mr. J. J. Roche.

Mr. Henry E. Krehbiel, whose book, "How to Listen to Music," has met with considerable success in this country, is, we believe, the musical critic of the *New York Tribune*.

Stories based on Scriptural subjects have an enormous circulation in the States. The success of *Ben Hur* is a case in point, and not long ago the David Cook Publishing Company of Chicago offered a prize of 1,000 dollars for the best new "Tale of the Christ." The sale of "Titus," which gained the prize, has now reached a million copies. A similar offer was made by the same firm this year, and the announcement has just been made that the prize has been awarded to Miss A. M. Wilson for a tale entitled "The Days of Mahomed."

The two brothers who write under the name of J. H. Rosny, and whose curious work is known to a very large circle of foreign as well as of French readers, have just published with Plou Nourrit, "Une Rupture."

There is an increasing tendency in France to publish selections from works of well-known living authors. Armand Colin, who has already brought out selections from the works of the De Goncourts, Pierre Loti, Zola, and Tolstoi, has just added to his collection passages from the writings of Anatole France. This volume should make the versatile author of "Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard" and "Thais" more known to those who wish to become acquainted with what that writer's contemporaries consider the very finest modern French prose.

A volume which will prove of great interest and value to those concerned with both *les grands et les petits cotés de l'histoire* has just been published by M. Druon. It consists of an elaborate account of the education given to each Prince of the House of France, from the Huguenot training of Henry IV. to the careful "gouvernement" of Louis Philippe by Madame de Genlis. The author has taken immense pains to make his work as complete as possible, and he has been able to obtain many hitherto unpublished details of the childhoods of the Kings of France, of their children, and of their cousins.

Calmann Levy announces a new volume by Pierre Loti, "Figures et Choses qui Passent"; an elaborate analysis of the French Court of Assize, by J. Creppi, a well-known barrister; a volume of the Correspondence of Victor Hugo's (1836-1885), which should prove of the very deepest interest if well edited; yet another volume on George Sand, "Autour de Nohant," by M. Plauchut; a new novel by Gyp, "Miquette"; and "Paysages Historiques," by Ary Renan.

Lieutenant Julien Viaud (Pierre Loti) is to give up the command of the *Javelot* to return to Rochefort.

The distinguished Professor at the Sorbonne, M. Anlard, is on the point of bringing out, through M. Felix Alean, a second series of his "Etudes et Leçons sur la Révolution Française." M.

Alean also announces the appearance of a new book by M. Debidour, the high official of the Ministry of Education, who has been condemned by the Congregation of the *Index*, in company with his friend M. Anlard, for the heretical tone of a certain school-book of history of which they were joint authors. M. Debidour's book will be entitled "L'Eglise et l'Etat en France."

M. Brunetière's account of his American trip will be published simultaneously in the *Revue des deux Mondes* and *McClure's Magazine*. There are to be three articles—the Universities, the Woman Question, and Catholicism in the United States.

The trade of the informer is a sorry one at the best; in matters æsthetic it is quite without defence. Yet a case happened in Germany the other day in which one author turned King's evidence against another, and invoked the law to restrain the sale of his victim's book on moral grounds. The incident was bitterly resented by a large fraternity of writers. Failing the British club system, through which expression can usually be given to such sentiments, two authors, Herr Julius Meyer Graefe and Herr Otto Julius Bierbaum, set about collecting the opinions of their colleagues, and these have now been published.

The 50 replies which were sent in convey about as heavy an indictment as has ever fallen on a professional man from the members of his profession. We quote two or three. Georg Ebers, the well-known historical novelist, writes:—"I look upon 'denunciation' as a weapon against literary colleagues as contemptible in the extreme, and I deplore its occurrence in the ranks of German authors." Ludwig Fulda, the dramatist, refers to the question as "long-settled and therefore self-evident. Every kind of informing," he adds, "is contemptible, whether in the artistic sphere or in any other." The veteran author and critic, Friedrich Spielhagen, regards "a legal 'denunciation' in the realm of art, whatever its motive and intention, as an act of abusive high treason against the Art Republic, which, standing by itself, must and can be its own security." Arno Holz, who is best known by some charming lyrics, recommends laconically "Reintroduction of the 'cat.'"

Has attention yet been called to the dishonour done to literature in Wiesbaden the other day? Visitors to that watering-place may remember a statue to Schiller in the Theater Platz. When they next go down to the waters to drink they will have to learn to call the Theater Platz by the name of Kaiser Friedrich Platz, and in place of the poet's monument they will find Uphnes' statue to the late Emperor Frederic. Surely there are enough sites in Wiesbaden for even the most heroic figure of the Hohenzollern dynasty without turning out one of Germany's greatest writers from the place which he had occupied since 1859. In literary circles this piece of vandalism has not made a pleasant impression. Meanwhile, information is not forthcoming as to whether the casket containing the "records of dedication to Schiller's everlasting memory" is not still resting underneath, though his term of immortality has hardly exceeded a single generation.

We mentioned in a recent number a few works on the Woman Question in Germany. A plea for women's rights, under the title of "Die politische Gleichberechtigung der Frau," by Eliza Ichenhäuser, is announced by Carl Duncker, of Berlin, for December 1st. At the moderate price of 1 mark 50pf., it will be a valuable guide to the present claims of German women.

Another contribution to Bismarckian literature was published on the last day of October by the firm of Hirzel, in Leipzig, in the shape of a political pamphlet, by Otto Mittelstaedt, under the title of "Before the Flood" (*Vor der Fluth*). It takes the form of six letters to a friend on current politics in Germany, and the publication of the first letter, "Under William the Second," in the last number of Maximilian Harden's weekly *Zukunft*, plainly reveals the tendency of the whole. This letter sketches, in sober but striking language, the historical meaning of Bismarck's dismissal. It also contrasts the fate and fame of the statesman in retirement with his probable apotheosis had he followed the first William to the grave. As to present conditions, the author of the brochure writes, "Everywhere is the nervous and disquieting sense that on each morrow the nation may wake up to confront totally undreamt-of and momentous decisions." Those who are interested in the political pamphlets of Germany should consult

at the same time the "Kaiser Wilhelm I." of a Leipzig Professor, Erich Mareks, which has very recently been published by Messrs. Duncker and Humblot in that city.

Dietrich Reimer, of Berlin, will publish an exceptionally interesting book of travels on November 20th. The authoress is Theresa, Princess of Bavaria, and the subject is the Brazilian Tropics. "Meine Reise in den Brasilianischen Tropen," dedicated to the memory of H.I.M. Dom Pedro II. of Brazil, will be much more than a mere volume of adventure. Her Royal Highness visited the country at a time of great political excitement, and her experiences accordingly will have some historical value. Moreover, special attention has been paid to the study of the flora and fauna, five years having been spent by the authoress in the collection and comparison of specimens. The Princess's book will contain two maps and many illustrations, reproduced from photographs and from her own drawings. Its price will be 14 marks in cloth and 12 in paper binding.

The Italian publishing season opens with two publications of more than ordinary political interest. The first is a new and enlarged edition of the third volume of Signor Luigi Chiala's "Pagine di Storia Contemporanea," containing four additional chapters dealing with the first period of the Triple Alliance, its renewal in 1887, its second renewal in 1891, and, lastly, the Triple Alliance face to face with the Dual Alliance (1891-1897).

The other important work is the book which General Baratieri—who commanded the Italian troops during the war against Abyssinia and the final disaster at Adowa—has written in self-defence. Whether the General had not better have held his tongue is a question on which his readers will probably differ, but the work will at least throw light upon the secret African policy of Italy during the last four years, and illustrate one of the most brilliant and disastrous careers in modern annals.

Which of the civilized countries of the world can boast of the largest reading public, relatively to its population, is a highly interesting question, but one very difficult to answer. The fallacious character of current statistics as to literary output was well shown by Mr. Axon, of the Moss Side Public Library, at the Library Association meeting. His remarks are worthy of a fuller report than has yet been accorded to them. From published statistics, he says, "we learn that there are fewer books published in Great Britain than in British India, that Russia prints twice as many as the United States, and that Italy, a nation with many fine qualities, but certainly very much poorer than our own, and with its great masses notoriously illiterate, has a larger book production than Great Britain."

But the figures are obviously misleading. "German, French, and Italian lists include many things which will be sought in vain in the English trade bibliographies. Every person who takes a degree in a Continental University must print the dissertation which he offers for the doctorate. This custom alone contributes thousands of titles yearly to the foreign lists. So the essays attached to the school programmes are included. The pretty Italian custom of printing literary trifles for distribution at wedding feasts will also be answerable for a number of titles. Sometimes these editions *per nozze* are really important, but great or small—a handsomely-bound quarto or half-a-dozen leaves fastened together with a ribbon—they count. Then separate prints from magazines, transactions, &c., are included in Continental lists, and are not usually included in our own."

But, after all, who is to decide on the importance of a publication? Certainly not its author, it would seem, from the fact that "more than twenty years ago it was found that two pages of Crookford's 'Clerical Directory' contained the titles of 53 publications, of which only 23 could be traced in the 'English Catalogue.' Out of 229 books and pamphlets registered by the Manchester Literary Club as the work of its members, only 79 were in the trade catalogue."

The author may, however, of course, be in some cases justified. "A penny pamphlet issued from a provincial press in after years has been known to fetch more than its weight in gold. . . . The 'Poems by Two Brothers' was not an important book when it came from the Louth

Press, nor 'Hours of Idleness,' when it was printed at Newark." The compilation of a serviceable and authoritative bibliography seems to be more difficult than ever. The British Museum hardly seems to be the place to go to for it, if statistics only are to be our guide. "In 1894, when we are told the British books numbered 4,303, the British Museum received 12,759 by copyright, and if roaps, music, and parts of volumes are included, there were 15,482 'distinct works' added by law to the national library."

In the second volume of Lord Tennyson's Life the first line of "The Revenge" is quoted, on page 142, as follows:—

"At Florés in the Azorés Sir Richard Grenville lay."

On page 252, on the other hand, it is given as in the Macmillan edition:—

"At Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay."

Does this mean that Lord Tennyson originally conceived the line in the one form and finally adopted it in the other? If so, this appears to be one of those instances where a great line has been the creation of a happy accident. It is difficult to conceive a better opening to the poem than the line as it appears in the collected works—that is, if we treat "Florea" as a monosyllable and "Azores" as a disyllable; whereas the line as it lay for years on the poet's desk (p. 142) lacks both the dignity and the sonorousness of the later version. Perhaps the present Lord Tennyson could throw some light on the point by making plain how his father, whose talent for reciting his own poems is well known, used to pronounce the line.

Instances are, of course, not rare in which a poet has originally written a line of quite inferior quality and afterwards, as it were by chance, by some minute alteration transformed the whole, almost unconsciously, into a thing of wonderful beauty. The beautiful lines in Rossetti's "Blessed Damozel"—

"Her eyes were deeper than the depths  
Of waters stilled at even"

—originally ran:—

"Her eyes were deeper than the depths  
Of the still water even."

Truly a marvellous transformation.

Georg Ebers' new novel this winter will be published in Stuttgart towards the end of November. The veteran craftsman deals in it once more with Egypt. The title which has been chosen is said to be "Arachne."

The condition of the libel laws is a matter of concern to the world of letters generally. There has been at least one action for libel brought against an eminent art critic by an almost equally eminent artist. Actors and actresses occasionally figure as plaintiffs in similar suits, and the indiscretions of too candid critics or the super-sensitiveness of thin-skinned authors now and again bring literature into the legal arena. It is pretty generally admitted that serious defects exist in the present laws, notwithstanding the reforming Acts of 1881 and 1888, and a Bill to remedy such defects has been before Parliament for several sessions. It is intended by the promoters of this measure that a special effort shall be made to secure its passage during the coming Session, and in furtherance of this end a meeting was recently held at which arrangements were made for the appointment of an influential deputation to wait upon the Lord Chancellor and the Attorney-General at an early date, in order that the active support, or, failing that, the passive countenance of the Government may be secured for the measure upon its introduction.

We understand that Mr. Lionel Cust has in hand a work dealing with the origin of the illustrations used in the "Ars Morendi," a book of Images of the 15th century. This book, together with the "Biblia Pauperum" and the "Speculum Humanæ" preceded the introduction of printing with movable type, but by only a very few years. They are all practically xylographic productions, and the generally accepted theory is that the origin of their style of illustration must be traced back through the Buxheim St. Christopher to the hand-painted playing cards invented in Germany about the year 1300. It will be interesting to see whether Mr. Cust is able to displace the idea that the actual progenitors of the pictured moralities of the "Ars Morendi" were the "devil's pictures" which were first printed from wood blocks in the year 1400.

Messrs. Goupil and Co. have received a letter from Sir Arthur Bigge stating that the Queen is much pleased with the

beautifully reproduced illustrations and with the general manner in which Mr. Holmes's "Victoria" has been brought out.

An important book by Mr. Arthur H. Neumann, on his experiences "Elephant Hunting in East Equatorial Africa among the Ndorobo Savages," will shortly be published by Rowland Ward (Limited), 166, Piccadilly, W. The work will be very fully illustrated with special drawings executed by J. G. Millais, E. Caldwell, G. E. Lodge, and others; and will include a coloured plate and a map.

Messrs. Hutchinson and Co. are publishing a book entitled "Picturesque Dublin Old and New." Hitherto no such book has appeared on Ireland's capital. No attempt has been made to give a history of Dublin, but the traditions concerning houses formerly occupied by the nobility in the city and adjoining suburbs will be new to many readers. The book is written by Miss Frances Gerard, author of "Celebrated Irish Beauties," and is illustrated by Miss Rose Barton, A.R.W.S., and from reproductions of old engravings.

Mr. Charles Dana Gibson has taken a new departure in supplying not only the illustrations but the text to his new Christmas book "London," published by Mr. John Lane. In addition to this interesting book Mr. Gibson is represented by "The People of Dickens," containing six photogravures from his drawings.

Mr. Brimley Johnson's series of Eighteenth Century Letters is now continued by the publication of "Johnson and Chesterfield," with an introduction by Dr. Birkbeck Hill; and "Horace Walpole," with an introduction by Mr. Mowbray Morris, will follow. Messrs. A. D. Innes are the publishers.

Two more of Mr. Charles Robinson's illustrated books, announced by Mr. John Lane, are "Lullaby Land," by Eugene Field, edited by Kenneth Grahame, and "King Long Beard," "Fairy Tales," by Harrington Macgregor. The dedication design contains a portrait of Prince Edward of York seated on a balance. In the scale are soldiers, sailors, and weapons of defence on one side and the crown of England on the other, the former bearing down the latter.

Messrs. Putnam are publishing during the next week or two a new "Knickerbocker Edition" of Washington Irving's works; the second part of "The Historical Development of Modern Europe, 1815-1880," by Professor C. M. Andrews, of Bryn Mawr College; Mr. Stephen Paget's "Life of Ambrose Paré," the great French surgeon of the 16th century; a second volume of "Nippur"—Dr. Peters's narrative of the University of Pennsylvania Expedition to Babylonia.

We hear from Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Co. that they will shortly publish a new novel by Guy Boothby entitled "Bushigrams."

The most recent addition to Messrs. Newnes' New Library Series is Borrow's "Lavengro." The list of volumes previously published in this series is of a somewhat miscellaneous character, containing Shakespeare's "Heroines," Thackeray's "Christmas Books," "Visits to Monasteries of the Levant," the "Christian Year," and Mrs. Gaskell's "North and South."

Mr. Conan Doyle's novel, which ran as a serial lately, may be expected shortly before Christmas. Its title is to be "The Tragedy of the Korosko," and it will be fully illustrated. Early next spring Messrs. Longmans will publish Mr. Stanley Weyman's novel "Shrewsbury"; and Messrs. A. D. Innes and Co. will issue then Mr. Anthony Hope's new story.

We understand that the "Life of Lord Tennyson" is

having an unexpectedly large sale in the United States. Messrs. Macmillan's American house having cabled for large numbers more than once.

A volume which is likely to arouse considerable interest in the religious world is shortly to be published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, and Co. The title is "The Theology of an Evolutionist," and the author, Dr. Lyman Abbot, one of the most "advanced" of American theologians.

A new translation, in the metre of the original, of the *Niebelungen Lied* will be published, by the end of the year, by Messrs. Bell and Sons. It will have prefixed to it Carlyle's amusing essay on the *Lied*. The same firm will also issue, in December, the fifth volume of Mrs. Hamilton's able translation of Gregorovius's "History of Rome," bringing the history down to the beginning of the fourteenth century.

An important contribution to the literature of the theory of art will be published shortly before Christmas by Messrs. Bell and Sons. The work is by Mr. Walter Crane, and bears the title, "Of the Bases of Design." It is an extension of a series of lectures which Mr. Crane has given, and its scope may be gathered from the subjects at the head of the chapters:—"Of the Architectural Basis"; "Of the Utility Basis and Influence"; "Of the Climatic," "The Racial"; "The Symbolic Influences in Design"; "Of the Graphic Influence, or Naturalism, in Design," &c. Each of these sections will be fully illustrated, not only by examples from the best masters of the various schools of design in the past and present, but by many original drawings by Mr. Crane himself.

Mr. Nutt will shortly issue a reprint of Mr. Prestage's translation of the "Letters of a Portuguese Nun," originally published, with a faithful reprint of the French original and a full bibliography of the famous love-letters, some few years ago. The present issue is designed to be a companion to the cheap reprint of Mr. Lang's "Aucassin and Nicolette."

Mr. Douglas's edition of the Elizabethan version of "Banello" (The Tragical Discourses, &c., by John Fenton) will shortly be ready for issue in Mr. Henley's Tudor Translations.

In the introduction to his Hamlet in Iceland (shortly to be issued in Mr. Nutt's "Northern Library") Mr. Gollancz has traced a portion of the complex Hamlet story to the family history of Dano-Irish Vikings of the 9th and 10th centuries. The tragic figure of Gormfaith, thrice married and thrice divorced, would seem to have supplied some traits for Hamlet's mother.

Towards the end of the month Messrs. Chapman and Hall will issue a volume on "Modern Architecture," by Mr. H. Heathcote Statham. The idea of the book originated in a short course of lectures delivered by the author to the Class of Design of the Architectural Association. The first chapter deals with "The Present Position," and offers an answer to the views propounded by a section of architects and architectural critics who wish to regard architecture as a purely ideal art. Other chapters deal with "Church Architecture," "State and Municipal Architecture," "Domestic Architecture," and "Street Architecture." The book is to have 145 illustrations.

Mr. W. H. Hadow, of Worcester College, Oxford, author of "Studies in Modern Music," has written an essay on Haydn (considered as a Croatian, not a German composer) which will be published shortly by Messrs. Seeley and Co. It will contain several pages of Croatian popular tunes compared with passages from Haydn's works.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

**ART.**  
**The Progress of Art in English Church Architecture.** By T. S. Robertson. Illustrated. 5 1/2 in., xxiii. + 176 pp. London, 1897. Gay and Bird. 6s.  
**Christ and His Mother.** In Italian Art. Edited by Julia Cortwright (Mrs. Ady). With an Introduction by Robert Eytton, Canon of Westminster. 18 1/2 in., xiv. + 228 pp. London, 1897. Hiles and Bards. £10 10s.  
**The Training of a Craftsman.** By Fred Miller. Illustrated. 8 1/2 in., x. + 219 pp. London, 1897. Virtue. 7s.  
**Modern Painters of Mountain Beauty.** Vol. IV. By John Ruskin, LL.D. New Edition in its usual form. 7 1/2 in., xii. + 435 pp. London, 1897. George Allen. 2s.

**The Art of Painting in the Queen's Reign,** being a Glance at some of the Painters and Paintings of the British School during the last 60 years. By A. G. Temple, F.S.A. With Reproductions in Colotype of 75 Paintings. 11 1/2 in., 38 pp. London, 1897. Chapman and Hall. 43 3s. n.  
**BIOGRAPHY.**  
**Men Who have Made the Empire.** By George Griŕth. 9 1/2 in., xvi. + 304 pp. London, 1897. Arthur Pearson. 7s. 6d.  
**Philip Melancthon, 1497-1560.** By Rev. G. Wilson, F.L.S. 7 1/2 in., 132 pp. London, 1897. Religious Tract Society. 2s. 6d.  
**Life of Frederick Richards Wynns, D.D., Bishop of Killaloe,** with Sketches from his

written unpublished Sermons. By James Hannay, M.A., Rector of Westport. 8 1/2 in., viii. + 270 pp. London, 1897. Hodder and Stoughton. 5s.  
**Pictures from the Life of Nelson.** By Clark Russell. Photogravure from the famous portrait by J. Hoppner and Eight Full-page Illustrations. 8 1/2 in., xxvii. + 301 pp. London, 1897. Bowden. 6s.  
**John Donne.** Some time Dean of St. Paul's. A.D. 1621 to 1631. By Augustus Jessopp, D.D. With Two Portraits. 7 1/2 in., x. + 239 pp. London, 1897. Methuen. 3s. 6d.  
**Inspector-General Sir James Hannid Martin, C.B.** By Surgeon-General Sir Joseph Fyner, Bart. 7 1/2 in., xvi. + 203 pp. London, 1897. Innes. 6s.

**BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.**  
**The Bad Child's Book of Beasts.** Verses by H. B. Pictures by H. T. B. 8 1/2 in., 47 pp. Oxford, 1897. Alden. 2s. 6d. net.  
**More Beasts. For Worse Children.** Verses by H. B. Pictures by H. T. B. 11 1/2 in., 45 pp. London and New York, 1897. Arnold. 3s. 6d.  
**Aunt Agatha Ann,** and other Verses. By Mary E. Manners. Illustrated by A. Mason and Louis Wain. 7 1/2 in., 88 pp. London, 1897. James Clarke. 1s.  
**Two Old Ladies, Two Foolish Fairies, and a Tom Cat.** The surprising Adventures of Tuppy and Tug. By Maggie Brown. 14 1/2 in., 100 pp. London, Paris, and Melbourne, 1897. Cassell. 3s. 6d.

**Short Stories for Short People.** By *Atelia Aspinwall*. With Illustrations by Maria L. Dunfoth. 81x61in., x, +254 pp. London, 1897. John Shaw. 5s.

**Fairy Tales from the Far North.** By *P. U. Ashjornsen*. Translated from the Norwegian by H. L. Brækstad. With 65 Illustrations. 9x7in., viii, +303 pp. London, 1897. Nutt. 6s.

**CLASSICAL.**

**The Authoress of the Odyssey.** Where and When she wrote it, who she was, the use she made of the Iliad, and how the Poem grew under her hands. By *Samuel Butler*. 91x54in., xv, +257 pp. London and New York, 1897. Longmans. 10s. 6d.

**EDUCATIONAL.**

**The District School.** By "One who went to it." Edited by Clifton Johnson. 71x44in., xii, +171 pp. Boston, 1897. Lee and Shepard. \$1.50.

**Grammatica Italiana Paralela alla Latina.** By *Francaeco Chiminello*. Como, 1897. Danla Grossi. (Price and form not given.)

**Lingua e Letteratura Spagnuola dalle Origini.** By *Epidio Corra*. 425 pp. 8vo. Milan, 1897. Hoepli. 6 lire.

**French Composition and Conversation.** A Companion to all French Grammars, and a useful Manual for Candidates for Examination. By *E. T. Schoedelin*. R.A. 71x51in., viii, +151 pp. Paris and London, 1894. Hachette. 2s. 6d.

**The First French Book: Grammar, Conversation, and Translation.** With a Synopsis of the Grammatical Rules and Two Complete Vocabularys. By *Henry Buc*. B.-es.-L. University Gall. 6x4in., xxiv, +204 pp. Paris and London, 1897. Hachette. 10s.

**FICTION.**

**The Story of a Red Deer.** By *the Hon. J. W. Fortescue*. 81x61in., vii, +111 pp. London and New York, 1897. Macmillan. 4s. 6d.

**Paul Mercer.** A Story of Repentance among Millions. By *James Adderley*. 71x51in., 231 pp. London and New York, 1897. Arnold. 3s. 6d.

**Mademoiselle Bayard.** ("Sans peur et sans reproche.") By *John Audley*. 8x54in., 204 pp. London, 1897. Roxburgh Press. 2s. 6d.

**Exiled from School; or, For the Sake of a Chim.** By *Andrew Home*. 71x51in., x+310 pp. London, 1897. A. and C. Black. 6s.

**Saint Porth.** The Weaving of Dolly Pentreath. By *J. H. Harris*. 71x51in., 320 pp. London, 1898. Milne. 6s.

**Peace with Honour.** By *Sydney C. Grier*. 71x51in., viii, +413 pp. London and Edinburgh, 1897. Blackwood. 6s.

**Sir Gaspard's Affinity.** By *Mina Sandeman*. 71x51in., 201 pp. London, 1897. Digby Long. 3s. 6d.

**A Matrimonial Freak.** By *Ethel M. Page*. 71x51in., 310 pp. London, 1897. Digby Long. 6s.

**Sans Mari.** By *Mme. F. le Coz*. Romans pour les Jeunes Filles. 71x51in., 294 pp. Paris, 1897. Armand Colin et Cie. 3fr. 50c.

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# Literature

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## AN ENGLISH ACADEMY.

At certain recurring periods, as we have just been reminded by Mr. Swinburne's justly but amusingly wrathful letter to *The Times*, the public are invited to discuss the wholly unprofitable question why there is not, and whether there ought not to be, an English Academy of Letters. The revival of this discussion is not the result, at least nowadays, of any general conversion to Mr. Matthew Arnold's well-known theory as to the "literary influence of Academies." Rather it is an outcome of the almost universal instinct of modern man to summon his fellow men engaged in the practice of any art, craft, or pastime to a competitive examination, with the view of placing them in order of merit, and allotting "marks" to them

accordingly. In other words, the amateur Academy-makers of the present day are actuated, not so much by a zeal for the preservation of the purity and dignity of the English language, as by a desire to express their own opinions on the comparative deserts of English authors. What the Forty Immortals are to do when they are once finally established in undisputed possession of their sacred armchairs is a matter with which the average elector does not apparently care to concern himself. The fun consists in getting some of them into their armchairs, and, still more, perhaps, in deftly and unexpectedly withdrawing the *fauteuil* from beneath others who may have confidently supposed themselves entitled to a seat. It is felt to be excellent sport to exclude a poet of supposed eminence from the illustrious conclave or to give a highly popular novelist to understand that his many "fiftieth thousands" will not avail to secure him a place amongst the first forty men of letters of his day. This is a comparatively harmless, if slightly childish, amusement, and as such well calculated to entertain a "literary" community who are so much more keenly interested in "talk about literature" than in literature itself. But to any serious student—not to say any competent critic—of literature an observation of the general results of this little plebiscitary game must frequently form occasion for heartfelt rejoicing that we have not, nor are ever likely to have, an English Academy of Letters bestowed upon the country by a process of democratic acclamation.

It is needless to say, of course, that Mr. Arnold was not himself a victim to this passion for "placing" his literary contemporaries. Indeed, one can hardly conceive anything which would have given more pain to that most fastidious of critics than the mere suspicion of any such design. He would, no doubt, have been profoundly shocked at the suggestion that he should himself draft a list of Forty Immortals with Cardinal Newman at their head, and Mr. Palgrave and Mr. Kinglake excluded for having respectively written with "provincial" intemperance of the art of Baron Marochetti and the character of Napoleon III. His sole concern, in fact, was not with the *personnel* of his imaginary English Academy, but with what he assumed would be its work. Those who have not forgotten, or who have recently refreshed their memory of the famous essay will recollect its main thesis, handled throughout in a manner which makes it at once one of the most delightful, and quite the most delightfully inconsequent, of his writings. He started from the assumption that the existence and the activities of the French Academy are actually operative to preserve the purity of the French language and to impose an authoritative standard of literary taste upon French writers; and from this he went on to assume that the practically uniform observance of such a standard—either lacking altogether or else rudely and anarchically defied in this country—was

an effect of the existence of the French Academy and not its cause. Two more remarkable exploits in the athletic exercise of jumping to conclusions have never, perhaps, been performed by the most agile of intellects either before or since. The absolutely baseless character of the former assumption would probably have been brought home to Mr. Arnold if he had lived to witness the full development of the modern school of French Decadents; though, indeed, the recollections of his own boyhood, or, failing these, the recorded literary history of the Thirties and the complete overthrow of "authority" by the young Romantics of that date—when the Academy, who were presumably Classicists in about the proportion of 34 to five, proved as powerless to resist the movement as it would have been to proscribe the colour of Théophile Gautier's symbolical waistcoat—might surely have saved him from his original error. As to the second assumption, he may almost be said to have given it away himself in describing the French Academy as "an institution owing its existence to a national bent towards the things of the mind, towards culture, towards clearness, correctness, and propriety in thinking and speaking." Strange that so lucid an intellect should have failed to perceive that this "national bent" counts for almost everything in the result, and the Academy, which is only the organized expression, for next to nothing; that where this "bent" prevails in a nation Academies are superfluous, and that when it does not they are powerless.

The Frenchman's admiration of and solicitude for his language were no doubt a little exaggerated by the great English critic; but they are undoubtedly much more of a national characteristic, much less confined to a special professional class, than are the corresponding sentiments in England. No one can compare the conversation of the average educated Frenchman, say in a railway carriage, with that of the average Englishman in the same position—the one lovingly polishing his elegant periods, the other flinging out his remarks in a sort of colloquial shorthand—without being keenly sensible of this international difference. Its causes we need not inquire into, but the fact is beyond dispute that while ordinary French conversation aims more or less consciously at literary form, English dialogue, on the other hand, appears to be mainly modelled on the telegram form. No doubt we could improve a little upon this elliptical mode of expression, and some of us endeavour to do so; but temperamental differences between the two nations will always prevent the average Englishman from acquiring that sort of artistic interest in his own language as a means of expression which comes naturally to a Frenchman. That, Mr. Arnold might have said is the very reason why the English specially require an Academy of Letters. Unfortunately it is only the reason why such an institution would be useless. And if that might have been perceived even in the Sixties, how much more evident has it become in these days of half-education and sham culture, when, relatively to the vast mass of people who concern themselves with what they suppose to be literature, the number of those whose taste is pure and who have that care for "clearness, correctness, and propriety in

thinking and speaking," which Mr. Arnold spoke of, has shrunk to so infinitesimal a proportion of the whole. Never were they in a worse position for "imposing on us a high standard in matters of intellect and taste"; and never, perhaps, were they less inclined to try. For they have most of them arrived at the half-pessimist, half-optimist conclusion that while they can do nothing to help the cause for which Mr. Arnold so eloquently pleaded, it is just possible that the cause may not want their help. It has occurred to them that, after all, perhaps English literature may be able to take care of itself, and that the good in it is as sure to survive and to propagate itself as the evil, in all its thousand forms—and editions—is certain to disappear.

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## Reviews.

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**The Coming of Love and Other Poems.** By Theodore Watts-Dunton. 7½×5½in., xi.+268 pp. London and New York, 1898. Lane. 5/- n.

Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton has hitherto been known to the general public of readers mainly as the author of a large body of criticism, distinguished by the combination in a unique degree of minute acquaintance with the details and profound knowledge of the principles of poetic art. That, in addition, Mr. Watts-Dunton is himself a consummate poetic artist is now obvious, though the evidence stands here fully revealed for the first time.

The most elaborate and important poem in this volume is that which heads the list, entitled "The Coming of Love." To a worshipper of nature, especially in her most ample and grandiose manifestations, love comes in the form of a being so artless as still to think and move in unison, as it were, with the dumb show of nature inarticulate and unutterable. At the outset, nature seems to meet and to flatter the optimism of youth and health. Then follows the loss of the loved one in the tragic sequel to a tragedy. The lover, driven forth to wander once more in solitude, swings round from his early easy complacency. The face of nature wears a different expression now; he feels himself hunted by the envious, crafty spirit of *Natura Maligna*, until finally, recognizing that in the love of one living thing he has identified himself with the whole will to live and therefore to love, he reposes in the conviction that nature, just because she means to be, means well.

The poet has treated the successive cadences of this episode with consummate skill; in fact, he has struck, not a new note only, but a new and complex chord in literature. For after all, though many have styled themselves nature worshippers, few have loved her in and for herself, owing—more, perhaps, than to any other cause—to the fact that the people, though they are quite content that a poet should sing with and for the few, demand that he should always think with the many, if not with the mob. Tennyson, for example, has been solemnly taken to task for not having felt, or at any rate exhibited, any particular sympathy for Collectivism, while after the death of Browning the reviewers hastened to enshroud the lion—"famous, calm, and dead"—in the well-worn ass's skin, lest by chance the people should discover to their amazement and indignation that the author of "The Ring and the Book" had soared above and beyond the cycle of



"The Christian Year." In the eighteenth century, it is true, poets flew to "nature" with their grievances or their creeds; but only as children, beaten at a game, might run whimpering to an old nurse. Now, however, that man has begun to suspect, not only that the spot of earth he inhabits is not the centre of the universe, but that even within that narrow circle he is of no more final account than any other of the million organisms passing in endless procession between birth and death, he can turn to nature in herself with a new eye, cleansed, that is, for the first time from the film of traditional egoism. Our poet differs from the few who for power can be placed alongside of him in this, that he has not only loved *Natura Benigna* with the comprehending, unifying passion of the philosopher, but has explored her secrets in detail with the patient, persistent enthusiasm of the man of science. As an example of the author's manner we give the following stanza, into which he seems to have distilled the very heart of the longing of all the exiles:—

Last Sunday morn I thought this azure isle  
Was dreaming mine own dream; each bower of balm  
That spiced the rich Pacific, every palm,  
Smiled with the dream that lends my life its smile.  
"These waves," I said, "lapping the coral pile  
Make music like a well-remembered psalm:  
Surely an English Sunday, breathing calm,  
Broods in each tropic dell, each flowery aisle."  
The heav'ns were dreaming, too, of English skies:  
Upon the blue, within a bolt of grey  
A well-known spiro was pictured far away;  
And then I heard a psalm begin to rise,  
And saw a dingle—smelt its new-mown hay  
Where we two loitered—loitered lover-wise.

Rhona is a genuine gipsy, and she speaks throughout in her own dialect, which, under the poet's touch, flows as smoothly and limpidly into the subtle scheme of pause and rhyme as dew into cut glass.

She sez, "The whineat soon wi' silver throat  
Will meet the stonechat in the buddin' whin,  
And soon the blackcap's airliest gillio 'ull float  
From light-green boughs through leaves a-peepin' thin;  
The wheat-ear soon 'ull bring the willow-wren,  
And then the fust fond nightingale 'ull follow,  
A-calling 'Come, dear,' to his laggin' hen  
Still out at sea, 'the spring is in our glen;  
Come, darlin', wi' the comin' o' the swallow."

In "Christmas at the Mermaid," the poet introduces us to the circle of Elizabethan wits assembled—with the exception of the greatest of all—under glorious Ben's presidency at the Mermaid. At the invitation of Ben, "Mr. W. H." discloses, in a series of "sugared sonnets," the real reason why Shakespeare chose when at the very summit of his fame and power to exchange the scene of his activities and his friendships for retirement at Stratford-on-Avon. The first sonnet will give a good idea of the melody and the glow of the verse:—

As down the bank he strolled through evening dew,  
Pictures (he told me) of remembered eyes  
Mixt with that dream the Avon ever weaves,  
And all his happy childhood came to view;  
He saw a child watching the birds that flew  
Above a willow, through whose musky leaves  
A green musk-beetle shone with mail and greaves  
That shifted in the light to bronzo and blue.  
These dreams, said he, were born of fragrance falling  
From trees he loved, the scent of musk recalling,  
With power beyond all power of things beholten  
Or things reheard, those days when elves of dusk  
Came, veiled the wings of evening feathered golden,  
And closed him in from all but willow musk.

David Gwynn, the Welsh galley-slave, then describes to the company how he crippled the Armada before it reached the Channel. And here the poet has wisely discarded the more usual staccato ballad-measure, which is apt at last to sound too much like the droning or intoning of an official report, for an elaborately-contrived scheme of long supply lines, through which we seem to feel the straining of the speaker to hold and utter the tumultuous stream of images and ideas as they boil up from the depths of memory.

But it is, after all, in sonnet-form that Mr. Watts-Dunton prefers to express his best thought. "Although Rossetti," says Mr. Sharp in his monograph, "knew well the sonnet literature of Italy and England, and was such a practised master of the 'heart's-key' himself, I have heard him on many occasions refer to Theodore Watts [-Dunton] as having still more thorough knowledge on the subject and as being the most original sonnet-writer living." Our poet is certainly one of those few who have mastered the art of precipitating, as it were, the ingredients of a complex thought in superbly permanent form. He defies the limitations that the very terms of the sonnet-scheme impose upon less subtle artists, who indeed manage to strain their meaning through the rhymes, but disguised and attenuated, as light passes through the figures on stained glass. All the laws of the sonnet are at Mr. Watts-Dunton's command. He can be pictorial without ceasing to be pregnant, and pregnant without lapsing into platitude or prose. If the poets were all arranged according to the degree in which they possess this power of crystallization, some of them would become acquainted with "strange bedfellows." Tennyson, for example, would find himself closer to Pope than to Keats, while it seems almost incredible that Browning, so obtrusively a man of the world, so knowing and so shrewd, as he buttonholes his reader and with a wink and a jerk propounds a riddle or half tells a secret, should never have had the patience to shape and reshape his material until—as so often with Tennyson or with the poet before us—it emerges with all the combined solidity and sharpness of a Greek gem.

Of the two great groups into which poets can be divided on technical grounds of art, one comprises those to whom metrical contrivance is an added freedom and power, with the help of which they are carried, as if by the fabled hippogriff, through empyrean air—to whom every rhyme-word coruscates, as it were, with harmonious suggestion. The other, larger group, is of those who can indeed beat their thought into verse, and often enough make it ring, but who are apt either, when the poetic flow ceases, to make shift with prose, like the stage-manager who, when his white paper ran short, continued the snowstorm with brown, or, like Procrustes of old, to make the matter fit the form by the sacrifice of unmanageable dactyls. On the other hand, it may happen that the voice of the airy rhymester, though melodious, sounds from between earth and heaven vague and fitful as the wind itself, while from the poet who is content to declaim or to preach what refuses to be sung, man may derive more of that solid sustenance in the form of counsel and consolation upon which he must after all depend so long as he is tethered by the navel to his ancient mother Earth. We have digressed thus far in order to call attention, in conclusion, to a rare and peculiar quality of this verse, a quality, namely, which flows from the fact that the artist, though he is playing all the while with the complex harmonies of rhymed measures, yet never allows sound to lose itself in distant ineffectual echoes of sense, but, on the contrary, makes it speak with the connected clearness and

surety of prose. In a word, he has succeeded in wedding the music of the poet of sound to the solid stuff of the poet of sense. For example, in the last three stanzas of "Pierrot in Love," he has made an intricate metre embody all the solidity and logical tenacity of a paragraph set square and built up clause after clause in prose. The same may be said of another metrical marvel, the "Toast to Omar Khayyâm," which rises in Persian gardens and flows through "Suffolk meads"—but throughout between two rhymes.

**Mary Queen of Scots** : From her Birth to her Flight into England. By David Hay Fleming. Crown 8vo., 566 pp. London, 1896. Hodder and Stoughton. 7 6

If the idea of canonizing Mary Stuart ever makes a step towards fulfilment, the court charged with the process ought to read Mr. Hay Fleming's "Mary Queen of Scots." It is, indeed, a book not easily read, as Mr. Hay Fleming's narrative is brief, while his notes at the end of the volume are very long and numerous. The wearied eye is compelled to glance alternately at distant pages, and literary charm or sequence of brilliant narrative is out of the question. Though decidedly Puritan and Knoxian in sentiment, the author is fair enough to acknowledge the Queen's courage, fascination, kindness, justice to the poor, fertility of resource, and other good qualities which, with her youth and the hundred treacheries that environed her, have won for Mary many adorers and many apologists. From a tendency to defend the duplicity and inconstancy of Elizabeth, Mr. Hay Fleming is entirely free. But, in a point of psychological importance, while he makes no direct statement, the author seems prepared to believe the worst. Was Mary a kind of Messalina? On this, as on many things, we are troubled by the prejudiced characters of the witnesses. Knox has gossip about Chastelard, but it is not a point on which we can trust Knox. Buchanan has charges about Mary's profligate behaviour with Bothwell, months before Darnley's death. But here we can no more trust Buchanan than we can place implicit confidence in Ivan, James Melville, Bishop Lesley, and other friends of the Queen. Mr. Hay Fleming seems to lean to the notion that Mary had a son by George Douglas, in Loch Leven, a point on which the force of his arguments escapes us. Discounting Chastelard, we have Randolph's belief that Mary sinned with Riccio, and that she hated Murray because he "knew some secret part (*sic*) that standeth not with her honour—namely, her guilt with the Italian singer." If Darnley really credited it, the rapid ease with which Mary beguiled him back and his expressed confidence in her "honour" (in any sense of that word) become more difficult than ever to explain, even in a fribble like Darnley. Murray, again, was a moral man, professionally. Yet if Buchanan's tales about Mary's shameless dalliance with Bothwell—in the autumn before Darnley's death—were true, nobody should have known the facts better or resented them more than Murray. On the other hand, it is curious to notice the close companionship between Bothwell and Murray (who hated Darnley) in these very months of brewing murder. Mary's remark to Darnley, "he" (James) "is so much your own son, that I fear it may be the worse for him hereafter," obviously refers to the state of affairs indicated by the condition of Darnley's skull. Indeed, we have every reason to believe that Darnley's conduct to Mary must have been "cruel" in a legal sense, apart from the dastardly outrage of Riccio's taking off. The swartheness

of later Stuarts, Charles II. and the Chevalier de St. George, has been absurdly imputed to descent from Riccio. The portrait of James III. in Holyrood indicates an "Italianate" air in the Stuart line with no suspicion of such a cause. Mary's later life does not display her as the abandoned woman at whom all these insinuations point.

In other respects we deem most wisely if we judge Mary by facts rather than by rumours, accusations, and apologies. Those facts are here most carefully collected—indeed, such an example of austere industry has rarely been given in modern historical work. The author has not only "lived laborious days" in minute collation of all known versions in all early editions, but has "shunned delight" of style and of copious consecutive narrative. Like other antiquaries, he loves a hit at an erring brother, and Sir John Skelton is certainly proved to have committed many faults of statement as well as of loose rhetorical inference. Father Stevenson and Mr. Husack do not escape. But, either from fellow feeling or as not wishing to slay the slain, Mr. Hay Fleming allows Mr. Froude to escape very lightly.

The facts, in Mary's case, fill us with pity and sympathy, and must silence, we fear, any inner voice which bids us defend the Queen through thick and thin. Everybody, not a fanatic, must be drawn to the girl, a Queen and a Catholic, who had not one single powerful friend whom she could trust; who saw the priests of her religion pelted with 10,000 eggs in the pillory; whose chaplains were bullied and beaten, whose rites were maimed, and whose faith, in her own presence, was blasphemed in the foulest terms by Knox. The admirers of that coarse fanatic deny that he was rude to Mary, and one of them throws the blame on Mary's side. In Knox's account of one interview with Mary, his remarks, unless computation fails us, amount to 230 lines of close print—Mary's to 13 lines! She had not much room to be rude in, but, to be sure, he omits her "long harangue." He compared himself, under Mary, to Paul under Nero—a pretty parallel to set before a Queen. He called the Queen's Church "a harlot," he adds, to Nero, "Herodias's harlot daughter." He broke the rules of his own Book of Discipline by reviling Mary in public, without first admonishing her in private. These are a few flowers of Knox's courtesy, while his blatant brethren were praying that God would convert Mary, or send her short life—a plain enough suggestion in that age. In brief, Mary was insulted wherever she went, while rumours, at least, of plots to seize her person or slay her pointed to Bothwell, Arran, Huntly, Murray, Argyll, Darnley, and Lennox, on different occasions. Thus happily situated at home, abroad Mary was the victim as well as the dangerous opponent of Elizabeth. She pressed a claim to the English succession, which it was difficult for Elizabeth to reject and dangerous to acknowledge. Hence came Elizabeth's insulting and perfidious offer of Leicester, and her yet more perfidious underhand aid to Mary's rebels, including "the stainless Murray," who put no spoke in Bothwell's wheel, did not protect Darnley, accused, in a shuffling way, his sister, and stole her private jewels.

These bitter facts are a few among Mary's claims to sympathy.

How was a girl of courage and spirit to bear herself in the circumstances? Like her great-great-grandson, she would not change her Creed, nor would the Godly be satisfied or peaceful while she was allowed to profess. She deserved death for idolatry in their opinion. When Mary asked Knox to discourage the lynching of priests, he

justified it by Phineas's slaughter of two persons "in the verray acte of fylthie fornication"; again a tolerant parallel.

For the facts on the other side: Mary resorted to the policy of the weak, which was also that of the age; she dissembled. Proclaiming her intention to maintain Protestantism, she avowed to the Pope, her Ambassador in France, and others her determination to defend, and, as far as might be, to restore, the old creed, her own and that of a very large proportion of her persecuted Catholic subjects. That she signed the League, Mr. Hay Fleming does not find proven; but her heart was true to the Church, while her lips were false to "Israel," to the kirk. Mary had no more scruples about dissimulation than Elizabeth, or any other politician of the day, say Murray, "sinfully silent" (Mr. Hay Fleming observes) while Elizabeth made him the partner in a lie. Again, we cannot doubt that Mary, after the infamous outrage of Riccio's murder and the violence to herself, loathed Darnley with a perfect hatred. A hundred secret wrongs, in addition to the crowning shame of Holyrood, rankled in her heart; contempt, revenge, sickening aversion, all stirred in her, and again she dissembled. As to her share in the murder (in which those who became her accusers were deeply implicated), it is only a question of degree—a question that can never be settled. Admitting the Craigmillar band (for a variety of evidence concentrates on it, even setting aside Huntly's and Argyll's "protestation"), Mary knew that mischief was brewing. But it might have been constitutional mischief, a charge of treason against Darnley. We do not speak of the Casket Letters, Mr. Hay Fleming has not yet discussed evidence which, to ourselves, seems legally vitiated by several circumstances. But after Craigmillar, after the baptism of James, facts speak out clearly against Mary. Her affectation of being reconciled to the loathsomely-afflicted Darnley (poison was not his malady) was feline. Her very friends proclaimed, after the murder, that her innocence could only be proved if she did all that, in fact, she omitted, and omitted all that she did. Her conduct was here on a level with the monstrous vice which attended the Reformation of Religion. The company of cutthroats who advised her to marry Bothwell—the *noblesse* of Scotland—were now her peers in crime, as later they were her indignant accusers. She had fallen into the abyss of her generation, because the wrongs which she had to avenge were far blacker than the wrongs for which men stabbed, shot, and poisoned all around her; because she thought that she had found one man both strong and faithful. This we take to be the truth about Mary Stuart, and it is not consistent with canonization. Yet many of her adversaries condoned it. Grange died for her; Norfolk sought her hand. They must have known the truth, but they were men of her generation.

This is the verdict which Mr. Hay Fleming's book is likely, we think, to draw from candid students, however ill-affected to the saintly Knox, and the stainless Murray. His laborious and conscientious accuracy cannot be praised too highly, and he has been rewarded, as he deserves, by the discovery of some *inédits* documents in the Register House of Edinburgh. Of those, perhaps the most important, from the Register of the Canongate Kirk Session, proves that the Kirk's fast, before Darnley's murder, was *not* postponed for a week, that men's minds might be inflamed by homicidal sermons and chapters from the Old Testament. That it was postponed, "The Diurnal of Occurrents" states, as does the Continuator of Knox. The

Canongate Register makes it certain that, in the parish where Riccio was murdered, the fast was over a week before the fatal day, unless, indeed, the postponement was announced after the entry was made, at the very last moment, which seems highly improbable.

Mr. Hay Fleming has also found a separate pardon to the ruffian Faldonside, for Riccio's murder, and the pardon to Morton and seventy-five others. (Dec. 24, 1566.) Twenty-two Douglases were in the crime, including Cavers. Stirling of Keir was also concerned, and Mure of Rowallan. It is also proved that dresses and plate of the Queen's were sent to her from Loch Leven, after her escape, and it seems not unlikely that the escape was connived at by the gaolers. These appear to be the most important of Mr. Hay Fleming's *trouvailles*, and he may make other discoveries before finishing his volume on Mary in England. It is impossible, in brief space, to give a fair idea of the curious matter in the volume already published.

**A Short History of Modern English Literature.** By Edmund Gosse, Hon. M.A. of Trinity College, Cambridge. Svo., 8×5½ in., 416 pp. Heinemann. 6s.

It is much too late in the day to object to little books on great subjects. In the first place the books are not so little as they used to be, and then, too, though the subjects, of course, remain as great as ever, the art of compressing the treatment of them within a small compass has made perceptible advance. It has, moreover, occurred to the objectors, or to the less pedantic and bigoted among them, that the "short history," at least as brought to its present pitch of perfection, has become something more than a mere popular manual; that it has its use and its instruction not for the mere snatterer alone but for the serious student as well. We are inclined to suspect that even the erudite scholar himself, in these days of minute specialization, has not infrequently risen from the perusal of one of these short histories of literature with somewhat of a self-reproachful feeling that it has for the first time enabled him to realize the totality of the subject of which his own special study is a branch. He may be uneasily conscious that, learned as he is in literary arboriculture, he has never yet "seen the wood for the trees." And if he is candid enough, as he sometimes is, to own that he, even he, has profited by a view of the wood, he will certainly be less disposed to under-rate the advantage which readers less learned than himself may derive from the same revelation. In future, instead of assuming, as he was too apt to do, that the short history merely encouraged such readers in the vain belief that the study of "books about books" can take the place of the study of the books written about, he will admit that it may quite possibly impart to them so illuminating and inspiring a conception of the whole literature dealt with as may send them to its classic works with an intelligent enthusiasm to which they had hitherto been strangers.

Of course, the *conditio sine qua non* of such complete success as this is that their instructor should be supremely competent for his work. There are good short histories and bad, and this of Mr. Gosse's—the "Modern English Literature," which is his contribution to the series of which he is the editor—is emphatically a good one. Its author's fitness for the difficult duty which he has undertaken is, indeed, in one respect almost ideal. For he is a skilled literary historian "doubled with" a highly accomplished literary critic; and hence he is able at once to take that broad and comprehensive survey of a literature in its

"origins" and developments which makes works of this kind really instructive, and to present us with those critical sketches of its leading figures which add entertainment to instruction. We shall not disguise our preference for Mr. Gosse in the latter character, though we do not in the least deny that the purely historical part of his work is ably done, and even that it is calculated to give the too restricted and "period"-bound specialist some of those qualms of conscience to which we have referred above. There are points in Mr. Gosse's historical survey in which we find ourselves out of accord with him. We think, for instance, that he is generally apt to make a little too much of the part played by foreign influences in the shaping of our literature at various stages of its growth. Moreover, though we agree in the main with his theory of the alternate ebb and flow of those spiritual tides which make respectively for freedom, impulse and colour, and for discipline, restraint, and purity, in literature—though in other words we recognize with him the curious action and reaction of the Romantic and Classical spirit throughout the three centuries which divide the age of Elizabeth from that of Victoria, we do not think that their movements are capable of being set down with quite that tide-table accuracy that distinguishes Mr. Gosse's account of the matter. The truth, of course, is that neither of these two tendencies—corresponding as they do to fundamental and eternal differences in the human temperament—are at any time entirely in abeyance, though one of them may for a generation or two be dominated and overridden by the other. In individual cases, of course, Mr. Gosse is much too good a critic not to recognize this fact. He does so emphatically enough, for instance, in the case of that Classicist, lost among the Romantics, Ben Jonson. But, when the historian is not checked by the critic, the natural yearning of the theorist after a symmetry unsanctioned by the facts betrays him on at least one occasion into a positive contradiction. Thus, in his desire to emphasize the despotism of the Classical spirit during the reign of Pope, he writes:—"Lyrical writing, save in the mildest and most artificial species, was not cultivated; there was no poetical drama, tragic or comic; there was no description of nature save the merest narration;" and so forth. Yet some five and twenty pages further on he insists, and with perfect justice, on Thomson's claim to be regarded as the "real pioneer of the Romantic movement," and remarks that "his epoch-making poem" of "Winter" was published "earlier than the 'Dunciad' and the 'Essay on Man.'" What is this but an admission that the true feeling for Nature—or, at any rate, the "feeling after" Nature—was never altogether extinct in English poetry even at the full height of the "correct" and "conventional" régime? Wordsworth, and Coleridge may have been the Moses and Aaron who led the Israelites of English poetry out of their Egyptian bondage in a body; but at least one straggling fugitive from Egypt had made his way across the wilderness to, at any rate, the very confines of the Promised Land before Blake, before Cowper, before even Gray himself.

We turn, however, with satisfaction from these illustrations of an essentially human weakness in the historian to the wholly admirable work of the critic. Here Mr. Gosse's task, as he reminds us in his preface, was one of singular difficulty. He had to select from a wide field of authors; and, having selected, he had to do what was harder still—to compress. "If any one," he almost pathetically pleads, "accuses me of injustice to an author, I must acknowledge with despair that I have been 'unjust' to

every one, if justice be an exhaustive statement of his claims to consideration. No critical reader can be more indignant at my summary treatment of a favourite of his than I have been at having to glide so swiftly over mine." Fortunately, however, for the reader, Mr. Gosse possesses a rare power of giving adequacy even to his most summarized accounts of literary work, and his most rapid sketches of literary figures. What, for instance, could be happier than this description of Richardson's manner as a novelist?—

He is often without distinction, always without elegance and art; he is pedantic, careless, profuse; he seems to write for hours and hours with his wig thrown over the back of his chair, his stockings down at heel. But the accidents of his life and temperament had inducted him into an extraordinary knowledge of the female heart; while his imagination permitted him to clothe the commonplace reflections of very ordinary people in fascinating robes of simple fancy. He was slow of speech and lengthy, but he had a magic gift which obliged every one to listen to him.

Or this of the secret of his power over his readers:—

His pages appealed to the instinct in the human mind which delights to be told over again, and told in scrupulous detail, that which it knows already. His readers, encouraged by his almost oily partiality for the moral conventions, gave themselves up to him without suspicion, and enjoyed each little triviality, each coarse touch of life, each prosaic circumstance with perfect gusto, sure that, however vulgar they might be, they would lead up to the triumph of virtue. What these readers were really assisting at was the triumph of anti-romantic realism.

Nor has the peculiar charm of Johnson's critical deliverances—"for those at least who can endure the dogmatic expression of an opinion with which they disagree"—been ever more aptly described than in Mr. Gosse's remarks on the "Lives of the Poets":—

What we seek in these delightful volumes is the entertainment to be derived from the courageous exposition, the gay, bold decisiveness, the humour and humanity of the prodigious critic, self-revealed in his preferences and his prejudices. There are no "perhaps's" and "I think's"; all is peremptory and assertive; you take the judgment or you leave it, and if you venture to make a reservation the big voice roars you down.

It is, indeed, in dealing with the eighteenth-century writers in general that Mr. Gosse is at his best; and, whether he is speaking of Gibbon as a writer who "walks for ever as to the clash of arms under an imperial banner"; or, again, of Johnson as one who, "enamoured of the pomp of language, employs its heaviest artillery for trifles, and points his cannon at the partridge on the mountains"; or of Fielding as "pitiful," unlike Richardson, "of the frailties of instinct, and sorry for those who fall from excess of strength"; or of Young, in his "Night Thoughts," as "taking advantage of a strange wind of funereal enthusiasm that swept over him"; or of the "violence" of Smollett, "founded on a peculiarity of his own temper," as "giving his character a sort of contortion of superhuman rage and set grimaces that seem mechanically horrible"—he is always master of the vivid, picturesque, or humorous phrase which lives in the memory and imprints on it the personality of the author whom it depicts with a stroke. Even his isolated remarks upon authors are full of acute suggestion, as when, for instance, he so shrewdly remarks that "half the pleasure we take in Macaulay's writing arises from the author's sincere and convinced satisfaction with it himself," and, of the same writer's most conspicuous limitation, that "he is without vision of unseen things; he has no message to the heart; the waters of the soul are never troubled by his copious and admirable flow of information."

But in the selection of brilliant and incisive sentences from Mr. Gosse's pages we should never come to an end. We must bring our remarks to a close, and we can best do so by repeating our opinion that this "History of Modern

English Literature" is a work which will not only serve its purpose in the class room, but is eminently worthy of a place of honour in the library.

**Last Studies.** By Hubert Crackanthorpe. Svo., 223 pp. With a Poem by Stopford A. Brooke, and an Appreciation by Henry James. Heinemann. 6s.

These "Last Studies" by the young writer whose career came to an end with such tragical abruptness just a year ago—a career full of promise and from the first distinctive—are eminently suggestive. It is because of this, doubtless, that they will appeal to that small section of the reading public which regards distinction of utterance and individuality of treatment as of immediate importance; for, apart from their own merits of achievement and promise, these Studies stimulate thought as to the value of the author's method and the significance of his literary ethic. We cannot read his literary legacy of four volumes without speculating on his intentions, and on the manner and promise of their fulfilment: and still less could any sympathetic reader put down this posthumous volume without thought as to what English Letters may have lost by the death of a young man who knew how to limit his vision, to economize his matter, and to control his imagination.

In his "Sentimental Studies" and in "Vignettes" Mr. Crackanthorpe revealed the distinctive touch of the writer who has come to his craft inevitably. For that alone his books deserve, and have received, the heed of the relatively few who love the art of writing as an art—as, indeed, the subtlest and most idiosyncratic of all the arts. In "Wreckage," the book by which its author is best known, he further displayed his strongest literary bias, a bias partly native, partly acquired through his admiring study of the method, manner, aims, and achievements of writers such as the authors of the "Contes Cruels" of "Histoires Insolites," of "Les Diaboliques," of "Fort comme la Mort." Much, however, as the clarity and distinction of Villiers de l'Isle Adam appealed to him, akin as he found his mind to the passionately aristocratic intellect of Barbey d'Aurévilly, it was pre-eminently to Guy de Maupassant that he looked as the surest guide towards the narrow but untrod or neglected way he himself wished to pursue. This potent influence of Maupassant is apparent throughout these "Last Studies," even more conspicuously than in its predecessors from the same pen. On the other hand, we cannot endorse the too facile asseveration of those who have styled Hubert Crackanthorpe "The English Maupassant." It is quite certain that Mr. Crackanthorpe himself would have been the first to protest against an appreciation so uncritical. Neither in style, in reserve, in selection, in concentrated force, in vision, nor, above all, in that dynamic energy of conviction which the author of "Toino" and "Boule de Suif" showed, from his early masterpiece to his latest *conte*, can the promising young English writer be compared with the French master.

It is strange to find so conscious and curious an artist, and a disciple of Maupassant, employing so freely the artifice of the asterisk. The longest tale in the book, the third, is disfigured by a misuse of what is apt on occasion, but mechanical and obvious when availed of as an evasion, of that art within art, implicit sequence. It must be remembered that "Last Studies" may not have had the revision of the author. Otherwise, not only might these annoying asterisk-breaks and other minor flaws (e.g., the slip of "she" for "he" in the third line of p. 104) have been corrected, but certain defects of ear might also have been amended. Again, we can well imagine that, if the book could have been submitted to its author's favourite master, Maupassant would at once have advised a greater economy of epithet. It is noteworthy that Mr. Crackanthorpe falls short of his ideal only when he depicts: when he narrates he is almost invariably austere, reticent and effective. For an example of admirable dialogue the reader should turn to the well-realized scene between Eardley Lingard and Nina Whittingham, or in the

twelfth chapter of "The Turn of the Wheel"—in those few pages the craftsman who has attained mastery reveals himself.

Of the stories themselves, technically the most satisfactory is the sketch entitled "Trevor Perkins." To us, indeed, it does not very strongly appeal. We are convinced of what the author saw and intended, but are not persuaded to a like actuality of vision and understanding on our own account. Nevertheless, this "romance" of a dreamy, intellectually *blasé*, and generally weak and unattractive young shopman and a girl in an "A. B. C. tea room" is relieved by so much verisimilitude, and exhibited against so imposing a background, immediate and remote, that even the reader who in actual life would find Mr. Perkins a bore, and Miss Emily more vulgar than attractive, is won to appreciation of a rare and delicate skill. In "Anthony Garstin's Courtship" lie the makings of a masterpiece. But the personages are not realized with such adequacy as to etch themselves into the reader's memory. The girl is a mere shadow; Anthony's old mother has a Rembrandtesque setting, but no individuality; and only the sombre, taciturn, determined shepherd Anthony himself lives, but, even so, not for remembrance. In the longest and most ambitious tale, "The Turn of the Wheel," the most realized personalities are those of merely incidental individuals—Mrs. Lingard and Mrs. Mathurin, the former of whom almost persuades, though we do not accept her portraiture unreservedly. Of the chief actor in this social drama, Eardley (afterwards Lord) Lingard, the best that can be said is that he is a vital study for an intended big part. The other men and women are mere shadows.

Finally, the real achievement of Hubert Crackanthorpe is in having built so well that despite his too early removal from among us we realize that we have lost a notable, possibly an eminent, writer. This, his posthumous work, is enhanced by a most sympathetic, if perhaps too eulogistic introduction by Mr. Henry James, who, amid some obscurity and a few irrelevancies, says, as is his wont, some significant things in an admirable way. There are many, however, who will find a more remarkable utterance in the fine poem by Mr. Stopford A. Brooke, with the two closing stanzas of which this notice may aptly conclude:—

Pity he could not stay, for he was true,  
Tender and chivalrous, and without spot;  
Loving great things and good, and love like dew  
Fell from his heart on those that loved him not:  
But those that loved him knew that he loved well.  
Too rough his sea, too dark its angry tides!  
Things of a day are we; shadows that move  
To lands of shadow: but, where he abides,  
Time is no more; and that great substance, Love,  
Is shadowless. And yet we grieve. Farewell.

**The Printers of Basle in the XV. and XVI. Centuries: Their Biographies, Printed Books, and Devices.** By Charles William Heckethorn. Sm. fol., 28 pp. London, 1897. Fisher Unwin. 21s.

So far as we know this is Mr. Heckethorn's first venture into the fields of bibliography, and Mr. Heckethorn may congratulate himself on the pomp and circumstance of paper, type, and binding with which his publisher and printer have ushered him "into the open." In these matters, they have done their part excellently well; so well indeed, that one is almost lured into taking the writer at a valuation which such "fine raiment" ought to imply. But we have been sadly disillusioned.

"The leading authority," says Mr. Heckethorn in his preface, "which, as it were, supplied the framework of the present book, is 'Contributions to the History of Printing at Basle,' published on the fourth centenary of printing, held in that city on the 24th June, 1840." Now Stockmeyer and Reber's "Beiträge zur Basler Buchdruckergeschichte" happens to be the only work on the subject with any authoritative pretence; and as the subject had never before been dealt with by an English writer,

it seemed to us desirable to see in what respects the Englishman had improved on his German predecessors. Our astonishment was unminged when we found that "the framework of the present book" amounted almost to a complete translation of the "Beiträge." Mr. Heckethorn's book consists of 199 pages, with two and a-half pages of "Appendix," and of these pages 161 are taken up with what proves to be a word for word translation from Stockmeyer and Reber. To condemn Mr. Heckethorn's work by mere assertion would be absurd as well as unjust: we have, therefore, transcribed at random four passages from his book, and placed these side by side with the German originals:—

## HECKETHORN.

"Now to such comparison Bertoldus, and another of the first printers of Basle, Bernhard Richel, owe that there is attributed to them a very ancient edition of the Bible, a copy of which is in the public library of Basle. Bertoldus is said to have printed the first and Richel the second part of this Bible. For the first part, consisting of 220 leaves, ending with the Proverbs of Solomon, is printed in Gothic type, or what is now usually called 'Black Letter,' thick and unequal. The paper is white and strong, but somewhat rough. Every page has two columns, each comprising 50 lines. Punctuation is represented by points, colons, and marks of interrogation. Catchwords, signatures, and numbers of pages *deunt*. The initials are omitted in the printing, and painted in by the rubricator. Neither capitals nor entire books have any titles. . . ."

"But except the Repertorium Conradi, which we are about to describe, no work is known to which Bertoldus has affixed his name, or that of the place where it was printed. The Repertorium is in folio and Gothic type. Catchwords, signatures, and pagination are wanting. The pages are undivided, and contain 36 lines. The first page of the first leaf is left blank; on the second is the following title: . . ."

"Here also no earlier date is given, but we obtain one from the *Epistola* Gasparini of Bergamo (d. 1428), printed by Michael Wensler and Frederick Biel, who in the following distichs proclaim their names and the place of printing . . ."

"We mentioned above two printers, Wensler and Biel. As regards the latter, it is not known how long he pursued the business of a printer at Basle, his name is found on no other work, beside the one already named, printed in that city; but later on, in the eighties, a printer acquired some distinc-

## STOCKMEYER AND REBER.

"Solchen Vermuthungen dankt es unser Bertoldus und mit ihm ein anderer der ersten Basler Drucker, Bernhard Richel, dass ihnen gemeinschaftlich eine sehr alter Bibel ausgabe zugeschrieben wird, von welcher sich ein Exemplar auf der hiesigen Bibliothek zur Mücke befindet. Bertold soll den ersten, Richel den zweiten Theil dieser Bibel gedruckt haben. Der erste Theil nämlich, welcher 220 Blätter stark ist und mit den Sprichwörtern Salomonis schliesst, ist mit fetten sehr ungleichen Lettern der grössern gothischen schrift gedruckt. Das Papier ist weiss, stark aber etwas rauh. Jede Seite enthält zwei Columnen, deren jede aus 50 Zeilen besteht. Von Unterscheidungszeichen finden sich Punkt, Colon, und Fragezeichen. Custon, Signaturen, und Seitenzahlen fehlen. Die Anfangsbuchstaben sind im Drucke ausgelassen und vom Rubricator eingemalt. Weder die Capitel noch die ganzen Bücher sind mit Titeln versehen. . . ."

"Immer aber ist ausser dem Repertorium Conradi kein Druck bekannt, welchem Bertold Namen und Druckort beigegeben hat. Dieses Werk zu dessen Beschreibung wir nun kommen, ist in Folio gedruckt mit Gothischer Schrift. Custoden, Signaturen, Seitenzahlen fehlen. Die Seiten sind ungesparten und zählen 36 Zeilen. Die erste Seite des ersten Blattes ist leer gelassen, auf der zweiten steht oben folgender Titel: . . ."

"Eine frühere Jahresangabe erhalten wir also auch hier nicht, diese erhalten wir erst durch die von Michael Wensler und Friedrich Biel in klein Folio herausgegebenen Briefe Gasparini's von Bergamo († 1428). Diese Drucker nennen sich und den Druckort in folgenden Distichen . . ."

"Was Friedr. Biel betrifft, so lässt sich nicht ausmachen, wie lange er noch zu Basle gedruckt habe. Sein Name findet sich auf keinem zu Basle gedruckten Werke mehr. Dagegen that sich etwas später in den achtziger Jahren zu Burgos in Spaniencin Buchdrucker hervor unter dem Namen 'Fridericus

Basiliensis,' auch 'Fridericus de Basilea,' 'Magister Fridericus,' 'Friderigo Aleman,' 'Magister Fridericus,' 'Friderigo Aleman,' 'Maestre Fadrique Aleman'; and it is generally assumed that this was Friedrich Biel, who, in order to escape the great competition he encountered at Basle, had emigrated to Spain. Several other old impressions, still supposed to have been printed at Basle by Biel, on account of their similarity to the above-named Epistles of Gasparini, Wensler may have had a share in, wherefore we will quote them under the name of the latter. . . ."

The German writers proceed to do this, but Mr. Heckethorn, both by the title of the chapter and its continuing headlines, leads us to believe that the books cited were printed by Biel and Wensler in partnership.

These passages might be multiplied to make up the whole of Stockmeyer and Reber's "Beiträge"; and would include every bibliographical detail of every work noted and described by the German bibliographers. Even their classification and exact numbering have been preserved by Mr. Heckethorn.

Unfortunately, the German writers were hurried to a completion of their book in order that it might be published on the Basle festival day of the fourth century of printing. On this account it is wanting in much information, which a conscientious bibliographer, undertaking to follow in their footsteps, might have supplied. But how does Mr. Heckethorn fulfil this portion of his task? Very simply indeed. Paul Heitz's picture-book of "Basler Büchermarken" happens to give biographical summaries of those printers not mentioned by Stockmeyer and Reber; so to Heitz's work Mr. Heckethorn goes, and, as he informs us in his preface, "this work to a great extent supplements the above-named 'Contributions,' especially as regards the devices." And this, in fine, is all that Mr. Heckethorn has done. Had he frankly called his book a translation of Stockmeyer and Reber's "Beiträge," with additions from later German writers, we should have welcomed it gladly, and complimented him on the care and fidelity to the original with which it had been done. But Mr. Heckethorn is, evidently, ambitious to be taken as a bibliographer, and this ambition we must courteously decline to satisfy.

Mr. Heckethorn not only shows that he possesses no profound knowledge of his subject, but everywhere betrays the fact that he has failed to seize opportunities which no bibliographer worthy the name would have allowed to pass. He was at Basle, so he tells us, at the time of the celebration of the festival in 1840, and he is, so he also tells us, on terms of friendship with many of the learned bibliographers of that town. Further, he agrees with a great authority that "the library of Basle is now the most perfect library for the bibliographer to work in." Taking these facts into consideration, it is more than a pity that Mr. Heckethorn did not avail himself of these sources of assistance, and give the additions, which would have made the "Beiträge" a complete and authoritative work of reference. Stockmeyer and Reber intended their work as a foundation upon which some future bibliographer should build a monumental work; the book is what its title says it is—"Contributions." Why did not Mr. Heckethorn take the hint? Had he done so, and had he been able to realize it successfully, he would have given us full bibliographical details of all the works which the "Beiträge" simply records by a short title; he would have included many *incunabula* which are not mentioned by Stockmeyer and Reber; he would, personally, have re-examined every work known to exist, and recorded its complete description in proper bibliographical form; and he would have supplied the details of those printers, from Hain, Panzer, Maittaire, Braun, Laire, &c., not

Basiliensis,' auch 'Fridericus de Basilea,' 'Magister Fridericus,' 'Friderigo Aleman,' 'Maestre Fadrique Aleman'; und allgemein vermuthet man, es sei dies Friedr. Biel, welcher, vielleicht an der ihm zu stark werdenden Concurrenz in Basle zu entgehen, sich nach Spanien begeben habe. Wenn man von mehreren allen Druckern vermuthet, sie seyen noch zu Basle von Friedrich Biel besorgt worden, so geschieht dies um ihrer Aehnlichkeit mit den oben beschriebenen Epistolis Gasparini willen, woran indessen Wensler eben so viel Antheil hatte, als Biel, daher wir sie unter des ersten Namen aufführen wollen. . . ."

included in the "Beiträge," and of whom Heitz gives but the most meagre information.

As examples of Mr. Heckethorn's shortcomings we note the following:—Under John Faber Emmus, we are told that Panzer mentions nine works printed by him between 1526-1529. Why are these works not named and described? Even if Mr. Heckethorn had not access to the books themselves, he could surely have copied from Panzer, from which, we presume, he obtained his information. In the appendix we are informed that he had just seen a copy of Aristotle's Opera, printed by Isengrin in 1550. Why has he not given us a complete description and collation of it? Hain, in his *Repertorium*, gives quite a number of Basle printed books, of which we have found no mention made by Mr. Heckethorn. Here are a few:—Gutorias, *Opus Grammaticale*, printed by Wensler in 1486; Isidorus Hisp. *Opera*, 1477; Barzizius, *Epistolar*, 1479; Nider, *Præceptorium Legis*, 1481. They are marked in Hain's work, respectively, 8,335, 9,278, 2,676†, \*11,703. In 1881 Wackernagel edited an interesting reprint of a "Rechnungsbuch der Froben and Episcopius," in which he took the trouble to describe in detail many of the works issued by these printers which are referred to in the "Rechnungsbuch." This work is not even mentioned by Mr. Heckethorn. Had he made use of it, it might have taught him how a book should be bibliographically described. He might have taken Wackernagel's description of "Opera di Giorgio Agricola de l'Arte de Metalli" as a model; it is given on page 106 of the "Rechnungsbuch."

Of Isengrin, Pareus, Lamparter, Emmus, Thomas Wolf, Cratander, Valentinus and Hieronymus Curio, Bebel, and the other printers who occupy that portion of his book for which he is not indebted to Stockmeyer and Reber, Mr. Heckethorn gives us the scantiest information. Bibliographically speaking, except for the printers' marks reproduced, the whole of this portion of the book is practically valueless. There is not the slightest evidence of original research. To Valentinus Curio a short space is devoted in which five titles are given, and of these only one has a date, and not one a description. Indeed, the only approximately adequate descriptions are copied *verbatim* from Stockmeyer and Reber, giving us ample warranty for believing that Mr. Heckethorn, if he did examine any of the hundreds of volumes noted by him, had not the knowledge requisite to give them their scientific bibliographical expressions.

The last chapter deals with the homes of the Basle printers, and here Mr. Heckethorn carefully explains that "atrasse" or "gasse" means street; "gässlein," lane; "platz," a square; "berg," a hill; "hof," a mansion; "vorstadt," a suburb; "zum or zur," at the, and so on. For whom, may we ask, did he intend his work? Surely, not for the "average reader"; and, if for bibliographers, is it possible that Mr. Heckethorn, among these, is the only one who reads and understands the German language? In every case but one Mr. Heckethorn, in quoting authorities, is careful to give the German titles, and the translations in brackets. The one exception is the good old "Beiträge"; and the student, ignorant of German, might search high and low in catalogues for "Contributions to the History of Printing at Basle," which is the only title given. A proper index to such a work as this should include every book mentioned in the text; Mr. Heckethorn's index is not worth the paper it is printed on, since it is useless to refer to it for the books issued by the printers of Basle. Indeed, had he been alive to its importance, Mr. Heckethorn might have made an index which would in itself have proved an argument for the existence of his compilation. For what it pretends to be, Mr. Heckethorn's book constitutes no new guide; for what it is, we must thank his publisher and printer.

**Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám.** A Paraphrase. By Richard Le Gallienne. Svo., 9½ x 4½ in., 86pp. Grant Richards.

In spite of Mr. Le Gallienne's playful attempt in his preface to disarm the critic of his "new verse rendering" of the Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám we cannot applaud his discretion in

making the experiment. "To plead," he says, "that the idea was not my own unassisted impertinence is but to hint at the originality of the publisher without easing the burden of my own responsibility." He is right. He should have declined the responsibility while commending the originality; and this not so much from that sentiment of "reverence" for Omar Khayyám and Edward Fitzgerald with which he, no doubt, quite justly credits himself, but from motives of enlightened self-interest. Mr. Le Gallienne is a poet of no little distinction and charm, but he is essentially a poet of the "sweet" and not of the "strong" variety; and though "out of the strong came forth sweetness," as was symbolically explained by Samson, it is a much rarer thing to find this process of production reversed. Fitzgerald's famous poem, however—for "translation" it would be absurd to call it—is pre-eminently a triumph of strength. Even as it appears in its deplorable "final" version—and after that exasperating series of "improvements," which, taken together, constitute a perfect cemetery of monumental infelicities—it remains a poem of astonishing vigour. In singular contrast to the most illustrious of his friends, who seldom touched a line of his poems except to improve it, it might be said with substantial justice of Fitzgerald's tinkering of his original and well nigh perfect text that *nihil quod tetigit non vitiauit*; but fortunately he kept his hands off many of his quatrains, while those which he mishandled had so much strength to spare that even after their cruel maltreatment they still hit hard. Now this is exactly what Mr. Le Gallienne's stanzas, with their uniform elegance of style and occasional poetic beauty, conspicuously fail to do; and hence it is impossible, we repeat, to acquit him of indiscretion in challenging the comparison.

Moreover, there is no getting away from it. To those who have their Fitzgerald by heart—as many of us have, for there is no poem that more importunately obtrudes itself upon the memory—the occasional suggestion of the stronger lines by the weaker spoil all the pleasure which the latter might otherwise produce. Mr. Le Gallienne, for instance, gives us:—

Nor shall you 'scape though Jamshyd be your name,  
And like a pyramid your soaring fame.

Forgetful grass o'er all alike shall wave,  
And moths eat up your memory just the same.

The dove shall coo upon your castle wall,  
The timorous lizard o'er your head shall crawl  
Who lies so still within this ruined grave?  
Why this was Bahram, noisiest of them all.

Which is neat enough. But then we think of

Men say the lion and the lizard keep  
The courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep,  
And Bahram, that great hunter—the wild ass  
Stamps o'er his head, and he lies fast asleep.

And after that Mr. Le Gallienne won't do.

It is only fair to admit that he does not go out of his way to court these comparisons. Indeed, he indirectly hints that he has deliberately chosen the course that avoids them. He compares Fitzgerald's poem to a rose made to bloom for the first time by an "English magician" out of scattered petals brought from Persia; but though the magician, he says, had chosen many of the richest petals he had left many behind, and "it is chiefly of these," he characteristically adds, "that I have made my little yellow rose." Chiefly, perhaps, but of course not entirely, and besides the quatrains we have quoted above, we come across another well-known one which Mr. Le Gallienne renders:—

If I were God and this poor world were mine  
O thou shouldst see on what a fair design

I would rebuild it like a dream for thee  
Nor shouldst thou ever blush to call it thine.

Which sounds but tamely pretty after Fitzgerald's impassioned stanza—

O Love, could thou and I with Him conspire  
To grasp this sorry scheme of things entire

Would we not shatter it to bits—and then  
Remould it nearer to the heart's desire?

It is, perhaps, too late in the day to complain of the liberties which are being taken—not with the text, for that is a

minor matter, and anyhow is long past praying for—but with the conjectural views and philosophy of the astronomer poet. Fitzgerald almost avowedly put as much of himself into his original as he pleased, and the world has certainly good cause to congratulate itself that he did. But how far, after all, is the process to be carried? The author of this so-called "paraphrase" airily confesses that he has made "the freest use" of his own fancy, and that "a number of the following quatrains have little or no verbal parallel in the original. Such, however," he adds, "are never in my judgment foreign to Omar's manner of thought, but are rather explicit expressions of philosophy implicit in his verse." In other words Mr. Le Gallienne claims to have said no more than Omar himself would have said if it had only occurred to him to say it. That in itself is a somewhat questionable pretension, since it is scarcely likely to have been given to a late, a very late, nineteenth century poet to divine exactly what was "implicit" in the philosophy of an eleventh century septic. The result is almost certain to be that in many cases we get not so much what Omar would have said, being who he was, as what Mr. Le Gallienne would have said if he had been Omar; which, perhaps, is not quite the same thing. At any rate, too, he is bound to say what he has to say in something of Omar's essentially virile tanner; and this he certainly misses when he sings, as he does, of "flower-like ladies," or, pointing to "beautiful young girls," exhorts us to "be wise and hide our sorrows in their curls," or makes other more or less dangerous approaches to the nambly-panby. We admit, however, that Mr. Le Gallienne can on occasion strike a manlier note. As thus:—

Of all my seeking this is all my gain;

No agony of any mortal brain

Shall wrest the secret of the life of man;

The Search has taught me that the Search is vain.

Yet sometimes on a sudden all seems clear—

Hush! hush! my Soul, the Secret draweth near

Make silence, ready for the speech divine,—

If Heaven should speak and there were none to hear!

Yea! sometimes on the instant all seems plain

The simple sun could tell us, or the rain;

The world, caught dreaming with a look of heaven,

Seems, on a sudden, tiptoe to explain.

"Plain" and "explain" are not correct rhymes to an English ear; but this blemish apart we are glad to take our leave of Mr. Le Gallienne with the willing acknowledgment that these three quatrains alone would suffice both in imagination and expression to stamp him as a poet.

**Life of Roddy Owen.** By his Sister, **Mal Bovill**, and **G. R. Askwith.** 82½x5¼in., vii.+279 pp. London, 1897.

Murray. 12/-

"Universally acknowledged as the best gentleman-rider of his day, a boon companion, and endowed with a ready wit, it required a careful insight into character and a sympathetic spirit to see that, beneath the veneer of his racing proclivities and surroundings, there lay those sterling qualities, begotten of a loyal nature and a noble mind, which make great and distinguished men." This is the opinion of a distinguished officer under whom "Roddy" Owen served; and a perusal of this pleasant volume of memoirs will assuredly show that Colonel Hutton in no way over-estimated the talents, energy, and general fine qualities of his subordinate.

To Major Owen's host of personal friends this sketch of his life cannot fail to be welcome. They will recognize in the diaries and correspondence the whimsical humour, the love of fun which, together with unflinching cheeriness, pluck, and readiness of resource, were characteristic of the man. For the general public there will be a fascination in the brief life-story of this typical English soldier, whose steady nerve and cool judgment stood him in equal stead, whether steering to victory over the stiffest course in England the winner of the Grand National, or carrying his life in his hand in the heart of a savage continent. The "Memoir" claims only

to be a collection of correspondence, diaries, and personal reminiscences. Major Owen is allowed to tell his story as far as possible, such a setting of contemporary history being added as will make the narrative intelligible. We think that this object has undoubtedly been attained.

Apart from the personal interest attaching to the "Memoir," the volume contains a highly instructive and most readable narrative of certain important recent events. In a clear and concise form the leading features of the Uganda and Chitral questions are explained, and by means of excellent maps the reader is enabled to follow the course of general affairs as well as of Major Owen's personal travels. The chapters dealing with the Uganda expedition and the Unyoro war are of especial interest, owing to the leading part which Major Owen played here, and to the fact of his having kept an almost continuous diary of his proceedings. The somewhat intricate Uganda question is made very plain in a brief introduction, and the narrative of Major Owen's exciting and daring adventures is carried on with intense interest until his crowning feat of planting the British flag on the banks of the Nile at Wadelai. In succeeding chapters the story of the Chitral campaign is well told. Major Owen's letters to the *Pioneer* (for which paper he was correspondent) give proof of a keen military judgment, a grasp of the situation, and a good power of description. This part of the book, however, necessarily lacks the almost romantic interest attached to the account of Major Owen's solitary expeditions in Africa.

In the appendix will be found a record of the races won by "Roddy" Owen during the years 1885-92, and a table of his mounts from 1882 to 1892, from which it appears that he rode 812 races, of which 254 were won and 558 lost by him. During seven years an annual average of 25 per cent. of winning mounts was maintained, while during the whole of his racing career, out of his mounts 31·2 per cent. were winners. Space does not here admit of any detailed account of Major Owen's life, but we gather from the "Memoir" that his career was divided into two distinct periods; the first (or racing period) extending from the date of his joining the Army in 1876 until his victory on Father O'Flynn in the Grand National in 1892; the second commencing with the start of the Jebu expedition in the spring of that year, and ending with his premature death in 1896. The opening chapter deals briefly with the former period, giving a synopsis of the work of his life, and containing several interesting and characteristic incidents of his racing and soldiering career. There are several good stories told here of his quiet humour and readiness of retort.

In 1892 Major Owen joined the Jebu expedition as chief of the Staff, and betook himself to soldiering in real earnest. For his services on the West Coast he was promoted Brevet-Major, and started again in December, 1892, with Sir Gerald Portal, for Uganda. He was appointed Commandant of the Equatorial Provinces and was occupied between April and August, 1893, in strengthening some and evacuating others of the forts on the Unyoro frontier, and generally making arrangements for the protection of the province of Toru, and the withdrawal and re-enlistment of the Soudanese garrisons left by Captain Lugard. After materially assisting in quelling the Mahomedan rebellion in Uganda, he commanded the advanced guard in the Unyoro campaign, and had the honour of planting the British flag on the banks of the Nile. For these services he received the Distinguished Service Order and was decorated by the Sultan of Zanzibar. Thoroughly bitten with the love of adventure, Major Owen was unable to remain long in idleness in England. He took part in the Chitral Campaign as correspondent to the *Pioneer* in 1895, and in the following year met his death from cholera, at the early age of 40, while serving with Sir Herbert Kitchener's force on the Nile.

Such men as Roddy Owen can ill be spared to the Army and to England. Thorough in his love of sport, a bold rider, a cheery, kindly companion, he was equally thorough in the more serious pursuits of life, and proved himself possessed of that coolness, daring, and resource which are as indispensable to



success in field sports as in the field of battle. To all who admire such qualities and who sympathize with our English love of adventure and exploration, we would recommend the perusal of this pleasant memoir.

**Ornamental Design for Woven Fabrics.** By C. Stephenson and F. Suddards. 8½x5¼in., 273 pp. London, 1897. Methuen. 7/6

It has become the fashion within the last few years for masters in schools of art to publish their lectures (or the material for them) in the modified form of manuals of design: and there has appeared lately quite a succession of such books, each, apparently, more all-embracing in its scope than the one which went before. Still there was, perhaps, room, owing to the impossible comprehensive character of these productions, for a series of works in which pattern should be regarded in relation to some one branch of handicraft or manufacture and discussed with a particularity not possible in dealing with the whole subject of Design.

"Ornamental Design for Woven Fabrics" might, according to its title, have been the first of these, and its authors, Messrs. C. Stephenson and F. Suddards (who belong, the one to the Bradford Technical College, and the other to the Yorkshire College, Leeds), would seem, by their positions there, to be the men to undertake just such a task. Their Table of Contents dispels our hopes in this direction. The chapters on "Geometric Design," "Pattern Planning," the "Drop" Pattern, the "Turnover," "Borders, &c.," the Laws of Composition, why Nature should be Conventionalized, Traditional Ornament, the Treatment of Plant and Animal Form in Design—cover precisely the ground along which all the world has been trudging these ten years past, and tell us little that is fresh or has any very special relation to weaving.

It is not until the very last chapter that we come to "the Limitations Imposed by the Structure of a Fabric"; but even that is all too short, and what is said is of a more general nature than one has a right to expect of practical men. The authors cannot be accused of giving away the secrets of the weaving shed. One other chapter, and one only, has a heading which promises special technical information—that on "Sateen Arrangements." The term "sateen" is not in use outside the weaving trade, and one turns to this chapter with awakened interest. The diagrams referring to it on plate 26 certainly look as if they might be of considerable use to the designer in helping a man to plan small "repeats" recurring many times within a single breadth of material; but the description of all this is very hard reading. The explanation of "the method of finding out the disposition of the true sateen orders," for example, on pages 107 and 108 may be intelligible enough to weavers (to whom it is presumably not addressed), but to students of design who come to the book for practical guidance it does not convey much. The authors do not seem to have the faculty of very clear or precise exposition. They select, for example, to illustrate the construction of the "drop" pattern (plate 11) a design which works equally well as a "turnover design" repeating on the straight, and which in fact would be best described as a turnover pattern which when reversed forms a drop. And, further, in the chapter on "the turnover design" they use the term "turnover" in a sense of their own which is likely to create confusion in the minds of learners. The phrase is usually understood to mean a bi-symmetrical design, one side of which is the reverse, or "turnover," of the other. The so-called turnover patterns on plates 16 and 17 do not answer to that description; it is not the pattern which turns over, but only a figure in it. And it is the two figures together, the figure and its reverse, which form the pattern.

The question with regard to books of this rather technical description is, Who is to write them? Experts, of course. It would be futile to intrust them to the merely literary man. It would never, in the nature of things, be worth his while to master the subject thoroughly enough for the purpose of really technical

teaching. Unfortunately, however, experts in technique do not, as a rule, happen to be men with much faculty of literary expression. Perhaps it is not fair to expect it of them. Still, something like style does, whether the reader appreciate it or not, go to the adequate setting forth of the simplest process of work; and it is for lack of anything like literary quality that works of the class under notice fall usually so far short of what text-books should be.

**The New Psychology.** By E. W. Scripture, Ph.D. (Leipzig), Director of the Yale Psychological Laboratory. With 121 Illustrations. ("Contemporary Science Series.") 8vo., 21+500 pp. London, 1897. Walter Scott. 6/-

**The Psychology of the Emotions.** By Th. Ribot, Professor at the College of France, Editor of the *Revue Philosophique*. ("Contemporary Science Series.") 8vo., 19+455 pp. London, 1897. Walter Scott. 6/-

"The New Psychology" is the somewhat misleading title of a useful book on the branch of psychology known as "psychophysics." The title is misleading, because it seems to imply that the whole of psychology can be effectively treated by the experimental methods which have really been applied with some success to the senses. Dr. Scripture partly recognizes this when he says that "the future of experimental psychology seems a modest but assured one." We should be inclined to reverse the emphasis and say "assured, but modest." Psychophysics is, indeed, as far as it goes, a genuinely scientific branch of inquiry, but it does not go far, and probably never will go far. Perhaps its chief value is negative. With all its elaborate apparatus and its refined methods of experiment, it throws little new light on the higher mental processes. Thus it reveals the limits of experimental methods, which must after all remain subordinate to "the old psychology," with its introspective method. Still, though this is true—as, indeed, the author himself recognizes—so far as the principles of the science are concerned, the application of experimental methods has not been wanting in interest or, within a certain range, in success; and a book like the present was needed. Dr. Scripture has supplied in brief compass a quantity of information about the methods and results of psychophysics that was not easily accessible elsewhere. In the disquisitions near the end we notice some hasty writing and one or two errors. On these, however, there is no need to dwell, as they are after all extraneous to the special subject, and the book on the whole can be commended.

M. Ribot long since gave a decided impulse to the application of experimental methods in psychology. He was, indeed, at first a little inclined to exaggerate their importance in relation to the whole science, and in his later expositions he has sometimes appeared to lay too much stress on the physiological aspects of psychological study. This, however, has not in effect narrowed the scope of his own work, most of which belongs to general psychology and not to the new and special branch of inquiry dealt with by Dr. Scripture. The treatise on "The Psychology of the Emotions" will be found both readable and judicious. It is undoubtedly important in the study of the emotions to keep physiology in view. At its best the psychology of the emotions must be rather elusive, and to neglect the facilities, such as they are, that physiology offers would be to make it even vaguer than is necessary. In his own theory, M. Ribot is not quite so physiological as hasty readers might suppose. His position is that, actually, "no state of consciousness can be dissociated from its physical conditions; they constitute a natural whole, which must be studied as such." And he does not assert that the physiological statement of the case is an account of the real process as distinguished from the appearance or of the cause as distinguished from the effect. Psychological analysis and physiological explanation have not been allowed to exclude description and anecdote. With the soundest psychologists generally, M. Ribot is not disposed to adhere strictly to any elaborate classification of the emotions. He sees too clearly the elusiveness of the phenomena and the way in which

they shade into one another. The best notion of the general outcome of the book (though not of its detail) will be given by citing M. Ribot's theory of the order in which decay of "the affective life" takes place; this being, as he holds, probably the reverse of its ascending order of development. "As the decay of the feelings progresses from the higher to the lower, from complex adaptation to simple adaptation, gradually narrowing the area of the affective life, we may, in this decadence, distinguish four phases, marked by the successive disappearance of (1) the disinterested emotions, (2) the altruistic emotions, (3) the ego-altruistic emotions, (4) the purely egoistic emotions." To the first group belong "the æsthetic and scientific cravings"; to the second, "the social and moral emotions"; to the third, love, and "the religious sentiment in its medium forms"; to the last group, emotions such as anger and fear, and "the nutritive cravings." These last, which are most directly associated with self-conservation in its primitive form, as they are the earliest to appear, are the latest to disappear. The general order of decay, however, is interfered with in cases such as those where devotion to some science or art has become the dominant tendency. Thus "the æsthetic sentiment, one of the most delicate and latest in formation, is of very late extinction in an artist." "This apparent exception," M. Ribot adds, "is, in fact, a confirmation of the law." For in the life of the feelings it is self-conservation that is the mainspring, and this may have one meaning or another according to the nature of the personality.

**Le Developpement de la Constitution et de la Société Politique en Angleterre.** Par E. Boutmy. Nouvelle Edition revue et augmentée. Paris, 1897.

Armand Colin.

This book, by the Director of the Free School of Political Sciences in France, Professor Boutmy, of the Institute, has been for ten years, with the same author's *Études de Droit Constitutionnel*, the classical French exposition—at once the most scientific in its accuracy and the most philosophic in its method of the whole series of political and constitutional facts upon which the late Walter Bagehot wrote his famous and luminous monograph, "The English Constitution." It is a book which is known throughout the Universities of the world to scholars in political science. The appearance, therefore, of a new edition "revised and enlarged" is an interesting event.

The changes introduced by M. Boutmy are significant. Ten years ago, when his book first appeared, it contained generalizations as to the effect of the first Reform Act which were based upon a far smaller number of scientific data than might be provided for it to-day; and it is interesting to note how, after ten years of observation, the same critic finds his earlier judgments not only confirmed, but so illuminated that in restating and in re-asserting them he is constrained to write with a categorical vigour which it perhaps requires the detachment of a foreign critic to be in a position to employ. In analyzing the nature of the rapid evolution of England, resulting to-day in a state which may be justly defined as democratic, M. Boutmy has altogether rewritten his last chapter, expanding it from 12 to 60 pages and utilizing facts dating so recently as May of this year. And always it is curious to note how the abundant confirmation of his prognostications of ten years ago by the host of new facts which the transformation of society in England has contributed as matter for the inductions of the students of political science warrants in his assertions a more affirmative tone. This stronger note might be illustrated strikingly by quotation of many a page. Among a number of melancholy things clearly said the following, perhaps, will suffice:—

The most striking result of this evolution, which has been going on for a third of a century, is that the House of Commons, which already formerly had a preponderant authority, is tending to become the unique seat of power, and that the other constitutional bodies are more and more losing the habit of resisting it because they no longer feel that they are

backed by opinion. The public looks upon them merely as ornaments of the Constitution. It clings to them as a man clings to his old family furniture, which, although slightly inconvenient, yet has a fine effect and a grand style. He is willing to preserve them on condition that they are not in the way. The more completely and faithfully the Chamber represents the nation the less England corresponds to that theory of a mixed and tempered Government of which certain publicists continue to believe it to be the most perfect model. Not only is there no longer in England a sort of balance between two Assemblies, between the Parliament and a King advised by his Ministers, but there is an extreme concentration of the entire effective authority in a single Assembly of which the Ministry is only a delegation. The sovereignty of the people and unity of power are two principles which although never formulated, and although, on the contrary, veiled by the forms of English constitutional law, are none the less henceforth the kernel and the substance of the British Constitution.

This interesting passage would not be out of place in the preface of a new edition of Bagehot's memorable work.

**Studies in Board Schools.** By Charles Morley. 7½×5½in., 310 pp. London, 1897. Smith, Elder. 6/-

These lively sketches, which originally appeared in the *Daily News*, will give a better idea of the work of the London School Board among the children of the poorest and roughest districts, such as the Borough or the parishes of Drury-lane, than any amount of educational statistics. Mr. Morley's entertaining pages show us the London Arab, sharp and cunning beyond his years, a wild, untamable child of the streets, first caught in the wide-spreading educational net, and then gradually tamed, educated, and civilized into something more likely to turn out an industrious and honest citizen. The characters may not all be quite typical. Their sayings and doings, and the grim side-lights thrown upon the homes from which they come and the parents who ought to bring them up decently, are set out to the best pictorial effect by the art of the *littérateur*. And, no doubt, when he appeared, pencil and notebook in hand, as the accredited representative of a great newspaper, pains were taken that he should see more than the normal aspect of things in the schools visited by him. "A chiel's amang ye takin' notes, and faith! he'll prent it." But, with all allowances and reservations, these papers give a vivid impression of the educational work that is going on in London, and of the difficulties that have to be contended with before the wilder offspring of the streets can be caught and tamed. And valuable, as no doubt, is the educational work proper, the actual instruction given in the schools, one rises from these sketches with the thought that the work of discipline and order is perhaps more valuable still in its effect upon the coming generation. One cannot but hope that the "dangerous classes" of our great towns will be less dangerous in the future, and will contain a large proportion of law-abiding citizens.

Mr. Morley, in his paper headed "The Wild Boys of Walworth," says:—

Let us see what habits of obedience a little order and discipline have instilled into these unruly ragamuffins. . . . Sharp and shrill blows the whistle again; the ten minutes are up; stiff as stone stand the boys; again sounds the whistle, and into school they march like young soldiers. The autumn sun shot a warm shaft into the room; a cheerful fire burnt in the stove; the walls were covered with coloured pictures of birds and animals, ships at sea, maps and charts. . . . It was a cheerful scene, though wild of eye, low of brow, stunted in growth, pallid of face, were many of those arabs who filled the benches. Some the gods must love, for death has already marked them for his own; some will surely take to evil ways, for Cain has stamped them with his indelible mark; some will assuredly be crushed in the great fight, but there is many a young hopeful among them who will do credit to his masters, and bless the day when he was caught and tamed.

Where all is good and readable it is difficult to pick and choose. "Citizen Carrots," a boy of 12, who is up at 5 to sell newspapers, but punctual and regular at school, and keenly interested in a lesson on the "Life and Duties of the Citizen";

"A little dinner in the Borough," at the "Farm House," where 600 or 700 free dinners are given daily from the "Refuge Fund," maintained by actors, artists, and literary men; the teaching of cookery and housewifery, of the blind and the dullards, of the "Little Jews in Gravel Lane," or the denizens of "Happy Hampstead" in their "Eton for nothing a week"; the "taming of the wild ones" in Drury Lane, or of incorrigibles in a "Truant School"—all these varied incidents of School Board work are described with a fluent pen. And last, but not least, the account given in the last chapter of a Bible lesson at a school in Clerkenwell, if at all representative, only increases our regret that the "religious difficulty," which finds no place in the schools, should loom so large in the procedure of the Board which administers them. We cordially commend the book to those who want to know something of the actual work done under the London School Board.

**The Providential Order of the World.** By Professor A. B. Bruce, D.D. Crown 8vo., 301 pp. London, 1897. Hodder and Stoughton. 7/6

In delivering the Gifford lectures before the University of Glasgow in the earlier part of this year, Professor Bruce found himself in entire harmony with the general spirit of the trust. Lord Gifford, he tells us, believed in the supreme value of the knowledge of God, and desired to give every sincere thinker of whatever theological position a chance of saying what he thought on this supreme theme. The inquiry was to be conducted in a scientific method, and its results expressed in popular language. When we say that Dr. Bruce's course has signally corresponded to the purpose of the founder, we do not mean at all that the lectures deal with such popular subjects that every one will understand them. On the contrary they are full of deep thoughts, but they are clearly expressed. The Professor had in view "that God cares for man individually and collectively; that His nature is such, and that He sustains such a relation to man as makes that case natural and credible; that His care covers all human interests, but especially the higher ethical interests—righteousness, goodness—in the individual and in society; that He is a moral Governor, and a benignant Father, a Power making for righteousness, and a Power overcoming evil with good; that He ruleth over all things with a view to a kingdom of the good."

Dr. Bruce chooses through man to God as his line of proof, and begins by showing that the Bible and the ascertained results of recent evolutionary science alike place man at the head of creation. The theistic inferences from this position of sovereignty are next considered, and various sources of unbelief in the Providence of God are discussed before His action is traced in the history of mankind collectively and individually. The general laws of providential action are illustrated by three fine lectures on election, solidarity, and sacrifice. God chooses men "not for favour but for function." He deals with them "as a brotherhood closely knit together," and sacrifice is "the appointed cost of progress." We have only indicated the scope of the lectures in the barest outline, but we trust that we have said enough to show that Dr. Bruce has made a valuable re-statement of the theistic argument, in the form which is required by the scientific circumstances of the time. By so doing he has strengthened a fundamental bulwark of the Christian faith, and has conducted his hearers within the porch to the threshold of the Temple of the Incarnation.

**The Expositor's Greek Testament.** Edited by the Rev. W. R. Nicoll. Vol. I.—The Four Gospels. 10×7in., viii. + 872 pp. London, 1897. Hodder and Stoughton. 28/-

This is a work of considerable value in the field of New Testament exegesis, in which an effort is being made by a band of scholars, selected as Dr. Nicoll says "from various Churches," to render the materials which have been accumulated in the last thirty years accessible to English-speaking students, more or

less after the plan of Alford's well-known commentary. We are of opinion that the promoters of the work and those who are interested in it have rated its merits a little too highly, and have not quite realized that Alford's work possessed a value which is not so transitory as they seem to think. Unless we are mistaken the present work will be more popular among those who breathe freely in an atmosphere of undenominational theology than among those who occupy the ecclesiastical standpoint of the late Dean Alford. No doubt Dr. Nicoll's edition in its valuable introductions, its critical apparatus, and its finely compressed notes on many crucial passages incorporates a large measure of the results of modern scholarship. But for guidance to the treasures of patristic literature it is still necessary to go in many cases to Alford and Wordsworth, while on certain passages of grave dogmatic import, such as the account of our Lord's birth and temptation, the promise to St. Peter, and the baptismal formula, the new commentary will appear vague and inadequate to a very large number of students. The editor has intrusted the Synoptic Gospels to Professor Bruce, who has embodied in his notes the fruit of many years' studies, and the Gospel according to St. John has been undertaken by Professor Marcus Dods. The type is clear, but we regret to notice that a long list of errata which is inserted does not exhaust the misprints.

M. Tissot's *LIFE OF OUR SAVIOUR LORD JESUS CHRIST* (London, Sampson Low; Paris, Lemerrier) is being published in monthly parts containing that artist's well-known illustrations of the Life, with extracts from the Gospels and notes explanatory of the pictures. M. Tissot went to Palestine in 1886, at the age of 50, fired with the idea of depicting, upon accurate data, with a mind untrammelled by the fancies and the mysticism of almost all religious artists, the scenes recorded in the Gospel Story. "Is it not time," he says, "in the exact century when such words as nearly or almost have no longer any value, to restore to reality—I do not say to realism—the rights which have been filched from it?" He is hardly right in saying that he had found "altogether untrampled ground." Though he is far less mystical than Mr. Holman Hunt, the works of the two artists inevitably challenge comparison, and M. Tissot is himself to some degree the outcome of a movement towards realism in French religious art which has had curious developments. Of the artistic qualities of these pictures we need not speak here; but for students of religious art, and, indeed, for the religious world generally, the publication of them, with the text and explanations, will add considerably to the great interest which has already been aroused by the remarkable work of M. Tissot. The Life is to be completed in twelve parts.

## NAVAL.

**Notes on Naval Progress.** U.S. Intelligence Department. 9×6in., 163 pp. Washington, 1897. Navy Department.

The United States Naval Intelligence Office is a small department, which is nevertheless able to disseminate every year a large mass of valuable information. The reports of the Attachés bearing upon all manner of subjects connected with naval affairs are carefully collated and published for general information. The "Notes on Naval Progress" for the present year contain critical descriptions of the 1896 naval manoeuvres of Great Britain, France, and Italy, together with a translation of an interesting article (in the *Revue des deux Mondes*) on "The Logical Constitution of the French Fleet."

A highly artificial scheme combined with ambiguity of rules served to destroy much of the usefulness of our manoeuvres in 1896 and again this year. This has been generally recognized, and the comments of Lieut.-Commander Barry have for the most part been anticipated. The junction of C and D (Blue) squadrons was a foregone conclusion; but the proceedings of the Red Fleet in losing touch of the enemy and making for Lough Swilly round the west side of Ireland cannot be justified. It resulted that this fleet spent 30 hours patrolling in front of the Lough under conditions which involved some risk, and that the enemy, making a lucky land-fall at a time when the Red Fleet was near the eastern

limit of its beat, ran into port from the north-west undetected until too late. As the United States critic justly remarks:—

No successor to the traditions of Nelson could engage in a race with an inferior fleet to reach a certain port first so as to bar the entrance. In war the principal objective would have been the fleet itself, and Vice-Admiral Kerr undoubtedly would have sought out and fought the enemy with every prospect of success.

The further observation that "a fleet of observation at anchor neither can accelerate, retard, nor prevent the exit of a hostile fleet from a port not actually blockaded" is much less lucid. A fleet which, even while at anchor, is in readiness to move and able to observe an enemy can by menace retard or prevent the escape of an enemy, unless geographical conditions render remote the risks of being caught before attaining another place of refuge.

The French manoeuvres were on a considerable scale, involving altogether 34 battleships and cruisers and 42 gunboats and torpedo craft. In the Channel, the inferior but faster B squadron seems to have cruised backwards and forwards many times across the line Dover-Gris-Nez without any interruption either from A or from the torpedo-boat flotilla. The author refers to the French tendency to treat coast defence as a local question in place of recognizing that it is "general and must be in the hands of the navy." In the latter view he states that "the English nation practically is unanimous," which unfortunately is not yet the case. The operations in the Mediterranean are somewhat obscure and details are wanting; but interesting experiments on the employment of torpedo-boats in company with a sea-going fleet seem to have been made. A fleet acting on the defensive within that distance of its port may perhaps be able to make use of these auxiliaries, which would unquestionably hamper its free movement. As usual, the French seem to have devoted their energies to bombarding lighthouses and places on the seaboard—a generally useless proceeding in war. Further exercise took place in winter, and, while it would probably be unjust to say that our neighbours are better tacticians than our own officers, it is certain that they study tactical questions, and far more systematically, and devote much more time to experimental evolutions. The Admiralty has so far made no attempt to encourage the study of naval tactics.

The German manoeuvres and exercises occupied five weeks, and employed nine battleships, two cruisers, and 39 torpedo craft and attendant vessels. The principal feature was the demonstration of the strategic importance of the Kaiser Wilhelm Canal, which was traversed by 36 vessels, the four largest battleships occupying 13 hours in passage.

The Italians had 14 battleships and 44 torpedo and miscellaneous craft in commission, occupying themselves significantly with a coast defence problem. The defending squadron, aided by the system of semaphore along the coast, seems to have accomplished its task; but the cruiser *Fieramosco* secured about 36 hours' impunity and proceeded to cut cables and railway communications, destroy signal stations, and bombard towns. "The Italians consider that this raid has demonstrated the vulnerability of the coast"; but, as the author justly states, "the only adequate protection against the raids of fast cruisers is to meet them with similar vessels."

The discussion of the naval requirements of France is interesting and suggestive. The writer urges that a marked distinction should be drawn between the types of ships to be employed in the Mediterranean and in the Atlantic. For "an Anglo-French duel" he demands four divisions each, of cruisers of 4,000 tons, and three of 2,000 tons "for the China Sea, the Indian Ocean, the Pacific, and the Antilles, there to ruin the enemy's commerce, to menace his maritime stations, if necessary to ransom them, and at the same time to cover our own." He is, apparently, unaware that we have not a single naval station in these waters capable of being effectively attacked by a force of this description. In addition there are to be eight corsair cruisers of 10,000 to 12,000 tons and 23 to 24 knots speed to operate in the North Atlantic, and two similar vessels for the North Sea. Attention is drawn to the Spanish fleet, "born again and already strong," and France is bidden to congratulate herself "on this new budding of the maritime spirit in a proud and energetic people . . . that will never forget the insult of Gibraltar."

**Letters from the Black Sea.** By Admiral Sir Leopold Heath, K.C.B. 875ims, 242 pp. London, 1897.

**Bentley.**

Sea officers are not nearly such prolific writers as those of the sister service, and the story of the Crimean War from the naval point of view has been most insufficiently presented. The "Letters from the Black Sea" of Admiral Sir Leopold Heath have therefore a special interest. The writer, in command of

H.M.S. *Niger*, carried the despatches announcing the declaration of war from Constantinople to the Admiral at Baljik. He was then sent with *Retribution* and *Descartes* to Odessa, where some small prizes were taken, and subsequently to Sulina, Kaffa Bay, and again to Odessa, where the *Niger* was lost. After accompanying the expedition from Varna to Old Fort and being present at the naval bombardment of the 17th of October, he landed in charge of a naval party to help in manning the defences of Balacava, and later took command of the *Sanspareil* as harbour-master. Captain Heath was thus brought into close contact with the siege operations, and scattered through his shrewd letters are many points of historical value. From the first misgivings as to the difficulty of the unprecedented task allotted to the ill-equipped expedition seem to have occurred to him. "I cannot help thinking," he writes on the 27th of August, "that it is much too late in the season for Sevastopol." The utter want of all pre-arrangement was shown as soon as the troops had been landed by the splendid exertions of the Navy:—

By noon of the 18th (September) everything was landed and then . . . the Army found that they had not pack horses enough, and we had to re-embark the tents; then, after long discussion, they had fully decided to leave the packs and their contents on board and to carry a blanket, a great coat, a shirt, a pair of shoes, towel, and the traditional bit of soap, and no more, and all the troops had been landed with this allowance on their backs; but further experience proved that these things could be more easily carried in their knapsacks, which were therefore sent for, but there was some confusion owing to this change of view, and many knapsacks were not recovered until the transports had reached Balacava.

Everything is implied in the above simple statement. After the naval attack of Sevastopol Captain Heath notes that Fort Constantine appeared to be damaged, but that "the Russians are lining the whole edge of the North Cliff with guns, which will make a second naval attack impossible unless we land the previous night and spike those guns. It was the few guns that were there on the 17th which so quickly silenced the Albion and *Arethusa*," and drove off the *London*, *Bellerophon*, and *Queen*. Yet a few years later we were busily engaged in copying Fort Constantine as closely as possible, and the obvious lesson of the *Wasp* and *Telegraph* batteries was absolutely ignored. After the fighting of the 25th of October Captain Heath states:—

It was, I believe, decided to give up Balacava and contract our front. *Sanspareil*, *Tribune*, *Sphinx*, *Niger*, and *Vesuvius* were sent off to help in re-embarking everything; but at, I believe, Sir E. Lyons's urgent remonstrance the plan was abandoned, and the resolution taken to strengthen and hold the position. Instead, therefore, of helping to load merchant ships, we landed a number of marines and seamen.

Later criticism of the battle of Inkerman has nothing to add to the impression recorded at the time. Unquestionably,

There never was a battle so entirely, so gloriously, won by English stout-heartedness and stubborn persevering courage amongst officers and men, and there never was one more irregularly fought, or which gave less room for the display of generalship.

As discerning are Captain Heath's general remarks written in February, 1855. The results of a pursuit after the *Alma* would have amply repaid any effort. "A few hours' pursuit would have turned the Russian retreat into a Russian rout." On the other hand, the policy of the flank march is justly praised. "Many people here, and I believe Sir Edward Lyons among them, blame the march round to the south. I am quite of the contrary opinion and think that the saving point for the military reputation of the Allied Generals." The author agreed, however, with Sir E. Lyons that an immediate attack on Sevastopol from the south, at a time when the only defence consisted of "a wretched round tower (the *Malakoff*) with four guns on its top," could have been successful. As showing the exaggerated belief in the effects of bombardment, he mentions that Sir John Burgoyne told him that "all he saw could be knocked down in twenty-four hours," and "a French officer standing at his side added, 'Un coup de pied suffit.'" There was no difficulty in erecting shelter for the transport horses at Balacava, yet "when the poor beasts had travelled six or seven miles, heavily laden, on wretched roads and returned the same distance, they were turned into an open yard eighteen inches deep in mud, off which mud they eat their barley and chopped straw." Uncared for, the animals quickly died at a time when there was the direst need for their services. The "Morning State of the Forces" for the 26th of January tells its tale of suffering and loss. On this day the 63rd Regiment returned 14 men under arms and 687 absent sick. Throughout these thoughtful and interesting letters one learns the immense services rendered by the Navy to the Army, and the lesson is one that should never be forgotten. It is on such co-operation that the safety of the Empire has depended in the past, and must depend in the future.

## ELECTRICITY.

**The Principles of Alternate-Current Working.** By Alfred Hay, B.Sc., Edin., Lecturer on Electrotechnics at the University College, Liverpool. 4½×7in., 276 pp. London, 1897. Biggs. 5/-

From title-page to index this unpretentious little text-book is much to be commended. The author, unlike many we know, has selected a title which tells the potential purchaser of the book its exact scope; any one requiring to learn all about the practical design and construction of alternate-current machinery is warned off. On the other hand, students wishing to clear away misconceptions engendered in the lecture-room or engineers anxious to obtain a key to the many mysteries of alternate-current working will find exactly what they want, lucidly set forth and without any parade of unnecessary mathematics, in the small compass of Mr. Hay's 276 pages. There are in existence several more elaborate treatises on alternate currents, but we are strongly inclined to the belief that in Mr. Hay's book all the law and the prophets of alternate-currents is to be found. Of course, if a man propose to set up as a professor he must master more than is therein contained, and, again, if he be a mathematical Hercules he will find in alternate-current phenomena more than enough for twelve times twelve labours. But for the simple student or plain practical man a thorough mastery of "The Principles of Alternate-Current Working" should suffice, so far as mere book-learning is concerned; at any rate, it will prove a useful prelude to the mastery of portentous tomes such as Dr. Fleming's well-known work on "The Alternate-Current Transformer."

Hitherto most writers on this subject would appear to have had a twofold object in view. Co-equal with their desire to make smooth the path of the student of alternate currents has been their anxiety to air their mathematical skill. Mr. Hay, however, studiously avoids this capital error, and even the modicum of trigonometrical and vectorial mathematics which he is compelled by the nature of his subject to make use of is itself explained in his lucid and interesting introductory chapters. In the same easy style he explains the fundamental principles and puzzles of alternate currents. The reader must be of abnormal mental density who does not rise from a perusal of these pages with his mind at rest as regards "root-mean-square values," "power factors," "form factors," "displacement currents," "lag," "lead," "shunted condensers," "inductance," "skin-effect," "parallel-running," "polyphase working," and suchlike dark and forbidding things.

Each chapter is followed by up-to-date references to the history and bibliography of the subject and by useful exercises calculated to test the knowledge acquired. Were it not for the exceeding roughness of the diagrams and the numerous misprints, for both of which defects the publisher and not the author is no doubt to blame, we should have nothing but good to speak of "The Principles of Alternate-Current Working."

**First Principles of Electricity and Magnetism.** By C. H. W. Biggs, Editor of the *Electrical Engineer*. 4½×7in., 480 pp. London, 1897. Biggs. 3/6

This little manual, the author informs us, "is intended for beginners in practical work," and originated in a series of articles in the *Electrical Engineer*, the series being based upon the syllabus of the City and Guilds of London Institute. On this account the author tells us that he does not care "to claim any degree of perfection for the arrangement of the subject in this book." This is as it should be. It has been our lot to peruse a large number of scientific books compiled from lectures and from serial articles in technical journals, but we do not remember ever to have perused one which retained to so large an extent the irritating imperfections of the lecture style and the slovenly arrangement of parts characteristic of newspaper serials. The diagrams also, a most important feature in a technical work, are of the roughest description. The author would appear to attach considerable importance to matters purely personal to himself. What does it concern "the beginners in practical work" to learn that "this is the fifth time I have had a shot at this preface," and why occupy space in telling the student that "two names of departed physicists have always occupied a place in my mind, which would

indicate me a thorough-going hero-worshipper. . . . I was never much of a biologist, hence Huxley . . ." and so on? In short, we cannot recommend Mr. Biggs's work, either as one calculated to teach or as one calculated to delight by reason of its style. It is, we admit, a decided departure from the recognized elementary manuals, but the departure is not in the right direction; rather will the student be confused and befuddled by the author's straining after originality, and by his frequent irrelevant asides.

**The Local Distribution of Electric Power in Workshops.** By Ernest Kilburn Scott, A.I.E.E. 4½×7in., 137 pp. London, 1897. Biggs. 2/-

Of the many silent revolutions which electricity is effecting or is destined to effect in the immediate future, not the least is the complete transmogrification of that ugly necessity of modern industrialism, the factory. To-day most factories are a chaos of whirling belts and wheels. To-morrow, if the electricians have their way, the buildings will be light and airy in structure and light and airy inside, and noiseless, compact, and economical electric motors will have replaced wasteful engines, shafting, and belting. So far progress in this direction has been slow, and it is to increase the rate of advance that the author of the volume under review has written, in somewhat slap-dash style, his apology for the electric motor. In it he has summarized the encouraging results attained up to the present and has pointed out to the enterprising factory-owner the way in which he must go in future. In regard to the adoption of electrical working in factories, England, it is pleasant to be able to record, does not lag behind the rest of the world, and it is to be devoutly hoped that Mr. Scott's well-reasoned, well-written advocacy will at least have the effect of inciting our lords of industry to maintain the small lead we at present possess. Electric working means lower cost of production and safer and more healthy workshops.

**Electric Light: Its Production and Use, Embodying Plain Directions for the Treatment of Dynamo-Electric Machines, Batteries, Accumulators, and Electric Lamps.** By John W. Urquhart. 4½×7in., 428 pp. London, 1897. Crosby Lockwood. 7/6

Any technical book which has reached a sixth edition may safely be assumed to have met a decided want. Nevertheless, we find it difficult to understand how it comes about that so indefinite a volume as the one under review attains so large a sale. Downright practical books appeal, according to their character, to the artisan, student, or engineer. Again, purely theoretical lucubrations may appeal to the mathematical physicist or the student. Professed text-books, of course, have an obvious use, and also professedly popular works. "Electric Light," however, comes under none of these categories. The science of electric lighting is carefully avoided; perhaps rightly. But this omission is not compensated for either by full practical details or by an attractive presentation of the subject. In short, the author has failed to make his book a repository of practical facts, and has not succeeded in making it "popular."

It may, however, be said that the author is very well read in the history of his subject and has kept tolerably well abreast of current practice. As a general rule, also, he is accurate and may be trusted to make his meaning plain, though here and there we observe sad lapses from lucidity and accuracy. For instance, the first two pages of Chapter VIII., dealing with "Transformers and Electricity Meters," must be a terrible trial to a conscientious reader. There are also evident traces of a belief that in a transformer the gauge of the primary and secondary wires has as much to do with their relative electromotive forces as the relative number of convolutions—a misconception which gave rise to a completely "unrecognized law of nature" when Messrs. Ignatius Singer and Lewis H. Berens recently undertook to revise all our current scientific notions. Then, again, on page 176, we are solemnly told "that, in the trial performances of the Ferranti-Thomson machine, from 12 to 14 of Swan's 18-candle incandescent lamps were maintained per h.p. consumed." Now a very simple arithmetical calculation would have shown that, unless the lights were "fairy lights," the thing was impossible. It was, therefore, quite unnecessary to add cautiously, "but it is not certain whether every one of the lamps in circuit was raised to its full photometric value." This strikes us as a somewhat vague and roundabout way of settling such a simple matter.

[REPRINTED BY REQUEST FROM *The Times* OF 17TH JULY, 1897.]

### RECESSIONAL.

God of our fathers, known of old—  
 Lord of our far-flung battle-line—  
 Beneath Whose awful Hand we hold  
 Dominion over palm and pine—  
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—  
 The captains and the kings depart—  
 Still stands Thine ancient Sacrifice,  
 An humble and a contrite heart.  
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away—  
 On dune and headland sinks the fire—  
 Lo, all our pomp of yesterday  
 Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!  
 Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,  
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose  
 Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—  
 Such boasting as the Gentiles use  
 Or lesser breeds without the Law—  
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust  
 In reeking tube and iron shard—  
 All valiant dust that builds on dust,  
 And guarding calls not Thee to guard—  
 For frantic boast and foolish word,  
 Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord! Amen.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

### DIRGE OF THE MUNSTER FOREST.

(DESMOND WAR. 1579.)

Bring out the hemlock, bring the funeral yew!  
 The faithful ivy that doth all enfold;  
 Heap high the rocks, the patient brown earth strew!  
 And cover them against the numbing cold.  
 Marshal my retinue of bird and beast,  
 Wren, titmouse, robin, birds of every hue,  
 Let none keep back, even to the very least,  
 Nor fox, nor deer, nor tiny nibbling crew,  
 Only bid one of all my forest clan  
 Keep far from us on this our funeral day.  
 On the gray wolf I lay my sovereign ban,  
 The great gray wolf, who scrapes the earth away;  
 Lest, with book'd claw, and furious hunger, he  
 Lay bare my dead for gloating foes to see;  
 Lay bare my dead, who died, and died for me.

For I must shortly die as they have died,  
 And lo! my doom stands yoked and linked with theirs,  
 The axe is sharpened to cut down my pride,  
 I pass, I die, and leave no natural heirs.  
 Soon shall my russet coronals be cast,  
 My hidden sanctuaries, my secret ways,  
 Naked shall stand to the rebellious blast,  
 No Spring shall quicken, what now Autumn slays.  
 Therefore, while still I keep my russet crown,  
 I summon all my lieges to the feast.  
 Hither ye flutterers! black, or pied, or brown,  
 Hither ye furred ones! Hither every beast!  
 Only to one of all my forest clan  
 I cry "Avaunt! Our mourning revels flee!"  
 On the gray wolf I lay my sovereign ban,  
 The great gray wolf with scraping claws, lest he  
 Lay bare my dead for gloating foes to see,  
 Lay bare my dead, who died, and died for me.

EMILY LAWLESS.

### Among my Books.

#### PERISHABLE BOOKS.

A speaker at the recent conference of librarians complained that most modern books were doomed to speedy destruction, not in the spiritual but in the material sense. The paper on which they are printed will rapidly become mere pulp or impalpable powder. One might have supposed that such a result would be gratifying, especially to librarians. Considering what a vast proportion of printed matter not only is, but is intended to be, purely ephemeral there could, at first sight, be no reason for desiring its preservation. The regret, perhaps, is an instance of a tendency noted by all psychologists. A pursuit becomes delightful for its own sake, even when its ostensible end ceases to be valuable. A zealous librarian takes such a pleasure in preserving literature that he forgets to consider whether the stores accumulated can be of any use, and then to ask whether useless stores are not positively pernicious. Persons who are not subject to that illusion may take a different view. Why should not all books be made of perishable materials? Hawthorne somewhere argues that when we have become civilized we shall again give up houses for tents. Why encumber ourselves with huge masses of bricks and mortar which, if they suit the convenience of one generation, are all the more likely to be ill suited to its successors? Why, on the same principle, should we try to carry with us vast accumulations of printed matter which have served their only possible purpose? Would it not be a good thing if a law were made that no paper should be used which was not warranted to vanish (say) in a century. Domestic life now involves a continuous struggle against the masses of waste paper, circulars and advertisements, which pour in by every post; and but for a systematic destruction would cause a household to be snowed up as under a paper avalanche. The race at large is suffering in the same way;

and some mode of self-defence is becoming absolutely necessary. The legislation we have suggested would provide an automatic machinery which would become operative at the end of the twentieth century. From that time forth no book would be in existence which would have been printed more than a hundred years, and room would be constantly made for a new influx by the spontaneous vanishing of rubbish.

It would not follow that all literature above a century old should perish. It would simply be that books not reprinted for a century would vanish. All the great books, the models and masterpieces of literature, would be preserved; and there would, we may suppose, be a constant watchfulness over books which were approaching the fatal term. The effect would be like that of cremation. We should destroy what is really dead instead of preserving mere mummies. The literature actually preserved would be mainly such as had some *prima facie* claim to the title of classical. We are often exhorted to limit our reading to really good books. That is obviously impossible, if we are to know anything of our contemporaries; but it seems to be a sound rule for the study of older literature. Shakespeare is worth reading; but the only real use of plunging into the enormous rubbish heaps of the small Elizabethan literature is to glorify the Dry-as-dusts who won't recognize the inevitable law of death. The advantages are obvious in the case of history. A book which shall be a great work of art as well as an accurate record is now scarcely possible. The improvement of modern history is a familiar topic, and in certain respects is undeniable. But it is permissible to doubt whether modern historians would not be better if great masses of records had been summarily destroyed. The examination of all manner of archives and State paper offices has, it is true, enabled recent inquirers to give elaborate accounts of the various purposes and impressions of Statesmen from day to day. If history is understood as implying an exact knowledge of Queen Elizabeth's intentions as to Mary Queen of Scots at any given date the records have been invaluable. But even in the hands of a great literary artist like Fronde, history written on this scheme often becomes wearisome because we feel that the minute personal questions are both insoluble and irrelevant. The broad and really important facts are obscured by the supposed necessity of going into minute biography. Imagine a history of the present day written on the scale adopted for periods when documents were comparatively rare, and the unfortunate historian bound to be familiar with all the views of Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury and all their subordinates, to read all the private letters, and all the despatches, and all the Blue-books, and all the statistical tables to make up his mind about all the ins and outs of the labour question, and the education question, and the rights of our policy in Egypt and India—any one of which is enough to occupy the whole time of a contemporary. If it takes Mr. Gardiner a year to write the history of a year at Cromwell's time it will hereafter take a lifetime to write of a year under Queen Victoria. History on such a scale is plainly impossible; and it is every day becoming more essential to tabulate,

classify, prepare indexes, and in one way or other to organize the vast masses of information which are accumulating more and more rapidly. The unhappy historian in the future will be physically unable to go into a hundredth part of the available sources of information. He must constantly be content with summaries without trying to go behind them; and it is desirable that the burthen should be lightened by destroying what is plainly useless. We seem to be making such a mistake as a collector of a museum of natural history, who should not be content with getting examples of every species, but should try to keep every example he could of each species. The historian is constantly tempted to waste time by ascertaining facts, not because everybody supposes that they can throw any more light upon any serious question, but simply because they are ascertainable. He can only refuse on peril of being denounced as superficial by somebody who spends his whole energy upon the minute details which are really without any significance. The historian will clearly have to abandon the pretence of omniscience; but he should be freed from the temptation of pretending to it by destroying the worthless records, which, so long as they exist, make constant calls upon his attention. After all, a vast mass of knowledge is valueless; it could be destroyed without really altering our judgment of any important point, and if we here and there destroyed something which might be of some use, we should get a greater advantage by making the waste of time upon such investigations once for all impossible.

The argument applies even more clearly to pure literature. How much of all the writing intended for ephemeral amusement is really worth the space it occupies on the shelves of the British Museum? Look at any collection of British poets. Say honestly what proportion of it does any good to any human being. The old rule as to mediocrity in poetry gives the principle. A tenth-rate historian may add something to our knowledge of fact; but a tenth-rate poet does nothing whatever. He is simply an inferior echo of something better, and the original is enough for all our purposes. Would anybody suffer if Blackmore's "Creation" or Boyse's "Deity" had calmly and quietly vanished away? Will our grandchildren have any cause for sorrow if ninety-nine hundredths of all the publications of to-day should disappear like a bad dream? To keep such things, it may be said, is a harmless superstition. They may be stowed away in boxes and do no injury to any one. There is, however, some harm to libraries, as every one knows who has anything to do with the accumulating matters which are always overpowering the energies of their guardians. But the bare existence of such repositories discourages and overwhelms conscientious readers. They are haunted by the vague impression that they ought to read everything, and forget that the more rubbish they study the less energy they have for what is good. And surely the honest writer of such stuff may feel the same. He writes an article to amuse his neighbours for a few minutes. He has nothing whatever to say to posterity. When he writes a letter to a friend he means it for the waste-

paper basket. When he addresses the public, he means the public of his own period, and should feel it to be an impertinence if he is forced to present himself to the future race without any intention of his own. We are, as has sometimes been remarked, ephemeral beings, and ought to behave as such. Why should we be forced to be immortal? We should be content, and even eager, to pass into oblivion as soon as the temporary purpose of amusing an idle hour has been fulfilled. A writer who feels that strongly—of course we do not speak to the Heaven-born genius—should insist, if he could, upon having his work printed upon perishable materials. Immortality in print is not only a superfluity; the bare suggestion of its possibility is a positive injury to one's feelings.

LESLIE STEPHEN.

### FICTION.

#### THREE TRANSLATIONS.

**Torrents of Spring.** By Ivan Turgenev. Translated from the Russian by Constance Garnett. 7×4½in., 406 pp. London, 1897. Heinemann. 3/-

**Captain Mansana and Mother's Hands.** By Björnsterne Björnson. Translated from the Norwegian. 7×4½in., 224 pp. London, 1897. Heinemann. 3/-

**Niobe.** By Jonas Lie. Translated from the Norwegian by H. L. Brækstad. Svo., 200 pp. London, 1897. Heinemann. 3/6

In these three books we have presented to us three totally distinct kinds of literary craftsmanship, all from the pens of men whom the world has agreed to recognize as masters. If we are to consider them on their artistic and literary merits we must take them in the order in which they are given above, and then we shall be compelled to admit how immeasurably superior to the other two is the mighty Russian giant. Veshnia Vodni, the "Torrents of Spring," as Mrs. Garnett has translated it, has been regarded by many of the author's admirers as his masterpiece. To understand the poetic beauty of its title it is necessary to have lived in Russia, and to have witnessed the fairy transformation-scene of spring—that annual renaissance of nature, when the vast snow-fields melt and pour their turbulent waters into the moving rivers, on whose torrential surface the ice is being rapidly whirled along. It is a time of awakening, of joy and hope, of feverish restlessness.

Briefly, "Torrents of Spring" is a reminiscence. A middle-aged bachelor, who has outlived his powers of enjoyment, a *blasé* and disappointed man, turns up a memento of the past which recalls to him some passages in his early life, when he was strong and buoyant, and spending a holiday in that paradise of educated Russians which they call "beyond the frontier"—their equivalent for our "abroad." The story is lightly and gracefully told; it has all the charm of Balzac without that writer's tediousness of style. The following brief extract will explain our meaning. Let the reader compare it with the opening passages of "Père Goriot," and he will at once see the greater lightness of the Russian artist's touch:—

But in the shop, where, behind the modest counter, on the shelves of a stained cupboard, recalling a chemist's shop, stood a few bottles with gold labels, and as many glass jars of biscuits, chocolate cakes, and sweetmeats—in this room there was not a soul; only a gray cat blinked and purred, sharpening its claws on a tall wicker chair near the window, and a bright patch of colour was made in the waning sunlight by a big ball of red wool lying on the floor beside a carved wooden basket turned upside down.

Mrs. Garnett's translations are too well known to be in need of recommendation; they are readable and fairly accurate, though they bear evidence of haste, and occasionally she takes unwarrantable liberties with the original, as, for instance, when she

says, "his diminutive little face," where "diminutive" would have sufficed, and Turgenev himself, of course, uses but one adjective. These are trifles. We are also aggrieved by the spelling which she has adopted of Turgenev's name; that name to be pronounceable in English should be spelt Turgueniev. "Mumier," another story in this volume, is an exquisitely touching episode in serf life, devoid of coarse physical brutalities, but replete with the more delicate tortures which a fashionable lady could inflict on her serfs without being accused of anything more than thoughtless capriciousness. We feel certain that this ably-translated collection of some of Turgenev's minor gems will increase his popularity in England.

In "Captain Mansana and Mother's Hands" Björnson has been fortunate in his translator, who prefers to remain anonymous, but whose work leaves nothing to be desired. The story of Captain Mansana, a sort of Italian Don Quixote, and a seething volcano of passion and extravagance, is absurdly unnatural and improbable; but the skill of the teller is so great, he has drawn his picture with such art, that we are entrapped into believing in it. The impossible characters, reminiscent of Dumas at his best, seem to be real men and women, and his story of their adventures is so exciting that we hold our breath till we have ended the book. Here the author of "The Glove" has cast his subtle social problems to the winds, and given us a stirring, moving, dramatic story. In "Mother's Hands," where the author gets back to his native soil, we fancy we can detect the trail of the "Ibsenitish" woman. The story is, nevertheless, a pure and healthy idyll of domestic happiness, and although the hero occasionally gets drunk, neither his wife nor the author seem to mind it.

"Niobe," whilst more ambitious in design and more replete with "questions," presents an extremely unpleasant picture of modern life in Norway; but it is terribly true, and its tragedy is all the more intense for being of the homely order. It is a book which George Eliot might have written had she lived to-day, and it depicts, in cleverly-voiled language, the collapse of the old, the insufficiency and falseness of the new orders of social life. These young people, with their "right to happiness" and their hatred of drudgery, unconsciously preach the lesson of work and duty. The story is full of incident, it is never tedious, and it gives an interesting picture of Norwegian family life. It is excellently put into English by Mr. Brækstad, himself an author of no mean ability.

Having thus glanced hurriedly over these three translations, we are struck by the fact that while Turgenev has been dead these fifteen years and more, his works are to-day as much in touch with modern problems as any of the Norwegian school, and his pictures of life seem to stand out in a clear and bold relief which the Norwegians cannot attain.

**Corleone: A Tale of Sicily.** By F. Marion Crawford. 2 Vols. 7×4½in., 336+341 pp. London, 1897. Macmillan. 12/-

We have not often met with a more satisfactory novel than "Corleone," and have little doubt that it will be regarded as one of Mr. Crawford's best works. It belongs, of course, to modern life, but to modern life among romantic people and in romantic places; and the author, knowing well the scenes and the people of whom he writes, invests with an air of reality a tale which in unskilful hands would have seemed wildly improbable. Roman princes and ladies, Sicilian noblemen, bandits, and peasants live and move in his pages in a solid and convincing manner, while the presence of an American heiress and her mother assures us that we are, after all, in the nineteenth century. The reminder is really necessary, for, except that the brigands carry Winchester rifles, the apparatus and atmosphere of the story belong to the middle ages. It would be difficult to give an intelligible summary of the plot, but we may hasten to say that the brigands, though they play an important part, do not perform their usual rôle of capturing and terrifying innocent people. The plot turns on the sale of a Sicilian estate to a rich Roman nobleman, and on the difficulties and dangers that await



him when he takes possession of his purchase. In the motive there is, no doubt, a certain resemblance to another popular work, but it is a superficial resemblance at the most. The real subject of the book is Sicily, its present condition and its contrast with the rest of the Italian Kingdom. As Mr. Marion Crawford says, "many things are possible to-day in Sicily which have not been possible anywhere else in Europe for at least two centuries, and the few foreigners who know the island well can tell tales of Sicilians which the world at large would hardly accept even as fiction." For some of these marvels the extraordinary loyalty of the Sicilians to one another may be accountable. In "Corleone" one of the dispossessed Sicilian Pagliuca family offers violence to a country girl, but is prevented by one of the interloping Romans. The girl, nevertheless, remains on the side of the Pagliuca. And so with the people at large. The old family had oppressed them from generation to generation,

But now that the Pagliuca had lost their birthright, that was all forgotten in the fact that they were Sicilians, injured by Romans. It was the duty of every good Sicilian to stand by the Pagliuca against the Romans and against the authorities, come what might.

There was, no doubt, some such sentiment in the disturbed parts of Ireland in such a year as 1882; but its intensity was as nothing compared with what Mr. Crawford describes, and Ireland never was, like Sicily, a suitable soil for the mafia. We must quote Mr. Crawford again:—"The mafia is the Sicilian character, Sicilian honour, Sicilian principles. It is an idea, not an institution. It is what makes it impossible to govern Sicily." And elsewhere:—

The mafia is not a band, nor anything of that sort. It is the resistance which the whole Sicilian people opposes to all kinds of government and authority. It is, how shall I say? A sentiment, a feeling, a sort of wild love of our country, that is a secret, and will do anything. With us, everybody knows what it is, and evil comes to every one who opposes it, generally death.

And the mafia has a long arm. It is the author himself who affirms that the man who betrayed the famous brigand Leone still lives, a beggar, without eyes, hands, or feet, in the streets of Naples.

With material such as this to work upon, Mr. Crawford has no difficulty in building up an exciting and dramatic story of the quarrel between the rich Roman Saracinesca and the impoverished Pagliuca, and of the love, as of Romeo and Juliet, of Orsino Saracinesca and Vittoria Pagliuca. Happily, as Orsino has slain, not Juliet's cousin but her brother, the young lady is discovered not to be a Pagliuca after all, and all ends as it ought. Those who wish for excitement will find it in abundance; but there is another class of readers who will be pleased also—namely, those who find enjoyment not so much in the tale as in the telling. Their interest in the plot may be languid, especially after a reference to the last page of the book, and they may not greatly care whether the Pagliuca kill the Saracinesca or vice versa. They will, however, relish Mr. Crawford's style and his grave narrative, which, being wholly without an element of comedy, gains immensely in plausibility. A single comic incident or personage would have ruined the whole. As things are, these solemn Romans and these treacherous Sicilians form a gallery of living portraits, and one feels that their adventures either are true or might easily be so. And sometimes one comes across little observations which show the author's careful study of human nature:—

A woman's faculty for finding out that a man has a secret of some sort is generally far beyond her capacity for discovering what that secret is.

That is true enough. We quote it only to show—perhaps superfluously—that there is sense and philosophy, besides dramatic art, in Mr. Crawford's work.

**Stilpe: ein Roman aus der Froschperspective.** By **Otto Julius Bierbaum.** With a Portrait of the Author. 7½ × 5¼ in., 415 pp. Berlin, 1897. **Schuster and Loeffler.** 4 marks.

If German novels, like German verbs, were divided into "strong" and "weak," according as they conjugate their prin-

cipal parts, then Herr Bierbaum's "Stilpe" would belong to the former category. From his earliest school days in the Freemasons' Institute in Dresden until his dramatic suicide on the boards of an inferior music-hall in Berlin, the study of Stilpe's character is drawn in convincing lines. It is not a pleasant character. As a boy, he thieves; as a youth he does worse; and for the few years of his manhood he acts as a "sponge" and a black-guard. In his own words, which do not understate the case, "I am a man of shreds and tatters. I am burdened with the curse of modernity, which never allows us to collect ourselves." But, despite this unpromising material, we fancy that every reader will admit that Herr Bierbaum has succeeded in adding a real personality to our gallery of fiction, and one whose cleverness and audacity makes him lovable despite his sins. As we lay the book down we cannot but echo, with a sigh of regret, the concluding words of Stilpe's last will and testament, "*qualis poeta pereat.*"

For Willibald Stilpe, the neglected son of a roving lepidopterologist, had undoubtedly the poetic temperament. His misfortune was that all his qualities were displayed in excess or defect. At his schools (he was expelled from the first one), in his University Clubs, and in the Bohemia which he created around him in after life, his genius and ambition raised him far above his fellows. "All in all," we read on page 80, when the hero is about twelve years old, "his conception of God, and his many wandering ideals of fairy forests, Blücher, Kaiser Wilhelm, and Moltke had turned Willibald's thoughts a little from the moon. This survived only as a warm attraction within him, a mixed feeling of unspeakable longing and desirable fear." The reference in "the moon" is to an adventure of love by moonlight on the part of an elder schoolfellow which had fired his boyish curiosity. Presently, however, the mystery of the moon was explained, and "women and wine," as in the refrain of the German song, took hold of Stilpe's soul. His theory of the influence of wine on poetry is given on a later page, and is as clever as it is amusing. "The whole history of literature," he concluded, "so far as verse-writing is concerned, is nothing but a comparative table of drinks. I shall write my Doctor's dissertation on that theme."

With these principles, which he practised as long as he had a *groschen* in his pocket, Stilpe's adventures cannot be said to be edifying. We do not propose to follow him through all the stages of his ineffectual career. There was a brief period of respectability, when he sat at the journalists' table in the Kaiserhof, and terrified young authors by wielding the critic's pen. But from this eminence he soon descended, and the most interesting part of Herr Bierbaum's novel, of which, by the way, a second edition was announced last week, is contained in the concluding chapters, which deal with Bohemia in Berlin. The German equivalent of the Latin Quarter in Paris is situated on the north side of the Spree; and Herr Bierbaum succeeds in giving a much more likely picture of it than the rose-coloured reminiscences of the author of "Trilby." It was here that Stilpe tried his last chance of success, which was to take the form of a music-hall of all the talents. A foreign reader will also turn with interest to the graphic accounts which are given in earlier chapters of German life at school and University. In conclusion, a word of praise must be said of the lyrics and verses which are scattered through these pages. Herr Bierbaum is already known as a poet of no mean performance, and some of Stilpe's fragmentary poems will add to the author's reputation.

**Wayside Courtships; Jason Edwards; A Spoil of Office; A Member of the Third House.** By **Hamlin Garland.** Uniform Edition. 5¼ × 7¾ in., 277 pp. New York, 1897. **D. Appleton.** \$1.25 each.

We have read these tales in the order given above, and it was with some difficulty that we reached the last. In the third, and longest, Mr. Garland takes 375 pages to develop a farm-hand into a Congressman and marry him off to the right woman, who may be considered as part of the "spoils" of his "office."

Mr. Garland is of the school of young literary lions of Chicago who in the "Chapbook" have been roaring "like any sucking dove" for some years. This is a specimen of something they permit themselves to print:—

She was in the box; he was far above in the gallery. He looked down and across and saw her sitting there, fair as a flower and rabel like a royal courtesan in flame and snow. . . . Her smile settles into a curious contraction that is almost painful to see. His unsmiling eyes are looking sombrely, sternly, accusingly into hers. They are charged with all the bitterness and hate and disappointed ambition which social injustice and inequality had wrought into his soul. . . . From the height of his intellectual pride he bent his head and sent a winged caress. ("Wayside Courtships.")

It is difficult to believe that this is supposed to represent an American scene. It was a shock to us. In our innocence we had imagined that all this sort of thing was impossible in "the Land of the Free," and that the style in which Mr. Garland artlessly relates it was superannuated as well. Yet this is evidently the finest flower of the culture of the West. And we have a lurking suspicion that in the West they are old-fashioned. Just as in matters of politics the United States are still struggling with a corruption which the "effete Monarchies of Europe" have managed to destroy, with "doctrines" which on this side have long ago been dead and buried, so in literature we cannot help the reflection that the school of Mr. Hamlin Garland is very much behind the times. The unfortunate part of it is that both imagine themselves to be in the vanguard of progress. Mr. Garland is in too great a hurry. Let him restrain his eager pen, cut out his adjectives, chasten his exuberance, and start fresh. He can write well and descriptively when he forgets that vanguard; but his efforts to be uncommon overleap themselves.

One of the most refreshing of his characters is the young man from the Chicago wheat-pit who "had a bold and keen look in spite of the bang of yellow hair which hung over his forehead." Or we can sympathize with Jason Edwards (though not with his "front name"), who went out West from New York only to be killed in a cyclone. But Mr. Garland's women are far too much in earnest for the ordinary man. This, for instance, is how Ida Wilbur looked at her first interview with Bradley Talcott:—

She made a grand picture of thought, something more active than meditation. Her dress trailed in long, sweeping lines. . . . "The farmer lacks comparative ideas," she went on; "he don't know how poor he is. If he once finds it out, let the politicians and their masters the money-changers beware. . . ."

She married Bradley apparently to help in his efforts to reform the politics of his country, of which the dark picture given in "A Spoil of Office" is painted in even stronger colours in "A Member of the Third House."

Mr. Garland at least has the courage of his convictions. He can hit straight and hard when he likes. Perhaps if he wrote his principles of politics on the editorial pages of a few leading American papers he might do good. But his stories gain nothing by their somewhat too vehement intrusion. For the rest, if he cannot write good prose, he must give up trying a poetical imitation of it. In simplicity will be his strength, for the subjects ready to his hand are "strong" enough to need no decoration, and look very awkward in the fine clothes of Mr. Garland's rhetoric.

**The Larramys.** By George Ford. 8½x5½in., 326 pp. London, 1897. Hutchinson. 6/-

The spell of the soft West Country breathes from the first page of "The Larramys." The reader on whom it has once fallen will plunge with delight into the dreamy Devon atmosphere, redolent of warm rains and summer moons, and blue as its own violets. So well suited is such an atmosphere to the passionate idyll of William Larramy's courtship that it almost persuades us to believe in Esther Craven's marriage with him. But it is not into a tedious Arcady of piping shepherds that George Ford introduces us. The true "Devonshire native"

walks and talks through his pages; a native unpractical, fatalistic, not from a superabundance of sentiment or philosophy, but merely from lack of initiative and dislike of mental and bodily trouble. Nothing could be better than the picture of the whole Larramy family, from the old father, whose wide face, when he laughed, "gave the impression of something turned inside out," to the youngest son, the gentle and unfortunate Steve. This life-like presentation of a West Country world would alone make "The Larramys" good reading. It is raised above the level of a mere sketch of manners by a tragic and interesting theme—the marriage of a lady to a man of a lower class. Tragic it inevitably is, interesting because the why and the wherefore of its tragedy are involved in the singular character of our race—a character which sometimes appears the most natural, sometimes the most artificial in the world.

In France consideration and respect for women, in a sense somewhat different from our own, run through every grade of society; in Germany, unless report greatly errs, they are equally deficient in all grades. In England alone they constitute a class distinction. The English gentleman is, from some points of view, the most absolutely chivalrous of men. The Englishman of a lower class is disrespectful in his attitude towards his womankind, even when good natured; when the good-nature fails, there is nothing to prevent his lapsing into sheer brutality. This strange gulf between the classes is admirably realized in "The Larramys"—the gradual disappearance of the frail crust of passion that at first conceals it, the amazement and indignation of the wife, the blind, bewildered anger of the husband at resistances and distastes to him incomprehensible. All works up naturally to the climax. It would have taken but little to make of this clever story something more excellent. The haughtiness and coldness of Esther's character are disagreeably emphasized. They make her marriage improbable, and are unnecessary to the later development of the situation. A more serious defect is the apparently accidental growth of another story in the middle of the main plot. The Careys set in the dim background of the Larramys' life have an evident use; but to permit their loves to break off the reader's attention for so long and so completely as they do from the central situation is a gross artistic blunder—a blunder not to be extenuated even by the fact that it brings us acquainted with so spirited and attractive a creature as Ella Carey.

## At the Bookstall.

Some of the old bookstalls on the quays of Paris are about to disappear. How many is not yet known, but the exigencies of modern railway expansion demand the sacrifice of a few at least of these late survivals of a trade that is everywhere falling into disuse. The origin of this branch of Paris bookselling goes back to the beginning of the 17th century, when a few stalls were set up on the Pont Neuf. In spite of repeated enactments for their suppression they gradually extended eastward, first on one side of the river and then on the other, and now they number some 150 separate stalls with about 1,500 boxes. The owners of these boxes of books are classed as hawkers, and are therefore bound to procure licences from the Prefecture of Police. This is done with a view to guard against their becoming systematic receivers of stolen property, but a cursory glance over the stalls to-day is sufficient to show that there is little worth stealing. Small dumpy copies of Clement Marot; faded sets of Voltaire and Rousseau; recent publications that have been opened, as Wordsworth used to open some of his books, with a knife that has left its greasy honours behind it on every page; second-hand copies of George Sand and Flaubert; soiled copies of those books on esoteric subjects which are somewhat peculiar to Paris—these are the books one finds in profusion on the stalls, and it is a practically hopeless task to look there for either fine or valuable works.

A deal of glamour has at times been cast over these stores

of literary lumber. Some one's fancy long ago invented a legend that Napoleon, when a Lieutenant of Artillery, often sought inspiration by spending odd half-hours at these receptacles of knowledge. Other famous men have, so it is reported, spent time in exploring the dusty piles, but we doubt whether they were ever well repaid for their trouble. In the good old days when booksellers' shops were few there was an important amount of trading done at these stalls, especially in the period just following the Revolution, when we know that remnants of the great French libraries were on sale on the side walks of the Quai de la Tournelle and the other quays on the south of the Seine.

Apart from this short period the Paris book boxes have never risen to the dignity of the true bookstall—the open shop front with its rare prints and well-assorted volumes, such as used to exist in Little Britain, St. Paul's-churchyard, and Fleet-street. A mere heap of miscellaneous pamphlets and out-at-elbows volumes does not constitute a bookstall. The unobtrusive air of self-respect attaching to books that have grown old in the affections of men, the tone of refinement that inseparably connects itself with objects that former generations have treasured—these are qualities that go to create the genuine bookstall. They elevate the tone of their environment, and it was this personal and sympathetic atmosphere that made Nassau-street, New York, such a dignified locality in its palmy days, when Wynkyn de Worde and Pynsons still stood cheek by jowl, and when black-letter books were as plentiful as blackberries.

While ostensibly appealing only to book-buyers, the Paris stalls contain quite a store of odds and ends. Stamps, coins, bronzes, plaster casts, engravings, book-plates—in a word, an endless assortment of the unconsidered trifles of bric-a-brac; and if one's search fails to secure, say, a Lyons counterfeit, one can often meet with a spurious Tanagra statuette. We have nothing in London which quite compares with these bookstalls, and, in point of age, Farringdon-road and Holywell-street are mushroom growths when contrasted with the antiquity of the trade carried on by the stalls of the Pont Neuf and its neighbourhood. The steady growth of the booksellers' catalogue has had something to do with killing the unattached stall. At the beginning of the present century only the best houses issued catalogues, but now it is rare to find a second-hand dealer of any standing who does not do so. This is an eminently practical way of doing business; it saves time, but it robs book-collecting of a great attraction. So far as London is concerned, the itinerant bookstall has been gradually sinking in the public estimation, and the Farringdon-road collection of barrows has become the veriest Ghetto of bookland. There was a time when there existed a chance of finding here a good if not a fine book, but that time has long since passed away. Should anything valuable now happen to come to the hawkers from a rummage auction sale, it is at once taken to the better-class dealers without waiting for a purchaser among the casual passers in the street.

The most deadly modern enemy of the London stall is undoubtedly the growing cult of book-plate collecting. Thousands of octaves and duodecimos—the little 18th century classics bound in calf—series like the *Tattler* and *Spectator*, and books like Thomson's "Seasons" with Westall's plates, which used formerly to drift to the barrow, are now destroyed for the book-plates they contain. There is a dealer's shop within sound of St. Paul's where any day one may see numbers of these innocents massacred merely for their armorial plates, and it is questionable whether even Grangerizing led to the ruin of a larger number of books than the now flourishing hobby of the book-plate collector.

We cannot but regret the tendency to restrict the second-hand book trade to the enclosed shop. The formal business air of the counter kills the charm that used to attach to the casual purchase of a worthy volume. Book-hunting is an interesting hobby, and a chance, however remote, of finding a rare tract, or of coming across a desired first edition, is sufficient inducement to the most ordinary bibliophile to linger at a stall so long as there is a book to inspect or a bundle to turn over. It may happen that the search will not result in anything more than finding a book which neither common sense nor intelligence will permit of being classed as a treasure, but which may be very desirable either for completing a set or for filling a gap in a cycle otherwise incomplete. But, on the other hand, it may result in finding a book of whose literary value there is no possible doubt—such, for instance, as those little volumes which once belonged to the author of "Christabel"—books scribbled over and annotated by Coleridge, who, De Quincey tells us, used at such times to imagine that he had an audience before him, and therefore never wrote a line on the margin of a book for which he did not feel the momentary inspiration of sympathy and applause.

## Foreign Letters.

### THE UNITED STATES.

In the Athenæum Press Series of annotated texts from standard English literature, now being published in Boston, the last volume, which appeared within a week, is notable. The previous books of this series, though good in their kind, have generally been only fresh editions of works otherwise accessible. This stands by itself. Professor J. M. Manly, of Brown University, one of the two or three most accomplished pupils of the late Professor Child, has collected, under the unpretentious title of "Specimens of the Pre-Shakespearean Drama," examples of English dramatic literature, in every extant form, from the earliest liturgical notes of the tenth century to Bale's "Kinge Johan." In a second volume he promises before long to carry this work up to the "Spanish Tragedy"; and there will be a third volume, containing a full treatise on the development of the drama in England, and a glossary. The volume which has appeared suffices to prove this work one of the first importance to all students of the matters it deals with. While it contains little or nothing not previously printed somewhere, it literally puts within everybody's reach texts which until this moment have been available only in such rare and various forms as can be found in few private collections. It establishes the texts, too, with a scholarly precision not attained in the older editions; and yet it is instinct throughout with literary as distinguished from pedantic or linguistic temper. Not so exceptional a work, of course, as Child's "Ballads," it is serious and scholarly and humane enough to be grouped with that. No other work on the origins of the literary form which reached its acme in the work of Shakespeare is comparable with Professor Manly's in either plan or execution. Books like this, one feels, are too good to be obscured, even for a while, in any series; but perhaps it were wiser to thank the series for stimulating them into being.

During the last week, too, has appeared Mr. John Fiske's new contribution to the popular history of the United States—two volumes entitled "Old Virginia and Her Neighbours." This is parallel to his well-known "Beginnings of New England"; and a few volumes more will probably complete his survey of the whole range of American history, from the earliest voyages of discovery to the present century. No other treatment of these matters compares with his in scope or in grasp; nor could any style be much more pleasantly readable. He has the rare gift of making things interesting which in other hands would bore you. Yet somehow, for all its merit, popular and substantial, his way of putting things jars on one. It is not that he deliberately expresses himself in a manner consonant with the prejudices of triumphant democracy, but rather that you keep wishing he would take more pains not to do so. His work is good enough to merit the final grace of distinction; very likely, however, his readers prefer him without it.

What may be regarded as an unwitting contribution to American humour, meanwhile, has appeared just where one would least have expected, in the literary columns of the *Nation*. Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge, junior Senator from Massachusetts, is a public man who has had the misfortune to differ in political principle from a great number of excellent people, among whom are the managers of the newspaper in question—and who has conducted himself with serene disregard of their views. His consequent political success, which is marked, has naturally disturbed them, to a degree which has completely freed from amenity their comments on his public life. Besides being a successful politician, of a partisan type, Mr. Lodge is among the most conscientiously equipped men of letters in America. He has lately published a volume of essays, speeches, and the like, entitled "Certain Accepted Heroes." Not pretending to immortality, this book is thoughtful, interesting, and well-written—altogether the sort of thing which one welcomes from a busy man who might well plead that his public duties were enough to occupy all his time. Now, everybody knows that the *Nation* tries honestly to rise above prejudice; and yet the *Nation* in some two columns earnestly attempts to persuade us that as a man of letters Mr. Lodge is jejune, silly, and whatever else one does not like to be. It is an excellent bit of humorous advertisement, the fun of which lies in its guileless unconsciousness of its own humour.

To pass from humour to fiction, it is said that the most widely-sold American novel of this season is Mr. Edward Bellamy's "Equality." Mr. Bellamy, it may be remembered, began his literary career some years ago as a novelist, in which

capacity, people at first supposed, he gave the world his Utopian story "Looking Backwards." However this book was originally meant, it happened to impress a large public, of the dreamily philanthropic sort, as a serious contribution to political philosophy: and actually gave rise to a new political sect, called Nationalist, of which Mr. Bellamy forthwith became the prophet. "Equality," then, was probably intended for what it bids fair to become—in many eyes, not of the far-seeing kind—a sacred book of the West. This aspect of it has lately been rather comically emphasized. The austere seriousness of New England nowhere survives more sturdily than at the Andover Theological Seminary, of which the President, the Rev. Dr. Harris, author of "Moral Evolution," has lately produced a work called "Inequality and Progress." His thesis is understood to be that the former is an indispensable condition of the latter: if somebody did not get ahead, the reverend gentleman holds, there would be no sort even of a human race. This display of obvious good sense is not remarkable; but the circular of his publishers is. In this they state that Dr. Harris incidentally, and, to some extent, directly, combats the heresies of Mr. Edward Bellamy. Natural selection, in other words, the earthly counterpart of the divine old Calvinistic doctrine of election, is held to be threatened; Andover to the rescue!

Among the "American Contributions to Civilization" lately set forth by President Eliot, of Harvard College, is one which bears on the main point. The volume, which contains a number of occasional speeches and papers covering a period of 25 years, includes a short one entitled "Equality in a Republic." This was written about a year ago for the *Cambridge Magazine*, the official organ of a philanthropic institution called the Prospect Union, which tries to nestle under the wing of Harvard. When this union started a sign appeared over the door of its quarters bearing the words "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity." In short order this disappeared, to be replaced by another, of which President Eliot is author; and this little article explains why. Blameless though the literal meaning of the Gallic motto may be, a century of misadventure has made it stand for other ideals than those of law and order. "Social unity," writes Mr. Eliot, "is consistent with great social diversities. Let us substitute for the French motto 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity,' an Anglo-Saxon motto—'Freedom, Unity, Brotherhood.' Those three ideas go well together, and express a lofty and practicable social aim." So under the words "Freedom, Unity, Brotherhood," the Prospect Union now proceeds in its well-meaning mission. This cool recognition at once of a truth and of its limits is very characteristic of President Eliot, and of his book. One may be far from agreement with him at every turn; but one cannot read his work without constant recognition of the courageous, and very individual, personality which has made him during the past 20 years, though by no means the most popular, undoubtedly the most powerful, force in American education.

Among the books which are appearing almost daily there are of course, a great many novels. Few of these seem at first glance important; but the very number of them, if nothing else, makes them worth attention by themselves. For that it will be best to wait until more space is at one's disposal than is left to-day. Two or three Christmas books, however, deserve at least passing mention. One is an elaborately-illustrated edition of Mr. Cable's "Old Creole Days," those pleasant, romantic tales of Louisiana which he has never surpassed. The stories are good enough to stand the test of a large, fair page; and the illustrations, by Mr. Albert Herter, reproduced in photogravure, though not exactly powerful, are sympathetic and in good taste. They might, indeed, seem even better but for the accident that at the same moment appears a pleasant little book, nothing like so lasting in substance as Mr. Cable's, but illustrated by Mr. Howard Pyle. This is the Rev. Henry Van Dyke's "First Christmas Tree," which may be described as the best sort of work that can proceed from an impulse ordinarily resulting in Sunday school literature. This blameless commonplace, however, is more than redeemed by the four pictures of Mr. Pyle, who may safely be pronounced the best illustrator of books we have ever had. He is one of those rare men who cannot be either pretentious or commonplace, if they try. Though not quite at his best here, he is at least better than the best of anybody else.

#### FRANCE.

M. Clemenceau is on the point of publishing a novel. Already M. Fasquelle is announcing it. The news will, no doubt, come as a surprise to nine out of ten Englishmen, who think of him only as the terrible leader of the Opposition at the Palais Bourbon, where in the old days—it was not so very long ago, but already the period seems ancient history—a single terse,

incisive speech from 15 minutes to a half hour delivered by him at just the *moment psychologique* (which he always chose with so startling an art) precipitated into the forces of Republican "concentration" a disintegrating element, separated the Radicals from the "Opportunists," destroyed the cohesion of the mass, and brought about the fall of the Ministry. M. Clemenceau was a great leader because he was a great orator, and he was a great orator because he was a great artist. After the famous political contest in which he was unseated, mainly by the outrageously mendacious accusations of his enemies who treated him as more than Anglophile, he seemed almost delighted at last to be able to indulge his passion for artistic expression in conditions less trying. He began to write, and not merely as a journalist, but as a philosopher and a man of letters. Even here in Paris his articles were a revelation. In a style less mannered and more French than that of the *Goncourts* or that of his friend *Geffroy*, but with a concern for the *mot propre* as eager as theirs, he produced during long months an admirably vigorous series of varied little essays on men and things which showed him in a light not merely more favourable than that of the gas-heated, noisy amphitheatre of the French Chamber, but one singularly fitted to enhance the esteem in which he is held by artists and thinkers. He took a prominent place among the best writers in Paris.

Then he made a journey to Greece, where, for some weeks, Pausanias in hand, he wandered among the monuments of the Peloponnesus and amidst storied sites, recording his singularly-clear sensations in many memorable phrases, which distinguished these articles as remarkable even in the literature which has reflected the beauty and the rare interest of the Hellenic country. These articles were strewn among the Paris journals. They have not been reprinted, and it is a pity. They would seem to have been interrupted by the story, *Les Plus Forts*, which M. Fasquelle is now announcing. At all events, in these studies of Greece, M. Clemenceau is at his best, and it is comprehensible that he wishes to perfect a work so excellent as with the thumb-nail touches of the Greek sculptor. I learn that he is thinking of completing them, and that to do so he may even go next spring to Greece. In anticipation of such a trip we can afford, perhaps, to wait, but not on any other condition less consoling.

On the 5th of this month the idyllic little island, shaded by the slender poplars, at Ermenonville, where Jean Jacques Rousseau was buried, and where his tomb has stood for years unmolested, save by rare visitors who had come thither in pilgrimage, was invaded by a gang of workmen under the direction of a Paris architect. Prince Radziwill, the owner of the beautiful park and the chateau, under the pretext of the necessity of restoring the monument, had given orders that the tomb should be opened, and he found the cavern empty. Thereupon the old problem was revived—What has become of the body of Rousseau? It is perhaps a sense of the danger of assertion where testimony is so conflicting, perhaps only the remarkable spirit of proportion which characterizes the book, that makes Mr. John Morley so cautious in the haunting lines which, closing his study of Jean Jacques, thus refer to the last resting place of the philosopher:—

By the serene moonrise of a summer night (he says) the body was put under the ground on an island in the midst of a small lake where poplars throw shadows over the still water, silently figuring the destiny of mortals. Here it remained for 16 years. Then amid the roar of cannon, the crash of trumpet and drum, and the wild acclamations of a populace gone mad in exultation, terror, fury, it was ordered that the poor dust should be transported to the national temple of great men.

"It was ordered," said Mr. Morley, but history has never been able to determine whether the order was obeyed. René de Virardin certainly handed over a coffin to the clamours of the Parisians, but only after such temporization as had exposed him to the dangerous wrath of the tyrants of the State, and only after he had had ample time to conceal the remains of Rousseau in another corner of his park. Moreover there is a letter of Napoleon proving that he believed that some years later the body was at Ermenonville.

Visiting the island and the charming little village the other day I entered the common room of the hostelry, where, curiously enough, some of the working men whom the Prince had employed were taking their *goutte* before returning to Paris. They were talking of Jean Jacques, and discussing, as everybody has been discussing here, this problem of the great man's ashes. One of them offered this proof of either the haste or the care, as you may wish to interpret it, with which the coffin was removed in order to be transported to the Pantheon. The ancient workmen, said he, had not touched the monument proper, but, digging a ditch at its head, had pickaxed the wall below the level of the soil, and, having removed the contents of the tomb, filled in the gap with the loose stone and rubble

and cement which he and his fellows two weeks ago came upon when working in obedience to the Prince on the same spot. As I listened I was reminded of the letter to Mme. de Staël, from the sister or the daughter, I believe, of the then *châtelain* of Ermenonville, stating that Rousseau had been buried six feet beneath the soil, and I wondered whether, even on the occasion of the original violation of the tomb, the workmen ever dug deep enough to find the body. Certainly on the present occasion, if the letter of the lady in question is accurate, as I have recently myself discovered, they did not do so. At all events the story that during the Restoration, when once again the priests came into power, the ashes of Voltaire and Rousseau were removed from the Pantheon by night, placed in a sack and dumped into a ditch in the country near Paris, has never been proven true, although it has never been proven false.

The question evidently is a perplexing one. It will probably never be solved unless one day, after all, the body be discovered in some corner of the Ermenonville estate hidden away by Girardin who mystified the Convention, if indeed it be not still under the ruined Greek temple on the hill, or on the little island some three or four feet deeper under the soil than the pickaxe and spade of any workman has at present penetrated. All this, however, shows with what caution Mr. John Morley wrote his final paragraph, which still, after the fresh facts collected, remains as scientific a statement of the situation as is warranted.

## Correspondence.

### THE SWISS RELIEF STATIONS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Will you give me the opportunity of correcting a slight error into which the reviewer of my book, "Social Switzerland," has very excusably fallen. I should not have troubled you had not the same error been made before by one of your contemporaries. Your reviewer speaks of "National Relief Stations"; and says that they are "called Natural Relief Stations in the book by an obvious misprint." As a fact, "Natural" is correct; this relief I explain to be "relief in kind"—i.e., food, instead of money. The real misprint is in the German name for the stations, which, through inadvertence, appears "Nationalverpflegungstationen" (page 131), instead of "Naturalverpflegungstationen." I trust that your review and others may be the means of directing public attention in England to this truly beneficent institution, whose value for the Swiss and German working classes is incalculable. Permit me, in passing, to wish for *Literature* a long life and a useful one.

I am, yours faithfully,

November 16.

WILLIAM HARBUTT DAWSON.

### RUDYARD KIPLING.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Your issue of the 13th contained a letter signed "An Hussar," on the accuracy of Mr. Kipling's knowledge of military technicalities. By way of an exception to prove the rule reference is made to "a glaring instance of error in one ballad that the soldier at once detects." I find myself wondering whether by any chance the writer may be alluding either (a) to a case in which the expression, though accurate enough at the time when Mr. Kipling's poem first appeared in print, has now ceased to be so, owing to subsequent alterations in the service;—such as, for instance, is to be found in the refrain of "Troopin"; or (b) to a case like that of the phrase "Threes About!" (in "Belts"), which, though accurately representing the formation actually in use at the time of the battle of Chillianwallah, to which it refers, is probably unintelligible to a trooper of the present day.

If it is either of these cases that your correspondent had in mind, I feel sure, from the general tone of his letter, that he will be glad to find that they do not furnish an instance of exceptional failure in Mr. Kipling's omniscience.

Yours respectfully,

Cambridge, Nov. 15.

GERARD F. COBB.

### AMERICAN COLLEGES.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In the letter from the United States in the third number of *Literature* there occurs the expression "as the grandiloquent

fashion of the moment ardently prefers to call American seminaries of learning nowadays, Columbia University." From an American writer the expression seems strange, at least without some explanation of the reasons for this "grandiloquent fashion," which, to a casual reader of the letter, seems what the Americans call "highfalutin." No doubt the founders of the first American colleges followed the custom of England, perhaps with the idea that their imitators would found different colleges as at Oxford and Cambridge, but the subsequent benefactions being small, and the spirit of the time being for economy, they took the form of additions to the resources of the existing institution, with a single teaching staff. Thus Harvard College does all the ordinary under-graduate teaching, but is a part of the University at Cambridge, the latter being constituted by the subsequently created law, medical and theological schools, the scientific and technical departments, &c., in addition to the "College." Columbia has its proper special schools, and very complete and creditable they are, as have Yale, Union, and others, without which no "seminary of learning" is entitled to call itself by the title of "University." The terms "college" and "University" are not then, as one might conclude from the letter of your correspondent, convertible, and the use of the latter term is not only justifiable but is a return to English nomenclature, which is not only justifiable but, so far as the *mutatis mutandis* permit, also correct and desirable. We do not speak of "Harvard College," and the "University at Cambridge" as identical, and if in other seminaries the contrary is the case the difference is fortuitous or comes from the "college" having divided its resources, grown larger than its undergraduate needs were, with the post-graduate schools.

Rome, Nov. 15th.

Yours truly,

W. J. STILLMAN.

### THE BOOKSELLING QUESTION.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Some one has said that all the evil in the world comes from bad definition. Your leader in No. 4 seems to be an illustration of this statement. You define the author as "generally a novelist, who is paid royalties on the number of copies sold," and you proceed to argue that the "author's" interest must be against the net system of publishing because that involves reduction of the nominal sum upon which his royalty is levied. Even if your definition were exact it is hard to see why the community should, in your own words (used it is true in a different connexion), be taxed "to subsidize a special small class of men," to wit, the royalty-levying novelist. But is your definition exact? I venture to demur to it, and to assert that the "author," by which term I mean the writer of books generally and not of one special class of books, is chiefly interested in the same end as the publisher, viz.—the sale of as many copies of a book as possible.

Of any 100 new books printed it may be said that 40 per cent. are produced more or less at the author's own cost; of the remaining 60 per cent., 50 are either paid for outright by the publisher or the latter shares profits in some measure with the author. Probably not more than 10 per cent. of all new books are published on a royalty basis. As regards these 10 per cent., a high nominal selling price is undoubtedly the ideal—*plus* a royalty of 11½d. in the 1s. But why should the authors who pay for their own books, why should they who sell their copyright entirely or for a given number of editions, why should they who share profits (and not merely proceeds) be sacrificed to the royalty-levying aristocrat? In all these cases the author wants as many copies of his book to sell as possible. But to achieve this end there is one, and only one, way—multiply retail booksellers and make the conditions of their trading remunerative enough to enable them to sell books; and what is implied in the words "selling books" no one who has not a practical experience of the trade can tell. Let me repeat what I wrote a little while ago to the *Bookman*:—"Books are sold, as a rule, not because they are reviewed or advertised, but because they are seen and shown; and they cannot be seen unless the bookseller can afford a big shop to display them, and they cannot be shown unless the bookseller can afford to be an intelligent and well-educated man."

Faithfully yours,

ALFRED NUTT.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—To "the trade" the difficulty of recurring to the two-pence discount in the shilling and enforcing it is not so great as your leading article seems to indicate. Every publisher can stop a bookseller's account if it be unsatisfactory, and the thing is

then done, for no recalcitrant can get books profitably through another in a roundabout way.

At present the very large country trade is almost closed to the generality of authors, for country booksellers mostly stock only the "running" books. The average author has no chance of his book being seen, and only a small chance of it being known through an advertisement. The bookseller, who is the author's best agent in the country, cannot afford to speculate on an uncertain or "slow selling" book if he have to retail it at 25 per cent. discount. Although not now in "the trade" I keep my interest in it, and from north to south I am witness of the diminished and inferior stocks of new books kept by country booksellers, and, to a large extent, in London also.

The immediate effect of recurring to a twopence in the shilling discount on copyright books would be to reinstate the country trade, and harm neither author nor publisher. Thus, to consider the instance you give of a six-shilling book under the 25 per cent. system, the cost to the public is 4s. 6d., cost to the bookseller 3s. 9d., royalty to author 1s. 6d., and to the publisher 2s. 3d. On the other system the cost to the public is 5s., to the bookseller 3s. 9d., royalty to author 1s. 6d., and publisher 2s. 3d. Now the country bookseller's expenses are as near as possible 15 per cent. In the latter case his clear profit is 10 per cent. to provide for depreciation, bad stock, interest on capital, and remuneration for his labour. In the first case it is absolute loss, which has to be provided against some other way. From an experience of many years in a large country trade I confidently believe the public will as readily buy a book at 5s. as at 4s. 6d., and non-copyright books may be had at any price.

Yours obediently,

A FORMER BOOKSELLER.

### THOUGHTS ON STYLE.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In your last issue Mr. Mahaffy, writing upon the above subject under the heading "Among my Books," was good enough to make some kind references to a paper of mine in the current number of the *Journal of Hellenic Studies*. One of his remarks, however, seems open to misconception; and, as the point raised is of more than personal interest, I venture to call attention to it. The article to which he alludes deals, as he mentions, with the Greek Treatise on the Sublime.

Mr. Mahaffy conveys, however unintentionally, the impression that I have wantonly deviated from the language of the Authorized Version in a passage of the Old Testament with which we are all familiar from our earliest childhood. He writes as if I had been quoting from, let us say, Burke's Treatise on the "Sublime and Beautiful," and had tampered with the form of one of the many Biblical illustrations there given. The truth is that the Greek words which I had to translate differ so materially from any known Greek or Hebrew text of the Old Testament that it would scarcely be honest—so at least I thought—to conceal the discrepancy beneath the cloak of the Authorized Version. The discrepancy has, as I should endeavour to show were sufficient space at my disposal, several important scientific bearings; and, writing in a learned journal, I was bound to see that these were not obscured by a pleasing, but deceptive, identity of rendering. In a scientific inquiry the first aim should be, as I am sure Mr. Mahaffy will allow, to represent facts as they are and to suggest nothing false. From this point of view, truth is the best and only style.

But I am not prepared to admit that, even on the æsthetic side, there is not something to be said, in the present instance, in favour of a strictly literal rendering. The author of the Greek treatise is, in the chapter in question, concerned to show that even a "bare idea," to use his own phrase, may be sublime. Brevity and simplicity, he implies, so far from being inconsistent with sublimity, are of its very essence. In fact, this is the point, and this the passage, on which turned the once famous controversy in which Boileau routed Huet and Leclerc.

Just one further matter. Every lover of Greek will have been glad to learn from Mr. Mahaffy that the new Odes of Bacchylides are so full of promise. But it is no grave disparagement to a poet to say that he is not the equal of Pindar; and this I have understood to be the view not only of Longinus, but also of the scholar who is about to edit the poems. I refer, of course, to the provisional opinion expressed some time ago above the well-known initials "F. G. K."

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

W. RHYS ROBERTS.

University College of North Wales, Bangor, Nov. 17.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—With reference to Prof. Mahaffy's interesting reflections on the style of Virgil and that of the late Poet Laureate I would suggest that the prototype of Tennyson in classical antiquity might be far more plausibly found in the person of the neglected Ovid.

If it is certain, to begin with, that Virgil is the greatest Roman poet, does that follow from the fact that his style is "deliberately and self-consciously polished to the utmost degree?" Prof. Mahaffy himself quotes with approval Flaubert's appraisal of Horace as a "master of form:" but has any one ever suggested that the style of Ovid, exhibited under far greater difficulties than Virgil's, is not, on the whole, as finished and graceful as any known?

The fact is, however, that the epic breadth and conventional form of the *Æneid* altogether exclude any close parallel between him and the modern poet, whereas the "Elegies," the "Fasti," the "Metamorphoses" cover a vast range of just the mythological, descriptive, and domestic subject matters which inspire most of the poems of Tennyson.

The subject might be expanded to a good-sized volume; but what student of Ovid cannot recall scores, nay, hundreds of passages artistic, graceful, and fascinating—descriptive of love in all its phases, natural scenery, and domestic incidents and feelings—that recall, if a parallel is to be sought anywhere, the "Idylls" and "Lyrics" of Tennyson? The very fact that Ovid has left us hundreds of short poems upon such subjects, in the most finished and fluent form of verse known, would suggest the comparison, even if the difficulties and restrictions of the elegiac metre had not themselves given scope for the very kind of literary ingenuity and the (sometimes artificial) graces which particularly distinguish the English poet. And what works of Tennyson are most prized by the average reader? The "Idylls," surely, and the "Poems"; and for what are the "Poems" praised? For the perfect finish of their form, and for their admirable treatment of matters of common life. But Ovid is famed for the originality and industry with which he made all ancient mythology his own, and bequeathed it, in a gallery of superbly-finished pictures, to all medieval Europe. And as to the varied human modern interest of these, "there is practically nothing worth description in nature, common life, or human feeling," says a German editor, of the "Metamorphoses," "that is not adequately and beautifully treated in this poem."

This, I am aware, is a slight digression from my text. To return, let me quote, in conclusion, two couplets, either of which could be paralleled a hundred times in the three full volumes of Ovidian verse that lie before me:—

"Ecce supervacuum (quid enim fuit utile gigni?)

Ad sua Natalis tempora noster adest."

Do not the style and sense of this suggest something in "In Memoriam"? Or, again, this (from "Ariadne to Theseus"):—

"Tempus erat, vitrea quo primum terra pruina,  
Spargitur, et tectae fronde queruntur aves."

And this (from Lord Ronald and Lady Clare):—

"It was the time when lilies blow,  
And clouds are highest up in air."

A learned scholar of my University suggested to me some time ago that an unhappy over-familiarity with certain distichs of Ovid in early youth turns away many from the study of him in the arm-chair of later life. If so, surely to all of those who appreciate the beauties of Tennysonian poetry the loss is irreparable.

I am, Sir, yours obediently,

Nov. 14.

G. H. POWELL.

### THE "WASPS" AT CAMBRIDGE.

The performance of the *Wasps* of Aristophanes has proved one of the most successful Greek Play "revivals" at Cambridge. This is not due to the fine new theatre that has taken the place of the large concert room in which former plays have been given; nay, it might be said that the more complete the modern appliances, the less congruity is there with the old Greek drama. And such performances as those of the *Alcestis*, *Edipus Tyrannus*, and *Agamemnon* in the open-air Greek theatre at Bradfield probably give a much better idea of what a Greek play really was.

Nor, again, is it due to the dramatic structure of the *Wasps*, which in this respect is one of the least satisfactory of Aristophanes' plays. The real motive or plot, so far as there is one, ends with the "Parabasis" at line 1,140 in the original (800 in the acting edition), and then follow 400 lines of irrelevant

incident. So obvious, indeed, is this defect of structure, that critics have busied themselves to find some reason for it—*e.g.*, that, after the cold reception of the *Clouds* in the previous year Aristophanes felt that he must, as it were, write down to the level of his audience and give them, when he worked out his chief motive, a little broad and vulgar farce; or that two different plays must somehow have become mixed; or that the poet at the last moment substituted something less personal to the powers that were than the original conclusion, whatever it was. For this play was a renewal of the attack made two years before in the *Knights*, but intermitted in the *Clouds*, upon the powerful demagogue Cleon, and particularly upon the "dicastic" or jury-system, which was a mainstay of his power. The poet's object is to break the alliance between dicasteria and demagogues by ridiculing both—the dicasts for their unfitness to exercise large irresponsible power, and the demagogues for selfish feathering of their own nests by judicious flattery of the sovereign people. In this, perhaps, lies a permanent interest of the play, that the condition of things at Athens satirized in it was a *reductio ad absurdum* of democracy.

Naturally, however, for an audience consisting largely of ladies and undergraduates the chief interest was in the comic and pantomimic situations with which the play abounds. The old dicast, Philocleon, subjected by his son to durance vile to keep him away from the court, emerging from the chimney or escaping under the belly of an ass, in burlesque of Ulysses and the ram in the cave of Polyphemus; the exceedingly funny trial of the dog, imitated by Racine in *Les Plaideurs* and by Ben Jonson in his *Staple of News*; and finally the vulgar antics of the old man, returning tipsy from a dinner party after instruction by his son in the ways of fashionable life—those "caught on," as they would at a London theatre or music-hall, and suggested the reflection whether reproductions of Greek comedy have much educational value, except perhaps for the actors, who must imbibe a certain amount of good Greek, and a little historical and antiquarian knowledge. As a spectacle, it was decidedly successful. The scenery, as commonly in Greek theatres, was unchanged throughout, giving little scope to the scenic artist. But the *σκηνη*, or background, was a very pretty view of Athens, and the gradual breaking of the dawn was happily managed. Of the costumes and properties generally it may be said that they were the best that money judiciously expended by scholarly persons could procure; and the only criticism we are disposed to make is that "The Chorus of Wasps," who are supposed to be elderly dicasts making their way through darkness and dirt to the law courts before daybreak, were almost too spick and span. But this perhaps is hypercritical. The acting—not so difficult a matter in broad comedy as in tragedy—was creditable throughout. Mr. Fry, as Philocleon, showed real *vis comica*, and the Coryphæus (Mr. Evans) looked and spoke his part well.

What sort of music should accompany a Greek play is matter of dispute. In a modern theatre, a modern orchestra, with more or less elaborate music, is perhaps inevitable; and assuming this, the incidental music, composed and conducted by Mr. Noble, the organist of Ely Cathedral, was pleasant and not too prominent. But is it heresy to say that the simple, if monotonous, strains of pipe and flute as employed at Bradfield are really more in harmony with the Greek drama, as they certainly are more accordant with the little we know of Greek musical accompaniment?

As edited for the stage the play was divided into three acts, the 1,537 lines of the original being reduced to 1,149. Act I. includes the opening scenes of Philocleon's attempts to escape, the entry of the Chorus, and the disputation between Philocleon and Bdelycleon. Act II. contains the amusing scene of the domestic trial, followed by the Parabasis; and here the action of the play really ends. Act III. gives the transformation of Philocleon under his son's tuition and his misbehaviour under the influence of wine, ending with a contest of dancing. As usual at Cambridge, a neat acting edition, with the Greek text and a translation on opposite pages, is published for the use of the spectators. The editors of the *Wasps* may be thanked for introducing us in this to a really admirable, but we fancy little known, verse translation by Mr. Bickley Rogers, which may challenge comparison even with Hookham Frere. As a specimen, we may quote the opening lines of the Parabasis with its allusion on the poet's behalf to the failure of the *Clouds*:—

Yes, go rejoicing your own good way,  
Wherever your path may be;  
But you, ye numberless myriads, stay  
And listen the while to me.  
Beware lest the truths I am going to say  
Unheeded to earth should fall;  
For that were the part of a fool to play,  
And not your part at all.

But O for the future, my Masters, pray  
Show more regard for a genuine Bard  
Who is ever inventing amusements new  
And fresh discoveries, all for you.  
Make much of his play, and store it away,  
And into your wardrobes throw it  
With the citrons sweet; and if this you do  
Your clothes will be fragrant, the whole year through,  
With the volatile wit of the Poet.

The *Quarterly Reviewer* might really do worse than promote Mr. Rogers into the same class as Mr. W. S. Gillert!

## MONUMENTS OF EARLY PRINTERS.

Mr. Quaritch's catalogues are always a species of Barmecide feast for the poorer book collector; his latest, of books produced by the earliest presses in Germany, the Netherlands, Italy, Spain, and England, from 1455 to 1500, may well stagger a fairly rich bibliophile. Six hundred and forty-three books do not constitute a very formidable library as libraries nowadays go, but as the value of this small collection amounts to £32,500, it goes without saying that the books are not ordinary ones. Mr. Quaritch, who modestly describes himself as a "mere bookseller," has been forming this collection during the past 20 years, and, as a series of examples of the work of typography during the first half century of its existence, we do not hesitate to say that it is unrivalled in the annals of bookselling. So far as the catalogue itself goes, it is only about one-quarter the size of the invaluable "Monumenta Typographica" which Mr. Quaritch issued just 11 years ago, but nearly every lot is a gem, and often a gem of the first water.

It starts with the grandest of all books, the first work produced by typography, the Gutenberg-Fust Bible, commonly (and absurdly) called the Mazarine Bible, which was produced at Mentz in 1454-56. When it is remembered that in the year 1450 Gutenberg was only negotiating for aid in money to convert "his airy fancies into realities, and to give them a local habitation and a name," and when we see that in 1456 this enormous Bible was complete and on sale, in all its typographical magnificence, we begin to sympathize with those of Gutenberg's contemporaries who contended that it was the result of magic. Mr. Quaritch's second book is the Fust-Schoeffer Psalter of 1459; it is unquestionably the glory of this press, and by its side the Bible is comparatively common, inasmuch as only twelve copies of the former are known, and this is the only one purchasable. It is the second book printed with a date, and the third (or perhaps fourth) book produced by movable types; whilst the large initial letters engraved on wood and printed in red and blue ink are rightly considered the most beautiful specimens of this kind of ornament which the united efforts of the wood engraver and the pressman have produced. Both these books are on vellum, the Bible coming from the Ashburnham Library and the Psalter from that of Sir John Hayford Thorold, Mr. Quaritch's price for the two being £5,000 and £5,250 respectively. Of the third and the fourth books printed with a date, the Durandus from the Fust-Schoeffer press, 1459, and the Balbi Catholicon from what was presumably Gutenberg's second press, 1459-60, there are also fine copies, the Durandus being on vellum.

After these triumphs of the early press, the books which follow are, commercially, of small moment; yet to the student their interest in one way or another is undeniably great. The earliest printed books were, of course, in Latin, and the first printed in any other language was Boner's "Fabelbuch," published in German at Bamberg in 1461. This book has still another interest which serves to show how all the early phases of typography overlap each other; it was the first book with engraved illustrations, as distinguished from the block books, and also from separate leaves of engravings. This "Fabelbuch" was from Pfister's press. We have no space to discuss the spread of typography, of which we get a clear, bird's-eye view in the arrangement of Mr. Quaritch's catalogue; its development was extraordinarily rapid, when all the attendant difficulties of the art are fully comprehended.

Colard Mansion was not the earliest printer who appeared in the Low Countries, but he produced his first dated book, Boccaccio's "La Ryne des Nobles Hommes et Femmes," at Bruges in 1476, of which the extant copies may be counted on one's fingers. The copy here offered at £900 came from the Ashburnham Library, but it is not quite perfect, several leaves being in facsimile. The first Dutch Bible appeared at Delft in 1477. The Italian section opens with a large and sound copy of the

third or fourth book printed by Sweynheim and Pannartz at the Monastery of Subbiaco in 1465—the St. Augustine's "De Civitate Dei," the *editio princeps* of a great book; there are several examples of the press which these two printers started at Rome after leaving Subbiaco, and of other printers who were working in that city from 1470 onwards. The Venetian printers are exceedingly well represented, the gem being Bilibald Pirckheimer's copy of the Aldine Theocritus, 1495, with a fine painting by Durer on the first page of the text. From other centres in Italy we have such enviable *editiones principes* as the Dante, from Foligno, 1472, the Horace, from Milan, 1474, and the Homer, from Florence, 1488. The Spanish section includes one work of the greatest rarity, "Tirant Lo Blanch," from the press of an unknown printer at Valencia in 1490; it is the first romance of chivalry printed in Spain, and of it only three other copies (one imperfect) are known; the "Mozarabic Missal," 1500, and the "Mozarabic Breviary," 1502, from the press at Toledo of Peter Hagembach, may also be mentioned, both on account of their rarity and interest (they are offered together for £400).

The English section contains only two Caxtons, but both are perfect copies. The more interesting of the two is the "Dictes of the Philosophers," 1477, which is the first book printed in England, and of which only four other perfect copies are known, of which three are locked up in public institutions. The second Caxton is Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," printed about 1478, and described by Mr. Quaritch as "emphatically the chief production" of this press. The value of these two books is appraised at £4,000. The St. Albans Press is represented by a perfect copy of the celebrated "Book of St. Albans," 1486, from the Ashburnham Library, and the first of the long line of English sporting books. Of the press of Wynkyn de Worde there are several rare specimens, notably the second edition of the famous "Reenyell," 1503, of which only about three or four perfect copies are known; and two copies of the "Golden Legend," 1527—on the last page of one of these a former owner has registered the fact that it cost him "in redye monnye x.s. sterling"; it is now priced at £120. There is also a large and absolutely perfect copy of Julian Notary's edition of "The Golden Legend," 1503-4. The Edinburgh Press includes King James V.'s dedication copy of "Hector Boyce," printed by Davidson in 1525, and for which £1,000 is asked.

But we have exhausted our space, and, fascinating as is this admirable catalogue and the innumerable "plums" which it enumerates, we must content ourselves with the foregoing very brief summary. To do it full justice would in itself require a volume. We cannot, however, resist the temptation of saying how very deeply indebted booklovers generally are to Mr. Quaritch for his scholarly catalogues, for the minute details respecting each individual copy, and for the wide literary and other knowledge of which every entry bears evidence. Mr. Quaritch is undoubtedly the most eminent bookseller in Europe; his catalogues, like his stock, have never been excelled, or even approached, in this or any other country. They are bibliographical treatises rather than booksellers' catalogues.

## Obituary.

### WILHELM HEINRICH VON RIEHL.

On the 16th of the current month Germany lost one of her most original and delightful writers by the death of Wilhelm Heinrich von Riehl. Considering the dearth of readable books written by Germans, the loss of Riehl is almost a calamity for German literature. He is one of the few authors who wrote "books," and not treatises, essays, hand-books, "introductions," or "commentaries." All of his works are impregnated with that most living of things—reality. He had read many a quarto and octavo, but still more in the unbound folios of Nature. Although a professor in the University of Munich, he distrusted book-lore, and obtained the major part of his material by tramping over every inch of South and Central Germany, observing and watching the movements and the emotional world of the people. As he has once put it himself he composed his books by his feet as much as by his hands (*Ich habe mein Buch ergangen*).

His subject was, in his systematic works as well as in his unsystematic, in his novels as well as in his journalistic articles, the German people. It is thus very difficult to label him according to the Chinese custom of society. He is not quite an historian, and not altogether an ethnographer;

nor is he exactly a geographer or a demographer. Had he studied stones, we should call him a mineralogist; and had he studied fungi, we should call him a mycologist. However, he studied the people of Germany; and, accordingly, we are at a loss in what "ist" his name shall terminate. Yet one would think that there can scarcely be anything more worthy of study than the people to which one belongs. Riehl pursued that study with all the zeal of a botanist or a stamp collector. No phenomenon of German life, whether in the family-room, in the kitchen, in the street, in the town-hall, or in the old feudal castles of the landed nobility escaped his attention. He had no plan and no system; no more than may be found in Nature and History, which both made Germany. His books are as unsophisticated and easygoing as is his native Necka River—sometimes calm and dignified, then again precipitated and rushing; here surrounded by lovely meadows, there by sombre cliffs. Similes, irony, profound meditation, historical deductions, light banter, and fierce indignation—all these follow each other as naturally in his books on the "Natural History of the German People" as in the reality of life from which they are taken. Thoughts never pose, and sentiments never ostentatiously display themselves; he drops some of the most profound thoughts on the *Vollseele* or soul of his nation with the naïveté of a child and, as it were, in passing. In the last century, and then alone, the Germans had a writer in many ways similar to Riehl; we mean Justus Möser, whose vast erudition was equalled, if not surpassed, by the exquisite subterranean poetry of his prose-sketches, which Goethe so admired. In our times Professor Otto Gierke, of Berlin—also a student of Germanic institutions, and undoubtedly the greatest book scholar living—might have revived Möser; but for unknown reasons he did not. Riehl did; and to the venerable charms of Möser he added the graces of his own most beautiful and racy style.

He was born at Biebrich (in Nassau), on May 6, 1823, and, after some journalistic activity, he published the first of his great studies on the German people, "Die bürgerliche Gesellschaft" (1851), which was followed by "Land und Leute" (1853), "Die Familie" (1855), and "Wanderbuch," the four works forming Riehl's "Natural History of the German People." He was, in 1853 and 1885 respectively, appointed Professor at the University of Munich, and Director of the Bavarian National Museum. Like many of the better writers of the Germans, he had several pulpits to preach from to his people; and so, in addition to the above semi-systematic works, he published historic novels, illustrating not the events, but the institutions and still-life of the past. This is the sense of the title and the object of his famous "Cultur Historische Novellen" (1856), and similar stories—"Neues Novellenbuch" (1867), "Kulturstudien" (1859), "Aus der Ecke" (1874), "Am Feierabend" (1881), &c.—many of which have been translated, edited, and commented on in England. He also proved a most efficient lecturer, and deserved highly of the study of history by editing the "Historisches Taschenbuch," from 1870 to 1880.

One of the secret causes of Riehl's inimitable style and composition was, no doubt, his gift as a musician. He composed a great number of charming "Lieder" for family use—"Hausmusik" (1855), "Neue Lieder für das Haus" (1877)—and wrote an excellent book on some of the leading musicians, "Musikalische Charakterköpfe." To a musically-trained mind it cannot be doubtful that Riehl in many of his works was struggling to write the counterpoint to his nation's life, and many a subtle beauty in his strange remarks is really a musical thought clad in words. It may be hoped that the Germans will not forget the beautiful unison of thought, grace, and style so perfectly embodied in Riehl.

### PROFESSOR CALDERWOOD.

Professor Calderwood, who died suddenly at the end of last week, will be much missed in Edinburgh, but rather as an active politician, a zealous ecclesiastical reformer, a sagacious man of business, and a public-spirited citizen, than as a philosophic thinker. His work in philosophy was comparatively small, and it was completed long ago. His mind had stopped thinking in the fifties or thereabouts—stopped, we mean, in regard to fundamental questions. The book which brought him into notice when he was a young minister in Glasgow, and which was his claim to be appointed to the Chair of Moral Philosophy in Edinburgh University, was published as long ago as 1854. That book related to a controversy which, though of permanent interest, is no longer regarded from the point of view in which Calderwood examined it. In the famous review of Cousin's philosophy Sir



William Hamilton had with admirable acuteness elucidated the doctrine that the unconditioned was incognizable and inconceivable. Out of that review arose a discussion which engaged Mansel, Maurice, and Mill, which extended to France and Germany, and which nowhere else excited so much interest as in Scotland. Of the many works which Hamilton's modified Kantianism called forth, Calderwood's "Philosophy of the Infinite" was one of the clearest. Hamilton thought it worthy of a reply in a letter to be found in the appendix to his lectures on metaphysics. The book shows acuteness, but chiefly in proving the theological embarrassments in which Hamilton and Mansel had involved themselves. It was not the less acceptable in Scotland, because Calderwood did not sever philosophy from theology, and because he showed considerable skill in stating as fundamental or necessary truths much which he taught as pastor of Greyfriars. Nor can one rank very high Professor Calderwood's subsequent works. There is much good sense in his "Handbook of Moral Philosophy"; but it is rather a collection of notes than a finished treatise. Academic philosophy has been revolutionized in Scotland since the time when Calderwood first lectured: he did not grow; and he had no message for the students of philosophy to-day. His vigorous and keen intelligence spent itself in administrative work, in which he had no superior, and was at the service of every movement for the welfare of the people. His philosophic pursuits were probably somewhat of an accident. He would have found his true career, many of his admirers thought, had he entered Parliament at the age at which he became Professor of Moral Philosophy.

Mr. EDWARD WALFORD, who died at Ventnor last week, was well known as the editor and compiler of "Walford's County Families of the United Kingdom," a manual of the "titled and untitled aristocracy of Great Britain and Ireland" and a valuable work of reference which is now in its 28th year of publication. Mr. Walford was born in 1823, and was educated at Charterhouse and Balliol College, Oxford, where he won an open scholarship and the Chancellor's Prize for Latin Verse in 1843. He graduated in 1846—the same year as Matthew Arnold—and obtained the Denver Theological Prize two years later. He was ordained in 1852, but became a Roman Catholic in 1860. He was for many years a master at Tonbridge School, and was also for some time at Clifton. In 1852 he came to London, and it was in connexion with his genealogical and historical studies of the metropolis that he first came into prominence. In conjunction with Walter he wrote a monumental work in six volumes entitled "Old and New London: a narrative of its history, its people, and its places." "Londonia," a collection of essays in two volumes, was published in 1879. These articles treat mostly of antiquarian subjects in a popular manner, and had appeared at different times in various papers. Some idea of the contents of this most interesting collection may be gained from the titles "Bull and Bear Baiting in London," "The Last of Cremorne Gardens," "The Twofold Romance of the Strand," "Marriage in Mayfair," "Eccentric London Mayors." Mr. Walford's "Greater London," published by Messrs. Cassell and Co. in 1884, is one of the best of the popular histories of London and its surroundings. Mr. Walford was an ardent antiquarian, and he founded and edited the *Antiquarian Magazine and Bibliographer*. Twelve volumes of this magazine were issued by Mr. Redway, the last number appearing in 1887.

In addition to his comprehensive works on County Families, Mr. Walford was a frequent contributor on antiquarian and genealogical subjects to *The Times* and other periodicals. He edited editions of Juvenal and Aristotle for English readers, and also the enlarged edition of his cousin, Cornelius Walford's, standard work on "Guilds—their origin, constitution, and objects."

Mr. CHARLES JOHN SHOPPEE, whose death took place on November 18, in the 74th year of his age, was well known to bibliophiles in London, his speciality being book-plates, of which he had a good collection; of objects of art he also had a good collection, which was raided some time ago by burglars. He was Deputy-Governor of the French Hospital (La Providence), was twice Master of the Armourers' and Braziers' Company in 1896, President of the Surveyors' Institute, and Vice-President of the Ex-Libris (book-plate) Society, of which he was one of the earliest members. He was a descendant of the old French family of Chapuy, and one of his ancestors was granted letters of naturalization in 1714; at a very early period the name got vulgarized into Shoppee.

## Notes.

"Among My Books" in next week's number of *Literature* will be by a well-known man of letters, who will write under the signature "A."

Now that "Edna Lyall's" novel of stage life, "Wayfaring Men," is before the public she is already at work upon a north country story to be called "Hope the Hermit, a Romance of Borrowdale." In this work Miss Lyall will deal with the exciting period of the English Revolution and the days of the early Jacobite plots during the reign of William and Mary. This novel will probably be published next October by Messrs. Longmans.

We understand that Mr. H. G. Wells, whose future novels are looked for with considerable interest, has been at work the greater part of this year on a long story to be called "When the Sleeper Wakes." This book is to be a far more elaborate piece of work than anything hitherto undertaken by the author of "The Time Machine," and will give a complete picture of city life two hundred years hence. Possibly it will be ready for the press next spring, but Mr. Wells is a somewhat capricious writer, and has already once laid aside this new book to re-write the latter portions of "The War of the Worlds," now appearing serially in *Pearson's Magazine*, the (American) *Cosmopolitan*, and the *New York Evening Journal*. Since the story was finished early in 1896 Mr. Wells has, doubtless, received fresh inspiration and, perhaps, if one may judge by some recently-published work, learnt something more of construction and effect, so that his readers will benefit by his workmanship in "The War of the Worlds," if they be disappointed by the delayed publication of "When the Sleeper Wakes."

Some years ago Mr. James Payn drew attention to the difficulties writers and publishers meet when desiring to assure themselves of the originality of what they believe to be a new title. The difficulty still remains, and we constantly hear of hardship and inconvenience arising from it. Lately, Miss Netta Syrett, whose first novel, "Nobody's Fault," was well received, has discovered that her recently-published work, "The Tree of Life," bears a title used only two years ago for a book of stories of a totally different character. The inconvenience to both innocent authors is emphasized by the fact that such a library as Mudie's makes a rule of not taking any book with a name previously used, although there are, of course, cases where a circulating library makes inadvertently the same mistake as an author or publisher, and offers to the public books with titles which have been employed several times.

Again, quite recently, Mr. Percy White's new novel comes upon the world with the title of "A Passionate Pilgrim." It happened that this book was finished in Florence, where there is little opportunity of ascertaining what right one may have to an English title, or whether it has been used before. In this case the matter was left to the publishers, and the book, which was produced on the 23rd of October last, had been in circulation for about ten days before it was known that Mr. Henry James had used the title some 20 years before for a volume of short stories. Naturally, Mr. White expressed his concern, and Mr. Henry James replied that, regrettable as the circumstance might be, he had discovered that the title had been employed several years before 1875 by the late Mr. F. T. Palgrave. Thus, if Mr. White poached on the preserves of Mr. James that gentleman had been equally guilty of the offence against Mr. Palgrave, and all three, it will be noted, are trespassers on the enchanted ground of Shakespeare, who in his turn, it is supposed, would not have been greatly in sympathy with literary, or other, game laws. There are now no less than three "Passionate Pilgrims" on their literary rounds, and it is quite possible that when one applies to a library with the intention of enjoying the subtle delicacies of Mr. Henry James one may be supplied with the satiric delights of Mr. Percy White—or vice versa. In such a case as this, however, there can hardly be a "property," as the title is merely a quotation, the inconvenience of the situation being that the circulation and sale of each book bearing the same name may be arrested by this very accident.

There is another curious incident in regard to the titles of Mr. Percy White's books. His first novel, "Mr. Bailey-Martin," published by Heinemann in 1893, was written in 1890,

long before the author had heard the name of a well-known family which fills a considerable place in American society gossip, but which was hardly known at that time to the London world. A cheap edition of "Mr. Bailey-Martin" is now selling widely in the United States, and several American writers have taken Mr. White to task for endeavouring, by means of the title, to associate his satirical novel with the now well-known family aforesaid. A newspaper has even referred to Mr. White as the author of "Mr. Bradley-Martin," a circumstance which may be charitably attributed to a printer's error.

Another and still more intangible difficulty about the titles of books is a similarity which may occur when the meaning is not precisely, or even nearly, the same. When Mr. Lane announced the forthcoming publication of Mr. Le Gallienne's "Quest of the Golden Girl," the author received a rather angry letter from a writer who had ready for publication "The Quest of the Golden Pearl"; but we believe in this case neither title was altered and the writers agreed to let them clash, if clash they would. Another title of Mr. Le Gallienne's, "If I were God," has been severely criticized. We understand that it was originally intended to publish the tract anonymously; but publishers dictate in these matters, and, although Mr. Le Gallienne's name eventually appeared, it was thought that, as the title was merely quoted from Dr. George MacDonald's witticism, it might stand over the author's name without offence.

No industrious research can wholly guard against another terror for sensitive authors, as it arises from the natural fallibility of our imperfect race. If there is a mistake in the title page (it has occurred, we think, in a book recently published) or in the body of the book, discovered when the copies have gone forth to the world, there is nothing for it but a confession of defeat in a *corrigendum*, unless, indeed, it will wait for a second edition. How such a disaster may result appears from an anecdote sent us by a correspondent:—

There was a 17th century Italian poet called Guidi who had a special edition of his poems printed on vellum to be presented to the Pope. As he carried it into the Papal presence he couldn't help just peeping in, and his eye lighted on such an awful printer's error that he gave a great scream and fell dead at the Pope's feet.

We cannot resist suggesting that, in the 19th century at least, such a deplorable result might be averted if publishers would send copies for review before the book is completed. In at least two instances within our knowledge deplorable errors were prevented by the reviewer drawing the publisher's attention to them in time to allow of correction before the book was issued to the public.

The title of the new novel upon which Mr. S. R. Crockett has been engaged for the past year has in it that "note" of red which has given a successful touch of colour to many latter-day names. "The Red Axe" will be a story of the Baltic Lands, and it is to reflect as faithfully as possible the period when feudalism was breaking up before the movements for freedom as the spirit and light of Renaissance ideas travelled slowly northward.

With reference to our note last week on the first line of Tennyson's "Revenge," Mr. H. E. Watts, the well-known translator of Cervantes, writes:—

I cannot conceive that there should be any difficulty as to the pronunciation of "Flores" and "Azores" in Tennyson's ballad of "The Revenge." Both orthography and rhythm require that "Flores" and "Azores" (Spanish words) should be pronounced, the first as a disyllable, the second as a tri-syllable. "Flores" is the plural of "flor" (flower), and "Azores" is the plural of "azor" (hawk). The group of islands was so called by the first discoverers because of the number of small hawks which were seen hovering along the coasts. The island Flores was so named because of its abounding in flowers and blooming shrubs. The words are correctly printed, as I have no doubt they were intended to be pronounced, in all the authorized editions of the poem in Tennyson's life-time. No accents are necessary, and no accents ought to appear. . . . I have little doubt, however, that in the cases where "Florés" and "Azorés" occur the accents were placed with the benevolent intention of indicating to the English reciter that the last syllables were to be pronounced. I am confirmed in this view by the fact that the late Professor Palgrave (who must have heard Tennyson repeat the line), in the *errata* to his second series of the "Golden Treasury," directs the printer to correct "Flores" and "Azores" into "Florés" and "Azorés."

Those who have had the privilege of hearing the late Lord Tennyson recite his own verses know how scrupulous he was in giving every syllable its full value and every word its proper sound; and it is impossible to believe that he could have ever sanctioned such barbarisms as "Flores" to rhyme with "bóres," and "Azores" to rhyme with "adóres"—a rendering which to me seems as offensive to the ear as it is to the sense and the grammar.

The following interesting comment has also reached us from Mr. William Watson:—

The poem is put into the mouth of a 16th century English sailor, and I imagine Tennyson thought that the proper Spanish pronunciation of both words was the more dramatically fit in such a mouth. It is true that English sailors nowadays do not say Azorés, but make the word a disyllable, just as they pronounce the first syllable of "Funchal," I have noticed, exactly like our word "fun." But I suspect that a 16th century English sailor, who was running up against the Spaniard all over the world, usually knew something of Spanish and would pronounce Spanish words in a Spanish way. Indeed, not the English sailor only; look at Shakespeare's "Bermoothes," which pretty closely resembles the way in which a Spaniard pronounces "Bermudas" at this day, the "d" being thick like our "th" in "there." But apart from these reasons I cannot imagine "Flores" read as a monosyllable. Of course, it is quite analogous to our usual English pronunciation of Azores, but does not the rule appear to be that a nation assimilates the more important and familiar foreign names to its own local mode of pronunciation, but in the matter of less-known names makes an attempt to pronounce them like a native?

The *London Scotsman* is the title of a new monthly newspaper and magazine designed to appeal especially to the members of the twenty-five Scottish Associations of London, and described as "national and patriotic, but non-political." The first number contains, *inter alia*, articles on Scottish Home Industries by the Duchess of Sutherland, and on Gaelic Literature by the Archdeacon of London. Among its features are to be reports of societies' meetings, biographies, reviews, sketches of old Scottish families, a short sketch in the Scottish dialect by the Editor, &c. It is published at 66, Whitecomb-street, W.C., is to appear on the 15th of each month, and costs 3d.

The Editor of the *African Critic*, Mr. Henry Hess, has decided to issue on January 1 a paper called the *Critic*, with which will be incorporated the *African Critic*, and in which he proposes, as we learn from his prospectus, to deal "with the affairs of Europe, America, Australia, Africa, and Asia, as the *African Critic* has dealt with those of Africa only during the past two years."

Students of occultism and lovers of rare and curious books alike will await with interest a translation into English of "The Book of the Sacred Magic of Abra-Melin the Mage, as delivered by Abraham the Jew unto his son Lamech, A.D. 1458" (J. M. Watkins). The translation is made from the French version, itself a translation from the original Hebrew which forms a unique and valuable MS. in the Bibliothèque de l' Arsenal at Paris. The translation is made by Mr. S. L. MacGregor-Mathers, the author of "The Kabbalah Unveiled," "The Key of Solomon," "The Taret," &c., and will be in three books, with introduction and explanatory notes "and numerous magical squares of letters." Both Bulwer Lytton and Eliphas Lévi were well aware of the existence of this work, the former having based part of his description of the sage Rosicrucian Mejnour on that of Abra-Melin, while the account of the so-called Observatory of Sir Philip Derval in the "Strange Story" was, to some extent, copied from that of the Magical Oratory and Terrace given in the present work. The magical squares contained in it are said to possess a peculiar species of automatic intelligent vitality, and the translator, we are told, "advises none of these to be made use of unless the student approaches this higher divine knowledge in a frame of mind worthy of it." The edition is limited to 300 copies, and will be issued towards the end of the year.

The *Vita Italiana* of November 20 contains a curiously interesting article, entitled "Lord Byron at Missolonghi, from a journal of the time." The article is based upon extracts from a newspaper called the *Telegrafo Greco* published at Missolonghi during the years 1824 and 1825, a file of which was recently discovered in the State Archives of Rome. To those acquainted with the details of Byron's adventures in Greece the *Telegrafo Greco* is not entirely unknown, for Giuseppe Nicolini refers to it frequently in his "Vita di Lord Giorgio Byron (Milan, 1855)," denouncing it, perhaps unjustly, as a subversive and anarchist print.

Byron himself seems to have been of opinion that the paper should be subjected to preventive censure, holding it imprudent to leave the Press unbridled at a moment when Greece was in insurrection and her enemies in arms. The performances of the Athenian journals during the recent war go far to attest the soundness of Byron's judgment. He was, however, overruled by Colonel Stanhope, whose opposition was strengthened by the circumstance that the *Telegrafo* was protected by Prince Mavrocordato, president of the Legislative body and Governor of Western Greece.

The interest of the discovery centres mainly in letters written by Byron to the Turkish commander at Prevesa, Youssouf Pasha, and to the Legislative and Executive Bodies of Greece, and in the accounts of Byron's death and *post-mortem* examination given by the *Telegrafo Greco*. One of Byron's vessels having been captured by the Turks and afterwards given up by order of Youssouf, Byron obtained from Prince Mavrocordato the liberty of four Turkish prisoners of war and of 23 Turkish women and children, and sent them back to Prevesa at his own expense. With them, too, Byron forwarded a letter to Youssouf, in which, after thanking the commandant for the restitution of the vessel and announcing the release of the Turkish prisoners, he writes:—

They (the prisoners) are sent back without stipulation, but if the occurrence be worthy of a place in your Excellency's memory, I would merely pray your Excellency to treat with humanity any Greek who may be in your hands or who may hereafter fall into the possession of the Mussulmans; the horrors of war are already in themselves sufficient without adding thereto on one side and on the other worse severities in cold blood.

The *Telegrafo Greco* of April 3, 1824, contains an extract from a letter written by Byron from Cephalonia to the "Executive and Legislative Bodies of the Greek Nation." The letter is dated November 30, 1823. The latter portion of it might almost have been written six months ago. It runs:—

I must frankly confess that unless some kind of order and union is established all hope of a loan, all help which Greece may await from others—and which would certainly not be insignificant—will be suspended and perhaps entirely hindered. What is still worse, the Great Powers, none of which are hostile to Greece, and all of which seem favourably disposed towards the establishment of an independent Greek State, will be persuaded that the Greeks are not fit to govern themselves, and will concert some means of putting an end to your disorders that will destroy your finest hopes as well as those of your friends. Let me say to you once for all—I desire the welfare of Greece, and naught else; I will do all in my power to promote it, but I do not, and never will, consent that the English public and private individuals in England should be deceived as to the real condition of Greek affairs. The rest depends upon yourselves, gentlemen. You have fought gloriously; act honourably towards each other and towards the rest of the world. Then it will be impossible to say what has been repeated for 2,000 years—that Philopemene was the last of the Greeks. You surely would not desire that even calumny (and who can avoid calumny in a struggle so difficult?) should compare the Turk to the patriot Greek in time of peace, after the latter has overcome the former in war.

The next number of the *Telegrafo Greco* contains a most courteous reply from Youssouf Pasha, Governor of Prevesa, to Lord Byron's letter, announcing the release of the prisoners. It also contains the following semi-official Byronian denial of a statement made by the *Frankfurter Zeitung* of March 4, to the effect that a Greek translation of one of the latest poems of Lord Byron, entitled "The Triumph of Hellas at Missolonghi," was being distributed throughout the Ionian Islands. The *Byronian communiqué* runs:—

We do not know whether in the Ionian Islands any Greek poem has been read as a translation of Lord Byron's verses but we are fully authorized to state that no such poem was ever written by Lord Byron, and that for more than nine months—i.e., since his departure from Genoa for Greece—the noble lord has written no poetical composition of any kind. All those which have been published in the meantime or are now being published at London were written prior to the above-mentioned period.

Lord Byron's death, on April 19, from an attack of rheumatic fever caused by a drenching during his usual ride ten days previously is announced in the *Telegrafo Greco* of April 24 in the most elaborately-sorrowful terms. Most of that issue of the journal appears to have been taken up with a detailed account of the obsequies, including a funeral oration pronounced in the queerest of Hellenized French by a M. Tricupi, which "drew abundant tears of gratitude and grief from all the audience." A fortnight later the readers of the *Telegrafo* were edified by a report *in extenso* of the *post mortem*. The examination seems to have been exceedingly thorough, particularly as regards the brain, "which without its wrappings weighed six medical pounds." The skull was found to be "exceptionally hard, devoid of frontal bosses, and without apparent fissures"; the lungs "perfect, but large, almost gigantic"; the heart "larger than usual, but of deteriorated muscular fibre"; the

liver much smaller than usual. The result of the *post mortem* was to convince the doctors that Byron's life might have been saved had he allowed himself to be bled, as they repeatedly suggested.

Some curious comparisons between the prices of the same books in this country and the United States are suggested by the publishers' announcements. To take the case of Ian Maclaren, "The Potter's Wheel," which is issued in this country at 3s. 6d., is published in the States at \$1.50 (6s.); the Ian Maclaren Year Book, in this country 3s. 6d., in America \$1.25 (6s.); the Ian Maclaren Calendar, in this country 2s. 6d., in America \$1.00 (4s.).

From the publishers' announcements it would seem that Canada still obtains her main supply of literature from this country and the United States, and even Canadian authors find it necessary to publish their volumes first in New York or London. Professor C. G. D. Roberts is a case in point. Though a well-known Canadian his Arendian romance, "The Forge in the Forest," was issued in New York and imported into his own country, and the same arrangement will be made for his "History of Canada," a work which is looked forward to with much interest. The list of Mr. William Briggs, the Toronto publisher, contains, however, some books which may fairly lay claim to be considered as Canadian literature. The most important publication of the season is undoubtedly Mr. J. W. Tyrrell's "Across the Sub-Arctic of Canada." This is the narrative of a journey of 3,200 miles by canoe and snowshoe, made by Mr. Tyrrell and his brother in 1893, through the barren lands of the Far North. The book is beautifully illustrated by drawings and photographs.

"Canadian Men and Women of the Time," which will soon be issued by Mr. William Briggs, promises to be a work of real value. Other volumes in preparation are "Haliburton, a Centenary Chaplet," a series of biographical and critical papers on Canada's greatest humourist, and a book on the "Mineral Wealth of Canada," by Professor Willmott.

Dr. Weir Mitchell's historical novel "Hugh Wynne" has met with a remarkable reception in the United States. Twenty-five thousand copies were printed within a month of publication.

Two autograph letters of Gordon Pasha, dated Safa, 29th August, 1883, of no particular interest except as genuine autographs, were recently advertised for sale in *The Times*, and at once found a buyer at the price asked—£10.

There is one fact which the compositors on strike in Edinburgh would do well to bear in mind. For all practical purposes Antwerp is nearer to London than Edinburgh, and from Antwerp come daily offers to publishers to print English books at less prices than are charged in Edinburgh.

We commented recently on Mr. F. H. Townsend's and Mr. Pegasus's illustrations to two of the Waverley Novels included in the Illustrated English Library of Messrs. Service and Paton. Nothing could stand in greater contrast to them than the illustrations in Mr. Nimmo's admirable Border Edition of the Waverleys, in which, by the way, Mr. Andrew Lang, as a commentator on Scott, shows to much greater advantage than he did as an editor of Dickens. "Guy Mannering" has now succeeded "Waverley" in this series; and we can cordially echo the favourable notices with which the Press greeted the series when the first volume was issued.

The illustrations, however, to this Border Edition are, it must be confessed, very unequal. They are not in the pen-and-ink vignette manner of Mr. Townsend and Mr. Pegasus. They are complete compositions in oblong plates, very delicately finished, and by various artists, many of them of distinction. Some of them undoubtedly catch, especially in the outdoor scenes, more of the romantic spirit than the illustrations in the other series do. The work, however, of some of the artists employed is singularly lifeless and unskillful, though the general character of the pictures is redeemed by the reproduction of some excellent paintings by Mr. MacWhirter, Mr. Macbeth, Mr. Lauder, Mr. Macdonald, and others.

In the remarkable collection published by M. Alcan, the "Bibliothèque l'Histoire Contemporaine," will appear a timely study of "Races and Nationalities in Austria" by Professor

Auerbach, of Nancy, and a work entitled "Les Civilisations Tunisiennes" by M. Lapie, ex-professor of philosophy in a Tunis lycée. The same publisher's collection of works of contemporary philosophy will be extended by the addition of a discussion of "the human person" by Abbé Piat, by studies of the philosophy of Nietzsche and of Wagner, by another Nancy Professor, M. Lichtenberger, and by a book on "The Psychology of Socialism" by Dr. Gustave Le Bon. More important, perhaps, than this is a new work on psychology entitled "Les Idées Fixes" by Dr. Pierre Janet and Professor Raymond.

M. Fleury is preparing for immediate publication a series of short stories by M. Clemeceau, "scenes," so we understand from the publisher, "of Jewish life in Galicia, Russia, and France," which are to appear under the general title "Au Pied du Sinai." A special interest will be given to this edition by the presence of 12 full-page lithographic illustrations by M. Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec.

M. Ernest Daudet, who has written a number of historical works, some of which have been crowned by the Academy, has lately completed a volume of memoirs of the late Duc d'Anmale, which has been appearing serially in the *Correspondant*, and which will be published on January 15 by M. Plon. M. Daudet has had access to important private papers, and, having himself known the chief contemporaries of the late Duke, is especially well-equipped for his task. The volume contains many curious episodes and anecdotes, and should prove of considerable interest to English readers, if only from the fact that the author of the history of the Condé princes spent many years of exile on English soil. It is stated that M. Ernest Daudet intends offering himself as a candidate for the succession of the late Duke at the Academy.

M. Eugène Fasquelle announces for publication within the next two or three months, besides the new novel by M. Clemeceau, to which we refer in another column, and M. Zola's "Paris," new novels by M. Alphonse Daudet and his son, by M. Jean Richopin, by M. Jules Claretie and by M. Theuriot, the two Academicians, by M. Gustave Geffroy, by Gyp, and by M. Maurice Barrès.

There are, we imagine, very few Englishmen who read Charles Kingsley in *extenso*. For a thousand readers of "Westward Ho!" or "Hypatia" there are probably not ten who have ever looked at the author's essays or sermons, and the German friends of this fine type of "muscular Christianity" should be grateful to Fräulein Baumann, who has made a selection of what she enthusiastically describes as "the noblest of a noble man's utterances." Her volume of translations from Kingsley, taken from all his writings, runs to 270 pages. It is illustrated with a photograph of the author, and with pictures of his house and grave. Messrs. Vandenhoeck and Ruprecht of Göttingen are the publishers.

The representatives of the late Viscount Arbuthnot are determined to sell the valuable Scottish MSS. known as the Arbuthnot Missal, Horse, and Pealter, which were written for Sir Robert Arbuthnot by James Sibbald, his chaplain, towards the closing years of the fifteenth century. The Missal is the only one of Scottish use now extant, so that its high historic interest and value are obvious; it has seven finely painted and illuminated historiated miniature initials, 15 ornamental initials in the "Camieu" style, and 20 three-quarter borders. In every respect these MSS. are of a very remarkable character, and the wonder is that they should have been preserved together for so long a period and in the same family for which they were originally written. They are to be sold together in one lot at the conclusion of the fifth day's sale of the second portion of the Ashburnham Library on Dec. 10.

In a general way, an author's original autograph MS. is the earliest tangible form of his book. Such a MS. of Gilbert White's "Natural History of Selborne" was sold at Sotheby's on April 26, 1895. On Thursday last a yet earlier form of this celebrated book came under the hammer at the same place, and comprised the original letters which were sent by post by Gilbert White to Thomas Pennant from August 10, 1767, to July 8, 1773, 10 in number. These letters were returned to Gilbert White, who drew up from them the autograph MS. sold in 1895. With the letters was an entirely unpublished "Garden Calendar" for 1751 to 1767 in Gilbert White's autograph MS. in 12 divisions and occupying 424 pages. Both these MSS. passed, after the writer's death, into the possession of his

brother Benjamin, who was a Fleet-street bookseller, and who issued the first edition of the "Natural History"; they have never been out of the possession of the family.

At the next meeting of the Aristotelian Society, on November 29, Mr. W. M'Dougall will read a paper on the "Physiological Conditions of Consciousness."

The ninth congress of Archæological Societies will be held at the rooms of the Society of Antiquaries, at Burlington-house, on Wednesday, December 1, Lord Dillon in the chair.

Miss Gertrude Bradley is illustrating a story for children which Mr. Richards is publishing for the Christmas season. It will be entitled "Tom, Unlimited," and is by a new writer, Mr. Martin Leach Warborough.

MM. Armand Colin et Cie., of Paris, announce for early publication a translation in French, under the direction of M. Emanuel de Margerie, of Suess's "Das Antlitz der Erde." It is to be a thick octavo volume of 840 pages, to be sold at 20 francs.

The same publishers have in the press "La Jeunesse de Napoléon," by M. Arthur Chuquet, and "Histoire Politique de L'Europe Contemporaine" (1814-1896), by M. Ch. Soignobos. "The Great French Triumvirate" is the title of a volume of plays, selected and translated by Mr. Thomas Constable, from Corneille, Molière, and Racine. The translation is into rhymed verse. We understand that Mr. Constable is connected with the famous Scotch printing firm of that name.

Colonel Newnham-Davis, the author of "Three Men and a God," and who writes under his *nom-de-guerre* "The Dwarf," has just written a novel entitled "Jadoo." It will be published by Messrs. Downey and Co. The same firm have in the press a novel, by Mr. Morley Roberts, "Strong Men and True"; another novel, by Mr. Paul Creswick, "Bruising Peg"; and a volume of travels by Captain Clarke, "An Ocean Tramp." None of these works will be ready before the next spring publishing season.

It is rarely now that Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman sends out a new volume of poems; for although he has produced his important critical volumes on "Poetry and Poets," it is twenty years since he issued "Hawthorne and other Poems." Now, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, and Co. announce for America, and Messrs. Gay and Bird for England, the early publication of "Poems now first collected." Into this volume Mr. Stedman gathers the poems of the past twenty years. One division of the book is composed of the grave-and-gay verse so characteristic of this poet. Another includes a connected series of poems, with the title, "Songs of the Carib Sea."

Shortly before his death, Dr. James Freeman Clarke collected his papers for the purpose of publication in a volume. Some of them had already appeared in periodicals; others had never been printed. These have been made ready in book form and Messrs. Gay and Bird will issue the collection with the title, "Nineteenth Century Questions." The scope of the work will be best appreciated from a few of the titles of the various essays:—"Lyric and Dramatic Elements in Literature," "Gray's Elegy," "Affinities of Buddhism and Christianity," "Have Animals Souls?" "The Two Carlyles," "Voltaire," "Emerson," "Harriet Martineau."

Mr. Robert Buchanan is at present engaged on a novel dealing with the possible religious movements of the twentieth century. It is to be entitled "The Rev. Annabel Lee," and is to tell of the noble efforts made by this lady on behalf of a humanity which had lost its hold on the religious ideals. Messrs. C. A. Pearson and Co. are to be the publishers, and there will also be a special edition for the colonies.

The publishers of "Queen Victoria," by Mr. R. R. Holmes, are anxious to make it known that the paper on which the *édition de luxe* of that work at three guineas is printed was manufactured for them in a mill near Balmoral by the Culter Paper Mills Company, of Aberdeen. This Culter Paper edition was issued to the public last Monday.

Travellers in Italy will, perhaps, be interested to hear that Mr. Grant Allen is adding historical guides to Venice and Rome, in addition to those to Paris, Florence, and the Cities of Belgium which have been already published.

Two series of popular histories of the Colleges of Oxford and Cambridge are to be published by Mr. F. E. Robinson, of 20, Great Russell-street. The Oxford series will consist of 21, and the Cambridge series of 18 volumes. Mr. Robinson has secured an exceptionally good list of contributors, comprising many of the most distinguished men in the academic life of both Universities.

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

## ART.

**Early Florentine Woodcuts.** With an Annotated List of Florentine Illustrated Books. By *Paul Kristeller*. (300 copies.) 11 $\frac{1}{2}$  x 8 $\frac{1}{2}$  in., xlv. + 123 pp. London, 1897. Kegan Paul. 30s. n.

## BIOGRAPHY.

**A Benedictine Martyr.** Being the Life and Times of the Venerable Servant of God, Dom John Roberts, O.S.B. By *Dom Bale Camm*, O.S.B. B.A. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  x 6 $\frac{1}{2}$  in., xvi. + 317 pp. London, 1897. Bliss, Sands.

**The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D.** By *James Haskell*, Esq. Edited by *Israel Gollancz*, M.A. Vols. I. to IV. To be completed in 8 vols. 6 x 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  in. London, 1897. Dent. 1s. 6d. n. each vol.

**New Letters of Napoleon I.** Omitted from the Edition published under the auspices of Napoleon III. By *Lady Mary Loyd*. 9 x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  in., xviii. + 380 pp. London, 1897. Heinemann. 18s. n.

## BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

**Innes' Plays for Children. I.**—Cinderella. A play in four scenes, 11.—Henny and the Beast. A play in five scenes. By "*Senton*." 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  x 4 $\frac{1}{2}$  in., 32 pp. London, 1897. Innes. 6d. each.

**The Garden of Delight.** Fairy Tales. By *Netta Syrett*. Illustrated by *Netta Syrett*. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$  x 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  in., 219 pp. London, 1898. Hurst and Blackett. 5s.

**The Eerie Book.** With 15 Full-page Illustrations. By *W. B. Macdougall*. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$  x 6 $\frac{1}{2}$  in., 211 pp. London, 1898. Sidells. 6s.

## CLASSICAL.

**Epigraffa Latina.** Trattato Elementare, con esercizi pratici e facili illustrativi. (Manuale Hoepli, con 65 tavole.) Del *Prof. Dott. Serafino Ricci*. 6 x 4 $\frac{1}{2}$  in., xxxii. + 447 pp. Milano, 1898. Uricio Hoepli. 6.50 lire.

**Topografia di Roma Antica.** (Manuale Hoepli, con 7 tavole.) Per *Luigi Borzari*. 6 x 4 $\frac{1}{2}$  in., viii. + 434 pp. Milano, 1898. Uricio Hoepli. 4.50 lire.

## EDUCATIONAL.

**The Herbartian Psychology Applied to Education.** Being a Series of Essays applying the Psychology of Johann F. Herbart. By *John Adams*, M.A. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  in., 284 pp. London, 1897. Isbister. 3s. 6d.

**Ideals for Girls.** By *Rer. H. R. Haveris*, M.A. 7 x 4 $\frac{1}{2}$  in., 140 pp. London, 1897. Bowden. 2s. 6d.

**The Gallic War of C. Julius Cæsar.** With Introduction, Notes, and Appendices. By *John Brown*, B.A. 6 $\frac{1}{2}$  x 4 $\frac{1}{2}$  in., xvi. + 66 pp. London, Glasgow, and Dublin. Blackie. 1s.

**Theorie und Praxis des Fortbildungsunterrichts.** Part I. Das erste Fortbildungsjahr. By *Scholl-Directors Tischendorf* and *Marquardt*. Large 8vo., viii. + 226 pp. Leipzig, 1897. Wanderlich. 2.40 Marks.

## FICTION.

**Sans Mari.** By *Mme. F. Le Coz*. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  in., 294 pp. Paris, 1897. Armand Colin. 3f. 50c.

**Marie, Premier Amour.** By *Antoine Albatol*. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  in., 351 pp. Paris, 1897. Armand Colin. 3f. 50c.

**Lettres de Malaisie.** By *Paul Adam*. 50 Edition. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  in., 238 pp. Paris, 1898. Editions de la Revue Blanche. 3f. 50c.

**Marie.** By *Peter Nansen*. Roman traduit du danois par *Gaudard du Vinet*. Dessins de *Pierre Bonnard*. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  in., 243 pp. Paris, 1898. Editions de la Revue Blanche. 3f. 50c.

**A Man of the Moors.** By *Hallidwell Sutcliffe*. 8 x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  in., 289 pp. London, 1897. Kegan Paul. 6s.

**"And Shall Trelawney Die?" and The Mist on the Moors.** Being Romances of the Parish of Altarnun, in the County of Cornwall. By *Joseph Hoeking*. Illustrated by *Lancelot Speed*. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  in., 345 pp. London, 1897. Bowden. 3s. 6d.

**The Vicar of St. Nicholas.** By *Rupert Alexander*. 8 x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  in., viii. + 303 pp. London, 1897. Digby Long. 6s.

**To the Angles Chair.** A Story of Ideals in a Welsh Village. By *John Thomas*, M.A. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  in., 403 pp. London, 1897. Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.

**This Little World.** By *David Christie Murray*. 8 x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  in., 378 pp. London, 1897. Chatto and Windus. 6s.

**For the Prince and People.** A Tale of Old Genoa. By *E. K. Sanders*. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  in., 327 pp. London and New York, 1897. Macmillan. 6s.

**The Outlaws on the Marches.** By *Lord Ernest Hamilton*. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$  x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  in., 318 pp. London, 1897. Fisher Unwin. 6s.

**Bushigrams.** By *Guy Boothby*. 8 x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  in., viii. + 283 pp. London, New York, and Melbourne, 1897. Ward and Lock.

**The Blues and the Brigands.** Being the Recollections of Etienne Marie Carraud Nantais 1789-94. By *M.M. Blake*. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  in., 306 pp. London, 1898. Jarrold. 5s.

**Pour les Jeunes Filles.** Le Mariage de Leonie. By *Frédéric Plessis*. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  in., 276 pp. Paris, 1897. Armand Colin. 3f. 50c.

**Giacomo l'idealista.** Romanzo di Emilio De Marchi. Seconda Edizione. 8 x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  in., 410 pp. Milano, 1897. Uricio Hoepli. 3.50 lire.

**Daniel.** A Romance of Surrey. By *R. D. Blackmore*. With Drawings by *Chris. Hammond*. 8 x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  in., 505 pp. Edinburgh and London, 1897. Blackwood. 6s.

**Poor Little Bella.** By *F. C. Philips*. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  in., 318 pp. London, 1897. Downey. 6s.

**High Play.** A Comedy off the Stage. By *George Manville Fenn*. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  in., 383 pp. London, 1897. Downey. 6s.

**A Trip to Venus.** By *John Munro*. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  in., 254 pp. London, 1897. Jarrold. 3s. 6d.

**The Scarlet Letter.** By *Nathaniel Hawthorne*. Illustrated by *T. H. Robinson*. 8 x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  in., 318 pp. London, 1897. Bliss, Sands. 2s. 6d.

**Byeways.** By *Robert Michens*. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  in., 319 pp. London, 1897. Methuen. 6s.

**Joana.** By *Margaret Surrey*. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  in., viii. + 312 pp. London, 1897. Marshall Bros. 3s. 6d.

**Sandra Belloni.** Originally Emilia in England. Revised Edition. By *George Meredith*. 8 x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  in., viii. + 492 pp. London, 1897. Constable. 6s.

**Through Another Man's Eyes.** ("Greenback" Series, No. 35.) By *Eleanor Holmes*. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  in., 415 pp. London, 1897. Jarrold. 3s. 6d.

**The Captive of Pekin;** or, A Swallow's Wing. By *Charles Hannan*. Illustrated by *A. J. B. Salmon*. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  in., 363 pp. London, 1897. Jarrold.

**Marcus Warwick, Atheist.** By *Alice M. Dale*. 8 x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  in., viii. + 386 pp. London, 1898. Kegan Paul. 6s.

**The World's Coarse Thumb.** By *Caroline Masters*. With Original Illustrations by *Lancelot Speed*. 8 x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  in., 304 pp. London and New York, 1897. Warne. 3s. 6d.

**Marion Cromwell, Royalist.** A Romance of the Great Rebellion. By *Dora Greenwell McChesney*. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  in., viii. + 429 pp. Edinburgh and London, 1897. Blackwood. 6s.

**The School for Saints.** Part of the History of the Rt. Hon. Robert

Orange, M.P. By *John Oliver Hobbes*. 8 x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  in., 514 pp. London, 1897. Fisher Unwin. 6s.

**Racing and 'Chasing.** A Collection of Sporting Stories. By *Alfred E. Watson*. Illustrated. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  in., xii. + 344 pp. London, New York, and Bombay, 1897. Longmans. 7s. 6d.

**Maggie, das Straßentind.** By *Stephen Crane*. Translated by *Dora Landé*. 8vo., 126 pp. Leipzig, 1897. Wigand. 1.50 Marks.

**Xanés Gordan. Schauspiel.** By *George Hirschfeld*. 8vo., lii. + 228 pp. Berlin, 1898. Fischer. 2.50 Marks.

## GEOGRAPHY.

**Impressions of South Africa.** By *James Bryce*. With Three Maps. 9 x 6 $\frac{1}{2}$  in., xxv. + 604 pp. London and New York, 1897. Macmillan. 18s. n.

**Nippur;** or, Explorations and Adventures on the Euphrates. The Narrative of the University of Pennsylvania's Expedition to Babylonia in the years 1888-1890. By *John Punnett Peters*, D.D., Director of the Expedition. With Illustrations and Maps. Vol. II.—Second Campaign. 9 x 6 $\frac{1}{2}$  in., x. + 420 pp. London and New York, 1897. Putnam. 12s. 6d.

**The Hill of Graces.** A Record of Investigation among Trilobites and Megalithic Sites of Tripoli. By *H. S. Cooper*, F.S.A. With 98 Illustrations and a Map. 9 x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  in., xxii. + 327 pp. London, 1897. Methuen. 10s. 6d.

**Wild Life in Southern Seas.** By *Louis Becke*. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$  x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  in., viii. + 369 pp. London, 1897. Fisher Unwin. 6s.

**De Paris à Edinbourg.** By *Mme. Edgar Quinet*. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  in., 327 pp. Paris, 1898. Calmann Levy. 3f. 50c.

## HISTORY.

**American Lands and Letters.** The Mayflower to Rip Van Winkle. By *Donald G. Mitchell*. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$  x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  in., xxii. + 402 pp. London, 1897. Dent. 7s. 6d.

**History of South Africa under the Administration of the Dutch East India Company, 1652 to 1795.** By *George M'Call Theal*, LL.D., of the Queen's University, Kingston, Canada. 2 vols. With Maps. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$  x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  in., xxviii. + 549 + xii. + 402 pp. London, 1897. Sonnenschein. 30s. n.

**A Short History of the British Colonial Policy.** By *E. Egerton*, M.A. 9 x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  in., 503 pp. London, 1897. Methuen. 12s. 6d.

**The Rise of Democracy.** (Victorian Era Series.) By *J. Holland Rose*, M.A. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  in., 252 pp. London, Glasgow, and Dublin, 1897. Blackie. 2s. 6d.

**Introduction aux Etudes Historiques.** By *Ch. F. Langlois* and *Ch. Seignobos*. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  in., 308 pp. Paris, 1898. Hachette. 3f. 50c.

## LAW.

**Fisher's Law of Mortgage.** The Law of Mortgage and other Securities upon Property Royal. By *Arthur Underhill*, M.A., LL.D., Barrister-at-Law. Fifth Edition. 10 x 6 $\frac{1}{2}$  in., cxlvi. + 905 pp. London, 1897. Butterworth. 52s. 6d.

**A Treatise on the Law of Guarantees and of Principal and Surety.** By *Henry Anselm de Colyar*. Third Ed. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$  x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  in., xlii. + 479 pp. London, 1897. Butterworth. 17s. 6d.

**The Workman's Compensation Act, 1897.** (60 and 61 Vict., Cap. 37.) With copious Notes and an Appendix, containing the Employers' Liability Act, 1880 (43 and 44 Vict., Cap. 42). By *W. A. Willis*,

L.L.B. (London). 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  in., xviii. + 74 pp. London, 1897. Butterworth. 2s. 6d. n.

**Pratt's Law of Highways, Main Roads, and Bridges.** Part I.—Law of Highways Independent of Statutes. Part II.—Statutes Relating to Highways, Main Roads, and Bridges. By *William Mackenzie*, M.A. 11th Edition. 10 x 6 $\frac{1}{2}$  in., lxxxiii. + 843 pp. London, 1897. Shaw and Sons. 12s.

**Robinson on Gavelkind.** The Common Law of Kent or the Customs of Gavelkind, with Additions relating to Borough-English and similar Customs. By *Charles I. Eiton*, Q.C., and *Herbert J. Mackay*, LL.B. Fifth Edition. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$  x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  in., xxxv. + 296 pp. London, 1897. Butterworth. 15s.

**La Cour D'Assises.** By *Jean Cruppi*. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  in., 367 pp. Paris, 1897. La Librairie. 3.50f.

**Encyclopædia of the Laws of England.** Being a New Abridgment by the most Eminent Legal Authorities. Edited by *A. Wood Renton*, M.A. Vol. IV.—County District to Employers and Workmen. 10 x 6 $\frac{1}{2}$  in., viii. + 488 pp. London, 1897. Sweet and Maxwell. 20s. n.

## LITERARY.

**A Sentimental Journey through France and Italy.** By *Laurence Sterne*. Illustrated by *T. H. Robinson*. 8 x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  in., 442 pp. London, 1897. Bliss, Sands. 2s. 6d.

**Note Letterarie.** By *Domenico Ottica*. 8vo., 325 pp. Milan, 1897. Brigola. 3.50 lire.

**Opere Complete di Giuseppe Revere.** Con Prefazione di *A. Rondani*. Volumi I. e II. 8vo., 1,100 pp. Rome, 1897. Forzani e Co. 12 lire.

**Antologia Marinaresca di Prose e Poesie.** By *Angelo Russo*. 3 vols., 600 pp. each. Rome, 1897. Forzani e Co. 5 lire per vol.

**Enciclopedia Dantesca.** By *Dr. J. Serrazzini*. Vol. II. 1,711 pp. Milan, 1897. Hoepli. 6.25 lire.

**Bergamo nel Seicento.** By *Ondio Scotti*. 8vo., 195 pp. Bergamo, 1897. 2.50 lire.

**Selections from British Satirists.** With an Introductory Essay. By *Cecil Headlam*. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  in., vi. + 329 pp. London, 1897. F. E. Robinson. 6s.

**Poem of the Cid.** Text Reprinted from the Unique Manuscript at Madrid. By *Archer M. Huntington*, M.A. Vol. I. 100 copies. 12 x 8 $\frac{1}{2}$  in. New York, 1897. Putnam. 6 guineas.

**Shakespeare.** Select Plays. First Part of King Henry IV. (Clarendon Press Series.) Edited by *William A. Wright*, M.A. 6 $\frac{1}{2}$  x 4 $\frac{1}{2}$  in., xxiv. + 173 pp. Oxford, 1897. Clarendon Press. 2s.

**Leisure Hours in the Study.** By *James Mackintosh*, Ph.D. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  in., xi. + 452 pp. London, 1897. Fisher Unwin. 6s.

**The Celtic Doctrine of Rebirth.** With Appendices, Transformations of Tuan MacCallirill, the Dinnshechas of Mag Sleibit. (Vol. II. of the Voyage of Bran the Son of Febal.) By *Alfred Nutt*. Edited and Translated by *Kuno Mezer*. 8 x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  in., xii. + 352 pp. London, 1897. Nutt.

**Hamlet.** Ein neuer Versuch zur ästhetischen Erklärung der Tragödie, von *Prof. Dr. A. Döring*. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$  x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  in., 310 pp. Berlin, 1898. Gaertners.

**Neohellenic Language and Literature.** Three Lectures delivered at Oxford in June, 1897. By *Platon E. Drakoules*. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  in., vii. + 70 pp. Oxford, 1897. Blackwell. 1s. 6d. n.

**Shakespeare's Heroines.** By *Anna Jameson.* With 25 Portraits of Famous Players in Character. 8½ x 5½ in., ix. + 314 pp. London, 1857. George Bell, 6s.

**Le Rythme dans La Poésie Française.** By *Pierre de Bernart.* 7½ x 5½ in., 149 pp. Paris, 1898. Perrin, 2f. 50c.

**Stendhal.** Œuvres Posthumes, Napoleon—De l'Italie—Voyage a Brinswick—De l'Angleterre—Les Pensées—Commentaires sur Mollere. Notes et Introduction by *Jean de Milly.* 3e Edition. 7½ x 5½ in., 290 pp. Paris, 1897. Editions de la Revue Blanche. 3f. 50c.

**MILITARY.**

**With the Conquering Turk.** Confessions of a Bashli Huzuk. By *G. W. Steevens.* With Four Maps. 8½ x 6½ in., 313 pp. London and Edinburgh, 1807. Blackwood, 10s. 6d.

**English and Russian Military Vocabulary.** By *Lieut. A. Mears.* Indian Staff Corps. 7½ x 5½ in., 127 pp. London, 1888. Nutt, 3s. 6d. n.

**Feldmarschall Graf v. Wrangel.** By *Colonel Carl von Dünk r.* Illustrated by Felician, Freiherr von Mybach. Lex. 8vo., xii. + 330 pp. Prague and Vienna, 1897. Tempsky. Leipzig, Freytag. 24 Marks.

**Die Pariser Kommune 1871** unter den Augen der deutschen Truppen. By *General Albert von Holtz.* n. With lithographed plan of Paris. Large 8vo., vii. + 309 pp. Berlin, 1871. Mittler. 6.50 Marks.

**Der griechisch-türkische Krieg des Jahres 1897.** From official sources by "An Upper Officer." 8vo., vi. + 257 pp. With 21 portraits and 6 maps. Berlin, 1897. Schall and Grund. 5 Marks.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**

**The Dungeons of Old Paris.** Being the Story and Romance of the most Celebrated Prisons of the Monarchy and the Revolution. By *Tighe Hopkins.* Illustrated. 9½ x 6½ in., 365 pp. London and New York, 1888. Putnam's, 7s. 6d.

**The Jan Maclaren Kalender, 1898.** With Decorative Designs. By *William Steadling Hadaway.* 13½ x 10½ in. London, 1888. Hodder and Stoughton. 2s. 6d.

**English Sanitary Institutions.** Reviewed in their course of Development and in some of their Political and Social Relations. By *Sir John Simon, K.C.B.* (Sec. Ed.) 8½ x 5½ in., xix. + 390 pp. London 1897. Smith, Elder, 18s.

**Reveries of a Paraphraser.** By *M. W. L.* 8 x 5½ in., viii. + 184 pp. London, 1897. Fisher Unwin, 6s.

**Australasian Democracy.** By *Henry De B. Walker.* 9 x 5½ in., xi. + 315 pp. London, 1897. Fisher Unwin, 6s.

**Old Harrow Days.** By *J. G. Cotton Mitchen.* With Original Sketches by Miss F. Holms. 7½ x 5½ in., 331 pp. London, 1897. Methuen, 5s.

**Refrigerating and Ice-making Machinery.** A Descriptive Treatise for the Use of Persons Employing Refrigerating and Ice-making Installations, and others. By *A. J. Wallis-Taylor, C.E.* Sec. Ed. Illustrated. 7½ x 5½ in., xviii. + 290 pp. London, 1897. Crosby Loewwood, 7s. 6d.

**Railway Nationalization.** By *Clement Edwards.* With a Preface by the Rt. Hon. Sir C. W. Dilke, Bart., M.P. (Social Questions of To-day.) 7½ x 5½ in., xii. + 223 pp. London, 1898. Methuen, 2s. 6d.

**The Irish Difficulty Shall and Will.** By *G. Molloy, D.D.* 7½ x 5½ in., 194 pp. London, Glasgow, and Dublin. Blackie, 2s. 6d.

**Voice, Speech, and Gesture.** A Practical Handbook to the Elementary Art, comprising also Selections in Prose and Verse.

Adapted for Recitation, Reading, and Dramatic Recital. Edited, with Notes and Introduction, by *Robert D. Blackman.* 8½ x 5½ in., xvii. + 1132 pp. London, 1897. Deacon, 5s.

**Burdett's Official Nursing Directory, 1898.** containing an outline of the Principal Law Affecting Nurses, &c., and a Directory of Nurses. By *Sir Henry Burdett, K.C.B.* 7½ x 5½ in., 508 pp. London, 1897. Scientific Press, 5s.

**The Flags of the World.** Their History, Blazonry, and Associations, from the earliest to the present time. By *F. E. Hulme, F.I.S.* With 451 Illustrations in Colour. 7½ x 5½ in., 152 pp. London and New York, 1897. Warne, 6s.

**Crown Jewels.** A Brief Record of the Wives of English Sovereigns from 1066 to 1897 A.D. With a Preface. By *Lady Herbert of Lea.* 7½ x 5½ in., viii. + 261 pp. London, 1897. Stock, 6s.

**Twelve Years in a Monastery.** By *Joseph McCabe.* 8½ x 5½ in., 260 pp. London, 1897. Smith Elder, 7s. 6d.

**Children under the Poor Law.** Their Education, Training, and After-care, together with a Criticism of the Report of the Departmental Committee on Metropolitan Poor Law Schools. By *H. Chance, M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge.* 9½ x 5½ in., xii. + 413 pp. London, 1897. Sonnenschein, 7s. 6d.

**Primitive Civilization; or, The Outlines of the History of Ownership in Archæal Communities.** By *J. E. Sincor.* 2 vols. (International Library.) 9 x 6½ in., x. + 576 + 534 pp. London, 1897. Sonnenschein, 10s. 6d. each vol.

**Here They Are!** By *Jos. F. Sullivan.* 8 x 5½ in., x. + 350 pp. London, New York, and Bombay, 1897. Longmans.

**La Question d'Orient Populaire.** By *Charles Sancerme.* 10 x 6½ in., 138 pp. Paris, 1897. Librairie Ch. Delagrave.

**L'Héritage de Behanzin.** By *Paul Minande.* 7½ x 5½ in., 291 pp. Paris, 1898. Perrin, 3f. 50c.

**NATURAL HISTORY.**

**With Nature and a Camera.** Being the Adventures and Observations of a Field Naturalist and an Annual Photographer. By *Richard Kearton, F.Z.S.* Illustrated by 180 Pictures from Photographs by *Cherry Kearton.* 9½ x 6½ in., xvi. + 368 pp. London, Paris, and Melbourne, 1897. Cassell, 21s.

**Glimpses into Plant Life.** An Easy Guide to the Study of Botany. By *Mrs. Brighteen, F.E.S.* 7½ x 5½ in., 351 pp. London, 1897. Fisher Unwin, 3s. 6d.

**ORIENTAL.**

**Buddismo.** (Manuale Hoepli. Serie Scientifica, 264.) Per *Paolo Emilio Parolini.* 6 x 4½ in., xvi. + 163 pp. Milano, 1897. Ulrico Hoepli, 1.50 lire.

**PHILOLOGY.**

**Historisch-philologische Vegräbde der hebräischen Sprache mit comparativer Berücksichtigung des Semitischen überhaupt.** 2nd half; 2nd and concluding part. By *Prof. Dr. Friedrich Edward König.* (The Historical-comparative Syntax of the Hebrew Language.) Large 8vo., ix. + 721 pp. Leipzig, 1897. Hinrich, 18 Marks.

**Grundriss der vergleichenden Grammatik der indo-germanischen Sprachen.** Vol. I. Part 2. By *Professors K. Brugmann and B. Delbrück.* Large 8vo., ix. 623 + 1098 pp. Strasbourg. Trübner, 12 Marks.

**PHILOSOPHY.**

**Il Rimorso nel Fatto Morale.** By *Giulio Fontana.* 8vo., 348 pp. Turin, 1897. Clausen, 2.50 lire.

**La Filosofia Scientifica del Diritto in Inghilterra.** Studio Storico, Critico, Dell' *Dott. Giacomo Lacione,* Professore Incaricato di Filosofia del Diritto nell'Università di Parma. (Parte I.—Da Bacon a Hume.) 7½ x 5½ in., 850 pp. Torino, 1897. Clausen.

**POETRY.**

**Poems.** Now first collected. By *Edmund C. Stedman.* 7½ x 5½ in., x. + 210 pp. London, 1897. Gay and Bird, 6s. n.

**Jennefred,** and other Verses. By *Septimus G. Green.* 7 x 4½ in., ix. + 260 pp. London, 1897. Stock.

**The Poetical Works of Elizabeth Barrett Browning.** With Portrait. 8 x 5½ in., xxi. + 667 pp. London, 1897. Smith Elder, 7s. 6d.

**Poems.** By *A. New Zealand.* 7 x 4½ in., ix. + 116 pp. London, 1897. Kegan Paul, 6s.

**A Window in Lincoln's Inn,** and What was seen Within and Without. By *Addison M'Leod.* 7 x 4½ in., 88 pp. London, 1897. Kegan Paul, 5s.

**The Fairy Changeling,** and other Poems. By *Dora Sigerson* (Mrs. Clement Shorter). 7½ x 4½ in., vii. + 100 pp. London, 1897. Lane, 3s. 6d.

**Sunday Afternoon Verses.** Collected from the "British Weekly." By *H. Robertson Nicoll.* 7½ x 5½ in., xv. + 156 pp. London, 1897. Hodder and Stoughton, 3s. 6d.

**Selected Poems.** By *George Meredith.* 8 x 5½ in., vii. + 215 pp. London, 1897. Constable, 6s. n.

**Septem Psalmorum Penitentium.** Versio elegiaca facta a *Richard Johnson Walker.* 6½ x 4 in., 18 pp. London, 1897. Purdon and Sons.

**Ireland,** and other Poems. By *Lionel Johnson.* 8 x 6 in., xi. + 127 pp. London and Boston, 1897. Elkin Mathews, 5s. n.

**Poems of the Love and Pride of England.** Edited by *F. and M. Wedmore.* 7½ x 5 in., xvi. + 291 pp. London, New York, and Melbourne, 1897. Ward and Lock, 5s.

**Ballads of the Fleet,** and other Poems. By *Rennell Rodd.* 7½ x 5½ in., x. + 199 pp. London and New York, 1897. Arnold, 6s.

**Matin Bells and Scarlet and Gold.** By *F. H. Williams, B.A.* Second Ed. 8 x 5½ in., 550 pp. London, 1897. Roxburghe Press, 5s.

**POLITICAL.**

**Gli Avvenimenti d'Oriente.** (Guerra Turco-Greca.) *Buletino* Illustrato. 8vo., 252 pp. Fratelli Treves, 5 lire.

**SCIENCE.**

**Pasteur et ses Elèves.** Histoire Abrégée de Leurs Decouvertes et de Leurs Doctrines. By *J. F. Roulet.* Ancien Inspecteur d'Academie. 7½ x 5 in., 391 pp. Paris, 1898. Garnier, 3f. 50c.

**The Harvelan Oration.** (Science and Modern Civilization.) Delivered before the Royal College of Physicians, Oct. 18th, 1897, by *Sir W. Roberts, M.D., F.R.S.* 7½ x 5½ in., 31 pp. London, 1897. Smith Elder.

**SPORT.**

**The Queen's Hounds and Stag Hunting Recollections.** By *Lord Ribblesdale.* With an Introduction on the Hereditary Mastership by *Edward Burrows,* compiled from the Brocas Papers in his possession. Illustrated. 9½ x 6½ in., xvi. + 315 pp. London, New York, and Bombay, 1897. Longmans, 25s.

**THEOLOGY.**

**L'Allemagne Religieuse: Le Protestantisme.** By *Georges Goyon.* 7½ x 5 in., 260 pp. Paris, 1898. Perrin, 3f. 50c.

**The Story of the Prayer Book.** By *William A. Leonard.* 8 x 5½ in., 78 pp. London, 1897. Leonard, 1s. 6d.

**The Christian Doctrine of Sacerdotium,** as contained in Scriptures and Taught in our

Formularies. By *Rev. N. Dimock,* M.A. Sec. Edition, 9 x 5½ in., 114 pp. London, 1897. Stock, 2s. 6d. n

**The Mysteries, Pagan and Christian.** Being the Hulsean Lectures for 1897. By *S. Cheekham, D.D.* 7½ x 5 in., xviii. + 150 pp. London and New York, 1897. Macmillan, 5s.

**Synonyms of the Old Testament.** Their bearing on Christian Doctrine. By *Rev. R. Baker Ardntone, M.A.* Sec. Edition, 9 x 5½ in., xiv. + 346 pp. London, 1897. Nisbet, 12s.

**The Faith of Centuries.** Addresses and Essays on Subjects connected with the Christian Religion. 8 x 5½ in. London, 1897. Nisbet, 7s. 6d.

**The First Christian Mission to the Great Mogul; or, The Story of Blessed Rudolf Acquaviva and of his Four Companions in Martyrdom of the Society of Jesus.** By *Francis Goldie.* 8 x 5½ in., xiii. + 185 pp. Dublin, 1897. Gill and Son.

**The Church in England.** 2 vols. By *John H. Overton, D.D.* 7½ x 5½ in., viii. + 484 + 158 pp. London, 1897. Gardner and Darton, 12s.

**Pascal.** Par *Maurice Souriau.* (Collection des Classiques Populaires.) 9 x 5½ in., 240 pp. Paris, 1897. Société Française d'Imprimerie et de Librairie. Fr. 1.50.

**Light and Leaven.** Historical and Social Sermons to General Congregations. By *H. Hensley Henson, M.A.* 7½ x 5½ in., 329 pp. London, 1897. Methuen, 6s.

**The Shorter Catechism of the Westminster Assembly of Divines.** Being a Facsimile of the First Edition which was ordered to be printed by the House of Commons 25th Nov., 1647. With an Account and Bibliography. By *William Carruthers, F.R.S.* 9½ x 7 in., 78 pp. London, 1897. Presbyterian Church of Eng. 3s. n.

**Garnered Fruit.** Passages from Sermons and Addresses delivered by *Robertson of Irvine,* Poet Preacher. Selected by *Arthur Guthrie.* 7½ x 5 in., 168 pp. Adrossan, 1897. Guthrie and Sons, 2s. 6d.

**The Problem of Apologetic.** An Inaugural Lecture delivered in New College, Edinburgh, on Oct. 20, by *Rev. Alec. Martin, M.A.* Together with the Charge Delivered on the Occasion by *Rev. A. H. Davidson, D.D.* 8½ x 5½ in., 50 pp. Edinburgh, 1897. Macniven and Wallace.

**Beside Still Waters.** A Meditation on the 23rd Psalm. By *J. R. Miller, D.D.* 8 x 6 in. London, 1897. Hodder and Stoughton, 1s.

**Renan's Life of Jesus.** Translated, with an Introduction, by *William G. Hutchison.* (The Scott Library.) 7 x 1½ in., xxxii. + 289 pp. London, 1897. Walter Scott, 1s. 6d.

**Old Testament Outlines.** A Devotional Insight for Busy People. By the late *Francis Aylmer Frost.* 7½ x 5½ in., xvi. + 154 pp. London, 1897. Skettington, 3s. 6d.

**The Expansion of the Christian Life.** Duff Lectures for 1897. By *John Marshall Long, D.D.* 8 x 5½ in., xvii. + 246 pp. Edinburgh and London, 1897. Blackwood, 5s.

**TOPOGRAPHY.**

**Cambridge, Described and Illustrated.** Being a Short History of the Town and University. By *Thomas D. Atkinson.* With an Introduction by *J. N. Clark, M.A.* 9½ x 6½ in., xxxvii. + 528 pp. London and Cambridge, 1897. Macmillan, 21s. n.

**The North Coast of Cornwall.** Its Scenery, its People, its Antiquities, and its Legends. By *John Lloyd Warden Page.* With Map and Illustrations. 8 x 5½ in., xiii. + 253 pp. Bristol, 1897. Hemmons.

**Highways and Byways in Devon and Cornwall.** By *Arthur H. Norway.* Illustrated by *Joseph Pennell* and *Hugh Thomson.* 8 x 5½ in., viii. + 391 pp. London and New York, 1897. Macmillan, 6s.

# Literature

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## THE AGE OF SUPERLATIVES.

Among the "defects of modern criticism" to which our contributor "A." calls attention on a later page of this Review, there is one which all observers of current fashions in speech and writing must have remarked with equal concern. Whether it can be with entire justice described as a defect of "criticism"—whether it is not rather a phenomenon, which, wherever it is present, indicates the absence of anything worthy to be called criticism at all—we need not now inquire. That it is at any rate a characteristic feature of much writing, and of still more talk, which pretends to be critical is unhappily beyond

dispute; and, when to this we add that pretensions of this kind have never been more presumptuously made nor more readily accepted than they are at present, we admit the substantial accuracy of "A.'s" statement of the case. What claim a man may really have to pose as instructor of his fellows is a question which ceases to be of practical importance when once he has succeeded in getting himself accepted at his own valuation. He becomes a power to be reckoned with just as much as if his authority and qualifications were absolutely beyond dispute.

For, indeed, the immense "reading public," so called, of to-day—that gross indiscriminate feeder upon all printed matter which has anything of an appetizing appearance—never stops to distinguish between either the quality or the source of its food. To the guileless consumer of gossip about books and their authors every "puff" paragraph is a "criticism," and the ignorant or interested raptures of the casual scribe who penned it become the authoritative pronouncements of a critic. The exceeding great multitude of these dithyrambic paragraphs is only to a comparatively slight extent increased by the contingent of gushing "reviewers" whose superabundant adjectives have escaped the blue pencil of their editors; but no doubt the general effect upon the eye and ear of the judicious is much such as our contributor describes. "Criticism" of the kind to which he refers has become a mere orgie of superlatives. A young rhymer cannot produce a volume of creditable verse without being acclaimed as a "great" poet; a new novelist writes a stirring romance of adventure, and he is paraded before us as the legitimate successor—possibly the future rival—of Scott; an experimentalizing essayist turns out a series of pretty papers on the "carving of cherry stones," and he is discovered to have begun where Lamb left off; a word-painter, just recently started in business, dashes off a slim booklet of impressionist studies, and we are invited to hail another Ruskin; a rhapsodist rhapsodizes about his own or somebody else's emotions, and an awe-stricken public is informed that he has "added a new music to English prose."

Where is all this to end, and what are we to do with a language which is having its choicest and most precious coins passed daily backwards and forward from hand to hand, until every trace of their clean-cut brightness is being worn off them, and they are becoming as lustreless and as edgeless as so many old shillings? Suppose another Scott, a second Ruskin, another Keats, or Shelley, or Tennyson were to appear among us to-morrow and find us with nothing but these desecrated and cheapened adjectives to apply to him! Why, we might actually have to fall back on those measured and qualified terms of approval which were formerly reserved for the encouragement of promising beginners; and, indeed, that might, perhaps, have the

desired effect. Surrounded as he would be by the blaze of recently discovered "genius," glittering from head to foot with superlatives, a new Immortal who should be gently complimented on his "very creditable verse" or his "agreeable prose style" would look as "distinguished" as the black-coated and undecorated Castlereagh among his bestarred and beribboned colleagues at the Congress of Vienna.

It may be said, perhaps, that all this extravagance of laudation is subjected by the wise to its due discount, while as for the foolish they will find food for their folly everywhere, and if not in this particular form of absurdity then in some other. But, in the first place, the world is not so sharply divided off into wise and foolish as this observation assumes. There are many people, especially are there many young people, not absolutely wanting in intelligence who are distinctly the worse for being systematically and solemnly fed upon nonsense, and who in course of time may even acquire from it the mischievous habit of talking nonsense themselves—a habit which whosoever encourages in these days deserves to be regarded as an enemy of the human race. And in the next place it is not the reader alone but the belauded author himself who has some claim to consideration. Never has the minor world of letters been so lamentably crowded as it is at present with writers who, in the words of a familiar epigram, have a brilliant future "behind them"—with "mature" young men of unredeemed promise who will never learn anything now because they were early told by foolish flatterers that they had nothing to learn. Disastrous eulogists of this sort have no doubt existed and wrought mischief among the youthful and the vain in all ages of literature; but for reasons patent to every one they never before possessed a tenth part of the demoralizing power which they wield to-day. For to-day the sensational showman stands on the platform of the cheap press, with its big drum within his reach, its gigantic sounding-board behind him, and in front an audience of "general readers" which, alike in its simplicity, its docility, and its sheep-like propensity to flock through the same gap in the hurdles, more nearly resembles the rustic holiday-makers of a village fair than any other known assemblage of human beings. It is easily possible to any of these sensational showmen, as they have proved again and again, to fill the booth which they thus clamorously advertise with a gaping crowd and to persuade the deluded performer within it that he is, indeed, the "wonderful wonder of wonders" proclaimed by his patron on the stage outside. It is only when the throng of sightseers has at last wearied of the show and melts away in search of some new sensation heralded by the thumping of some other drum that he awakens to the painful fact that his brief reputation has been as hollow as the instrument that created it. Even if he has anything in him, which is not necessarily or always the case, he will need great strength of character to build up a new and sounder edifice of fame on the ruins of this rotten structure by a labour which he has been taught to believe unnecessary and with a patience which he has unlearned.

Nor is it only in such cruel misgivances of youthful talent that we may trace the mischiefs for which this "age of superlatives" is responsible. A more widely-spread effect of it is observable in a general derangement of balance throughout the whole body of contemporary criticism, a general confusion of the relative value of writers and their works. How vastly, for instance, does it increase the difficulty of dealing fairly with authors of real merit when one knows that every word even of well-earned praise must necessarily go to swell a chorus of extravagant eulogy which is far too loud already! And what have they done, these meritorious writers, that they should be exposed to ridicule by the publication of "birthday books" and "calendars" arranged from their writings by fatuous compilers for still more fatuous purchasers? No doubt the unfortunate men are not to bear the blame for these imbecilities of their worshippers. We have no right to credit any of them with the preposterous belief that it is possible to extract three hundred and sixty-five sentences, or parts of sentences, worthy to be held in everlasting remembrance from their works, and to fit every day of the year with its appropriate gem of wisdom or of wit. In most cases, probably, they are neither "art nor part" in this silly undertaking, and perhaps do not see the executed work until it appears before them in all the distressing absurdity of type. Otherwise we are sure that many of them, if asked to sanction any such publication, would promptly administer that blunt reproof with which the Duke of Wellington cut short the effusive speech of the unknown admirer who had just helped the "Saviour of Europe" over the crossing at Hyde Park Corner. For never assuredly was the Duke's "Don't be a fool, Sir," more thoroughly well deserved than by the author of one of these ridiculous tributes; nor would it be easy to find any variety of fool who would be better entitled to the strengthening participle which the aged warrior is said to have prefixed to the word.

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## Reviews.

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**The Literary History of the American Revolution, 1763-1783.** By **Moses Coit Tyler**, Professor of American History in Cornell University. Vol. I., 1763-1776. 9½ x 6½ in., 521 pp. New York and London, 1897. Putnam. \$3.00

Mr. Tyler has undertaken a useful and not an easy task. He has set himself to give a connected and critical history of all the contemporary literature, controversial and hortatory, which was produced in the American Colonies in connexion with the contest for Independence.

Those who know the earlier work in which Mr. Tyler has sketched the history of American literature during the Colonial period would feel sure that he was in many ways adequately equipped for his task. His style is clear, intelligent, and attractive, if sometimes over-emphatic, and lacking a little in repose and self-restraint. It is a style well suited to the work which he has done hitherto—the production of a series of detached critical monographs. This book not only has the same brightness as the author's earlier work; it shows continuity of thought and



treatment, a power of subordinating details to general design, and of seizing upon not merely the salient, but also the illustrative features of each successive writer criticized.

In his earlier work Mr. Tyler occasionally carried the virtue of appreciativeness to the point of a somewhat optimistic leniency, and so it is here. He is charitable, for example, when he finds some promise of merit in the work of Nathaniel Evans, a young Philadelphian poetaster, who addresses "Melancholy" with a prosaic echo of *Il Penseroso*, and assures her that

Sweet queen, I'll sing thy pleasures  
In enthusiastic measures.

And he is hardly less charitable when he speaks of the "lively and sweet note" wherein Freneau addresses "Fancy," and tells how

Like lightning 'she descends  
To the prison of the Friends.

Again, we think that in another instance Mr. Tyler's ability to discriminate between the best and the second best fails him when he likens Turnbull's satire of "Mac-fingal" to *Hudibras* with at least a strong suggestion of equality of merit. In the American poem the grotesque misadventures of a loyalist are told with plenty of spirit and humour in *Hudibrastic* verse. It is a good rattling polemical squib. It is not like *Hudibras*, a poem the machinery and details of which belong to a particular age and are used for a particular purpose, but which in the arena of its humour is a study of character for all time. Most readers will probably agree with us in thinking that Mr. Tyler is also somewhat over-kindly in his estimate of some of the national lyrics to whom the quarrel gave birth, such as "Virginian Hearts of Oak" and Dickinson's "Liberty Song."

But if here and elsewhere Mr. Tyler's note of praise and enthusiasm is pitched a trifle too high, there is not a trace of that vulgar spirit of partisanship which, consciously or unconsciously, measures literary merit by the practical purpose to which it is applied. His generous recognition, not merely of the literary merit, but of the moral worth of the loyalists, shows how the spirit of history in America has raised herself above the narrow and provincial attitude of an earlier generation. It is not the least of Mr. Tyler's merits that, while he is catholic and comprehensive in one direction, he is definite in another. He consistently treats the literature of the period as bearing upon and illustrating the great contest. He does not allow himself to be drawn away into any irrelevant digressions on those aspects of the question with which literature has no concern.

Mr. Tyler sketches at the outset, with a touch of rhetorical colouring, the conception of American intelligence and literary power generally entertained in the mother country.

Their writings would be crude in thought, in conclusion and reasoning destitute of the great precedents and traditions of political literature. . . . It is now known with what surprise many enlightened men in Europe, who had imagined that the Americans were a rabble of illiterate backwoodsmen, of headstrong, blustering, and law-defying revolutionists, then read these political documents [the colonial manifestoes at the time of the Stamp Act], finding in them nearly every quality indicative of personal and national greatness—reverence, sobriety, conservatism, familiarity with history, exact and extensive legal learning, the most lucid exposition of constitutional principles, urbanity of tone, and a literary execution at once graceful and forceful.

That is, so far as we can judge, no exaggerated account of the attitude of mind of Pitt and Burke and of

others who thought with them. To one writer, indeed, on the American side Pitt paid the sincerest of compliments. Daniel Delany, a Maryland lawyer of the highest eminence in his profession, was one of those who heartily advocated the national cause in its early days of mere political controversy, though, like Dickinson and Galloway, he remained loyal to the Mother Country when protest passed into armed rebellion. Like more than one distinguished Southerner of that generation, Delany was at Eton. As he was born in 1721, a whole generation of school life must have separated him from Pitt. Yet one may well believe that the connexion may have helped to concentrate Pitt's attention on Delany's writings. Certain it is that Pitt, in one of his speeches on American taxation in 1766, referred to, and actually produced in the House, a pamphlet of Delany's, in which, as Mr. Tyler shows, several of the propositions which in the House of Commons Pitt formally laid down as to the relations between the Colonies and the mother country were taken almost verbatim.

Such a book as Mr. Tyler's is the best answer to those shallow critics who tell us that judicial impartiality in history is to be found only in dull and colourless chronicles. A thoroughly patriotic American, believing intensely, as this book shows, in the justice of his country's cause against Great Britain, yet he has the courage to say that—

The cause of the loyalists was even in argument not a weak one, and in motive and sentiment not a base one, and in devotion and self-sacrifice not an unheroic one. . . . For the Tory side so much was to be said in the way of solid fact and of valid reasoning that an intelligent and noble-minded American might have taken that side and have stuck to it, and might have gone into battle for it, and might have imperilled all the interests of his life in defence of it without any just impeachment of his reason or his integrity, and without deserving to be called, after or since then, either a weak man or a bad one.

Nor does Mr. Tyler show the slightest wish to palliate those acts of tyranny which disgraced the national cause. He tells graphically of the grievous maltreatment of Samuel Seabury, who, under the signature of "A Westchester Farmer," contributed some of the ablest literature on the unpopular side, and he describes the conduct of certain Rhode Islanders "who, in contending for the cause of liberty, did not understand by that term the liberty to hold, upon the question then in dispute, any opinions other than those which they themselves held."

In no part of this work does Mr. Tyler show more independence and moral courage than in the parallel which he institutes between the revolt of the Colonies in the last century and the attempted secession of the South in this century. It is clear that Mr. Tyler is in sympathy a strong Northerner. Yet he is not afraid to say that the resistance to the Stamp Act was Nullification and the Declaration of Independence was Secession. In other words, he holds that each case is to be dealt with on its detailed merits, not on any abstract principle, and that difference of circumstances requires a different verdict. Nor, it must always be remembered, should our estimate of the balance of good and evil which may have accrued to America, to Great Britain, and to the world in the least influence our estimate of the merits or demerits of the actors. No sober, historically-minded critic who approaches the question in the same spirit as Mr. Tyler will wholly acquit either party. On the one side was the meddlesome pedantry of Grenville, the obstinacy of the King, the fatal pliancy of North, the ignorance of Parliament, and the truculent folly of such men as Sandwich,

On the other side there was the far-sighted persistency of men like Samuel Adams, almost the only actor to whom we can attribute a definite and consistent policy, who were determined to frustrate every attempt at conciliation which could end in anything short of virtual independence. And co-operating with that was the reckless levity ("hectic and febrile intensity" Mr. Tyler rather kindly calls it) of heady young patriots like Quiney and Warren, who rushed into civil war with as much sense of responsibility as a romantic shop girl rushing into a love-match.

In dealing with the Declaration of Independence, Mr. Tyler frankly admits that it cannot be criticized according to purely literary canons. It was a document written for a definite, practical purpose. It is not original, and originality would have been wholly out of place. It was the business and purpose of its framers to put into a definite, intelligible, and popular form all those vague statements which had been for some years past floating through the minds of their countrymen. But he is hardly as successful in meeting the equally obvious criticism that the opening statement of the Declaration as to the equality of all men is unhistorical; that as soon as we treat it as a basis for any practical political construction, it needs so many limitations that it becomes practically useless—especially as Mr. Tyler admits it was unreal when the social and industrial fabric of one-half of the community was built upon slavery.

As a good instance of Mr. Tyler at his best, lucid and critical, graphic, yet free from all extravagance of expression, we would quote his description of Tom Paine.

To the study, the acceptance, the advocacy of the American Revolution, Thomas Paine brought neither a wise, nor a profound, nor a cultivated mind—not even an accurate or a temperate one; but he did bring a mind agile, alert, vivid, impressive, humane, quick to see into things and to grasp the gist of them, and marvellous in the power of stating them—stating them with lucidity, with sparkling smartness, with rough, incisive, and captivating force.

Few of Mr. Tyler's readers will think that he has claimed too much for himself in the modest and dignified words with which, in his preface, he sets forth his purpose.

I must confess that in the book now offered to the public I have written a new history of the origin and growth and culmination of this race-feud so far as I am able to do so in the simple service of historic truth, and without permitting myself to be turned this way or that by any consideration touching the practical consequences that might result either from fidelity or from infidelity to my duty as an historian. At the same time I have greatly mistaken the case if one practical consequence of this history, as far as it may find readers at all, shall not be eirenic rather than polemic—namely, the promotion of a better understanding, of a deeper respect, of a kindlier mood on both sides of the ocean, among the descendants of these determined men who so bitterly differed in opinion, so fiercely fought, and in their anger so widely parted company a century and a quarter ago.

**Collected Poems.** By Austin Dobson. With a portrait. 7½ x 5½ in., 527 pp. London, 1897. **Kegan Paul.** 6/-

Among the many critical fallacies of our time the most obvious, perhaps, is the demand that a poet should reflect the age in which he lives. For our own part we believe that the next great poet will find in the teeming life of modern cities a material both new and immense; but we have had lately too much of the cry "Be modern!" The fact, of course, is that a poet finds his subject uncon-

sciously, and is attracted irresistibly towards it. Indeed, glancing at the past, we find the poet in most cases lured by some ancient legend or by some age whose character peculiarly appealed to his mind. So true is this of Mr. Austin Dobson that the life of to-day is an atmosphere in which he finds it difficult to breathe. If he is scarcely what can be called "a dreamer of dreams," he is yet "born out of his due time." The present book of "collected poems" represents roughly what the author considers his best work in the last thirty years; and we have seldom read a number of poems so separately perfect. This, too, in spite of the fact that the greater number are old favourites, and we do not come to them with that whetted edge and curiosity which particularly enhances verse of this kind. Here, then, for the first time, we can judge of Mr. Dobson on a larger and freer scale; and before coming to any detailed criticism, let us record first a general impression. The general impression, then, left on the mind by these collected poems is one of entire sincerity; and by sincerity we mean that the eighteenth-century attitude of Mr. Dobson could never for one moment be mistaken for a pose. He does not merely feel the fascination of that courtly and elaborate time, so far as it was expressed in flowered waistcoats, snuffboxes, and canes. He is in love with the gracious ease and leisurely indolence, which, if it did not quicken the mind, at least allowed it to grow and to ripen. This being the chief impression left by these poems, there is another almost as strong. The charm, then, of this verse is that, though dealing for the most part with subjects apparently frivolous, it is charged with poetry, delicate often, but always real. The touch is the lightest possible, the subject frequently trivial or whimsical, but behind it is the mind of a poet. Mr. Dobson deliberately chooses to "breathe through silver," as Browning expressed it. Can any one, for instance, deny the title of poetry to the charming picture of Phyllida in "The Ladies of St. James's," a lyric so familiar and so often quoted that we need not transcribe it here. It is in such phrases as—

When breezes blow at morning,  
or in such a couplet as—

It trembles to a lily,—  
It wavers to a rose.

that the hand of the poet is seen.

Or take two stanzas from "A Revolutionary Relic."

Did she turn with sight swift-dimming,  
And the quivering lip we know,  
With the full, slow eyelid brimming,  
With the languorous pupil swimming,  
Like the love of Mirabeau?

A better verse than the following one, either in image or word-craft, it would be difficult to make:—

Wailing, wailing, as the plover  
Wailoth, wheeloth, desolate,  
Heedless of the hawk above her,  
While as yet the rushes covered,  
Waning fast, her wounded mate.

Here one has only to point out the sound of the word "waning" in the last line, which echoes the word "wailing" in the first, to prove the cunning ear of the writer.

We have been at some pains, then, to show that Mr. Dobson is by no means the merely clever and apt rhymist of an age extinct and artificial, but that the real perfume of poetry hangs, though thinly, on his pages. Still, of course, it is not chiefly as a poet that Mr. Dobson holds his present place, nor will that be his claim with posterity. It is rather in his perfect art of saying slight things, and

in a wonderful perfection of technique, that he stands alone.

It is a very real refreshment to read such a poem as "A Gentleman of the Old School." We would even go so far as to say, though Mr. Dobson would probably reject the theory, that for an age such as ours a book such as his is an immediate necessity. The beauty of Time and mellowing hours, and a not unwise indolence, is brought out in this book in a manner that the present age should find most welcome. Take, for instance, the last verse of "A Gentleman of the Old School":—

Go softly, Leisure! Doubtless you  
With too serene a conscience drew  
Your easy breath, and slumbered through  
The gravest issue;  
But we, to whom our age allows  
Scarce space to wipe our weary brows,  
Look down upon your narrow house,  
Old friend, and miss you!

It must, however, be said that when Mr. Dobson steps outside the circle in which he has power to charm he is less successful. He has here one or two serious poems, which are ineffective, wanting, as they do, that peculiar light charm which gives such zest to an occasional grave verse. "The Death of Procris" is far from being a bad poem, but it is something worse—it is mediocre from beginning to end. There is no single phrase or particular verse which can be selected as specially weak, but it is none the less true that the poem makes at the finish no real or living impression whatever. It will be sufficient to illustrate our meaning to quote the concluding verse of the poem:—

But Procris lay among the white wind-flowers,  
Shot in the throat. From out the little wound  
The slow blood drained, as drops in autumn showers  
Erip from the leaves upon the sodden ground.  
None saw her die but Lelars, the swift hound,  
That watched her dumbly with a wistful fear,  
Till, at the dawn, the hornéd woodmen found  
And bore her gently on a sylvan bier,  
To be beside the sea, with many an uncouth tear.

To the initiated ear the poem—and we take this as an example of Mr. Dobson in his graver mood—is wide of the mark, loose, and erring; not that it ever for a moment rings hollow or is strained.

On the other hand, it is a great pleasure to read once more "The Ballad of Beau Brocade." As a compressed description of the times the following three verses are well-nigh perfect:—

Those were the days of the War with Spain,  
Porto-Belle would soon be ta'en.  
Whitefield preached to the colliers grim,  
Bishops in lawn sleeves preached at him.  
Walpole talked of a man and his price;  
Nobody's virtue was over-nice.

There is a sort of daintily-whipped cream of history in this ballad and, indeed, in all Mr. Dobson's best poems. It is absurd, in fact, to say that the eighteenth century was not poetic. To eighteenth-century people it probably was not; but to us it is, and Mr. Austin Dobson is its poet.

**Essai de Semantique** (Science des Significations). By Michel Bréal. 340 pp. Paris, 1897.

Hachette. 7f. 50c.

This book is the first public sign of the deliberate adoption of a new method by the leading French philologist. It is, indeed, in itself one of the most interesting

books of science published in France for several years. But its interest is far more significant than Professor Bréal, the translator of Bopp, has given the public, in the volume itself, any means of estimating. Just because of this interest, however, among students of linguistic science it has made a sensation, and it is bound to continue to do so for some time; for it marks a conversion. It bears witness to the power of general ideas in France. M. Bréal here implies a confession, although he is loth to admit it. The confession is that comparative philology, comparative grammar, are all very well in their way; that the German system of collecting facts to be garnered up as corn into barns is the drudgery of science; but that the mere collection of such facts is not the object of science, but only its method; that, in particular, the interest of philology lies in its value as one of the chief departments of the great inclusive human science of historic psychology.

In the enthusiasm of his new mood, he announced his new book the other day, in certain charming preliminary pages which he published from it in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* (June 15, 1897), as "Une Science Nouvelle," a new science! This claim came as a surprise. "La Semantique," the "Science of Meanings," is not so new as M. Bréal, in his new passion for popularization, seemed to wish to make us suppose. Indeed, he would appear to have already seen his precipitancy, for in republishing these pages in the book under review he makes no such startling assumption. Moreover, even so long ago as 1866, in his opening lesson at the Collège de France, Professor Bréal said:— "Has the grammarian reached the end of his task when he has shown according to what laws the sounds, the words, the inflections, and the syntax of a family of idioms are modified? We must not allow the description of human language to make us forget man himself, who is at once its principle and its object;" and in this admirable declaration we have the original form assumed by the ideas upon which now, after years during which M. Bréal would seem to have himself forgotten these truths, he insists so eloquently and with such contagious enthusiasm. And just of late, before he announced the "new science," the signs of this conversion have abounded. How rapidly he was tiring of the ingenious and dilettante pursuits of comparative grammar, and how eager he was to attend at last to the more interesting human aspects of his science, became obvious in many a recent production of his,—in the address delivered before the Association of Greek Studies last June, and, pre-eminently, in his essay, inspired by the Upsal Professor Noreen's "Om sprakriktighet: Qu'appelle-t-on pureté de la Langue," which, by the way, after having been published in the *Journal des Savants*, he has incorporated in his book, "La Semantique," where it illuminates the pages that precede it.

But certain other pages that M. Bréal has incorporated in his book are even more interesting. He has reprinted portions of a review of the book of Arsène Darmesteter just mentioned, giving as a reason that this review, which dates from 1887, contains "the first idea of our Semantique." There can be no doubt that the two Darmesteters, in spite of the fact that, in a sense, Bréal was their "master," exercised a considerable influence upon him; and while it is true that he has paid admirable homage to their memory, scientific candour should have led him, it would seem, to record the fact of his indebtedness to this one of the two "Aevins of French philology," as he calls them, especially in speaking of the little book, "La Vie des Mots," which he mentions but always with a certain indifference in this review, now reprinted, and in new notes in "La Semantique." M. Bréal certainly owed

something to Darmesteter. Darmesteter, indeed, in one of his most suggestive chapters, asks:—"What are the causes of changes of meaning? Here we touch upon the most obscure and difficult problems of Semantics. . . . The science of the meaning of words forms part of the history of psychology. It has been said of this science that hitherto nothing has been created but the name." Here is the word launched, and as a matter of fact Darmesteter's book rendered this aspersion no longer true. But the question of the inventor of the name is a matter of no importance. Yet really if, as M. Bréal says, the first idea of his "semantic" is to be found in his review of "La Vie des Mots Etudies dans leur Signification," and if Darmesteter's book is, as it pre-eminently is, a book of Semantics, and an incomparably suggestive one, it might have been prudent to give its author at least the credit due to him in making some such statement as this:—"The original idea of our Semantics is in this book." It is highly interesting to note the mutual corroboration of M. Bréal's "La Semantique" and Darmesteter's "Vie des Mots," which dates from a decade ago. M. Bréal says in 1897:—"It is certain that I have clearer views to-day as to the development of language than I had 30 years ago. Progress has consisted for me in eliminating all the secondary causes and in addressing myself directly to the sole real cause, which is human intelligence and will. . . . To bring the will into the history of language resembles almost a heresy, such careful efforts have been made during the last 50 years to banish it altogether. . . . It is to shut one's eyes to the evidence not to see that an obscure but persevering will presides over the changes of language." Darmesteter's opinion is the same:—"In fact," he said in 1866, "of whatever sort they may be . . . all linguistic changes have for primary origin personal action. . . . They are the work of a will" (p. 89); and further on (p. 148) Darmesteter speaks of the "unwitting logic which governs language in its extensions and developments."

This sort of parallelism it would be easy to carry much further. The interesting thing, however, is not that Darmesteter's and Whitney's influence, for instance, have been so marked on M. Bréal, but that he has had the courage, in returning to a more philosophic conception of the ends and objects of his science, to confess, with perhaps all the clearness that could be expected, that this influence has been real and a very good one. In "La Semantique" he has carried on still further the investigations of Darmesteter into the "Life of Words Studied in their Meanings," and thus seriously contributed to the development of that department of philological studies which has been known now for more than a decade by the odd name which he, however, has been the first to place upon the title-page of a book. His work is rich and suggestive and extremely fascinating. It is full of excellent things. What, for instance, could be better said than this:—

A philosophic language, a language which is the consequence of a system, in which the exact sense of each word would remain for ever fixed by its definition . . . such a language may perhaps be suited for certain special sciences, as chemistry, but applied to human thought in its variety and complexity, with its fluctuations and its progress, it would be bound to become within a certain time a hindrance and a strait-jacket. In proportion as the experience of the human race increases, language, owing to its elasticity, is filled up with new meanings.

One of the most interesting chapters is that in which M. Bréal, reversing the usual order of inquiry, studies the question of the "new acquisitions" which have enriched our Indo-European languages. The record of the losses,

of the slow processes of disintegration and decay, has been often attempted. M. Bréal undertakes to enumerate the acquisitions which compensate for these losses and disappearances of forms, and these interesting and often original investigations lead him to attempt an estimate of the antiquity of these languages. Let us translate this curious page:—

By antiquity of the Indo-European languages I do not mean the antiquity of a race, a thing difficult to conceive and to understand, but the antiquity of a civilization. For a grammar and a morphologic system to reach the degree of unity and fixity which we note at the basis of the Aryan tongues, a certain perpetuity in tradition is necessary. This perpetuity presupposes, if not a literature, at least formulas, hymns, sacred texts handed down from age to age. As there is no reason to suppose that in those old days things went more rapidly than to-day, this permits us to make a rapid estimate of the extent of the past. We have just seen how much time was necessary for each of our tongues to have an infinitive, a passive, and adverbial endings; the choice is not definitively arrived at until after long ages. On the other hand the acquisition of new instruments such as the article and the auxiliary verbs took no less time. We should, therefore, accord for the preliminary period, which is decidedly more important, a number of centuries at least equivalent. As the historic period which we can embrace with a glance from the first Vedic hymns to our own time includes about 3,000 years, it is no doubt not too much to ask 3,000 more years for the preliminary period. No less than this was required for the definitive separation of the noun and the verb, for the settlement of conjugations and declensions, for the doing away with the useless portions, for the creation of the mechanism of the formation of nouns, &c. . . .

In a word, M. Bréal estimates the antiquity of the civilization represented by our family of languages at 6,000 years, and this he thinks the *minimum* estimate.

These extracts will indicate the nature of M. Bréal's studies now that he has abandoned the somewhat barren fields of comparative philology, and, alas! of comparative mythology. This volume on the Science of Meanings, on "Semantics," is a worthy pendant to the "Mélanges de Mythologie et de Linguistique" of the same author. Moreover, M. Bréal has enriched the nomenclature of his science with a number of new words, or new meanings for old words, which are now to run the gauntlet of that terrible test which both he himself and Darmesteter defined. As Darmesteter said:—"Changes of meaning have a chance of lasting only if they meet with complicity in the way of thinking and feeling of the crowd that accepts them." Let us wish for M. Bréal's brand-new words—"repartition," "irradiation," and the like—equally happy chance as befell the word "La Semantique," used only very coyly a decade ago by Darmesteter, but now triumphant like the cross of Constantine across the cerulean cover of M. Bréal's new volume, and shining there like a legend on a banner of victory.

**The Authoress of the Odyssey, Where and When She Wrote, Who She Was, the Use She Made of the "Iliad," and How the Poem Grew Under Her Hands. By Samuel Butler, Author of "Erewhon," &c. 8x5in., 275 pp. London, 1897.**

Longmans. 10/6

Those who are familiar with the writings of the ingenious author of "Erewhon" may be aware that he is not beyond suspicion of being capable of a literary hoax; and the startling title of his latest work is certainly calculated at first sight to suggest that he is making sport of the learned world. A perusal, however, even of the preface is almost sufficient to remove the impression, and long before the volume is finished Mr. Butler compels the reader to take him seriously. He, at any rate, forces one to choose between the belief that either the author holds in all good faith that the Odyssey was written by Nausicaa, the daughter of Alcinoüs, or else that he is capable of sustaining a

practical joke for a length of time, with an amount of patience, and at an expenditure of research which would leave the feat without a parallel in the annals of literature. For it is nearly six years since Mr. Butler first broached his discovery, and although, as he tells us, "it is idle to suppose that the leading Iliadic and Odyssean scholars in England and the Continent do not know" what he has said, although "he has taken ample care that they should be informed concerning it," he cannot for the life of him get any of them to reply to it. It is exactly the same difficulty that the Rev. Dr. Priaroso had with "the learned world," as we are told by the author of "The Vicar of Wakefield"; in fact, it is the way of the learned world with many discoveries of the same kind. At the end of the 11th chapter Mr. Butler, in a passage full of his characteristic humour, describes this attitude in more detail. The reader will particularly note his amusing transfer of the burden of proof to his critics:—

I wish I could find some one who would give me any serious reason why Nausicaa should not have written the *Odyssey*. For the last five years I have pestered every scholar with whom I have been able to scrape acquaintance by asking him to explain why the *Odyssey* should not have been written by a young woman. One or two have said that they could see none whatever, but should not like to commit themselves to a definite opinion without looking at the work again. One well-known and very able writer said that when he had first heard of the question as being mooted, he had supposed it to be some paradox of my own, but on taking up the *Odyssey* he had hardly read a hundred lines before he found himself saying, "Why, of course it is." The greater number, however, gave me to understand that they should not find it a difficult matter to expose the absurdity of my contention if they were not otherwise employed, but that for the present they must wish me a very good morning.

The "Shandian" ring of this diverting passage would, if it stood alone, throw suspicion no doubt on the author's gravity; but it only occurs, it must be remembered, after 200 pages of elaborate disquisition—pages relieved, to be sure, by many vivacious touches and so abounding in shrewd criticism, both of literature and life, as to make them capital reading, yet still kept resolutely, logically, coherently throughout to the work of establishing the author's thesis.

And now for his mode of endeavouring to establish it. The *Odyssey* must have been written (1) by a woman, (2) by a young woman, (3) by a young woman resident at Trapani, the Scheria of the *Odyssey*, (4) by a young woman in a position to describe the household and family of Alcinoos "from the inside," and, since for various good reasons the alternative hypothesis of a school friend of Nausicaa's or a handmaid of the house must be rejected, therefore (5) by Nausicaa herself. And lo! here is her portrait in the frontispiece of the book to prove Mr. Butler's case. It is not signed by the artist, nor does it bear the name of the sitter; the original, indeed, in the museum at Cortona, is there called *La Musa Polinnia*. But "it is on slate and burnt," is a little more than half-life size, is believed to be Greek, "presumably of about the Christian era," and Mr. Butler was assured at Cortona that it was "found by a man who was ploughing the field and who happened to be a baker." What possible *provenance* could be more satisfactory?

Perhaps, however, on this particular point we ought not to take Mr. Butler quite seriously. He seems to trifle a little with the question whether Nausicaa was the actual authoress of the *Odyssey*; but to the proof of his contention that she was at any rate a woman he addresses himself with every appearance of earnestness. Bentley long ago was so struck by the feminine characteristics of this epic as to hazard the suggestion that it was written "for women"; and the great scholar was on the track of the truth. If criticism had not for centuries been paralyzed by the assumption that the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* were from the same hand it would long ago have followed up the clue. Now that the most authoritative scholarship recognizes with Professor Jebb that the *Odyssey* is a work of considerably later date than the *Iliad*, the way lies open before every candid inquirer. The later epic simply abounds in indications of femininity. It reveals a woman's ignorance, a woman's impulses and prejudices, a woman's sympathies and antipathies, a woman's code of morals

and theories of conduct. No man would have given a ship a rudder at both ends (though it is to be observed that Messrs. Butcher and Lang have in their translation obelized the line which represents the ship of Ulysses as having a rudder at the prow). No man would have made the wind "whistle" over waves; or have described a shepherd as first milking ewes and then giving them their lambs to suckle—though whether a man would not be more likely to make this mistake than a Princess who acted as laundrymaid, and might just as probably have in her time played dairymaid also, Mr. Butler does not seem to have considered. Again, it is not like a man to have inflicted a punishment of such terrible severity on the erring handmaids who had misconducted themselves with the suitors in the house of Ulysses; nor to have been so anxious to whitewash Penelope; nor to have conjured up such a preponderance of feminine over masculine ghosts on the occasion of the hero's visit to Hades; nor to have done a host of other things which reveal a greater interest in women than in men, but which, although the enumeration and discussion of them have enabled Mr. Butler to produce a most interesting and amusing volume, leave his thesis very much where it was at starting. That the author of the *Odyssey* was much more interested in women than in men Mr. Butler may indeed claim to have proved, if proof were necessary; but the main result of all his elaborate pleading is to impel us to congratulate Euripides that his sex is beyond doubt. For assuredly if it were open to question it would be easy enough to show by a precisely similar process of reasoning that the author of the "*Medea*" and the "*Hecuba*" was a woman.

Equally ingenious is Mr. Butler's demonstration that the writer of the *Odyssey* knew no more of the world than was open to her observation in the island of Sicily; that she sketched both Ithaca and Scheria from Trapani and its immediate neighbourhood; and that, generally, her descriptions both of scenery and action, though graphic and lifelike enough when she is drawing on her own experience, become shadowy and conventional when she has to fall back on her imagination. The theory is not ill-sustained, but unfortunately it has to rely in a great measure on the neglect of all facts which refuse to square with it. Take, for instance, the account of the "much-enduring man's" escape from shipwreck:—

While yet he pondered these things in his heart and mind a great wave bore him to the rugged shore. . . . He rushed in and with both his hands clutched the rock, whereto he clung till the great wave went by. So he escaped that peril; but again with backward wash it leapt on him and cast him forth into the deep. And as when the cuttlefish is dragged forth from his chamber, the many pebbles clinging to his suckers, so was the skin stripped from the strong hand against the rock, and the great wave closed over him. . . .

And again, when he has struggled up the river mouth and is safe:—

His knees bowed and his stout hands fell, for his brave spirit was quelled by the brine. And his flesh was all swollen, and a great stream of sea water gushed up through his mouth and nostrils. So he lay without breath or speech, swooning, and a terrible weariness came upon him.

All this seems pretty realistic and hardly like the conventional description of an ignorant girl. But one need not surely discuss the theory further. The water gushes through it as freely as it did through the mouth and nostrils of Ulysses. Mr. Butler's pages should be read in the spirit in which "the Church (as Hierome saith) doth read" the Apocrypha—that is to say, "for example" of heroic "life and instruction" in early Hellenic manners, and not as applying them "to establish any doctrine"; which, indeed, so far as the doctrine of the authorship of the *Odyssey* is concerned, they signally fail to do.

**Chronicles of the Bank of England.** By B. B. Turner, Clerk in the Bank of England, with Illustrations. 8x6in., 206 pp. London, 1897. Swan, Sonnenschein, 7/6

A clerk in the service of such an institution as the Bank of England sets himself a difficult task when he essays to write its

history. He is, indeed, almost the very last person to whom such an enterprise should be intrusted. To a small wheel in a great machine, the machine and its internal arrangements seem to be the most important matter in the world, whereas the interest of the average layman is turned towards its relations, as a whole, with the system of which it is a part, and the outside public that it serves. The former attitude of mind is almost inevitable in a subordinate towards the institution, if it be sufficiently great, by which he is employed. It showed itself even in the excellent history of the Bank written by Mr. Francis, though in his case it was remedied, to a considerable extent, by the fact that he presided over an important department of the Bank, and was thus better placed for observing the relations between it and the outside money market. Mr. Turner, however, has not yet attained to such a position, and his financial horizon is consequently confined. The book is a painstaking piece of work, and, now that Francis's history is out of print, will serve as a handy guide to those who wish to follow the main course of the Bank's progress during the first two hundred years of its existence. In matters of construction and sequence allowance must be made for the circumstances of its composition: most of it seems to have been put together out of clippings from various journals and pamphlets, and many of the facts are arranged according to the dates of these publications rather than in their own sequence. For instance, in the chapter on the period 1880-1886 we suddenly come upon the following very interesting details:—

The Rotunda was formerly used for the Consol Market by the Stock Exchange. A writer of that time described what then took place there as "a scene of bewildering confusion and uproar, made by brokers and jobbers offering or bidding for stock, proclaiming the news—false or otherwise—and touting for business with the full force of their lungs; while leadles, from time to time, only added to the noise in the vain attempt to drown the voices and to give the purchasers and sellers room and opportunity to transact their business." As time wore on things got better, no doubt, but the custom of making a Stock Exchange of the Rotunda was found to be such a nuisance that at last, in 1837, Sir Timothy Curtis, the then Governor, most unceremoniously drove the intruders from the building, which is now the dividend pay office.

The only reason that can be discovered for the introduction of this information half a century, and nearly a hundred pages, too late is the fact that it was taken from an article in the *Bankers' Magazine* of May, 1891. Such chronological gyrations as this, however, merely exercise the intellectual agility of the reader and can be forgiven much more easily than a tendency, which this writer should repress vigorously, towards a habit of moralizing in Pecksniffian periods. In spite of these minor drawbacks, however, no book which gives the main outline of the Bank's story can be altogether uninteresting. The history, which began so dramatically with the tragic death of the first Deputy-Governor, Michael Godfrey, in the trenches at Namur, where he was waiting on his Royal customer, was full of incident throughout. From the first the Bank had to contend against the bitter rivalry of those who saw their occupation gone owing to its competition, and attacked its credit by such devices as the sudden presentation of a large number of notes which had been collected for this purpose. Bi-metallists may replenish their armoury with a new weapon, for it is a historical fact that the credit of the Bank was once saved, on such an emergency, by the payment of its notes in sixpences. This expedient, the value of which in gaining time must be obvious even to those least experienced in currency matters, could not now be adopted owing to the fact that silver is no longer legal tender. All the great panics and crises in the City have left their mark upon the Bank's history, and though their story is not so dramatically exciting as that of those which shook the credit of the country banks, and sent post-chaises laden with specie galloping along roads infested with highwaymen and so rough and deep-rutted that broken wheels or axle-trees jeopardized the fortunes of hundreds of note-holders, yet the history of the South Sea Bubble and similar outbursts of speculation, down to that which ended with the

Baring crisis, is always worth recalling, even in the sketchy and rather disjointed style which Mr. Turner adopts. And besides these financial storms, often weathered with great difficulty, the Bank has been in danger of actual wreckage at the hands of mobs, especially in times of religious excitement such as caused the Sachverell and Gordon riots. Sachverell's famous sermon at St. Paul's was protested against by one of the directors of the Bank, and when the populace took to burning and sacking conventicles "the Queen, the Ministers, and the respectable part of the community, including," as Mr. Turner quaintly puts it, "the directors of the Bank," became so alarmed that the Queen sent her own guards to the City to protect the Bank, leaving her person unprotected, and saying "God will be my guard." The "No Popery" mob of the Gordon riots appears to have menaced the Bank merely with a disinterested and latitudinarian desire for loot, but its officials and protectors acted with a promptitude and boldness which ought to have shamed the rest of the City:—

After the attack on Newgate the news reached the Bank that the rioters were on their way thither. The Governor was summoned and was soon at his post, and preparations were made for the defence. Old inkstands were cast into bullets, a force was brought into the building, and the military, who had now arrived on the scene, were stationed outside the walls. The staff of the Bank were called on to assist, and some were stationed on the roof to fire on the assailants if they should succeed in forcing an entrance. A volunteer corps of citizens assisted the soldiers. These measures overawed the rioters, and their attack was consequently feeble. The first fire of the military repulsed them, and after a second unsuccessful attempt they gave up the attack.

As to the purely internal history of the Bank, we look in vain for any trace of the wealth of traditional anecdote that must surely exist among the servants of such an institution. Mr. Turner, who alludes to himself occasionally as "the historian," makes Clio sing how "1862 was the year of the Great Exhibition. The directors generously defrayed the expenses of the clerks, so as to enable each one to pay some half-dozen visits to the great show of the world's industry"; but this is hardly the sort of information for which the outside seeker after knowledge yearns. On the very interesting subject of the introduction of female labour to perform part of the Bank's clerical work in 1894 he merely tantalizes us with the statement that the number, originally twenty, "has since been increased to forty." The economic side of the history he leaves, perhaps wisely, alone, dismissing the vexed question of Peel's Act of 1844 with the remark that "there has been much difference of opinion respecting this Act, the discussion of which has reached almost to the present day."

**The Free Library: Its History and Present Condition.**  
By John J. Ogle. Svo., 311 pp.

**Library Construction: Architecture, Fittings, and Furniture.** By F. J. Burgoyne. Svo., 330 pp.

(The Library Series. Edited by Dr. R. Garnett.) London, 1897. Allen. 6s. each.

We gather that the series is intended not so much for the use of librarians as for "the public" whose property librarians are supposed to have in keeping. It is hoped to give "the public" such information as will enable it to appreciate intelligently the importance of a librarian's duties and the responsibilities of his office. If this be the main intention of the series, it is somewhat unfortunate for its promoters that it has been largely anticipated. From the point of view of "the public," Mr. Ogle's "History" and Mr. Burgoyne's pseudo-technical compilation are alike superfluous. "The public" for years past has had, at half the price, a much fuller and more interesting history of Free Libraries than Mr. Ogle has given us; and if it be at all interested in "library construction," it will find all it wants to know in the same volume, and in the illustrated catalogues of the firms who supply libraries with furniture and

fittings, and who have evidently supplied Mr. Burgoyne with no little material for his volume. Mr. Thomas Greenwood's "Public Libraries" is certainly a more satisfactory book for the public to read.

If, however, the series is intended to serve as text-books for young students entering "the profession," we must take these two volumes more seriously.

Mr. Ogle, from a librarian's point of view, had an excellent subject to handle. Had he told the story of the development of the Free Public Library, as an evolution of the monastic, university, and guild libraries, in an orderly historical narration, with side-lights of the influences of the Renaissance and the Reformation, he would have deserved well of all bibliographers. Instead of this, he devotes three and a half pages to this important matter, and pads out the rest of his book with extracts from Blue-books, quotations from speeches, short biographies, and summaries of reports from various libraries. As a matter of fact, the body of his book is a wordy extension of the twenty-three pages of its appendix. It bears strong witness to its author's lack of the "historical imagination." With praiseworthy effort, Mr. Ogle has collected a large number of facts—unfortunately, they remain facts. Their collector has failed to relate them, so that they might precipitate some new thought or some original suggestion of fruitful import. Statistics may be valuable, but it is the historian's business to distil their value. For a local library committee, it may be interesting to know that Scott's "Ivanhoe" was asked for 27 times in the year 18M-95, Mrs. Ward's "Robert Elsmere" 71 times, George Eliot's "Adam Bede" 28 times, and so on; but we question what meaning such reports as those given on pages 244, 298, and 239, of a similar nature, can have in a history of Free Libraries. At any rate, Mr. Ogle has not enlightened us. In an "epilogue" Mr. Ogle hopes that the readers of his book "will have perceived the national importance of the free library." We confess this has not come home to us. He also apologizes for the omission of any treatment of the free library in the United States. We regret the omission, since it is in the United States, more than in any other country in the world, that most material is to be found for an adequate study of this particular method for "educating the masses." We would recommend Mr. Ogle's attention to the "Special Report on Public Libraries" issued in 1876 by the U.S. Bureau of Education. In its twelve hundred pages he will find much that will open his eyes not alone to the "national importance of the free library," but to the dignity of a profession in which, we are sure, Mr. Ogle hopes to be no unworthy worker.

Dr. Garnett is of opinion that Mr. Burgoyne's little volume is "destined to rank among the most valuable contributions hitherto made to library literature." This is no equivocal commendation, and, coming from the authority it does, it must be received with a certain amount of respect. But what has Mr. Burgoyne done to merit this praise? This—He has consulted the files of the *American Architect*, the *English Architect*, the *British Architect*, the *Builder*, and the *Building News*; reproduced from their pages some seventy plans, sections, and elevations; and added descriptive letterpress to each. This occupies the larger half of his book. The smaller half amounts to an illustrated trade catalogue of library furniture which may be had "post free on application." We do not, for one moment, wish to deny Mr. Burgoyne what praise may be his for such compiling; but we submit it certainly does not deserve such an expression of opinion as Dr. Garnett has thought fit to give. The plan of Mr. Burgoyne's book is bad. Instead of giving chapters descriptive of the architectural details of various existing libraries, he would have helped the architect and librarian to better advantage had he first classified his buildings according to the number of volumes there were to contain 10,000, 20,000, 50,000, 100,000, 500,000, 1,000,000, &c. He might then have devoted a chapter to each, giving its style of façade, its plan, its section, its shelving, its furniture, its fittings, its staff, and the average allowance for its possible extension based on the population of the town or district in which it was

situated. After this, his present chapters on existing libraries would have come in as illustrative examples. With such a guide, a librarian, architect, or library committee would have had an invaluable assistant. But this, no doubt, would demand the special training of an architect, and such training we should judge Mr. Burgoyne has never had.

**The Oxford English Dictionary.** A new English Dictionary on Historical Principles. Edited by Dr. J. A. H. Murray. Series II. Part III. Field-Frankish (Volume IV.). By Henry Bradley. 13½ x 10½ in., pp. 103 to 512. Oxford, 1897. Clarendon Press. 12 6

The Oxford English Dictionary has not only completed Vol. III., containing D and E, but is well on into Vol. IV., which is to contain F and G. So conscientiously punctual are the Editors in fulfilling their promises that we look forward with confidence to the completion of G by the first day of the new year. Part III., now issued by Mr. Henry Bradley, comprises a portion of the English language in many respects peculiar. It obviously contains no Greek derivatives; nor can it produce any prefix of Latin origin. It consists almost entirely of Old English, Old Norse, or very early Romanic words. This implies the presence of two characteristics. First, the words dealt with are specific rather than generic. Classification and general nouns are the product of abstract thought, and language in its early stages does not concern itself much with abstractions. Nowhere is it more difficult and dangerous for the lexicographer to make steady headway than through the difficult waters of early English. To define "inflammability" or "impenetrability" is a much easier matter than to define "fire" or "fog." There is an immense field for research in tracing historically the varied meanings of these old Teutonic monosyllables, and it is safe to say that it has never before been done so exhaustively as by Mr. Bradley. The other characteristic is the onomatopœic origin of so many of these Saxon words, to a scientific study of which the Oxford English Dictionary contributes much new material. They fall into various classes—the simple mimetic words, such as "flip," "fluff," sometimes presenting such fine distinctions as "flabby" and "flappy," where the sharpness and flatness of the consonants varies the meaning, or those which have been curiously influenced by other words of kindred signification—"flush," closely connected with flash, but "reminiscent" of "blush"; "flaunt," probably the daughter of "fly," but connected by marriage with "vaunt"; "floender," a strange jumble of "founder," "blunder," and the words of the "fly" class; or, again, arbitrary compounds more consciously formed, such as "flibbertigibbet," "flabbergast," which did not come into being until 1772, and the curious word "flapdoodle," an article of food which, if Carlyle was right, should have become the staple of our national diet. It first appears in Marryat's "Peter Simple":—

"The gentleman has eaten no small quantity of flapdoodle in his lifetime." "What's that, O'Brien?" replied I. "Why, Peter," rejoined he, "it's the stuff they feed tools on."

Many of these words, which have belonged to common parlance for centuries, and often acquired an interchange of meaning, present great difficulty to the philological student. The suggestions made by Mr. Bradley are always interesting and always supported by evidence, but he sometimes goes rather far into the regions of conjecture to establish a theory; and he limits discussion by ignoring derivations different from his own that have been generally accepted or have found favour with other scholars. Among popular mistakes exploded by the historical method may be mentioned "flock," which, as in Old English it means only an "assemblage of persons," cannot be a derivative of "fly"; and "foxglove," which is undoubtedly connected with the fox, and not with the fairies, though no further explanation of the association is forthcoming. Mr. Bradley does not allude to the common derivation of "fog," favoured by Skeat, which traces it to a Danish word meaning "a snow drift." He starts from "fog," still used as a provincial colloquialism for "rank grass," from which came the

adjective foggy = "marshy," "dabhy," "dense." To arrive at "fog" in its ordinary sense at the present day, we have to return from "foggy" to a new substantive embodying one of the meanings of the adjective. "Flimsy" has been derived from the Welsh "llymsai" by a well-known change in the first two letters; we only have here a suggestion of an onomatopœic formation from "film." The philological part of the work is, however, on the whole, as careful and scientific as the historical analysis of the meanings. The Editor spreads his net very wide in exhausting the uses of words. He does not disclaim the familiar "footer," and he is encyclopædic enough to give a concise history of "Fifth Monarchism." The most curious omissions we have noticed in so comprehensive a Dictionary are to be found in the absence of any reference under "folk" to the "wee folk" of country lore; and under "fly" to the "dry fly," a special use which seems to deserve mention. Many words of a highly interesting etymology are included in this section. Such are "foolscap"—derived from a water-mark on the paper consisting of a foolscap, found as early as 1659, and said to have been introduced by Sir John Spielmann, who built a paper mill at Dartford, in 1580; "forlorn hope," from the Dutch "verloren hoop"—"a lost troop"; "fegger" (petti-fegger), from Fugger, the name of a great financial house at Augsburg in the 15th and 16th centuries; and many others. It is interesting to notice among the many facts which emerge from the exhaustive chronological list of quotations, which is such an admirable feature of this Dictionary, that "franchise," in the sense of "the right to vote at Parliamentary elections," appears to have been first used by Burke in 1790.

**Boxing.** By R. G. Allanson-Winn, B.A. Cantab. Being No. 5 of the Isthmian Library. Illustrated. 8x5½in., xii., +384 pp. With Appendix. London, 1897. Innes. 5/-

That the decadence in popularity of certain games and sports will ultimately be traceable to the prevalence of a bad form of professionalism seems highly probable. The danger has been to some extent exemplified in the football field and in other arenas of athletic enterprise. Even the sport of Kings has not escaped unsmirched. Yet it was only because horses were pulled, or some tricky manipulation of the money involved was discovered, that horse-racing was anywhere condemned; for neither in the horses nor in the sport itself was there anything wrong: the mischief came from an undesirable element outside.

The same considerations apply to boxing, and more especially to the old Prize-ring, of which modern glove fights are the somewhat unworthy successors. The interest and popularity of these contests has undoubtedly been almost destroyed for sordid reasons into which it is unnecessary here to enter. But it is not to fighting only that Mr. Allanson-Winn's remarks confine themselves. He has much to say on boxing as a means in itself of securing the best kind of exercise, and cultivating the highest qualities of patience and of self-control. And if our author's own experience is of great value in his remarks on boxing, no less instructive are the many extracts he has been wise enough to give from reports of the best fights of the past. From James Figg, of Thame, in Oxfordshire, to Jem Mace, of Norwich, who has survived to this day his victor, Tom King, many noteworthy examples of pluck and endurance have been recorded in the pages of *Pugilistica* and *Boxiana*. We believe, indeed, that the actual fighting was far better to watch in spite of the "science" and the "knock-out blows" which later champions affect. Some thirty years ago, opposite the Tennis-court in the Haymarket, there used to be an old *Salle d'Armes*, kept by an old Lifeguardsman. Its special decoration was a collection of casts. The beautiful proportions of Gentleman Jackson's arms, the lieeps of Tom Cribb, the thickset wrists of Shelton and of Gully (afterwards member of Parliament for Pontefract), were exposed to the admiration of supporters of the P.R. No such pretty fighters are to be seen to-day and scarcely such line development, though the forearm of the mighty Sullivan (in size

and colour like a Broddingnagian ham) was indeed a thing to wonder at, and in becoming candidate for the Mayoralty of Boston, Mass., its owner followed very properly the traditions set with more success by Gully at the beginning of the century.

But the unpleasant elements of gain, to which we have before alluded, have well nigh swamped all efforts to revive the Ring. As it is, though America has not done much for the best interests of the sport, her best exponents of the art have taught boxers, at least, how to use both hands effectually. Nothing, perhaps, is more deadly, as Nat Langham showed long ago, than a swift straight left; but there has been a tendency of late on this side of the Atlantic to trust a little too much to the attack with this hand only, and keep the right either for countering or for defence. Another point worth notice, too, is that in the last big fights, both in America and here, there has been far too much clinching. A man will sometimes lean heavily on his opponent, and even hold him, with the object of wearing down his strength. A little more attention not only to in-fighting, but to keeping your man at striking distance, would obviate all this and give far prettier displays.

Mr. Allanson-Winn's book is written in the proper spirit; it contains all the information that a beginner can ever learn without the gloves on, and a great deal more that he would do well not to forget. The illustrations are useful, but there is no index.

**Microcosmography.** By John Earle, D.D. A Reprint of Dr. Bliss's Edition of 1811, with a Preface and Supplementary Appendix by S. T. Irwin. 7½x5½in., ix., +311 pp. Bristol, 1897. Hemmons. 13/11

We should be glad to praise Mr. S. T. Irwin's edition of the "Microcosmography" of John Earle—or rather his edition of Dr. Bliss's edition—as it is evident that a good deal of trouble has been spent over it, but it is impossible to discover for what class of reader it is compiled. It can hardly be meant for the advanced student, as it is neither accurate nor complete; on the other hand it cannot be meant for the general reader, as it is pedantic and overloaded with detail. The book is introduced by a discursive and amateurish preface, inflated with dreary philosophical reflections. Then follows a reprint of Dr. Bliss's edition (1811) of the "Microcosmography," with notes; a short biography of Earle, somewhat scanty and dry; certain literary remains of Earle, a few letters, and a bibliography of similar character-literature. There is no particular reason why Dr. Bliss's edition should be selected. It is not particularly accurate, and it alters the original orthography in a perfectly arbitrary way; neither are Dr. Bliss's notes satisfactory (if, indeed, they are by Dr. Bliss, as it is not easy to see where Dr. Bliss ends and where Mr. Irwin begins). The only point of notes in an English classic is to enable an ordinary reader to understand his text. These notes contain a good deal of apt and interesting citation, but such words and phrases as "pickthank," "postils," "sallet," "Lycosthenes," "Scotus," "Spinola," "the first handsel of the rapier," "that he may talk of Austin," "the best he makes of him is some gull in plush," go without a word of comment; of course, they are clear to the professed student; but, as we say, the book is too superficial for the professed student.

As an instance of Mr. Irwin's inaccuracy in detail, he speaks of Earle's father in the preface as "Registrar" at York, but he does not say of what he was Registrar; in the biography he says he can find nothing recorded of Earle's parents; in the appendix he gives Earle's grant of arms where his parentage is correctly stated, and apologizes for not being aware of this when he compiled the biography. The correct title is "Register (not Registrar) of the Archbishop's Court." It would seem as if Mr. Irwin had only become aware during the progress of his work of Mr. Edward Arber's admirable edition of the book in the English reprints (1868), and had not troubled to revise his earlier pages.



Mr. Irwin has evidently a good deal of knowledge of his subject, and some literary faculty, but the only value of such an edition as this is the orderly arrangement of facts, which are not easily accessible, with absolute fidelity. The book is admirably printed and presented, and as for the matter of the "Microcosmography," its lively portraiture, its wistful pathos, its delicate humour need no recapitulation here.

**Smaller Histories of Greece and Rome.** By Sir William Smith. New Edition. Revised by G. E. Marindin and A. H. J. Greenidge. 7½×5in., 202+310 pp. London, 1897. Murray. 3s each.

The reputation of Sir William Smith's school histories, tested, as it has been, by thirty years' continuous success, needs no advertisement. But the best and most useful works need bringing up to date. The researches of scholars and antiquarians are constantly throwing fresh light upon even the well-established conclusions of ancient history; and books upon the subject, though intended, as these "Smaller Histories" are, for small boys, must every now and then be brought up to date. This office has been well and judiciously performed, so far as we can judge, by Messrs. Marindin and Greenidge for the two works before us. For the History of Greece new maps and plans have been for the most part prepared. A plan, for instance, of the "Palace of Tiryns," laid bare by excavation during the past twenty years, enables the young student to realize the arrangement of the palaces described by Homer—or, as Mr. Marindin prefers to put it, in "the poems generally spoken of as 'Homer.'" It is, we suppose, an inevitable result of "up-to-date" revision that the young scholar should find himself at once in an atmosphere of scepticism as to the existence of Homer and the unity of the "Iliad" and "Odyssey"; but "the blind old man of Scio's rocky isle" might perhaps be allowed a place in childish imaginations, despite the lubrications of Mr. Samuel Butler, to which we refer elsewhere. Perhaps they might also be told that the *onus probandi* rests on those who assail rather than on those who defend the traditional view. We notice also good plans of the operations at Pylus and at Syracuse, embodying the most recent conclusions of scholars upon the topography of Thucydides's narrative.

In the History of Rome the present editor, Mr. Greenidge, has embodied, so far as was desirable for a school-book, the result of the most recent researches into the early populations of Italy and the constitutional arrangements of the early Roman State—a necessary task, inasmuch as when the book was first compiled the great work of Mommsen (to say nothing of subsequent writers) was only just becoming familiar in England. The plans and maps and many of the illustrations are new—as, indeed, most of those dealing with the topography and antiquities of Rome itself were bound to be; the Italian Government having been as prodigal and zealous, as the Papal régime was chary and suspicious, in regard to antiquarian research and excavation. A view of the Forum, for instance, taken 30 years ago would now be hopelessly out of date. The English orthography of Roman names has been less changed than that of Greek names, and few alterations are necessary. Among those actually adopted we could have spared the slightly pedantic form "Vergil," which takes the place of the familiar Anglicized form of the undoubtedly correct Latin "Vergilius." Why not keep our "Virgil"? No Italian scholar, so far as we know, has proposed to introduce "Vergilio" to the text of Dante.

**The Occasional Address: Its Composition and Literature.** By Lorenzo Sears. L.R.D. 7½×5in., xii.+313 pp. London and New York, 1897. Putnam. 6s.

This is a completely adequate treatment of a subject which sooner or later raps at every man's door, for who knows not Circe in the shape of a solicitation to "say a few words"? If the suggestive counsel contained in this book were inwardly digested

by every speaking man we should suffer from fewer gasping, boring, inaudible speeches from platforms and across dessert tables. Professor Sears discourages fatuous over-confidence in audiences, and, still more, fatuous disdain of them. All listeners, he says, demand—

What can you offer us that we do not know already? Can you bring into relief something we have been dimly conscious of, but have passed by unheeded?

He adds that in every lecture-room—

The spirit of eloquence is pitted against the spirit of slumber—with the odds in favour of the latter.

Similarly humorous acumen characterizes many of Professor Sears's definitions, as where he says of Emerson—

What listeners could not understand they called heresy, and what they did not believe they supposed to be transcendentalism, and invited him to come again next winter.

Professor Sears ranges over every branch of the occasional address, political, commemorative, post-prandial: points out the aims—and the pitfalls—of each, and gives examples of its true triumphs when, in the mouths of such masters as Webster or Lowell in America and Lord Leighton or Mr. Gladstone in this country, "the thing became a trumpet" or a flute.

This is not a handbook of rhetorical devices and formal rules alone, nor are its teachings applicable to speaking only, but to all combination of words. Professor Sears emphasizes two points—one, that invention or thought-gathering, "patient, concentrated, and interested application of the mind," is the prime process in composition; the other, that the kernel of good oratory is force of character, in comparison with which the language in which it clothes itself is but words and wind. Such points as these may be *communis*, but are constantly liable to being ignored.

Professor Sears prophesies woe to the after-dinner speaker "who comes to the feast with no oil for his lamp." Few, unfortunately, of such unwise persons develop the substitutive readiness of Mr. Samuel L. Clemens when he rose and said, "Shakespeare is dead, Milton is no more, and I—I am not feeling very well myself," and sat down again.

"The Occasional Address" merits reading "from cover to cover" even by those who have no immediate intention of delivering an occasional address.

**An Artist's Letters from Japan.** By John La Farge. 9×6in., xiv.+206 pp. London, 1897. Unwin. 16s.

Professor La Farge, the well-known artist and critic of New York, has in this volume collected and republished the letters from Japan which, ten years ago, he wrote for the *Century*. He writes excellent, though not quite vernacular, American-English, his French nationality making itself felt, but not unpleasantly. The letters are partly genuine *reisebilder* impressions reflecting the pleasing shock of surprise with which Japan greets each new arrival, and partly essays on the ethics of art, sermons founded on Japanese texts such as sword hilts or bits of inlay. But M. La Farge's views on the high questions of artistic morality (which are undeniably sound) are already well known from his New York lectures which have been published here. More interest, therefore, attaches to his plain tales of travel, to his notes of the forams and colours which attracted or repelled him. "We are coming in," he writes from the steamer in his very first letter from Yokohama. "It is like the picture-books. Anything that I can add will only be a filling in of detail."

But it is just these details which make the book, for they are selected with judgment, and painted, one may say, with a broad and facile touch. Now it is "the fine wrists and small hands and handsome necks of the boatmen" that he notes: now the native dresses that "repeat the colour of the sky—in prose:" or, again, that "absorbingly new" thing the Japanese light—"its whiteness, its silvery milkiness." Then there are the cavalry officers, nicknamed "horn-ponts"—it would seem from their straggling moustachios—and the "cats," who eat the horn-ponts, otherwise known as Geishas, and

all the town sights snapped up at full trot in a rickshaw, and the lingering delights of the hot and languorous skies, drunk in, in country gardens or under the shadows of giant cryptomerias. The book is tolerably illustrated, the best of the illustrations being figure sketches by the author, who, in a characteristic postscript, regrets that he has not been able to substitute for some of these engravings "some pages from his notebooks nearer to the feeling of the text, something more serious and less finished than suits a magazine." His regret will be shared by the reader, who will probably also regret the retention of the pseudo-scientific American spelling, when he comes across such words as "fibers" and "behavior" and the like.

**A Primer of the Bible.** By W. H. Bennett. 7½×5in., viii. + 228 pp. London, 1897. Methuen. 3 6

**A Guide to Biblical Study.** By A. S. Peake. With Introduction by A. M. Fairbairn, D.D. 8×5½in., xxiv. + 200 pp. London, 1897. Hodder and Stoughton. 3 6

The object of both these little manuals is to aid those who wish to study the Bible systematically and intelligently in the light of modern critical results. Both Prof. Bennett and Mr. Peake prudently refrain from discussing the views of different schools of thought or criticism. They are content to assume some critical positions as virtually certain, while they speak with reserve on points which as yet remain unsettled. A good specimen of Prof. Bennett's method is his short summary of the question as to the date of the Book of Joel. The arrangement of the Old Testament books according to different periods of literary activity is equally wise and convenient. In dealing with the New Testament a different plan is naturally adopted, the books being treated in well-defined groups. Nothing could be more lucid, impartial, and clear than the discussion of all questions relating to authorship and date (see, for instance, the cautious treatment of the Second Epistle of Peter, pp. 181 foll.). Prof. Bennett, in fact, admirably states the last word that can be safely said in the present state of our knowledge. In his brief but pregnant summary of the facts bearing on the authorship of the fourth Gospel every expression seems to be carefully weighed. Very welcome, also, is the hint with which the chapter on the Johannine literature concludes. We must remember that the Biblical teachers and their times were exceptional and inspired beyond other ages and persons, and that we may sometimes exaggerate critical difficulties by applying the standards of feebler and darker days to an epoch of exalted spiritual power. We cordially recommend this excellent little work to all who desire a simple and concise introduction to the systematic study of Scripture.

Mr. Peake's book is somewhat more ambitious, and has the advantage of an introductory note from the pen of Dr. Fairbairn. We agree with his conclusion, that to the "serious learner" "this book will prove both stimulating and helpful." The brief chapter on "Language and Biblical Study" has been contributed by Mr. Gray, of Mansfield College. Mr. Peake gives clear and sensible advice about commentaries. We are glad that he gives so generous an estimate of Bengel's "Gnomon," and that attention is drawn to Prof. Bruce's "brilliant and well-balanced sketch" of Hebrew religion in his "Apologetics," bk. ii. The chapters on "Introduction" cover much the same ground as Prof. Bennett's book, but the form and arrangement are less convenient. The sketch of Old Testament theology in chap. vii. is good and well proportioned, but calls for no special remark. The summary of the merits and defects of the Tübingen theory is very fair and concise. Some readers will be repelled by the subordinate place assigned to "the teaching of Jesus" in the chapter on New Testament theology. Mr. Peake does not seem to speak too strongly when he remarks elsewhere that "criticism tends to make plainer and plainer the supreme importance of Jesus for the development of the Church." Certainly, but why

in that case adhere to a rigidly chronological treatment of the different types of doctrine contained in the New Testament? It seems to us that practically such an arrangement gives undue prominence to St. Paul, the very point which is criticized in the Tübingen theory. We detect a tone of somewhat inappropriate smartness here and there in Mr. Peake's useful book, and we should prefer less frequent reference to his own views and opinions. But these are only slight blemishes in a thoroughly conscientious and painstaking piece of work.

**A Book of Verses for Children.** Compiled by Edward Verrall Lucas. 7½×5in., xii. + 318 pp. London, 1897. Grant Richards. 6-

Mr. Lucas's extremely pretty volume of "Verses for Children" comes very near being the anthology for children we have long sighed for. The selection is wisely liberal—neither too exclusively comprised of verse about children, nor too rigidly confined to a purely poetic standard. Happily, also, Mr. Lucas rejects that worst kind of "children's poetry," which may be poetry, but decidedly is not for children's profit to read—the kind of poetry that is metaphysical and introspective. The distinction of the book—and a most welcome distinction it is—is its large-minded and generously sympathetic view of the subject. Mr. Lucas is mindful that children are not all of one piece, but are as variously disposed, tended, aged, temperamentally, gifted, and ante-natally prepossessed as are their multitudinous elders all the world over. Hence his selection is marked by an extraordinary diversity, and on the whole the diversity is admirable. It ranges through every phase of the progress from the ridiculous to the sublime. It includes the exemplary fables of Ann and Jane Taylor; the delightful fooling of the laureates of nonsense, Edward Lear and Lewis Carroll; the classic humour of Cowper and Mr. Anstey; the lyrical delicacy and naïveté of Herrick and Blake; and a rich gathering of the wisdom and humour of "Old Song" and other sources of proverbial rhyming. Mr. Lucas's undertaking has been so excellently realized, in so unimpeachable a spirit and with such merriment and taste, we would be brief in exercising our sad prerogative of hinting a doubt in one or two matters. Perhaps not much needs to be said of the odd propinquity of such exquisite verse as Coleridge's "Answer to a Child's Question" and such execrable Browning-cacophony as—

Rebuked the cheek-strap, strained slacker the bit.  
But children will want an explanatory note to the phrase we italicize in this verse by Mr. James T. Fields:—

Just then with a wink, and a *sly normal lurch*,

The owl very gravely got down from his perch.

It were ungracious, however, to add to these fugitive plaints. The faults we touch on are but venial, and there are none others; though were there worse to be found they were easily pardoned in so charming a book as Mr. Lucas has given us.

**Criticisms, Reflections, and Maxims of Goethe.** Translated, with an Introduction, by W. B. Bonnfeldt. "The Scott Library," Svo., 261 pp. London, 1897.

Walter Scott. 1 6

A hundred years ago no one in this country learnt German. Since then, literary, political, and commercial influences have all fought for it, with the result that most boys are forced into at least a distant acquaintance with the German grammar; and it has even, with doubtful judgment, been given the place once occupied by Italian in the education of English girls. And yet, nearly universal as this possession of a smattering of German has become, the translator's work is still by no means a superfluous one. For not only is the language difficult, but its prose is so heavy and awkward that few foreigners read it with pleasure. And yet to leave it altogether alone is to ignore the central figure in the literature of the nineteenth century.

Mr. Bonnfeldt's little book does not go over quite the same

ground as previous English selections from Goethe. Professor Blackie's "Wisdom of Goethe" consisted of passages from all parts of his work, poetry as well as prose; Mr. Worchester's "Goethe's Opinions" was compiled from the Letters and Conversations alone; Mr. Bailey Saunders, on the other hand, in his "Maxims of Goethe," simply translated the "Sprüche in Prosa," omitting a certain number. Mr. Bonnfeldt has, again, made a selection from these, but half his book consists of longer criticisms, taken from "Wilhelm Meister" and other sources, on Shakespeare, Byron, Art, and other subjects. His introduction is neither so full nor so interesting as that of Mr. Saunders, and it contains one or two strange statements, such as that "the mastery of style exhibited in *Faust* has probably never been equalled in any other work in literature." There is a useful biographical note, but no index. The translation is very readable, and on the whole well done, although we have noticed a few weak points. "Overnatural" and "prieternatural," for instance, do not convey so clear a distinction in English as "übernatürlich" and "aussernatürlich" in German. And, surely, the right translation of "Der Mensch begreift niemals, wie anthropomorphisch er ist" is not "A man never understands," but "Man never understands how anthropomorphic he is." But these are only small matters, and the book, as a whole, is a useful help to the wider knowledge of Goethe, the thinker, who is only second in importance to Goethe, the poet.

**The Tenth Island**, being some account of Newfoundland, its People, its Politics, its Problems, and its Peculiarities. By Beckles Willson. 7½×5in., 208 pp. London, 1897.

Grant Richards. 3/6

There is one good thing in this book. The author suggested "playfully" to a Newfoundlander that he should write to Mr. Rudyard Kipling and bring him to book for omitting all reference to Newfoundland in his "Song of the English." Mr. Kipling in effect replied that his poem was not a gazetteer of the British Empire; but to show that he had no ill-will to the "Cinderella of the Empire" he might take occasion in the future to make amends for his seeming neglect. Mr. Kipling goes on to deprecate the expression "The loyalty of the colonies." Why should the subjects of her Majesty who live in Newfoundland, or Canada, or Australia, or any other part of the Empire beyond the seas be lauded for their loyalty more than their fellow-subjects in the British Isles? Mr. Kipling expresses a feeling which has been spreading recently when he maintains that the word "colonies" is a mistake; it is an anachronism quite inconsistent with the "Unity of the Empire." Much could be said on the point, but this is hardly the place to say it, though one might find considerable excuse in the pages of Mr. Willson's book.

May we take the fact that there is neither contents nor index as indicative of the author's and publisher's estimate of the importance of the book? The chapters are evidently a series of communications from a special correspondent to a London daily, the first article of whose creed is to be "smart" above everything. There is much repetition which might have been avoided had some trouble been taken to rearrange the material. The strain after "smartness" leads to occasional flippancy, exaggeration, and inconsistency, which is a pity, as there is much in the book to commend it to the attention of those interested in Newfoundland and in the ways of Downing-street when it has France on its nerves. Mr. Willson has evidently taken some trouble to ascertain the real state of things in Newfoundland, not only as to the question of "French rights," but as to social and political conditions, and the industrial capabilities of the island. There is much truth in the author's implication, strange as it may seem, that fish has been the ruin of Newfoundland. To within a comparatively recent period not only was settlement in the interior and the development of the natural resources of the island discouraged, but actually prohibited. It was treated merely as the seat of an important British fishery with which nothing could be allowed to interfere. Now that

through the competition in European and American markets and the unwarranted and vexatious interference of France, backed by the British Government, fish is no longer the profitable industry it was, attention is being turned to the capabilities of the island itself, with every promise of satisfactory results. There is no doubt that the mining resources are considerable and the agricultural possibilities great, and since railway communication now extends through the heart of the island, we may expect in the near future to see Newfoundland in possession of several baskets in which to hold her eggs. All this is very clearly brought out in Mr. Willson's book. The author's history of the French shore question we commend as an excellent summary of the sequel to a deplorable blunder. Mr. Willson also deals with the vexed question of the incorporation of Newfoundland in the Dominion of Canada; every well-wisher of the colony must hope that the union may be consummated as speedily as possible. The author also, with much justification, insists that the climate of the island has been greatly maligned. The fact is it possesses many attractions both for the sportsman and the ordinary tourist. Altogether the book is a readable exposition of the grievances, the failings, and the capabilities of an ill-used British colony, which hitherto, as the author puts it, has "not been on the visiting list of countries." There is a thoughtful "Foreword" by Sir William Whiteway and a few characteristic remarks by Lord Charles Beresford on Newfoundland and the Navy. There is a fair map; but why is no explanation given of the red line around part of the coast?

**NINETEENTH CENTURY POETRY**, by Mr. A. C. M'Donnell, M.A. (Literary Epoch Series) (Black), is admirably constructed for the assistance of weary School Board teachers. Dull lessons on English literature may be rapidly and easily prepared from its pages. Each author is submitted to precisely the same treatment—introduced, criticized, and dismissed. "The chief influences that have affected English poetry in the present century" are expounded in eleven pages. The whole matter is tidily arranged and divided under numerous head-lines. The editor of the "Epoch" series was undoubtedly wise in deciding that each volume should only touch upon a few prominent writers, without attempting to " cram " in all the names of the period. Mr. M'Donnell has read a few standard critical works, and is generally a safe guide. There are, however, two mistakes in the notice of Tennyson. The Poet Laureate was never created Baron Tennyson *D'Eynecourt*, nor was "In Memoriam" inspired by Harry Hallam.

Old Etonians will turn with interest to the little collection of **SERMONS PREACHED IN ETON COLLEGE CHAPEL, 1870-1897**, by the Rev. F. S. Thackeray (Bell), especially if they were in the higher forms of the school when the sermons were delivered. They strike a note which will be familiar to all public schoolmen, that Christianity inculcates that honour and nobility of character which are the mark of a true gentleman, and they do not strike that other note which public school preachers rarely seem able to strike, that the Church is an organic constitution for the production of that character by supplies of supernatural grace.

Bishop Barry, rector of St. James's Church, Piccadilly, has published under the title of **THE ANGLICAN COMMUNION (S.P.C.K.)** the sermons of five representative prelates of the Anglican Communion, which were delivered in his church during the session of the Lambeth Conference. An American Bishop and the Metropolitans of Canada, Australia, India, and South Africa tell each his own story in his own way. Most of the sermons take the usual form of earnest missionary appeals. Bishop Dudley's account of the present prospects of the Church in the United States will be read with interest.

In the last decade (he says) of which we have national census, the Church increased more rapidly than any other religious body, and four times as rapidly as the population.

The Bishop of Calcutta draws special attention to the needs of the European and Eurasian population, who are mostly engaged in various industries, or are employed by European manufacturers and others. This little book is well calculated to impress upon English Christians the magnitude and variety of the obligations which press not only upon the Church, but upon the Empire.

**THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER**, with Historical Notes by the Rev. J. Cornford (Eyre and Spottiswoode), is an edition of the Prayer Book with a very brief historical introduction,

together with the Act of Uniformity (1662) and the amended Act of 1872. Slight marginal notes are added indicating the sources and date of the different contents of the Prayer Book. The book is likely to be useful to students.

The Rev. A. Baker, R.N., has published a translation of some ADDRESSSES AND SERMONS by the Greek Archbishop of Smyrna (S. P. O. K.) with the intention of contributing something to the cause of Christian Reunion by giving specimens of the teaching and spiritual life of the Orthodox Eastern Church. The translator has reproduced to some extent the resonance of the original Greek. There is little that calls for remark in the addresses themselves. Their somewhat abstract oratorical manner recalls the style of the ancient homilies of Basil or Gregory Nazianzen, but they are chiefly concerned with points of Christian duty and practice.

### MATHEMATICAL.

**An Elementary Course of Infinitesimal Calculus.** By Horace Lamb, M.A., F.R.S.  $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$  in., xx. + 616 pp. Cambridge, 1897. University Press. 12-

This book represents a successful attempt to supply a properly-graded course on the calculus as required by students of applied mathematics. Others have written on the same lines, but have partially failed. It is easy to omit abstract demonstrations which in themselves have no definite utility in applied science, but difficult to complete the chain of reasoning by sufficiently conclusive proofs of a more realizable character. Many students of physics are driven from pure mathematics by the knowledge that so much preliminary work inapplicable in itself is first required of them; and Professor Lamb's book discussing the subject avowedly from a utilitarian point of view should appeal strongly to such as these. It must be plainly understood, however, that the author is primarily a rigid mathematician; he is only a physicist on occasion, and his book is a fairly complete treatise within the limits assigned. As such it can therefore be recommended to mathematical students for their first reading.

We are taken up to differential equations of the second order. Examples of the ordinary types are numerous; but in addition there are continual references to elementary dynamics, and the student of applied mechanics will recognize many familiar problems—*e.g.*, on the bending of beams, the damping of oscillations, and the shapes of wheel-teeth in spur-gearing. Among instances of incidental applications to physics may be mentioned the study of certain properties of the perfect gas, the form of lines of magnetic force and potential, the effect of self-induction in a current-circuit, and the theory of small corrections in physical observations. These are quite unusual problems for such a book, but they are of the greatest physical importance and are therefore welcome.

Imaginary quantities are avoided throughout. Their omission renders certain sections incomplete (*e.g.*, integration by partial fractions), but the book suffers little by their absence, and the student often gains. A notable departure from ordinary methods is the reservation of Taylor's Theorem to the last chapter. This modifies the treatment of one or two branches of the subject; thus the discrimination between *maxima* and *minima* in all but two problems is left to simple inspection, which cannot always be relied upon.

The scale drawings are good, and the printing excellent. Errors are few. The proof of (6) on p. 74, does not require (3) and (4). On p. 129 (a) must be read  $\phi(a)$ .

Some readers will regret the omission of an elementary consideration of the equation  $\frac{d^2z}{dt^2} = -g \frac{dz}{z}$  of such importance in physics. Also it is a pity that Fourier's theorem is not indicated. But regarding the size of the volume it is astonishing how much has been well described, and it is to be hoped that the book will be fully appreciated.

**The Works of Archimedes.** By T. L. Heath, Sc.D., sometime Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.  $9 \times 5\frac{1}{2}$  in., clxxxvi. 323 pp. 1897. Cambridge University Press. 15-

To most English mathematicians the extent of the work of Archimedes is unknown. The hydrostatic principle that bears

his name is regarded by them as his only contribution to mechanical theory, and the Archimedian screw the only practical outcome of his knowledge. They know the tale that by means of burning-glasses he played havoc with the enemy's ships in the harbour of Syracuse, and assisted his King by constructing effective catapults and other weapons of war in the prolonged defence of that city; but for the most part they are disinclined to believe the story, and are the more ready, therefore, to discount the records of his great learning. But this first complete English edition of his extant works and the scholarly introduction to the book by its editor make it clear that Archimedes was second to none among the Greek mathematicians in the breadth of his knowledge and the originality of his methods of research. The Roman soldier that slew him during the sack of Syracuse, *n.c.* 212, has much to answer for; the old man was a devoted student to the moment of his death.

Among the papers that he had already published were those on the mensuration of the sphere and cylinder, the proof that the circumference of any circle divided by its diameter gives a constant number that lies between 3 1-7 and 3 10-71, and the material properties of certain solids. His treatment of spirals and of parabolic segments is suggestive of modern methods of analysis, and Dr. Heath enters on the interesting question of the early anticipations of the integral calculus. It is a far cry from Archimedes to Newton—nineteen centuries for a method to reach maturity; but the spirit of the golden age of Greek geometry tended towards secretiveness, and, as Wallis wrote two centuries ago, it was easier for more modern mathematicians to invent a new analysis than to discover the old. The centres of gravity of a parallelogram, triangle, trapezium, and parabolic segment he derived by the lever method. From the definition of a fluid that virtually makes it a substance of no rigidity, he deduced the first principles of hydrostatics in a remarkably exact manner, illustrating the problem of floating bodies by the determination of the conditions under which a solid paraboloid with density less than that of the liquid will float with its axis vertical, erect or inverted. He suggested a method of notation capable of expressing numbers up to the 80,000-billionth power of 10, and exhibited the system in an amusing calculation of the number of grains of sand that would fill the universe as conceived by his contemporary Aristarchus.

The propositions are throughout edited in modern notation. Wherever a parallel algebraic proof could assist the reader in following the geometry Dr. Heath has inserted it. His introductory chapters are full of interest, notably those that discuss the relation of Archimedes to his predecessors, and the processes of Greek arithmetic. The extraction of square root by aid of sexagesimal fractions is worth studying. The only obscurity noticed in the book is in the cattle problem, which needs a plainer statement. Altogether the volume represents a vast amount of industry, and much mathematical and classical knowledge on the part of the editor. It is a companion volume to his "Apollonius," already published, and will appeal to all those who are interested in the historical development of mathematical science.

**Applied Mechanics.** By John Perry, M.E., D.Sc., F.R.S., with Illustrations.  $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$  in., viii. + 678 pp. London, 1897. Cassell. 9-

This is written for the use of students who have time to work experimental, numerical, and graphical exercises illustrating the subject. The author has had great experience in the practical and theoretical teaching of engineering, and his ideas are sufficiently well known and appreciated to insure a warm welcome for his book. He has had the workshop training of an engineer, and with much mathematical knowledge at his disposal he has studied theory under the best masters—such as Lord Kelvin and Professor James Thomson. He is an enthusiastic worker and exhibits his enthusiasm in all his writings. The amount of solid information presented to us in this book is extraordinary, and at the same time we benefit by the absence of the antique illustra-

tions of mechanism that were so dear to earlier writers on the subject. The elementary portion of the book is in larger print than the rest; it is non-mathematical, and most of it is taken almost without alteration from the little volume on *Practical Mechanics* that he published 16 years ago, and from the *Cantor Lectures on Hydraulic Machinery* that he delivered in 1882 before the Society of Arts. We think that these facts should have been stated explicitly in the new edition. The more difficult investigations are easily distinguished, and should be omitted on a first reading.

The chapters on Hydraulics are perhaps the best. They make nearly 100 pages, and in many respects represent the most useful summary of the subject published in English, if we except Unwin's article on *Hydro-Mechanics* in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Almost equally good are the sections on *Bending and Twisting*; they are of the utmost importance to the engineer and are treated with great fulness—to the extent, on the one hand, of proving the theorem of Three Moments for continuous girders; and, on the other, of introducing St. Venant's mathematical methods of dealing with twisted prisms. Springs are dealt with practically, and this again is a subject that has never before been properly discussed in books on Applied Mechanics. Graphical methods are not quite so well described. They require larger and better drawings, and it may be mentioned that several diagrams in the book are really bad, though the illustrations of machinery are mostly good. Friction is discussed thoroughly well, with interesting applications to such cases as bicycling, the resistance of ships, and the efficiency of lubricants.

The more advanced sections of the above require some previous knowledge of the Differential and Integral Calculus; and in the preface we are also invited to work through Thomson and Tait's *Elements of Natural Philosophy* as a preliminary. This is asking not a little, but the students for whom the work is chiefly designed will have had opportunities of so preparing themselves. Armed with some such knowledge, the reader can follow Professor Perry readily in his attack on the difficult problems that constantly present themselves in engineering. But we think that in his excess of zeal in showing what a simple thing the calculus is and how readily a youth can turn out crisp and correct results from the mathematical machine, he ignores all considerations that might prove troublesome, and, like many another eloquent teacher, he succeeds in prematurely persuading his pupils that they actually understand the subject fully. They are happy for a while, but have no self-confidence when left to themselves. He climbs his ladder six steps at a time; they want to be taken up slowly. He believes in a Royal road to learning, and they waste their time in looking for it. Let it, therefore, be understood that to read some parts of his book needs many years' training in pure theory.

## LEGAL.

**A Treatise on the Law of Mortgages, Pledges, and Hypothecations** (Founded on Cooté's Law of Mortgages). By **L. G. G. Robbins**, assisted by **F. T. Maw**, Barristers-at-Law. 2 Vols. 10x6in., cccxxvii. + 1750 pp. London, 1897.

Stevens and Sons, Ltd., and Sweet and Maxwell. £3.

In its original conception this work was to have been the sixth edition of "*Cooté on Mortgages*." Mr. Robbins tells us, however, that on reconsideration both he and the publishers determined that an entirely fresh attempt to state the law of mortgage should be made. And so, after having run through five editions, Cooté's treatise disappears from modern legal literature, or, perhaps one should say, in order to be more strictly accurate, reappears merely as the basis of a new elaborate work on the same subject. Such a startling metamorphosis in the name and in the very identity of a standard text-book may fairly be required to justify itself conclusively; and, on the whole, we incline to the view that this burden of proof can be satisfactorily discharged. Although the fifth edition of Cooté (by Mr. Markeson, Q.C., and Mr. H. Arthur Smith) was published so lately—regard being had to the size of the work—as

1884, and included the principal modern statutes and orders affecting mortgages—viz., the Conveyancing Acts of 1881 and 1882, the Married Women's Property Act, 1882, the Settled Land Act, 1882, the Bankruptcy Act, 1883, and the Rules of the Supreme Court, 1883—there are two circumstances which of themselves go far towards justifying the radical treatment to which the book has now been subjected. The alterations made by the enactments referred to were not retrospective. It was necessary, therefore, still to incorporate, at nearly every turn, in the edition of 1884, statements of the old law which needed to undergo a process of careful sifting and elimination in the preparation of a treatise on mortgages after the retrospective operation of the statutes in question had been enormously diminished in importance by lapse of time. Revision on such a scale constituted original work, the credit and the responsibility alike of which should belong and be attributed to its actual author. It does, in fact, produce a new book. Moreover, while the contents of "*Cooté on Mortgages*" were skilfully brought up to date with each successive edition, the plan on which it was arranged—never a good one at the best, and becoming more and more antiquated and illogical as time went on and the law of mortgages developed with it—received far too reverent editorial treatment.

On these grounds alone the abandonment of both the name and the structure of "*Cooté on Mortgages*" in the present work may be defended. Whether Mr. Robbins's book will hold the place in the opinion of the legal profession which, in spite of many defects, "*Cooté*" held is a question that cannot be answered till the work has been tested by constant use in practice. Our own impression is that it will do this and more. The arrangement is much better than Cooté's. Instead of rambling as Cooté did, after a preliminary account of mortgages at Common Law, into a discussion, first, of the nature and incidents of an equity of redemption, and then of a bewildering succession of charges arising by operation of law, Mr. Robbins treats his subject-matter consecutively from the inception of a mortgage to its final discharge or extinction. Moreover, he not only lays down a logical plan, but adheres to it in every detail. The several chapters and the sections into which they are broken up are confined to the matters indicated by their respective titles, and rapidity of reference to these has been greatly facilitated by the repetition of the substance of the headings at the top of every alternate page. Again, many of the great subdivisions of the law of mortgage are far more adequately handled by Mr. Robbins than they were in "*Cooté*." A notable instance of this is the chapter on *Bills of Sale* (Part II., chapter xiv., section ii.), to which 65 pages are now devoted instead of, as in the fifth edition of "*Cooté*," less than 30. A reference to "*Weir on Bills of Sale*," would have furnished Mr. Robbins with some valuable critical suggestions for this chapter, particularly in connexion with such cases as "*Green v. Marsh*" (1892), 2 Q.B., 330, and "*In re the Standard Manufacturing Company*" (1891), 1 Ch., 627. But this by the way. So far as we have been able to judge, "*Robbins on Mortgages*" is thoroughly up to date. The Table of Cases and the Index are exhaustive. One minor omission too, in Mr. Cooté's treatise, has, we are glad to observe, been supplied—viz., the omission to deal with the mortgage of patents. The author acknowledges in the preface the assistance of his colleague, Mr. F. T. Maw, and also of Messrs. A. T. Murray, H. J. Morgan, and Herbert Broadbent, of the Equity Bar.

Sir William Anson's treatise on *THE LAW AND CUSTOM OF THE CONSTITUTION* (Frowde: also Stevens) has long ago been impressed with that seal of professional and public approval which dispenses with the further services of the critic. It must suffice to say that in this new edition of the portion of the work relating to Parliament the reputation of the book is amply sustained. The chief new feature of the present edition is a considerable enlargement of the chapters on the House of Lords and on Parliamentary procedure.

Thirteen years have elapsed since the publication of the second edition of Mr. J. H. Redman's *CONCISE TREATISE ON THE LAW OF ARBITRATIONS AND AWARDS* which in point of clearness of arrangement, lucidity of exposition, and accuracy is the most useful treatise on the subject with which it deals that the lay arbitrator can consult. In a new edition the Arbitration Act, 1889, all the leading decisions under it, and every material enactment or authority bearing on the law of arbitration have been taken account of. We have been at some pains in testing whether the work of bringing the book up to date has been thoroughly done, and are satisfied that the judgment of the legal profession on this question will be in Mr. Redman's favour.

## The Blind Riders.

In weariness of barren war  
I sheathed awhile the sword of strife,  
And from the valley red with death  
I, turning, sought the hills of life.

With slackened rein and trailing lance,  
The lust of war within me spent,  
I sought the land of lough and moor,  
Of glinting burn, and gleaming bent.

I felt the wind about me blown ;  
I heard the jocund laverock sing ;  
Beneath my coat of ringing mail  
My pulse quickened to the Spring.

I climbed the crag that towering rose  
Above the haunt of fern and teal ;  
The azure waters of the lough  
Were as a blaze of burnished steel.

From out the east a rider spurred  
His strong, swift steed across the fells ;  
And as he rode he sang ; his voice  
Shook as a sudden peal of bells.

Or, as the laverock's rippling mirth  
That breaks beyond the shining cloud,  
But one rode horse to horse with him,  
Who rent the air with wailings loud.

They neared : they passed, the riders twain :  
Their steeds were winged with hasting wind.  
Beyond the laugh and frown I peered  
And saw that Joy and Grief were blind.

I gazed across the waving grass  
That rose and fell in foam of flowers,  
A shield of silver lay the lough  
To mirror all the golden hours.

From out the east two riders came  
With speed adown the grassy trail.  
They rode abreast ; as day and night  
In bright or dusky coat of mail.

A light of sheer and perfect joy  
Held one as with a magic spell :  
One bore across the world the fire  
And terror of a soul in Hell.

In utter silence rode the twain  
Nor stirred the air with laugh or song :  
The lips of one were sealed of peace,  
And one with bitter brand of wrong.

They neared ; they passed, the riders twain,  
On silent steeds along the wind.  
I gazed through Heaven and Hell a space,  
And saw that Love and Hate were blind.

Then wilder surged the sea of grass  
Beneath the breezes stronger sweep.  
The lough was like a living thing  
That turns and wakens from its sleep.

The waters leapt to sudden spray  
And fell again in showering light :  
When turning to the east I saw  
One riding as a belted knight.

His shield was as the naked sun,  
His helmet as a burning star ;  
And from his sword the lightnings ran  
Across the fells to flash afar.

He rode as one who rides in strength,  
Nor fears the might of foe or friend ;  
The hero of the heart of man  
To whom the lordly nations bend.

He neared, he passed with lifted head ;  
His steed was swifter than the wind.  
Undazzled by the glare I gazed,  
And, wondering, saw that Life was blind.

Lo ! as he vanished out of sight  
All suddenly the grass stood still,  
As if the wind with him had fled :  
And nothing stirred on heath or hill.

A storm-cloud swept across the sun ;  
The air was thick with murky gloom :  
The lough was dark as Acheron  
That wanders through the vale of doom.

From out the mist that hid the east  
On a white horse a rider came ;  
His shield was red as fires of Hell,  
His sword as the undying flame.

He neared ; he passed, the rider dread.  
I felt a sweep of scorching wind.  
With burning eyeballs fixed with fear  
I gazed and saw that Death was blind.

The white mist rolled from east to west,  
Fast followed by a fearsome train.  
I shrank in terror as there passed  
The bloody pageant of the slain.

There, old and young and king and clown,  
Whom war had mown with sweeping sword,  
Ran stumbling in the wake of Death,  
And, running, cursed their bitter lord.

Red souls that could not pause or stay,  
Nor find for rest a season brief ;  
For some had made a god of Joy,  
And some a cruel god of Grief.

While others, ever at the shrine  
Had sacrificed to earthly Love ;  
Or crowned a devil-god of Hate,  
And throned him high all gods above.

And they who worshipped Joy or Grief,  
Or Love or Hate, in peace or strife,  
In dread of Death had flung their gods  
Before the glittering lord of Life.

They passed me by, a fearsome train ;  
The air with wail and curse was loud :  
Into the western mist they ran  
And vanished like a fiery cloud.

\* \* \* \*

The golden sun was near its set ;  
As dreams the evening hour did pass :  
The lough lay as a balm at rest  
In the sweet bosom of the grass.

## Among my Books.

### ON CERTAIN DEFECTS IN MODERN CRITICISM.

It is as much in the interest of the readers of the present day as in that of the writers that I would plead with certain of our literary reviewers for some modification in the scale and language of criticism adopted by them in dealing with new publications. For I assume that the primary purpose of a review is to guide the reader as to the new publications which are likely to interest and attract him.

Speaking for myself, and, I should suppose, for most others, when I take up a periodical journal or review devoted to criticism, my first object is to see what books of value and merit have been lately given to the world. The review may not be able to afford space for long extracts from any such work dealt with, and we are therefore left entirely dependent on the taste and judgment of the critic. And in this matter it is evident that a great change has of late come over the disposition of the average critic. Forty years ago, and longer, it was the common and just complaint that reviewers sacrificed too much to the pleasure (a very seductive one) of tossing and goring the author under review. The old *Quarterlies* and the *Saturday Review*, under its original management, for instance, had the reputation of being too severe. It was commonly supposed that political enmities, artistic differences of opinion, opposing historical schools and the like were allowed to enter into the region of literary criticism, and to deflect it sorely from the path of pure and impartial judgment. There may be something of this still left among us, but by far the most startling feature of modern reviewing is not its harshness, its scorn, its implacability, but rather its universal indulgence, and its indiscriminate and excessive language of eulogy.

It is only necessary to glance down the advertising columns of a literary journal, in which publishers attach "notices of the Press" to the books they announce, to be struck by this fact. Words and terms, once upon a time reserved only for the great masters of literature, for the great classics of the language, seem to be now sprinkled freely, with no sense of their incongruity, over any and every new work of fiction that may appear. The term "genius," for example, which was once held as it were a sacred appellation to be conferred on the *Di Majores* of our literature, is now so common as to have lost any significance whatever. I noted it three times last week, in the advertisements of a single publisher, applied to some recent works of fiction. As for lesser terms of praise, "unique," "unsurpassed," "first-rate," "intensely human," "quivering and palpitating with passion,"—these, I need not say, appear week after week as plentiful as blackberries.

It is therefore of a certain lack of moderation and discrimination that I complain as unfair to the reader who comes to the critic for guidance. He wants to know, in the first instance, which new books are of high excellence, which

of a moderate merit, and which are to be avoided as worthless. Too often he reads reviews which seem to speak of all alike in language which used once, as I have said, to be restricted to the masterpieces of our literature. We all know the story of the little child who, reading epitaphs after epitaph in the churchyard, inquired with some surprise of its parent "where all the wicked people were buried." An unsophisticated stranger after reading review after review of modern works of fiction might well ask where all the worthless novels were interred. It is our sense of proportion that is offended when praise is universal. We long at last for some rough-and-ready measure of distinction. A graduated scale, numbered for reference, as thus:— (1) First rate, (2) Good, (3) Good, but not good enough, (4) Very fair, (5) Fair, (6) Mediocre, (7) Poor stuff, (8) Pretentious trash, (9) Sensational rubbish, (10) Drivel—would at least indicate an attempt at classification, though it did not provide elaborate reasons for the judgment given. But if the critic's judgment by classification were sound, it would be a great saving of trouble. The method might be crude, and inartistic; and would not even make copy. But the reader, supposing the classification to be reasonably just, would at least be nearer than he is at present to knowing what to expect from the book noticed. The original prospectus of this present journal included the perfectly just remark that indiscriminate praise encourages the production of much inferior literary work. There is nothing new, of course, in the observation, but it is not for that reason superfluous to repeat it. The old motto of the *Edinburgh Review*, taken from Publius Syrus—an author, said Sydney Smith, whom none of us had read—"Judex damnatur quum nocens absolvitur," contains the whole moral in a nut-shell.

This is an age when the manufacture of books has reached a pitch unknown to any other period of our literature. The marked increase in the number of publishers in the last quarter of a century goes to show it. But it may well be doubted whether the multiplication of books accounts for the multiplication of publishers, or *vice versa*. The unprecedented range of topics chosen—as if the British Museum had been (to borrow the expressive simile of Lord Tennyson's Lincolnshire friend) "raked out with a small-tooth comb" to find something new that will form an attractive title—forces one to suspect that the genesis of many new works must be of this sort. And the strange thing, as it strikes the ignorant outsider, is this—that the vaster the annual crop of books, the more lenient, the less exacting, the critic appears to become. He seems to smile, with all-embracing benevolence, upon all! And this, I repeat, may be fun for the critic—and for the author—but how about the poor reader of the review, who is on the look out for suggestion and guidance?

And if there is this ground for the plaint that I am pouring forth, is there not another, of even more importance? Even the critics who have long erred on the side of excessive laudation are startled at last by the signs of a public standard of taste, against which they are warring in vain. Certain novels of to-day, which need not be named, but which will occur to every one, selling by the

hundred thousand—full of false humour, false philosophy, false pathos, and the most monstrous pictures of life, such books have at last awakened certain critics to the forgotten responsibilities of criticism. A few, no doubt, still take sides with the myriad purchasers—and boldly heap upon these works of fiction every epithet of praise that they can summon. But the majority, to do them justice, have, like the fabled worm, "turned at last." But it is too late. The admirers of these productions no longer care for the critic! The more their favourite romances are abused, the more fondly they cling to them. Yet I must put in a word for such as these. Are they so much to be scorned, as we in our haste may think? Are they not showing, in part, simply the fruits of a defective education? Have they not been too often allowed, by their educators, to mistake the sham for the reality? The critic cannot, it is true, neutralize the natural bias of any reader towards what is fifth rate. But I submit that he might have done more than he has in this direction.

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**FICTION.**


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**The Lion of Janina, or the Last Days of the Janissaries.**  
By **Maurus Jokai.** Translated by R. Nisbet Bain. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  × 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  in., 321 pp. London, 1897. Jarrold. 6s.

The works of Dr. Jokai, the great novelist of Hungary, deal principally either with his own country or with the Turkish Empire; and his Oriental novels are said by his countrymen to be marked by a totally different style from the others. Imperfectly as such distinctions must always be rendered in a translation, there is a true Oriental quality about the present work which can be appreciated even upon scanty knowledge, and concerns much more than the verbal style. No one can fail to be struck by the strong resemblance to the "Arabian Nights." The narrative is not sharpened to that acute edge of probability which we demand of a Western story-teller; it moves rapidly, touching only on the effective points; many things are unaccounted for, some are supernatural, but not out of place on that account, for in the East the supernatural has always been the most natural thing in the world. Again, the "Arabian Nights" are recalled by the loose connexion of events. It is significant on this head that the translator quarrels with the author about the title, relegating "The Fall of the Janissaries" to the second place, on the ground that it is "too glaringly inapt to pass muster" as a description of the story. And, indeed, Ali Pasha of Janina is not only the principal person, he is the only character who is at all continuously presented to us, and even he consists of half-a-dozen monstrous qualities, and would not be credible as a character if he had not existed as a historical fact. The others are mere outlines where they are not lay figures.

The charm of the book, and it is great, lies in its imaginative quality. Whatever passes seems to pass before the eyes. Without effort and without elaboration every scene in turn is vividly presented the wonderful castle of Janina, with its secret passages and torture chamber, its banquetting halls and gardens, the desert valley of Selencia and the mountain glens of Circassia, the riotous streets and the great Seraglio of Stamboul. What is going to happen next or what has happened before is a minor matter when there is such a pleasure in watching what happens now. The reader starts with the comfortable conviction that Ali Tepelenti is going to be killed in the end, that he richly deserves it, and that he will kill as many of his enemies as possible before the end. There is, therefore, no occasion for hurry, and, if Dr. Jokai likes to drop Ali for a chapter or two and tell us about a couple of young

Circassians whom Ali will never see, there is really no reason why he should not. At the end the reader's wonder will be how he has passed through such a crowd of events without mental indigestion, for the narrative proceeds with a wonderful swiftness, and if sometimes unconnected is never confused.

Occasional incongruities naturally occur. For example, we are told on page 88 how Ali's grandson Zaid was captured and put to death by the Greeks, and his head sent to his grandfather. On page 184, Zaid, Ali's favourite grandson, leads a division of cavalry against his grandfather, and is subsequently captured and tortured to death by that amiable relative. Now, no man was more likely than Ali to have had many grandsons, but if two of them were named Zaid it ought to be explained. Again, a Circassian chief, making a whip for a friend, observes as a matter of course that he will try its quality on his children, according to custom; yet when he actually beats his daughter her brother is so revolted that he at once runs away from home. These are mere details. A more serious departure from consistency is that our author, though telling an Eastern story in an Eastern fashion, has all the emotions of a European. In the East love and murder are the materials of every story, but they are never allowed to disturb the tranquillity of the narrator. Dr. Jokai is touched by what he tells, and this, while robbing his work of something of its Eastern flavour, raises it occasionally to a truly poetic level.

As to the translation it is, of course, difficult to judge without any knowledge of the original: one may be laying the blame on the wrong shoulders, as, for example, for the somewhat incongruous medley of antique and modern phraseology in the dialogue, which may be an original defect. But Mr. Bain's English, always adequate and easy, possesses the high merit of frequently causing the reader to forget that it is a translation.

**Paul Mercer: A Story of Repentance Among Millions.**  
By **James Adderley.** 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  × 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  in., 231 pp. London, 1897.

Arnold. 3s 6d

There can be no doubt that in some respects Mr. Adderley's story is vastly superior to the average Socialistic Utopia of fiction. The author has wisely contented himself with the nineteenth century for time and an English manufacturing town for place, and thus the reader is relieved of the long and wearisome journey to Mars or a distant age, and he is spared the spectacle of vast races mature in dulness and surrounded by every kind of mechanical improvement. The social experiment is made on a modest and intelligible scale; we reach Utopia, but the city of workers has some grace and glow of the middle ages about its walls. We must live in common, it is true; but not in buildings too evidently suggested by the "model dwellings" in Drury-lane. In capable hands the story of the transformed soap works and the converted manufacturer might have been made picturesque, interesting, forcible. But here is the fault. Mr. Adderley is no doubt eager, enthusiastic as a social reformer, but he lacks the instinct of literature. There are no sentences in the book that summon up the dark vision of a factory town, dreary, intolerable under its cloud of evil smoke; the reek of the slum property is never brought to our nostrils. And the author fails in another way: there are signs that he intends his characters to be capable of identification, but he so exaggerates and caricatures them that a reader who is unconscious of this design can hardly believe that they are studied from life at all. Take the dialect of Mr. Robert Mercer, the great soap-maker. Do wealthy manufacturers talk in this sort?—

Ah, my dear, 'uksey's the place; . . . there's a 'all an' a 's'loon, and a corridor, and three or four parlours, and a libery. . . . Ah, my girl, won't we 'ave fine Gospel meetuns! On the very spot, too, where our 'eathen forefathers wushipped the Mass! And the picture of the acrid Protestantism which Mr. Adderley so heartily detests is scarcely more effective, simply because the author has tried to make it too effective. Mr. Peter Gowle, who prays and preaches to the "Christian Pilgrims;" is a dismal, belated Stiggins, a creature of the early thirties; he is not even a caricature of the modern Nonconformist, who can pronounce



English quite nicely, and write a neat, if acrimonious, letter to the daily paper. And the gentlemen of the story are not gentlemen; they are rather what the good priest and the good agitator call "tofs" :—

"And who are your actors and actresses this year?" asked Colonel Drake.

It has been said that the account of the glorified works has charm, but even here we miss something of due effect, for the good reason that we have not realized the preceding aqualor and misery. The pleasant "closes" in which the workmen live, gay with flowers, the entrance arch with its motto, "Work is Worship," the bright statues of the saints who laboured, Brother Dominic, lector and chimney-sweep, reading Compline at the close of the day's work—all these picturesque touches lose greatly from mere want of contrast. Mr. Adderley had excellent material, but he was evidently quite unable to clothe it in the form of literature.

**David Dimsdale, M.D.** *A Story of Past and Future.* By Maurice H. Hervey. 7½×5¼in., viii. + 344 pp. London, 1897. Redway. 36 n.

Mr. Hervey's main idea is ingenious but not new. Dr. Dimsdale is a learned physiologist, who has persuaded himself "that decay may be arrested without resorting to the mummifying processes of the ancient Egyptians." Thus, at the beginning of the book we find him apparently dead, leaving a will which enjoins his scientific executor to preserve his body, "unmutilated and fully clothed," in a glass-fronted coffin. It is to be left thus for twenty-five years, which elapse behind the curtain. In the second part of the story, which is dated 1920, one finds that Dr. Dimsdale is resuscitated after his quarter of a century of repose, and that he comes to life at the apparent age at which he had seemed to die.

Our revived physiologist explains that "there is no obvious reason why the clock of life should not be stopped for a period, and subsequently set going again. It was an old pendulum clock first suggested the idea." One is rather inclined to believe that the idea was suggested by Poe, who says in one of his stories :—"To embalm (properly speaking) in Egypt was to arrest indefinitely all the animal functions subject to the process. To be brief, in whatever condition the individual was at the period of embalment, in that condition he remained." Poe relates the awakening of a mummy who had thus slumbered for many centuries. His tone is somewhat farcical, but his conception is worked out with his usual care and plausibility. The Egyptians, he tells us, having discovered this principle of embalming the living, at once saw the advantages to be gained by taking life in instalments. "An historian, for example, . . . would write a book with great labour and then get himself carefully embalmed, leaving instructions to his executors, *pro tem.*, that they should cause him to be revived after the lapse of a certain period." When he was restored, it was his duty to correct, "from his own private knowledge and experience, the traditions of the day concerning the epoch at which he had originally lived." It is a remarkable coincidence that Mr. Hervey's professor remarks—

"Think of the value to future generations, of having men dormant in their midst and revivable at will, who were eye-witnesses of events recorded in history! What would we not give now to be able so to recall such witnesses?"

This is what Alan Breck would call a good observe, but is it quite original? Nor can one honestly say that Poe's conception is "bettered by the borrower." A pseudo-scientific imagination, which is decidedly impressive in a farcical sketch, and will pass muster when it gives the more frame for a socialistic picture of the future, needs more skill than Mr. Hervey can command to make it a satisfactory plot for a sensational novel.

**Barbara Blomberg.** *A Historical Romance.* By Georg Ebers. Translated from the German by Mary J. Safford. In 2 vols. 7×5¼in., 735 pp. Sampson Low. 6

Professor Ebers has taken for his heroine the young woman of Ratisbon who was almost certainly the mother of Don John

of Austria, and while following closely the established facts, and not at all diminishing the self-will and high temper of the lady, has filled in the blanks of her character with generous and noble qualities. From this artful mixture results a very real, comprehensible, and interesting figure. Unfortunately, the circumstances of the case are such that every additional virtue given to Barbara has to be deducted from her Royal lover. If she was indeed high-minded and disinterested, then the action of Charles V. in removing her new-born child and never suffering her to see it again ceases to present that instance of good sense and good feeling which Sir William Stirling Maxwell finds in it, and becomes a particularly cruel piece of tyranny. It is, however, a little late in the day for distributing equitably the blame of these transactions, and assuredly a novelist is right in choosing the weaker party as the subject of interest.

Barbara's marriage to Jerome Pyramus Kegel, or Kugel, the birth of two sons to them, her showy, extravagant way of life in widowhood, and the vain endeavours of Philip II. and the Duke of Alva to restrain her are all historical; but when we come to the interview in which Don John himself urged retirement upon her, the novel diverges a little. The real Barbara, so far from being filled with love, gentleness, and maternal joy, seems to have been extremely dissatisfied and to have revenged herself by saying that Don John was no son of the Emperor's after all. Very skilful is the treatment of the whole episode of her marriage, the new life to which she has yielded serving but as a background to the unceasing absorption of her mind in the son whom she had lost.

Professor Ebers is not—it would be curious to learn whether he knows it—the first novelist to deal with this story or to give to his work the name of the heroine. The earlier "Barbara Blomberg" was published at Leipzig in 1790, and its anonymous author exhibits flights of imagination with which Professor Ebers cannot pretend to compete. For him the adventures recorded in history were insufficient, and his Barbara—if a somewhat cursory inspection may be trusted—had also, among other things, been carried off by Turkish pirates and immured for a time in the harem of a Sultan called Solyman.

In the difficult field of the historical novel "Barbara Blomberg" must certainly be counted as a success. It avoids in its translated—and no doubt in its original—form the undue length of the author's "Cleopatra," and the peculiar tediousness apt to attend the serious German novel. The English dress is careful, correct, and not inelegant, although one wonders a little why in an English book derived from a German original a Spanish lady should be called by the French title of Marquise.

**The Tree of Life.** By Netta Syrett. 8×5¼in., 387 pp. London, 1897. Lane. 6-

So far as the handling of the characters and the plot is concerned, Miss Netta Syrett has written an interesting and well-written story; but we would ask her two questions—If, as one of her characters says, we are "sickened of the eternal sex question," why does she show so little sympathy with us as to devote herself in a novel of 387 pages to a discussion of it; and, if it has to be discussed, why does she assume that the solution of it which she favours is "in advance of the age"? We do not exaggerate when we say that the sex question is discussed throughout, for it is clearly in the writer's mind from first to last. A carefully-drawn picture of Christine Willowfield's childhood shows us the dawn of the "problem." All the spontaneous enjoyment of a child's life is crushed out of Christine by a father who believes that reason is denied to the other sex. Then comes a picture, equally vivid and readable, of female student life, with its ambitions and discouragements. Then we are quite ready for the unsuccessful marriage and the introduction of the lover, Laurence Kennedy, who has "never troubled himself much about the morality of sex relationship." All our sympathy is, of course, directed towards Christine in her desertion of her husband; but it is rather unfortunate that the gospel of free love should be put into the mouth of Mrs. Forrester,

who is nothing more nor less than an average agreeable "society lady," and who thus delivers herself to Kennedy:—

The life you offer her is the natural and best life for a woman. . . . To be with you and have your love will be infinitely better for her than the alternative unnatural loneliness.

We admit that Christine's is a very extreme case, but for that very reason it should not be taken as a typical illustration of the need for a change in our views of matrimony, even if Miss Syrett has—a somewhat bold assumption—thought this question out in all its bearings. It is a pleasanter task to congratulate the writer on the undoubted power of graphic and humorous description she shows in her account of the life at the Carlford Training College and of Christine's lecture at Battersea; on the many touches of close observation, such as "the sunshine filtering through a lacework of leaves flecked the bracken with burnished silver" most novelists would have said, incorrectly, "burnished gold"; and on the skill and pathos with which she develops the character of Christine.

### SHORT STORIES.

**In the Permanent Way, and Other Stories.** By Flora A. Steel. 7½ in., 306 pp. London, 1888. Heinemann. 6/-

**Stories and Play Stories.** By Violet Hunt and Others. 8½ in., vii. + 304 pp. London, 1897. Chapman and Hall. 6/-

**Through Lattice Windows.** By W. J. Dawson. 7½ in., viii. + 283 pp. London, 1897. Hodder and Stoughton. 6/-

**In Simpkinsville.** By Ruth McEnergy Stuart. vi. + 244 pp. London and New York, 1897. Harper. 5/-

**The Mystery of Choice.** By Robert W. Chambers. x. + 288 pp. New York, 1897. Appleton. \$1.25

"The tale proper, in my opinion," wrote Poe, who ought to be a good judge, "affords unquestionably the fairest field for the exercise of the loftiest talent which can be afforded by the wide domains of mere prose." Primitive man, the anthropologists tell us, was much of the same opinion; the oldest stories, the tales that every literature has in common, are the short ones. The philosopher might explain this fact by an easy deduction from primitive manners. The earliest stories, it seems, were told round the fire at night to amuse or thrill the savage hunters whilst they digested one supper and made rude plans for obtaining the next. It is obvious that no very long story could be thus told in a single evening; and the possibility of a serial on the plan of the Thousand and One Nights involves a somewhat advanced stage of civilization. Primitive man was apparently more likely than not to be crushed by a mammoth, devoured by a sabre-toothed tiger, or clubbed by his affectionate neighbour the next time that he sallied forth. His expectation of life was so small that "to be continued" must have seemed to him a mere devout imagination on the part of the story-teller, and, like the child of to-day, he would always insist on hearing the end of a tale before the sitting broke up.

If, as the Socialists and bacteriologists agree from different points of view to assure us, we are all living over a volcano, a somewhat similar consciousness of the uncertainty of life may help to account for the marked taste for short stories which is a literary characteristic of the present generation. In France, indeed, the tradition of the short story has never been lost since the country began to have a literature, and in America the unequalled genius of Poe made an early precedent in its favour. But in England the tale has never been so fashionable as in this generation, and one scarcely recalls an instance of a reputation like that of Mr. Kipling, built, and enduringly built, almost entirely on short stories. The old rule was for the novelist occasionally to amuse himself by dashing off a brief tale, which might be a masterpiece, as with Scott, or a trifling *hors d'œuvre*, as with Dickens, George Eliot, and Thackeray. It is only nowadays that we see practised and successful writers of short stories yielding to their critics' *insidense diabolo*, some instances might lead us to say—so far as to try their hands at a novel.

In such cases as those of Stevenson, Mr. Kipling, Mr.

Barrie, or Miss Wilkins the inclination to tale-telling may be fairly ascribed to the spirit of the time. Mrs. Steel's new book, to take one of the five volumes before us, seems to consist of short stories because she had a desire of bringing before this Western world certain striking pictures and warmly human incidents in that fascinating world of Indian life which she knows so well and paints so lovingly. The tales of the fanaticism and humanity of Deen Mahomed, of the love and self-sacrifice of Glory-of-Woman, of the superstition and self-sacrifice of Hajji Raheem, of the hectic boyish passion of Govind Sahai—are so many fragments of palpitating life taken from the myriadfold existence of our Indian Empire, to make us realize which is not merely a service to literature. Mrs. Steel is handicapped by the inevitable comparison with the still greater art, if not the greater knowledge, of Mr. Kipling; but her Indian sketches are founded like his on "the bed-rock of humanity," and they will live.

The other four volumes of stories, with few exceptions, do not strike a reader as having anything of the vitality or the charm of Mrs. Steel's book. One cannot escape the horrid suspicion that we are indebted for them not so much to any stream of literary tendency as to the fact that our numerous magazines and periodicals have set up an insistent demand for short stories, which, therefore, are produced to order in large quantities. It is, perhaps, a significant fact that "Stories and Play Stories" (whatever that title may mean) have appeared in one magazine, and that Mr. Dawson's book is dedicated to the editor of a weekly paper which admits such stories as he writes—a fairly familiar blend of religious uncton and local colouring which has the same relation to literature as the contents of an oil and colour shop to art. "In Simpkinsville" is much the same kind of thing in an American setting; it has all the faults of Miss Wilkins's subjects without the transcendent merit of her treatment. In this country, at any rate, people cannot take an interest for 50 pages in the question whether an uninteresting widow and widower will "hitch," or whether the constant exchange of hymnbooks on Sunday is enough basis for an engagement. It is, perhaps, the prevalence of this kind of thing in American fiction that has driven Mr. Chambers into the adoption of an unnecessarily brutal tone in his curious little volume, which yet contains so much that is weirdly interesting and really clever that the reader strongly resents the intrusion of the last story, with its cheap humour and heavy sprightliness, as a blot upon the book. On the whole, of these four volumes we prefer "Stories and Play Stories." Miss Hunt, Mrs. Henniker, and Lady Ridley lead off a volume which is nearly all readable. The story-teller who writes "because he must" usually does the best work, and next to him one is inclined to place the one whose aim is frankly to amuse.

A book which is small and handy is always attractive at first sight, and **THE FLAMP** (Grant Richards) is certainly one of the tiniest volumes of the season. It is the first of a series entitled "The Dumpy Books for Children," and it contains three stories by Mr. E. V. Lucas. Perhaps "The Flamp" itself is the most readable of the three, being a tale of a misunderstood monster athirst for sympathy, but there is not much to be said for "The Ameliorator" and "The Schoolboy's Apprentice," and the four pictures which precede and follow the three stories are really too grotesque, even for a "dumpy" book.

It were rash to complain of the historical romance "boom" in fiction, which has already enjoyed a long life as fashions go, unless we knew what would follow. "Better this, at any rate, than the sex-problem," the wise man will say, and, if he grow weary of the many imitators of Mr. Weyman and his tribe, he can follow the example of a yet wiser man, and "for every new book that comes out re-read an old one"—"The Three Musketeers" or "Esmond" for choice. Mr. R. J. Charleton's tale of the '45, **NETHERDYKE** (Arnold), puts one in mind of the latter masterpiece, for Mr. Charleton gives us a sketch of the Young Pretender that recalls Kensington-square and Castlewood and Thackeray's picture of the Chevalier de St. George. But there is no Beatrix Esmond for the younger hero, and altogether we get but a faint impression of the *bonnie Charlie* who won with equal ease the hearts of the ladies of Edinburgh and of the

wild Highlanders who gave him his victory at Prestonpans. Still, the story is worth reading as a story, and Mr. Charleton has got up his period with care. The battle of Culloden and the passive sulkiness of the Macdonalds naturally give him a chance of an effective scene, and a foiled plot to carry off the King, "an elderly, pale-faced man in a dark tie-wig and plain brown coat, a very ordinary-looking individual indeed," adds an exciting incident to the tale.

Mr. Edward M'Nulty is as thoroughly at home with Irish peasants as Mr. Barrie is with Scots (though this must not be taken to imply that he has the deeper qualities which give Mr. Barrie's books so high a place), and if there were many like him we should have a new and not unwelcome outbreak of the "Kailyard" style. Miss Jane Barlow has written sympathetically and with great charm of the Irish peasant, and Mr. M'Nulty makes a good second to her. His country-folk are delightful alike in their speech, which is not too abstruse to be understood, and in their modes of thought. *THE SON OF A PEASANT* (Arnold) introduces us to some most entertaining acquaintances in the township of Ballinaboy. It is more, indeed, for the charm of their society than for the melodramatic narrative which winds spasmodically in and out that the book will be read. Not that the melodrama is badly done, but, compared with Mr. Flanagan and Patsy, Mr. Gilligan and the truculent Constable Kerrigan, all instinct with life and drawn with affectionate fidelity, the characters who have to carry on the plot seem pale and ineffective. The tale ends tragically, too, for Mr. M'Nulty finds himself in an *impasse* that necessitates the killing-off of his hero. This, however, local colour makes interesting, since he is killed by his grandfather, who insanely believes him a "changeling" and cuts his throat in the hope that the real grandson will then be restored. The incident recalls a case that occurred in Ireland not long ago and showed this superstition still to retain its hold in certain parts.

### THE EIGHTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THEODOR MOMMSEN.

On the 30th of November, 1897, the universal republic of letters celebrated the eightieth birthday of him who, in the ago of Scaliger, Lipsius, Casaubon, or Salmasius, would have occupied the throne of a Jupiter of Literature. Times have changed, and Mommsen, undoubtedly the greatest living student of Roman antiquity and history in the broadest sense of the terms, can no longer claim, as did his few predecessors, an intellectual ascendancy and glory over the rest of the world of books and book-writers. Yet in many ways Mommsen is far greater than either of the famous philologists of the sixteenth or seventeenth century. They were—or is it still too soon to say so in public?—heroes of the word rather than builders and architects of the facts indicated by words. They felt best in the dim cells of foot-notes and in the vaults of sub-textual commentaries: the large halls of the council-room, where the events and institutions of history were made or discussed, were not to their taste, and—let us be candid—somewhat above their capacity. Least of all were they great writers. Lipsius—the only one amongst them who was famous for his style too—wrote a style allegedly Tacitean; in truth, he only copied the mask and gestures of the great Roman. Mommsen, on the other hand, is at once an incomparable scholar and an exquisite writer. He belongs to literature proper. Nay, his powers as a writer are, in a measure, dangerously great. The reader, carried away by the fine impetuosity of Mommsen's style, has no breathing-time to stop and sift. The sentences move on with the brunt and dash of Roman legions, and are as irresistible. So it happened that Mommsen is, to the public at large, known mostly for what is not his greatest performance. The general reader thinks of him almost exclusively as the historian of Rome, as the author of *the History of Rome*. Mommsen is both more and less than that. Less, for as an historian he is lacking in the sympathy for and understanding of individualities. He can—another Cuvier—reconstruct the whole organism of an institution from a few scattered *data*; but when he has to analyze and estimate that peculiar *x* called personality, his genius fails him in spite of abundant details. He likes impersonals, such as nations, "races," *Zeitgeist*, "historic vocation," and, first of all, "success." He is prostrate before success. The unsuccessful men, the Ciceros and Pompeys, he positively detests. He has for them the impatience of old age. He could never have thought, or only with a scathing sneer, of writing a book like Renouvier's profound "*Uchronie*" (Paris, 1876), in which history is told as it would have happened supposing Christianity had not been victorious in the fourth century. Perhaps the best

proof that history-writing is not quite the supreme gift of his we perceive in the telling fact that, of the astounding number of works from his pen (Zangemeister, in 1887, counted 949 numbers, representing 6,824 folio pages, 1,402 quarto, and 19,319 octavo pages), his "*Roman History*" is still the only unfinished opus. Originally a civilian by profession, and an epigraphist, manuscript-fiend, and antiquarian by holy passion, he became historian by circumstances. Historian he is indeed, but institutional historian. Every aspect of ancient Rome—its military, financial, religious, social, political, legal, and literary phenomena he has investigated at first hand, in the ancient writers, in the innumerable Latin inscriptions which he has edited in over 15 folios, in the coins, medals, and other ancient remnants of the eternal city and her empire. On each of these aspects he has written or edited huge works full of ripe learning, moderate yet profound judgment; and, if he has not struck out all the possible theories explanatory of Rome's life, he has certainly marshalled together so immense an array of new, or newly and better ordered, facts as to be the father by suggestion of most of the theories yet to come. Fortunately for the progress of German scholarship in the first place, the tyranny of the "standard work" is unknown in the Fatherland; otherwise Mommsen might have sterilized German research for several generations. So far from doing that, he has indefinitely multiplied his own powers by infusing his enthusiasm into an ever-increasing number of pupils, who continue his work. The whole of Germany will rise like one man to bow to the Berlin professor, whom the Pope was among the first to honour with a noble gift on the occasion of the great Protestant scholar's eightieth anniversary. And outside the circle of German professordom the whole civilized world will gladly subscribe to the words once applied to another famous student of Roman antiquities, and singularly applicable to the genius and merits of Mommsen:—"Felicem hominem, qui per ea que reperit, que disposuit, que scripsit, et vixit antequam nasceretur, et ita natus est, ut nunquam sit moriturus!"

EMIL REICH.

### University Letters.

#### CAMBRIDGE.

The chief literary event of recent interest in Cambridge has been the production of the *Wasps* of Aristophanes. An account of the performance appeared in the last number of this review. Here it will be sufficient to say that it was perhaps the best representation of a Greek drama that has ever been given in the University, and fully justifies what some thought the hazardous choice of a comedy instead of a tragedy. As to the educational effect of such a performance, it is worth many triposes. It is notorious, though we try to hide it from Oxford men, that the great defect of our classical tripos here is its insistence on merely linguistic accomplishment and its indifference to the content of Latin and Greek books. Many a man who sees for the first time an actual representation on the stage of a Greek drama will realize to his surprise, what it may be that years of study have never made clear to him, that the Athenians really were once alive, that they were men of like passions with himself, and that the perennial interest of their works, and the reason why it is worth while to learn Greek, is to be sought in the fact that we find there mirrored a human activity more complete, more beautiful, and more intense than any that can be met with in the huge and chaotic structures of later civilizations.

In this connexion it is natural to recur to the controversy which in some form or other is constantly being revived among us as to the whole tendency and effects of the Cambridge course. Many of us observe with regret and with some degree of shame that the best places in the Civil Service are becoming almost the monopoly of Oxford men. Of this fact the recent list is a sufficient illustration. And no doubt the cause is to be sought in the severe specialization which to some of us is a source of pride and to others of increasing mistrust. No doubt it is good, as far as it goes, to know something thoroughly; but it is very bad to know nothing intelligently. And it can hardly be denied that it is possible for a man to go through the Cambridge course and emerge at the end very much as he went in at the beginning, except for the absorption, in a rather indigestible form, of a considerable number of more or less irrelevant facts. We lay our foundations deep, but very narrow: it might almost be said, indeed, that we dig graves. There are signs in the University that the evil is beginning to be recognized. The introduction of essays into

most triposes—the mathematicians still hold out—is a step in the right direction. And there are rumours that the classical tripos is in process of reconstruction, with a view to a greater insistence on the literary, as opposed to the merely linguistic, aspects of the subject. No change will be more fruitful of good results; for there is no material more capable of being turned to good educational account, if only the proper use were made of it. Most men, at one time or another, have their fling at Greek; but probably there is no one who has really mastered the language who is not inclined to thank Heaven daily for the time he was forced to spend upon it.

Another matter of more than merely academic interest—though it may not appear so at first sight—is the recent election to college scholarships. The report of the Secondary Education Commission revealed the fact that there are many teachers, both at Oxford and Cambridge and in the public schools, who would be glad to see the system of entrance scholarships altogether abolished. It is certain that a great deal of money is wasted in this way which might otherwise be devoted to increasing the efficiency of the University. And it seems clear to most reasonable men that such pecuniary assistance should be confined to men of ability who are also poor; in other words, that we should return to the system of sizarships, while avoiding the notorious vice of the old system—that it deliberately attached to the sizar a stigma of social inferiority. If such a change should ever be made, it would probably have to be through the agency of a Royal Commission; and that not so much from lack of good will on the part of the Universities as on account of the cumbrous nature of their constitution. It is almost as difficult to effect a change to which all colleges and both Universities must simultaneously agree as to amend the Constitution of the United States. But whatever steps may be taken the question is one which before very long will be ripe for some solution; and no one would welcome innovation more readily than the more intelligent of the resident members of the University.

Among minor matters it may be worth while to mention that it is proposed to abolish "Paley's Evidences" from the previous examination. No more "Paley verses," then! No more "Paley sheets"! Alas! alas! But the authorities have actually discovered that "owing to the manner in which the subject is commonly prepared, the educational advantages which are sometimes claimed for the study of a work which has a continuous argument and an admirable literary style are seldom secured." Is it possible? Well, we live and learn.

In the way of literary production there is not much to record. But mention should be made of Mr. T. D. Atkinson's admirable work, "Cambridge Described and Illustrated." The book is a history of the town as well as of the colleges; it is beautifully illustrated; and, in spite of its necessarily high price, should find many readers.

## Foreign Letters.

### THE UNITED STATES.

Among the American novels of this season only one as yet seems to have made a distinct change in its author's position as a man of letters. Dr. Weir Mitchell has for years been known as something more than the eminent physician whom everybody recognizes him to be; his novels, and later his poems, have attracted interest and attention. All the same, these have generally been spoken of rather as the pleasant diversions of a busy professional man than as serious or permanent contributions to literature. When "Hugh Wynne," his recent novel, was publishing in the *Century Magazine* one hardly realized that it was to make much more impression than its predecessors. Now that it is fairly before the public, however, one begins to remark the difference. It is not that the publishers advertise that the book is already in the twenty-fifth thousand; it is rather that when people talk about "Hugh Wynne" they talk at least as if this were the work of a man who had no character to maintain beyond that of a recognized author. One need pronounce no opinion on the ultimate value of the book itself to find, in this very seriousness with which it is accepted by the reading public, evidence of unusual achievement. Dr. Mitchell has at last conquered the prejudice which, with hearty friendliness of feeling, seemed bound to hold him as long as he lived so eminent in his chosen profession as necessarily to be in other matters only a clever amateur. Dr. Holmes himself was hardly accepted more unreservedly.

Two other publications of the present month remind one of a

younger man whose activity, if not yet so eminent as Dr. Mitchell's, is beginning to be recognized as almost equally various. In the last *Atlantic Monthly* is an article by Mr. F. J. Stimson on some phases of the labour question; and just about the same time appeared a reprint of his "Mrs. Knollys," which has been called the best short story written in America for years, in a volume containing six more of his stories, some of which are printed for the first time. When one realizes that these are by the same man, who is acknowledged to be our highest authority on that appalling subject the statute law of the several States, and whose romantic tale of early New England, "King Noonett," is said to have been the most successful American novel of last year, one begins to appreciate Mr. Stimson's versatility. It has been his happy fortune to be more widely known as a man of letters than as a lawyer. All the same, his writing has in no way interfered with a busy professional career, which would have made him a reputation if he had never done anything else.

In general the numerous American novels of the season make little impression. One takes them up, glances through them, recognizes in them the gentle lack of masculinity which Mr. James Lane Allen lately set forth in the *Atlantic*, and straightway begins to forget which is which. One remembers, perhaps, that in Mr. Lush's "Federal Judge" the ingenious author hit on the graceful device of using a magistrate's taste for butterflies as a handle for attempted political corruption; one remembers that Miss Ticknor's "Miss Belladonna" is a naughty and epigrammatic little girl, whose parents are addicted to homoeopathy and apparently live in the suburbs of Boston; one remembers that Mrs. Maud Wilder Goodwin's "Flint" contains some pleasant descriptions of the Yankee coast, and a hero of the type which no man could ever have conceived, and a fairly human heroine, and an inconceivable Boston old maid; one remembers that Mr. Lynde's "Romance in Transit" lifts a railway president into the sort of romantic eminence in which Whittier's "Maud Muller" placed a solid representative of the American bench, and that the conductor of a Pullman car accordingly plays the hero to the music of steam whistles and the discomfiture of this presidential parent; and so on. But one hardly feels sure of remembering these facts very long.

Among recent books, however, there is one which in memory begins to stand by itself. It is unskillfully written to the point of confusion, mixing up historical facts with fiction until nobody can tell which is which. It seems rather flung together than seriously composed. One puts it down more than once, in irritated despair of following it intelligently. And one takes it up again, because after an interval one discovers that the things set down in it impress the memory as at once real and to a rare degree typically American. This is Mr. William E. Barton's "Hero in Homespun," a tale of East Tennessee during the Civil War. What impresses one is not the historical part of the book, though some of the historical characters—General Nelson, for example, and particularly Parson Brownlow—are vivid. Nor is one deeply impressed with the battle, murder, and sudden death incident to the stirring times in question, or by the acceptable description of the Tennessee mountains, or even by the spirit of fairness to both sides, which preserves itself in spite of sympathetic emphasis on the loyalty to the Union of the mountaineers. The really notable thing is the way in which these mountaineers are somehow portrayed. Democracy is a puzzling, disturbing fact. Now and again we who live in the midst of it are apt to feel as if there were lava underneath us, and to wonder why it does not break out in eruption. There has been no book for a long time which shows us why so clearly as, for all its crudity, does this "Hero in Homespun." These lower classes whom we are half afraid of turn out to be not volcanic forces, but stratified rock. No one can courageously struggle through Mr. Barton's book without understanding America better than he understood it before, nor yet without fresh faith in its future.

To turn from the future to the past, a very pretty little volume which has just appeared contains probably the best collection of American lyric verse which has yet been made. Its frankly imitative title is "The Golden Treasury of American Songs and Lyrics." Its compiler is Mr. F. L. Knowles—a young man graduated a few years ago at Wesleyan College, a highly respectable institution of learning in Connecticut. He has previously been known only as the author of an unpretentious, but exceptionally sensible, little book on English composition, a subject woefully mistaught in American common schools. In this "Golden Treasury" he shows himself an editor who possesses the notable qualifications of tact and taste. At first sight there are some inevitably comical things about his work. As Palgrave grouped the four books of his first collection about the four great names of Shakespeare, Milton, Gray, and Wordsworth, so Mr. Knowles, feeling bound to define typical figures, selects those of

Bryant, Longfellow, and Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich—being led to the last, perhaps, by the fact, artlessly set forth in his preface, that Mr. Aldrich was good enough to make the selections from his own poems in person. Mr. Knowles's title, of course, at first suggests Palgrave's original collection, a book with which no other collection of English verse can ever hope to sustain comparison. The book with which it should properly be compared, however, is Palgrave's *Second Series*, which appeared not so very long ago, and which confines itself to English work since 1850. There are notable names in this, of course, such as Tennyson, and the Brownings, and Rossetti; but one is a bit surprised, on the other hand, to find names which are unfamiliar, and to remark the esteem in which Palgrave held Mr. Arthur O'Shaughnessy. Passing to Mr. Knowles's list one is surprised to find how many names are honourably familiar—Bryant, for example, Emerson, Holmes, Lanier, Longfellow, Lowell, Poe, Thoreau, and Whittier; nor are any of Mr. Knowles's names quite so unfamiliar hereabouts as are some of Palgrave's. Such a test, of course, is not very critical; and he would be a blind patriot who should pretend to find this American "Golden Treasury" by any means so memorable a compilation as even the lesser of Palgrave's. What one does feel, however, is that the American verses are positively better than one would have expected to find them. On the whole, this native collection is one neither to be ashamed of nor to laugh at; it is a book which may be heartily and healthily enjoyed. Meanwhile, to any one who is interested in American literature it can for a long time afford a satisfactory collection of standard lyrics by which our merit, as compared with older nations, and the progress or decline which may mark our future, can suggestively be measured.

The very last book which has come from the press is Mrs. Burnett's new story of the olden time in England—"*His Grace of Osmonde*." One has not had time yet to form any opinion of it beyond that it is pleasant to look at and probably has much the same virtues and faults as its predecessor, the "*Lady of Quality*." One cannot avoid a wish, though, that American writers would write about their own country and their own time. Why, for example, did Mr. Robert Chambers make us a long novel the other day about the Franco-Prussian war and call it "*Lorraine*"? Zola had written his "*Déshonneur*." If Mr. Chambers had given his time to East Tennessee instead, his skill would have made a book as good in substance as Mr. Barton's, and ever so much pleasanter to read.

## Correspondence.

### THE "QUARTERLY" ON POETS. TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Your notice of the article on "Some Minor Poets" which appeared in the *Quarterly Review* for October is excellent reading, and I hope that you may often enjoy equally good sport in the *Quarterly* preserves.

One of your reviewer's statements, made, as he says, "in all seriousness," seems, however, to require notice. He says that "the *Quarterly* reviewer's way of approaching one of his victims is distinctly unworthy of a sportsman. We may entertain whatever estimate we please of the Laureate's poetry; but to put him last on a list of 17 poets—and that list containing at least some three or four names of no poetic significance whatever—strikes one as a somewhat contemptible mode of attack," or, as he elsewhere puts it, "a childish insult."

The point of your reviewer's remark lies in the suggestion that the Laureate's name is placed last in an order of merit. If the names were so arranged I should cordially agree with him, and will add that it would be discreditable alike to the *Quarterly* reviewer and the *Quarterly* editor. Whatever latitude an editor may allow to his contributors, he would fail in his duty if he permitted them to offer childish insults. It is on this personal ground that I ask leave to say a word.

It seems to me that, if no order, whether of merit or otherwise, is attempted, the last place either has no significance or is a place of dignity. No one imagines that you offer an insult to the author whose work is placed last among your general reviews or last under the head of fiction. On the other hand, the last place is often a place of distinction. It is so in a procession, at an ordinary dinner party, in a lady's postscript, in an orator's argument. No one supposes that, on Sunday last, the Master of the Temple—to take, as an example, a distinguished ecclesiastic, who is also a distinguished man of letters—approached his con-

gregation in an unsportsmanlike manner because he put himself last in the procession of clergy and assistants; no one imagines that you make a contemptible attack on the enterprising advertiser who occupies the last page of *Literature* at the same time that you pocket his higher rate of payment.

I need not labour the point. Your reviewer's charge, as stated, has no meaning unless he intends to say that the Laureate is placed last in an order of merit. Is any order of any kind attempted? On the contrary, it is studiously disclaimed. Five poets are singled out for special praise; their numbers, taking the order in which they are criticized, are 1, 2, 3, 11, 12, and, of these five, the third is, in the reviewer's opinion, the first. Five others receive praise more or less tempered with blame, and they are dealt with in the following order—6, 7, 8, 16, 17. The remaining seven are numbered 4, 5, 9, 10, 13, 14, 15. No one who has read three lines beyond the second name mentioned in the article can suppose that any order of any kind is attempted.

Let me, then, rewrite your reviewer's sentence, as any man, knowing the facts, would have written it:—"The names are not arranged in any order whatsoever; but to place the Laureate's name last in a list of 17 poets, &c., strikes one as a somewhat contemptible mode of attack." The sentence, thus altered, carries with it its own refutation. If your reviewer knew that no order of any kind was attempted, and suppressed the fact for the sake of a nasty point, he is not quite honest. I need scarcely say that I do not for one moment suggest that this is the case. I therefore accept the other alternative—namely, that the reviewer did not know it; in other words, that he had not read beyond the second name in the article, when he threw the book into a corner, and himself into his inkpot.

Why the *Quarterly* reviewer placed the Laureate's name last, it never occurred to me to inquire. It was enough for me to know that no order of merit was attempted, and that, therefore, there might be distinction, while there could be no insult, in placing the name last. Possibly the reviewer meant nothing; possibly he assigned to the Laureate one of the two places of honour which belong to his official dignity in any procession of the poets. But, whatever may have been the motive, the "unsportsmanlike approach," the "contemptible mode of attack," the "childish insult" are not the property of the *Quarterly* reviewer.

Faithfully yours,  
THE EDITOR OF THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

\* \* \* We need hardly say that we unreservedly accept the foregoing disclaimer and at once withdraw the observation which called it forth. Whether our view of the significance of the Laureate's position in the train of poets was or was not a reasonable deduction from the critical treatment he afterwards received at the hands of the Reviewer, readers of the article in the *Quarterly* must decide for themselves. Its Editor now reminds us that "the last place is often a place of distinction," and that a man may be put at the tail of a procession with a view of doing him special honour. Undoubtedly such an intention may sometimes be presumed. But, if the Master of the Ceremonies attacked him with a peashooter as he passed, the presumption would be effectually rebutted; and this seemed—and, we must confess, still seems—to us a pretty accurate description of what has happened in the case in question.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In your leader under the above heading it afforded me no little pleasure to read your remarks upon the light and airy manner in which the irresponsible *Quarterly* reviewer has assigned to Mr. Alfred Austin his precise place and status on the roll of contemporary poets.

Since his appointment to the Laureateship Mr. Austin's treatment at the hands of the Press has been such that he may well feel tempted to exclaim, with our old friend Sir John Falstaff, "Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me!" Mr. Austin may not be a Heaven-born poet, and his claim to a seat amongst the Immortals may have to be decided hereafter, but in the meantime it may fairly be allowed he has given to the world some very excellent, not to say beautiful, verse.

Were the *Quarterly* reviewer's estimate of clever Mr. Gilbert and his work carried to its legitimate conclusion we should see that gentleman crowned with the bays and firmly seated in the Laureate's chair, a position in which no one would probably be more surprised to find him than the agreeable author of "Patience" himself!

I remain, Sir, faithfully yours,

J. LUTTRELL PALMER.

### BROMBY'S TRANSLATION OF THE "QUÆSTIO DE AQUA ET TERRA."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I should be glad, with your permission, as a student of Dante, and for the credit of English scholarship, to say a few words by way of supplement to the notice of the above book which appeared in *Literature* of Nov. 20. This notice, being confined mainly to the single point of the authenticity of the "Quæstio," leaves the impression that Mr. Bromby's work, as a whole, is not undeserving of commendation. Such, however, unfortunately, is not the case. To the serious Dante student it is painfully evident on every page of the book that Mr. Bromby has undertaken a task which is altogether beyond his powers. The reckless statement in the introduction (noticed by your reviewer) as to the "undoubted authenticity" of a treatise which the majority of professed Dantists regard as an impudent forgery furnishes a fair sample of the way in which the book is written—in fact, it is a reckless performance from beginning to end. Mr. Bromby has "rushed in" where more cautious folk, with a fuller knowledge of the difficulties to be encountered, have been chary of adventuring themselves. The result is what might have been expected. Mr. Bromby blunders in every direction.

It would be out of place here to do more than give a few samples of the amazing ignorance and incompetence which meet one at every turn. I may draw attention to the following:—On page 29 we are introduced to the "Cælum et Mundum" of Aristotle, on page 30 to the "Categorice," on page 45 to the "Prioris," on page 27 to the "Nichomachean Ethics," on the same page to "Nichomæus," on page 59 to "Cane Grandi de Seala" (the Latin ablative conveyed wholesale), on the same page to "Dante Alagherius," on page 53 *operit* is rendered "operates upon," on page 33 *dilabatur* "will flow down," *orbis* is rendered "orb" *passim* instead of "orbit," and *terra* "land" instead of "earth." As a specimen of the translation I may quote the rendering of "virtutum est cælum ad agendum, et terra potentata ad patientium" (i.e., the heavens were endued with capacity to act, and the earth with capacity to be acted upon), which Mr. Bromby turns, "the heavens were endowed with virtue for to do, and the land with power to be he (sic) patient" (p. 55). As a sample of the notes—*potentia* is defined as "the possibility of becoming to be of a certain kind or in a certain way, or power of doing an act, whether in use or not." (p. 41). I may observe that on pages 36, 38, and 40, Latin phrases which have baffled Mr. Bromby are left untranslated, and inserted bodily in the English text. When I add that there is scarcely a quotation, Greek, Latin, Italian, French, or English, in the book which is not disfigured by some bad slip or misprint, and that there are frequent lapses in English grammar, I think it will be conceded that this book is one which may safely be neglected by the student of Dante.

English scholarship in the matter of medieval literature (other than our own) has too long had a bad name on the Continent. Efforts are being made to remove this reproach, and it is in the hope of enlisting the aid of *Literature*, whose voice is already a powerful one, reaching beyond the Channel, that I have ventured to trouble you with this letter.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

PAGET TOYNBEE.

Dorney Wood, Burnham, Bucks.

### THE BOOK DISCOUNT QUESTION.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Will you allow me to comment on your recent article on "The Bookselling Question" from a trade point of view?

Though true that the two trade associations are waiting for the decision of the Authors' Society, I doubt that society's assertion that "if no discount were allowed fewer books would be sold." Your definition of a modern author as a "novelist" is correct, but it is exactly in this aspect that I doubt the truth of Mr. Hall Caine's argument. A few years ago the public bought sparingly the six-shilling novel, but the three-and-sixpenny novel had a great sale. Now the cases are reversed; so much so, that many popular novelists' works which had been reduced to 3s. 6d. have been re-issued at 6s. My own experience is that to-day the public will readily pay 4s. 6d. for what a few years ago it paid 2s. 8d. How does this fact agree with the contention that a higher price (no discount) means fewer sales? For my part, I believe that the only solution of the present difficulty is the abolition of published prices; publishers making their own terms with booksellers, and booksellers with the public. The book trade would then be on a par with other trades. The man who believes in "small profits and quick returns" could sell cheaply, without injuring him who prefers to do a smaller trade at a better profit. The present underseller,

by widely advertising a certain discount, makes it impossible for another man to obtain a better price.

Publishers say that they could not successfully advertise books without prices. But as no one has tried it the argument is not worth much. Take the case of "The Martian." Fifty thousand were sold in a fortnight—not from the advertisements, I take it, but because the booksellers ordered largely on the strength of previous successes. This book might, then, have been advertised without a published price, and inquirers have seen the price at their booksellers'. The "3d. in the 1s." rule obliges every bookseller to charge 4s. 6d., but with no published price they could charge their own rate of profit. The ordinary laws of competition would prevent the public being charged too much, and there would be no more reason for booksellers giving up the business in despair than there is for hosiers and tailors closing their establishments because a neighbour "cuts the trade." The absence of prices in advertisements would necessitate a closer intercourse between the public and the booksellers, which is most desirable, and where an advertised price might deter a person from even thinking of purchasing, its absence would necessitate a visit to his bookseller, who might tempt him to buy it. Moreover, large booksellers issue price lists to customers, and others would do so if they could ask their own profit instead of having it fixed for them by the inexorable rule of "3d. in the 1s."

The "net system," though its feasibility has been proved, has not answered quite as well as was expected, because the public is always suspicious of being charged 6s. for what it ought to pay 4s. 6d. To perfect the system all books should be "net." This, though desirable, as doing away with the absurd farce of advertising as "6s." what is known to be obtainable for 4s. 6d., is not a remedy for the booksellers' grievances. As you point out, C. and D. are "booksellers who, in their eagerness to do all the business, undersell each other." This is the *crux*. It is impossible to stop underselling, and if the publisher issues his books net, C. or D. will soon reduce them to prices which will support neither. It is underselling which has ruined the rank and file of the book trade, as it has injured other trades; nothing can stop it, but the publishers can reduce its effect from ruination to injury only by abolishing published prices. The position between author and publisher would then remain as it is. The royalty paid an author has no necessary connexion with the retailer's price. It must be, and is, based on the publisher's wholesale price.

In one sense, as you say, "the author holds the key to the situation." If it is a certainty that the public will not pay more than 4s. 6d. for its novel which in future is published at 4s. 6d. net, in order to give the bookseller a chance to live, then the amount of the royalty becomes a question between author and publisher. If the publisher cannot afford 1s. 6d. in face of the smaller price he obtains from the bookseller, the author must be content with less, because the facts of the case would then prove that he has previously been taking more than his share of the profits as between the three partners in the venture—author, publisher, and bookseller.

The "2d. in the 1s." system I merely regard as a step towards the "net system." Certainly it would allow the bookseller a reasonable, though not too large, profit, and would necessitate no immediate re-adjustment of terms between publisher and author, for the public would be asked to pay the latter that moiety which has hitherto come out of the bookseller's pocket. And the public would not, I think, kick against the tax. But it would not be so effective a check upon underselling as a strictly net system, because it would still recognize the discount "idea," and, therefore—if redress lay in that direction—a net system would have to follow. But neither system will do what is required; nor, in my opinion, will either be ever tried *in toto*, because the great discount booksellers will never submit to have their hands tied, and the publishers, therefore, will be unable to enforce either system.

FRANK MURRAY, Bookseller in Derby, Leicester, and Nottingham.

### Obituary.

PROFESSOR LEGGE.

Dr. Legge, the first Professor of Chinese at Oxford, died, at the age of 82, on Monday last. The Chair at the University was called into existence in 1876, with the assistance of Corpus Christi College, in order that Oxford might have the advantage of the great original work done by Dr. Legge in rendering Chinese language and thought intelligible to Englishmen. His

work was another instance of the great contribution made to learning by missionaries. He was educated at Aberdeen, at King's College, London, and at Highbury Theological College, and was a missionary in China from 1839 to 1873. He published, in 1852, "The notion of the Chinese concerning God and Spirits." But his main claim to distinction rests on his translation of the Chinese Classics into English, with notes and prolegomena—one volume of ancient Chinese poetry being rendered into English verse. The last six volumes appeared in "The Sacred Books of the East," edited by Prof. Max Müller. It is due to Dr. Legge, in the words of another well-known Chinese scholar, that "A faithful rendering—with ordinary reservations—of the whole of the Chinese canon is the property of the world at large."

## Notes.

"Among my Books," in the next number of *Literature*, will be written by Mr. Edmund Gosse.

As there has been some speculation with regard to the paragraph as to the forthcoming life of the Prince of Wales, which appeared in our issue of November 13, we may point out that, as the author's name is not to appear on the title page, it would be obviously improper for any one to disclose it. We may add that the correct name has not even been mentioned in any reference to the subject which has appeared.

Mr. Dowden has prepared for the "Athenæum Press Series," published by Messrs. Gerin and Company, of Boston, U.S.A., and sold in London by Mr. E. Arnold, a "Selection from the Poems of Wordsworth," including almost all the poems chosen by Matthew Arnold, and adding many others. The text is the latest authorized by the poet; the arrangement is chronological; the notes deal with Wordsworth's motives in the alteration of his text. The introduction deals with the life and genius of Wordsworth and with the illustrations of the poems afforded by his prose works.

It is, perhaps, not generally known that Matthew Arnold, who, in general, accepted a text of Wordsworth's middle period, with which his early associations were probably connected, in a few instances skillfully constructed a mosaic of his own, such as is found in no edition having Wordsworth's authority. Thus, in "The Solitary Reaper" the line "So sweetly to reposing bands" is recovered from edd. 1807-20; "A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard" comes from edd. 1836-49; "I listen'd till I had my fill" is found only in edd. 1807-15; and yet another of Mr. Arnold's readings is peculiar to edd. 1827-32.

"The Life of William the Silent," by Mr. Frederic Harrison, recently published by Messrs. Macmillan, is to be translated into Dutch, under the general supervision of Professor P. J. Blok, of the University of Leyden, who will himself contribute a brief introduction.

Mr. Stanley J. Weyman is among the popular romance writers who have not given us a book for some two years. "Shrewsbury" will not appear until February, 1898, and Mr. Weyman's last book was published in November, 1895. It will be interesting to judge later whether this comparative abstinence from production is artistically profitable. This we shall, perhaps, be better able to decide when the semi-romantic story of 1767, upon which he is engaged, is completed and published. The scene is to be the Castle Inn at Marlborough during the stay there of the elder Pitt; one of the main incidents is an abduction. One wonders if Mr. Weyman may be writing with an occasional glance stagewards. The scene, an inn of many meetings; the admirable histrionic character of the elder Pitt; the main incident, an abduction; these things are suggestive of the drama. The novel, however, after appearing in the *Cornhill*, will not be published in volume form until about February, 1899.

The second edition of Dr. H. de B. Gibbins's new book on industrial history, "Industry in England," has just been published, the first edition, issued a few months ago, having been rapidly exhausted. This book is, we believe, very popular across the Atlantic, and is used at Harvard and in other American Universities. Dr. Gibbins is at present engaged on a short history of "The English People in the Nineteenth Century," which will probably be before the public during next year.

There is shortly to be an interesting addition to the series of "Social Questions of To-day" dealing with workhouse life. This will be written by Miss Louisa Twining, who for some forty years has identified herself with the movement for introducing ladies on to the Boards of Guardians and otherwise enabling women of position to take some share in improving and brightening the lives of paupers and the very poor.

Miss Braddon is at present occupied in correcting for the press her new novel "Rough Justice," which she has decided to publish in book form on February 3, 1898. The story follows on the successful lines of many of her previous works, and deals with the mystery of a crime.

Mr. Gilbert Parker has now all but completed his new book, which is to be called "The Battle of the Strong." This novel will begin to run serially in the January number of *Good Words* and, in America, of the *Atlantic Monthly*, of which latter magazine it will mark the fortieth anniversary. It will eventually be published in London by Methuen and Co. and at Boston by Houghton, Mifflin, and Co. Readers of Mr. Gilbert Parker's work will find that he now traverses entirely fresh ground and draws for his materials upon a picturesque period of English history. Much of the scene is laid in the island of Jersey, which has hitherto been neglected by the romance writer, although Miss Ella D'Arcy and one or two others have written interesting short stories with the Channel Islands for background.

Mr. Parker is about to make a journey through Spain and along the south coast of the Mediterranean, making explorations in Egypt, Greece, Turkey, the Balkan States, and so northward to Russia.

We regret to hear that Mr. Clark Russell is at present suffering from ill-health and unable to write. He is, however, in Bath, the city of doctors, and it is anticipated that his health will soon be restored.

We hear that Mr. H. B. Marriott Watson has recently completed a story of modern adventure, styled "The Adventurers." This is to appear serially, both here and in America, in *Harper's Round Table*, beginning in the issue of next January. The story will be published in book form by Messrs. Harpers in the autumn of 1898.

Mr. Marriott Watson, who has had no very recent work before the public, will also have a volume of stories published by Mr. John Lane early in the coming year. This collection will be entitled "The Heart of Miranda." We presume both these literary adventures are completed, as their writer is, we believe, engaged upon a long romance, the name of which has not yet been settled. That it will be a happy one we have no doubt, for the choice of his titles is a point in which Mr. Watson has always been fortunate.

The idea of the formation of an English Academy has considerably entertained Frenchmen, but the climax of their amusement was reached when the *Temps* newspaper translated the letter of Mr. Swinburne to *The Times*, and pointed out the excessively Hugoesque quality of its characteristic style. This letter has now gone the rounds of the Press, and is universally cited as a strange specimen of style. The peculiar resonance and lilt and rapid movement of the prose utterances of the poet naturally disappear in a translation; the style, in fact, has evaporated; and we have left, as may be seen, only long involved constructions little calculated to give Frenchmen a favourable idea of Mr. Swinburne's real eloquence. The following passage in the French translation is worth reprinting to illustrate this metamorphosis. We give the English first:—

The notion of an English Academy is too seriously stupid for farce and too essentially vulgar for comedy. But that a man whose outspoken derision of the academic ideal or idea has stood on record for more than a few years, and given deep offence to nameless if high-minded censors by the frank expression of its contempt and the unqualified vehemence of its ridicule, should enjoy the unsolicited honour of nomination to a prominent place in so unimaginable a gathering—*colluctio litterarum* it probably would turn out to be, if ever it slunk into shape and writhed into existence—well, it seems to me that the full and proper definition of so preposterous an impertinence must be left to others than the bearer of the name selected for the adulation of such insult.

The French is as follows:—

La notion d'une Académie anglaise, est trop sérieusement stupide

pour valoir comme farce et trop essentiellement vulgaire pour paraître comique. Mais qu'un homme qui n'a cessé pendant des années de proclamer son dédain pour l'idéal ou l'idée académique et qui a offensé des censeurs innombrables, mais bien pensants, en exprimant franchement son mépris et en ridiculisant cette notion avec une véhémence sans réserve, jouisse de l'honneur non sollicité d'être nommé en bon rang dans une assemblée tellement inimaginable qu'elle serait sans doute *collocata litterarum*, si jamais elle prenait corps et advenait à l'existence,—réellement, il me semble que le soin de donner la définition complète et adéquate d'une impertinence si démente doit être laissé à d'autres qu'à celui qui porte le nom choisi pour l'aurole d'un tel ouvrage.

The following verses have appeared in the *Paris Gaulois* in bitter rhythmic comment—are we not told that violent emotion tends to assume a rhythmic form?—on the proposition in favour of the foundation of an English Academy. The authors mentioned in these lines constitute pretty nearly the whole store of an average Frenchman's knowledge of English writers:—

Un peuple, notre grand ami,  
N'épargnaot pas le numéraire,  
Fonda l'Anglaise Academy  
Dont ils n'out pas en Angleterre !

Quarante membres environ  
Alors on ebercha dans l'empire :  
L'un trouva Dickens et Byron,  
Un autre trouva Schakespeare !

Or pour compléter l'escadron  
Trente-sept il fallait élire . . .  
Mais à part Dickens et Byron,  
On ne voyait que Schakespeare !

John Bull eût payé d'un million  
Chaque nom à pouvoir inscrire :  
" Nous avons luco, dit-il, Byron,  
Et puis Dickens et Schakespeare !  
Qui détenaient tous les records . . .  
Ils étaient trois . . . mais ils sont morts !

Omar Khayyam is having a great vogue just now. We have no sooner done with scenting Mr. Le Gallienne's "essence" than we find the Villon Society announcing "a complete and adequate" translation of the famous quatrains. The story of the translators and translations of Omar would certainly make good matter for interesting reading, particularly to Englishmen, who can point to one of their own countrymen, Dr. Thomas Hyde (1636-1703), as the first European translator of Omar's poetry. The volume to be issued by the Villon Society is from the pen of Mr. John Payne, the translator of "Villon's Poems" and "The Book of the Thousand Nights." "Mr. Payne's version," says the society's circular—

Whilst giving to the English public, for the first time, some 300 or 400 quatrains omitted by previous translators, in addition to those already dealt with (i.e. in all about 840), will endeavour, by a system of metrical reproduction, representative of the exceedingly characteristic and varied scheme of rhyme and rhythm of the original, combined with the utmost possible fidelity in the matter of sense and diction, to present Khayyam to English readers in some sort as he may be supposed to have appeared to his own countrymen.

We are glad to learn that Mr. Payne's version is to be in verse, if only for the assurance that verse would not permit him to emulate the writer of the circular in perpetrating so colossal a sentence as the one we have just quoted.

The edition is to consist of 625 copies at one guinea, and 75 on large paper at two guineas each.

The trustees of the Kelmescott Press have issued a leaflet, in which they state that "besides the books already announced, namely, 'Sigurd the Volsung,' 'Love is Enough,' and 'The Sundering Flood,' two other books will be printed at the Press." These are "Some German Woodcuts of the Fifteenth Century" and "A Note by William Morris on his aims in starting the Kelmescott Press." Of the former there is to be an edition of 25 copies on paper at thirty shillings each, and eight on vellum at five guineas each. Of the latter there will be printed 525 copies on paper at ten shillings each, and 12 on vellum at two guineas each. The "Note" should be interesting. The "German Woodcuts," however, it is evident, is what is left of a work on which Mr. Morris was enthusiastically engaged just before his death. It was his intention to issue a "catalogue of the collection of woodcut books, early printed books and manuscripts, at Kelmescott-house," and for this purpose he had already reproduced many of the illustrations from his splendid collection. If we mistake not, there were to be fifty illustrations, with notes by Mr. Morris to the more interesting items. Another work on which he was engaged and which we are glad to note the trustees have wisely abandoned was the reprint of Berners'

translation of "Froissart." Mr. Morris had drawn quite a number of the armorial borders and ornaments with which he intended to illustrate this work. Unfortunately, death cut this short.

The leaflet goes on to say that "The 'Note' will be the last book printed at the Kelmescott Press, which will close early in the new year. The type will remain in the hands of the trustees for future use; but all the special ornament will be discontinued, and the woodblocks deposited in the British Museum."

The edition of "Sigurd the Volaung," on which the trustees are at present engaged, would have been, had Mr. Morris lived, the work to delight him most. He loved the poem, and he wished to give it the embodiment of as fine a book form as he knew how. How far the present undertakers of this delicate task will succeed in this remains to be seen. But we are sure they will do their best, and with the aid of Sir Edward Burne-Jones this best should not be far out.

The American Committee of the Robert Louis Stevenson Memorial Fund have issued a circular asking for contributions towards the proposed statue. It cannot be said that the committee strikes the English reader as being particularly representative. The names of the signatories are:—Charles Fairchild, Henry M. Alden, E. L. Burlinghams, Beverley Chow, Charles B. Foote, Jeannette B. Gilder, Richard Watson Gilder, Clarence King, Gustav. E. Kissel, John La Farge, Will. H. Low, James MacArthur, S. S. McClure, Augustus St. Gaudens, Charles Scribner, J. Kennely Tod, and George E. Waring. The statement is made that "to the subscriber of ten dollars and upwards there will be sent by the American committee, as a memorial of participation in the undertaking, a special edition, printed for the committee, of Stevenson's 'Æs Triplex,' bearing the subscriber's name, having as its frontispiece a reproduction of the portrait by John S. Sargent. It need hardly be said that this edition will not otherwise be obtainable."

Mr. James Payn, in his delightful "Literary Recollections," recalls his amusement at learning that in the Edinburgh of the last generation a poet was considered to be altogether an inferior being to a professor. It was made a serious subject of complaint against Alexander Smith, who had been appointed Secretary to the University Court, that he was heard to address Professor So-and-so, without the handle to his name, as plain So-and-so. Those who notice how the projected Edinburgh monument to Robert Louis Stevenson has hung fire, and perceive that Lord Rosebery has just been engaged in presenting a subscription bust and portrait to Professor Masson, who retired from his chair about the time of Stevenson's death, may think that the same relative estimate still holds good. Certainly in Scotland a professor is a much more important person than in this country, where it is not the fashion to parade his title as it is in Edinburgh or Glasgow. Of all Scottish professors, now that the genial Blackie has passed away, probably none is better known outside the ranks of his old pupils than Dr. Masson, who was justly chosen Historiographer Royal in succession to Hill Burton and Skene. Very unlike Blackie—the two men were once compared as types of Celtic slippancy and Teutonic industry—he has contributed something to the solid mass of literary history by his unwearied labours on the life of Milton.

It is the fashion in Scotland to consider Dr. Masson as a follower of Carlyle, whose friend and pupil he was, as his admirable little book on the "Sage"—the best contribution to the controversy originated by Froude—remains to testify. His work on Milton is obviously inspired by Carlyle's "Cromwell," though it is less readable. Indeed, a certain tendency to excessive minuteness of detail, rather German than English, somewhat overshadows the real virtues of Dr. Masson's great book. Called a life of Milton, it is more a treatise *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis* of Milton's time. It is the quarry from which biography may be dug rather than a biography proper. Yet no man of our time has raised a monument of vaster powers of investigation or more unwearied research. In Edinburgh Professor Masson has always been an inspiring literary influence. To hear him in the lecture room rolling a favourite morsel of poetry on his tongue with enviable and easily communicated enjoyment was a more liberal education than his lectures. Among the pupils who have come to eminence with a grateful memory of him are Stevenson and Mr. Barrie, who have both proclaimed it to the world. Dr. Masson's old students, who remember how they looked for a professor and found a friend, will be glad to know that Edinburgh has raised an adequate memorial to the man who so long and worthily filled her chair of English Literature.



One is glad to see that the Scottish History Society is flourishing. The fact that there were in this, the eleventh year of its existence, 80 candidates for 11 vacancies, shows that it is not likely to die of lack of public support. And the announcement of such interesting publications as the papers relating to the Scots Brigade at the Hague and the Montreuil correspondence, in addition to the anxiously expected memoirs of that famous traitor John Murray of Broughton, shows that it is still vigorous to work on the lines which have made it so fine a reputation. The onlogy which Lord Rosebery last week passed upon the doings of the society is quite deserved. There is only one point to which those who approve the work which can only be done by such a society may, as it seems to us, take objection.

One hardly thinks that the society has done wisely in deciding rigidly to limit its membership to 400. Lord Rosebery himself felt that this limitation implied some suspicion of dilettantism or obscurantism. And the fact that 80 candidates still await admission to the society is not altogether in its favour. It is clear that, at an ordinary rate of mortality, it must be a good many years before the last of these candidates can be admitted. And it is necessary to remember that there are probably a great many students and readers who would like to obtain the productions of the society, but who are discouraged by the difficulty of entering it from even putting down their names. It seems to us that this is a far from handsome attitude for any literary or historical society to adopt. In the case of a Club or a Society, like the Royal, in which membership implies some intellectual distinction, there must obviously be a limit to membership. But one is quite at a loss to see why a body like the Scottish History Society, which is neither convivial nor especially distinguished, should close its doors on all students of Scottish history for the next ten years.

Probably the tradition of Scott's time, when an interest in literature was considered to be part of the social qualifications of a gentleman, and a thing to be kept exclusive, is mainly to blame. One can understand that the Roxburghe Club, whose members' gastronomical zeal was on a scale worthy of their bibliomaniacal renown, or the Bannatyne Club, whose meetings are described as being "of a very convivial character," might wish to keep their gatherings select and not to over-crowd the dinners, that cost £5 or £6 a head. But one really cannot see any good reason why the Scottish History Society should not allow the outside public to subscribe for any or all of its publications, even if the right of full membership were to be reserved to the four hundred who came first. The only valid reason for the limiting of such a society seems to be on the commercial ground that a loss would be incurred if more copies of any particular volume were printed than could be sold. But the fact that no limit is placed on the number of public libraries which may become members shows that this difficulty can easily be faced. It would be the simplest thing in the world, one would think, to allow the list of subscriptions for a single volume or for a year, say, to be made up in advance and to govern the number of copies printed of each work. And it is surely a little selfish, even a little out of keeping with the liberal spirit which the study of literature and of history is supposed to induce, that such interesting and important works as the Scottish History Society has already brought out should be practically as far out of the reach of the average student of history in this country as if they were published, not in Edinburgh, but in Peking. We shall be delighted to learn, if it be the case, that this well-meant remonstrance can be met by any really valid reason for the strict limitation of the society's membership. But in default of such reason one can but deplore the adoption of a narrow-minded policy of exclusion.

Now that Lady Newdegate's book has reopened the question of Mary Fytton and "the dark lady" of Shakespeare's Sonnets, it may interest some students of the subject to be reminded of a quaint and interesting volume printed in 1599 and entitled "A Woman's Woorth Defended against all the Men in the World, proving them to be more perfect, excellent, and absolute in all virtuous Actions than any Man of what qualitie soever. Written by one that hath heard much, seene much, but knows a great deal more. Imprinted at London by John Wolfe, 1599." Anthony Gibson, who edited it, states in the dedication to Lady Southampton, that it was "the work of a friend and fellow servant with me to her Maiesty," which, with the motto on the title page *patere aut abstinere*, seems to fix the authorship on Anthony Munday, though it is not mentioned in the list of his publications, and in fact only three copies appear to be known.

The "Mistress Mary Fitten," to whom one of the Sonnets is addressed, is the lady whose name has been lately mentioned in connexion with Shakespeare's Sonnets, and it will be observed that the volume is inscribed to the wife of Shakespeare's early patron.

After the "Epistle to the Right Honorable Lady Elizabeth Countesse of Southampton," in which Anthony Gibson writes, "I offer you a translated apologie of women's faire vertues, written in French by a Lord of great reckoning, givin by him to a very honorable Dutchease; translated by a fellow and friend of myne now absent who gave me trust to see it should not wander in the world unregarded," comes a sonnet to Lady Southampton, followed by "The Epistle Dedicatory—to the worthy Ladies, and virtuous Maydea of Honor to her royal Maiesty, Mistresse Anne Rusaell, Mistresse Margaret Ratcliffe, Mistresse Mary Fitten, and the rest, etc.," besides these introductions there is Anthony Gibson's letter to the Maids of Honour followed by sonnets to Anne Russell, to Mary Radcliffe, and to Mistresse Fitten. The latter runs as follows:

"This testimonie of my true hart's zeale,  
Faire, and (for ouer honor'd) vertuous maide:  
To your kind fauor humbly dooth appeale,  
That in construction nothing be mis-saide.  
Those fierie spirits of high tempord wit,  
That drink the dowe of Heaven continually:  
They could haue graced you with termes more fit,  
Then can my lowlie, poore, weako ingenio.  
Let not my loue (yet) lightly passe respect,  
Deuoted onely to your excellence:  
Winke woorthly Virgin at my lines defect,  
Let will extenuate what ere offence.

It is no bountie that is giuen from store,

Who giues his hart, what gift can he giue more?"

After this there is nothing but a letter to the ladies signed Anonimus, another to the reader, not signed, and a list of "Authours this little labour received his originall," containing some hundred names alphabetically from "Æschilus" to "Xenophon" before the main business, "A Woman's Woorth," is arrived at. This part of the book deals with the subject generally, and does not apply particularly to the merry maid Mary Fytton.

As the actual writer of this sonnet is at least doubtful, perhaps Mr. Tyler may be able to discover that it is by Shakespeare, and will print the 13th line—"Let 'Will' extenuate what ere offence." The latest contribution to the subject is in "William Shakespeare's Lehrjahre," by Gregory von Sarrazin, who conjectures that the dark-haired, musical lady was an Italian courtesan, perhaps met by Shakespeare in Venice; and in one of the sonnets (perhaps punning on Will), in which Shakespeare compares her to a "careful housewife" chasing one of her "feathered creatures," and closing with the lines—

So will I pray that thou may'st haue thy will,  
If thou turn back and my loud crying still,

the ingenious German (who rejects the William Herbert theory in favour of the Henry Wriothlesley) declares that he can see the original text as in a palimpsest, which stood thus:—

So will I pray that thou may'st haue thy "Hen,"

If thou turn back and my loud crying pen.

"Hen" for Henry, and "pen"—shut up. This seems to be a delightful example of Teutonic depth, almost equal to the reading of another German in Hamlet's "A very, very—pajock"—"A very, very—hicoughs" (a stage direction).

A correspondent writes:—

The letter which you published recently from the Rev. W. Wright denouncing the modern novel reminds me of a similar denunciation which was penned long ago by—Oliver Goldsmith! In Washington Irving's delightful biography of Goldsmith, published in 1849, in Murray's Home Library, there is a letter from the author of "The Vicar of Wakefield" to his brother Henry, in which he gives his advices to the education of Henry's son. "Above all things," he says, "let him never touch a romance or a novel. These paint beauty in colours more charming than nature, and describe happiness that man never tastes. How delusive, how destructive are those pictures of consummate bliss! They teach the youthful mind to sigh after beauty and happiness that never existed; to despise the little good which fortune has mixed in our cup, by expecting more than she ever gave." How different the reasons here assigned for shunning the novel from that which Mr. Wright gives in his letter—"The novel pins you down to a tale of concentrated misery, which you may cry over, but which you can do nothing to alleviate, and this is painful in the extreme." It is fortunate for the novelist that there is so

much diversity of taste in the reading world, for if the opinions expressed by Oliver Goldsmith on the one hand, and by Mr. Wright on the other, were generally shared, I fear his occupation would be gone.

More. Grand's angry letter to the *Daily Telegraph* has caused a good deal of amusement, but one paragraph of it has not received the attention it deserves.

That you should take yourself as a serious judge of art is a crime for which it is painful to think you must one day settle between you and your God.

That the editor of the *Daily Telegraph* should consider himself a serious judge of art may be a crime, but it is at least less presumptuous than the assumption of Mme. Grand that the editor of the *Daily Telegraph* must one day act as judge between himself and the Almighty.

Mr. Hutton, of St. John's College, Oxford, whose lectures on ecclesiastical history at Trinity College, Cambridge, were recently published by Messrs. Longmans as "The Church of the Sixth Century," is engaged on a history of the English Reformation. It is to trace the changes "under three Kings"—Henry VII., Henry VIII., and Edward VI.—and "under three Queens"—Jane (whose few days were the crisis, it may be said, of the movement), Mary, and Elizabeth. Mr. Hutton, besides lives of Sir Thomas More and Archbishop Laud, has already written of several of the prelates of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries for the "Dictionary of National Biography."

Mr. Swan Sonnenschein, the publisher, has been interviewed, and, among other things, delivered himself on the question of bookseller versus publisher:—

"You may take it as a general law in the book world," he told his interviewer, "that the selling power of a book is in inverse ratio to its intrinsic value. One of the most notable examples is a book of really first-class importance—the late Professor Seeley's 'Life of Stein.' Though published by the Cambridge Press, it sold very little, and has been offered during the last few years as a 'remainder.' Yet it was the fruit of many years' expert labour. In Germany, however, the translation of 'Stein' at once took an important position and has a steady sale. And all the while, in this country, the works of Marie Corelli cannot be printed fast enough to satisfy the public demand. In the old days a book's success depended upon its subject; but now that every subject is over-written, the vogue of a book depends largely upon advertisement, and an inferior book, energetically puffed, will sell better than a good book on the same subject which is not equally pushed. The English public, in fact, is entirely uncritical."

According to the *Literary Guide*, in which this interview is recorded, Mr. Sonnenschein is by no means optimistic of the future. "Considering," he says, "the growth of the reading public, the sale of good literature does not increase sufficiently."

We cannot quite agree with all that Mr. Sonnenschein says. It is not quite fair to compare Miss Corelli's ingenious romances with Professor Seeley's "Life of Stein." That there is a public for Seeley's work is evident from the fact that as a "remainder" it has sold very well. Unfortunately, perhaps, for the publishers, the original price of this work was somewhat high. Again, it is not quite certain that advertisements and puffs will sell an inferior book. Surely, even Mr. Sonnenschein himself must have found out that a book may be "over advertised"; and it is a matter of common experience among publishers that no amount of advertising and puffing will sell some books. Nor should we like to say that "the English public is entirely uncritical." It is able to appreciate "The Life of Lord Tennyson," Miss Kingsley's "Travels in Africa," Lord Roberts's "Fifty Years in India," and many other "high-priced" books. Then Mr. Sonnenschein's own important publications on Philosophy, Psychology, and Natural Science must, surely, have won for themselves many readers.

"A Member of the Brontë Society" writes:—

Referring to the remarks respecting the manuscripts of great English writers in *Literature* for November 13th, I believe I am right in saying that all the more important Brontë MSS. are in the possession of Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co. From time to time these are lent by the publishers for exhibition in the Brontë Museum at Haworth, where about two years ago I met a representative of the firm, who told me, if my memory serves me right, that £800 had been offered for the manuscript of "Jane Eyre" and refused.

Last week we mentioned the subject of errors on title-pages.

An Aldine edition is not a likely place for such a discovery, and I it may therefore be worth while to note that the Aldine Status of 1619 bears on its title-page "Achilleidos Libri XII. Thebaidos Libri II.," the fact being, of course, that the "Achilleid" consists of two books and the "Thebaid" of twelve.

The text of the newly-found poems of Bacchylides in ordinary Greek characters and uncials, printed at the Oxford University Press, and edited by Mr. Frederic G. Kenyon, is almost ready for publication by the British Museum. There are 20 poems in all that have been restored to the world after a lapse of 1,400 years, and six of them are especially interesting as examples of peans and dithyrambs, of which class of poetry no complete specimens have hitherto been found. Hitherto 107 lines, as given in Bergk's fragments, formed the basis of Bacchylides's fame; now nearly 1,400 lines have been traced in the papyrus which the British Museum has been so fortunate as to obtain. Altogether 102 words for which Greek lexicons may be searched in vain have been found in the manuscript. An autotype facsimile of this has been promised at an early date.

Five years have passed since the death of Emin Pasha, and it has only now been found possible to collect an ordered biography out of the mass of documents and diaries which the celebrated explorer left behind. The volume, which is now promised for immediate publication, has been prepared by Georg Schweitzer, the guardian of Eduard Schnitzer's daughter Ferida. He has had full access to the late Pasha's literary remains, and has been able to supply the lacuna in the correspondence out of his own personal recollections. Especially valuable is a long series of letters from Emin to his sister, Melanie Schnitzer, and another series to his friend Dr. W. Junker. The promised volume is much more than a biography in the ordinary sense. It takes us back to the Sudan in Gordon's days; it fights over again the battle with the Mahdi; it gives Emin's view of Stanley's expedition, and it devotes a section to the German flag in Equatorial Africa and Emin's relations to the Government at home. The publishers are Walther, of Berlin.

The autumnal exodus of foreign visitors usually marks the beginning of the quiet time in the English trade in book plates. The year has, however, been a good one, and dealers are very well satisfied with its results. The first auction sale, which took place on January 28 last, marked a red-letter day in the history of *ex libris*, but although it resulted in good prices, it has not been generally followed. Book-plate collecting is yet in its infancy, and as a consequence really good collections are comparatively few, besides which they are in the hands of owners who are little likely to part with them. The hobby was practically unknown till Lord de Tabley published his book in 1880. Few can boast of possessing such a collection as his, or even anything approaching the fine Dublin collection that was sold privately in London last year. Any fortunate possessor of a Pirckheimer, or a Nicholas Bacon, or an Elizabeth Pindar, and similar book-plates can, for the present at least, do better by private sales than by open auction.

The Alumni of the University of Aberdeen will look forward with some interest to a volume to be issued from the Aberdeen University Press, intended "to recall the life and work of the University Staff in King's and Marischal Colleges from 1860, the year of Fusion, to 1889, the date of the Universities (Scotland) Act." This memorial volume, issuing from this ancient foundation, is not to be too academic. There is a trace of latter-day journalism about its contents, which are to consist of "a series of 'appreciations' of the more prominent professors and other University officials during the above years." We hope the book will be as successful as its title—"Aurora Borealis Academica"—which strikes us as original and euphonious.

The readers of *Notes and Queries* were lately concerned to discover "the best ghost story in the world." We print what we regard as decidedly the worst ghost story in the world. It is written, in a 17th century hand, on the fly-leaf of Glanvil's "Sadducismus Triumphatus," second edition (Lownds, London, 1682), on the back of the Errata. The event described is earlier by eight years than 1682:—

1. John Parry, Rector of Somerville, Aston, in the County of Gloucester, being at Sir Charles Wolseley's, in Wolseley Hall, in the County of Staffords, was lodged in a little Chamber adjoining the great Parlour, it was on the 6th of January, 1674. There was in the room a great light fire of Kanck cole (as 'tis called), which will send forth a flame like Ash wood, a great candle burning. The maid that warmed my bed was some little time gone away, bidding me good night.

I went to prayer, kneeling down before the Fire, and among other petitions I put up this : that God would be pleased to preserve me that night from all the Powers of Darkness ; at which time the wainscote chamber door rattled as though it had been broke to pieces. I looked back upon the door, but saw nothing. I went on in my prayer, and, having ended it, I rose from my knees, took the candle in my hand, and searched round the parlour, to see if there were any dog in it, but found none, and the chamber doors shut. I confess I was under some terror at present, having heard from Sir Charles his daughter that some room or rooms in the house were disturbed.

Mr. Parry determined "not to fear any evil angel, God permitting him only to rattle the door, but not to appear to me." Next morning "Sir Charles was pleased to say it was some dog."

This is a true narrative, *in verbum sacerdotis. Ita testor*—JOANNES PARRV.

Probably Miss Wolseley rattled the door, and frightened the parson, whom she had already reduced to "a receptive state of mind."

We referred in our issue of November 13 to the old weekly story paper which undertook the serial re-issue of Sir Walter Scott's novels. Mr. Mason Jackson, of 79, Warwick-road, S.W., reminds us that its name was the *London Journal*, not the *London Reader*.

A recent sale of bindings at Sotheby's raised some very pertinent questions. The collection was a small one in point of numbers, but the 140 odd books were magnificently bound, and there were, amongst other items, 16 books bearing the crest of Diane de Poitiers, 10 with that of Catherine de Medici, and some six or eight with the well-known motto of Grolier. The auctioneers very properly described the bindings as "modern," but to the unpractised eye there was nothing to indicate that they were not genuine. Deceptions are not, to any great extent, frequent in regard to books. When they have been attempted, by good fortune they have more often than not borne the marks of their own condemnation. The Lyons copies of the Aldine books form a case in point, but there the fraud is easily detected by the inaccuracies and variations in dates and colophons. In the case of these bindings, however, nothing showed that many of them had been done within the last ten years.

On the subject of Catalogues of Current Publications, to which we recently referred, it is of some interest to compare with Mr. Chivers's "New Catalogue of British Literature" the annual "English Catalogue" published by Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, and Co. This well-known publication, reprinted from the "Publishers' Circular"—which, by the way, is now in the 60th year of its existence—is on an entirely different principle from Mr. Chivers's.

The entries are not numbered, nor does it give quite so much information as to the contents of books ; but it has the advantage of being a continuous alphabetical list—not divided into months as in the "New Catalogue." By adopting also the system of a double entry of every book, under the author's name (in black print) and also under the title, it avoids the necessity of an authors' index. As far as possible, also, it avoids the necessity of a subject index, partly by putting under the head, for instance, of Biography all the biographies of the year, whether the word "biography" occurs in the title or not, and partly the fact that the titles of all books on the same subject fall naturally more or less together.

Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, and Co., by the way, have written to us under the impression that the drift of our paragraphs a fortnight ago about the output of English and Continental books was to the disparagement of the "English Catalogue." Nothing was, of course, further from our intention ; and we fully agree that, valuable as are the exhaustive contents of some library and official catalogues, for all practical purposes "the omission of trifling leaflets, and penny songs and sermons" is an advantage, and even a necessity, for such a work as the "English Catalogue." We may add, with reference to a statement quoted from Mr. Axon, that "in 1894, when we are told the British books numbered 4,303, the British Museum received 12,759 by copyright," Messrs. Sampson Low state that the "English Catalogue" for 1894 registered 5,300 books.

The more the system of classification can be carried out in such a list the better, but it can, of course, only be done thoroughly in a subject index unconnected with a catalogue. The Americans are, as is well known, the pioneers in this useful work, and they have aroused much interest in the subject in England. The

praiseworthy undertaking of Mr. Cotgrave, of the West Ham Public Libraries, is the latest attempt in this direction. His "Index to General and Periodical Literature" is well on in the letter A, and it has the great merit of being handy in size and liberal in subdivision of subjects. It is a little overweighted by its reference to periodical literature, useful as they are. Though the books mentioned are not intended to be exhaustive, it is sometimes difficult to see on what principle they are selected. Thus, under "T. Arnold," Stanley's Life is not given, nor Ferguson's great work under "Architecture."

The following announcement is made by the editors of *L'Enfant Terrible*, the new paper which owes its existence to Mr. Gelett Burgess, sometime editor of the *Lark*, and which is to be produced at a single sitting "as Joe Gargery struck out a horseshoe at a single blow" :—"Contributions will be accepted from writers of distinction, on payment of the usual advertising rates."

A volume bearing the imposing title "The Comprehensive Subject-Index to Universal Prose Fiction" has just been issued in New York. The work is a bibliographical guide to readers of "fiction with a purpose"—"only novels with a purpose, those which are sent out into the world with a definite lesson to teach mankind," are included in the list—and the names of many thousands of books in all languages are given. Some of the classifications are distinctly humorous. Probably the most astounding is the inclusion of Mr. Kenneth Grahame's "The Golden Age" under the "Life of Christ." Zola's "Lourdes" finds a place under "Christian Science," "Ghost Stories," and "Medical Novels." The author of this wonderful compilation is Mrs. Zella Allen Dixon.

The new novel "La Duchesse Bleue," by M. Paul Bourget, announced by M. Lemerre for publication, will not appear before February of next year.

M. Ferdinand Brunetière, editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, has just been received by the Pope. One of the most curious psychological phenomena of our time is the sympathy felt by this logician for the Catholic form of the Church Universal. It is through Bossuet that M. Brunetière has been led to the adoption of a "philosophy" of history which accounts for his incapacity to appreciate Renan, and his acceptance of a belated method of criticism rendering the great review an organ of reactionary and sometimes sophistical thought. For the last three years the principles and politics of the Roman Church have been authoritatively expounded in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. On one famous occasion, indeed, the Pope himself is believed to have inspired an article. It will be curious to see what practical results will follow M. Brunetière's present visit to the Vatican. Perhaps, after all, he has made the pilgrimage only to pay his respects to the head of the Church, and to solicit, by the way, the publication of the latest poems of Leo XIII.

Among the *éditions de luxe* now being rapidly prepared for the Christmas season in Paris, two such publications as those just announced by M. Calmann Lévy are conspicuously attractive. Pierre Loti is to come before the world in one of them as an artist with the brush, and the illustrator, indeed, of his own famous little book, "Le Mariage de Loti." The fact of this accomplishment will be a revelation to the great public. Pierre Loti as a water-colour artist is quite what was to be expected of this inimitable producer of many a memorable little *gouache* in prose. But hitherto he had concealed his talent from all but his friends. In this new edition of his novel a number of the best of his sketches are to be reproduced on wood by M. Huyot, in company with the reproductions of drawings by M. G. Robouidi. The cost of the volume will be 25 francs unbound, but there will be 25 copies printed on China paper and 25 on Japan paper at the price of 100 francs.

The 15th edition (each edition consisting of 1,000 copies) of "L'Affaire Dreyfus" is announced. In addition to the specially immediate interest of the work, the volume contains some curious contributions concerning handwriting from such experts as Messrs. Crepieux-Jamin, de Rougemont, Gray-Birch, Schooling, Carvalho, &c.

Two works dealing with costume, which are each in their way a real addition to the subject, have just appeared in Paris. The one by Raphael Jacquemin is entitled "Iconographie Générale et Méthodique du Costume Civil et Militaire du

ive au xix<sup>e</sup> Siècle (315-1815) " and contains 640 illustrations. It is published by V. Gatinger and is on sale at the price of 450fr. The other, which is more popular in its aims, is by a well-known writer on such subjects, Octave Uzanne, "Les Modes de Paris, Variations du Goût et de l'Esthétique de la Femme de 1797 à 1897." There are hundreds of illustrations, including reproductions of groups, silhouettes, and engravings. The cheapest edition is sold at 80fr., the Edition de Luxe, subscribed at the price of 500fr., being already exhausted.

Hachette et Cie have just resumed the publication of the justly famous "Histoire de l'Art dans l'Antiquité," which has carried the names of Georges Perrot and Charles Chipiez into the libraries of every civilized country in the world. On Saturday, November 20, appeared the first number of the seventh volume, which is to deal with Greece of the Épopée, Archaic Greece, and particularly with the temple form. Those who have followed the appearance of the successive volumes of this truly monumental work, which marks the highest point reached by French archaeological science, know that it was not until the sixth volume that the joint authors arrived at the period of primitive Greek art, the art of the Mycænean or feudal age. That volume and the one which is now about to be published by instalments have to do with problems not only more difficult, but more fascinating than those which treated of Egypt, Chaldea, Phœnicia, and Asia Minor. In the publication of the new volume the same plan will be followed as for the former ones. Each number, composed of 16 pages, will be sold at 50 centimes, save when, as will occasionally be the case, the numbers are accompanied by a coloured plate, when the price will be one franc.

A valuable document has just been unearthed in the archives of the Wurtemberg Government. It is the patent of nobility conferred by the Roman Emperor Francis II., at the request of the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, upon Johann Christoph Friedrich Schiller on September 7, 1802. The decree sets forth the poet's claims on several grounds, all depending on an initial "Whereas." They include the military merits of Schiller's father, the noble origin of Schiller's wife, his reputation as a lecturer at Jena, as well as "his admirable poems, which have given a new impulse to the spirit of the German language." An appendix is devoted to the arms granted to the new nobleman, which are to be surrounded by "a wreath of natural bay." The document is signed by the Emperor Francis and countersigned by Prince Colloredo Mannsfeld. Schiller and his wife valued very highly the social advantages which this distinction carried with it.

The admirers of Georg Ebers, whose "Barbara Blomberg" we review to-day, and who is perhaps the best known German novelist in England, will be interested to learn that a uniform edition of his works in 32 volumes can now be obtained from the Stuttgart Publication Society. The books are elegantly bound and are issued in a case at the price of 112 marks.

The enterprise of the well-known firm of Bernhard Tauchnitz in Leipzig in catering for the Continental public has considerably developed of recent years. Formerly, books used to be added to their library only after a certain interval since their appearance in London. The two are now practically simultaneous, and Rudyard Kipling's "Captains Courageous" already forms volume 3,249 of the notable Tauchnitz collection.

The reigning Duchess Agnes of Saxo-Altenburg, who recently died in Hummelshain at 73 years of age, was the authoress of a single well-known book, "A Word to Israel," from her pen, reached its fifth edition in 1893. It has been translated into all European languages, as well as into Hebrew and the jargon known as Yiddish. The first four editions were published anonymously, with a preface by Friedrich Ahlefeld. The book had a twofold intention, or, rather, it aimed at one goal by two roads. It was designed to bring Christians and Jews together, by awakening a love for Israel in Christian hearts, and by convincing the Israelites that Christianity is the completion of Judaism. The late Duchess was to some extent cut off from social intercourse by her partial deafness; but she bore her affliction as a blessing, and devoted the more time to her religious and literary life.

The poet Carducci published in the second number of the review *Italia*, in September last, an ode to the ancient church of Polenta. The ode, a magnificently sonorous piece of composition, has since been reprinted and a copy sent to Queen

Margherita, who has responded by forwarding 1,000 lire to the custodian of the church as a contribution towards the restoration fund. Carducci, it is understood, has devoted the proceeds of his ode to the same purpose.

Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, and Co., Limited, are publishing the Third Supplement to Fletcher and Poole's "Index to Periodical Literature," 1892-1897.

Dr. Parkin's biography of the Rev. Edward Thring, the well-known Head Master of Uppingham School, is to be published by Messrs. Macmillan. The book will contain much interesting correspondence, with chapters on Thring's theories of school government and of his principles of teaching.

"Industrial Democracy," by Sydney and Beatrice Webb, is announced for simultaneous publication in England and Germany. The German title is "Theorie und Praxis der Englischen Gewerkvereine," and Herr C. Hugo is responsible for the translation. Messrs. Dietz, of Stuttgart, who make the announcement, promise that the second and concluding part will be published at the beginning of next year.

Early next year a book on the Transvaal will be published by Messrs. Macmillan, which will attract some notice in consequence of the fact that the writer, Dr. Alfred P. Hillier, was a participator in the "Jameson Raid," and was afterwards detained as a political prisoner in Pretoria. It will include the greater part of the author's diary during his imprisonment. Two essays will treat of the dawn of native life in South Africa. Dr. Hillier for three years practised medicine in partnership with Dr. Jameson on the Diamond Fields at Kimberley, and subsequently for some years in Johannesburg, where he was elected a member of the Reform Club.

Dr. P. Hume Broom, the biographer of John Knox and George Buchanan, is so far advanced with the "History of Scotland" upon which he is engaged that the first volume, bringing down the narrative to the accession of Mary Stuart, will probably be published by the Cambridge University Press in the spring of next year. Dr. Broom's book of necessity covers ground that has already been traversed by other Scottish historians, such as Hill Burton. But he has had access to the Privy Council Records and other State papers which throw a flood of light on the early history of Scotland, and which were unknown to Hill Burton.

"The Ramion," a mechanical contrivance sent us by Messrs. Marion and Co., of Soho-square, is a new collapsible book rest, which appears to solve the difficulty of being, at a low price, firm and solid without being in the least clumsy.

A special illustrated edition of Longfellow's "Evangelino" is shortly to be issued by Messrs. Gay and Bird. It will include ten full-page plates in colour and twelve head and tail pieces in black and white, all by pupils of Mr. Howard Pyle, and executed under his direction. Miss Alice M. Longfellow has written an introduction for the poem.

Mr. Gase, who is well known for his admirable French Dictionary, has finished a new edition of that work, which embodies the accumulated labour of thirty-five years. The new edition is practically a new work, and in its revised form, which gives three columns to a page, contains more than dictionaries of twice its bulk. For the past six or seven months, the work has been issued in parts; but now that the last part has been delivered Messrs. George Bell and Sons are about to issue it in a handsome and strongly-bound large octavo volume.

The sequel to "The Prisoner of Zenda," which Mr. Anthony Hope has written, and to which he has given the title "Rupert of Hentzau," has commenced its serial course in the pages of the *Pall Mall Magazine*. Next year it will be issued in volume form by Mr. J. W. Arrowsmith, of Bristol.

On December 10th, Messrs. Chambers will publish in one volume their "Biographical Dictionary." The work has been edited by the editor and assistant editor of "Chambers's Encyclopedia," Dr. David Patrick, and F. H. Groome. It deals with 15,000 celebrities of all nations, "from the remotest times to the present day," and will give copious bibliographies of the more important writers.

A new novel by Dr. Max Nordau, author of "Degeneration," is announced for publication on December 10th by Duncker, of Berlin. It is entitled "Dohnenschlacht," and will run to two stout volumes. Its appearance is timed to meet the special demands of the Christmas market.

The Berlin "Harmonie" Company promise for immediate publication the Life of Johannes Brahms, by Professor Dr. Reimann, illustrated by Max Klinger and others. The German musical world, which mourns in Brahms the only king since Wagner's death, will accord a hearty welcome to this biography.

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

## ARCHITECTURE.

**Die Baukunst als Steinbau.** Eine Darstellung der konstruktiven und ästhetischen Entwicklung der Baukunst. By *Adolf Mante*. With 133 Plates. Large 8vo., vii. + 230 pp. Basel, 1897. Schwabe, 25 Marks.

## ART.

**Die Geschichte des japanischen Kunsthandwerks.** With 95 Illustrations. By *H. von Sehlitz*. Large 8vo., 230 pp. Dresden. G. Kühnmann, 18 Marks.

**The Art Journal 1897.** New Series, 13x10 in., 371 pp. London, 1897. Virtue.

**People of Dickens.** Six Plates. Drawn by *C. D. Gibson*. 23x18 in. New York and London, 1897. H. H. Russell, 20s.

**A Descriptive Catalogue of the Malloca, and Earthenware of Italy, the Persian Damassons, Rhodian, Hispano-Moresque, and some French and other Wares in the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford.** Fortnum Collection. With Illustrations, 10 1/2 x 8 1/2 in., x. + 101 pp. Oxford, 1897. Clarendon Press, 10s. 6d. n.

**Illuminated Manuscripts.** Their Origin, History, and Characteristics. A Sketch. By *Edward Quail*. With 26 Examples from books of hours in his possession. (200 Copies.) 9x7 1/2 in., xi. + 149 pp. Liverpool, 1897. Young, 21s. n.

**Greek Vases.** Historical and Descriptive. With some brief notices of the Museum of the Louvre, and a Selection from Vases in the British Museum. By *Susan Horner*. With a Prefatory Note by Dr. A. S. Murray. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., xxiv. + 167 pp. London, 1897. Sonnenschein, 3s. 6d.

**Sammlung Soruzée.** Antike Kunstdenkmäler. By *Adolf Fürst-Weingler*. 13 Plates with vii. + 80 pp. of text in German or French. Large 4to. Munich, 1897. Bruckmann, 80 Marks.

**Tizian.** With 123 Reproductions of Paintings and Sketches. By *H. Knackfuss*. Being Volume 29 of "Kunstler-Monographien," edited by H. Knackfuss, and others. 10 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 151 pp. Bielefeld. Velhagen, 3 Marks.

**The Work of Charles Keene.** With an Introduction and Comments on the Drawings illustrating the Artist's Methods. By *Joseph Pennell*. To which is added a Bibliography of the Books Keene illustrated, and a Catalogue of his Etchings, by W. H. Chesson. 14 1/2 x 10 1/2 in., 289 pp. London, 1897. Unwin, 43 13s. 6d.

**The Studio.** (Winter Number, 1897-8.) 12x8 1/2 in., 68 pp. London, 1897. The Studio, 1s.

## BIOGRAPHY.

**Life and Letters of John Bachus Dykes, M.A., Mus. Doc.**, Vicar of St. Oswald's, Durham. Edited by *Rev. J. T. Fowler, M.A.*, D.C.L. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., xiv. + 344 pp. London, 1897. Murray, 7s. 6d.

**E. I. Barnato.** A Memoir, with Portraits and Illustrations. By *Harry Raymond*. 9x5 1/2 in., 208 pp. London, 1897. Isbister, 6s.

**La Vie de Jean-Arthur Rimbaud.** By *Palmerie Berrichon*. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 257 pp. Paris, 1898. Société du Mercure de France, 3f. 50c.

**Rambles Round my Life.** An Autobiography. (1819-1896.) By *Newton Crossland*. With Portrait. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., xii. + 285 pp. London, 1898. E. W. Allen, 7s. 6d.

**The Journals of Walter White.** Assistant Secretary of the Royal Society. With a Preface by his Brother, William White, and a Portrait in Photogravure. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., vii. + 285 pp. London, 1898. Chapman & Hall, 6s.

**The Life of Sir Stamford Raffles.** By *Demetrius C. Boulger*. With Portraits, Maps, and Illustrations. 10 1/2 x 6 1/2 in., xv. + 403 pp. London, 1897. Horace Marshall, 21s. n.

## BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

**Lullaby-Land.** Songs of Childhood. By *Eugene Field*. Selected by Kenneth Grahame, and Illustrated by Charles Robinson. 8 1/2 x 5 in., 229 pp. London and New York, 1898. Lane, 6s.

**Prince Uno.** Uncle Frank's visit to Fairyland. Illustrated by W. B. Stevens. 7 1/2 x 5 in., x. + 241 pp. New York, 1897. McClure, \$1.25.

**Ten Little Comedies.** Tales of the Troubles of Ten Little Girls whose Tears were turned into Smiles. By *Gertrude Smith*. 7 1/2 x 5 in., 256 pp. Boston, 1897. Little & Brown, \$1.25.

**Cherriwink.** A Fairy Tale. By *Rochel Penn*. 8 1/2 x 6 1/2 in., 317 pp. London, 1897. Macquene, 6s.

**Partners.** A School Story. By *H. F. Gethen*. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 362 pp. London, Edinburgh, and New York, 1898. Nelson, 2s. 6d.

**Brave Men and Brave Deeds;** or, Famous Stories from European History. By *M. B. Syme*. With 16 Illustrations. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 228 pp. London, Edinburgh, and New York, 1898. Nelson, 2s. 6d.

**The Gentlemanly Giant,** and other Donzons of the Never, Never Forest. By *Beta Francis*. Illustrated by Geoffrey Strahan. 8 1/2 x 7 1/2 in., 192 pp. London, 1897. Hodder and Stoughton, 3s. 6d.

**Butterfly Ballads,** and Stories in Rhyme. By *Helen Atteridge*. With Illustrations by Gordon Browne and others. 8 1/2 x 6 1/2 in., 111 pp. London, 1897. Milne, 3s. 6d.

**The Wallypug in London.** By *G. E. Farrow*. Illustrated by Alan Wright. 8x5 1/2 in., xv. + 174 pp. London, 1897. Methuen, 3s. 6d.

**A Modern Puck.** A Fairy Story for Children. By *Agnes Gibberne*. With 50 Illustrations by Florence M. Cooper. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 278 pp. London, 1898. Jarrold, 5s.

## CLASSICAL.

**The Odyssey of Homer.** Translated by *J. G. Cordery, C.S.I.* 8x5 1/2 in., xviii. + 357 pp. London, 1897. Methuen, 7s. 6d.

**The Lesbia of Catullus.** Arranged and translated by *J. H. A. Trevelyan*. 7 1/2 x 5 in., 173 pp. London, 1897. Unwin, 6s.

**Demosthenes: Meidias.** Edited, with Introduction, Analysis, Notes, and Index, by *C. A. M. Bennett, D.Lit.* Cr. 8vo., xx. + 135 pp. The University Tutorial Series, 5s.

## EDUCATION.

**The Elements of Coordinate Geometry.** Third Edition. Part I.—The Equations and Properties of the Right Line and Circle. By *William Briggs, M.A., LL.B., F.C.S.*, and *G. H. Bryan, Sc.D., F.C.S.* Cr. 8vo., xi. + 220 pp. London, 1897. The University Tutorial Series, 3s. 6d.

**Relfe Brothers' Easy Intermediate Tests in Arithmetic.** 7x4 1/2 in., 31 pp. London, 1897. Relfe, 6d.

**Short French Examination Papers in Grammar and Idiomatic Sentences.** By *H. R. Ladell, M.A., F.R.G.S.* 7 1/2 x 4 1/2 in., 102 pp. London, 1897. Relfe, 2s. 6d.

**Aims and Methods of Education.** An Address delivered to the Midland Institute Scientific Society on Oct. 13th, 1897. By *Priestly Smith*, late President of the Society. 8 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 40 pp. Birmingham, 1897. Cornish, 6d.

**Greek Unseens.** In Prose and Verse. (Senior Section.) Selected by *E. Sharwood Smith, M.A.* 7x4 1/2 in., 48 pp. London, 1897. Blackie, 8d.

## FICTION.

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**The West.** (Tales from McClure's.) By *Octave Thanet* and others. 5 1/2 x 3 1/2 in., 195 pp. New York, 1897. McClure, 25c.

**True Detective Stories.** From the Archives of the Pinkertons. By *Cleveland Moffett*. 6 1/2 x 4 1/2 in., 250 pp. New York, 1897. McClure, \$1.00.

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**Les Voyages Extraordinaires** (Contournés par l'Académie Française). **Le Sphinx des Glaces.** By *Jules Verne*. Illustrations by *George Roux*. 2 vols., 7 1/2 x 4 1/2 in., 327 and 303 pp. Paris, 1897. J. Hetzel et Cie, 3fr.

**The Voyage of the "Avenger."** In the Days of Dashing Drake. By *Henry St. John*. With 25 Illustrations by Paul Hardy. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 397 pp. London, 1898. Jarrold, 5s.

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Kemp-Welch. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 111 pp. London and New York, 1898. Lane, 3s.

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**A Lady of Wales.** A Story of the Siege of Chester. By *Her. Vincent J. Leatherdale, M.A.* 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 432 pp. London, 1897. Horace Cox.

**Under the White Ensign;** or, For Queen and Empire. By *Arthur L. Knight*. With 23 Illustrations by John R. Greene. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 398 pp. London, 1898. Jarrold, 6s.

## GEOGRAPHY.

**Everyday Life in Turkey.** By *Mrs. W. M. Ramsay*. 8 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., xi. + 303 pp. London, 1897. Hodder and Stoughton, 5s.

**Servia, the Poor Man's Paradise.** By *Herbert Vietan, M.A.* With Portrait and Map. 9x5 1/2 in., i. + 300 pp. London, New York, and Bombay, 1897. Longmans, 15s.

**Die Behandlung der Eingeborenen in den deutschen Kolonien.** By various Authors. Edited by *F. Gleibrecht*. Large 8vo., iii. + 195 pp. With one illustration. Berlin, 1898. Fischer, 4 Marks.

**Nemische Wesaffen, Wanderungen und Wandlungen in der erwiegen Stadt und ihren Umgebungen.** By *Georg Heers*. 9 1/2 x 6 1/2 in., x. + 554 pp. Heggensburg, 1897. Nationale Verlagsanstalt, 6 Marks.

## HISTORY.

**Deeds that Won the Empire.** Historic Battle Scenes. By *Rev. W. H. Fitchett* ("Vedette.") With Portraits and Plans. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., x. + 328 pp. London, 1897. Smith, Elder, 6s.

**Etudes et Leçons sur la Révolution Française.** By *F. A. Aulard*. Second Series. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 388 pp. Paris, 1898. Felix Alenx, 3f. 50c.

**The Dawn of Civilization:** Egypt and Chaldaea. By *G. Maspero*. Hon. D.C.L., Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford. Edited by A. H. Sayce. Translated by M. L. McClure. Third Edition. 11x7 1/2 in., xiv. + 800 pp. London, 1897. S.P.C.K., 2s.

**Geschichte Roms in seinem Ubergange von der Republikanismen zur monarchischen Verfassung.** Von *H. Drumann*. Zweite verbesserte und vermehrte Auflage. Berlin, 1897. Gebrüder Borntraeger.



# Literature

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## BIOGRAPHIES AND THEIR WRITERS.

It has generally been taken to be one of the inherent rights of the individual to determine, if he wish to do so, whether, and by whom, his own biography should be written. The shrinking from publicity, which led, for instance, Mr. R. H. Hutton and the late Dean of Llandaff to desire that the story of their lives should not be told, argues an instinctive humility which compels our admiration. But it includes no recognition of the claims of posterity. The wishes both of pious founders and private testators have frequently had to yield to that convenient formula "the public interest."

Urgent as the need may be to limit the output of biographies, it is clearly equally essential that there should be no serious gap in the record of our great men. The lives of Thackeray and of Matthew Arnold still remain, through deference to their own wishes, unwritten. From one reason or another, our biographical literature is certainly incomplete. A moment's thought will suggest more than one deceased celebrity who deserves, but still lacks, a *vates sacer*. Unfortunately, popular as biography has always been since first the art of writing was invented, profitable as it must always be as well for historical purposes as "for example of life and instruction of manners," its production is to a great degree dependent on chance. At one time we may be deluged with unnecessary memoirs, at another the caprice of the dead, the neglect or diffidence of the living, may deprive both historical students and the public at large of what they have a fair right to demand.

The recently published lives of two of the most prominent figures of the reign illustrate certainly the sense of obligation which should rule in the matter, but they show also some disabilities under which the writing of biography labours. Pusey's life was the history of a movement, and there was some excuse both for the delay in its completion and for the co-operation of writers specially conversant with the subject. But regarded as a biography pure and simple, it suffers, some may think, from a want of conciseness and of unity of treatment. The other "Life" is of wider interest, and will be eagerly read here and in the colonies, and by the large public across the Atlantic, for whom "The Idylls of the King" is as much a household phrase as it is in England. But one cannot help asking whether here, too, personal preferences and family considerations have not been allowed undue weight. No one is likely to dispute the fine taste, the loyal and loving industry displayed in Lord Tennyson's life of his father. A son has many claims and qualifications for writing the life of his father, even in cases where the latter has not requested him to undertake it, but these qualifications, obvious as they are, do not necessarily guarantee success. The life of another Laureate of this century, written under similar conditions, is almost forgotten. Lord Tennyson's excellent biography will certainly live longer than Cuthbert Southey's life of his father. Yet, now that we have all freely recognized the merits of his work, we cannot but feel that it illustrates the difficulty of reaching a true biographical method. There is a want of breadth which makes it not a very easy book to read through. The chronicle of sayings, anecdotes, and letters flashed into sudden splendour a century ago, but did not establish a precedent. Only latterly have we recognized that Boswell's plan was the right one. But a Boswell in the literary world of to-day is hardly possible. A modern rival of Johnson's famous biographer would

have to be not, indeed, a "dunce"—as Macaulay so absurdly called one of the quickest-witted of observers and most accomplished masters of the art of arrangement that ever lived—but possibly a "pansite," and certainly a "coxcomb" of a simple and imperturbable vanity which our modern self-consciousness has extinguished. At any rate, the faithful anecdotic record is very seldom quite successful, just as a picture loses in general effect by too close an attention to detail. We can hardly hope for a perfect biography, and we do not for a moment say that we have not here, in the best sense, "the real Tennyson." Biographies can never be wholly impartial, and it is much better that a hearing should be given to the counsel for the defence than to the counsel for the prosecution. But a son can never have the independence, not at all inconsistent with close intimacy, of a friend or acquaintance. Nor has he always the critical and literary faculty required to describe the development of a great writer. Some one of the eminent men whose appreciations form the appendix to the "Life of Tennyson" might have treated the whole subject with equal knowledge and more insight, and been able, for instance, to throw light upon Tennyson's extraordinarily rapid development in the years after he left Cambridge—a period with which his son could only be acquainted at second hand.

The fact is that the ordinary laws of supply and demand are here only partially applicable. The output of books is subject to the same laws as the output of jams, or woollens, or ironmongery. To "introduce an article" upon the market with any prospect of lasting success, the article must either show a new design, or an old one marked by sound and, if possible, improved quality. The literary "output" is generally subject to the same conditions as the commercial. An author must devise a subject which catches the popular taste, or he must prove his mettle by producing good literary work on familiar lines. The biographer is not obliged to cast about for a subject. The Life of one of the greater lights of literature or politics, published at the right moment, has a certain market. Nor need the writer trouble himself very much about the quality of his work or his own competence for it. If he happen to have some special knowledge, if he can get first in the field with a paragraph or two announcing that his Life is to be the "definitive" one, that he is in possession of "numerous letters and MSS. hitherto unpublished," then the public is quite prepared to accept his work as completely adequate to the occasion. This does not tend to keep biography up to its highest level. Where the book is mainly autobiographical it has a better chance of real success, but as much discretion is wanted in dealing with a private diary as with a budget of old letters. Where little or no autobiographical matter is available, the wiser course is suggested by one of many sage maxims recently propounded in a "ladies' column"—"Don't trim your own hat unless you are quite sure you can do it as well as the shop-hand." The "material" can be supplied by a relative, but he should not do the "trimming" unless

he is a practised writer. He must not only have special knowledge, and be able, if one may parody a well-known line, to see a "life steadily, and see it whole," but his literary powers must be worthy of the subject. It is this which has given vitality, for instance, to Stanley's "Arnold," and to Sir G. Trevelyan's "Macaulay"; the absence of this qualification has relegated, and will relegate again, to the second-hand bookseller and to remote shelves of the British Museum Library the lives of men who well deserve a permanent memorial.

To enforce the truth that biography is a special art does not, in a free republic of letters, need any official literary authority, which would probably, by its interference, make matters far worse than they are. The truth will be enforced in due time by popular sentiment. Since the inception of the "Dictionary of National Biography," England may be said to be on a par with France in its recognition of the historical importance of biography. The number of lives of the famous characters in past history is one of the most striking features of the literature of the present moment; and here, too, with all the wealth of material being put at his disposal by the unearthing of historical documents, the biographer will more and more realize that he needs special qualifications, and will perhaps find that biography is not necessarily the work of a professed historian. In days of biographical dictionaries and series, the most humble and retiring of men can hardly expect that their desire to baffle the biographer will be consistently respected, if their lives really deserve a chronicle; but it is of urgent importance to emphasize the responsibility of the task, the need of sinking personal predilections, and the almost unique qualifications necessary for any one who wishes to deal worthily with the development of a great mind or the events of a great life, and to make a permanent contribution to an important branch of our national literature.

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## Reviews.

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**The Evolution of the Idea of God: An Inquiry into the Origins of Religion.** By Grant Allen. 10x7in., viii.+447 pp. London, 1897. Grant Richards. 20/- net.

The author of "The Woman Who Did," "Force and Energy," "The British Barbarians," "Physiological Aesthetics," and other works of imagination and erudition, now presents the wise and learned with "The Evolution of the Idea of God." The defect of such versatility is that qualities excellent in one kind of work are apt to stray into another kind. "On the Hill Top" Mr. Allen disserted, throughout a romance, about savage customs. Into his present examination of savage customs he introduces what we consider the free flight of fancy. The truth is that in his four hundred and fifty pages Mr. Allen never once, or only very seldom, backs his facts by an exact reference to his authority. He explains that, if his book "arouses interest," he hopes to publish "several other volumes," in which he will give the fullest references to original authorities. We wish that he had begun with the several other volumes.

Mr. Allen's general notion of the Origin of Religion



reposes on Mr. E. B. Tylor's "ghost theory," here called Mr. Spencer's, a point on which there is difference of opinion. As every one knows, Mr. Tylor traces the belief in disembodied intelligences, or spirits, to the various causes which (in his view) led early man to a faith in ghosts of the dead. Mr. Allen, however, goes a step further back, and traces the belief in gods to "corpse-worship." He says that among "new ideas" of his will be found "the establishment of three successive stages in the conception of the Life of the Dead, which might be summed up as corpse worship, ghost worship, and shade worship, and which answer to the three stages of preservation, or mummification, burial, and cremation." Thus man first preserved, tended, and, Mr. Allen says, worshipped corpses and loved them. Next (for no conceivable reason as far as we follow Mr. Allen) man *feared* corpses, and buried them deep, to keep them, or the ghosts returned into them, from walking. Thirdly, he burned corpses, and "in consequence" attained to the "more refined idea of immortality." But, except in Mexico, man did not burn corpses till after the introduction of bronze, according to Mr. Allen.

Here, in our opinion, the fancy of the novelist runs away with the man of science. Man did burn corpses before he used metals; he did so even in what many recognize as the palæolithic stage of civilization. Moreover, in that stage, and in the later neolithic stage, man did, and actually does, practise at once, and even in the same district, all of Mr. Allen's three *ex hypothesi* consecutive methods. This we can demonstrate, in the cases of Tasmania and Australia, by "full references to original authorities." Consequently neither Mr. Allen nor anybody else can show that one stage is earlier than another. He would have to prove three stages of belief in Australia corresponding to the three stages of practice.

It is a no less necessary part of Mr. Allen's theory that ghosts of dead men are earlier in religion than gods which never were ghosts. However plausible this opinion may be, it cannot be historically demonstrated. Mr. Allen thinks that on the rise of kingship and chiefship the ancestral ghosts of chiefs and kings by a natural process of selection flourished to gods' estate. Unluckily just as all methods of disposing of the dead co-exist among the lowest savages, so do almost all stages of religion. Among races destitute of rank we find gods which, according to their worshippers, were never human, but are makers and lords of things. We cannot, then, show historically that these gods were once ghosts; ghosts of kings or chiefs they could not possibly be, where chiefs and kings do not exist. Mr. Allen tries to get rid (as we understand him) of this untoward fact by regarding these gods as "mythological," not "religious"; "gods to talk about, not to worship." In any case they are objects of belief (which has to be accounted for) and, as a matter of undeniable evidence, are also worshipped. Here, again, we can provide "the fullest references to original authorities."

Not very much, we fear, remains by way of a bottom to Mr. Allen's theory. His three stages are a dream, destroyed by facts, and his distinction between "gods to talk about and gods to worship" perishes in the same way. He has much to say about sacred stones, for he has a theory that a sacred stone was an early form of Jehovah. *Il y a fagots et fagots*; sacred stones have been worshipped for all manner of reasons. But Mr. Allen desires to prove that stones were originally sacred because they were placed on graves, and so are sanctified by the ghost. Now, to make this probable, it is not enough to prove that some graves have headstones, it must be

demonstrated that stone worshippers are also people who place, or used to place, such stones as those they worship on graves. This absolutely necessary fact Mr. Allen does not even try to adduce. The Samoans worship stones, smooth, oblong, six or even nine feet high. Do they bury under such stones? Not they! "The grave was marked by a little heap of stones, a foot or two high." In another case a grave had a stone, but it was carved, and we are not told that it was worshipped. No attempt is made to show that the worshipped stones of Samoa are really sepulchral. In Fiji gods have abodes in "black stones like round mill stones." Do the Fijians bury under such stones? No answer is given to this inevitable question. The Dacotahs worship round boulders painted. Do they bury under these? Mr. Allen answers in the negative, if Dacotahs are a North-Western tribe. "The custom" (of carving a Totem reversed on grave-stakes or grave-boards) "is universal among the Indians of North-Western America." If the Dacotahs do not bury thus, do they bury under round boulders? It is absolutely necessary to prove that stone-worshipping races bury, or have buried, under such stones as they worship. This is not done. Mr. Allen applies the same easy reasoning to sacred stakes, "as, for instance, among the Samoyedes." We turn to the Samoyedes. They have sacred stakes, or rather sticks, but in neither of Mr. Allen's examples is it said, or even hinted by the observers, that these are erected on places of sepulture. Mr. Allen "believes it partly from analogy, and partly because Nordenskiöld mentions elsewhere that an upturned sledge is a frequent sign of a Samoyed grave." A sledge is one thing, a stick or switch with a head of curled shavings is another. Do Samoyedes worship sledges, consecrated by grave ghosts? To prove the case they should do so. Again, the obelisk "is by descent a mere shapeless headstone." This is in Egypt, where Mr. Allen revels in the antiquity and prevalence of mummification as a survival of his First Stage of worship of preserved corpses. Are Egyptian mummies buried under shapeless headstones, *à la* Second Stage? "The Egyptian tomb was usually the survival of the cave," says our author, not of the headstone on the earth grave. Do headstones on such graves occur in the Egypt of the obelisks or earlier? Mr. Allen says "McDonald was crowned King of the Isles, standing upon a sacred stone." Oh for references! We do not find in "Clan Donald" that any Macdonald was ever "crowned King of the Isles." The Lords of the Isles sat in the Scottish Parliaments. The progenitor of the line whence Clan Donald sprung was known in his day as "Toshach" (Thane) "of the Isles." Somerled, too, was Toshach. Mr. Allen may, of course, be right; but we are interested in knowing his sources for an important fact in Scottish Constitutional history.

Mr. Allen then comes to Jehovah, who was a stone, carried about in an ark, the evidence being the Biblical statement that in the Ark were the two Tables of the Law. The Lord is also poetically styled "a rock," and a rock, of course, is a portable stone, as every one knows. Abraham, moreover, may (according to "some German scholars") have been a boulder. According to others, he was the Midnight Sky. Mr. Allen's hope is that he "has rehabilitated Euhemerism," the theory that all gods were dead men, or modelled on ghosts of dead men. He seems to make two exceptions. "El Shaddai, the early object of Hebrew worship," was "the embodiment of the nameless and trembling dread begotten on man's soul by the irresistible and ruthless forces of nature." This is a comparatively dignified origin, but why should El

Shaddai have it all to himself? The notion leans to the theory of Mr. Max Müller, which is dying, Mr. Allen says. The other possible exception is the Founder of Christianity. Mr. Allen gravely doubts, or "may well be excused for gravely doubting," whether He is not mythical. Of course, if St. Paul was a real person, who knew real persons that had walked with our Lord, He can scarcely have been a "corn and wine god," which Mr. Allen deduces mainly from Mr. Fraser's "Golden Bough." We leave persons satisfied with Mr. Allen's powers of believing his own theories to account for his agnostic lack of belief in the historical existence of Christ.

**Asiatic Turkey.** Impressions of Turkey during Twelve Years' Wanderings. By **W. M. Ramsay, D.C.L., LL.D.**, Professor in Aberdeen University. 8½x5½ in. xii.+200 pp. London, 1897. **Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.**

The title of this interesting volume is too comprehensive. Professor Ramsay does not profess any intimate acquaintance with European Turkey or with the Turkish population of the large towns on the Asiatic coast of the Ægean Sea. His personal experience is almost restricted to the inland districts of Turkey in Asia, where the character and life of the villagers, their Government and general condition, their varieties of race and religion form the subject of his book. Here he is on his own peculiar ground. No one knows the interior of Hither Asia better than the distinguished archaeologist whose works on the early Asiatic Church and the cities and bishoprics of Phrygia have proved him the leading authority in this branch of research. His 12 years' wanderings in search of historical evidence among the relics of the once renowned civilization of Asia Minor have given him an insight into the character of the modern inhabitants surpassed by no living student, and scarcely equalled even by his master, Sir Charles Wilson, or his pupil, Mr. Hogarth. Anything Professor Ramsay has to say about the country of Croesus, Eumenes, and Mithridates must deserve a hearing; and the modest spirit in which he treats of things he knows so well, his admirable fairness and desire to see both sides of the shield, his scrupulous avoidance of rash or exaggerated statements, and his philosophic calm, seldom disturbed, in face of heated controversy, give his opinions and observations a value far removed from the hasty generalizations of scampering tourists and newspaper correspondents. On the other hand, he has—to use an over-worn phrase—*les défauts de ses qualités*. His very impartiality—the essential truthfulness of a real scholar—tends to blur the outlines of the picture he draws; his hatred of exaggeration and vague assumption gives a tameness to his conclusions; and his dislike of fine writing, or contempt of mere style, leads to a heaviness of expression from which less learned travellers are exempt. Mr. Hogarth, with far less impartiality and briefer experience, has shown that learning is not incompatible with a lively style, even in treating of Turks and Armenians. But Mr. Ramsay set out in his present work with the intention of counteracting in a delicate, friendly fashion what he thought wrong in the "Wandering Scholar's" views, and perhaps a contrast of style formed part of his plan of demonstrating an opposition of opinion.

The guest-room, or *Musafir Oda*, of a village is the scene to which Mr. Ramsay first introduces his readers, for it is here that the archaeologist cautiously feels his way to inquiries about "written stones," and the traveller gleans his impressions of the people and their life.

As the news spreads that a stranger has arrived and is ask-

ing for the *Musafir Oda*, unwonted bustle reigns in the village. A pleasing, mild excitement affects the population. The loungers in the *Oda* rise, go to the door, look in the heap of old slippers, down at heel and usually full of holes, for their own property, which they recognize with marvellous intelligence among many that seem to your eyes undistinguishable, slowly slip their feet into them, and then as slowly shuffle their way to where the archaeologist is sitting on his horse. All are eager to ask the traditional series of questions, like the Cyclops in the *Odyssey*, "Where do you come from? What is your business? Where are you going to?" You do not too hastily gratify their curiosity, but leave them in pleasant anticipation while you inquire for the *Oda*. . . . The whole company then goes away to the *Oda*. After every one has sat down and saluted, and there is a general atmosphere of expectation, the questions as to your origin and destination are repeated, and you proceed by degrees to gratify the general curiosity. Your business is to amuse and interest the people. Their life is spent in an atmosphere of monotony, amid a regular alternation of the annual incidents of winter, sowing-time, and harvest, where the occasional visit of an official is the only great trouble, and the rare visit of a stranger furnishes the only entertainment. If you want to get from them the information which you desire, you must pay for it by giving them as much pleasure and excitement as you can; and it is important to study the best ways of catching the interest and sympathy of your villagers.

For this purpose Professor Ramsay seems to have found "a short sketch of the British constitution, adapted to the comprehension of the audience, useful and effective." We confess we should not have hit upon so exciting a subject, and we cannot help wondering whether the simple Anatolian peasant ever thought the Aberdeen professor a wee bit deliberate in his conversation, as he is in his writing. His informants, however, were chiefly old men, accustomed no doubt to patient listening and contemplative silence, for the able-bodied youth of the country were absent, employed in the one serious profession of the male Turk, the army. The women are the real workers in Anatolia, and their life is the life of a mere beast of burden, unrelieved by social or intellectual pleasures—of which indeed they are in their present state incapable.

The women do all the field-work necessary to grow the year's supply of food: the men lounge about in laziness or in mischief until conscription calls them away, or family embarrassment drives them to Smyrna or some such place. Then their education commences; they begin to have the training of real steady work, and often the vulgar and objectionable lout develops easily into a trustworthy and good man. Whenever any work has to be done for which absolute honesty is required, there it is always a Turk that is employed; they are the human watchdogs whom everybody employs and trusts. If you sent any ordinary poor Turk, picked up by accident, to carry £100 to some place, it is wonderful in how many cases it would be delivered safely and intact by a man to whom £5 represents a fortune; and not merely would he carry it safe, but he would, as a rule, defend it, if attacked, and fight till he dropped.

As the Turks do not work, except as mere porters and labourers, "hewers of wood and drawers of water," and not even that if they have women to work for them, all the skilled labour in Turkey is done by Christians. Greeks' and Armenians' houses, *medresseh*s, fountains, are built by Greeks, who also manage most of the retail and carrying trade, especially in the western parts of Asia Minor. The trade between the harbours on the Black Sea, however, is almost wholly in the hands of Armenians, and these wealthy merchants oppress and grind down multitudes of unfortunate Turkish drivers and muleteers. On the subject of the Armenians, whom he esteems as a race but does not like, especially when rich, Mr. Ramsay is as usual exceedingly impartial; but his views and Mr. Hogarth's clash

stridently. The steady progress of the Greek race is, according to Professor Ramsay, the most salient fact in the modern history of Anatolia. "The Turks are losing, or have lost in places, their hold on the coast and on the valleys that open on the coast. The Oriental element does not retreat or emigrate; it is not driven out by force, it dies out in these parts by a slow but sure decay." It is the old conflict between West and East, which has been going on since the Trojan War and the invasion of Xerxes.

*Græcia barbaria lento collisa duello*—that we now see re-enacted on the ancient Debatable Land between the rival forces. Just now the Oriental is showing signs of a revival, dating, perhaps, for some 15 years back, and due, as Mr. Ramsay believes, to the political sagacity, religious conviction, remarkable intellectual ability, and indomitable courage of the present Sultan—whom, by the way, he reprobates as much as he admires. What the end will be he does not venture to foretell. He has a strong belief in a suitable mixture of races, and (as is well known) he holds peculiar views as to the ethnology of Asia Minor. Whether the present inhabitants are largely Mahomedanized descendants of the ancient population of Seleucid and Roman times, and whether, as he holds, "the Kurd is just the Mahomedan Armenian, and the Armenian is the Kurd passed through centuries of Christianity," we have no space to discuss at present. But Mr. Ramsay's solution of the Turkish question is too ingenious—and too impracticable—to be passed over. He admits that the Greeks cannot "obey laws, and therefore cannot make them; they are better and more prosperous under almost any other Government than they are under their own." Turks and Greeks, he goes on, seem each

To possess some good qualities which are lacking in the other. The Greek can be brave, but you can never trust him to die at his post or to fight to the bitter end in the face of discouragement and despair. The Turk will maintain his trust till he is cut in pieces, and will stand at his post till he falls; but he is devoid of resource and ingenuity, and is hardly ever able to command or to organize. . . . In every department of practical life, you want to have men of both races on your staff; and it has always seemed to me that "the Turks and the Greeks will united make a happier country than either race could by itself." So I wrote in 1890, and so I still think.

How this blend is to be effected the learned professor does not explain. The lion and the lamb, or oil and vinegar, occur to one as more feasible combinations.

**The Making of Abbotsford and Incidents in Scottish History.** By the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott. 8½×6½in., 361 pp. London, 1897. Black. 7/6

**The Homes and Haunts of Sir Walter Scott.** By George G. Napier, M.A. 9½×6½in., 216 pp. Glasgow, 1897. MacLehose. 21/-

It is not unnatural, but it is nevertheless regrettable, that Mrs. Maxwell Scott should have given the place of honour in her collection of readable and even picturesque papers on Scottish historical subjects to such an unsatisfactory fragment as "The Making of Abbotsford." To begin with, Abbotsford, even after the "remaking" by Mr. Hope Scott in 1853, is not regarded as it was in 1824, when the spell of the then living magician was still over it. Even the not ultra-fastidious critic will fail to see in it "a romance in stone and lime," but will rather say with Dean Stanley that it is "a place to see once but never again," or with Mr. Ruskin that it is "perhaps the most incongruous pile that gentlemanly modernism ever designed." Besides, Mrs. Maxwell Scott has nothing novel to tell of the "making" of Abbotsford, nothing that is not in Scott's Letters or Lockhart's biography. It began with his purchase from a personal friend, Dr. Douglas, Minister of Galashiels, of a

squalid farm appropriately named Clarty Hole—by the way it is odd to note that an accomplished and well informed Scottish writer has in a recently published book re-christened and misnamed it Cartley Hole—and situated at the point where the Tweed leaves the Ettrick Forest.

Mrs. Maxwell Scott, is, however, seen to much more advantage in her other papers, in which she takes us sometimes into the forgotten byways of Scottish historical romance and sometimes into the little known cloisters of Scottish "religion"—as "religion" was understood before the Reformation. "Barbour's Legends of the Saints," "The Life of Saint Margaret," "St. Magnus of the Orkneys," and "Scottish Catholics under Mary and James" illustrate the second and stronger vents of their author's mind. More generally interesting, however, are "The Lemox," "The Scots Guards in France," and "The Chevalier de Feuquerolle," the last of which professes to be "a true story" dealing with the Campaign in the Netherlands of 1706, and based on the archives of the house of Feuquerolle. "St. Magnus of the Orkneys," in the preparation of which Mrs. Maxwell Scott has been assisted by the rare archaeological learning of the Marquis of Bute, is in every sense the most important as it is also the best written of all the articles in the volume. The Cathedral of St. Magnus in Kirkwall is perhaps the chief glory—it is certainly the chief architectural ornament—of the Orkneys, and in Mrs. Maxwell Scott's eyes "possesses a special and mournful interest as being one of the two Cathedral Churches which alone remain entire in their original grace and beauty." Yet the history of the Scandinavian Earl and Saint, in whose honour it was erected, was until comparatively recent times a sealed book to all except the few readers of the too much neglected Torfæus. What is popularly styled the Greater Magnus Saga was indeed published (in Latin) in Copenhagen in 1780, and nine years later was included by Pinkerton in his "Vite Sanctorum Scotie." It can hardly be said, however, that the Saint was really known till in 1875 there was published, under the editorship of that eminent archaeologist Dr. Joseph Anderson, a translation of the Orkneyinga Saga. This was followed in 1894 by the publication of Sir George Dasent's new translation of the same Saga, and also of both the Greater and Lesser Magnus Sagas, with appendices, containing, among other things, a collection of the liturgical monuments connected with the martyred Earl. Mrs. Maxwell Scott's paper is based on this work and on information supplied by its author. Here and there she is able to correct errors into which Sir George has fallen. She relates the story of the martyrdom—or, rather, the political murder—of Magnus at the hands of his cousin Hakon at once simply and pathetically. Magnus appears to have been one of those fascinating personalities, whose leading characteristics are purity and straightforwardness, who, in periods of political storm and stress, die the death of a martyr or a Bayard, but are fitted, under specially favourable circumstances, to play such a part as that of Washington.

The old relations of friendship between France and Scotland of which, without the old hatred to England, we have a pleasant survival in the recent formation of a Franco-Scottish Society, play an important part in the leading historical essays of Mrs. Maxwell Scott, such as "The Scots Guard in France," and "A Sister-in-law of Mary Queen of Scots." There is nothing specially fresh in these papers, which are founded largely on recent historical researches such as those of Father Forbes Leith. They prove, however, beyond all question, that the Scots soldiers who helped the French to win the battle of Beaugé deserved something better from their allies than the designation of *sacs à vin et mangeurs de mouton*. Mrs. Maxwell Scott makes a special point, also, of the achievements of the Scots soldiers who fought with Joan of Arc for the deliverance of France. It must be admitted that she has little concern for, and less knowledge of, the purely political history of the periods her volume covers or touches upon. Thus, her essay upon Mary Stuart is of no value whatever, being but a temperate statement of the position taken

up by the more pronounced Mariolaters. She can, however, tell a pleasant domestic romance very prettily, like that of Mary's sister-in-law, Claude, Duchess of Lorraine. It undoubtedly gives us "the fragrance of a pure and earnest nature, which remained unspoiled amid the dangers inseparable from her position at the gayest Courts in Europe."

Mr. Napier's "Homes and Haunts of Sir Walter Scott" is a model of a book in its kind. The illustrations are excellent, especially the woodcuts in the text: the reproductions of pictures of incidents in Scott's life are less successful. The narrative is interesting, succinct, and accurate, novelties we cannot expect to find in a subject so severely worked. Mr. Napier's field is from Edinburgh to Hermitage Castle. He might produce another volume easily and acceptably by studying the Highland "haunts" of Sir Walter. He begins with Branxholme, Harden, Yarrow Kirk, whence he takes us to Edinburgh. The house of Scott's birth no longer exists and George's-square is not illustrated. Mr. Napier reproduces Bunbury's picture which introduced Scott to Burns; oddly enough, Langhorne's name, as author of the verses on the margin, is actually printed with the lines. Yet Scott, then a boy, could alone tell Burns whence they came. We next have Lasswade, but not Duddingstone Manse. Scott was an elder of the parish, and is said to have written much of "The Heart of Midlothian" under an ash tree in the manse garden, whence the chateau of Dumbiedykes is visible. The ash fell a few weeks ago. Of Scott's lady love, Miss Belsches-Stuart, it might be added that she came of the house of Auldhamstocks, Hepburns who were deep in the plots of Bothwell. Her best portrait, we think, is the miniature in the "Life of Principal Forbes." Among other references to this love story one occurs in Scott's review of Miss Austen. We have living tradition that the lady "was more like an angel than a woman." Lady Scott was certainly much more like a woman (and a very pretty one) than an angel. One relic at Ashestiel Mr. Napier seems to omit, a hugo arm-chair given by Scott to a paralytic kinsman and lent again to himself in his last illness. We have Traquair, with its traditional avenue, but no explanation of Lord Traquair's prudence in 1745. From Traquair Young Glengarry went to France, in May, to warn Prince Charles *not* to come over. The Earl may have thought that he was thus absolved from his duty. When Cardinal York was Henry IX., *sed non desideris hominum*, Traquair asked his aid in procuring a Spanish concession. Henry assisted him, but dropped a remark of dignified sarcasm on the prudence of the family. Chiefswold is illustrated, but not its best relics, the great tree and the desk on which "The Pirate" was written. The old cottage of "Clarty Hole" might have been given, as well as the modern villa, to which Mr. Hope Scott made large additions. As to the three empty quarterings, Scott, we think, *could* trace his mother's genealogy, but could not find the bearings of Rutherford of Hunthill. We know no evidence that the scold's bridle at Abbotsford was "The iron crown of Wishart the martyr." As to Scott's not answering Carlyle's note about the Goethe medal, we conceive that it reached Sir Walter in London, where he was very busy and "Hugh Littlejohn" very ill, and so it slipped by unnoticed. The note still exists. As to Carlyle's dog's love of Scott, the anecdote may be capped by one in Mr. Romanes's "Animal Intelligence" about a modern dog who, among many works of art, picked out Scott's bust as one of exciting interest to himself. These are but scattered notes on a beautiful book, limited to 550 copies, on Japanese paper. There are plenty of remoter "haunts" of Scott, from Kirkwall and Dunvegan to Lake Avernus, and the tomb of the exiled kings in Rome. Mr. Napier, as we have suggested, might illustrate these places, associated with the memory of Wordsworth's "wondrous potentate."

**The French Revolution.** By Justin H. M'Carthy. Vols. III. and IV. 0.6in., 405 pp. London, 1897.

Chatto and Windus. 12/- per vol.

These volumes complete Mr. Justin H. M'Carthy's "History of the French Revolution." Rabaut de Saint Etienne when

writing his *Précis Historique* believed that with the promulgation of the Constitution of '91 the Revolution had been brought to a satisfactory conclusion. By stopping with the dissolution of the Constituent Assembly, Mr. M'Carthy has emphasized the fact that the year 1792 witnessed the outbreak of a second Revolution, which starting from Paris horrified the civilized world by its excesses, led to a war between France and Europe, and finally brought the French nation to a willing acceptance of the despotism of Napoleon. Though the Constituent Assembly sanctioned the representative principle and the rights of the people, it had undermined its own work by passing the famous self-denying ordinance in May, 1791, forbidding the election to the Legislative Assembly of any of the deputies then sitting. So the first Constitution of France was never given a fair chance, but was left to the tender mercies of untried men with no experience in politics.

In the two volumes before us we have a very interesting account of the proceedings in France from the fall of the Bastille to the completion of the Constitution in September, 1791. One instinctively compares these volumes with the well known work of Mr. Morse Stephens on the same subject. But while the latter deliberately sets himself to attract the student pure and simple, Mr. M'Carthy has obviously appealed to a wider circle. That the latter has considerable abilities as a historian is undoubted, that he has read very widely and that he has shown great skill in dealing with his mass of materials is equally true. But it is to be regretted that tables of contents are not prefaced to each chapter, and that full references to the authorities of which the author has made such good use are not given. Mr. Morse Stephens's work derives much of its value from the constant references to authorities, original and modern; Mr. M'Carthy when quoting from or alluding to various writers might easily have given similar references, and thus added greatly to the popularity among students of his interesting account of the Revolution. It is a pity that Mr. M'Carthy whose style possesses great merits did not subject his MS. to careful revision at the hands of a candid friend. In one place he speaks of the Comte d'Artois sending round "the hat to all his friends," in another of "rascaldom being broomed out of the palace." Apart, however, from these lapses Mr. M'Carthy is to be congratulated on the very effective account which he has given of the events of the early years of the Revolution. The story he has to tell us is in its main features an old one, but he has managed to throw much new light on familiar episodes, and to offer solutions of many problems hitherto unexplained. Very telling is his denunciation of the first emigration of nobles which took place after the fall of the Bastille. "It might be," he says, "an exaggeration to say that history offers no more pitiable spectacle than this of the First Emigration. It certainly offers few as pitiable. The men who had imperilled the Monarchy, the men whose duty it was rather to die than to desert their King, were speeding as fast as horses could help them to put their own persons in safety." Nothing, too, could be more thrilling than his description of the attack on Versailles on October 6.

It is often truly said that the world knows nothing of its greatest men, but no one after reading Mr. M'Carthy's pages will ever forget the names of Tardivet du Repaire, the soldier who alone withstood the raging mob and diverted for the moment the attack upon the Queen's door, or of Miomandre the gallant Limousin gentleman who after Tardivet had been dragged away stood "alone against two thousand tigers." Then again nothing could be better than the account of that most tragic flight to Varennes. It forms the saddest episode in the sad story of the latter days of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. Mr. M'Carthy has pointed out, what most historians have omitted to notice, that in leaving Clermont the King left behind him his best chance of safety. If the postmaster of that town had had any suspicion that the King was in any danger he and his sons—so he told Norvins—would have conducted the royal carriage into the forest and guided the party to Montmédy or even to Luxembourg.

It is not only in his graphic descriptions of these memorable scenes that Mr. M'Carthy excels. His sketches of the leading persons of the time are much to be commended. Bailly's character is carefully analyzed.

The world has always been rich in men of the type of Sylvain Bailly; there is no page of political history in which we shall not find their like. They were honourable, they were estimable; they were earnest men of science, upright men of letters, decorous citizens, high-minded burgesses, anything, everything, except men capable of taking a lead, of incarnating command. The race did not run its course with the French Revolution; Sylvain Bailly has reappeared time and again since then, in France and elsewhere. It is generally a misfortune for the country, it is almost always a misfortune for the man, when a whimsical fate persuades, forces, or permits the earnest man of science, the upright man of letters to leave his stars or his encyclopædias and to play, for his little hour, the part of the ruler of men.

An interesting account is given of the travels of Arthur Young through provincial France in 1789, and of the excitement which prevailed in the towns and villages through which he passed. The wildest rumours agitated the ordinaries at which he ate, and were eagerly believed. "Thus it is in revolutions," Young moralized, "one rascal writes something and a hundred thousand fools believe it." Mr. M'Carthy has of course much to say about Mirabeau, but naturally cannot help to throw light on the question of that statesman's real influence in the country at the time of his death. Certain it is that after his removal the cause of royalty rapidly declined. Yet it is to be noted that while Mr. M'Carthy writes with great and, on the whole, justifiable severity of the weakness of Louis XVI., he recognizes over and over again the intrepidity of his lion-hearted wife. Whatever her faults may have been, Marie Antoinette behaved during the latter days of the French Monarchy with a courage and devotion worthy of her mother, Maria Theresa. The days of chivalry were indeed past when the revolutionists could dishonour themselves and their cause by insulting the helpless Queen. Mr. M'Carthy's remarks on this subject are well worth attention. In a future edition a certain want of proportion in some of the chapters might be corrected, and the possibility of compression considered. As they stand, however, his volumes give an admirable history of the first two years of the French Revolution.

**The Subconscious Self, and its Relation to Education and Health.** By Louis Waldstein, M.D. 8x5 $\frac{1}{2}$ in., 171 pp. London, 1897. Grant Richards. 3/6

This is a book of an unusually exasperating character, which might with propriety be called "The Elements of a System of Mental Philosophy, founded upon Guesses and supported by Anecdote." It has no introduction, no preface, no table of contents, no headings to the numbered divisions which represent chapters, and no index; so that, while an irresponsible reader might throw it aside after cursory examination, a reviewer is compelled, by the conscientiousness natural to his craft, to read it from title-page to *finis* in order to make sure that no important discovery has escaped his notice. Its basis is furnished by the fact that, in certain conditions, ideas which have ceased to form part of the ordinary daily consciousness may be recalled. Memories of words, persons, places, and things which have been crowded out, so to speak, by subsequent events and by more engrossing interests, will now and then unexpectedly return; while it may be impossible to discover the chain of association by which they have been brought back. Such occurrences are familiar to most people, and have often been the subjects of discussion. Sir William Hamilton pointed out that "the infinitely greater part of our spiritual treasures lies always beyond the sphere of our consciousness;" and Hobbes endeavoured to show the steps by which an account of the execution of Charles the First might suggest an inquiry about the value of a Roman denarius. When the recalled idea is not very remote from the beaten tracks of life, it excites only a transitory wonder; but, when it implies a reversion to an apparently forgotten period of existence, it is apt to

become the subject of subtle disquisitions. It is assumed, by mental philosophers who are fairly conversant with modern physiology, that the reception of an idea involves the occurrence of changes in the constitution of a brain-cell, and that certain tracks of association or conduction exist among and between the cells thus modified, tracks which the thoughts traverse with constantly increasing facility. Hence the recall of familiar ideas becomes daily more easy, while the recall of unfamiliar or disused ideas becomes daily more difficult, and, when brought about unexpectedly, occasions surprise. Whether every past idea is so written upon the nerve cells as to be capable of recall, or whether this applies to some ideas only, and, in the latter case, how the permanent ideas are selected, is at present wholly unknown. The general belief, however, is that the possibility of recall is limited to ideas, and that it does not extend to the numerous impressions, made through organs of sense, which never become the subjects of consciousness. Now Dr. Waldstein maintains, or rather asserts, for he brings forward neither evidence nor reasoning in support of the proposition, that not only every idea recognized by the consciousness, and not retained before it passes into and assists to form what he calls the "subconscious self," but that the same thing applies to every sensation experienced, whether it become the subject of consciousness or not, and especially to sensations connected with the functions of the viscera, with digestion, circulation, involuntary muscular movement, and so forth. All these ideas and sensations, according to him, are registered as parts of the individual, and crop up at unexpected times and in all sorts of places as factors which influence or determine the character and conduct. His explanation of the artistic temperament is that it is one in which this accumulation of forgotten and unrecognized impressions becomes dominant; and he appears to think that no one can become an artist unless, during childhood and youth, his "subconscious self" has been fed with sensations and ideas arising from beautiful surroundings. We greatly doubt whether this hypothesis would be confirmed by authentic histories of the early lives of artists; but the advice to which it leads, which is practically that children should have pretty bedrooms, has at least the merit of being harmless.

Not the least perplexing part of Dr. Waldstein's book is furnished by frequent references to other authors, who are said to have shown, or to have proved, something or other, but to whose writings no precise references are given. It is tantalizing to read, for example, that "Kraepelin" has "found certain drugs to be stimulants of the higher mental faculties," and to have no clue either to the nature of the drugs themselves or to the place in which a discovery of such high importance has been fully and clearly recorded.

The part taken by guesses in the construction of Dr. Waldstein's philosophy might be illustrated from every other page of his writing; but space compels us to leave this part of the subject, tempting although it be, and to turn to an example of the anecdotes. Among these, prominence is given, of course, to the old story of the delicious servant who recited passages from classical authors, passages of which she did not understand the meaning, but which she had heard read by a former employer. Dr. Waldstein describes it as the case of—

The illiterate servant who recited several passages from the Talmud during an attack of mania. Upon inquiry it was found that she had served for some time in the early part of her youth in the family of a theologian, who was in the habit of walking to and fro in his study while at work, repeating such passages aloud, thus creating in the subconscious part of the illiterate maid, while she was devoting her full attention apparently to the usual menial duties of her position, impressions that for years lay dormant in the subconscious part of her mind, which, when it assumed abnormal activity in insanity, brought up to the surface, as it were, the unintentionally memorized passages from a work she could never hope to understand, and in a language she had never known.

The original version of the story is, we believe, that which is given by Coleridge in his "Biographia Literaria." He relates that he was told of the incidents when he went to Göttingen in

1799, and that they were said to have occurred "two or three years before" that time. A young woman, about 24 or 25, who could neither read nor write, living in a "Roman Catholic town in Germany," was seized with fever, and was said by the priests to be possessed of a devil, because she was heard (presumably in the attendant delirium, for there is not a word about mania or insanity) talking Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. It was found that, at the age of nine, being left an orphan, she had been charitably taken into the house of a learned Protestant pastor, with whom she remained until his death, and whose custom it was for many years to walk up and down, not in his study, but in a passage into which the kitchen of his house opened, and to read in a loud voice out of his books. The supposed events were related by a person unknown; they happened, if at all, nobody knows where, two or three years before Coleridge heard of them, and he did not publish them until 1817, or 18 years afterwards. In any case it would not be very remarkable that a child's memory should retain sounds which she frequently heard, and which she may often have tried to imitate, while the smallness of the substratum of fact which would suffice for the construction of the story is illustrated by an incident related by Dr. Carpenter in his "Mental Physiology." About 1845 Miss Martineau had a maid, described as J., who was said to be a wonderful clairvoyant, and to be able, in the mesmeric state, to converse in languages which she had never learnt, and of which she was ignorant in her ordinary condition. It was confidently said that Lord Morpeth (afterwards Earl of Carlisle) had tested J. as to this power and had found it real. Dr. Carpenter asked Miss Martineau's brother-in-law what were the facts, and was told that they had been exaggerated, for that J. had only replied in the vernacular to questions put by Lord Morpeth in a foreign tongue. Dr. Carpenter took this version to Lord Morpeth himself, who said:—"No, it was not so. I certainly spoke to J. in a foreign language, and, by an unmeaning articulation of sound, she imitated my speech after a fashion; that was all." The last shred of the marvellous disappeared, as soon as what had really happened was ascertained.

We must not follow Dr. Waldstein through his conjectures about the "subconscious self" as being the cause of various habits and gestures which are commonly attributed to heredity; because it is difficult to dispute the conclusions of a writer whose only conception of reasoning is to "assume" something which will adapt itself to his hypothesis. But it is comforting to be told that the "poor and the rich are equally in a position" to give to the "subconscious self" the proper education which it demands. It is only needful that "the objects surrounding the child, the persons habitually in its company, even the colours, should be chosen with care, that sunlight and fresh air should have free access, and that the surroundings of the house, and especially the carriage and behaviour of those with whom the child comes into contact, should be of true geniality and refinement." We fear it will be a long time before this programme will find its complete fulfilment among the "poor," or even among the inhabitants of those localities which Mr. Morrison has described as consisting chiefly of "mean streets."

**Mountain, Stream, and Covert.** By Alexander Shand. 9x6in., viii.+331 pp. London, 1897. Seeley. 12s

This is one of a class of books which, though of quite recent origin, has already achieved a position for itself, justifying the eulogium bestowed on it by Charles Kingsley, who described sporting literature as a tenth muse. Not, indeed, that the works to which Kingsley was referring are devoted exclusively to sport, therein differing from a large and cognate branch of the same family which has long been familiar to us, and may be traced as far back as to Isaac Walton or further. We have had plenty of books on sport, plenty on natural history, and plenty which paint the beauties of nature. But the speciality of the writers—among whom we reckon Mr. Shand—is the combination of all three elements of interest—descriptions of picturesque scenery, of the

haunts and habits of wild animals, and of exciting incidents in the pursuit of them. This is their distinctive mark, and of late years they have increased and multiplied exceedingly. Mr. Shand, in his chapter on "Country Life in Literature," attempts something like a history of this school of authors, and contrasts them with Continental writers on the same subjects. In George Sand, for instance, the country corner is recommended to us as an alternative—our desire for it "must arise from some passing impulse of misanthropy." We are to take it as we would "a course of goat's milk." This is not what Wordsworth and Cowper meant by their praises of rural repose. Still it approaches it, and both alike differ from that healthy and unconscious love of country life for its own sake by which the majority of readers who find delight in these sylvan studies are presumably actuated.

So great, indeed, is now the demand for them that Mr. Shand thinks it necessary to warn us against spurious imitations; and here we think he makes some mistakes, which he must forgive us for pointing out.

The country is become a stock theme with literary professionals, although their individual experiences may have lain among bricks and mortar; although their ornithological observations may have been mainly confined to the street sparrows; and although they would be sorely puzzled by the call of the partridge and mystified by the cry of the landrail. They have practised writing of these things because they know they take; and if they write with talent, cockneys as they may be, their country episodes may be far from unsuccessful. Take Dickens, for example. Is there anything much better in the inimitable "Pickwick Papers" than the day with the partridges on Sir Geoffrey's land, when Mr. Pickwick followed the sport in the wheelbarrow, though the author's evident inexperience crops out everywhere; or the spring morning among the rooks, at the bright Kentish homestead, where Mr. Winkle so nearly "does for old Tupman"?

Now, in the first place, we do not believe it possible for any man who has never either ridden to hounds, or shot game, or landed a good fish, to describe either hunting, shooting, or angling "successfully," whatever talent he may have. In the second place, Dickens's account of Mr. Winkle and Mr. Pickwick is not a case in point. Nobody expects to find an accurate picture of shooting in either passage. They are not meant specially for people who understand sport; but the books referred to by Mr. Shand are; and no such reader, we are quite sure, could be satisfied with a picture of it drawn by one who had never seen a bird killed, or any birds at all except "street sparrows." It is quite true that Mr. Kingsley himself, and Richard Jefferies, and the "Son of the Marshes," and the earlier writers named by Mr. Shand have now created a school, and formed a style which it is very easy to imitate; only there must be a *quantum sufficit* of real knowledge at the back of it if it is to please the only class who are likely to care about the subject. It is a style which a great many writers with very little real literary talent can now reproduce nearly, if not quite, as well as the original makers of it; just as, when once Pope had taught the trick of his verse to others, hundreds of men, without a spark of poetry in their composition, would turn out heroic couplets scarcely inferior to his own.

Mr. Shand's papers are reprints from various magazines, the best being those from *Blackwood*, and his descriptive passages are very fair specimens of the school to which he belongs. No doubt there is a good deal of mannerism in it, yet lovers of English scenery and English woodcraft can always turn to its pages with a certain degree of pleasure, however trite they may have grown. We have all "looked out over the landscapes" where "you see the gabled roof of the ancient hall sheltering in the foliage of ancestral woods; the towers and spires of the village churches, surrounded by tall groups of trees and rising above the venerable yews in the churchyards; the chimneys of the farmhouse embosomed like the hall; and the mill lying low in the vale among the beds of willow and alder." Yet we can look out over them again with a quiet satisfaction, if not with the zest inspired by their first freshness; and with little vignettes of this kind Mr. Shand's pages are thickly studded. All votaries of the tenth muse are acquainted with the rambling

hedgerow and the whirr of the wild pheasant as he is forced out of it by the spaniels. Many people have learned the delights of a mixed bag, in which a mallard, a woodcock, a brace or two of November grouse, some outlying pheasants, and perhaps a snipe or two are all mingled together in beautiful confusion. Many, too, have played a 20lb. salmon in imagination and caught trout among the picturesque scenery of Highland glens or the softer and greener beauty of the English meadows. When we see the heading of a chapter in any work of sporting literature we know well what is coming. But such old friends are always welcome to the reader who has the root of the matter in him; and such a one will find abundance of matter to please him in "Mountain, Stream, and Covert." Mr. Shand, who is a genuine sportsman, does not shrink from using the word *battue*, though some of the superior persons who claim to instruct the public on these subjects at the present day have made very merry at the expense of it; and he adds another to the list of protesters who do not hesitate to prefer the "exhilaration and excitement of wilder and more irregular shooting" to all the charms of a hot corner in the covert or a partridge drive in the open.

We have said that the literature which this volume represents is not confined to sport; and Mr. Shand is fond of giving us pictures of English rural life something after the manner of Howitt, who, indeed, may be called the father of this literary style, in which we must own the colour is laid on rather too thickly for ourselves. He paints for us villages and squires and farmers and peasantry in hues which make us wonder if all that we have read lately about the agricultural districts is not a bad dream. In this modern Arcadia everybody is happy and contented. Every landlord is generous; every parson is good; every farmer wears a cheerful smile upon his countenance; every labourer is loyal; and every cottage picturesque. The Radical serpent has not yet crept into this Eden, and we wonder whether Mr. Shand would be so obliging as to tell us where it is. He lets us know that it is situated somewhere in Kent; but we should like fuller information.

#### REPRINTS.

**The Hamnet Shakspeare.** According to the first folio. With Introduction and relative lists. By Allan Park Paton. Parts i.-x. Svo. Edinburgh, 1897. Edmonston.

**The Spectator.** With Introduction and Notes by George A. Aitken. (8 vols.) Vol. I. Svo., 474 pp. John C. Nimmo. 7/- net per vol.

**Poems.** By William Wordsworth. Reprinted from the original edition of 1807. Edited by Thomas Hutchinson. 2 vols. small Svo. London, 1897. Nutt. 7/6

**The History of Reynard the Fox.** A metrical version of the old English translation. By F. S. Ellis. With 50 devices by Walter Crane. 7½×6¼in., 289 pp. London, 1897. Nutt. 6-

Each publishing season invariably brings its batch of reprints; most of these, however, are, as a rule, intended for the general reader: but the volumes, the titles of which are given above, are evidently made for readers who are also students.

We certainly could do with another Shaftesbury to write for us a new Letter on Enthusiasm. As an example of one of its mistaken directions we would furnish him with "The Hamnet Shakspeare," implying an expenditure of labour and even money too awful to contemplate. Mr. Allan Park Paton has a theory that Shakespeare wrote with a capital letter every word in his plays which he intended should be emphasized by the players:—

"Seems, Madam? Nay, it is; I know not Seems"

See

"Posthumous Anchors upon Imogen."

"To sleep, perchance to Dream."

The printers of the "first folio," contends Mr. Paton, followed the manuscript exactly, and examples are given in so fulfilling a number that we are fain to agree that there is something in what Mr. Paton says. But Mr. Paton is not content with a mere statement of his theory and the illustrations of it. So strong a hold has this theory seized on him that he has imposed upon himself the colossal labour of editing a new reprint of the

whole of the "first folio," with introductions to each play, implying a still more colossal labour, giving tables of variations in such "capital" printings which occur in the first four folios. Aldrovandus and his thirteen tomes pale beside this. The first part of this reprint, which contained *Macbeth* appeared in 1877; and at the present year of grace we have had published but ten of these parts. May Mr. Paton live to write the word "Finis" to his task! By that time he will probably send a presentation copy to the great library which shall be founded on the shores of the re-discovered, long-lost Atlantis. He is of opinion that his edition should prove invaluable for public and private readings, and there is some reason in this suggestion; but what a mighty labour for so small a reward!

However, apart from theory, Mr. Paton's reprint has a value of its own; and students who wish to possess a clearly printed edition of the "first folio," with the spelling modernized, may find in the "Hamnet Shakspeare" what they cannot find in the *facsimile* reproductions of Mr. Staunton, Mr. Halliwell Phillips, or Mr. Booth.

Mr. Aitken's edition of the *Spectator* is a reprint of the first collected and revised edition, published in 1712-17, in which the modern rules of spelling have been followed. It is also intended to be a "variorum" as well as an annotated edition, since the variations from the original folio numbers are indicated in the notes. It is well printed and neatly bound. Mr. Aitken's work, however, as editor, while evincing care and accurate reading, does not strike us as either happy or quite original. His introduction is reminiscent of Dr. Drake's "Essays," nor does it tell so fully the history of periodical literature previous to the publication of the *Tatler* and the *Spectator*. His notes, where they are not due to the late Dr. Morley, savour of dryness and must; so that they fail to quicken for us the literary, political, and social activities of one of the most interesting periods of our history. For one feature, however, Mr. Aitken is to be congratulated; we refer to the names of the writers placed at the head of each paper. This a distinct advantage, and he would have done well had he given us an alphabetical "contents" of authors, with the numbers of the *Spectators* they wrote. Perhaps he will do this for the coming volumes. Such an edition of the *Spectator* as Mr. Aitken evidently has in his mind would, if happily realized, be a great boon to students, and he is quite able to realize it, if he will free himself from the trammels of editorial tradition—tradition which, it is almost needless to say, has not tended to charm, by invitation, to the study of English literature.

The publication of Wordsworth's "Poems" in two volumes marked an era in English poetry. Far more, in our opinion, than the "Lyrical Ballads," these poems struck the note which called us back to Nature and our subjective relationship to the things of "landscape and of sky." They contained "The Sailor's Mother," "Alice Fell," "Beggars," "Lines to a Butterfly," "The Emigrant Mother," the "Sonnets dedicated to Liberty," "To a Highland Girl," the "Ode to Duty," "Yarrow Revisited," the "Affliction of Margaret," and the "Stanzas on a Picture of Peele Castle." These were the very volumes which brought Francis Jeffrey abusively forward in the pages of the *Edinburgh*, and which raised the satirists of the *Poetical Register*, the *Eclectic Review*, and the *Simpliciad* to expressions of derision which, had they been founded on true insight, would have for ever buried Wordsworth and his poems in utter forgetfulness. These volumes also mark the growing sanity of Wordsworth's attitude towards the nature of poetic expression, and amount to an entire abandonment of the maxims laid down by him in the "Preface" of 1800. Further, agreeing as we do with Mr. Hutchinson that Matthew Arnold's anthology of Wordsworth is "incomparably the best," it will be found, as Mr. Hutchinson carefully points out, that of the sixty sonnets in Arnold's selection no fewer than thirty are from the "Poems" of 1807, and "of the one hundred and ten miscellaneous pieces forty-two (i.e., more than one-third) are obtained in the same quarter." These facts being so, Mr. Hutchinson has done a kindly service to all Wordsworthians in giving them so excellent a *facsimile* of

the 1807 volumes, provided with introductions, notes, and *cariorum* readings, which only Mr. Hutchinson's well-known enthusiasm could have helped him to bring together. A word of praise must also be given to the Chiswick Press for the fidelity with which they have reproduced, by means of type, the original edition.

The handy reprint of friend "Reynard" should be welcomed not only by those who take more than a superficial interest in the history of the Middle Ages, but by many boys and girls, who love a tale for its own sake. Mr. Ellis is evidently touched with the humour of the Fox, and seems quite at home in all his dodges and wiles. The text is founded on that of Caxton, which Mr. Ellis himself edited, for publication by the late Mr. William Morris, in 1892. The present version, however, is a variant on that issued in 1804, also by Mr. Ellis. We regret a little that he did not "trace Reynard back to the beginning of his literary life," despite the "many obscure corners, twistings, and turnings, complications, intricacies, and doubtful passages." Perhaps, however, such a story would be out of place in a volume which, on the face of it, is meant for popular reading. For this story we must wait until Mr. Joseph Jacobs gives us his edition of Caxton's translation.

Mr. Ellis displays a ready facility in rhyme, though such pairs as "court" "exhort," "straight" "satiato," "court" "thwart," "young" "throng" are not quite happily mated; but they will serve for younger critics with less sensitive ears.

Mr. Crane's "devices" consist of a frontispiece, a decorated title-page, and what may be called chapter head-pieces. They in no way depart from the style by which that artist is distinguished.

**Solomon Caesar Malan, D.D.** Memorials of his Life and Writings. By his Eldest Surviving Son, **Rev. A. N. Malan, M.A., F.G.S.** 9x6in., xiv.+445 pp. London, 1897. **John Murray.** 18s.

This biography is an extraordinary mixture of the dry and the amusing. When we are dragged, as with a halter, in the footsteps of the Reverend Solomon Caesar Malan through the labyrinths of Biblical hermeneutics and exegesis, amid the dustheaps of ancient Versions and petrified Eastern Churches, or over the malodorous battlefields of forgotten controversies, we honestly wish the dogmatic divine had never been rescued from the straitest sect of his father at Geneva. Nor are we in any wise mollified when we are led [about in Palestine and Greece, as though everybody had not "done" these unhappy countries *usque ad nauseam*. When biographers realize that ordinary tours, unless described with all the curious care of the literary artist, are not an essential part of every "Life," there should be held a national thanksgiving service. We will, nevertheless, admit that Dr. Malan's travels sometimes wandered into the unusual, as when he went to preach a sermon in Georgian in the Cathedral of Kutais, and always had the charm of the unpremeditated—the essential characteristic of the happy traveller. He would start with an umbrella and a black bag, and never make up his mind where he was going till he left his house. Once he came back without his black bag. "The Russians stole it and said God gave it," he reported, to explain the only instance in which he lost anything—except his temper.

Dr. Malan was possessed of a rugged and independent character, impatient of differing opinions and intolerant of contradiction, fixed as a rock in his convictions, and not a little bigoted and narrow in his views. For instance, one of his intimate friends "went over to Rome"; thenceforward the worthy rector of Broadwindsor never spoke to him again, and even turned back when he saw him in the street. No less firmly did he refuse, during the whole of Mr. Gladstone's Administration, to read in his church the prayer for the High Court of Parliament. He considered it past praying for. Curiously enough, Dr. Malan was considered to be very like Mr. Gladstone in face, and was often mistaken for him. One day, when walking on the promenade at Tenby, he found himself closely observed by the visitors there assembled.

Presently a gentleman came up, and with deferential gesture, taking off his hat, said, "Pardon me for the liberty, Sir, but we are

anxious to know if we have the honour to be in the presence of Mr. Gladstone?" "No—thank God?" was the prompt reply. "I beg your pardon, Sir." "So you ought."

This delicious scene is but one of many in which the divine appears in a quaint and humorous aspect. If the whole book were like the admirable chapter vii., on life at Broadwindsor, it would be irrealisable. The rector's sharp rejoinders, his Dorset stories (as of the mending of "Chawles's" dislocated thigh by scientific hauling); his short way with incompetent curates, such, for instance, as broke window panes and could not strop their own razors; his passion for learning musical instruments—such as the violoncello, cornet, French horn, clarinet, flute, and flageolet—without "attempting to achieve excellence," but regaling the household of an evening with the results; his skill at all mechanical arts, from shoeing horses to inlaying work-boxes; his undeniable gift of sketching, well illustrated in this book; his angling fancies, his love for his top-joint and utter contempt for the "night-cap," as he called the landing net—all these make up a picture of a unique personality, at once eccentric and capable, limited and yet versatile, self-centred and yet unmistakably noble.

But Dr. Malan was not merely an extraordinary country parson, such a parson as would be indeed the savouring salt of any parish. He was also a most distinguished Orientalist; indeed, his biographer calls him, with the pardonable exaggeration of a son, "the greatest Oriental scholar of his age." He was undoubtedly a marvellous linguist, who could write thirteen scripts at the age of eighteen, and learned to talk Armenian (for instance) fluently in a fortnight. His published works number over fifty, and include translations from the Chinese, Mongol, Coptic, Armenian, Syriac, Russian, Georgian, Ethiopic, Persian, Arabic, Welsh, Japanese, Korean, to say nothing of Hebrew, Greek, and other ordinary languages. His wide learning and fastidious scholarship reminds one of the Castells and Poocekes of a vanished age—an age of elaborate erudition which he perpetually lamented. One wishes, however, that his own work had been less severely technical. The most important was the edition of the Gospel of St. John according to the eleven oldest Versions, and there is no doubt that "Versions" were his strongest subject. It was as a leading authority in this large and varied field that he lent such valuable support to Dean Burgon's onslaught upon the Revised New Testament. At the same time, one cannot but regret that so much of Dr. Malan's scholarly labour was spent upon heated controversies, and his biographer would have done well to expunge or qualify many severe and unjust expressions of the *odium theologicum*, as he has qualified Dr. Malan's uninformed ridicule of evolution. As a rule, the biographer is singularly fair, and his power of drawing a life-like picture of village life is unquestionable. The introductory account of the martyrs among the Vaudois and Huguenot Malans and the Transvaal branch of the family is also interesting, and there is much excellent reading in the chapter on the Calvinist Church at Geneva.

**The Eversley Bible**, containing the Old and New Testaments; to which is prefixed an Introduction by **J. W. Mackail**. Vols. I., II., III., Genesis to Esther. 7¼x4¾in., 513 pp. London, 1897. **Macmillan.** 5s.

As long ago as the publication of *Essays and Reviews*, the claim was raised by the critic to treat the Bible "like any other book." It soon became obvious that the literary man would make a similar demand. Partly in a spirit of concession to the orthodox reverence for the sacred volume, partly from an exactly opposite feeling—the desire to assert the impartiality of culture, it became the fashion among litterateurs of the school of Matthew Arnold to adopt towards the Bible as known to us in the Authorized Version an attitude, not only of civility, but of admiration. The result is such a volume as the one before us. Mr. Mackail, in the admirable preface contained in the first number, is not quite correct in saying that no previous edition has attempted to modernize the printing of the Bible. In the Modern Readers' Bible, now being published, the



same idea finds expression. Undoubtedly the re-arrangement of the text here adopted will tend to a truer appreciation of the sacred books, not only on their literary, but on their religious side. Continuity of thought and narrative is certainly assisted by the discarding of chapters and verses, and of the too frequent dislocation of the text by multitudinous references to marginal or other notes. Great advantage also arises from an intelligent use of paragraphs. Apart from spelling and punctuation, no further editing is attempted by Mr. Mackail. There are no notes and no subject headings to the pages or (besides their titles) to the books. It is perhaps pardonable in a scholar, who is regarding the Authorized Version solely as a "great treasury of English prose," to speak rather strongly of the arbitrary and often unintelligent arrangement of the text in verses, which was invented in the 16th century. He agrees that it is now impossible to recall it; but we cannot agree with him in regarding this fact with nothing but regret. For the purposes of devotion, no less than of preaching and education, the arrangement is invaluable. But there is, of course, no reason whatever why a Bible printed "like any other book" should not also have its place and be equally serviceable for different uses. On another point Mr. Mackail's righteous indignation at the treatment which the English Bible has received, and which, as he says, "has no parallel in English literature," carries him rather far. He points out that it is, in its present form, simply a degraded reproduction of the original folio of 1611. It has been reduced "by sheer pressure" into an octavo, and the single-volume form arranged on the scheme of a folio, has thus been preserved to an age which rejects folios, but has invested this one volume in its traditional form with an almost superstitious reverence. A remodelling, however, of the pages of the Authorized Version as they at present stand need not necessarily imply an abandonment of the single volume. The Eversley Bible is to consist of eight volumes. It is admirably printed, but it could well afford to be compressed into fewer volumes with larger pages. Without discussing the question whether it would be possible to "modernize" the Bible in a one volume edition, one may at any rate protest against Mr. Mackail's assertion that "no one ever reads a single volume Shakespeare if there is one in three, or in thirteen, or even in forty volumes accessible."

The question of spelling has of course been carefully considered, and the modernization has been extended to many words which have undergone alteration since the last revision, such as "bishopric" for "bishoprick," "rearward" for "rereward." Where an old spelling marks a real grammatical difference between Jacobean and Victorian English, or where it marks a word allied to, but distinct from, the word which represents it to-day, the older form has wisely been kept. A more questionable course, perhaps, but one we are not inclined to cavil at, is the retention of what is now an obsolete spelling, because it is more etymologically correct, as "ribband," "sycamore." The text here adopted is that of the Authorized Version of 1611, which, as we are here reminded, is not quite identical with the Bible now issued from the Oxford University Press. Mr. Mackail does well also to recall the fact that the so-called Authorized Version—pronounced by Dr. Jowett to be "in a certain sense more inspired than the original"—did not owe its universal acceptance to a monopoly. It was not formally authorized, and it took the place of other translations, as it has maintained its place against the Revised Version, by its intrinsic merit. Mr. Mackail ascribes the special literary quality of some portions of the translation, as Genesis and Isaiah, to Bishop Andrewes and Bishop Smith. The uniform excellence of the whole must be traced back in some degree to Coverdale.

It was an age (says Mr. Mackail) of debased Gothic in literature as well as in building. The freedom, the invention, the simple daring of earlier periods were rapidly being lost, and the more succinct and ordered beauty to be found in the prose of the 18th century was still far in the future. . . . On the one hand lay pedantry, on the other vulgarity. Much of the ablest writing of that age succeeds in

uniting both. But from both alike the English Bible with unimportant exceptions is conspicuously free.

These volumes will certainly help to give the Authorized Version its exact position among English classics, and the publishers may be congratulated on having secured the services of an editor peculiarly fitted to perform the delicate task of re-editing it for modern readers.

**Poems.** By the late John Lucas Tupper. Selected and Edited by William Michael Rossetti. Svo. London, 1897. Longmans. 5/-

John Lucas Tupper was one of the Pre-raphaelite Brotherhood, but abandoned art as a profession while still young, and became in 1865 drawing-master at Rugby, where he died in 1879. He accomplished no important work as an artist, except a statue of Linnæus in the Oxford University Museum, but appears to have left behind, to those who knew him well, the memory of a marked personality and a very lovable character. This volume is proof of the surviving affection of one of his early Pre-raphaelite friends, who has collected his poems, few of which have previously been published, in the conviction that the time has come for "proving that he was a man with a very considerable poetic gift of his own."

It is easy to be deceived by the partiality of friendship in these matters, but the poems, as a whole, fully justify Mr. Rossetti's decision to give them to the public. They are not great poetry—no one will claim it for them—but neither are they mere exercises in the making of verses, as so many volumes of minor poetry are. What Mr. Tupper writes about he has seen and felt for himself. There is a note of absolute sincerity about his work; more than that, there is the note of a man who had his own way of looking at things. Work of this sort is always worth knowing, and not least when it comes from one in whom some interest will always be felt independently, for the sake of his connexion with a movement, whose high purpose and spirit exercised an influence which extended—it is too often forgotten—far beyond the world of stone or canvas.

The most conspicuous element in Tupper's poetic gift appears to us to be what Mr. Rossetti calls his "acute susceptibility to impressions." The world about him was a place full of infinite suggestions to his sensitive imagination. There is more than a pretty fancy, for instance, in the stanzas called "Renovation"; and if there is nothing particularly profound in them we have no right to ask profundity of one who makes no claim to be called more than a minor poet. It is the function of the greatest, and of them alone, to give us, in a moment, by a single poem, perhaps by a single phrase, a new interpretation of the world, a new point of view from which we have never before looked at life. The lesser men are well employed in making themselves the spokesmen of what all men of imagination feel to a greater or less degree, but cannot utter. And for the mass of men who see nothing beyond the fact in things, they, too, are interpreters in their measure.

The book is made up by the insertion of some pieces in a lighter vein—"friendly chaff," as Mr. Rossetti calls them. They have little interest, and it would have been better to omit them, even though their absence made a small volume smaller still. Of the sonnets—of which there are about 20—none are of the first rank, but there are at least half a dozen which have a real distinction of their own—this, for instance, addressed to Mr. Holman Hunt:—

I see so much of sorrow on the earth,  
O Hunt, that—were it not for natural things,  
The careless loitering of lucent springs,  
The evening sweetness, and the morning mirth  
Of songsters, and (far most amidst this dearth  
Of earthly love) thy brave endeavours  
To catch the far harmonious murmurings  
That tell how calm a region gave them birth,—  
I might be led to doubt, in evil hour  
(With such a failure as the world doth seem,  
Where love and ruth front churlishness and hate),  
I might be won in darkened hour to dream  
Of chance misrule, or evil-guiding power,  
But for these counsellings to hope and wait.

It is true there is an echo in it which Mr. Tupper has caught from Milton and Wordsworth and a doubtful rhyme in the sixth and seventh lines of the octave; but the fine third line is all his own. Other striking sonnets are "An Evening Fantasy," "Rain," "Sub Jove," and the final one to his wife, in which he well says of himself that he sang of

rarest things  
That make the earth a perfume and a song,  
And of vague solace of imaginings.

That is true and finely said. In temperament, in sympathy, in all the receptive side of him he was a pure poet; all that he needed for the accomplishment of greater things was a freer and larger utterance. There is something a little cramped and timid about his work, leaving the impression that he had more in him than he could find words to say; but all that he did succeed in saying bears the stamp of being as sincerely uttered as it has been finely felt.

**Literary Pamphlets.** Selected by Ernest Rhys. (The Pamphlet Library.) 2 vols. 8x5 1/2 in., 278+273 pp. London, 1897. Kegan Paul. 5/- each vol.

What is a pamphlet? The word itself, of uncertain origin, existed in our language so far back as the year 1344; when it is found in the *Philobiblon* of Richard de Bury. It has, however, meant very different things at different times. Robert Greene's novels, for instance, were called, on their appearance in Queen Elizabeth's reign, Love Pamphlets.

Printed matter has been defined as a pamphlet by three tests in succession—the absence of binding, the *format*, and the literary purpose. Down to the Restoration Age, books in this country were usually published in the form of stitched sheets. It was the purchaser who afterwards had some five, eight, or ten texts bound together in parchment or leather; of which countless examples in the original binding may be seen in the Bodleian Library. The less serious of such texts were regarded, in those days, as pamphlets; and were usually sold for a great each. Shakespeare's Quarto Plays, on their first appearance, were looked upon as mere pamphlets. With this there was associated the idea that a pamphlet could hardly be of a larger size than that of a quarto. Pope's "Essay on Criticism" of 1711, reprinted in these volumes, was first issued as a sixpenny quarto pamphlet; and admirably satisfies all the conditions of the three tests above alluded to. It has been by a looser and a later usage of speech that folios have been called pamphlets. Thomason's splendid collection of Civil War Tracts, issued in folio as well as in quarto, and now preserved in the British Museum, are known as the King's Pamphlets; but that is a recent designation, the King being George III. We also now designate Dryden's "Absalom and Achitophel," of 1681, though first published in folio, as a famous political pamphlet in verse. At what precise date the word pamphlet superseded the word tract, now confined to religious texts, we may not know for some five years to come, when the great Oxford Dictionary will have reached the letter P. So far, we have not met with absolutely positive evidence of the booksellers' technical use of the word pamphlet earlier than in John Wilford's *Monthly Catalogue*, 1723-1729; about which period there were regular pamphlet shops wholly devoted to the publication and sale of the same. We now come to the third definition of a pamphlet—an argument, an essay, or a treatise, in prose or verse, usually issued, as we have said above, in octavo or quarto, and in the form of stitched sheets. Political tracts of this kind were the forerunners of newspapers, and began to be a power in the State immediately after the Revolution of 1688. They continued to flourish, as a potent form of literature, until the appearance, some forty years ago, of the penny newspapers, which effectually supplanted them.

It would be an excellent subject for discussion, which is the most famous pamphlet in the English language? Provisionally, we would suggest, "Killing, no Murder!" among political pamphlets; the "Eikon Basilike" being regarded as a book; and Milton's "Arcopagitica," also reprinted in these volumes, as a

literary pamphlet. Out of this large section of our literature, Mr. Arthur Waugh is now selecting "The Pamphlet Library"; and the two excellently-printed volumes before us contain "Literary Pamphlets, chiefly relating to Poetry." The editor, Mr. Rhys, has not, however, confined his texts to the scope of his title. Dr. Johnson's essay on the importance of small tracts, excellent as it was for the Age in which it was written, is now quite out of date, and has nothing specially to do with poetry; neither has the "Arcopagitica," though written in poet's prose. Swift's "The Importance of the *Guardian* considered" is a fierce political pamphlet.

It is, we think, a mistake to reprint old texts in the old way of setting type. The aim should ever be to put the old thought in the newest form. Anything—whether old spelling, old setting, or writing in dialect—that superinduces friction in the mind must be, in this Age of hurry and haste, a drawback; unless there are distinct philological aims in view.

Lovers of our literature will find in these volumes some most delightful and suggestive reading, illustrative at once both of the power and the flexibility of the English tongue.

**Marie Antoinette Dauphine.** By Pierre de Nolhac. 7x5 1/2 in., 320 pp. Paris, 1898. Calmann Lévy. 3f. 50c.

Marie Antoinette is an inexhaustible subject of interest in France. Complete biographies and monographs of different periods of her life follow in quick succession, and after all the memoirs of the time, letters, and despatches which have been published of late years fresh materials are still discoverable. M. Nolhac, for instance, has found in the French archives and public libraries despatches from the Vienna Embassy respecting the marriage, letters from Louis XV. to the Dauphin, memoirs of the Duc de Croy, a journal of the Gentlemen in Waiting, and other documents which, though not materially modifying previous impressions, furnish interesting additional details of Marie Antoinette's first four years in France. M. Nolhac has thus been able to give a very full and vivid description of the difficulties of her situation and of the many pitfalls which were laid for her. Needless to say, he writes in a tone of sympathy, for whereas Napoleon is still discussed by foes as well as friends, Marie Antoinette's enemies, if any exist, are now silent. The impression left by the book, moreover, is that she showed much more tact and committed fewer mistakes than from her inexperience and want of application could have been expected. She had at times to resist even her mother's counsels, for these were apt to be prompted by exclusive regard to Austrian interests. Mme. Dubarry, perhaps, occupies somewhat disproportionate space in the volume, albeit her presentation at Court exposed Marie Antoinette to a severe ordeal, and M. Nolhac's conception of Mme. Louise's entry into a Carmelite convent as an expiation of her father's *amour* with Dubarry is more fanciful than historical. No such view was taken by contemporaries, and if Mme. Campan, not likely to be inaccurate on this point, can be trusted, that Princess had long resolved on exchanging a Court for a convent. M. Nolhac has already written on Marie Antoinette as Queen. Although he has hitherto occupied himself mainly with the Renaissance, he has naturally been led, as curator of the Versailles Museum, to make her one of his special studies.

**Joseph Capperon.** Notes d'Art et de Littérature avec une Notice Biographique. By Max Leclerc. Paris, 1897. Armand Colin. 4f.

M. Max Leclerc has betrayed the soundness of his own judgment in matters of literary criticism, and has done himself an honour, by the net which couples his name on the title-page of this book with that of his former comrade at the *École des Sciences Politiques*. We had chiefly known him hitherto as the brilliant disciple of M. Boutmy, and as the author of the important studies of English and American social life which attracted the attention of a public larger than that of the French Academy which "crowned" them. Joseph Capperon, the author

of these "Notes on Art and Literature," died just as he had passed his 30th year, unknown to the Paris public, but already esteemed in the little University world and the recognized medium in the *Journal de Genève*, as a writer between Geneva and Paris, of the best that was being produced in the latter centre. The contents of this book, except for the two remarkable essays at the end which were contributed to special reviews, are the best of the pages which he signed as correspondent for the Swiss newspaper. For the most part, nothing less journalistic was ever steadily contributed to a modern journal. M. Capperon's readers in Geneva were fortunate people. To receive periodically the results of observations so just and so inclusive was better than being in Paris, for it was to behold Paris as in a mirage over their own lake: it was to watch the movement of French ideas from a safe vantage ground. And now London may profit—not for the first time—by what Geneva welcomed so intelligently.

Not merely to afford sufficient sanction for this estimate of M. Capperon's work, but to have the pleasure of rendering into English some of the happiest appreciations yet produced of the gifts of at least one pre-eminent French writer, we quote the following on Renan, written in 1892:—

If the great writer whose death has filled this week had quitted life towards 1879, in the midst of his labours, leaving us with his special works of philology, and, besides his completed "Histoire des Origines du Christianisme," the "Dialogues" and the first "Drames Philosophiques," the masterly articles in the *Journal des Débats* and the *Revue des Deux Mondes* which formed his volumes of "Essais," and finally the powerful manuscript of his youth, the "Avenir de la Science," then still unpublished, the posthumous publication of which would have completed the unity of his life—this life and the whole personality of Ernest Renan would then have appealed to posterity in a clear light. It would then have been not difficult to recognize and appreciate his influence. It would have been seen how, by his earliest work, he had killed Voltairian irony and restored to incredulous criticism the respect and the complete comprehension of religious movements; how he had, later on, created a new way of regarding the universe and the ensemble of human things, from a point of view lofty, detached, optimistic, and indulgent, one which was at this epoch very original and which a good many youthful minds adopted after him; how, finally, the writer in Renan, without rhetoric, without excess or falseness of tone, and without any *parti pris* of elevation, had found once more a form of expression, of which the charms, the ease, the abandon, the countless shadings, and the universal power were a miracle of Atticism, recalled the finest utterances of Plato or Fénelon, and deserved the application to them of what Plutarch, translated by our ancient Anyot, says so well of the life of Timoléon, in comparing it with the pictures of Nicomachus and the verses of Homer—*ayant, indépendamment du beau, bien du facile*. And such a Renan as this would not have belonged to the province of the *chroniqueurs* jealous of their name of "Parisians"; for, after the first glow and the scandal of his "Vie de Jésus," he had become oncomore one of those simple illustrious men, like his confrère M. Taine, whom the great world knows almost solely by their name. But, between 1879 and those last months of his life when illness had visibly touched him, it happened that Ernest Renan tasted official honours and popularity, the attention of the foolish and the favour of the *salons*; he came down from his Mont Ste. Geneviève, and from the old ecclesiastical college where he was at work, and mixed with the *grisettes* and the students. There is, at the corner of the Boulevard Saint Michel, near the Cluny Theatre, a large photograph of the famous Hobraist, who regards with his head bent on one side, and with his indelible eyes, the hubbub of one of the noisiest centres of the Quartier Latin. This portrait in this spot always seemed to philosophic minds a symbol of the attitude which the author of the "Avenir de la Science" had finally assumed.

M. Capperon continues his analysis with finer touches, but for the rest the reader must go to this admirable book. After all, this passage is enough to account for M. Max Leclerc's estimate of his friend as a fine intelligence, admirably active and eane, and penetrated through and through with French culture. The book is indeed another witness to the intensity of intellectual life on French soil.

So varied were the energies of the late William Morris that some complete guide to his achievements, direct or indirect, in the world of literature is much needed by any one who would form a correct estimate of his genius. This want has been supplied by Mr. Temple Scott in his *BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE WORKS OF WILLIAM MORRIS* (Bell). The titles of the first five

chapters are an index to Morris's versatility—Original Poems, Romances, Art, Socialist Writings, Translations. Another chapter catalogues the contributions to literature of a different kind made under his guidance—viz., the publications of the Kelmscott Press. The book also includes Morris's own contributions to periodicals and magazines, and all articles on the man, his work, and his writings which have appeared in periodical literature. A chronological summary of his works is given at the end. Mr. Temple Scott's reputation as a bibliophile is sufficient guarantee for the care with which the bibliography is compiled.

Messrs. Cassell and Co. had a happy conception in their series of handsome volumes illustrating the Rivers of Great Britain. In no country are the rivers so varied and interesting a feature in the scenery as in Great Britain, and to every reader who either lives in the country or takes his holiday, as wise men should, not always on the Continent or at Brighton, the rivers which flow through every county at home are sure to recall some of the happiest memories of his life. The two volumes on "The Royal River" and "Rivers of the East Coast," which have been published some time, were capitally done, and so is the new one entitled *RIVERS OF THE SOUTH AND WEST COAST—the West Coast*, by the way, carrying one up to Ayrshire and the Clyde. The only thing we miss in the letter-press is a hint or two of guidance to those who propose to explore the rivers in a boat. The Warwickshire Avon, for example, is not quite so simple a matter as the Thames, and some information might be given as to a good starting point, as to the locks, and as to where to put up for the night. But the letter-press, which is by different authors, is throughout popular, without being trashy; and the illustrations are liberal in quantity and excellent in quality.

The fifth edition of Mr. George Saintsbury's *SHORT HISTORY OF FRENCH LITERATURE* has lately made its appearance (Clarendon Press). The book has been revised and the section on the Nineteenth Century greatly enlarged. In its present form it furnishes an excellent introduction to the vast subject of which it treats. Mr. Saintsbury says, in his preface, that he is afraid he could write a severer criticism of the book than any that has yet appeared. Be that as it may, he has done his work in a conscientious and painstaking manner, and we doubt not that the present edition will meet with the recognition it deserves, although in some respects the book is still open to the strictures passed upon it by the late M. Scherer some years ago. "We should recognize more fully than we do," says Matthew Arnold, "the immense importance and interest of French literature. Certain productions of this literature Mr. Saintsbury may misjudge and overpraise, but he is entirely right in insisting on its immense importance." In the edition of his history before us Mr. Saintsbury touches upon the work of the most conspicuous writers in France at the present moment, such as "Pierre Loti," M. Bourget, M. Anatole France, "Gyp," M. Jules Lemaitre, and M. Brunetière; and the book has therefore a continuity and a completeness which materially add to its usefulness. We observe that the dates of Corneille's tragedies, as given by Mr. Saintsbury, differ in several instances from those given by M. Émile Picot in his "Bibliographie Cornélienne," published in 1876.

A selection of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons should appeal to a far wider public than that which formed his regular audience. The thirty-six sermons now published by Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, under the title *THE EVERLASTING GOSPEL*, were selected by the late General Sir R. P. Hayre, and will furnish preachers and homiletical students of all religious denominations an excellent model of evangelical oratory.

## EDUCATIONAL.

**Chapters on the Aims and Practice of Teaching**  
 Edited by **Frederic Spencer**, Professor of the French Language and Literature in the University College of North Wales. 7½x5½ in., 281 pp. 1897.  
 Cambridge University Press. 6s.

With the growing perception of the necessity of some training for the profession of teacher the literature of "Paedagogic," or the art of teaching, is perceptibly on the increase in England. We are beginning to realize that the most vital question in education is not so much what subjects shall be taught—though this has an im-

portance of its own—as how best to teach whatever is taught; and that (to quote the words of the Royal Commission on Secondary Education) “it is not so much in the remodelling of curricula as in the improvement of methods, and above all in the supply of more highly educated and more skilful teachers, that educational progress must in future consist.” The idea of the volume before us is to provide for the benefit of teachers in Welsh schools and colleges a body of suggestive hints on teaching the principal subjects of a liberal education, each subject being dealt with by an expert. The subjects chosen are Greek, Latin, French and German, English, History, Geography, Algebra, Geometry, Physical Science, Chemistry, Botany, and Physiology; and the writers are all teachers of practical experience, qualified to speak on their respective subjects. The papers are not all of equal merit; and sometimes their general value is discounted by limitation of the point of view to Welsh education. That on the teaching of Greek, for instance, avowedly applies to older students, and late beginners such as are found in the Scotch Universities and English provincial colleges, with whom Greek represents a deliberate choice made at a time when they are of age to judge. For such students, Professor Rhys Roberts concludes that the result attained should be good, “provided always (1) that they have received a thorough training in English and in the elements of Latin and of one or more of the Continental languages, and (2) that they are allowed to devote an adequate amount of time to the study when once they begin it.” Amid much that is good, it may seem invidious to pick and choose. But the best paper, to our mind, is that on the teaching of Latin, by Mr. J. L. Paton, an Assistant Master at Rugby. It would be hard to find a better summary of the educational value of Latin, or a more intelligent and practical exposition of the right principles of teaching it—or, for the matter of that, any other language.

Latin (says Mr. Paton) has a professional value for the clergyman, lawyer, doctor, apothecary, schoolmaster, and all students of history or archaeology. It has a value also for the commercial man. Once he has mastered Latin he will master French, Italian, Portuguese, Spanish, or any modern language of the Romance family in a quarter of the time he would otherwise require. . . . It is impossible to thoroughly understand English, not only literary English, but the English of everyday life, without a knowledge of Latin.

Mr. Paton's practical suggestions are most of them excellent. We entirely agree with him that the drudgery of grammar should be, as far as may be, mitigated, and composition and translation go *patri passu* with it; that teaching lists of “roots,” or “crude forms,” is inadvisable for beginners; and that every lesson in Latin may and ought to be a lesson also in English. On the value of retranslation and repetition (not always as much used as they should be) he is in accord with the best teachers; and we cordially endorse his view of the supreme value of Latin prose in good hands.

Rightly handled, Latin prose is, perhaps, the most effective instrument of education a teacher can use. Here, at any rate, no cramming is possible, no criba or subterfuges of any kind can do a boy's thinking for him. One of the greatest masters of English prose style, the late Cardinal Newman, attributed his command of English style to the practice of translating every day two or three sentences into Latin.

The editor himself contributes a suggestive paper on the teaching of French and German, somewhat too technical, perhaps, for ordinary readers, but with many valuable hints for teachers. He advocates what is sometimes called the “natural” method of teaching any living lan-

guage—viz., with reference to its use in speech, the immediate aim being “to enable the learner to understand speech in the foreign idiom and to use it himself as the direct instrument of thought.” A very practical paper for the guidance of teachers seems to be that on Geometry, by Mr. Workman, Head Master of Kingswood School, Bath. We observe that he stands by Euclid himself with his prescription of 2,000 years in preference to any of Euclid's “Modern rivals,” amusingly satirized by the author of “Alice in Wonderland.” Teachers, also, of Geography and the various branches of physical science will find many practical and helpful suggestions on the teaching of their respective subjects. But neither they nor any other book on “*paedagogic*” will make a teacher of one who has it not in him. The author of a certain cookery book ends his (or her) preface with the remark:—“With every receipt in this book must be understood one more ingredient, viz., brains”; and if the teacher himself be dull, the best method may become stagnant and petrifying. After all, as Mr. Paton says, the main factor in teaching is the personality of the teacher.

**Vittorino da Feltre, and other Humanist Educators. Essays and Versions. An Introduction to the History of Classical Education. By W. H. Woodward, Lecturer on Education in Victoria University. 7½x5½in., 256 pp. 1897. Cambridge University Press. 6/-**

Classical culture together with a religious spirit were the distinguishing features of the Humanist educators. The best interests of school education were not linked with the Poggios and Bombos, who defiantly burst asunder the restraints of religion and morality. Exclusive culture “for its own sake,” fired with a passion for antiquity and a thirst for individual fame, could not adapt itself to the lowly task of educating children. To use a logical term these mere scholars were too much interested in the intension of the concept of education to have energy to spare in promoting the extension of it.

Mr. Woodward, with justice, insists on the practical character of the Humanist education, and attributes it to the connexion of the educators with Courts. Vittorino was chosen by the Gonzaghi as the teacher of their children. It is true Vittorino included others, even poor children, in his school if only they were docile and promising. The essential fact remains that Vittorino was a Court schoolmaster as truly as “the little schoolmaster Mark.” Guarino da Verona was the *protégé* of the Court of the d'Estes at Ferrara. P. P. Vergerius dedicates his educational treatise to the son of the Lord of Pañua. Lionardo Bruni d'Arezzo's “*De Studiis et Literis*” was written for the daughter of the Count of Urbino. The practical object of these teachers and their books was to produce a good prince, or (since other children were introduced into the schools) more broadly, the making of good citizens. The new wealth of material in classical culture chiefly served to enrich the content of the education desirable in the making of the citizen.

It was, then, in the Courts, and not in the Universities, that education, especially child education, found its impetus. Mr. Woodward connects the idea readily enough with the teaching of the ancients, now become the fountain head of knowledge and wisdom. Plato and Aristotle in Greece, Quintilian in Rome had in view the practical end of citizenship. In this association of the Court with education it is surely not necessary to go as far back as ancient history to explain at least one side of Humanist education. The medieval training of the knight had combined, sometimes, the seven liberal arts with the *probitates*. The latter included reading, swimming, shooting with the bow, boxing, hunting, chess-playing, verse-making. These represent roughly the physical training so eagerly demanded by Vittorino and his group. For the seven liberal arts the choicest fruits of the study of the classical writers are substituted, Vittorino being the first modern schoolmaster to teach Greek. The Court itself offered the best

traditions of chivalric education; the Humanists contributed classical scholarship. Only one factor was further necessary—that the child should not be thought unworthy of training in both. "No criticism," says Mr. Woodward on this point, "is less justifiable than that which charges against humanistic education that it ignored childhood."

In Vittorino's life is presented vividly the solution of the vexed question—Whether scholarship is compatible with school-mastering, or whether its graces and resources are thrown away on such work. Implicitly the answer is—The issues involved in good education are so vital that it may claim the best equipped of scholars without impediment to their mental activity. It is of Vittorino that Mr. Symonds says—"Few lives of which there is any record were so perfectly praiseworthy." The researches of recent years by such Italian scholars as Professor Sabbadini have caused all earlier accounts to be meagre and inadequate. Mr. Woodward has by his own industry contributed some new details, and has gathered together the best results of the researches of others, so that we have now incomparably the best account yet produced of Vittorino in English.

Mr. Woodward names nine educational treatises written between 1393 and 1475. It would have given a sense of completeness if he had given us the nine, instead of translating only four. He tells us that Colet was the first Englishman "to acknowledge that education was primarily the concern of the layman and the citizen." It should not, however, be forgotten that in England, as early as 1385, Lady Berkeley established her Grammar School at Wotton-under-Edge, more than 100 years before Colet's foundation of St. Paul's School. Vittorino would at that time be seven years of age.

**Some Observations of a Foster-Parent.** By J. C. Tarver. 8x5½in., 282 pp. Westminster, 1897. Constable. 6s.

Mr. J. C. Tarver adds to the list of recent works on education—a list which we fear is in danger of becoming overloaded—an amusing but thoughtful book, intended to assist the continuance of friendly diplomatic relations between the school-master and the parent. Mr. Tarver is himself a foster-parent—i.e., a schoolmaster at a boarding-school. He was himself at Eton—which he is audacious and independent enough to criticize in favour of Clifton—and has clearly had much experience in the various difficulties which beset the schoolmaster in his dealings not only with "Tommy," but with Tommy's parents. "There is no person," he says with much truth, "more likely to fall into error than the person who has just learnt something fresh. The majority of parents are in this position. By becoming parents they for the first time are obliged to study children, and they trumpet forth new discoveries which were stale news when Aristophanes wrote *The Clouds*." He is not, however, so unwise as to storm at the parent. His object is to show that the schoolmaster is not the natural enemy of the parent, to break through the extraordinary apathy of the latter as to the intellectual training of their children, and generally to "open communications" on behalf of his colleagues with his and their employers.

The book is fresh and on many subjects original. Not only parents, but schoolmasters, will find a great deal of good sense in it, but not very much in the way of practical suggestion. The chapters on punishment, truthfulness, and athletics do not offer very much in the way of guidance on the main problems connected with the care of boys; and one cannot attach much weight to a scheme for local secondary schools propounded in Chapter 22. But the author succeeds in his endeavour to give to a parent better reasons for giving or withholding confidence in a school, and in doing so he shows much insight into the real bearing of a great many educational questions. In the chapter on reading and writing, he makes some interesting remarks on a theory that faults in pronunciation and spelling are due to deficient hearing, and that the changes which consonants undergo in kindred languages are due to modifications of the organs of hearing and not to any difference in the vocal organs.

## ART.

**Christ and His Mother in Italian Art.** Edited by Julia Cartwright (Mrs. Ady). With an Introduction by Robert Eyton, Canon of Westminster. 23½ x 13in., 258 pp. London, 1897. Bliss, Sands. £10 10s.

This is a book quite in the grand style—fifty master-pieces of Italian Art reproduced in photogravure by Lemerrier et Cie, of Paris, with sketches of the life and work of each of the masters, and a slight but sympathetic introduction by Canon Eyton. The chief point that he makes is that

The humanization of Christ has been effected for the masses by means of works like these, portraying the most moving of all spectacles, wherever seen on earth—the child in its mother's arms. The thing that draws Him closest to us, and ourselves to Him, at all times, is that He had a mother, and that His mother was to Him what only a mother can be, and this idea the "endless" Madonnas have put into a shape and have given to it a concreteness which makes obscuration of His real manhood impossible.

The painters whose works have been selected to illustrate this theme are thirty in number. Giotto, Fra Angelico, Lippo Lippi, Botticelli, the elder Ghirlandajo, Leonardo, Credi, Fra Bartolommeo, Albertinelli, del Sarto, Michel Angelo, fairly stand for Florence; Umbria with Central Italy is represented by da Fabriano, Piero, Signorelli, Perugino, and Raffaele; Bologna-Ferrara by Francia and Correggio, Lombardy by Luini, Padua by Mantegna, and Venice by ten of its greatest, ending with Paolo Veronese, including Giambellini, Giorgione, and Titian. He must be very hard to please who is dissatisfied with the selection, although neither Siennese, nor early Lombard, nor Veronese art is exemplified.

The biographical sketches are very sufficient, as well as the historical notes set opposite to each picture. They are exceedingly up-to-date, so that one almost smiles to find Titian's masterpiece of the Borghese Palace mentioned quite casually as the "Medea and Venus," as for centuries, indeed until Prof. Wickhoff a few months ago discovered the correct attribution, it was known to all Englishmen as well as Italians, as the Sacred and Profane Love. The historical notes to which we have referred generally contain all the needed information, including the provenance of the picture, the traditions respecting it, and the name of the gallery which has the honour of possessing it. In one or two instances, however, this last and most useful detail is omitted, so that the reader who finds himself face to face with the superb "Santa Conversazione" of Lotto is not told that this noble picture is in the Hof Museum at Vienna. The execution of the illustrations is exceedingly soft, even, and rich, but like all similar transcriptions the exactness with which they suggest the originals varies considerably. Their prevailing quality is, as we have said, soft and rich, and this sometimes gives a Venetian look to pictures like "The Salutation" of Albertinelli, which is quite foreign to the original. Among the greatest successes are the reproductions of the Raffaelles, especially the Panshanger Madonna, the picture by the Frate from the same collection, the Madonna of Luini with the rose-trellis (a motive lifted from Borgognone), and the Adoration of the Magi by Ghirlandajo in the Innocente Chapel. The original of this picture is at the moment a ruin, the fine finish of toned glazing that gave it unity and softness having been all flayed off by the cleaner, who, by the restoration of the brighter colours, has further put it out of scale. But no one would suspect this in looking at this beautiful photograph.

**Thomas Gainsborough.** A Record of his Life and Works, with Illustrations. By Mrs. Arthur Bell (N. d'Auvers). 11 $\frac{1}{2}$  x 8 $\frac{1}{2}$  in., 200 pp. London, 1897.

Bell. 25-n.

Perhaps the best way to tell the story of the art life of a great painter is by exhibiting fine examples of his works, even although these can be presented only in the monotone of a heliographic process. But, though the subtleties of Gainsborough's lovely colour can in this way be only "dimly seen or guessed," much of his charm, even the charm of his incomparably brilliant touch, can, in great part, be conveyed. In this sumptuous volume the most celebrated of the artist's masterpieces are reproduced, sometimes in the Swan Company's electro process, sometimes by a simpler method. But, as they say in the preface—

The publishers have not been content to remain on the beaten track only, but have been at considerable trouble in tracing out many specimens of characteristic work hitherto unknown to the public.

There are more than fifty of them altogether. Among the most attractive, there are, besides the chief National Gallery examples:—"The Lady Mulgrave," a picture which for sweet colour and exquisite refinement, and, one may add, for *chic*, is perhaps without a peer; the first Countess Spencer, the *mater pulchri* of that *filia pulchrior* her Grace of Devonshire; Mr. Gardner's portrait study of "A Young Girl," which shows Gainsborough holding his own against Sir Joshua; "Gainsborough's Nephew," a preliminary study for the "Blue Boy," and that inimitable *tour de force* itself, which, as a French critic has truly said, recalls both Watteau and Van Dyck—"L'audace et la grâce parfaite de Watteau, la sévère élégance de Van Dyck." Several of the innumerable landscapes unappreciated in his life are also given, taken most of them from etchings or drawings, though there are a few from his oil-paintings, such as "Repose." This is a most characteristic work, and one which, as here produced by the Electric Engraving Company, is full of the "temperamental charm" of the great painter. For in him it is essentially the individual feeling for landscape that arrests and holds one, and it does this with hardly diminished force when the execution is mannered and the detail, even the foliage, entirely conventional. There is not much at this time of day that can be said of Gainsborough which is both true and new; but Mrs. Bell has rewritten his life with care and spirit. She balances doubtful issues with discretion, and at the same time shows a proper enthusiasm for the subject of her memoir. She rightly insists that he was by nature, as we may say, a landscape painter, if by grace he was a portraitist.

His ambition, from the first, was to be a landscape painter, and to the end of his career no rival ever shared his devotion to his first love, Nature. Great as he undoubtedly was in portraiture, he would have been yet greater in landscape had he lived half a century later, when the true claims of English landscape art were recognized.

One hardly knows whether one can accept this view without qualification. Doubtless in his day he was our best landscape painter, but then, to repeat Wilson's retort on Sir Joshua, he was "our best portrait painter too," and English portraiture was then at its high-water mark of excellence.

**Decorative Heraldry.** A Practical Handbook of its Artistic Treatment. By G. W. Eve. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  in., xvi. + 281 pp. London, 1897.

Bell. 106 n.

Heraldry, one might say, is inherently and almost inevitably decorative; but the heraldic draughtsman has shown of late years such wonderful ingenuity in divesting it of the ornamental

character by rights belonging to it that it was high time some one should remind us that it is an art, and a decorative one. This Mr. St. John Hope did in a very timely and helpful paper read before the Society of Arts a short while ago; and now Mr. Eve takes up his parable at greater length in this volume of the *Ex-Libris* Series.

In discussing "the origin of heraldic forms" he takes a liberal view of what constitutes heraldry; "any badge, either of individual or family, which is used as a personal distinction and not as a merely adventitious ornament, may justly," he thinks, "be considered heraldic," and he has accordingly some interesting remarks to make about Egyptian, Greek, and other early devices commonly regarded more as symbolic than heraldic. The development of heraldry in the Middle Ages is traced at some length, but a little too much in the spirit of the herald, and not quite like a decorator. Nor is justice done to Medieval German heraldry, which is inadequately represented by a couple of shields from the tomb of Duke John of Cleves. Nowhere during the later Gothic period was such vigorous heraldic work done as in Germany, where, indeed, the decorative use of mantling was carried to a point of perfection unapproached by any other people, even by the Swiss, who, again, are not mentioned by Mr. Eve. He compares German with Italian work somewhat to the disparagement of the former. No one, of course, would think of putting German art on a par with Italian; but in this one direction of heraldry the Teuton was master of us all. It was his native art; the Italians took to it only in a half-hearted way. Among the many illustrations given—some of them very interesting—only one other example of German work occurs, and that is described as French. The arms, indeed, are French; the cupboard door may have been carved in France; but no Frenchman ever treated mantling like that.

A short survey of Renaissance work brings the author to the decadence of heraldry, which he duly chronicles as beginning rather before the 17th century. The author rises to most refreshing indignation over the "smug self-satisfaction" of 17th century work. He does right to insist that pedantry should not be allowed to govern heraldic design. It is in despair of complying with the restrictions imposed upon him that the artist has given up heraldry. The only hope of attracting him to it once again is to make it more attractive. Mr. Eve does something towards this by pointing out that heraldic treatment is no such mystery after all, but is ruled, as much as anything, by common-sense.

## THE MAIGHDEANN MHARA.

(THE SEA SIREN.)

It is not only when the sea is dark and chill and desolate  
I hear the singing of the queen who lives beneath the  
ocean:  
Oft have I heard her chanting voice when noon o'erfloods  
his golden gate,  
Or when the moonshine fills the wave with snow-white  
mazy motion.  
And some day will it hap to me, when the black waves are  
leaping,  
Or when within the breathless green I see her shell-  
strewn door,  
That singing voice will lure me where my sea-drown'd  
death lies sleeping  
Beneath the slow white hands of her who rules the  
sunken shore.  
For in my heart I hear the bells that ring their fatal  
beauty,  
The wild, remote, uncertain bells that chant their lonely  
sorrow:  
The lonely bells of sorrow, the bells of fatal beauty,  
Oft in my heart I hear the bells, who soon shall know  
no morrow.

FIONA MACLEOD.

## Among my Books.

### ADDISON'S TRAVELS.

In spite of the increase of intercommunication between England and the Continent, books of European travel of any practical merit were curiously rare at the close of the seventeenth century. It is difficult to see what guides there were for a smart young gentleman just setting out on the Grand Tour in 1699. If he had a turn for science, he might take with him the ponderous "Observations" which John Ray, the naturalist, had published in 1673; a little more up to date were those disquisitions concerning political geography which Gilbert Burnet called his Travels in Italy and Switzerland. But this was practically all; and we must take this dearth into consideration when we judge a voluminous Addison's "Remarks on Several Parts of Italy, &c.," which has unkindly, and, indeed, unfairly, been called a book of travels which might have been written at home. It is just because in 1699 there were no materials at home from which it could be written that its interest, if not very exciting, is permanent.

The elegant and youthful traveller was far from being celebrated when this tour in Italy and Switzerland was taken. Joseph Addison had recently been confirmed in a Fellowship at Magdalen College, Oxford; he had written somewhat unimportant copies of verses in Latin and English; he was projecting a translation of Herodotus, and nibbling here and there at Ovid. But Charles Montague had fixed his eye upon him, had extracted him from his shell in Oxford, and had persuaded Lord Somers to grant him a pension of £300 a year on which to prepare for politics by foreign travel. Accordingly, Addison loitered only long enough to get his Latin poems addressed to Montague printed in the "Musæ Anglicanæ," as letters of introduction to Continental scholarship; and early in 1699 he started. Of his adventures in France the book before us says nothing; we know that a gift of the "Musæ" to Boileau gave that potentate of letters "a very new idea of the English politeness." But on the 12th of December, 1699, Addison started on board a "tartane" from Marseilles bound for Genoa, and he did not return to England until 1703. Edward Wortley Montagu was with him, but Addison does not refer to him or to any companion.

It will be remembered that the elder Mr. Shandy, long inconsolable for the loss of Bobby, was cheered by recollecting how many things referring to such a bereavement could be collected from the Classics. Before starting for Italy, Addison filled a commonplace-book with passages from the Latin poets descriptive of scenes which he was likely to encounter, and he translated them as neatly as he could into English verse of the quality of Waller. These quotations, printed at the proper points in large type, occupy a great deal of room, and help to explain the fact that the book, although it has not very much substance in it, runs to the comparatively handsome figure of 534 pages. It was not published until 1705, that is to say, not

until the sudden success of "The Campaign" had made the author famous. The title-page was anonymous, but the interesting dedication to Lord Somers was signed, and no secret was made of the authorship.

The course the young traveller pursued ran from Genoa, through Pavia and Milan to Venice, then down to Ferrara and Rimini, and so, zigzagging across the Apennines, to Rome and Naples. He was perhaps the first Englishman to recognize the singular coziness of San Remo, and to smile at the pomposity of the principality of Monaco, where an officer remarked to him, "with a great deal of Gravity, that his Master and the King of France, amidst all the Confusions of Europe, had ever been good Friends and Allies." But the minute political sub-divisions of Italy itself were so far from scandalizing Addison that he notes an opinion that the geographical forms of that Peninsula predispose it to the formation of a large number of independent States. Venice greatly entertained him, yet his descriptions of it are frigid; the colourless purity of Addison's style at this period scarcely lends itself to the picturesque. He is much more his future self in little touches of ironical observation or humorous reflection which remind us of the *Spectator* of twelve years hence; as, for instance, when, at a Venetian opera, Julius Cæsar being discovered in his library, Addison is gratified to see that the author whom the Roman general studies is Tasso.

Addison was certainly the earliest English traveller who visited San Marino, and, conscious of this fact, he gives a special chapter to an account of this sympathetic Republic. He tells us that the inhabitants are forbidden to wander about the slopes of their own mountain, lest unconsciously they should tread down a second path of entrance for a possible enemy. Later on, with much intrepidity, Addison ascends Vesuvius from Naples, and, on his way back to Rome by sea, stops his felucca at Capri and at Ischia. Forced to lie one night tossing under the promontory of Monte Circeo, the noise of the wind and sea on the rocks reminds him of "the Howling of Wolves and the Roaring of Lions"; here his classic reminiscences come upon him thick and fast, but he regrets, in more homely language, that the woods "are most of 'em grubb'd up." One of the most interesting passages in this neglected volume is that in which the fact of making the perilous and awkward entrance of the Tiber suggests to Addison the benefits to our knowledge of ancient life which would accrue from judicious excavation.

From one end of Italy to the other, this ingenious young gentleman of Oxford, with difficulty snatched from Anglican orders, is sternly Protestant. The legends of Rome are all "imposture" and "bungling tricks"; at Siena the stories about St. Catherine seem to him nothing but "gross and absurd." Nor is he more or less opposed to the Gothic forms of architecture than were his contemporaries. He is passionately in favour of the Palladian style, and all others seem to him savage. With Milan Cathedral he is extremely disappointed, and he dismisses Siena as a "barbarous Building." Palladio's church of Santa Justina in Padua, on the other hand, lifts

him to an ecstasy; it is "the most handsom, luminous, disencumber'd Building" Addison ever saw. In this the young traveller was of his time. His master Boileau, in crushing Ronsard, had found nothing more contemptuous than to rhyme "Gothique" with "rustique," while Molière, in "La Gloire du Val-de-Grâce," had dismissed the exquisite cathedrals of his own country as "ces monstres odieux des siècles ignorants." But all this is no worse than what we have heard Mr. Ruskin say of the architecture of the Renaissance, and every church, like every dog, may have its day.

Nor could Addison be expected to be more in sympathy with Alpine scenery than with Gothic architecture. Yet in Switzerland he has glimmerings of appreciation. The panorama of the Oberland, taking him wholly by surprise from the Münster-Terrasse at Berne, faintly struck the chords of emotion; and the drive from Yvoire to Thonon filled his spirit "with an agreeable kind of Horror." Soleure, now so dull a little town, appeared to Addison as having "a greater Air of Politeness" than any other in Switzerland; and he is strangely enthusiastic about St. Gallen, which was, however, so completely rebuilt half a century later than Addison's time that we can with difficulty place our eyes in the position of his. On the whole, Addison's lively description of Swiss places and conditions is better calculated than are his stiffer and more pedantic Italian chapters to make us realize what he visited, and the changes 'twixt now and then. For one thing, his inevitable Commonplace-book from the Classics gave out as soon as he crossed the Alps, and he had no Lucan or Silius Italicus to tell him beforehand what his sensations ought to be by the Lake of Geneva or in the crocus meadows of the valley of the Aar.

EDMUND GOSSE.

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### FICTION.

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**The School for Saints.** Part of the History of the Right Hon. Robert Orange, M.P. By John Oliver Hobbes. 6x4in., 314 pp. London, 1897. Unwin. 6/-

In an age when many women write wonderfully well, but also a little too wonderfully like each other, it is most interesting to meet with a literary personality like that of the lady who has adopted the pseudonym of John Oliver Hobbes. First known to the world as a highly-successful epigrammatist and phrasemaker, who, even in this somewhat overcrowded profession, achieved an individuality of her own, she seems to have wearied with unusual rapidity of her merely verbal triumphs. The "Herb-Moon," an unequal performance but in an entirely new manner, distinctly testified to a laudable ambition on the author's part to make trial of her powers as a serious student of human nature; and in this her latest novel—"The School for Saints"—she has made a bold incursion into the region of those deeper emotions and graver issues of life which for their effective treatment require other and more uncommon gifts than a mere mastery of pyrotechnic dialogue. Such adventures are always full of interest, and even where they are not wholly prosperous deserve critical respect. And "The School for Saints," be it said at once, is not a wholly prosperous adventure into this untravell'd world. John Oliver Hobbes has yet to acquire the art of construction. She has yet to learn that the subtlest, the most truthful, the most powerful study of a human soul, or, indeed, of any number of isolated human souls,

will not suffice of itself to make a great novel; that for the purposes of such a novel the souls have to be clothed with bodies, or, in other words, to become men and women; and that in their intercourse with and action upon each other they must bear themselves as men and women of the actual world, obeying those influences of motive and conforming to those laws of probability which, within certain limits, are the same for sinners and for saints alike.

Hence, although the emotions of a deeply religious temperament crossed by and conflicting with a powerful instinct of ambition have in this novel been traced by the author throughout the inner life of her hero with an amount of insight, of sympathy, and of analytic skill which is beyond praise, he remains, as a character in a story of professedly real life, unsatisfactory and unconvincing to the last degree. And what is true of Robert Orange is true in a measure of Lord Reekage, of his brother Hervey Berenville, of Pensée FitzRowes, and even of the hero's heroine Brigit Parilete. The author too often handles them as infelicitously as she has named them—which is saying a good deal. Contemplated apart and as soliloquists so to speak they impress one as life-like enough; but placed side by side on the stage, and instructed to "act up" to each other, their movements are jerky and spasmodic, and their exits and entrances abrupt and ill arranged. The opening of the story in which Robert Orange first makes the acquaintance of and falls madly in love with Henriette Duboc, Parisian music-hall singer, mistress, and afterwards morganatic wife of the Archduke of Alberia, by whom she becomes the mother of Brigit, the subsequent object of Orange's romantic devotion, is as fantastic as a fairy tale; and this is all the more disconcerting, because the story proceeds thenceforward for a good many chapters in a perfectly realistic and matter-of-fact way. At Henriette's death her daughter is given in marriage to an elderly *roué*, and subsequently card-sharper, who is a hanger-on of the Archduke, and at whose death—or rather whose feigned death, for we are clearly given to understand that he is still living, and that much trouble is preparing for the innocent bigamists in the promised sequel—the hero and heroine marry. But the political intrigue by virtue of which they are entrapped into this illegal union is of no very intelligible kind; and the whole episode out of which this intrigue arises, the startling adventures of Robert, Brigit, and even the aged Legitimist Countess des Escas in the Carlist war, reads like a somewhat forced sensational interlude as conceived by a writer to whom the sensational is unfamiliar and, we should imagine, unattractive. Moreover, both Robert Orange's prolonged hesitation and his sudden resolve to take the step which every reader sees is inevitable appear alike to need explanation. We know not at last either why he ultimately did marry Brigit or why he did not marry her before.

With all these faults, however, of construction and detail, "The School for Saints" is spiritually and intellectually a remarkable book. Spiritually it is so in virtue of the portraiture of Robert Orange and its embodied study of a profoundly religious temperament, at odds, like the too introspective nature of Hamlet, with the facts of life. The struggles and aspirations, the enthusiasms and the sufferings of this mystic born out of due time—or place—are divined by the author with an insight and sympathy which may, in some degree no doubt, have been derived from the author's own spiritual experiences, but which would, nevertheless, be impossible to anybody not exceptionally endowed with psychological power. Nor could such a conception, were it ever so vivid and complete in the author's mind, have been adequately set forth in language save by a literary faculty of the highest order. This brings us, however, from the spiritual to the intellectual side of the work, which, in its way, is no less notable. The book is packed with intellectual matter, with acute observations of human foibles, and arresting reflections upon life. Its incidental character sketches are brilliant—in one instance pre-eminently so. John Oliver Hobbes has the courage of her abilities. She has not hesitated to bring the Disraeli of the Sixties on the scene, and she all but succeeds—in her happier moments she is entirely successful—in making



him talk like his own books ; that is to say, with that mixture of mysticism and mystification, of Eastern poetry and West-end *periffage*, of which one would have thought that he had the exclusive secret if a clever woman had not thus proved her power of finding it out. The mere imitation of the Disraelian manner is a feat which would have made the literary fortune of a professional parodist ; though, of course, in her genuine insight into the character of the man she is portraying, the author of "The School for Saints" leaves the parodist pure and simple a long way behind. In the interests, however, of historic accuracy we must demur to her making Faneonberg say in the year 1869, "I believe that Dizzy will be the next Prime Minister," since he had already attained to that dignity, on the retirement of Lord Derby, in the February of the previous year.

There are, however, other imitations to be noticed in this striking novel—imitations less intentional, and from the artistic point of view less admirable, than that of the Disraelian diction. In abandoning the artificial style of her earlier and lighter works, John Oliver Hobbes has not yet quite succeeded in finding a natural style of her own. She is still apparently under the spell of the all pervasive Meredithian influence. Again and again, sometimes for whole passages, if not whole pages together, we catch the "trick of that voice" which is audible in the literary speech of so many novelists of the younger generation, whether, as here, in the true note of discipleship, or, such a parrotlike echo as that, for instance, of Mr. Benjamin Swift. Still there are signs as the book proceeds that she is working her way, as the Stevenson of the days of "Prince Otto," an almost mechanically-inspired Meredithian, did before her, to a manner of her own. She almost attains to it in the dialogue between Orange and Penborough, an admirable piece of pure comedy in its humorous but never exaggerated contrast between the saint and the cynic ; and we have all confidence that in the promised sequel to "The School for Saints" she will have completely achieved it.

**A Fiery Ordeal.** By Tasma. 7½x5in., 350 pp. London, Bentley. 6s.

It is sad to think that, unless Tasma—Mme. Couvreur—has left completed manuscripts behind her, this must be the last novel that the public will have from her pen. When we recorded her death the other day we observed that her fame rested mainly on her presentation of life in Australia, the home of her early days. "A Fiery Ordeal" fully bears out our remark. It is a good example of Mme. Couvreur's powers, interesting and effectively written, but not in any way sensational. The scene is laid wholly in the places she knew best. A "cockatoo-farmer," whom perhaps we should describe in this country as a racing man first and a farmer afterwards, gets into the difficulties that naturally fall to the lot of a gambler, and his beautiful wife in vain attempts to extricate him. He has a Scotch landlord of the usual businesslike type, whose son, however, is rich enough to be as generous as he pleases. The son—we fear he is something of a prig—takes a deep but honourable interest in the gambler's young wife, lends her books, provides her with literary work, and, when the crisis comes, with a cheque for £500. Just when she seems to have succeeded, and all is going well, her husband's criminal folly ruins all her hopes. In the catastrophe that follows her friends do not fail her ; the villain of the piece disappears, and the story ends in a manner that will not greatly surprise the practised novel reader. In all this there may be nothing very new ; but the tale is told with considerable dramatic power, and the characters are drawn with sufficient, if not exceptional, strength.

**Human Odds and Ends.** Stories and Sketches. By George Gissing. 7½x5in., 308 pp. London, 1898. Lawrence and Bullen. 6s.

These are extremely slight sketches ; one cannot even call them short stories ; and we should not be surprised to hear that

some of them had already seen the light in another place ; but that is no reason why they should not now form, as in fact they do, a readable book. Their title describes them exactly. They are human odds and ends, and Mr. Gissing, as readers of his novels are aware, writes with so much observation that those who have never met any of his characters in real life know little of humanity at large. The literary lady, the struggling doctor, the incompetent maid servant, the ne'er-do-well, the ancient governess—it is practically impossible to go through life without meeting some of them, or, meeting them, not to recognize that Mr. Gissing knows them well. There is a distinct vein of comedy about these sketches, and often of pathos too, but the author does not harrow our feelings or rouse them to a dangerous state of excitement. In short, they will serve admirably for a railway companion, or for any leisure moment in which one likes one's reading to be, as the Scotchman said in the dictionary, a trifle disconnected. What is really surprising is the prodigality of the author in using up in this manner, and, so to say, wasting, a number of carefully drawn and original characters, who might have reasonably hoped to figure in full sized novels. But some of them, perhaps, may be heard of again. There are possibilities in the firebrand journalist, the prize lodger, and the lady of many benevolent societies that lead us to hope for some such result.

### BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

**MISS MOUSE AND HER BOYS** (Macmillan, 4s. 6d.) is one of Mrs. Molesworth's charming stories of child life. *Miss Mouse*, otherwise Rosamond Caryll, a gentle, brave little maid, is, of course, the heroine, whom fate separates from her parents and thrusts into the midst of a household of boys, rollicking fellows with "their bats and balls, and pockets full of rubbish, and everlasting scrapes and mischief, and honest old hearts!" There were five of the Hervey boys, and they differed from each other in character and in manner, as brothers do differ ; what one thought right and honourable the other scorned, and things did not always go smoothly. Mrs. Molesworth chronicles their doings in her own attractive fashion, and we are sorry when she lays down her pen. One criticism we must make. *Miss Mouse* clearly does not belong to our day, and her boys are "quaint little men in tight-fitting jackets and trousers buttoning on above them"—a costume which takes one back many a long year—and yet *Miss Mouse* is accustomed to railway journeys and her boys "slang" each other and say it is "awfully" cold, in fact, the atmosphere of the book is distinctly modern.

**FOR THE FLAG**, from the French of Jules Verne, by Mrs. Cashel Hoey (Sampson Low, 5s.) is a story of adventure in what may be called the first manner of Jules Verne. There is no love-making, there is not even a female character in it. The sentiment is supplied by French patriotism and the plot is rendered possible by two inventions—(1) a "Fulgurator," the action of which on the atmospheric strata is "so great that every structure, either detached fortress or man-of-war, within a space of ten thousand square yards must be annihilated." (2) A submarine boat built on the lines of Captain Nemo's *Nautilus*. By means of the boat the inventor of the *Fulgurator* (a Frenchman) is kidnapped by pirates, who naturally feel that the invention would be of great use to them in their profession. When we add that the pirates are besieged in their island rock by a fleet of the combined Powers, and that after the destruction of a ship "of a nationality not very sympathetic to a Frenchman," the next attacking cruiser hoists the French flag, the advanced student of Jules Verne will have no difficulty in foreseeing the catastrophe which brings the story to an end.

In **CLOVIS DARDENTON**, by Jules Verne (Sampson Low, 5s.), there is a decidedly humorous situation arising out of the paternal legislation of the French code in the matter of adoption. Given a wealthy Frenchman anxious to find some one to adopt and two young Parisians in whom he feels an interest anxious to be adopted by him, it might be thought that the course of true adoption would run smooth. Unfortunately, the law insists that the adopted child, unless brought up during his minority by the adopter, must have saved the life of his would-be parent. During a short tour in Algeria the young Parisians make heroic efforts to fulfil the condition imposed by the law, but only with the result of having their own lives saved by the man whom they desire to rescue from danger.

A TRIP TO VENUS, by John Munro (Jarrold, 3s. 6d.), is one of the Jules-Verne-plus-popular-science books that seem growing daily more common. Our effete planet having been regaled with so many presentments of its own ways of living and loving, these writers feel that it behoves them to go further afield and seek in Venus and Mercury for the new sensation that has become the forlornest of quests on "little Terra." In this case the mysteries of transportation are ingeniously shirked. We have the usual aluminium vessel, but the secret of its motion is locked in the scientific breast of the heroine's father, and if the author knows how it can be done, he has unkindly promised to "divulge nothing." This initial difficulty being happily disposed of, a trip to Venus is literally plain sailing, and may be recommended to the jaded tourist. Flowers and fruit of glorious fragrance are to be found there, and the proper place of the woman is held to be between the man and the child, "her nature partaking of both." Moreover, she is excessively good-looking and charmed with the addresses of the most entire strangers. Mercury is a sad falling-off. It has nothing better to offer than ferocious flying apes "at least 40ft. in stature" and hideous toads with tusks like the walrus. We suspect Mr. Munro of exaggerating a little when he comes to the fauna of Mercury. The hero and his companions being not unnaturally disappointed with the spot as a health resort, leave it before we hear of any alleviations. As far as it goes, the book is decidedly amusing, though much more might have been made of so inexhaustibly suggestive a subject.

THE NAVAL CADET (Blackie, 3s. 6d.) and A FIGHT FOR FREEDOM (Nisbet, 5s.), both by Dr. Gordon Stables, are as cheery, as enthusiastic, and as delightfully improbable as any of the romances which Dr. Gordon Stables continues to pour forth for the amusement of young and old. "The Naval Cadet" has his full share of "adventure on land and sea," for he is one of the brave company who storm and take Benin, and he fights under the Japanese flag in the battle of Yalu, for which latter exploit he is tried before a court-martial on reaching home. His luck never deserts him, for he leaves the court "without a stain on his character," and instantly weds the beauteous maiden of his choice. Love and war and "gun-room fun" combine to make the history of "The Naval Cadet" a very readable book.

In "A Fight for Freedom," the author, to our regret, deserts the sea, and shows us his two young heroes battling in Holy Russia with the powers that be. Oswald and Ivan are quite as brave and attractive as the sailors whom Dr. Gordon Stables is accustomed to paint, but we confess that their Russian adventures are not greatly to our mind. Lupo, the wolf-man, is a very inferior Mowgli.

A GENTLEMAN OF ENGLAND, by Miss Eliza F. Pollard (Addison, 5s.), is, perhaps, unfortunate in suggesting, by its title, a comparison which it fails to sustain. Miss Pollard's work bears no resemblance to that of Mr. Stanley Weyman, but it is good of its kind, and if we could forget the existence of "A Gentleman of France," we should quite enjoy the history of his English contemporary. Sir Guy Pomfret has the luck, or ill-luck, to be the owner of Church lands, which were given to his father by King Henry VIII. These lands are eyed with greed by proscribed and banished priests, who plot with all their might and main to get back their ancient heritage. The machinations of the wily fathers make a very pretty coil, and Sir Guy's adventures are well worth reading.

We see the other side of the shield in the Rev. R. H. Cave's edition of Sir Adrian Trafford's adventures IN THE DAYS OF GOOD QUEEN BESS. (Burns and Oates, 3s. 6d.) The gallant knight was a "recusant," and was in consequence much disliked, as he tells us, "by the Queen's Ministers." The Traffords "had never inclined to the doctrines of the foreign divines, and had no liking for the new learning which deformed the worship of the old English Church." Hence all their woes, and Sir Adrian is loud in his denunciation of Elizabeth's cruel treatment of her Catholic subjects, though for the Queen herself he has some affection. Indeed, if we are to believe the knight, his Royal mistress made fierce love to him and would fain have raised him, on the downfall of Leicester to a very exalted post in her favour. But Sir Adrian is staunch to his old Church and his old love, and passes away into obscurity. We could wish that he had spared us the repulsive details of "the hideous ceremonial of an execution for treason in England," but he is ruthless. "In the Days of Good Queen Bess" cannot be looked upon as an attractive work.

The noble Red Man has for some years been driven from the war-path of romance by the ferocious black, and the backwoods of America have been less fertile in fiction than Africa's disagreeably sunny clime. This literary extermination of the Ojibbeway, being a matter of taste, cannot be called an injustice. Yet since the Zulu has now become as trite as he, it is perhaps time

for his partial revival. The purely imaginary savage of Fenimore Cooper cannot, indeed, return to us; but the historical records of Pioneering days provide a storehouse of adventures at once authentic and improbable. They have, in some respects, a superior interest to the records of African travel, for the Pioneers of America, if they learnt something of the cruelty and cunning of the Indian, borrowed, too, his keen senses and his woodland love, and fought him with weapons little, if at all, superior to his own. Mr. Ellis's "Boone and Kenton Series" is founded on the history of those two famous Pioneers. The two first stories, "Shod with Silence" and "The Phantom of the River," were good, and the third, IN THE DAYS OF THE PIONEERS, by Edward S. Ellis (Cassell, 2s. 6d.), is equal to its predecessors. The situations are well varied, and the adventures of Ashbridge, the brave Agnes Altman, and Kenton will be followed with interest to the end. It should be noted in Mr. Ellis's favour that he sustains the excitement without having recourse to the elaborate and repulsive descriptions of bloodshed and torture by which too many modern writers appeal to the lower side of boy nature. On the other hand, his English is as bad as that of other writers in this kind, a point which will appear unimportant, especially to the boy. Yet any one who sets a value on style, that is on literature, must regret that the children of to-day seldom see good English, except in their Bibles.

BY SANTIAL SANDS, by Edward N. Hoare, (S.P.C.K. 3s. 6d.), and JOANA, by Margaret Surrey (Marshall, 3s. 6d.), are mild novels for young people. The first of them has a somewhat unwieldy plot in which one Black Quaggin, a desperate smuggler and ruffian, moves about confusedly to the detriment of everybody else. The long-suffering Isle of Man is the scene of most of his machinations.

"Joana" is a very well-meaning little book, with an excessively strong evangelical element. The incessant text-quoting is not altogether desirable, in our opinion, and may possibly even defeat its own purpose. Joana, the heroine, is a fresh and pleasing English maiden of the best type; but we must be forgiven for finding her immaculate lover an irritating youth. He is a mixture of Sir Charles Grandison and the Sunday-book child who dies young. There are some picturesque scenes—the departure of the Guards for the Crimea is especially well done. On the whole, the book ought to interest any girl who will put up with a little sermonizing for the sake of a pleasant story.

CONCERNING TEDDY, by Mrs. Murray Hickson (Bowden, 3s. 6d.), is charming from every point of view. Whether Teddy is heading a procession bearing dead kittens impaled upon pikes, to represent the horrors of the French Revolution, making love to Cousin Winnie, placating the susceptible Caroline, discussing cricket with the strange player, or conducting a ball-room flirtation, he is a gentleman and a joy. His effective stammer and patronizing chivalry, with his wonderful pluck and pride, make him a most fascinating specimen of the maligned race of school-boys. The milder Aubrey and cherubic Michael are not uninteresting, though Teddy eclipses them sadly. We cannot but feel that Michael's interview with the old woman whom he persists in regarding as a fairy strikes the one false note of conventional infant pathos in the book. Nowhere else is there a trace of it; the children are anything rather than "story-book children." Some of these capital sketches have appeared in *Longmans' Magazine*. Mrs. Murray Hickson cannot do better than give us some more work on the same lines.

THE GOLDEN GALLEON, by Mr. Robert Leighton (Blackie, 5s.), which is remarkable as possessing one of the longest and most explanatory titles we have ever seen, is quite a good story of adventure. Gilbert Oglender lived in stirring times, and had to contend not only with his natural enemy, the Spaniard, but with foes of his own household, treacherous and secret. Mr. Leighton knows how to tell a story, and we are always ready to listen to him, whether his theme is the great and glorious feat of "The Revenge," or the dastardly plotting of Jasper and Philip Oglender, traitors to their Church and their Queen. "The Golden Galleon" is, according to its author, "an amphibious story," but it is easy to see that Mr. Leighton is happiest when he is afloat, and that his aim—which, he says, "is to instil into my young readers a fuller pride in the Navy, which has secured for England her supremacy upon the seas"—is one very near to his heart.

Mr. George Griffith has been known hitherto as an industrious writer of highly sensational serial stories, but in MEN WHO HAVE MADE THE EMPIRE (Pearson, 7s. 6d.) he has broken fresh ground by applying his somewhat turbulent imagination to the treatment of historical events. William I., Edward I., Sir Francis Drake, Oliver Cromwell, William of Orange, Captain Cook, Clive, Warren Hastings, Nelson, Wellington, General Gordon, and Cecil Rhodes are Mr. Griffith's tale of Empire-

makers, and about each he writes some twenty vivid pages, full of anecdote and adjectives. He is all for the men of action, and is the sworn foe of Downing-street. The book would be a suitable present for a fourth-form boy, and might possibly lead him on to study the history of the Empire in other and more impartial authorities. Mr. Stanley L. Wood contributes 16 spirited illustrations.

IN SCENES FROM MILITARY LIFE, by Mr. Richard Penny (Digby Long, 3s. 6d.), we have a capital collection of stories, grave and gay, from a writer who is evidently intimate with Mr. Thomas Atkins and his ways. The opening tale, "An Experiment," is a fine character study, and the taming of Private James is worthy of note. "Private the Honourable Fitz" is a gentleman-ranker, lost to home and happiness, and his story is a sad one, and very pathetic.

Judge Parry's "Krab" is a kind of Father Christmas who lives in a cave somewhere in the Arctic regions, and is always ready to visit lovely children, and to load them with presents and delight them with stories. His tales vary in merit. To our mind "The Harp, Cloak, and Caldron" is the most interesting chapter of THE FIRST BOOK OF "KRAB" (Nutt, 3s. 6d.), being "a real old-fashioned fairy story, with kings and princes, and a beautiful maiden and a dragon in it." We are not greatly attracted by the many long quotations from "Pater's Book of Rhymes," a work hitherto unknown to us, and we hope that "Krab" will invent new rhymes for the next stories that he tells us.

IN MONA ST. CLAIRE (Warne, 3s. 6d.) Miss Annie E. Armstrong has written a capital, bustling story, which should interest boys and girls alike. The children in it, both big and little, are perfectly natural, and their talk is the talk of real young people. The ethical purpose of the book is neither obtrusive nor namby-pamby. Miss G. Demain Hammond's illustrations are quite worthy of the high reputation which she has acquired for this class of work.

Mr. Nat Gould's many sporting novels are thoroughly readable, and A LAD OF METTLE (Routledge, 2s. 6d.) is sure to be popular with all who love cricket and cricketers. The "lad of mettle" when we first make his acquaintance is a boy at Redbank School, "the home of brilliant cricketers and all-round athletes," and we hear a good deal of his prowess on the cricket field. At school, at sea, and in the wilds of Australia Edgar Foster is always the same, brave, strong, and spirited. His adventures are many and thrilling and are told in the writer's well-known bright and cheery style.

A TALE OF THE EARLY CHRISTIANS cannot but be sad in tone, and THE WRESTLER OF PHILIPPI by Fannie E. Newberry (Christian Commonwealth Publishing Co., 2s. 6d.) is a harrowing chronicle of cruel oppression and persecution. The scene of the baiting of the Christians before Nero when the mighty Wrestler vanquished the Champion of Rome is finely told, and the book, though full of sorrow, ends happily, which is always comforting.

FÜR JUNGE HERZEN is the title of a new anthology of German poetry, designed for young people. The editor, Maximilian Bern, has made a judicious selection of poems by the best poets from about the time of Uhland downwards, and the book is far better than most volumes of its kind. It will appeal hardly less to grown-up readers than to those for whom it is primarily intended. It is published by A. Wertheim.

## THE HEINE CENTENARY.

(DECEMBER 13, 1897.)

By the time the 100th anniversary of a poet's birth comes round, we have usually arrived at some conclusion as to the particular niche he is to occupy in the temple of fame; but in Heine's case we seem to-day as far off finality of judgment as ever. No German man of letters, not even Goethe, has been the object of such sincere admiration among foreigners, and none has been regarded with such mixed feelings in his own land. This alone makes a final judgment difficult. With so many examples in our own literature to remind us that the power of appealing to a foreign public—or the lack of that power—is not always a reliable criterion of literary worth, we should be wary of taking Heine at his cosmopolitan rather than at his national value. And the fact cannot be blinked that Heine does not occupy in Germany the supreme position as a national singer which we foreigners think he ought to occupy. Nor is this merely because he happened to love Paris and hate Prussia; the reason is essentially a literary one. Even in his earliest verse one can detect a discordant note, an element which is foreign to the national German lyric. Heine's poetry cannot belie its Jewish

origin. We Anglo-Saxons have so completely assimilated the poetic literature of the Bible that the Semitic spirit has never been really antagonistic to our poetry. But in Germany it is different. In both literature and art the antagonism between Teuton and Jew is deep-seated and vital. The masters of the German lyric, such as Goethe or Eichendorff, stand at opposite poles to the singers of the Old Testament. The national German lyric is veiled in abstractness; it revels in the vague and abhors the plastic and concrete; it shrinks from the bold imagery of the Song of Songs as something indelicate. It is inspired by a more delicate, if less tangible, spirituality than the Semitic lyric, the strength of which is to be sought rather in its fervour and intensity.

This abstractness has always been a stumbling-block to foreigners and especially to the Romance nations, preventing them from entering into the inner temple of German poetry; it explains, too, why many Frenchmen even prefer Heine's songs to Goethe's. For Heine with his fervid Hebrew nature made the German "Lied" cosmopolitan. He took it up as the Romantists left it and materialized it; he gave it clear, definite outlines. With the Semitic fondness for startling metaphors and concrete images, he gave us something that we could grasp in place of the vaguely-expressed moods and shadowy sentiments of the national lyric. When he sang of cheeks as roses, eyes as violets, or described his sighs as a "nightingale chorus," when he wrote of "the lonely tear which

Blieb aus alten Zeiten,  
In meinem Auge zuruck,"

the boldness of his imagery, its unveiled materialism, appealed to us as the more spiritual sentiment of the purely German song could not appeal.

And it is just in these essentially Semitic qualities, in Heine's sense of form, his imagery, his power of materializing, and his concentration, that all foreign critics from George Eliot to M. Legras have seen the peculiar greatness of Heine's verse. Heine's poetry introduced into German literature a new type of lyricism, but it was a type which that literature could not assimilate. This seems to us the explanation of Heine's ambiguous position among the poets of his own country. But it would be untrue to say that he had not written great poetry. Heine has left us a handful of lyrics, a few ballads, which stand beside the finest in all literature; above all things, he has sung, as no German poet before him, of the sea, the mighty North Sea, with its white breakers and wide horizon. On the other hand, it would be equally untrue to claim that he stands, as a poet, beside the great masters of the modern lyric; idealism, spiritual delicacy, even sincerity—at least, as we understand it—is wanting in him. He is no Goethe, no Burns, no Shelley; he has never been able to strike like Eichendorff to the heart of the German people. The Romantists, on whom Heine loved to sharpen his satire, were, as we see now, the real line of German poet-sovereigns, and, since Heine's death, it has not been his imitators who have reigned, but singers like Mörike, Storm, and Keller, whose lineage goes back to the great Romantic age.

Heine's life was neither happy nor great. His verse is one long wail of unrequited love, "cet amour fait de scepticisme sentimental et de désespoir anticipé," to quote Heine's latest critic, M. Jules Legras. Few men of genius have had to drink the cup of life's bitterness to the lees as he has drunk it. His whole life long the vulture of "world-irony" gnawed at his heart; can we wonder if its claws have left their marks upon his loveliest songs? Almost half his life was spent as a lonely exile in Paris, with no friends but German demagogues and second-rate German journalists, with a wretched home and a "mattress grave."

And yet there was a great soul in Heinrich Heine. The French used to call him *le spirituel Allemand*, and the reforming, practical spirituality of the old Hebrew prophets and singers leavens even his grossest wit. He loved to think of himself as "a soldier in the liberation-war of humanity," and although it was only one touch more of the relentless irony that dogged his life that he was anything rather than such a soldier, he had it in his heart to be one. Born 20 years earlier or later, when there were worthy causes to fight for, Heine might have been one of the greatest, for there was, if not a Demosthenes, at least an Aristophanes hidden in him. As it was, his magnificent wit had to burn itself out in wrong or worthless causes, his genius was wasted upon ephemeral political squabbles.

It is only as the writer of some unforgettable poetry that Heine's fame is secure. His prose, which foreign critics have praised with such unanimity, seems to us rather to rob the German language of its dignity than to endow it with new graces. Under brighter auspices, despite his fatal lack of sustained power, he might have written a prose work to be

remembered; as it was, he was merely a brilliant journalist. The age was against him. His want of character, his vacillating nature, made him a mere shuttlecock in the conflicting currents of the time. But no real poet could have lived in the atmosphere in which "Young Germany" thrived. The only hope of rising to greatness was to turn resolutely away from the petty squabbling of the time or to fight one's way through it. The poor poet of the "Buch der Lieder" had not the strength of character to do either, and he succumbed; a few precious songs is all that is left to us to remind us of the "might have been" in Heine's life.

## University Letters.

### OXFORD.

The scanty literary output of the present term may be held to justify those who assert that Oxford does cannot be induced to publish the results of their erudition. Some find a reason for this in that natural modesty of the truly learned which shrinks from displaying their stores before a world composed largely of readers either unworthy or hypercritical; others, with more probability, connect it with the increased activity of lecturers. It is natural that oral teaching should be a check on literary production. Certainly the University does not suffer from any lack of lectures; our Professors—including Professor Maitland, of Cambridge, who has made his *début* this term as Ford Lecturer—have touched and adorned every department of human knowledge or speculation, from the Logia to Binetallism. The Professor of Poetry has not shrunk from discoursing on the parlous thesis of Law in Taste.

We are, of course, grateful for the existence of a Professorship of Poetry. A chair which is at the present so worthily occupied, and which has given us in the past the sweet reasonableness of Arnold, the Wordsworthian erudition of Shairp, and the intellectual sanity of Palgrave, must command our respectful admiration. When one considers what might have been, it must be acknowledged that we have been and are exceptionally fortunate; for our Professors have nearly always known how to refuse the evil and choose the good. Still one cannot help comparing the possible with the real function of the occupants of the chair. Their sounding title suggests the foundation of an Oxford school of poetry—truly academic in the sobriety of its tastes and the judicious regulation of its enthusiasms—where ardent youth, lisping in numbers, should be guided by the precepts of Aristotle, Horace, and Longinus on the Sublime. As a matter of fact, the Professor's proper audience is generally somewhere else; he is kept for the amusement and instruction principally of those denizens of North Oxford who have room for a little polite letters between afternoon tea and dinner. This is an excellent thing for North Oxford; but the Professor of Poetry in a University which sadly needs literary guidance may complain that he is a little wasted. It is gratifying, however, to find that Mr. Courthope's admirable lecture on Taste appears to have treated a thorny subject in a sufficiently academic manner, and that if any of his audience came in hopes of mere popular superficiality they must have gone away disappointed. Meanwhile, there is an undoubted falling off in the numbers of younger Oxonians who produce serious poetry. We are no longer a nest of singing birds; at least rising Bachelors of Art and undergraduates do not sing much. The "pupil doomed his tutor's soul to vex, Who penned a stanza when he should find  $x$ ," or pursue some equally elevating line of research, is being eliminated by the stress of necessary studies. His mantle appears to have fallen on elder shoulders. Several comparatively grave and reverend seniors have within recent years been guilty of serious poetry; and now the President of Magdalen adds himself to the list. His little volume ("By Severn Sea"), of which a limited number of copies were printed last summer by Mr. Daniel's press, is now on Mr. Murray's list.

Oxford is often accused by the sister University of flippancy. It is to be feared that "Voces Academicæ," a little volume of Oxford dialogues from the pen of Mr. Robertson, of All Souls', will justify the imputation. No doubt it is tempting to represent the average undergraduate as invariably slangy and flippant—the "Babe B.A." was a sincere fanatic compared to the featherheaded and amorous creations of "Voces." This is hard, but it is harder still that the Don should always appear (in the rôle imposed by the late Mr. Parnell on the most respectable of his colleagues) as a "nice young man for an early tea-party."

The Master of Balliol's interesting article on his predecessor, in the *International Journal of Ethics*, practically sums

up that impression of critical sensitiveness to various aspects of life and thought which must have been produced by Professor Jowett's biography—a book which partly solves and partly complicates the problem of the late Master's influence over men. A "worldly sage" in his relations to his pupils, he leant now to the practical life, now to the contemplative. It is interesting to note that Dr. Caird considers Tennyson to have given the nearest expression to Jowett's religious ideas.

It is curious that this same year should produce another memoir of a distinguished Balliol man—R. L. Nettleship, a philosopher of a widely different stamp from the late Master. His "Philosophical Remains" have just been published, with a short supplementary biography by Professor A. C. Bradley and Mr. G. R. Benson, both for some years tutors at Balliol.

The Union Society, honoured by the presence of Sir M. Hicks Beach, resolved a fortnight ago to support the House of Lords. Passing from politics to fiction, it has recently condemned the Kailyard school of novelists by the narrow majority of two. It is gratifying to find that young Oxford can spare a moment for pure literature. Lately, the engrossing social problems of the hour have had more than their due share of prominence; and, as might be expected, clever undergraduates are coquetting in a juvenile way with collectivism. It is true that the volume of essays published some months ago by "Six Oxford Men" formally declared war against Socialist ideas. But the six young writers are apparently thought to have been not really representative of the latest phases of Oxonian thought.

## American Letter.

Amid the literary activity undoubtedly American which is foreign to New England, one is often disposed to feel that of New England a mere fact of past history. Three books which appeared on the same list a few days ago correct this impression. Two of them, to be sure, look decidedly backwards. One is a volume of posthumous papers by the Rev. James Freeman Clarke, of which the very title—"Nineteenth Century Questions"—suggests pious memories of days when the gracious Unitarianism of Boston, so different from its radical English namesake, was still a potent force. The other is the standard "Life of Mrs. Stowe," by Mrs. Fields, the widow of that well known publisher who so long and so amiably tried to be at the same time a friend and a man of letters. Though, of course, Mrs. Stowe is most familiar as the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," her real claim to literary remembrance rests on such vivid portrayals of old New England as one finds in "Oldtown Folks." The third Yankee book sounds like a belated visitant from older times. Mrs. Ward (Elizabeth Stuart Phelps) has brought forth a "Story of Jesus Christ." Reverently intended, no doubt, and perhaps encouraged by that illiterate, if scholarly, "Revised Version," this venture to improve upon the New Testament is characteristic at once of the unconscious daring which gave New England vitality and of the fatuity which checked that life.

Thoroughly contemporary New England, meanwhile, has just been expressed in a too clever book by a young writer who, however, is not a Yankee. Mr. C. M. Flandrau, a recent graduate of Harvard, has collected a volume of stories called "Harvard Episodes," in which the actual condition of life there is set forth more vividly than ever before. The manner of this book, obviously affected by the earlier and less eccentric manner of Mr. Henry James, is over-ingenious; the characters are more intelligent and far more given to epigram than any human beings one is used to, at least in undergraduate immaturity; but somehow, making due allowance for this, and for the superficial cynicism and other slight obvious faults of taste into which Mr. Flandrau's inexperience has betrayed him, one feels that he has managed to portray not only the errors and the oddities of our oldest college, but also the fine spirit of freedom and individualism which keeps it still our first. "Inter pares," somebody lately said in toasting Harvard, "*nonon primus*." If Mr. Flandrau, as he grows in age, can manage to grow as well in that deep grace which is of the spirit of letters, there is much in the first of his books to warrant hope that he may in time be a writer first well known and at last long-remembered.

Another graduate of Harvard, still young but beginning to be known for some interesting studies concerning Elizabethan literature, Mr. John Corbin, has this week brought out a delightful little book on "School-boy Life in England." Taking Winchester, Eton, and Rugby as typical, he has told what the life and the influences of English public schools are like; and somehow he has managed to give his book that rare quality, an

atmosphere. Without knowing quite how, you feel, as you lay the volume down, a comfortable sense that thus you would have felt if you had really experienced these things, instead of only reading about them. Whether this atmosphere is quite true, of course, no one who does not familiarly know English school life can say. That it sincerely and skilfully expresses the impression which this life makes on a spirited American observer is beyond doubt. So the book should be interesting on both sides of the Atlantic.

To pass from Harvard to another of our chief colleges, Mr. Walter A. Wyckoff, lecturer on Sociology at Princeton, has just made a volume of these accounts of labour in the Eastern States, which, under the title "The Workers," have lately made *Scribner's Magazine* even more readable than usual. Mr. Wyckoff, it appears, determined to study at first hand the matters he wrote about, deliberately became an unskilled labourer, and spent some months in wandering about the country engaging in whatever work he could pick up. His book, then, has the unique interest which attaches to the utterance of an educated man who knows from experience, and not from study alone, what the labour question seems like to the persons most bitterly concerned with it. In view of this fact, he has managed to perform a literary feat as unusual as his experience. We are all familiar with works of fiction so vivid as to seem true; but this book stands by itself as a record of sober fact expressed in such terms as somehow to seem indubitable fiction. It is, perhaps invidious to hint that Mr. Wyckoff's incidental and unobtrusive self-portraiture—revealing a queer mixture of orthodox humility, practical good sense, priggishness, good fellowship, and tacit assumption that he is of the elect and knows everybody worth knowing—impresses one's sense of humour as a good-natured caricature of foibles which one sometimes thinks characteristic of the most distinguished college in our Middle States. It is hard to avoid, though, an impression that the blameless unreality which pervades his first person singular typifies the trait which makes what ought to have been a notable contribution to fact seem little more than a pleasant story. One wishes that he would give us his naked notes, instead of dressing them so prettily. If ever there were a case where art demanded nudity, his is one. And the moment this phrase forms itself, you begin to wonder dimly whether the suggestion of nudity and Princeton in the same breath be not, even in all the innocence of metaphor, an unspeakable offence to that austere mother of learning whose spirit has so filled the soul of her child and servant, Walter Wyckoff.

Among the announcements of the past few days perhaps the most significantly American is that of a biography of the late Mr. Henry George, by his son and namesake. In life Mr. George was regarded, at least by our better classes, as a sincere demagogue, whose very honesty made him, what virtues make heretics, doubly dangerous. He died, it will be remembered, in the midst of the late campaign for the mayoralty of Greater New York, an office for which the extreme Radicals had nominated him. Whereupon the Press in general, and many people who had regarded him as no less mischievous than he was earnest, straightway began his apotheosis. In a generation, if signs do not fail, school children will assume that this Henry George was as beneficent a fact as the school children of to-day assume the most pitiless murderer in the tragic history of Kansas—John Brown. Perhaps the school children are right; only, if they are, all of those who spend their lives in trying to keep the world in some manner of order are wrong. Two other announcements are equally American, but less disturbing. Mr. Thomas Nelson Page is about to give us a volume, which cannot fail to be welcome, on "Social Life in Old Virginia before the War"; and the works of Mr. James Whitcomb Riley, an Indiana journalist and writer of verses who has the extraordinary power of touching your feelings in spite of the most obvious crudities and tricks, are to be collected in a ten-volume subscription edition.

Among the distinctly American books already published, meanwhile, may be mentioned a "Life of General Meade," by his kinsman Mr. R. Bache, and a large book by Colonel Henry Inman on "The Old Santa Fe Trail." The latter is vouched for in a preface by no less a personage than Buffalo Bill, a gentleman whose recent histrionic career has obscured the sober fact that he was for years held the boldest and most skilful scout in our whole troubled West. Colonel Inman's book is really worth attention as a record of what the South-West was like in the vanished days when Pacific Railroads and Pullman cars were still to come. Bigger even than this is a very readable four-volume "History of our Navy," by Mr. John R. Spears, whose short story, "The Port of Missing Ships," was enough, some years ago, to mark him as a writer worth knowing. He dedicates his long and spirited narrative to all lovers of peace; but in spite of good resolutions he cannot help making one feel a touch

of the wicked old notion that the flag of England has an aspect in which to Yankee eyes it remains a red rag. His account of the Chesapeake and the Shannon is in marked contradiction to that in the life of the late Sir Provo Wallis. Whether, as Mr. Spears thinks, the wound of Broke was received in fair and gallant fight, or as Sir Provo Wallis held, in a murderous outbreak after the Chesapeake had surrendered, may be endlessly disputed on either side. The pity of it is that a lover of peace who can write such capital stories should busy himself in raising such questions at all.

Two illustrated books, very dissimilar, deserve a word. The first, Mr. Alexander Black's "Capital Courtship," is one of those whose pictures are photographed from life. In general these are like what you would expect; but Mr. Black, having mentioned in his story several actual personages, hit on the happy thought of having them specially photographed for his book. So, to go no further, it contains capital portraits of President Cleveland, President McKinley, and Sir Julian Pauncefote, all three at home and at work. The other illustrated book is a serious work of art, Miss Alexander's "Tuscan Songs." No one else can express as well as she what is best and purest and most beautiful in Italy.

## Foreign Letters.

### ITALY.

In no European country is it harder to mark off the province of literature from that of politics than in Italy. In a nation still trembling as it were with the after-throb of its birth struggle, the tendency to seek literary inspiration in political themes is unusually strong; yet it may be doubted whether this circumstance alone would suffice to explain the large number of Italian writers who are, or at some period of their lives have been, connected with either the Senate or the Chamber of Deputies. Among the Senators are to be found Giosuè Carducci, Pasquale Villari, Tullo Massarani, Luigi Chiala, Giovanni Paldella, and other less-known writers, some, it is true, owing their position mainly to literary achievements, but the majority having been transferred from the elective Chamber after many years' political activity as Deputies. Among the Deputies are Felice Cavallotti, popularly known as "Il Bardo," a man whose poetic temperament has been, and will in all probability continue to be, a bar to his political advancement; Ferdinando Martini (recently appointed to the Governorship of Erythrea), the greatest contemporary writer of Italian prose; and Gabriele D'Annunzio, who shares with Carducci the foremost place among Italian men of letters.

Far be it from me to attempt any cold appraisal of the value or minute analysis of these writers. No task could well be less grateful than to sift the poetical language in which Cavallotti has ceaselessly expatiated on the "moral question"; or to follow the well-turned phrases which more than once have marked Martini's track across a hot discussion—begun by him from an Opposition standpoint and finished from that of the Ministry. For Cavallotti let it be sufficient praise that those who know him best judge him by a poetical standard; and for Martini that an inquirer as to his politics was informed, "He is our greatest stylist." But what shall be said of D'Annunzio—surnamed "Il Deputato della Bellezza"—whose political spurs are yet to be won? The question is of vital interest. Already one of his ardent disciples, Signor Antonio della Porta, has given to the world an "Ode a Gabriele D'Annunzio legislatore." From this it may be gathered that the task of the poet-novelist-dramatist-Deputy will be to press the claims of Beauty—abstract, not concrete—upon his 507 degenerate colleagues. A worthy task! A noble aim! The assurance as to the direction in which D'Annunzio's political energies will tend is comforting, moreover; for the tone of some of his writings might arouse a fear lest this master of style, this builder of sonorous phrase, should choose to sit upon all sanitary and hygienic commissions and discourse, as only he can discourse, upon the microscopic aspects of this and that putrefaction, of this and that cesspool or charnel-house. To know that Abstract Beauty will henceforth be in his custody is a relief. Her honour will be safe in his keeping.

But Signor della Porta's ode was not the only harbinger of D'Annunzio's championship of Purity and Beauty. He himself some months back in one of the most astounding electoral speeches ever written or uttered, announced his political programme. In an oration delivered to the peasants of his native place, Pescara, he sought their suffrages as the Apostle of Light,

Truth, Purity, and Beauty. The oration was a wonderfully resonant performance, resembling the distant echo of a Gregorian chant haunted by a Wagnerian leitmotif, and this was the leitmotif:—"Mi sia concesso oggi, al vostro cospetto, uomini della mia terra, ornarmi di questa lode," and the praise he claimed was the praise due to the sage who discerns Light through obscurity, Truth through accumulated falsehood, Purity at the bottom of pollution, and Beauty by the side of all morbid deformity:—

Ye have waited for me, I say, O blest brethren, O fellow-citizens; through sonorous sith I return to you purified. Welcome me as a purer brother. . . . The fate of Italy is inseparable from that of Beauty, whose mother she is. . . . When the fort of Matsallé capitulated after a heroic resistance, all the defenders marched out with the honours of war. Death and the Fatherland were deluded, Beauty was violated in that circle of white stone.

Henceforth the claims of Beauty, Death, and the Fatherland will be duly safeguarded. This certainty lends surpassing interest to the presence of Gabriele D'Annunzio, Deputy for Abstract Beauty, in the Italian Chamber at Montecitorio.

## Correspondence.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In replying to Mr. Cobb's letter in your last issue, may I first of all state that I am glad he gathers from the tone of my first note that I am no carper nor detractor from Mr. Kipling's great power as a military story writer. No one has a greater admiration for Mr. Kipling's work than have I.

I referred to Mr. Christie Murray's criticism of Mr. Kipling, in which the former says "I presume his technicalities must be correct for no one finds him out." Having begged to differ from this statement in one instance—the exception that proves the rule, if you like—I will now tell Mr. Cobb what the technical error is, which I wrote of. In "Barrack Room Ballads" there is a poem "Kabul Ford," written on the loss of a half troop of the 10th Hussars, through missing a ford on the Kabul River, during the Afghan Campaign of 1878-79. The refrain of this ballad runs—

"Blow the bugle, draw the sword."

Cavalry Regiments do not possess buglers, they and the Artillery have trumpeters. And there is no surer way of getting oneself disliked than by addressing a trumpeter as "Bugler." I remember an old fashioned recruit (a gentleman who had emigrated from the foot) in my own regiment coming up one morning to the trumpeter of the guard and accosting him as "Bugler." The lad—he was some 12 years old—turned and poured the vial of his wrath, in such scorching eruptive language, upon the head of the unfortunate "Buff" that the latter fled as if Old Nick was after him.

It may be urged on behalf of the original lines that cavalry, in the field, use bugles. This is so, but, as in the cavalry the technical expression is "Trumpeter" not "Bugler," and "Sound" not "Blow," my statement is absolutely correct, and Mr. Kipling, in the ballad under discussion, has committed a technical error, which to the soldier is "glaring."

As to Mr. Cobb's surmise that some of Mr. Kipling's expressions which are now out of date might not be understood by the trooper of to-day, I should be sorry to bring these forward as arguments in support of my statement. Most troopers know something of the past history of not only their own but other regiments, and also a little about bye-gone tactics. There are few cavalry men who do not know of the "Threes about" shouted from the ranks of the 14th Hussars at Chillianwallah.

I stated that the average civilian was not qualified to criticize Mr. Kipling's technicalities, and I still hold that opinion. And I venture further to opine that Mr. Kipling will agree with me.

Yours faithfully,

Nov. 27th, 1897.

AN HUSSAR.

P.S.—If the refrain of the "Kabul River" Ballad ran,

"Sound the trumpet, draw the sword,"

the rhythm would be maintained, and the words technically correct.

## THE BOOK DISCOUNT QUESTION.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—A *propos* of the above, the following passage in a letter of Dr. Johnson's (to the Master of University College, Oxford), dated March 12, 1776, may be of interest, as showing

that one hundred and twenty years ago the question of book-sellers' profits was a vexed one, even as it is to-day:—

"It is, perhaps, not considered through how many hands a book often passes before it comes into those of the reader: or what part of the profit each hand must retain, as a motive for transmitting it to the next.

"We will call our primary agent in London Mr. Caddell, who receives our books from us, gives them room in his warehouse, and issues them on demand; by him they are sold to Mr. Dilly, a wholesale bookseller, who sends them into the country; and the last seller is the country bookseller. Here are three profits to be paid between the printer and the reader, or, in the style of commerce, between the manufacturer and the consumer; and, if any of these profits is too penuriously distributed, the process of commerce is interrupted.

"We are now come to the practical question, What is to be done? . . . We must allow, for profit, between 30 and 35 per cent., between six and seven shillings in the pound; that is, for every book which costs the last buyer 20s. we must charge Mr. Caddell with something less than 14s. We must set the copies at 14s. each, and superadd what is called the quarterly book, or for every 100 books so charged we must deliver 104.

"The profits will then stand thus:—Mr. Caddell, who runs no hazard and gives no credit, will be paid for warehouse room and attendance by a shilling profit on each book, and his chance of the quarterly book. Mr. Dilly, who buys the book for 15s., and who will expect the quarterly book if he takes 25, will send it to his country customer at 16s. 6d., by which, at the hazard of loss and the certainty of long credit, he gains the regular profit of 10 per cent., which is expected in the wholesale trade; the country bookseller, buying at 16s. 6d. and, commonly trusting a considerable time, gains but 3s. 6d., and if he trusts a year, not much more than 2s. 6d.; otherwise than as he may, perhaps, take as long credit as he gives.

With less profit than this, and more you see he cannot have, the country bookseller cannot live; for his receipts are small and his debts sometimes bad."

It will be seen that in those days the retail bookseller only got about two pence in the shilling, and consequently the public had to pay the full published price. Why will not present-day publishers and booksellers return to this or some similar method (say net prices) and so simplify matters?

Yours truly,

P. A. SILLARD.

Dublin, Nov. 22.

## Notes.

In next week's *Literature* "Among My Books" will be written by Professor Goldwin Smith.

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A correspondent writes to us:—

It may interest your readers to learn that the late Laureate is believed to have contributed, on at least one occasion, to a school magazine. The following stanzas, signed "T.," which appeared in the *Martburian*, September 20, 1871, are believed to be from the Laureate's hand:—

ALCAICS.

"Up sprang the dawn unspeakably radiant,

Sending from all that luminous orient

Far splendor: and sweet larks ascending

Hailed with a glorious hymn the sunrise.

"Fortune was all-kind, for thro' the lovely vale

Forth flamed the sun o'er silvery foliage:

Thine early rising well repaid thee,

Munificently rewarded artist."

I believe that these stanzas have hitherto escaped notice, their authorship having been known to but few persons at the time. But now that the last lines are quoted in the "Memoir," Vol. II., p. 12, as "the comic end of an Alcaic in quantity," made by Tennyson in 1864, there is no longer any need to keep the secret.

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Sir Lewis Morris has not at present any long-poem in hand, but his contributions now appearing in English and American magazines will no doubt be eventually collected into volume form. His unpublished tragedy—taken, like "Gycia," from Byzantine history—is held back with a view to stage representation, but will ultimately be published. The story of this work is purely historical, and is said to be even more dramatic than Sir Lewis's former play, which was written, it will be remembered, for Miss Mary Anderson, and failed to obtain a hearing owing to

that lady's retirement from the stage. Messrs. Kegan Paul and Co. have just issued a new one-volume edition of Sir Lewis Morris's collected works, which, we believe, makes the 12th edition. They have also this year published a volume of selections made by the poet from his own works.

Mr. A. C. Benson, the son of the late Archbishop, who is an Eton master, has a book going through the press which will doubtless be widely welcomed. It is a biographical history of Eton and leading Etonians, with portraits reproduced from the college collection and from that of the Provost of Eton. It is being printed at the College Press and is to be published some time during next year.

The novel called "The Londoners," which Mr. Robert Hichens has lately completed, is yet another new departure made by the author of "Flames," from which book it differs totally. It is said to deal in not too serious a vein with society in London and at Ascot. It will probably be issued in the spring by Mr. Heinemann in London and by Mr. H. S. Stone in America. Mr. Hichens is full of work. Besides "The Londoners," he has also recently completed a story in four parts called "The Cry of the Child," which will before long appear in serial form, and he also has an immense amount of future work on hand, including two long novels—one, we believe, already arranged for with Mr. Heinemann to be ready for England and America about the middle of next year, and another which will probably appear first in serial form. Not content with this, Mr. Hichens hopes to accede to the request of a leading London actor-manager to write him a strong play, and this we shall very likely see on the stage about this time next year.

It seems unlikely that we shall have the pleasure of seeing another novel from "Lucas Malet" for at least a year. We understand the author is at work upon a book which had been sketched out some few years ago; although the facts of the story and the idea underlying the whole will remain the same, the treatment will be greatly changed and the book practically rewritten.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, who has relinquished the editorship of both *The Idler* and *To-Day*, has a short humorous novel ready for publication early next year. His "Letters to Florinda," which have been appearing serially, will be published as a book, with additions, during the next few months. Not many people, perhaps, are aware that all Mr. Jerome's books have been translated into Norwegian. "Sketches in Lavender" is to be added to the number, and will appear in that language as well as in Russian. It is a somewhat curious fact that in Germany, France, Russia, and Scandinavia Mr. Jerome is one of the very few English writers at all well known.

Edna Lyall's novel, "Hope the Hermit: a Romance of Borrowdale," which we referred to a fortnight ago, will, before its publication in book form, appear in the columns of the *Christian World*, beginning in the issue of January 6. Among the real characters introduced are Archbishop Tillotson, George Fox the Quaker, and Lady Temple, so well-known from the charming love-letters of Dorothy Osborne.

We call attention in another column to the centenary of Heine's birth, which falls on December 13. *Cosmopolis* for December devotes four articles to Heine—one in French, one in German, and two in English, both well worth reading—one by Professor Dowden, and the other, an "Imaginary Conversation," by Mr. I. Zangwill. These articles gave occasion to an interesting study of Heine in the *Daily Chronicle* of December 2, where it was pointed out Goethe's remark, "He had every other gift, but wanted love," was not said, as Matthew Arnold has made his readers believe, of Heine, but of Count Platen. The writer describes the curious contradictions arising from Heine's German and Jewish extraction:—

Through all his bitter onslaughts upon them he never forgot that to these two races his heart's blood belonged. Every one knows his famous saying about the different ways in which the nations love liberty. Somewhat similarly it may be said that Heine loved Judaism as a wife who had divorced him for cruelty and infidelity. In half-wakeful hours he recalled her bygone charms with regret, and when life was growing gray he knocked again at her chamber door and then stole away laughing and half crying at the absurdity of the situation.

The Rev. H. R. Haweis, who has just issued "Ideals for Girls" with Messrs. Bowden, has well towards completion his

book on "Old Violins." It is to form one of the Collector Series and will be handsomely illustrated. Mr. Haweis has also under consideration a third volume of the same class as "Music and Morals" and "My Musical Life." This will be probably issued by Messrs. Longmans. We understand that he has also in his desk the materials for two more volumes of travels, dealing with Europe, Egypt, and Morocco. These will form a pendant to his travels in America, the Pacific Islands, Australia, New Zealand, and Ceylon, published recently under the title "Travel and Talk." In addition to this Mr. Haweis has written two novels, "The Story of Felice" and "The Case of Mlle. Leverier," dealing with the tragedies and cruel injustices of modern governess life, and founded upon fact; besides several volumes of miscellaneous essays, some of which have already appeared in print, dealing chiefly with the biographies of famous men, with many of whom he was intimately acquainted. He has also the materials for some volumes in continuation of his five volumes on "Christ and Christianity," which would bring the history of the Christian Church in a series of literary vignettes down to the English Reformation.

The Rev. A. K. H. Boyd, the "A. K. H. B." of so many happy *causeries*, has little time to spare from his duties as incumbent of the parish of St. Andrews, but such thoughts as he can devote to literature will be found in papers which appear from time to time in *Longman's Magazine*.

"The Mutineers," a novel by Mr. Louis Becke and Mr. Walter Jeffery, which appeared serially in *Lloyd's Weekly* a few months ago, is to be issued in book form next year. It deals with the story of Fletcher Christian—Bligh's master's mate—and his comrades after they sailed from Tahiti for the last time in search of a hiding-place, and covers in particular that part of the eventful and tragic history of the mutineers from the time that all knowledge of them was lost to the discovery of the last of their number on Pitcairn's Island in 1808. The central characters are Christian and his native wife. It will be found that this novel has been considerably altered since it appeared in the weekly journal, or, rather, that much which had been taken out is now restored, and the interest and *verve* of the story considerably heightened.

We leave our readers to identify the patriotic bard to whom the following sonnet, entitled "To a Modern Poet" and sent to us by Miss Blemfield, is addressed:—

I dreamt the poets were dead, and that the young  
Expected century might wait in vain  
For echoes of the great heroic strain,  
Her Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth once had sung.  
I thought the sinews of our souls unstrung  
By pale ideals and the lust of gain,  
Till we had lost the old, superb disdain,  
The love of country and the hate of wrong.  
Thank God, I only dreamt! Not desolate  
Hath He, the Lord of Song, His people left  
Since thou dost stand above their low delights,  
And with high front proclaim at Heaven's gate,  
We are not of our greatness all bereft!  
Nor fallen too low to reattain the heights.

Another sonnet, entitled "In Memoriam, T. E. Brown" comes to us from Canon Rawnsley, suggested by the recent death of the author of "Fo'sle Yarns":—

Son of the island-home of sea-kings bold,  
As full of salt as the Atlantic air  
That keeps old Mona's meadows fresh and fair,  
You left us when your tale was but half told!  
But though you speak not and your heart is cold—  
That heart so warm—your counsels still we share,  
Breezy and bluff we feel your presence rare,  
Your laughter rings as in the days of old.  
Scald of the land of Sagas, where the cross  
Still tells of Sigurd's manifold gifts of grace—  
Folk-speech and rune, swift wit, and good sword play—  
Upon our spirits heavy lies the loss,  
Seeing you smote the dragon face to face  
And slew all sham, and taught us how to slay.

We understand that the next novel to appear by Mr. W. E. Norris bears the title of "The Widower," and will be produced as a serial story in *Temple Bar Magazine*, beginning with the issue of January, 1898.

Mr. Jeffery, who first collaborated with Mr. Becke in the well-known novel, "A First Fleet Family," published two years ago, is the editor of an Australian newspaper, and is now at work upon another novel with Mr. Becke, which has, like "The Mutineers," the Pacific Islands for its scene. The two writers are also collaborating in a different direction. They are the joint authors of "The Life of Admiral Phillip," soon to appear in "The Builders of Greater Britain Series." Mr. Becke's "Wild Life in Southern Seas" has already been announced in our columns.

One would think the world had already enough stories of the Kailyard school without offering prizes to stimulate their production. But the *People's Journal*, the widely-read Scottish weekly, evidently does not think so. It is going to give £100 to the writer of the best tale about Scottish life, either modern or of a past date. Some place or district must be chosen, its features described, and its local peculiarities introduced, and the name of it imparted in confidence to the editor. How well one seems to know what those features and local peculiarities will be like! Intending competitors must be quick over their first three chapters, since these with a sketch of the remainder of the plot must be in Dundee by January 14.

Mr. A. E. W. Mason has followed Mr. Stanley Weyman's example, just as Mr. Weyman followed that of Mr. Anthony Hope, and a dramatic version of "The Courtship of Morrice Buckler" now takes its place along with the plays based on "The Prisoner of Zenda" and "Under the Red Robe." Mr. Mason had no need to intrust his play to an adapter skilled in stage-craft, for at one period of his career he was an actor himself.

A correspondent of the *Author* calls attention in the December number to "another terror for the unfortunate writer." His plaint is that a publisher's "reader" was not content with deciding against a book, but covered the margin of the type-written copy with remarks such as "Rubbish and commonplace," with corrections such as "University man" for "Varsity man," and with essays in little on the art of punctuation. Circulating library books are frequently treated in this way by silly persons whose hands ought to be better occupied; but "readers" might be expected to resist the temptation to show their "superiority" in this childish fashion. They are not employed to correct, but to pass judgment on manuscripts; and, though such comments and corrections might possibly be justified in the case of a novel recommended for publication, it is indefensible to dash an author's hopes and to insult him at the same time, besides injuring the value of his MS. It is an open question whether in such circumstances an action would not lie against the publisher to recover the price of a new type-written copy.

In that very interesting article in the current issue of *Blackwood's Magazine* on "Maga" and her publishers" the writer makes a suggestive statement about the evolution of the modern publisher. He thinks one of the hardest tasks that will confront the future historian of the publishing trade "will be to point out the transitional links between bookselling and publishing." In the eighteenth century the publisher was really a bookseller; and we read of the "shops" of Tonson, Lintot, Curll, Dodsley, and Cave. When and how the differentiation occurred it is certainly difficult to say. Down to a late date in the first quarter of the present century the Rivingtons, Longmans, Murrays, and others still sold books "retail" as well as "wholesale." No doubt the bookseller as we know him did not exist at that time, except as the "second-hand dealer." Probably as this class grew in numbers, and as books began to multiply, the members took to selling new books also; and the publishers, finding that they could distribute their publications more easily, and just as effectually, by their means alone, closed their "shops" and took to offices. The change was accelerated when publication by "subscription" went out and publishers took risks themselves. But the change, of course, was a gradual one; and there are not a few to-day, among publishers, who still keep "shops" and sell books "over the counter" to the casual purchaser. Also, there are not a few booksellers who are ready to publish a "volume," to the making of which a customer may have given many years, and to the issuing of which the faith and enthusiasm of the said customer are made evident by the cheques he cheerily draws for "expenses."

That a man sells books in this year of grace is no argument for his knowledge of their contents. The average bookseller—

"new" or "second-hand"—is, after all in this on his behalf, but a shopkeeper. Of course, to sell old and rare books required far greater qualities of mind than it does to sell six shilling novels; and there are many "second-hand" booksellers who possess quite a scholarly acquaintance with English and Continental literatures. But what may be said for the bookseller who fills his shop with stacks of novels and labels the piles "3d. each"? Is he also "among the prophets"? Or would not such a kind of trader be just as happy selling tallow candles provided he found that to pay? It is but an accident that his goods happen to be books. You will find him on a Saturday night disposing of his wares by the score. He may get but a halfpenny a copy profit; but "the stuff," as he calls it, does not lie on his hands. Amid all this discussion on "discounts," "not systems," and the rest, where does such a bookseller come in? If Lintot, Dodsley, Tonson, and Cave flourished in the Augustan age of Anne and "that past Georgian day" which Thackeray and Dobson have made living again for us to-day—if these were the booksellers of the days of old what shall we say of the booksellers about us now?

The question leads us, naturally, to the current issue of *Chapman's Magazine*, which contains a symposium on "Authors, Publishers, and Booksellers." To this Mr. Frankfort Moore contributes from the author's point of view; an eminent publisher states his side of the question; and Mr. F. H. Evans gives the bookseller's opinion. Mr. Moore makes good fun of the uneducated and illiterate bookseller; and here he is in his element. When he comes to the question itself, of the subject under discussion—namely, the discount question—he is not so happy. "Could anything be more ridiculous," he asks, "than the fixing, by a publisher, of the price of a book without the least consideration of the value of the contents of that book?" We know of one thing more ridiculous, and that is to assume that the publisher is in a position to fix the exact money equivalent for literary work as such. In the first place, a book to a publisher is primarily an article on which he may make a certain amount of profit; and as that profit depends on the cost of production, the published price of a book is properly regulated by the cost. In the second place, to argue that the quality of the contents of a book may be represented in its published price may be sound for a novelist, but it is as if one were to value wine by *avoirdupois* weight. The quality of literature is not to be strained by such logic as this. Mr. Moore thinks it absurd that a publisher should issue at six shillings a novel by Miss Amelia Stubbs, although this is exactly the price that he places on "Tess" or "One of Our Conquerors." Surely there is no absurdity at all in this. The cost of producing "Tess" in book-form admits of its publication at six shillings, even as does the cost of manufacturing the novel by Miss Amelia Stubbs. The true value of each is immediately arrived at when the public pays six shillings for "Tess" and leaves Miss Amelia Stubbs carefully alone. Furthermore, the publisher who thought "Tess" worth six shillings might, on Mr. Moore's argument, think "One of Our Conquerors" worth only two shillings, and what would Mr. Meredith say to that? Or, it might be *vice versa*, and what would Mr. Hardy say then? And how is he to fix the author's royalty in either case?

The "eminent publisher," in this symposium, has really nothing new to say. He goes over the ground already well traversed by other writers on this "burning question," and reiterates the arguments for a 2d. in the shilling discount—arguments which we weighed and found wanting in our leader of Nov. 13th. Of course, there can be no possible harm in making the experiment, and probably much good may be done if—and it is a large if—the system is universally adopted. At present, we do not quite see how the difficulties, which competition and the "cutter" bring into existence, are to be overcome.

Mr. Evans states a real grievance. Those who know the London bookseller at all know that his shop is one in which one may find the best books, and in which one may spend many pleasant half-hours, apart from the buying of books. We confess that he has every right to complain when, with every desire to make his place of business a *rendezvous* for book-lovers and book-collectors, he is forced by a publisher who will not give him good "terms" to refuse to keep the books on view. The instance of Lord Roberts's "Forty-one Years in India" amply illustrates his argument; for here is a book which was, so to speak, in everybody's mouth, and it would be to the discredit of a bookseller if he had not a copy to show to an intending purchaser. The published price left an ample margin for the publisher to allow the "trade" good "terms"; that



the "trade" did not get them is a matter which their Society might very well lay before the Publishers' Association. It seems hardly credible that a bookseller who should buy a hundred copies of Lord Roberts' book would, at the accepted discount of 3d. in the shilling, be thirty shillings to the bad after he had sold them all! Surely this is the *reductio ad absurdum* of the whole of the present system!

Mr. Evans, we gather, favours the scheme for a return to the 2d. in the shilling discount. He is of opinion that the extra penny will enable the bookseller "to keep better stock, have more leisure for acquaintance with the insides of more books; more leisure for acquainting our customers and friends who may be at a distance, and who rely on us to keep them *au courant* with what we know specially interests them; and, fully as important, more leisure possible for our assistants." Truly, this must be the "nimble penny"! However, we sincerely hope it will do all Mr. Evans believes it will. But the care necessary, on the part of publishers, to see that their customers do not "undersell," would, we are of opinion, be better expended in fixing the published price as the selling price. We are aware of all the arguments which have been advanced against the "net system"; but the "net system" has never had a fair trial. If publishers can bring about a return to the smaller discount, they ought to find little difficulty in agreeing among themselves to issue all their books at net prices; and to fix the margin of profit which booksellers may make. As a matter of fact, the net system works excellently well in the case of all "large paper" editions. Why cannot it do as well in other cases?

Yet another translation of Omar Kháyyám's "Rubaiyat!" This latest version is to come from Mr. E. Heron-Allen, a gentleman well-known as a writer on the violin. His rendering is to be direct from the original Persian and to include many quatrains not hitherto translated. The volume is to be published by Messrs. H. S. Nichols and Co., of Charing-cross-road, at the price of half a guinea. We believe that it will also embody the original Persian text, page for page with the English translation.

Mr. William Westall has in the press a new novel entitled "A Woman Tempted Him," to be published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus, and is engaged on a romance which Mr. Pearson will publish in one of his periodicals and afterwards in book form. When this is written Mr. Westall intends to complete a romance of Tyrol begun several months ago. It will in some degree be complementary to "With the Red Eagle," which was published early in the present year and has gone through several editions. Its name will contain that "note of colour" already mentioned in these columns which aims at the "red badge" of popularity. It will be called "A Red Bridal."

Mrs. Pender Cudlip, who is known to the novel-reading world as "Annie Thomas," will shortly have her new book, "Dick Rivers," published by Messrs. F. V. White and Co. Meanwhile she is hard at work upon another novel, which will bear the title of "Between the Devil and the Deep Sea," as well as a group of stories for Messrs. Tiltson.

Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne is at present working upon a long serial novel to be called "The Filibusters," which he hopes to finish early in the new year. When this work is completed he means to make another sea voyage with the view of studying the cattle-carrying trade, perhaps with the intention of forming a background to a novel in the manner of "Captains Courageous." Six more of the "Adventures of Captain Kettle" will appear in *Pearson's Magazine* during the first six consecutive months in 1898, and then the 12 tales are to be published in book form, here, by Mr. Pearson. Mr. McClure has obtained the American serial rights, and the stories will also be translated into German and appear serially in that country.

The Dutch Society of Sciences has just issued the seventh volume of the "Euvres Complètes de Christiaan Huygens," the great natural philosopher who applied the pendulum to clocks and discovered the rings of Saturn. The society is to be congratulated on the beautiful get-up of the volume, which is a fine example of the printing of "Joh. Enschedé et Fils," of Harlem. The present volume contains the correspondence of the great philosopher from 1670-1675. As a frontispiece there is a good engraving of Huygens from the picture by Edelinek.

William Cranch Bond was an astronomer of a later date, whose correspondence has also recently been published. He was

an American, born in 1780, a century after Huygens' death. He and his son, George Philip Bond, may be described as the pioneers of astronomical science in America, for this branch of study was scarcely followed at all on the other side of the Atlantic at the beginning of this century. Professor Edward S. Holden, until the other day director of the Lick Observatory, has just issued through Messrs. Murdock, of San Francisco, a collection of memoranda, diaries, and letters relating to the Bonds. William Cranch Bond was the first director of Harvard College Observatory. He invented the chronograph, and to him is due the inception of the methods of astronomical photography. George Bond visited Europe twice, and in his diaries we get interesting pictures of his impressions of the social and scientific life of the period.

Dean Farrar has in hand an important work which will be entitled "Texts Rightly Interpreted." Probably it will be some considerable time before this volume is ready for the press, as the Dean has many public engagements of all kinds besides his onerous duties at the cathedral. Early next year Messrs. Longmans will publish an illustrated book of "Allegories," written by the Dean on somewhat similar lines to those of his former useful books for the young.

The eighth anniversary of Browning's death will be celebrated to-morrow in Robert Browning-hall, Walworth. Mr. Augustine Birrell will deliver an address, and the members of the Kyrle Society will perform the songs of the two Brownings together with selections from Galuppi, Boisson, and Verdi.

Mr. Henley has resigned the editorship of the *New Review*, and the owners of the magazine have decided to bring it to an end in its present form with the December number. It will, however, reappear, when Parliament meets, as a threepenny weekly.

The current number of the *Fortnightly Review* contains the concluding part of Dr. Edward Moore's essay on "Dante as a Religious Teacher," the first part of which appeared in the August number. Dr. Moore is eminently well qualified to speak on this subject, both by his intimate acquaintance with Dante's writings and by his wide knowledge of theological literature. One of the most remarkable points to which attention is drawn in the first article is the fact of Dante's acceptance as a prophet and teacher by the holders of such widely divergent creeds as devout Roman Catholics and Protestants on the one hand, and Positivists and Swedenborgians on the other—assuredly, as the writer observes, a phenomenon unparalleled in the history of literature. Scarcely less remarkable has been and is the attitude of Rome towards Dante, who from some points of view is the bitterest foe the Papal See has ever had. Yet not only do we find that the Inquisition hardly ventured to lay a finger upon the "Divina Commedia," containing though it does the most scathing invectives ever penned against the abuses of the Court of Rome and individual Popes in particular; but, stranger still, to take a modern instance, the present holder of the Keys, the "prisoner of the Vatican," has actually founded a chair for the exposition of Dante's works, among which, be it remembered, is included the "De Monarchia," an elaborate piece of reasoning aimed directly at the temporal sovereignty of the Pope. In his second article Dr. Moore takes occasion to dwell upon the striking difference between the doctrine of Purgatory as commonly accepted by Romanists and the view of Dante upon the subject. In Dante's view prayers for the departed were needed, not for the release from purgatorial pains of those in Purgatory, but, on the contrary, for the admittance into Purgatory of such as were detained outside. In other words, Dante regarded admittance into Purgatory as a privilege to be prayed for, not as a penalty to be avoided.

The late Mr. Pater a few years ago took Voltaire's epigram upon Dante—"Sa réputation s'affermira toujours parcequ'on ne le lit guère"—as the text of a discourse upon the general unfitness of the last century in regard to the Middle Ages. Dr. Moore incidentally mentions some of the strange criticisms passed upon Dante by men of letters in this country. Goldsmith, for instance, speaks of him as having "addressed a barbarous people in a method suited to their apprehensions." Landor considers the "Inferno" as "the most immoral and impious book that was ever written," and Dante himself as "the great master of the disgusting." Another opinion, as strange as any, may be added—that of Horace Walpole, who in a letter to Mason describes Dante as "extravagant, absurd, disgusting—in short, a Methodist parson in Bedlam." In a more appreciative spirit Hannah More quotes with approval the application to a slave-ship of the inscription over the gate of

Hell—"Per me si va tra la perduta gente." Yet the "sublime beauties" of her favourite poem, Dr. Darwin's famous "Botanic Garden," were, we know, held by her circle to be vastly superior to anything in Dante. However, as Mr. Pater said, "we have changed all that," and now the cult of Dante is firmly established amongst us, not the least ardent of its votaries being the accomplished writer of the two learned articles we have mentioned.

A French student has compiled some interesting facts concerning the remuneration of the great French authors of the past. Some of the figures are very striking. Racine, it appears, only got the equivalent in French money of £8 for his "Andromaque"; Boileau only got £24 for his "Lutrin"; Diderot barely earned £40 a year by his labours in connexion with the Encyclopædia. Rousseau did better, for "Emile" alone brought him £240; but Stendhal, after 22 years' work, found that his profits amounted to no more than £270 8s. Perhaps, however, the most remarkable fact of all is that "Madame Bovary" was sold to the publisher for £16.

An effort is being made by one of the leading London houses to revive the style of book-binding made famous by the work of James Edwards, of Halifax, who lived in the latter half of the last century. The plan adopted by Edwards was to procure the finest possible vellum, which by some process he made almost transparent, and upon its under side to paint a design appropriate to the book to be bound. The advantage gained by this is that the painting is not injured by handling the book, and so long as the vellum is kept clean and in good condition the colours show through it as brilliantly as when they were first put on. As may be imagined, this method readily lends itself to the production of beautiful work, and if the experiments now being made can be brought to a successful issue, we may look for a fresh and charming departure in regard to the art of book-binding.

Messrs. Macmillan and Co. announce that the Globe Edition of the works of Chaucer, which they have had in contemplation ever since the publication of their Globe Shakespeare, in 1864, is now nearly completed. The editing of the work was originally intrusted to the late Mr. Henry Bradshaw, and then to Mr. Bradshaw and Dr. Furnivall in conjunction. At Dr. Furnivall's request, the work, after Mr. Bradshaw's death, was taken up by Mr. A. W. Pollard, and Mr. Pollard has had for his assistants, Mr. H. Frank Heath, Mr. Mark H. Liddell, and Mr. W. S. McCormick. "Despite the necessity for severe compression," the publishers say, "room has been found for a critical collation, varying in fulness with the needs of each poem, and also for a sufficiency of illustrative and explanatory notes." The edition will include an adequate glossary, with references, and a Life of Chaucer, both by Mr. Pollard. The respective editors of each of the poems or prose pieces have contributed special introductions to these, setting forth briefly what is known as to their origin and date.

The more one thinks of it, the less is one inclined to believe in what is called "the market value" of rare books. As a rule, the market value of a rare book is what can be got for it: and it is within the experience of many that the same book, in probably quite as good condition, may be bought, say, for £10 from A in the West-end of London, and for £6 from B in Charing-cross-road, and even for £4 from C in Holywell-street. It depends largely on the *locale* if the book be in a shop, and largely on the reputation of the library or the collector if the book be in an auction room. Of course, the copy bought at the dearer price is guaranteed as to perfection and condition, and this is an important consideration. An excellent illustration of this occurred at the sale of the books from the library of Lord Auckland, which took place on November 22nd last, at Messrs. Sotheby's rooms. Lot 75 was a copy of the genuine first edition of Thomas Shelton's translation of "Don Quixote" (1612-20). Its only defects consisted in the corners of a few leaves being repaired; otherwise, it was, what the auctioneers described it, "a good sound copy." Messrs. Sotheran and Co. bought it for £41. Last June, a similar copy (both having no frontispiece to the second volume) sold for £106, the difference in price, it seems to us, being due to the fact that the copy which realized the larger amount belonged to the Ashburnham Library. We do not remember any defects in the Ashburnham copy, but the slight ones in Lord Auckland's copy cannot account for a difference of £65!

The difference in the market value of a book absolutely

complete and one only approximately so was strikingly illustrated at the first day's sale of the second part of the Ashburnham Library on Monday last. An ordinary copy of R. Hakluyt's "Principal Navigations," in three volumes, 1598, 1599, 1600, is only worth about £25. The Ashburnham copy was quite complete, inasmuch as it contained the excessively rare map having the voyage of Sir F. Drake, 1577, and that of Standish, 1587, on it, and the original suppressed leaves of the voyage to Cadiz. It was purchased by an American agent for the high amount of £275.

Mr. Owen M. Edwards, of Lincoln College, Oxford, who has probably done more than any one else to promote the study of Welsh periodical literature, announces this week his intention to drop two of his monthly magazines—viz., *Wales*, which was started in May, 1894, as "a national magazine for the English-speaking parts of Wales," and *Heddyw*, a Welsh monthly, started this year. For the present, *Oymru*, the Welsh equivalent of *Wales*, and *Cymru'r Plant*, one of the best magazines for children published, will be continued. —*Y Llenor*, Mr. Edwards's Welsh quarterly review, which aimed at a higher standard than it ever attained, will also be continued, but in a changed form.

The establishment of "a Weekly Bilingual Newspaper for the Study of the Irish Language" is a startling announcement—especially for those who may not have realized the existence of a monthly organ devoted to the same object. The latter has been considered somewhat too scholarly for "the general," and the *Fainne an Lae* (if we may dare to transliterate) is to be a popular penny weekly, published with the approval of the Gaelic League.

A paper devoted to the antiquarian study of Gaelic may be well enough, but what will startle that not inconsiderable portion of the world who find it convenient to converse in English is the proposal to revive the use of the Irish language. *Fainne an Lae*, we are told, means "The Dawning of the Day." When the day has dawned this piece of information will, no doubt, be unnecessary, for the main purpose of the promoters of the paper is to spread the use of the Irish language. The bilingual method of instruction is to be introduced "in the National Schools of the Irish-speaking districts"—which are they?—and better facilities are to be "afforded for the teaching of Irish in the National Schools throughout the country generally," while the paper "will also seek to obtain for Irish at least an equal status with French and German in the Intermediate Education system." *Fainne an Lae* is to be conducted "on non-political and non-sectarian lines." This perhaps sounds dull, but there will be entertainment for those who understand the vernacular, since "a summary of the political and general events of the week will be given in Irish." It is to appear, if sufficient support is given to it, on New Year's Day. The publisher is Mr. Bernard Doyle, 9, Upper Ormond Quay, Dublin.

Book collecting is full of surprises. It is the unexpected that always happens—especially in the odd volume quest. In the years 1518-19 there appeared from the Aldine Press, at Venice ("Aldi et Andreæ Soceri") an edition of the *Opera* of Pontanus, in three volumes; the edition is a good one, and, according to that eminent and unimpeachable authority Brunet, it is "très-recherché" and "trouve difficilement les 3 vol. réunis." The rarest of the three volumes is the second one, which is almost invariably mutilated, as, in the dialogue of *Charon*, the author—we are now quoting Renouard—"s'égaie un peu vivement aux dépens des évêques, des prêtres et des moines," whilst in many copies the zeal of the *commissaires* of the Inquisition has extended beyond even this point. Perfect copies are of the greatest rarity.

Soon after the book was published, a distinguished bibliophile purchased a set of the volumes in which he wrote his autograph, "Alex. Guilielmi et amicorum," and had them bound in brown morocco, with tooled sides. At a very early period in their history, the second volume got separated from the other two, and was lost to sight until the early part of the century, when it occurred in the sale of Sir Mark Masterman Sykes's splendid library in 1824 (Part 3, No. 22), and was purchased by Thorpe, the bookseller, for 13s. Its next public appearance was in an anonymous property at Sotheby's on Tuesday, November 23, 1897, lot 380, when it was purchased by Mr. R. Copley Christie, whose choice library is well known to scholars. This copy, like most of the others, is without pages 49-67, and the binding has been a good deal injured owing to the tearing out of the "Charon"; it has been repaired, however, and blank leaves inserted at the end to make it up to its original thickness;

the lettering was evidently done for Sir M. M. Sykes, not improbably by Roger Payne to judge by the R in "Opera," which has the peculiarity noticed in the fourth number of *Literature* as characteristic of this eminent, if drunken, bibliopogistic artist.

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The first and third volumes, in the seventeenth century, passed into the possession of Giuseppe del Papa, whose autograph is in both volumes, and who has evidently struck through with ink the autograph of "Alex. Guilielmi et amicorum" in both volumes. The subsequent history of these two tomes is apparently unknown, but they appeared in the first part of the library of M. Eugène Piot, which was sold in Paris in 1891 (No. 677), and were then bought for Mr. R. C. Christie. The binding of both is quite perfect and in fine condition. From the entry in Sotheby's catalogue, Mr. Christie at once came to the conclusion that the volume originally formed part of his set, and examination proved this to be so beyond any possibility of a doubt; it has now been restored to its place between its two original companions from whom it has apparently been separated for 300 years. It would even in the surprising annals of book collecting be difficult to cite another such remarkable case.

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At the next meeting of the Aristotelian Society, on December 13, Mr. E. T. Dixon will read a paper on "The Foundations of Geometry." This is a criticism of Mr. Bertrand Russell's recent work, and will be replied to personally by the author.

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Mr. B. P. Grenfell and his colleague, Mr. A. S. Hunt, the discoverers and editors of the "Logia," left Oxford on Wednesday, and are now on their way to Cairo, where they will work at some of the papyri of which they have secured the right of publication but could not carry away. Both will stay in Egypt for some three months. It is hoped that the first volume of the Græco-Roman Branch of the Egypt Exploration Fund will be ready in June.

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An autograph document has obviously a much greater human interest than even the first edition of a distinguished author. There are some collectors who, having purchased a book by some particular author, never rest until they have obtained a letter or document to insert in the book. The juxtaposition is undeniably interesting, to say nothing of the greatly enhanced value of books so "embellished." Mr. Walter V. Daniell's new catalogue, issued from 53, Mortimer-street, Cavendish-square, W., enumerates many hundreds of letters and documents which could be thus utilized by the book-collector with a fairly-long purse. Some of the entries are undeniably interesting; for instance, with a letter from Cowper, the poet, to Samuel Rose, there is also a long, characteristically-vigorous letter from Garrick to Prince Hoare. The price at which the letters of various literary celebrities are appraised is certainly curious. The two foregoing are priced at £5 10s. and nine guineas respectively; Mrs. Browning may be had at £1 8s.; George Colman, the younger, at 6s.; Eliza Cook at 7s., with portrait thrown in; Count d'Orsay at 4s.; Faraday and Sir John Franklin at the same price; Douglas Jerrold at 8s. 6d.; and Dr. Johnson at seven guineas.

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The demand for translations of new foreign works seems on the increase in the United States. Messrs. R. F. Fenno, of New York, have just issued a translation of Pierre Loti's delightful novel "Ramuntcho," a book that ought certainly to find an English publisher. The writings of Pierre Loti are far too little known in that country. That the translator's task is a hard one is very obvious from the present volume. The first sentence in the American edition reads:—"The sad enlews, *omnunciators* of the autumn. . . ." This will hardly do for English readers.

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We understand that owing to legal complications resulting from the suit brought against Messrs. George H. Richmond, of New York, for promulgating Gabriele d'Annunzio's "The Triumph of Death," the further issue of the Italian author's works has been postponed.

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The Academy has tried to make peace with Montmartre. Its perpetual secretary, who is one of the most amiable of men, M. Gaston Boissier, has actually condescended to accept the hospitality of Montoya, one of the *chansonniers* of the quarter who recently received the academic palms; and he drunk the health of his host in a toast which is reported to have delighted all present, while sufficiently explaining the decision of the Academy.

A certain M. André Sagnier, ex-manager of the Bibliothèque de Propagande Républicaine, has been reading, like everybody else, the new novel "Paris" which M. Zola is now publishing in the *Journal*, and to his surprise has come upon his name attached to one of the characters. Much offended, he has asked the police to seize the back numbers of the paper. M. Zola has amiably written to the *Temps* to say that henceforth the name shall be spelt without a "g."

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M. Paul Bourget is indefatigable. He has just begun (on Friday, November 26) the publication of a new novel in the *Echo de Paris*, entitled "Sauvetage."

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M. Victor Bérard, whose articles on the Armenian massacres published last year in the *Revue de Paris* made such a sensation in France, was sent out to Crete by M. Lavisso, the editor, in order to study the situation there. He is now putting together his notes, and the appearance of these studies is anticipated as one of the literary events of the winter. Already the first pages have appeared in the *Revue* for December 1.

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The novel, "Le Désastre," which has been appearing in the *Revue des deux Mondes* for the last three months from the pens of MM. Paul and Victor Margueritte, is to come out early in the year in book form, and it will be published simultaneously in London and Paris. The translator of the English edition, Mr. Frederic Lees (this edition will be published by Chatto and Windus) will supply an introductory memoir of the Margueritte family. The French version as it is to appear from the house of Armand Colin et Cie. will differ somewhat from the text as it has already appeared in the review. The novel naturally challenges comparison with M. Zola's "La Débâcle." At all events the authors have had the singular advantage of being the sons of soldiers, and of being all their lives familiar with military things, besides possessing in their own family archives such documents as were certainly not at the disposal of M. Zola. Moreover, M. Victor Margueritte was himself an officer in the French army until just recently, when he abandoned the military career for literature.

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M. Anatole France is still continuing every Monday in the *Echo de Paris* his studies of contemporary provincial life in France.

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The publishers C. Reinwald-Schleicher Frères have just begun the publication of a bi-monthly review called *L'Intermédiaire des Biologistes*, which, it is intended, shall be an international organ of zoology, botany, physiology, and psychology. It will be edited by the director of the laboratory of physiological psychology at the Sorbonne, M. Alfred Binet, and by M. Victor Henri, one of the editors of the *Année Psychologique*. It appears on the 5th and 20th of the month at 60c. the number, and at an annual subscription of 10f. for France and 12f. for other countries.

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Senator Hamel is interceding for the historians with the Minister of Education for the authorization to open the tomb of Rousseau at the Panthéon, in order to carry at least one step further the curious inquiry as to the whereabouts of Rousseau's body. The lead coffin at the Panthéon bears this inscription: *Hic jacent ossa J. J. Rousseau*. As was pointed out recently in these columns the truth of this official inscription is doubtful. The Minister, M. Rambaud, will certainly comprehend the advisability of doing all in his power to solve this curious point.

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M. Ernest Daudet has withdrawn his candidature for the French Academy.

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The first number of *Propaganda*, a new monthly magazine, published by Skopnik in Berlin, and edited by Herr Robert Evner, has just made its appearance. It is a somewhat original enterprise in periodical literature, its purpose being to supply a practical guide to the advertising world. Each number will contain specimens of "International posters," and an appendix on the best places in which to insert advertisements in the form of 12 to 16 pages of information on newspapers, address books, catalogues, and so forth. The conduct of this appendix is likely to prove an embarrassing editorial task. The general objects of the monthly may be gathered from the contents of the first number, published at 3 marks, or at 24 marks a year. It contains articles on The Economic Value of Advertisement, Advertisement in the German Cycle Industry, Whole-page Ad-

vertisements, Modern Exhibitions, Statistics, The Art of the Poster, and Private Post-offices. Besides these papers there are special articles on individual firms, &c., the first instalment of a series on unfair competition, notes, and reviews.

Another new German journal, which is announced for the middle of December, is *Das Fidele Haus*, an illustrated weekly which is described as a humorous family paper.

Dr. Julius Wolf, the well-known Breslau Professor of Political Science, is the editor of the new *Zeitschrift für Socialwissenschaft* (Social Science Review), the first number of which is announced for January, 1898. It will appear monthly, at four marks a quarter. The new periodical does not aim at popularity. Its object is to be scientific without being learned, and it hopes to act as medium between the pioneers of research and the reading public without cheapening the former or pandering to the latter. Parliamentary, official, industrial, and agricultural circles are especially appealed to. Orders should be sent to Georg Reimer in Berlin, who will be glad to send specimen copies.

A learned compilation, which it is impossible to criticize, has recently appeared under the title of "Spinoza in Deutschland." It is described as a *gekürzte Preisschrift*, but the preface omits to state by whom the prize was awarded. We believe, however, that it was by the University of Breslau, and that Professor Kauffmann was among the adjudicators. The compiler of the book is Dr. Max Grunwald, and he has very industriously gathered together, in 126 sections of varying length, the records of Spinoza's influence on thinkers and thought in Germany. The book is hardly one to be read as a whole, but it should be valuable for purposes of reference. The specialists in each philosophical department will probably be able to supplement the contents. The section on Nietzsche, for instance, hardly does justice to the debt which that writer has expressly acknowledged to Spinoza. An appendix gives some excellent material for a complete Spinoza bibliography. The publishers are Calvary, in Berlin.

Readers of modern German literature would be interested in comparing Mr. L. Sergeant's "Greece in the Nineteenth Century," which we recently reviewed, with Gustav Hirschfeld's "Aus dem Orient" (Berlin: Allgemeiner Verein für deutsche Literatur), a work which takes a high place among the numerous books recently published about the East. In the part of the book entitled "Greece in the last decade," without ignoring the failings of the Greeks, he does justice to their good qualities. His great liking for the Turks is apparent, although he expresses the opinion that the Turkish Empire is doomed, and that no reforms can save it. He died in 1895, and his opinions were, therefore, formed before the conflict between Greece and Turkey took place.

German Social Democracy has found a powerful apologist in Franz Mehring, who has recently published the first part of a history of the movement "von der Julirevolution bis zum preussischen Verfassungstreite, 1830 bis 1863." (Stuttgart: Verlag von J. H. W. Dietz. 1897.) Until about ten years ago Mehring was a strong supporter of Liberalism, and in 1877 he published a book entitled "German Social Democracy, its History and Doctrine," which soon ran into a third edition. In this work he showed himself a bitter opponent of the party of which he is now the greatest literary ornament. He has repented of the opinions which he then expressed, and his present book is a defence as well as a history of the Social Democratic movement in Germany. Those who follow the development of Socialism in that country will find this first part of his history extremely interesting, and will await the second with lively curiosity.

It was generally anticipated at the time that the prices paid at the sale of the Sunderland and Syton Park Libraries indicated highwater-mark so far as the early-printed classics were concerned. This opinion has been amply justified since. During a sale at Puttick and Simpson's a copy of the first Aldine "Homer" went for £14 6s., as against £92 paid at the Sunderland sale. The Syton Park copy of Aristotle was also sold for £28, as against £51 paid for it previously. But the greatest variations are those which have taken place in reference to the amounts paid for the more famous books from the Elzevir Press. True, the *Patriar* of 1656 still maintains its high level. The last copy of this book sold in London was in 1895, and then it fetched £100; but the 1635 *Cæsar* and the 1636 *Virgil* have

been steadily declining in price, and a perfect copy of the former went for only 22s.

The late Chaplain to the Prussian Court, Dr. Emil Frommel, whose death in the earlier part of this year was so much regretted by the German Emperor and Empress, was a man of varied gifts. Besides his duties as Court preacher and as religious tutor to the older Royal Princes, Dr. Frommel found leisure to pursue some paths of study and interest a little out of the beaten ecclesiastical track. His literary remains are now to be published in a series of small volumes, the first of which, published in Berlin by Wiegandt and Grieben, has already appeared. It is a ninepenny pamphlet of 44 pages, dealing with Handel and Bach. Portraits of the musicians are included, and the sketches are written in a popular style from a full knowledge of the subject.

We are informed that the brother of the deceased musical composer, P. J. Tchaikowsky, who is himself a dramatic author, is now engaged in collecting materials for the biography of his celebrated brother, and for this purpose has taken up his abode at Klin, in the Government of Moscow, in the house where the composer lived. These materials are most valuable, both in quality and quantity, and some fragments of them have already appeared in print. When it is stated that M. M. J. Tchaikowsky has succeeded in collecting as many as 4,000 letters, written by his deceased brother to various persons, and 7,000 letters from his correspondents, some idea of the magnitude of the labour undertaken will be realized; besides these letters the composer left a diary extending over several years, which has to be looked through. The second part of this diary, which Tchaikowsky kept systematically for some years, was burnt by him. The text of the first volume of the "Materials," which it is proposed to issue shortly, is already completed; it embraces the period up to the beginning of Tchaikowsky's professorship. It is expected that the whole collection of worked out and rough materials will not take up less than four volumes. M. M. J. Tchaikowsky is also bringing into order all that remained in the house at Klin after the composer's death—library, portraits, &c., of which detailed catalogues and lists will be made.

A Roman journal attributes an original idea to Count Codronchi, Minister of Public Instruction—namely, that of founding as an annexe of the Florence National Library a library devoted exclusively to books which have been or may be put on the Index. Should such a collection be formed it would perforce include all the most noteworthy Italian productions of the present century, but it may fairly be asked whether the action of the Index is nowadays sufficiently marked to warrant such a step.

The fifth volume in the reprint of Mr. Fisher Unwin's "Adventure Series" is "The Voyages and Adventures of Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, as done into English by Henry Cogan" and "introduced" by Professor Arminius Vambery. Pinto, it will be remembered, was the first to make known the natural riches of Japan, and originated the first settlement near Yokohama in 1648.

The third volume of "Gloucestershire Marriage Registers" is announced as in the press under the editorship of Mr. W. P. Phillimore, who also has in hand the parish registers of Nottinghamshire and Hampshire, both of which will be issued to the subscribers at an early date.

Mr. Richard Kearton, F.Z.S., whose book, "With Nature and a Camera," is just now creating a good deal of attention, is engaged on a series of sketches and tales dealing with open-air life in the North of England. It will probably be entitled "Men of the Heather." Many of the tales will be in dialogue, and most of them are founded on fact, Mr. Kearton having enjoyed the acquaintance of several of the most noted "sportsmen" of Yorkshire and Cumberland, whose experiences should yield interesting "copy."

The signal success of Mr. Stephen Phillips's fine poem, "Christ in Hades," a fourth edition of which has just been issued (with Additions) by Mr. Elkin Mathews in his "Shilling Garland" series, has been quickly followed by a steady demand for Mr. Henry Newbolt's patriotic songs, issued in the same series on Trafalgar Day, and now just entering its second edition.

The Christmas number of *Harper's Magazine* contains a long poem by Mr. Low. Wallace, the author of "Ben-Hur." The poem is to be published by Messrs. Harper separately in book form, with the illustrations by Messrs. Du Mond and Weguelin.

Mrs. Hugh Fraser's novel, "The Looms of Time," which has just been issued as the Christmas Number of *Good Words*,

with illustrations by Lancelot Speed, will be published in book form next spring by Messrs. Isbister and Co.

Both editions of Mr. Andrew Tuer's recently-published "History of the Horn-book" are out of print. The author informs us that neither will be reprinted and that the types have been distributed.

M. M. Armand Colin et Cie. are about to publish a collection of *Pages Choiesies* from the works of M. André Theuriet, the new Academician, whose reception by that body is imminent; a novel by M. Bernard Lazare "La Porte d'Ivoire"; a book by M. André Lebou, Minister for the Colonies in the Méline Cabinet, and formerly Professor at the "Ecole des Sciences Politiques," "Cent Ans d'Histoire Intérieure (1789-1896)"; a novel by M. Ch. Le Goffic; a new critical work by M. Faguet, "Drame Ancien et Drame Moderne"; and the story by Gilbert Augustin-Thierry, "La Stigmaté," which appeared recently in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

Sienkiewicz, whose "Quo Vadis" has had such an extraordinary sale in America, is represented in the autumn list of American publications by at least two books. One of these, entitled "Let us Follow Him," has just been issued by Messrs. Fenno. This is a collection of short stories which is certainly well worth reading. Sienkiewicz's novels are usually of tremendous length, but here the vivid power of the author is unfettered by an involved narrative.

The Roxburghe Press (Limited) are preparing for immediate issue a new edition of the works of Charles Dickens. Each volume will contain a special introduction. Lovers of Dickens may be glad to be reminded of other "Dickensiana" issued by the Roxburghe Press:—"The Law and Lawyers of 'Pickwick,'" by Sir Frank Lockwood; "My Father, as I recall him," by Mamie Dickens; "Rambles with Dickens and the Serial Green Leaves of Charles Dickens" (with copies of the original monthly wrappers), by Robert Allbut; "Charles Dickens' Heroines and Women Folk," by Charles F. Rideal; "Pickwickian Manners and Customs," by Percy Fitzgerald; "The Dickens Encyclopedia," by M. Wood; "'Wellerisms' from 'Pickwick' and 'Master Humphrey's Clock,'" Selected by Charles F. Rideal; "Poems, Songs, and other Rhymes of Charles Dickens," collated by F. G. Kitton.

"Annals of Ealing from the Twelfth Century to the Present Time, compiled from Manorial and Parochial Documents," is a work to be published by subscription by Messrs. Phillimore. The author is Miss Edith Jackson, and the Vicar of Ealing, the Rev. W. E. Oliver, LL.D., contributes a Preface.

Messrs. Longmans have in the press a new book of recollections by Professor Max Müller called "Auld Lang Syne"; the last romance of the late William Morris, called "The Sundering Flood"; "The Life of Stonewall Jackson," by Lieut.-Col. G. F. Henderson; "The Life of Francis Place," by Graham Wallas; and "Drake and the Tudor Navy, with the History of the Rise of England as a Maritime Power," by Julian Corbett.

Lord Campertown's "Life of Admiral Duncan" will probably be published by Messrs. Longmans early in January. They have also in preparation "Thrice Through the Gold Coast: a Brief History of the Colony and its Inhabitants," by George Macdonald, Director of Education, and her Majesty's Inspector of Schools for the Gold Coast Colony and the Protectorate.

"A Dictionary of English Authors, Biographical and Bibliographical, being a compendious account of the lives and writings of 700 British writers from the year 1400 to the present time," promises to be a valuable book of reference, and not the less so that it is compiled by Mr. R. Farquharson Sharp, of the British Museum. Mr. Redway is the publisher.

As a companion to their illustrated edition of Thoreau's "Cape Cod," Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, and Co. will issue in England, through Messrs. Gay and Bird, a similar edition of the same writer's "Walden; or, Life in the Woods." It is illustrated with thirty full-page photogravure plates of scenes described in the book, including a picture of the cabin by Walden Pond as it looked when Thoreau occupied it. There are also portraits of Alcott, Emerson, Hawthorne, Curtis, and Samuel Staples, the gaoler, who had the honour of being the custodian of Thoreau when he was sent to prison for refusing, on principle, to pay his taxes. Mr. Bradford Torrey contributes a special Introduction on the life and work of Thoreau. The edition is to be in two volumes.

Among other more important books, which the Cambridge Press expect to issue in the coming year, may be mentioned Part VIII. (containing The Fragments) of Prof. Jebb's monumental edition of Sophocles: a translation into English prose of the tragedies of Sophocles; also by Prof. Jebb; "The Early Age of Greece," by Prof. W. Ridgeway; the final and index volumes to the collected "Mathematical Papers" of the late Dr. A. Cayley; "A Treatise on Universal Algebra," by Mr. A. N. Whitehead, of Trinity College, Cambridge; "A Treatise on Octonians," by Prof. Alex. McAulay; and "A Treatise on Spherical Astronomy," by Sir R. S. Ball.

The Roycroft Printing Shop is established in the town of East Aurora, in the State of New York, U.S.A. It first came into prominence in America by publishing a monthly *babelot* magazine entitled "The Philistine." It has now taken to printing and publishing books, and one of its publications is shortly to be issued in this country in the small edition of twenty-five copies. The book is entitled "In the Track of the Book-Worm: Thoughts, Fancies, and Gentle Gibes on Collecting and Collectors by one of Them." The "one of them" is a Mr. Irving Browne, and he discourses on all matters which relate to the making, buying, and keeping of books. The American edition of this volume is limited to 500 copies. In this country it may be obtained from the house of Messrs. Gay and Bird.

Messrs. Skeffington are publishing in the form of a Christmas Gift Book a new edition of Mr. Baring Gould's volume of poetry "Silver Store," which has been out of print some years.

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

### ARCHÆOLOGY.

**The Book of the Dead. The Chapters of the Coming Forth of Day.** By E. A. Wallis Budge. Litt.D., D.Lit., F.S.A. 3 vols. 9½x6in. Translation edw. + 354, Vocabulary 386, Text xl. + 517 pp. London, 1898. Kegan Paul. 50s.

### ART.

**The Scientific Requirements of Color-Photography.** Being the Sixth Robert Boyle Lecture, Delivered before the Oxford University Junior Scientific Club on June 1st, 1897, by Captain Abney, C.B., D.C.L., F.R.S. 84x5½in., 21 pp. London, 1897. Frowde. 1s. n.

**Modern Architecture.** A book for Architects and the Public. By H. Heathcote Stotham. Illustrated. 84x5½in., x. + 281 pp. London, 1897. Chapman and Hall. 10s. 6d.

**Art at the Royal Academy, London, 1897.** 114x8½in. London, Paris, and New York, 1897. The Studio. 6s.

**The Studio. Vol. XI.** 114x8½in., 280 pp. London, Paris, and New York, 1897. The Studio. 6s.

**London as seen by Charles Dana Gibson.** 12x17½in. London, 1898. Lane. 30s.

**J. F. Millet and Rustic Art.** By Henry Nagely (Henry Gaultier). 9½x6½in., ix. + 179 pp. London, 1898. Stock. 6s.

**Drawings.** By Frederick Remington. 12x18in. New York, 1897. Russell. \$5.00.

**Etching, Engraving, and the other Methods of Printing Pictures.** By Hans W. Singer and William Strang. With 10 Original Plates by and 4 Illustrations after William Strang. 84x7in., xiv. + 228 pp. London, 1897. Kegan Paul. 15s. n.

**Classical Sculpture Gallery.** A series of 114 reproductions from the Originals in the Galleries and Private Collections of Europe. Edited by Prof. E. von Soller and Dr. A. Bayerdorfer. Directors of the Munich Pinakothek. 124x9½in. Index xiii. pp. London, 1897. Gravel. 25s.

### BIOGRAPHY.

**The Life and Work of James Abernethy, C.E., F.R.S.E.** By his Son, John S. Abernethy, M.A. 84x5½in., x. + 251 pp. London, 1897. Abbott, Jones. 7s. 6d.

**The Life of John Nicholson, Soldier and Administrator.** Based on Private and hitherto Unpublished Documents. By Captain

Lionel J. Trotter. With Portraits and Maps. 9x6in., x. + 333 pp. London, 1897. Murray. 16s.

**Personal Recollections and Observations of General Nelson A. Miles.** Illustrated by Frederick Remington and other Artists. 10x7½in., 581 pp. London, Chicago, and New York, 1897. The Werner Co. 16s. n.

**The Life and Times of Cardinal Wiseman.** By Wilfrid Ward. 2 vols. With Portrait. 7½x5½in., xli. + 579 + 656 pp. London, New York, and Bombay, 1897. Longmans. 21s.

**Life and Letters of John William Butler.** Late Dean of Lincoln and sometime Vicar of Wantage. With Portraits. 9½x5½in., xl. + 401 pp. London and New York, 1897. Macmillan. 12s. 6d. n.

**Letters of Dante Gabriel Rossetti to William Allingham.** 1851-1870. By George Birkbeck Hill, D.C.L. 9x5½in., xxviii. + 307 pp. London, 1897. Unwin. 12s.

**Chambers' Biographical Dictionary.** The Great of all Times and Nations. Edited by David Patrick, LL.D., and Francis Hinder Groome. 8x6in., 1002 pp. London and Edinburgh, 1897. Chambers. 10s. 6d.

### BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

**The Nursery Rhyme Book.** Edited by Andrew Lang. Illustrated by L. Leslie Brooke. 8x6in., 288 pp. London and New York, 1897. Warne. 6s.

**Tom Unlimited.** A Story for Children. By Martin Leach Warborough. 7½x5in., viii. + 250 pp. London, 1897. Grant Richards. 5s.

**Stories for Children. In Illustration of the Lord's Prayer.** By Mrs. Molesworth. Illustrated. 8x5½in., vi. + 256 pp. London and New York, 1897. Gardner and Darton. 3s. 6d.

**Little Grown-Ups.** With numerous Full-page Colour Plates by Maud Humphrey, and Decorative Borders and other Designs together with New Stories and Verses by Elizabeth S. Tucker. 11½x9in. London, 1897. Gardner and Darton. 6s.

**Among the Meadow People.** By Clara Dellington Pierson. Illustrated by F. C. Gorlon. 8x5½in., 127 pp. New York, 1897. Dutton.

**The Slambangaree, and other Stories.** By R. K. Mankinick. 6½x4½in., 108 pp. New York, 1897. Russell. \$1.00.

**The Autobiography of a Monkey.** Found and Pictured by H. Mayer. Verses by Albert H. Paine. 9 1/2 in. New York, 1897. Russell. \$1.25.

**An Alphabet.** By William Nicholson. 12 1/2 x 10 in. New York, 1898. Russell. 5c.

**Cladys in Grammarland.** By Andrew M. Allen. Illustrated by Claudine. 10 1/2 x 7 1/2 in. 6 pp. London, 1897. Roxburgh Press. 3s. 6d.

**A Book about Shakespeare.** Written for Young People by J. M'Creith (Jean Forsyth). 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in. 22 pp. London, Edinburgh, and New York, 1898. Nelson. 2s.

CLASSICAL.

**Eur-Aryan Roots.** With their English Derivatives and the Corresponding Words in the Cognate Languages. Composed and systematically arranged by J. Haly, M.A., Worcester College, Oxon. Vol. 1. 10 x 6 1/2 in. xxvii. + 751 pp. London, 1897. Kegan Paul. 58s. n.

**The Poems of Bacchylides.** From the Papyrus in the British Museum. Edited by Frederick G. Kenyon, M.A., D.Litt. London, 1897. Printed by Order of the Trustees of the British Museum.

DECEMBER MAGAZINES.

**Le Monde Moderne.** Revue Mensuelle Illustrée. (No. 5.) Paris, 1897. Hachette.

**The Gentleman's Magazine.** (Chatto and Windus.) The Railway Magazine. Christmas Double Number. 79 & 80, Temple Chambers. 6d.

**Cosmopolis.** (No. 24.) Gurney and Jackson. 1s.

EDUCATION.

**Vergleichende Grammatik der Semitischen Sprachen.** Elemente der Laut- und Formenlehre von Dr. Heinrich Zimmern. Mit einer Schrifttafel von Julius Entling. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in. xi. + 191 pp. Berlin, 1898. Reuther and Reichard. 5s. 6d. n.

FICTION.

**The Bayonet that came Home.** A Vanity of Modern Greece. By Neil Wynn Williams. 7 1/2 x 5 in. 211 pp. London and New York, 1897. Arnold. 3s. 6d.

**Untold Tales of the Past.** By Beatrice Harraden. With Drawings by H. R. Millar. 8 1/2 in. viii. + 272 pp. Edinburgh and London, 1897. Blackwood. 6s.

**The Nigger of the "Narcissus."** A Tale of the Sea. By Joseph Conrad. 7 1/2 x 5 in. 250 pp. London, 1898. Heinemann. 6s.

**The Statue in the Air.** By Caroline Epton Le Conte. 6 1/2 x 4 1/2 in. 12 1/2 pp. London and New York, 1897. Macmillan. 3s. 6d.

**The Mills of God.** By Francis H. Hardy. 7 1/2 x 5 in. 310 pp. London, 1897. Smith, Elder. 6s.

**English Ann.** At School in Blumhaden. By K. Ramsay. Illustrated by J. L. Pethybridge. 7 1/2 x 5 in. 120 pp. London and New York. Gardner and Darton. 1s. 6d.

**Niccolina Niccolini.** By the Author of "Mademoiselle Mori." 8 1/2 x 5 1/2 in. 310 pp. London and New York, 1897. Gardner and Darton. 6s.

**Jack's Mate.** By M. B. Cox (Noel West). Illustrated by Frank Feller. 8 1/2 x 5 in. 320 pp. London and New York, 1897. Gardner and Darton. 3s. 6d.

**The Surprising Adventures of Toady Lion.** With those of General Napoleon Smith. By S. R. Crockett. With Illustrations by Gordon Browne. 8 1/2 x 5 in. xiv. + 267 pp. London and New York, 1897. Gardner and Darton. 6s.

**Perpetua.** A Tale of Ninies in A.D. 213. By Rev. S. Baring Gould, M.A. 7 1/2 x 5 in. 209 pp. New York, 1897. Dutton.

**The Echo Maid.** and other Stories. By Alice Aspinwall. 8 1/2 x 6 1/2 in. vii. + 192 pp. New York, 1897. Dutton. \$1.50.

**Andronike.** The Heroine of the Greek Revolution. By Stephanos Theodoros Xenos. Translated from the original Greek by Edwin A. Croswoner. 8 1/2 x 5 1/2 in. xii. + 527 pp. Boston, 1897. Roberts. \$1.50.

**Prisoners of the Sea.** A Romance of the 19th Century. By Florence M. Kingsley. 8 x 5 1/2 in. 480 pp. Philadelphia, 1897. McKay.

**The Crime of Vivian Carr.** (The Roxburgh Romanesque.) By C. Gordon Winter (Jean De Mezailes). 8 1/2 x 4 1/2 in. 87 pp. London, 1897. Roxburgh Press. 6d.

**The Dutch in the Midway.** By Charles Macfarlane. With a Foreword by S. R. Crockett. 7 x 4 1/2 in. xii. + 316 pp. London, 1897. J. Clarke. 3s. 6d.

**The Horoscope.** A Romance of the reign of Francis II. (The Romance of Alexandre Dumas. New Series.) By Alexandre Dumas. 7 1/2 x 5 in. xvi. + 318 pp. London and Boston, 1897. Dent. 3s. 6d.

**The Brigand.** A Romance of the Reign of Don Carlos; to which is added: **Blanche De Beauieu.** A Story of the French Revolution. (The Romance of Alexandre Dumas. New Series.) By Alexandre Dumas. 7 1/2 x 5 in. xx. + 315 pp. London and Boston, 1897. Dent. 3s. 6d.

**The Stolen Fiddle.** By Walter H. Mayson. 8 x 5 1/2 in. 300 pp. London and New York, 1897. Warne. 3s. 6d.

GEOGRAPHY.

**Atlas Universel de Géographie. Afrique Politique.** Par Fernand Saint Martin et F. Schrader. 22 x 16 in. Paris, 1897. Hachette.

**On the Threshold of Central Africa.** A Record of 20 Years' Pioneering among the Barotsi of the Upper Zambesi. By Francois Colliard. Translated from the French and edited by his Niece, Catherine W. Mackintosh. With 14 Illustrations. 9 1/2 x 6 1/2 in. xxiv. + 633 pp. London, 1897. Hodder and Stoughton. 15s.

**Three Visits to Iceland.** Comprising a Pilgrimage to Skalholt, and a Visit to Geysir and the Njals District. By Mrs. Diancy Leith. With Illustrations and Appendix. 7 1/2 x 5 in. 218 pp. London, 1897. Masters.

HISTORY.

**The Gunpowder Plot and the Gunpowder Plotters.** In reply to Prof. Gardiner. By John Gerard, S.J. With Facsimiles of Documents and an Appendix. 9 1/2 x 6 in. 93 pp. London and New York, 1897. Harper. 1s.

**The Story of the Church of Egypt.** By E. L. Butler. 2 vols. 8 x 5 1/2 in. xvi. + 497 + xvii. + 448 pp. London, 1897. Smith, Elder. 16s.

**The Pupils of Peter the Great.** A History of the Russian Court and Empire from 1697 to 1740. By R. Nisbet Bain. 9 x 6 in. xxiv. + 318 pp. London, 1897. Constable. 15s. n.

**Modern France, 1789-1895.** (The Story of the Nations.) By Andre Le Bon, Member of the Chamber of Deputies. 8 x 5 1/2 in. xvi. + 488 pp. London and New York, 1897. Unwin. 5s.

LAW.

**The Law of Divorce, Applicable to Christians in India.** (The Indian Divorce Act 1830.) By H. A. R. Kattigan, B.A., Oxon. 9 x 5 1/2 in. xix. + 460 pp. London, 1897. Wildy. 18s. n.

LITERARY.

**Plekwickian Manners and Customs.** By Percy Fitzgerald. 8 x 5 1/2 in. 128 pp. London, 1897. Roxburgh Press. 2s. 6d.

**Good Reading about Many Books.** Mostly by Their Authors. 3rd Year. 7 1/2 x 4 1/2 in. 308 pp. London and New York, 1897. Unwin.

**Stories from the Faerie Queene.** By Mary MacLeod. With Illustrations by John W. Hales. 8 1/2 x 6 1/2 in. xxvii. + 305 pp. London and New York, 1897. Gardner and Darton. 6s.

**The Light of Shakespeare.** Passages Illustrative of the Higher Teachings of Shakespeare's Dramas. By Clare Langton. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in. xx. + 116 pp. London, 1897. Stock.

**The Guardian's Instruction.** By Stephen Penton. Reprinted from the edition of 1898, with an Introduction by Herbert H. Stur-

mer. 6 1/2 x 4 1/2 in. xxvii. + 82 pp. London, 1897. F. E. Robinson. 2s. 6d.

**William Shakespeare's Venere e Adoni.** First Translation into Italian. By Prof. G. Tirinelli. 5 1/2 x 7 1/2 in. 33 pp. Florence, 1888. R. Rempezael. 2s. post paid.

**Altnordische Saga-Bibliothek.** Heft 6. Eyrbyggja Saga. Herausgegeben von Hugo Gering. 9 1/2 x 6 1/2 in. xxxi. + 264 pp. Halle a. S., 1897. Max Niemeyer.

MEDICAL.

**The Röntgen Rays in Medical Work.** By David Walsh, M.D., Edin. With an Introductory Section upon Electrical Apparatus and Methods by J. E. Greenhill. 8 1/2 x 5 1/2 in. x. + 144 pp. London, Paris, and Madrid. Baillière. 6s. n.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**

**The Maclaren Birthday Book.** A Birthday Souvenir, consisting of Quotations for each Day in the Year from the Writings of the Rev. Alex. Maclaren, D.D. Selected and arranged by Rev. G. Coates. 6 1/2 x 4 1/2 in. 245 pp. London, 1898. Christian Commonwealth Publishing Co. 1s.

**Discoveries and Inventions of the Nineteenth Century.** By Robert Routledge, B.Sc., F.C.S., 12th Ed. Revised and Partly Rewritten. Containing 156 Illustrations. 8 1/2 x 6 1/2 in. xv. + 767 pp. London and New York, 1898. Routledge. 7s. 6d.

**Central Co-operative Kitchens.** Instead of Private Cooks. By Mrs. H. J. Johnson. 7 x 5 in. 15 pp. London, 1897. Innes. 6d.

**Students' Guide to Submarine Cable Testing.** By H. K. C. Fisher and J. C. H. Darby. 8 1/2 x 5 1/2 in. vii. + 165 pp. London, 1897. "The Electrician" Pub. Co. 6s.

**Various Fragments.** By Herbert Spencer. 9 x 5 1/2 in. 156 pp. London, Edinburgh, and Oxford, 1897. Williams and Norgate. 4s.

**Rock Climbing in the English Lake District.** By Owen Glynn Jones, B.Sc. Lond., Member of the Alpine Club. With Illustrations, Diagrams. 9 1/2 x 6 in. xxv. + 284 pp. London, New York, and Bombay, 1897. Longmans. 15s.

**Camp and Lamp.** Rambles in Realms of Sport, Story, and Song. By Samuel Mathewson Baylis. 600 Copies. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in. 316 pp. Montreal, 1897. Drysdale. 5s.

**The American College in American Life.** By Charles F. Thwing, D.D., LL.D. 8 x 5 1/2 in. 313 pp. New York, 1897. Putnam.

**The Quest of Happiness.** By Philip R. Hamerton. 7 x 5 in. xxiv. + 187 pp. Boston, 1897. Roberts. \$2.00.

**The Italians of To-day.** From the French of Rene Bazin. Translated by William Marchant. 7 x 3 1/2 in. 247 pp. New York, 1897. Holt.

**Agrioola.** Bauerngeschichten Erzählt von Dr. L. Thoma. Mit Zeichnungen von Adolf Hinzl and Bruno Paul. 9 1/2 x 7 1/2 in. 121 pp. Passau, 1897. Waldbauersch. 1s.

**On the Destruction of "Vermin" in Rural Parishes.** (Read at Kingsbridge, July, 1897.) By T. N. Brushfield, M.D. Reprinted from the Transactions of the Devonshire Association of Science, Literature, and Art, 1897. 8 1/2 x 5 in. 61 pp. Chester, 1897. Griffith.

**The Salmon Clause in the Indentures of Apprentices.** By T. N. Brushfield, M.D. A Paper read at a meeting of the members of the Chester Archaeological Society on Oct. 29, 1896. 8 1/2 x 5 in. 32 pp. Chester, 1897. Griffith.

**Later Reliques of Old London.** Drawn in Lithography by T. R. Fry. With an Introduction and Descriptions by H. B. Whately, F.S.A. 24 Plates. 11 1/2 x 9 1/2 in. 109 pp. (250 copies.) London, 1897. Bell. 21s. net.

**Stirpiculture; or, The Improvement of Offspring through Wisser Generation.** By M. L. Holbrook, M.D. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in. 192 pp. London and New York, 1897. L. N. Fowler. 4s. 6d. net.

**Hazell's Annual for 1898.** Edited by W. Palmer, B.A. 7 1/2 x 5 in., 680 pp. London, 1898. Hazell. 3s. 6d.

MUSIC.

**Song Flowers from a Child's Garden of Verses.** By Robert L. Stevenson. Set to Music by Katherine M. Haunsay. With Introduction by S. R. Crockett. Illustrated. 11 x 9 1/2 in. vi. + 61 pp. London and New York, 1897. Gardner and Darton. 7s. 6d.

PHILOSOPHY.

**Practical Idealism.** By William De Witt Hyde. President of Bowdoin College. 8 x 5 1/2 in. xi. + 333 pp. London and New York, 1897. Macmillan. 5s. n.

POETRY.

**The Colloquy: Conversations about the Order of Things and Final Good.** held in the Chapel of the Blessed St. John. Summarized in Verse by Josiah Augustus Seitz. 8 1/2 x 5 1/2 in. 236 pp. New York, 1897. Putnam.

**Silver Store.** Collected from Medieval, Christian, and Jewish Mines. By S. Baring-Gould, M.A. 4th Ed. With Additions and Alterations. 8 1/2 x 5 1/2 in. xii. + 208 pp. London, 1888. Skofington. 3s.

SOCIOLOGY.

**The Annals of Toil** (Part 3). Being Labour History Outlines, Roman and British. In four parts. (Bellamy Library, No. 32.) By J. Morrison Davidson. 7 1/2 x 5 in. 233 to 310 pp. London, 1897. Hooves. 1s.

**Industrial Freedom.** By David Macgregor Aicous. With an Introduction by the Hon. David A. Wells. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in. vii. + 218 pp. New York, 1897. Appleton. \$1.50.

SPORT.

**The Encyclopaedia of Sport.** Part N. Lawrence and Bullen. 2s.

THEOLOGY.

**Lessons of the Creed, The Ten Commandments, and The Lord's Prayer.** By Rev. R. R. Resker, Vicar of Purley, Surrey. 6 1/2 x 4 in. 149 pp. London, 1897. Church of England Sunday School Institute. 1s. 6d.

**A Five Years' Course of Bible and Prayer-book Teaching.** Lessons for the Fifth Year. By Rev. J. W. Gedge, M.A., and others. 8 1/2 x 5 1/2 in. viii. + 138 pp. London, 1897. Church of England Sunday School Institute. 2s.

**The Devotions of Bishop Andrewes.** (Graeco et Latino.) Edited and Arranged in Sectional Paragraphs by Rev. Henry Veale, B.A. Cheap Edition. 7 1/2 x 5 in. xxxv. + 431. London, 1898. Stock.

**Ad Lucem; or, The Ascent of Man Through Christ.** By Rev. Algernon Harrington Simcox, M.A. 7 1/2 x 5 in. xii. + 131 pp. London and New York, 1897. Gardner and Darton. 6s.

**Creed and Life.** A Critical Enquiry concerning the Ancient Orthodox Creed. By Rev. C. E. Beaby, B.D. 8 1/2 x 5 1/2 in. xxii. + 183 pp. Beverley, 1897. E. Yorks.

**The Nicetian Christ.** An Essay on the Faith of the Historical Christ in Relation to a New Reformation. By S. H. Playfair. 8 1/2 x 5 in. 47 pp. Edinburgh, 1897. W. White. 1s. n.

**Village Sermons.** Preached at Whitley by R. W. Church, M.A., D.C.L. Third Series. 7 1/2 x 5 in. xiii. + 302 pp. London and New York, 1897. Macmillan. 6s.

**The Validity of Papal Claims.** Five Lectures Delivered in Rome. By F. Sulcombe Orenham, D.D. With a Letter by the Archbishop of York. 7 1/2 x 5 in. xv. + 112 pp. London, New York, and Bombay, 1897. Longmans. 2s. 6d.

**TOPOGRAPHY.**

**Ghent, Archaeological and Historical.** Illustrations and Notes. Issued by Order of the Municipal Council. By Arundell Leakey, M.A. 5 1/2 x 7 1/2 in. viii. + 60 pp. Ghent, 1897. Hoste. 1s.

# Literature

Edited by H. D. Traill.

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### A HOLIDAY TASK FOR PARENTS.

In these days of "learning made easy" it may safely be presumed that the "holiday task" is no longer a pædagogic exercise so highly favoured by schoolmasters as it used to be. Perhaps its desuetude is not to be regretted even by those who regard the rapid disappearance of the element of mental "discipline" from modern educational methods with some alarm. No doubt if the schoolboy's studies are not made too ridiculously easy for him during the school term, his instructors need not insist on the old-fashioned theory that he could only protect his Latinity from rusting during the vacation by torturing a passage from "Paradise Lost" into somewhat un-Virgilian hexameters, or that, if pleasurable anticipations of the pantomime were allowed, though only for a time, to efface his consciousness of

the existence of "Caesar's Commentaries," he would probably return to school forgetful even of the fact that "All Gaul is divided into three parts." The "holiday task," however, with which parents have always been familiar and which consists in investigating, with results more or less satisfactory, the progress made in humane letters by their sons, has still to be performed. Indeed, it has become, especially at this season of the year, a work of greater difficulty. Paterfamilias has his own "Christmas books," of a much less attractive kind than those provided for his children—volumes from which they have been, or are supposed to have been, imbibing instruction at school, and which, whether he cares to acquaint himself with their contents or not, he will have, or perhaps has already had, to pay for. Their cost form a part, and though not a considerable, yet an unpleasantly necessary part, of the school charges; and in view of the ever-swelling flood of "educational books" we cannot wonder if the perplexed parent sometimes asks himself with misgiving whether he "gets his money's worth."

Educational literature, in a technical sense, may be divided, roughly speaking, into two classes—books to help the teacher and books to help the taught. Each of these, again, may be subdivided into good, bad, or indifferent; or—if a shorter classification be preferred—into useful and useless. Of books to help the teacher, so far as they deal with the theory of education apart from its practice, the larger number, we fear, must be put in the latter class. For if there is one art which, more assuredly than any other, cannot be learnt from books, it is the art of teaching. The teacher may get from books hints upon method, choice of subjects, discipline, and other secrets of the craft; but whether he can teach or not, neither he himself nor any one else knows until he finds himself face to face with his class. If he has it in him to teach, his pupils will accept him, and perhaps learn something from him. If not—well, before he is irrevocably committed to the scholastic profession, let him seek another. Every year some of the best products of the Universities come to this test in our public schools. At present they have no chance of learning their business beforehand. But, however systematic may hereafter become the training of teachers, books upon the theory of teaching will always be of doubtful use. Men will qualify as teachers when they teach, but not before.

Books upon the art of teaching are, after all, not numerous, and we need not say much about them. But of making books to help the taught there is no end. Their authors seem to agree that much study is a weariness to the flesh; for the aim of most of the school literature of the present day appears to be to save the schoolboy as much trouble as possible. History is boiled down and compressed, like meat lozenges, into a handy and portable form. "Primers" and "Epochs" of ancient or modern

history, with some well-known literary person as general editor, compete for the attention of schoolmasters and their pupils. Commentaries on selected portions of classical authors—with vocabularies at the end to save the trouble of looking out and selecting from the various usages given by a good dictionary—and notes in which each difficulty is solved by a translation pour forth in never-ending stream from the University presses. Almost every large school has its grammars and exercise-books, written by some assistant master who can command his market. These come and go. *velut unda supervenit undam*; and Liddell and Scott's Greek Lexicon alone remains in possession of its special field, as if to show how a good piece of work, once thoroughly done, can hold its own.

The exercise-books of the present day are more sensible and scientific, but they are sometimes less amusing. We miss the operations of Balbus and Caius in "Henry's First Latin Book": Balbus, whose exploits as a builder of walls, whose liberality as a municipal host, and whose premature despair over the military situation were humorously recorded by the author of "Horace at the University of Athens." Less to be regretted are the stories which, by a pious fraud, combined instruction with amusement, like a pill wrapped in sugar. Did any one, we wonder, ever rise from books of the "Sandford and Merton" class without a sneaking regard for Tommy, the natural boy, and a corresponding aversion for that premature little prig, Harry? Another wonderful manual of former days was "Mangnall's Questions" upon every conceivable kind of information, historical, biographical, scientific (so far as science was then regarded in education), religious, geographical, or social, in no sort of order or sequence, but jumbled together like the bits of glass in a kaleidoscope. You sprang at a bound from the date of Creation to the chief products of Timbuktu, or from Henry VIII's wives to the population of Madagascar; and after repeating the answers to a couple of pages of such questions, you assimilated, and, perhaps, combined, your information, to be afterwards hopelessly forgotten. Modern educational literature does at least make some attempt to enlist the co-operation of the pupil's mind, instead of merely cramming it with facts. It is more scientific and, at the same time, more human than its predecessors.

The teaching of language, if we may judge from more recent educational literature, is turning into more natural and commonsense lines. By this we do not mean that Greek is to be abandoned, or that French and German are to take the place of the dead languages as an educational instrument. These matters are still hotly disputed; but on the whole, the tendency is to a more cordial recognition of the supremacy of the classical languages, if properly taught. It is to the question of how best to teach them rather than what to substitute for them that educators seem to be turning their minds. There is an evident desire to minimize the grammatical drudgery of the earlier stages, and to encourage the acquisition of vocabulary and the formation of sentences *jari passu* with the knowledge

of accident—*to assimilate in fact, the teaching of the classics to the processes by which we acquire command of any spoken language.* If the schoolboy could sooner find some interest and meaning in his Greek and Latin studies, he might be more grateful than he generally is to those who cater for his intellectual improvement. A distinguished scholar, the author of many widely-used helps to schoolboys, once entered a railway carriage in which sat a boy deeply absorbed in reading. "What have you got there?" he asked. "Holiday task," growled the youth, handing the book for inspection. "Ah, I see; that's one of my books. I wrote it." "What!" said the boy, now thoroughly roused and interested, "Are you that great Beast?" It seems gross ingratitude. And yet, after all, the boy's view of the design of men who write school-books differs only in degree from that of divines who seriously urge that some of the difficulties in St. Paul's Epistles were deliberately intended to try the faith of those who came after him. In fact, there is more to be said for the boy.

The father of the boy would, of course, be able to take a more impartial view of this particular scholar and his book; there would be less of the "personal equation" about his judgment, and he might even approve of the book on the very grounds upon which his son found it objectionable. That is to say, he might actually hold the severe opinion that the apparently unwonted intellectual effort which the book exacted from the boy, and which the boy resented, was not otherwise than salutary. And, generally speaking, we are disposed to think that the more judicious parent will rise from his holiday task with the conviction that education nowadays suffers not from a lack, but from a plethora of literature. There are too many aids to indolence, too many roads to learning, too many devices to save the learner from having to think about and grapple with a difficulty. If at least half the school books now current were piled upon a great bonfire, education would certainly not suffer. It might even survive if a few teachers perished in the flames.

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## Reviews.

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**The Hope of the World and Other Poems.** By William Watson. 7×4½ in., 83 pp. London and New York, 1897. Lane. 3/6 n.

It is not at all likely that that considerable class of persons whose idea of criticizing a work of art is not to examine with sympathy yet with candour what the artist has done but to tell him with solemnity what they would like him to have done will be satisfied with Mr. William Watson's new volume of poems. The decadents who love the morbid, the impressionists who like the sketchy, the symbolists who crave for obscurity, and the thousands of worthy "progressives" who have been long clamouring for a poet to versify the glories of the cinematograph and the motor car will all alike be disappointed in these latest utterances of Mr. Watson's essentially sane, clear-voiced, and calm-eyed muse. Unlike some of his contemporaries, he still remains content to deny himself those "violent delights" of the lyrical poet which spring from the conflicts of human wills and the impulses of human desires,



and to abide habitually in that region of more tranquil but also of deeper emotion in which man communes with Nature and ponders the enigma of the human lot. Unlike some of them, too, he has resisted—save in one ever-to-be-lamented instance, the vulgar appeal of the prosaic to bring his poetry “up-to-date,” and has held fast by the sound conviction that the concern of the poet is solely with those unchangeable facts which confront us in all ages of our race, and with that eternal order of the universe which, like the Divine law, in the words of the Greek tragedian, “groweth not old.”

Hence the prevailing tone of this volume is in entire harmony with that of all Mr. Watson's previously published poetry. His attitude towards the visible scheme of things, with its invisible infinite beyond, and his speech concerning them are the same as ever—an attitude more stoical and self-contained, less devotional, less intimately affectionate, so to speak, than that of his master Wordsworth, and a speech which, if it never attains to the thrilling Wordsworthian simplicity, on the other hand never declines to the abysmal Wordsworthian bathos, and which in its best moments attains to a dignity of expression which perhaps no other living poet has achieved. Adhering, however, in the main to his accustomed themes and to his wonted mode of treating them, he must, no doubt, be prepared to hear his Muse once more described as “cold” by those whose only ideal of poetic fervour is derived from the cries of the Mænad and the contortions of the Corybant. For our own part, however, we are quite content—and we think that Mr. Watson may well be content also—to rest his defence against the charge of frigidity on three such stanzas as we here extract from the second number in his little volume—

What is so sweet and dear  
As a prosperous morn in May,  
The confident prime of the day,  
And the dauntless youth of the year,  
When nothing that asks for bliss,  
Asking aright, is denied,  
And half of the world a bridegroom is,  
And half of the world a bride?

\* \* \* \*

For of old the Sun, our sire,  
Came wooing the mother of men,  
Earth, that was virginal then,  
Vestal fire to his fire,  
Silent her bosom and coy,  
But the strong god sued and pressed;  
And born of their starry nuptial joy  
Are all that drink of her breast.

And the triumph of him that begot,  
And the travail of her that bore,  
Behold, they are evermore  
As warp and weft in our lot.  
We are children of splendour and flame,  
Of shuddering, also, and tears.  
Magnificent out of the dust we came,  
And abject from the Spheres.

It is true that this impassioned utterance has the grave defect, in the estimation of a certain school, of remaining articulate. It is neither a gasp nor a shriek; and the poet is not so discomposed by his own outpourings as to lose his artistic self-control. But those who regard poetry as an art having laws and a technique of its own will no more deny the poet's inspiration on this account than they would question the inspiration of a great painter because he does not, under the influence of the divine afflatus, fling the contents of his colour-tubes at the canvas before him.

Still, it must be admitted by the candid critic that

the mood in which the “Ode in May” was written is a comparatively rare mood with Mr. Watson. It is not the phenomenal side of Nature, but the inscrutable mystery beneath its visible forms which oftenest inspires him and to which the really distinctive chord of his poetry vibrates; and it is in a poem like “The Unknown God,” or, still more characteristically, in the piece which gives its title to the volume, that these vibrations make themselves the most impressively heard. In the former of the two poems, however, he pays the penalty of his unfortunate descent into party politics. A poet who commits this error is “suspect” until he lives it down; and, unjust though the suspicion may possibly be, the last stanza but one of “The Unknown God”—and with it, of course, the entire poem—is marred for us by what sounds too like a jarring echo from “The Purple East.” It is in “The Hope of the World” that Mr. Watson's cosmic creed—if creed it can be called—finds its fullest and loftiest pronouncement; and a stern pronouncement it is. Far, indeed, have we travelled from the tremulous optimism of the middle Victorian era, and into how much bleaker and barer a region of thought than that within which the poetic speculations of Tennyson were confined! However “faintly” the poet of “In Memoriam” trusted “the larger hope,” he did trust it, and that great poem was one prolonged and passionate exhortation to his fellow men to do the same. The poet of to-day surveys “this larger hope” with longing for it no doubt, but without surrender to it. On the contrary, indeed, he is “content to stand afar off and reason concerning it,” and after due deliberation to resolve that it is better on the whole to do without it. “In Memoriam” was published nine years before the “Origin of Species”; “The Hope of the World” appears eight-and-thirty years after it, and, familiar as is the commonplace that the doctrine of evolution has revolutionized modern thought, it derives a new and almost startling vividness from a comparison of these two poems. For the first time, perhaps, we may realize what it means to have parted for ever with the “teleological argument.” If man were the predestined consummation and crown of created life we might believe anything, argues the poet, concerning the unknown future that is being prepared for him. But what if he attained his lordship of the world—to drop from poetry to colloquial prose—by a “fluke”? What if his ascent be more truly described in the following stanza?—

Rather, some random throw  
Of heedless Nature's die  
'Twould seem, that from so low  
Hath lifted man so high.  
Through untold aeons vast  
She let him lurk and cower:  
'Twould seem he climbed at last  
In mere fortuitous hour,

Child of a thousand chances 'neath the indifferent sky.

Why, then, to be sure, runs the poetic argument—just here not quite escaping that air of the argumentative treatise of which all reasoning in verse goes in perpetual danger—the chance of immortality or annihilation is an even one:—

Nor ground to assume is mine  
Nor warrant to deny.

Equal, my source of hope, my reason for despair.

If Hope is more importunate than Despair, if she lingers within us unsubdued, it is because “airiest cheer suffices for her food”—

As some adventurous flower,  
On savage crag-side grown,  
Seems nourished hour by hour  
From its wild self alone,

So lives inveterate Hope, on her own hardihood.

But on the whole, urges the poet, it is better to forgo the wealth she scatters before one with so profuse a hand, and to say:—

Carry thy largesse hence,  
Light Giver! Let me learn  
To abjure the opulence  
I have done nought to earn;  
And on this world no more  
To cast ignoble slight,  
Counting it but the door  
Of other worlds more bright.

Here, where I fail or conquer, here is my concern:

Here, where perhaps alone  
I conquer or I fail.  
Here, e'er the dark Deep blown,  
I ask no perfumed gale;  
I ask the unpampering breath  
That fits me to endure  
Chance, and victorious Death,  
Life, and my doom obscure,

Who know not whence I am sped, nor to what port I sail.

There is a certain nobility about these lines which well fits them for the enunciation of the austere creed which they enshrine, but their psychological interest almost distracts attention from their poetic merit. Assuredly it is a far cry from this to the blameless Broad Church theological muse of half a century ago—almost as far a cry as it would be in prose from Frederick Denison Maurice to Marcus Aurelius Antoninus.

With most of the shorter poems in this volume the public are already familiar. All have charm, but some few of them are perhaps a little too slight to be worth reproducing. The collection closes with a short series of "Poems on Public Affairs," only the first of which, that entitled "Jubilee Night in Westmoreland," can be pronounced free from exception both in subject and treatment. Patriotism and loyalty are, no doubt, in a certain sense "political" themes, and to that extent the modern poet's claim to treat politics as a portion of his legitimate poetic material must of course be conceded. Loyalty, fortunately, is not a controversial matter in this country, neither in its broader sense is patriotism. But when the poet feels moved—no doubt by motives which appear to him patriotic in the highest sense—to denounce "his country" (meaning really no more thereby than that he strongly disapproves of its existing Government and their policy) it is surely clear that he is, consciously or unconsciously, merging the poet in the politician. If Mr. Watson does not see this now, it must be left to the greatest of all critics, Time, to enlighten him. Who will care about "Hellas, hail!" or the "Three Neighbours" a few years hence? Nay, what will he care about them himself? Very likely he may wonder that he ever wrote them, and may perceive what most of his readers perceive already—how unworthy is their ephemeral rhetoric to compare with the true poetic passion of the "Ode in May" and the profound poetic significance of "The Hope of the World."

**The Poems of Bacchylides**, from a Papyrus in the British Museum. Edited by F. G. Kenyon, M.A., D.Litt. Printed by order of the Trustees, and Sold at the Museum. 9.6 in., liii. + 216 pp. London, 1897. Frowde. 5/-

All who are interested in Greek literature will be glad to congratulate the authorities of the British Museum on the good fortune that has so often attended them in the recovery of lost Classics, and Mr. Kenyon in particular on his success as the editor of one more *editio princeps*. Hitherto the lyrical poets of Greece have been practically represented by Pindar alone; and, if scholars had been

able to choose which of those poets they would have wished to see restored to them, their choice would perhaps have fallen on Sappho or Alcæus, or on the poet set beside them by Wordsworth when he muses on the possible recovery of

One precious, tender-hearted scroll  
Of pure Simonides.

Failing Simonides, we must be content to welcome in his stead his sister's son, Bacchylides. Of this poet little has been known beyond the place of his birth in Ceos, his presence with Simonides and Pindar at the court of Hieron, King of Syracuse, and his later life as an exile in the Peloponnesus. He was numbered by the critics of Alexandria among the nine lyrical poets of Greece; in the age of Augustus, his epinikian odes were expounded by the Alexandrian scholar Didymus; he was a favourite poet with Julian the Apostate; and, in the Vatican Museum, the names of Bacchylides and Pindar are to be seen on two marble pedestals found amid the ruins of the "Villa of Cassius," at Tivoli.

The scholiasts on Pindar repeatedly draw attention to supposed indications of Pindar's enmity towards his younger contemporary. In their view, whenever Pindar refers to an envious rival, that rival is Bacchylides. He is the "ape whom children and only children admire," in the second Pythian; he shares with Simonides the imputation of being, in the second Olympian, one of the two "crows that caw in vain against the divine bird of Zeus"; even in the third Nemean, an ode totally unconnected with Sicily, he is deemed to be one of the "chattering daws," which in contrast with the "swift eagle" "have a low range of flight." Hitherto our only chance of forming an opinion on his merits has depended on some scanty fragments, the best of which, that on the "Praise of Wine" and that on the "Praise of Peace," are included in the current anthologies and translated in Milman's "Agamemnon and Bacchanals." Modern critics have accordingly been content with echoing the criticism in the treatise "On the Sublime," where the author, in contrasting Pindar and Sophocles with Bacchylides and Ion of Chios respectively, describes the two latter as writers who attain a safe and secure level of style, without rising to any lofty height.

The recovery of Bacchylides was first announced in *The Times* towards the end of December last; and we are now presented with a very adequate edition from the competent hands of Mr. Kenyon. The text of the manuscript is here printed in uncial characters, with the editor's text in ordinary type on the opposite page, while below we have critical notes followed by an explanatory commentary. The number of new words is more than 100; the total number of lines more than 1,000. These are spread over 20 poems varying in length from 14 to 200 lines. The gain to Greek literature is considerable; and scholars, while welcoming the new poet as an "artist in verse rather than a great original genius," will now be able to attain a still clearer conception of the points in which Pindar remains unique.

For purposes of comparison the most important of the fourteen epinikian odes of Bacchylides are the ode on Pytheas (xiii), celebrating the same victory as Pindar's fifth Nemean, and the three odes in honour of Hieron: One of these (iv) celebrates the same victory as Pindar's first Pythian, another (v) the same as the first Olympian, while the third (iii) commemorates the last of the Olympic victories of Hieron (468 B.C.), a victory uncelebrated in any of Pindar's extant odes. The first of these poems on Hieron is a short ode probably composed at Delphi itself,

while Pindar's first Pythian is a far longer and more elaborate work, written for a later commemoration in the King's own presence at Syracuse. The second, a fine poem extending to 200 lines, includes a striking passage on the myth of Meleager. It is also of special interest in connexion with Hieron's race-horse Phereclus. The lines on the latter were already known in an incomplete form; in their present shape they definitely tell us for the first time that the same steed (and not his grandsire) was victorious at the Pythian as well as the Olympian games, thus helping to settle certain disputed points of Pindaric chronology.

Pindar's famous phrase, *φωαίερα στυροίων*, finds its echo in a later phrase of Bacchylides, *φρονόεντι στυρὰ γὰρῶν*. The former is soon followed by Pindar's celebrated contrast between the crows and the "divine bird of Zeus." But the Theban eagle is not allowed to remain in solitary state. We now find his counterpart in Bacchylides (v 14):—

The eagle, the messenger of widely ruling and loudly roaring Zeus, with swift and tawny pinions cleaving the deep air on high, is bold in his reliance on his mighty strength; while the shrill-toned birds quail in terror. The mountain crests of the vast earth do not restrain him; no, nor the billowing waves of the unwearied sea, while he soars in illimitable Space, borne on the breezes of Zephyr with his delicate plumage clearly visible to the eyes of men. Even so have I a boundless course on every side for hymning the prowess of thy royal house, by grace of Victory of the azure tresses and the War-god of the brazen breastplate.

The "boundless course" is a favourite phrase with Bacchylides, and also with Pindar about the same date. There is a certain incongruity in describing the "delicate plumage" of the eagle as clearly visible on earth, while the bird is winging his way through the depths of air; but even Pindar's eagle, perched on the sceptre of Zeus, in the first Pythian, is not entirely beyond the reach of criticism. In the same Pythian, Hieron is briefly reminded of the undying fame that attends the generous and virtuous Cræsus; in a later ode of Bacchylides, the story of Cræsus, the great benefactor of Delphi, is finely told in a poem in honour of Hieron's gifts to the same temple. It contains a splendid passage in which the golden tripods dedicated by the King of Syracuse are described in glowing language.

The fourteenth epinikian odes are succeeded by six "lyrical idylls" on mythical themes, Helen, Heracles, Theseus, Io, and Idas. The two on Theseus are the most interesting; the first, for a legend of Theseus in Crete, hitherto hardly known except from a passage in Pausanias; the second, for its form as the sole surviving specimen of a Greek "dramatic lyric."

Mr. Kenyon's careful transcript of the manuscript is deserving of all praise; the text, as restored by himself, with the occasional aid of suggestions from other scholars, is, on the whole, satisfactory; the critical notes give us all due details as to the readings adopted, while the explanatory notes, without pretending to exhaustiveness, are sufficient to enable a classical student to read the poems with pleasure. There is also an admirable introduction and an excellent index.

**Impressions of South Africa.** By the Right Hon. James Bryce, M.P. 9x6in., xxv. + 601 pp. London and New York, 1897. Macmillan. 14/- n.

Mr. Bryce has erred on the side of modesty in the title he has selected for his work. The word "impressions" leads the reader to expect that the work in question forms only another of the many reminiscences published by British tourists after a flying visit to South Africa, such as those produced by Frodo and Trollope, which even at the time of their appearance possessed little or no value beyond that inseparable from the

personality of their authors. Whether there can be a standard work on South Africa written as yet seems to be doubtful. The intricacy of the different cords which compose the tangled South African skein; the confused character of the various issues and interests at stake; the vastness of the subject matter as compared with the meagreness of the materials at the disposal of the writer; the fact that up to now there is no general South African point of view from which a trustworthy narrative could be composed—all these and many other considerations render it almost impossible that any work on South Africa should be produced, in our days, which is likely to be accepted by future generations as an authentic history of this isolated portion of the Dark Continent. No man could be qualified to write such a history, unless he had been born and bred in South Africa. In this case, even supposing our imaginary chronicler to have the requisite literary ability, the very fact of his close acquaintance with the burning issues of the present day in South Africa would cause his views to be hopelessly biased, one way or the other, by the racial and sectional animosities which have so far rendered a united South Africa a dream of the future only.

Mr. Bryce might, we think, more justly have called his book a study of the past, present, and future of South Africa. No praise is too high for the largeness of mind, shrewdness of observation, and fairness of judgment with which he has studied and described the leading characteristics of the South African community. There are only two criticisms we would make; and these criticisms are matters of personal opinion, on which perhaps neither the author nor his readers would share our views. About one-third of this most valuable contribution to popular knowledge of South Africa is devoted to the account of a journey made by Mr. Bryce and his wife to and from Cape Town, traversing on their way Griqualand West, Bechuanaland, Rhodesia, Mozambique, Natal, Basutoland, the Orange Free State, and the Transvaal. Similar impressions of South African travel, South African scenery, and the general aspects of South African life have been published often before now by tourists whose powers of description and whose art in conveying to persons unacquainted with South Africa the impressions created by a superficial view of the country are certainly not inferior to those of Mr. Bryce. No doubt all the personal experiences which he narrates, with much charm of style and with a singular absence of any personal egotism, bear indirectly upon the views he expresses in the more serious portions of his work. We think, however, the permanent value of this study of South African politics and history would have been increased if the narrative of Mr. Bryce's personal experiences as a tourist had been published separately.

Our second criticism would be that Mr. Bryce might have added to the utility of his valuable work if he had not abstained so rigidly from expressing any opinion of his own as to the conclusions he has formed himself from the study to which he has devoted so much thought, care, and ability. Few British tourists have ever visited the British possessions in South Africa and the various adjacent States, which directly or indirectly come within the sphere of British influence, under greater advantages than the member for West Aberdeenshire. As a friend and follower of Mr. Gladstone, he was naturally a *persona grata* to the Boers and to the Afrikaner Bond. As a colleague of Lord Rosebery he was in touch with the Imperialist sentiments of the British settlers. As a politician of character and eminence, with a distinguished political past and with the prospect of a no less distinguished future, he was in a position, apart from his literary and academic reputation, to have access on terms of intimacy to all the leading notabilities of South Africa. He has used this access to advantage.

Mr. Bryce, however, might, we fancy, have made more of his exceptional opportunities if he had not been hampered by the thought of the effect that any statement of his candid opinions as to South African affairs might produce upon his political prospects at home. We are perfectly certain that in all his remarks on South Africa Mr. Bryce has told the truth, as he sees it, and has told nothing but the truth. We are not

equally certain that he has told the whole truth. A Gladstonian member of Parliament is hardly in a position to dwell adequately upon the extent to which the complications between the Boers and the British are due to our surrender on the morrow of our defeat at Majuba Hill. The representative of a Scotch Radical constituency can scarcely be expected to say exactly what he thinks concerning the Native and the Missionary questions. A probable candidate for high office in any potential Radical Administration cannot well afford to denounce overtly the Little England school of politicians. Those, indeed, who can read between the lines of "Impressions of South Africa" will have little difficulty in forming an idea as to what Mr. Bryce's own views are about the Uitlander insurrection, the Glen Grey Act, and Mr. Rhodes's policy. Unfortunately, ordinary readers, not acquainted with South African affairs, are not apt at reading between lines. We doubt, therefore, whether Mr. Bryce's exhaustive study of South Africa will receive quite the recognition it deserves, owing to his steadfast refusal to draw his own conclusions from the premises he has explained with so much lucidity and impartiality.

To our minds the most valuable of the many valuable portions of the "Impressions of South Africa" will be found in a brief history of the country from its first discovery till the present day. In some 150 pages Mr. Bryce contrives to give a succinct and interesting narrative of all the most important events which occurred between the occupation of the Cape of Good Hope by the Dutch and the annexation of Matabeleland by the Chartered Company. We cannot recall any instance where a very complicated narrative has been told at once with such brevity, such art in selecting salient acts, and such singular absence of partisanship or personal bias. The story of South Africa, as told by Mr. Bryce, might well serve as a text book for any student who requires to get up the subject for purposes of examination. At the same time the chapters in which the story is told form a most interesting narrative for older readers whose desire for knowledge, fortunately or unfortunately for themselves, is not stimulated by any thought of competitive examinations.

In the concluding portion of his book Mr. Bryce discusses a number of South African problems. These problems will have to be decided in a more or less remote future; and any opinions expressed concerning them can only be confirmed or refuted by the experience of another generation. The chief conclusions at which Mr. Bryce seems to have arrived are that the natives must for any period which concerns men now living be treated as children under the tutelage of the white race, and cannot be placed in a position of political equality with the white colonists; that self-government by the white population, subject to the suzerainty of the British Empire, is the system best calculated to develop the resources of South Africa, moral as well as material; that there is no irreconcilable antagonism between the Boer and the British elements; and that the Transvaal under its present administration constitutes the main obstacle to any union of South Africa similar to that of the Dominion of Canada. We have said above that these are the conclusions at which Mr. Bryce appears to have arrived, but we cannot confirm this statement positively owing to his refusal, to which we have already referred, to express any definite opinions of his own. We think, however, the perusal of these "Impressions of South Africa" will convince any candid reader that the above views represent fairly enough Mr. Bryce's conclusions, or that, in other words, his opinions as to the policy of South Africa are very much in conformity with those of Mr. Cecil Rhodes.

We fully agree with Mr. Bryce in his masterly exposition of the various causes which militate against South Africa becoming, in our time at any rate, a favourite resort of that class of European emigrants whose labour developed the vast natural resources of America, Canada, and Australia. In our opinion Mr. Bryce over-estimates the probability of South Africa in general, and of the Transvaal in particular, ceasing to be great mineral producing countries within any given number of years. After all, we have as yet only touched the fringe of

the mineraliferous districts of South Africa; while all calculations as to the probable duration of the Rand mines are necessarily based on utterly inadequate data. This, however, is a subject which concerns posterity much more closely than it does the men of our day. All we need say is that Mr. Bryce has compiled a work on South Africa which will continue to be studied even if its forecast should prove correct and Johannesburg should, before the close of the coming century, have become, as he anticipates, a sort of South African Tadmor.

**The Principles of Criticism.** Being an Introduction to the Study of Literature. By W. Basil Worsfold, M.A. Barrister-at-Law. 9x6 $\frac{1}{2}$ in., viii. + 285 pp. London, 1897.

Allen. 10/6

To say with the poet that we have read Mr. Worsfold's book "half in a rapture and half in a rage" would be excessive. But we certainly have read it with a mixture of approval and disappointment. It is something, nay, much, in these days of wearisome criticism upon criticism—the falsest of all possible heraldries—to find a man who is at least trying to go to the fountain-head, to arrange a set of principles, and at the same time not to forget history. Nor have we any fault to find with the mere fact that Mr. Worsfold's authorities and idols—Aristotle and Mr. Meredith, Addison and Matthew Arnold, Cousin and Mr. Herbert Spencer—may seem at first sight very oddly assorted, and may even remind the profane a little of the Groves of Blarney. There is much to be said for selecting your own Pantheon, always provided that you can keep the peace between its members and observe a proper connexion and consistency in your cult of them.

It is in these latter points that we find Mr. Worsfold a little disappointing, or, to speak with more exactness, that we find him realizing only too soon the forebodings of our critical soul. Of Plato as a possible, rather than actual, critic, Mr. Worsfold has a very high idea, though he admits that the eccentric fancy for testing poetry by its "truth" practically makes little of the Platonic criticism, as we have it, more than a curiosity. But his four chief masters, representing the four stages of critical progress, are Aristotle, whom he regards as the founder of the criticism of form; Addison, whose reference of the criterion of poetry and literature generally to the imagination he regards as not merely an immense gain, but the first real reform of the Aristotelian principles; Lessing, of whom he says very much what is usually said; and Victor Cousin, who idealizes aesthetics and returns to the position of Addison if not even of Plato.

One may feel a slight surprise at the very high place thus assigned to the Right Honourable Joseph. There is no doubt that his batch of articles on "Paradise Lost," together with his other critical exercises in the *Spectator*, compose a much more than respectable body of criticism expressing very admirably a view of literature which is at once common sense and scholarly. But it is a long way from this concession to granting him the signal glory of being the first to base criticism on an appeal to the Imagination. The word "Imagination" is indeed a post-classical one; but the thing was constantly present to the mind of the ancients. The *Poetics* themselves, notably in the world-famous definition of tragedy, recognize the Imagination in the fullest manner; it is clearly in Quintilian's mind; the much canvassed "Sublime" of Longinus becomes intelligible at once, if only we paraphrase it into "that which appeals to the Imagination." To come to modern times and Addison's own predecessors, Shakespeare had laid the thing down once for all and by the actual word in—

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet

Are of imagination all compact—

those famous lines so pleasantly misunderstood by Mr. Gladstone.

Nor can we help thinking that Mr. Worsfold—besides taking a truly seven-leagued jump from Aristotle to Addison and omitting not merely Quintilian, Longinus, and the Renaissance critics, but between them the epoch-making work of Dante himself—misunderstands his Stagirite. The *Poetics*, though not longer than a *Quarterly* article, are full of pitfalls; but the little

book seems to have been to Mr. Worsfold one huge pitfall. He constantly presents the author as a critic of form as opposed to the criticism which (whether rightly or wrongly, we need not positively pronounce) he thinks to be triumphant, and justly triumphant, at the present day—the criticism of thought. This is surely a blunder, and a very great blunder. Aristotle almost sneers at “style.” He insists on the “worthiness” of the subject, on the necessity of its thorough conception and realization by the poet. It is perfectly true that he accepts Homer and the Tragedians as masters of form, and generalizes a little rashly from that form. But he never lays most stress on form itself, whatever his maladroit 16th and 17th century followers may have done.

Before, therefore, we can accept the historical groundwork of Mr. Worsfold's structure as adequate, it must receive very considerable alterations and additions. In particular it is absolutely imperative for a critic, who assumes, as he does, and triumphs in the assumption, that the province of criticism is confined to the recognition of the ideal element, to face such an all-important contrast as that between the critical doctrine and the practical performance of two such men as Dante and Wordsworth. We do not say that the task would have been too hard for him, but it would have been at least interesting to see how he tackled it. For Dante (unless we take the violent and quite arbitrary line of denying the genuineness of the *De Vulgari Eloquentia*) stakes all on form and diction and metre, and observes with a touch of his well-known *alma sdegnosa*, “let the folly of those stand confessed who, innocent of art and knowledge, and trusting to genius alone, rush forward to sing”; though he, himself, undoubtedly produced poetry in which the ideal is at least as much present as anywhere in the world of literature. And Wordsworth flouting poetic diction, protesting that for his part he does not consider metre necessary for poetry at all, and dismissing “the power of producing harmony of numbers” as “invariably attendant” upon the ethical and intellectual faculties which he thinks necessary for the poet, yet in practice always falsifies his theories in his best passages, and hardly ever writes a good passage in carrying them out.

Of course no single contrast of this kind will settle a question which, strictly speaking, can never be settled. But we confess that it seems to us more germane to the matter than Mr. Worsfold's optimism, but slightly misty, discipleship of Mr. Herbert Spencer in regard to the “biological connexion between art and leisure,” and the apparent corollary that in some mysterious fashion an eight hours day will lead to a renaissance of poetry. This kind, we fear, goeth not out, neither cometh in, in any such manner. Neither biology nor boiler-makers can have much to do with the appearance of a new *Agamemnon* or a new *Hamlet*. But if we cannot wholly approve either Mr. Worsfold's “collections” in the old sense, nor his conclusions from them, he has certainly given us a book which represents thought, and should stimulate it in others, a book which is neither a mere opportunity for crossing single-sticks with opponents, nor a mere receptacle for random and unconnected judgments and appreciations. Now these are the two degradations to which criticism is at all times perhaps, at this time certainly, most liable; and therefore we are glad to welcome a book in it and on it which avoids both of them.

**The Household of the Lafayettes.** By Edith Sichel. With 12 Portraits. 9½×5½in., 354 pp. Westminster, 1897.  
Constable. 15/-

The world has long since made up its mind about Lafayette. Few will now deny that he was an honest man and a brave soldier, or that he bore his troubles with dignity and fortitude. On the other hand, he was vain, delivered over to a narrow formula, and a very bad judge of men. Mirabeau's “Cromwell-Grandison” was not a good nickname, for he would never have made himself dictator, but he loved popularity beyond measure. The writer of this volume is more concerned with Madame Lafayette and her relations than with the General himself; but she does not give her authorities, and it is therefore not always easy to follow

her. A few points may, however, be noted. Lafayette was not “made a Field-Marshal” at the age of 26, but only a *Maréchal de Camp*, which more nearly answers to our brigadier-general. Sieyès is called “the incarnation of effective cleverness,” but surely the adjective should be “ineffective,” especially as we are told in the same sentence that he “possessed all the tools of greatness without the greatness to handle them,” and in another place that he was “a shadow.” Tallien did not “draw his sword” during the debate on the 9th Thermidor, for he had no sword. He had a concealed dagger, which he exhibited at the critical moment, explaining at the same time why he carried it. Louis XVIII. before his accession is repeatedly called “Duke of Provence,” but his title was Count, sometimes of Provence and sometimes of Lille.

Lafayette was married at 16 to Adrienne de Noailles, who was two years younger. Her mother was the Duchess D'Ayen, and she had four sisters, of whom one died young, the others being Madame de Noailles, Madame de Montagu, and Madame de Grammont. They were a united family, and everything that Miss Sichel has to say about their domestic circle is pleasing. It was the Viscount de Noailles, the husband of the eldest sister, who proposed, on the memorable 4th August, that all titles and feudal privileges should be abolished, and that even liveries should be forbidden. This did not save his relations from being arrested as aristocrats, and most of them were in danger during the Terror. Madame de Noailles, her mother, and her grandmother, the Maréchale de Noailles, were actually guillotined on the same day. The Lafayette of the Revolution is well known. He fled from France only to fall into the hands of Prussia first, and afterwards of the Emperor. His confinement at Olmütz was of the strictest, and there was not much to choose between an Austrian fortress and the prisons of revolutionary Paris. No books were allowed him, he was clothed in rags, and his straw bed was hardly ever changed.

One morning—it was the 1st of October—he was sitting in his cell, ill and half stupefied. To his surprise, at this unwonted hour, he heard the clanking of bolts; his door opened, and, without a word of warning, as if they were spirits from a world of shadows, his wife and children entered. . . . He was so changed by illness and starvation that Adrienne hardly recognized him.

Madame Lafayette had made her way to the Emperor of Austria, and had obtained leave to live with her husband. Leopold was gracious, and said she might complain to him, if necessary, adding that she would “find her husband well lodged and fed, and treated with courtesy, and that her presence would add a crowning charm to an easy existence.” Thugut, who probably knew more about prisons than his master, was less civil, but to such a devoted wife it was much to be allowed to see her husband at all. Like the Duke of Beaufort in the “Three Musketeers,” the reunited family were forbidden to have anything “piquant” or “tranchant,” and had to eat with their fingers. There was an open sewer under the window, and prisoners were flogged there, but the restriction on books was removed. One daughter, who contracted an infectious fever from the bad air, was forced, nevertheless, to occupy the same bed with her sister. Madame Lafayette had blood-poisoning, from which she never thoroughly recovered. She wrote to Leopold, who said she might go to Vienna for medical advice, but only on condition of not returning; and so she stayed on to breathe the foul gases. Fox and Sheridan thundered in vain; and Washington's appeal was not attended to, but Lafayette's release was made an article in the Treaty of Campo Formio. It was Hoche first, and afterwards Carnot, who insisted on this. Napoleon obeyed reluctantly, adding, of his own accord, that the exile must not return to France. Lafayette was not seriously in want of money, for two English ladies gave him large sums—one as much as £1,000 a year.

At Viaren, near Utrecht, after eight years' separation, Madame Lafayette and her two surviving sisters met once more:—

They had all changed, and yet remained the same. Madame Lafayette was gray-haired at 40; and Rosalie de Grammont at

31 looked much older than Pauline de Montagu—her senior by a year—who managed to keep her girlish looks, though Rosalie told her that “the trials of her soul were written with flame in her eyes” . . . Their characters, matured by experience, were as different as their appearances. Madame Lafayette was the heroine, Madame de Montagu the missionary, and Madame de Grammont the nun of the trio. A friend of all three once said of them that their mother must have been a blessed woman to have hatched a brood of angels beneath her wings.

Lafayette imagined that he owed his release to Napoleon, and characteristically fancied that a real republic was at last founded on 18 Brumaire. He hurried to Paris, where Napoleon was not pleased to see him, and he was gradually disenchanted. He soon found that the First Consul was no Republican, and resolutely refused to be bought, declining the Embassy to America, which must have been peculiarly tempting to him, and not even consenting to enter the Senate. The only thing he would accept was the empty title of *Électeur Départemental*, because it was theoretically based on popular suffrage.

Madame Lafayette died on Christmas Eve, 1807. Miss Sichel gives a detailed and very interesting account of her last days. There is a sort of pathetic humour about the language of the dying woman, who mixed up her love for her husband with her love for the Church and for the Church's head. Lafayette's own comments, though very affectionate, show his intense vanity. After her death he lived generally in the country. Once more, in July, 1830, his popularity flared up with all its old brilliancy. He risked his life at the barricades, and, when the Revolution was accomplished, became commander-in-chief of the restored National Guard. For a moment he held France in his hands, and again he was beaten by more practical though far meaner men. Louis Philippe cunningly presented himself as an *ancien Garde National*, and Lafayette allowed the reins to slip from his grasp. The Orleanist Monarchy was constituted, and, sanguine as he was, he did not altogether like it. “Voilà,” he said, “ce que nous avons pu faire de plus républicain.” As soon as Louis Philippe was firm in his seat he abolished the generalship of the National Guard, and Lafayette returned to private life. Three years later he was laid by his wife's side. Earth was sent from America to mingle in his tomb with French dust. The United States, mindful of Yorktown, went into mourning for a month, and honours were decreed equal to those which had been given to Washington. Thirty-six years passed before the French Republic was really established, and Lafayette, had he lived to see it, might not have been altogether satisfied.

**Letters of Dante Gabriel Rossetti to William Allingham.** By George Birkbeck Hill. 8vo. 307 pp. London, 1897. Unwin. 16/-

These, of course, are interesting letters, considering the intimacy that existed between Rossetti and William Allingham; but they do not seem to throw much new light on Rossetti's life and character. Nor should we say, though Dr. Garnett thinks them the best of Rossetti's letters, that from a literary point of view Rossetti was a good letter-writer. Now and then he writes a connected account of something that has interested him, but more often his letters are short and scrappy, pass rapidly from one point to another, and in many of their references and allusions distinctly need an interpreter. It is only natural that letters written to an intimate friend, and never intended for publication, should be of this kind; still, gossip is after all only gossip, even when it comes from a man of genius, and a good deal of it is trivial enough. Fortunately, the interpreter has not been wanting, and we have to thank Dr. Birkbeck Hill for the skillful commentary with which he weaves together these letters and explains their precise bearing on Rossetti's life. Without his notes, they would only illustrate Rossetti's moods and temper, and that in a very fragmentary way; with them, they show us the man himself during some of his best years of active work. The last letter is dated November, 1870, a year of declining health, and a year too that practically ended the waning friendship between the painter and Allingham. Allingham

himself seems to have considered the intimacy, as distinguished from the friendship, at an end six years earlier. We do not know what difference, or reticence, or want of sympathy, or other shortcoming, real or imaginary, may have destroyed “that which once had been” and reduced it to a more common level. However this may be, the letters, begun in 1864, continued till the end of 1870, so that for 16 years we have a kind of record, intermittent but authentic, of Rossetti's impressions and opinions.

We need not recapitulate well-known biographical facts, such as Rossetti's connexion with the P.R.B., his career as artist and poet, his long-delayed marriage to Miss Siddal, and his too brief married life. The publication of a man's letters generally exposes to public analysis all sorts of intimate matters with which the public has no concern. For us, at any rate, it is enough to say, with regard to that which was nearest Rossetti's heart for many years—his love and admiration for Miss Siddal—that her death so soon after marriage must have saddened a nature that was not ordinary enough for ordinary happiness. He had his full share of the artistic temperament—great generosity, strong affections, and equally strong dislikes, and so extreme an incapacity in money matters that, even when he was making £3,000 a year, he had no money. These are not uncommon qualities, but they do not make for happiness, and the letters which exhibit them consequently give us a somewhat sombre picture of the man. On these, and on whatever may be called the morbid anatomy of a great artist, we do not wish to insist. It is more agreeable to turn to his references to his brother artists, Millais, Morris, Holman Hunt, and others of his friends. In the present day one hardly realizes the prejudice with which the Royal Academy of 40 years ago—a far more powerful body than the Academy of to-day—regarded everything Pro-Raphaelite. It was a distinguished Academician who said that “Holman Hunt has found some fool to buy his ‘Light of the World.’” In a general way, the works of the Pre-Raphaelites were either rejected or skied. Mr. Ruskin, though silent as to Madox Brown, defended them heartily. But they had to make their own way without official encouragement. Millais was an exception—a sad apostate from the original creed of the P.R.B. When Millais was elected an Associate in 1853, Rossetti wrote that now the whole Round Table was dissolved; but even then Millais threatened to resign because of the bad hanging of his picture, “The Rescue,” and roundly told the Academicians that they were jealous of new men. How much more generous was the Pre-Raphaelite attitude towards another “new man” may be gathered from the following criticism, written in 1853:—

There is a big picture of “Cimabue,” one of his works in procession, by a new man living abroad named Leighton—a huge thing which the Queen has bought, which every one talks of. The R.A.'s have been gasping for years for some one to back against Hunt and Millais, and here they have him; a fact which makes some people do the picture injustice in return. It was very uninteresting to me at first sight, but on looking more at it I think there is great richness of arrangement—a quality which, when really existing, as it does in the best old masters, and perhaps hitherto in no living man, at any rate English, ranks among the great qualities. But I am not quite sure yet either of this or of the faculty for colour, which I suspect exists very strongly, but is certainly at present under a thick veil of paint, owing, I fancy, to too much Continental study. . . . As for purely intellectual qualities, expression, intention, &c., there is little as yet of them; but I think that in art richness of arrangement is a nearly allied to these that where it exists (in an earnest man) they will probably supervene. However, the choice of the subject, though interesting in a certain way, leaves one quite in the dark as to what faculty the man may have for representing incident or passionate emotion.

This is sound criticism, and by no means unjust in its appreciation of the rising young painter. But we cannot undertake to pick out many of the plums from these letters. It will readily be supposed that Rossetti has much that is interesting to say of himself and his epoch-making friends; for that they did mark an epoch in English art cannot possibly be denied. And that, by the way, cannot be said of the painter of “Cimabue.” Time alone can prove the permanence of their influence on English art and poetry. As far as painting is concerned, we do not as yet see their legitimate successors, but only an occasional and uninspired imitator; our newer artists work with other ideals and on other methods. But that is no reason for disparaging the Pre-Raphaelites, whose genius, whether

influential or not, will always deserve a long chapter in the history of art.

We have already expressed our obligations to Dr. Birkbeck Hill. It may be well to mention, as none of Allingham's letters appear in this volume, that Rossetti destroyed them all. Otherwise Dr. Birkbeck Hill's task would have been lighter, and, notwithstanding the excellence of his work, the value of the correspondence would have been greatly increased. As things are, there is no reciprocity in the exchange of views between Rossetti and his friend. It is a pity, for Allingham had opportunities of hearing what the world thought, and was himself a man of good critical ability.

**Sporting and Athletic Records.** By H. Morgan-Browne. 7½ x 4¼ in., xxii. + 300 pp. London, 1897. Methuen. 1/-, cloth 2/-.

Mr. Morgan-Browne may be congratulated on a good beginning. The first attempt that has ever been made to deal with the whole mass of sporting records on a scientific plan is not likely to reach perfection in its first number. But we are glad to notice that this will be an annual publication, and we are sure that its author will receive from every direction the help which he thoroughly deserves. The larger question of the actual improvement in the endurance of bone and muscle produced by our civilization is complicated by the difficulty of accurate comparison with such feats as are recorded by the classical authorities. Even the "Pan-Hellenic" gatherings of modern Athens have not quite solved the problem. But if we put out of court those various means of locomotion which depend upon mechanical invention and material force, a certain interest will no doubt attach to the comparison of the different records made by men who (whether using artificial aids or not) depend upon their own strength mainly for their pace. For instance, a straight quarter of a mile has been skated at Madison, Wisconsin, in thirty-one seconds and a quarter by an amateur with a flying start and a strong wind behind him. To run it from a standing start over a cinderpath takes exactly seventeen seconds longer. It has been sculled (with the tide) in three seconds under the full minute. On snow shoes the fastest time is sixty-four seconds for the same distance, while it cannot be swum (in still water) in less than five minutes and forty-three seconds. On a bicycle, with a flying start, a rider has covered the full quarter in twenty seconds and two-fifths, but a standing start means a loss of nearly eight seconds in the distance, and a horse can pull a racing "sulky" quicker.

English horses are not yet, fortunately, raced merely against the watch. Nobody cares very much about "Benson's Chronograph" when the Derby winner is being cheered. But in the United States both running, trotting, and pacing horses are put over their distances as much to "establish a record" as to beat their rivals. In "pacing" it may be explained that a horse moves both off legs first and then both near legs (or vice versa), instead of "alternating an off leg and a near leg," as in trotting. But there is little more interest in these somewhat artificial performances than in the numerous trials against time perpetually being attempted by bicyclists. The cycling record printed by Mr. Morgan-Browne was only made on this 29th of September, yet there are already several more in this year to be added to his next edition. As a mere method of harmless exercise or convenient locomotion, we must probably undergo the bicycle for some years longer; but "scorchers" need exterminating as soon as possible, and our only consolation in these records is that their performance may possibly exterminate the breed a little sooner. The condition of American football at the present moment affords one of the most deterrent of warnings against the wrong methods of playing any game. In that variety of the Rugby rules, the thirst for records has developed into a determination to score a win or avoid a defeat without any regard to the possibilities of the sport itself. As a natural result, the sport is rapidly becoming impossible. Hence one

turns with a certain feeling of relief to Mr. Morgan-Browne's pages on cricket—a game which from its nature hardly permits any tampering with its details sufficient to destroy its everlasting interest. For when you read that "W.G." made 2,622 runs and bowled 124 wickets in the year 1876, it is not so much the mathematical total as the excellence of the cricket which impresses his admirer. And a great deal more is implied by Prince Ranjitsinhji's average (57.9) last season than the figures alone would suggest, even if you remember that he actually made a total of 2,780 runs. An even more delicate dexterity in "manipulating the sphere" was shown by the break of 310 made at billiards on the 12th of April last by Roberts in his match with Peall; this was run up in the astonishingly short time of fifteen minutes, and the spot-stroke was barred. The biggest hit in cricket of which any trustworthy record was taken on the spot was made by C. I. Thornton, on the Brighton Ground, in 1871. It covered one hundred and sixty-eight yards. We should be glad to have known the longest drive ever made in the history of golf, and Mr. Morgan-Browne will, no doubt, supply this omission next year. Australia seems the right climate for long-distance kicking; for it was at Sydney that 207 feet were covered by a place-kick (rugby ball) in 1887, and at Brisbane that Mr. Hargrave dropped only four inches under one hundred and seventy-three feet. There is but one record in this book that has remained unbeaten for a century, and seems likely to continue unapproached. It is the bowshot made by Mahmud Effendi in 1795 in London, which travelled a distance of four hundred and eighty-two yards. Three members of the Royal Toxophilite Society were there to measure, and at their headquarters in Regent's-park you still may see the bow of Turkish horn which has beaten every English yew since Robin Hood's.

**L'Heritage de Behanzin.** By Paul Mimande. 7½ x 5 in., 201 pp. Paris, 1898. Perrin. 3f. 50c.

At last a Frenchman has been found willing to accept the rôle of historian of Behanzin. "Paul Mimande" is a *nom de guerre*. It hides the distinguished name of the Vicomte de la Loyère, ex-colonial governor, who, even if he had not written "Criminopolis" and "Forçats et Proscrits"—which proved once more that for the artistic French temperament *le sujet n'est rien, c'est le style qui est tout*—would, with these extremely amusing, as well as instructive, pages, have obtained, even in the capital where *esprit* abounds, an enviable reputation for wit. Yet let us instantly grant that it is not, perhaps, as *hommes d'esprit* that the great colonial governors of England, for instance, or of Holland have achieved their most characteristic successes. One can hardly imagine a Dutchman in Java or an Englishman in India or South Africa taking their professions so little seriously as to spend their time in noting their sensations and impressions rather than in devoting themselves to the humdrum but practical duties of their Imperial function. The Vicomte de la Loyère, moreover, is certainly not a type of the French "functionary"; he is interested in too many things, has too much talent for expression, is, in a word, too good a writer, to be satisfied to spend his time in official receptions and in the preparation of reports to the Colonial Office. And these gifts and characteristics are comparatively rare, even in France. Yet such a book as this from a high official of the Colonial Department is not in France the surprising phenomenon that it would be anywhere else. Here it seems natural enough and legitimate; so much so that one almost forgets to consider the light it might possibly throw upon the question of the comparative success of French and British methods of colonization.

To enter into this question, however, with reference to so singularly agreeable and unpretentious a book would be to take an unfair advantage of its author. What M. Paul Mimande has done—and let us distinctly avoid saying "has tried to do," for it is perfectly clear that he has had no motive whatever, but only obeyed the artist's irrepressible impulse to express what he has seen—is to give a literary importance to that sufficiently com-

monplace episode of French colonial history, the Dahomey war : to make interesting, even to the cultivated reader of the best modern novels, types as primitive and uncomplicated as the man-eating monarchs Glé-Glé and Behanzin ; to render King Toffa, who apparently has a wardrobe almost as well stocked as that of William II., sympathetic and almost charming ; in a word, to throw about the meagre little history of Dahomey an atmosphere more pleasant than the pestilential air of the African West Coast and to raise it to the plane of those European events that are susceptible of literary treatment. The achievement is a peculiar one, and the result, owing to the author's ease and grace of movement and his frequently charming humour, is happy in its originality. The thing one is tempted to say about this book is that if it falls into the hands of Behanzin at Bellevue, Martinique, it can hardly fail to help to relieve the *ennui* of his hours of exile. Never has a black monarch had a more generous historian.

**Stendhal (Œuvres Posthumes) Napoléon.** De l'Italie ; Voyage à Brunswick ; Les Pensées ; De l'Angleterre. Commentaires sur Molière. Notes et Introduction by Jean de Mitty. 7½×5in., 290 pp. Paris, 1895.  
Editions de la Revue Blanche. 3f. 50c.

Apart from the light thrown by this book on the fascinating figure of Henry Beyle, whom his admirers and followers, from Taine to M. Bourget, and from M. Bourget to M. Barrès and M. Jean de Mitty, like to call M. de Stendhal, there are two aspects in which this final collection of the great man's posthumous papers is particularly interesting. The greater portion of the volume is composed of the passages from his "Mémoires sur Napoléon," which the time-serving Merimée, to whom the preparation of Beyle's manuscript for the press was intrusted in 1845 by Raoul Colomb, Beyle's friend, did not venture to publish. The unused portions of the manuscript were bequeathed to the Grenoble library, and there M. Jean de Mitty, a fervent yet intelligent admirer, has lately been examining them after Taine. There is no longer any reason why these brilliant generalizations and these fearless and penetrating judgments should not be given to the world. Their interest to the Stendhalists is that they confirm their estimate of the master's gift for the divination of character, and illustrate brilliantly his method. Their interest for the great public, on the other hand, is quite as striking, in that, appearing to-day after the publication of so many books on Napoleon, and particularly after the appearance of the hundreds of new letters (recently translated into English) which reveal him in all the haughty pride and insolence of his domineering personality, they prove that even in his lifetime the impression of his individuality left upon a keen observer, who was also a great admirer—upon, indeed, such a man as Stendhal—was pretty much the same as that which history has waited 75 years to accept as the true one. Taine certainly owed much to Henry Beyle, and the results of M. Jean de Mitty's researches in the Grenoble library finally prove what was hitherto only a suspicion. Besides the pages on Napoleon the most important matter edited here by M. Jean de Mitty is that contained under the heading "Les Pensées," a series of curious and unaffected jottings from one of Beyle's earliest note-books. We see his pitiless scalpel here already at work, and note the origin of that inductive psychologic method by which, after the accurate observation and notation of his own *états d'âme*, he somewhat hastily leapt to those generalizations, as to the moral state of other men and women in the world, with which he appeared armed in society, and to which later on, in the choice and construction of the heroes in his novels, he gave a concrete value. Notes of this sort, of this singularly personal and masculine quality, are not made for outsiders. M. Jean de Mitty is wise to protest that this book is only for the admirers, the initiated. And this is because, as Beyle himself says herein :—

Il y a une espèce de *mélancolie* très commune dans la nature, qu'il me semble n'avoir été vue que par Molière ; c'est que les hommes ne se comprennent qu'à mesure qu'ils sont animés des mêmes passions.

## POETRY.

## ANTHOLOGIES, NEW AND OLD.

**Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics.** By Francis T. Palgrave, late Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. 6½×4½in., 275 pp. London, 1897.  
Macmillan. 2/6 n.

**English Lyrics : Chaucer to Poe, 1310-1800.** Selected and Arranged by William Ernest Henley. 7½×5in., xlv.+412 pp. London, 1897.  
Methuen. 6/-

**The Flower of the Mind.** A Choice Among the Best Poems made by Alice Meynell. 7½×5in., xiii.+318 pp. London, 1897.  
Grant Richards. 6/-

That one anthology makes many is no disputable proposition. Since the appearance of the late Mr. Palgrave's admirable and, in its first form, still incomparable "Golden Treasury," anthologies have greatly multiplied, and what may be called the true sublime of book-making has found the most diverse exemplars. The instant and sustained success of the "Golden Treasury" must be ascribed to its perfect illustration of a definite aim. At the date of its publication there were many poetical miscellanies accessible to readers, but either they exhibited a medley of all kinds of poetry or a mere pack of incongruous material. They were determined by no selective principle. The best of them were but collections, unarranged, unsifted, and entirely wanting in the animating and unifying idea proper to anthology. Mr. Palgrave's memorable work was then a novelty. It opened a new era in anthology-making by supplying the one thing needed—a model unimpeachable both as to criticism and scholarship. Mr. Palgrave's work has naturally inspired many followers. But it is in the raising of the standard of excellence, by attracting other scholars and critics to the yet unreaped harvest, that its remarkable influence is best shown. Those who would anthologize in these latter days find a rich aftermath in Mr. Bullen's "Lyrics from the Song Books of the Elizabethans," and in his editions of the music-books of the Elizabethan lutanists, such as Dowland, Campion, Wilbye, Robert Jones. Directly inspired by Mr. Palgrave's work is the more recent "Treasury of American Sacred Song" of Mr. Garrett Horder, a collection rather than a selection, yet deserving of more attention than it has received. The late Archbishop Trench's well-known book of household poetry appeared early in the period we survey. In this example the illustration of a definite and legitimate scheme is somewhat marred by certain incursions, by no means exiguous, of the family Muse. Mention should also be made of Mr. Beeching's "Paradise of English Poetry" ; Mr. Oswald Crawford's Victorian anthology ; and the novel and interesting "Treasury of Minor British Poetry" of Mr. Churton Collins. Lastly, and leaving the many unnamed that have had their little day, we come to the second instalment of Mr. Palgrave's "Golden Treasury," the "English Lyrics" of Mr. Henley, and "The Flower of the Mind" of Mrs. Meynell.

The first of these volumes gives us a selection of English lyrics since 1850. It therefore covers less than fifty years, while the earlier "Golden Treasury" covered more than three hundred. The result is inevitable. The standard is not, and could not be, so high in the new as in the old. Mr. Palgrave, indeed, appears to have thought the reverse. Remarkable on the preference for lyrical poetry shown in the last two generations, he declares his belief that it was not possible to get into one volume all the finest lyrics of the half century, as he thinks was done in his earlier book for the larger period. One is surprised to find so extravagant a partiality for contemporary poetry in a scholar like Mr. Palgrave. The fact certainly is that the volume which had all the great names to choose from maintains an incomparably higher level than that which includes few of undisputed greatness, save those of Tennyson, Browning, and Arnold.

There is another thing. It is painful to seem ungracious



to one recently dead, towards whom we must always feel the affection which comes of gratitude. But it would be wrong not to say that the level in the new volume is not only lower than it was in the old, it is lower than it need have been. The object in both cases was to bring the best work of the period into a small volume. With this view the desire of variety was not allowed to prevent the compiler of the earlier selection from giving forty-one poems by Wordsworth, thirty-two by Shakespeare, twenty-two by Shelley. The new book gives twenty-three by Tennyson, fourteen by Browning, thirteen by Matthew Arnold. It is possible that the same difficulties about copyright, to which the entire absence of Mr. Swinburne is due, have prevented a larger selection from others. But whatever may be the truth about this, we seem to miss the balance and sanity which were as conspicuous as delicacy of perception in Mr. Palgrave's earlier critical judgments when we come to the inclusion of seventeen poems by Arthur O'Shaughnessy, whose "metrical gitt" Mr. Palgrave astonishes us by calling "the finest after Tennyson's of any of our later poets." And, since the object was the presentation of the best, is anything gained by the inclusion of such work as Mr. Witton's sonnet "On a photograph," or Lord Houghton's "Half Truth," or Thomas Ashe's "Old Jane," or Mr. Massey's "Parting," or William Johnstone-Cory's "Invocation"? Poetry of this kind may have its place, but that place is not in a "selection" which, by its very name, implies exclusion of the mediocre. It is curious, too, that while Charles Tennyson-Turner is represented by twelve pieces, two of them of a rather commonplace character, his brother Frederick, certainly a poet of larger imagination, as his "If only once the chariot of the morn" is enough to show, is given only four.

And, if the book sins by including much that is mediocre, it sins also by omitting much that is not. Its plan does not exclude the living; and where room could be found for Robert Hawker, and Sir Samuel Ferguson, and Henry Kendall it is strange that none could be found for George Meredith, or Robert Bridges, or Rudyard Kipling, or William Watson. Why, too, have we only one poem of Landor? Surely, where the subject of death fills so much space, Landor's "Death stands above me" might well have been set by the side of the "Epilogue to Asolando"?

For all these reasons the new "Golden Treasury" will never rank with the old. It wants the note of finality and catholicity of judgment, which made the other unique among anthologies. In dealing with the poets of our own day, we are all liable to overvalue this or that sentiment because it is so exactly our own. The poetry of other races or centuries cannot express our feelings with the same closeness. The result is that we judge a Roman or Elizabethan poem dispassionately in strict accordance to its greatness of imagination and greatness of treatment, while a contemporary poet will often manage to blind the judgment of his readers by identifying himself completely with their sentiments. Fine critic as he is, Mr. Palgrave hardly seems to us to have succeeded in avoiding this danger. The weak point in his selection is the number of pieces included which have little merit beyond a certain graceful tenderness of sentiment. And that was exactly the weakness of his generation, in which the women still delighted in Mrs. Hemans and the men so greatly over-praised "The Christian Year."

We have frankly criticized the defects of the book, which are real and serious; but we gladly admit that it remains, in spite of all, a delightful possession. We can never have Tennyson, or Browning, or Arnold, in too many forms; and, as for the lesser men, how many readers will owe their first knowledge of them to Mr. Palgrave? How little even Rossetti, for all his Italian splendour of imagination, is really read! or Coventry Patmore, for all the exquisite perfection of detail in which he seems to carry to its ultimate point the most original characteristic of the art of our century! And when we come to William Barnes, and Sir Francis Doyle, and Charles and Frederick Tennyson, and Charles Whitehead, and Arthur O'Shaughnessy, we are afraid that readers can no longer be counted by the hundred, scarcely,

perhaps, even by the score. In this book, however, the reader who has never heard of them may delight in discovering the magnificent "Night" of Whitehead, the "Lullaby" and "Zumaer an' Winter" in which Barnes shows his Elizabethan sweetness and genuineness of fancy, the simple beauties of Tennyson-Turner's sonnets, the glow of heroic life which fires the fine ballads of Sir Francis Doyle. And those who owe such introductions to Mr. Palgrave will be too full of gratitude to examine very closely his critical sins, whether of insertion or of omission.

Mr. Henley's anthology, in aim and achievement, ranks nearer than any other to Mr. Palgrave's first "Golden Treasury," yet the excellence of this new book of lyrics is not precisely that of the old. As was to be expected, Mr. Henley is no meek respecter of the tradition of the elders. In the peaceful pursuit of the lyric he is as a hunter on the trail, vigilant, sagacious, ardent, independent, individual alike in method and equipment. His "finds" are many and notable, for the most part significant indeed, real acquisitions to the treasury, and not to be cited as the desperate perversities of the curio-monger. First among these are the lyrical selections from the Old Testament, which, though not "new-found" in the critical apprehension of to-day, are now represented for the first time in an anthology in all their fulness and majesty. These "noble numbers"—to quote Mr. Henley—"passionate, affecting, essentially lyrical," comprising over 40 examples from the Prophets, the Psalms, the Preacher, the Song of Songs, and the Pentateuch, invest the anthology with its finest distinction. We enter upon less assured ground when we turn to some other fruits of Mr. Henley's theory of the lyrical temperament and the temperamental lyric. Is not all poetry "temperamental"? Do we get nearer the heart of a definition by defining the lyric to be the product of the lyrical temperament? Mr. Henley rejects Gray's "Elegy." Mr. Palgrave gives it, because, as he judged, it is a lyric. Mrs. Meynell also rejects it, but from a personal, or *parti pris*, conviction that it belongs to a secondary order of poetry. Mr. Henley goes further than we are able to follow him when he rejects Gray's Eton College Ode. He finds it lacking in emotion, or "feeling," as Mr. Palgrave has it. To us it appears to fulfil all the conditions of Mr. Henley's definition. Its emotional quality seems to us undeniable, and the poem certainly is the cause of emotion in others. Mr. Henley may surely be congratulated upon the discovery of a lyric in Chaucer—the first of his three examples, "Hide, Absalon, thy gilte tresses clere"; on his specimens of Dunbar, Skelton, and Alexander Scott; his choice of the delightful lyrics of Montgomerie; his selection from the Elizabethan lyrists proper; his inclusion of the "pretty piece of paganism" of Keats; his well-timed stand against the common over-representation of Wordsworth and the common under-representation of Byron.

In the somewhat euphuistic title of Mrs. Meynell's volume there is no hint of a restriction to the lyric or of any kind of restriction save what is implied by an artistic research among "the best." Or, in her own words, Mrs. Meynell's aim is "to gather nothing that did not overpass a certain boundary-line of genius." What this imaginary line may be is not clearly made out. On the wrong side of it, we note, there is all of Gray and everything of Byron except the splendid invocation of Hellas in "Don Juan," to which, however, a note of extraordinary ineptitude is appended. An anthology, to be of any value, "must be made," says Mrs. Meynell, "on the responsibility of one, but on the authority of many." There should be no "caprice." There is, we fear, not a little in her selection and very much in her critical notes that may fairly be termed capricious or fantastical. The note on Cowper's "narrowing English," in reference to the famous lines on his mother's portrait, is simply amazing, while that on Carew's "Inconstant Mistress" is scarcely intelligible. Mrs. Meynell's notes comprise some fine and true observations which would be not the less fine and true if set forth in language less "precious" and decorated. With respect to her interesting note on the "undivided" Alexandrine of Cowley and Crashaw, we may point out that both kinds of the

verse have been used by modern poets. There is, for instance, Wordsworth's—

And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore,  
which certainly holds its own against Cowley's—

Like some fair pine o'erlooking all the ignobler wood.

Despite such strange inequality of representation as permits some five-and-twenty pages of Crashaw and but three of Donne, Mrs. Meynell's handsome volume is an extremely interesting contribution to modern anthologies.

#### MINOR POETS.

**Songs in Many Moods.** By Nina Frances Layard.  
**The Wandering Albatross, &c.** By Annie Corder. 7½ × 5in., 120 pp. London, 1897. Longmans. 5/-

**Realms of Unknown Kings.** By Laurence Alma Tadema. 7 × 4½ in., 78 pp. London, 1897. Grant Richards. 2/- n.

**A Tale from Boccaccio: Poems.** By Arthur Coles Armstrong. 7½ × 5in., 40 pp. Westminster, 1895. Constable. 5/- n.

**Poems.** By George Cookson. 7½ × 5in., 104 pp. London, 1897. Innes. 4/6

**Fidelis, and Other Poems.** By C. M. Gemmer. 7 × 4½ in., 100 pp. Westminster, 1897. Constable. 3/6 n.

**Poems.** By Matthias Barr. 7½ × 5in., 208 pp. London, 1897. Barr. 5/-

**The Royal Shepherdess, and Other Poems.** By Dudley Charles Bushby. 7½ × 5½ in., 44 pp. London, 1897. Digby, Long. 2/6 n.

Some five-sixths of the first volume on our list are contributed by the first named of the two ladies associated in its production, who also supplies two decorative and well-designed title-pages for the conjunct work. In other respects than mere quantity the first writer's contribution is the more considerable. "The Wandering Albatross," and its companion poems, may be described as fluent and well-wrought verse rather than distinguished poetry. The triolet, "I greeted her with chilly looks," though it observes not the strict rule of this metrical form, is distinctly pretty. "Songs in Many Moods" have a wider range and are grave or playful, with a pretty play of fancy or a certain quaintness of expression, and in several instances possess that unpremeditated air which is one of the chief graces of song. The "Ode to Morning" may claim some affinity with the spirit of Herbert, the quaintness of one passage in it is clearly reminiscent though not imitative of that divine poet. The poetess is much less happily inspired in singing of some complex social or political theme. In "Red Gold," for example, not much light is thrown upon the opium question, though it would be hard to match the quaint naïveté of the song. Energy finds a more purely poetic expression in "The Bearded Vulture," some stanzas of which we give ourselves the pleasure of quoting:—

Thou hast a secret of thine own,  
'Tis hid away where none shall see;  
One callow nursing reared alone  
In that most awful nursery.  
And shadowed by thy stormy breast,  
As fierce of heart, and stern of mood;  
Bones whiten in that rugged nest,  
The thirsty beak is fed on blood.  
It hears the throated thunders blare  
(When steel-blue arrows fork and fly)  
Through all the trembling of the air  
They shout a savage lullaby.

Miss Alma Tadema's "Realms of Unknown Kings"—the somewhat enigmatic title is but imperfectly explained in a melodious dedication—comprises poetry of real distinction and character, such as has the involuntary note and the unlaboured effect which persuade us that verse is a natural medium of expression with the singer, and not an alien vehicle. No consciousness of a listening world mars the impression of perfect sincerity. Nothing could be less like the kind of robust, assertive song that seems to clamour for an audience than the series of

musical laments set in a minor key which make up the larger section of Miss Tadema's little book. It is among these "Voices of Many Women" that we find her most characteristic poetry, which may be described as a low-toned lyrical communing, something that is overheard, so inward and intimate, that we are touched almost by a sense of intrusion in the overhearing. Naturally the range of these poems, written almost in monotone as they are, is limited. In some of those entitled "Destinies," however, Miss Tadema shows considerable deftness in symbolism, and in "Three Visions" the power of inventing an imaginative conception with pictorial representation. Altogether, she has produced a notable little book, and one that the fastidious observer of current poetry should not neglect.

Mr. Armstrong, in the course of his "Tale from Boccaccio," a version of the tragic loves of Segismunda and Guiscardo, makes the customary invocation in these terms:—

Ere yet my spirit to this land doth go,  
I fain would seek thine influence divine—  
Thine inmost heart, O Great Boccaccio!  
Diapel the shades that wrap this heart of mine.

But he does not call up the shade of Dryden, which had been more pertinent to his attempt, since he has benefited nothing by the excellent model Dryden has set him in his version of Boccaccio's story. A lamer or tamer piece of verse-making we cannot recall. Mr. Armstrong shows not the slightest apprehension of metrical structure. He has made of the Spenserian stanza a dreadful engine, ungovernable in its bearings and creaking at every joint. His mastery of English does not suffice to explain why he should take upon himself the superfluous task of doing into English this tale of Boccaccio. Confused, prosy, dull, his style is only relieved by the liberties he permits himself with what we can scarcely believe to be his mother-tongue.

The "Poems" of Mr. George Cookson are too colourless to characterize in definite terms. At their best, as in certain of the sonnets, the poetic thought is a trifle thin, the imagery ordinary, the expression mediocre, the sentiment unimpeachable. But the poet falls at times even below this humble level. When he attempts a lyric measure, the result is singularly wooden. When he forsakes the security of iambic verse, he shows an oddly insensitive ear.

"Fidelis," with the poems that accompany it, makes a rather belated appearance, since it has been honoured, as the author explains in an interesting preface, by the praise of four eminent poets. Mr. Coventry Patmore thought "Fidelis" only "too good," and asked, "What have you left for higher shrines?" He introduced the poem to Mr. Browning, who wrote of the "great pleasure" it had given him, and styles it "a really beautiful poem." Miss Christina Rossetti was not less decided in commendation, and Mr. Matthew Arnold "did what he could to get it placed in a high-class magazine." Decidedly, that editor who wrote to the author about "the refined feeling" and the "affectionate study of Wordsworth" shown in these poems ought to have printed, and not merely accepted, "Fidelis." He was entirely right in approving the Wordsworthian qualities of certain of the poems. "A Lodge in a Garden of Cucumbers" may be cited as an interesting example of the writer's spiritual kinship with Wordsworth. We have no space to quote, but there are other poems besides this one that seem to us not undeserving of the praise which the illustrious poets bestowed on "Fidelis." In a lighter style, and touched with a dainty grace, is "Baby-Land." "Fidelis," which commemorates a little dog, whose death occurred during the writer's absence, appeals to us much less than the beautiful poem entitled "A Reverie," in whose tender pathos and stately movement we find an abiding charm.

The popularity of Mr. Matthias Barr's "Poems" is attested, we must assume, by the sixth and enlarged edition now before us. Some sixty new poems, including several songs, appear in the volume.

"The Royal Shepherdess" is a Jubilee poem which takes the novel form of a pastoral, and, though in no sense stirring, is altogether a blameless production.

## THEOLOGY.

**Elements of the Science of Religion.** Part I. Morphological. By C. P. Teile. Vol. 1. 8vo., x. + 32 pp. London, 1897. Blackwood. 7/6

These lectures were delivered by Professor Teile in his capacity as Gifford Lecturer for 1896. They are likely to be highly useful, owing to the generous and conciliatory tone which pervades them. The first volume deals with the morphology of religion, which embraces "those constant changes of form" in religion which result "from an ever-progressing evolution." The present tendency of scientific inquiry in regard to the origin and growth of religion is well reflected in Professor Teile's method of treatment. He believes the question as to the origin of religion to be "not of an historical or archaeological nature, but purely psychological." From this standpoint he traces the progress of religions, classified according to their external form, from the lowest nature religions to the ethical religions, which are based on the idea of revelation. Among these, "on purely scientific grounds," Christianity has the highest place assigned to it.

In Professor Teile's interesting lectures we have an example of the scientific temper at its best, and those who look with suspicion on the modern idea of a "science of religion" will find nothing to complain of in the tone and style with which the distinguished writer discusses some of the points on which religious minds are apt to be most sensitive. Some excellent specimens of discerning criticism will be found in more than one of the lectures. We may refer specially to Professor Teile's remarks on the Greek tragedians in their treatment of nature-myths. The following estimate of Euripides is singularly just:—"Too enlightened to acquiesce in tradition, he was too religious to rest satisfied with its disavowal; and sometimes his religious sentiment gets the better of him, as when he describes the fate of Pentheus," &c. Strikingly fair, too, is the account of Mahomedanism on pp. 126, 127. The writer seizes the salient feature of Islam in a single sentence—"the theocratic root-idea is carried to extreme exaggeration."

The most interesting portion of these lectures, however, is that which is devoted to a discussion of the probable course of religious development in the future. The idea of an absolute religion is sometimes dismissed as "a figment of the partisan" or a dream of the philosopher. But it seems to us that in his felicitous description of Christianity as "the religion of reconciliation," Professor Teile goes far towards claiming for it the character of finality which belongs to what is absolute.

It combines (he says) those apparently irreconcilable elements of religious life which are separately represented and singly developed in other religions and in other periods of greater or less duration. The whole history of religion, externally viewed, is the history of a succession of a great variety of one-sided forms of religion. . . . The history of Christianity is the continuance of that earlier history, but in a more perfect, many-sided, and comprehensive form.

Professor Teile's view of religious progress is, on the whole, optimistic. The differentiation of sects and forms of belief towards which the ethical religions inevitably tend is to be welcomed, he thinks, as a sure sign of vitality. At the same time there is a movement or striving towards unity discernible throughout the history of religion. This striving after unity becomes more energetic in proportion as man becomes "ever more clearly conscious of what he is and what he requires as a religious being, and of the nature and demands of the religion

within him." We understand Professor Teile to say that there will be a constant growth in religious men both of the sense of moral proportion and of the power of moral appreciation. As the religious life becomes purer, religion finds itself able to assimilate the influences which in a weaker stage it must necessarily suspect. Thus the progress of civilization itself may contribute to the growth of religion. The writer's optimism is well illustrated by his estimate of so-called epochs of decline in religion. In this point, at least, we suspect that the attentive study of religious history would confirm what Professor Teile so eloquently asserts.

The impartiality, tolerance, and kindliness of the writer will win for his book the approval of many who cannot fairly appreciate its historical learning and accurate scholarship.

**The Faith of Centuries: Addresses and Essays on Subjects Connected with the Christian Religion.** 8x5 1/4 in., xii. + 350 pp. London, 1897. Nisbet. 7/6

These interesting addresses are intended "to help those who may be spoken of as, not only socially, but educationally, members of the middle class, to confront some of the more common difficulties of belief, and at the same time to realize with less insufficiency and inadequacy the nature of Christian doctrine." It is encouraging to find that writers belonging to very different schools of religious thought can work harmoniously together in an effort to aid distressed thought on fundamental religious topics. Some of the addresses or essays are marked by exceptional ability; all of them are by clergy of distinction, most of whom are well acquainted with the intellectual needs to which the book is intended to minister. The various subjects are not all dealt with in a uniformly popular style. For example, Mr. Strong's very thoughtful and original paper on Immortality is scarcely adapted to the capacities of those who belong "educationally" to the middle class. Both in this paper, however, and in the two which precede and follow it we are struck by the way in which the writers evidently grasp the true significance for modern needs of the appeal to Christ's life. Mr. Strong says:—

One conspicuous result of the whole process of Christ's life was to affirm beyond dispute the moral intuitions of men. It declared the reality of their sense of evil, and of their sense that it was something more than a mistake or a miscalculation of expediency.

The same thought underlies the fine address of Canon Scott Holland on "Faith in Jesus Christ," which (unintentionally, no doubt) gives the true Christian answer to the problem recently discussed in Mr. Robert Anderson's somewhat petulant book, "The Silence of God." The author closes an address of characteristic freshness, force, and simplicity as follows:—

That is the argument, I think, in its breadth for believing in Jesus Christ. Believe in God—that first. Believe in Him as alive; believe that He must, therefore, being alive, have shown how He is at work to-day in the world such as we know it too well in London. Believe in a God who has acted and spoken in face of the terrors that are about us—a God who has made it known to us that His pity and His righteousness and His love are stronger than sorrow, and stronger than suffering, and stronger than death; a God who has come here and Himself taken His stand by man, has known his sorrow, has shared all his woes, has taken upon Himself all his pains, has sent His own Son to bear His cross and win His crown. Believe in God. Believe in a God who has spoken.

This broad appeal to the significance of Christ, in view of the ultimate problems of the moral universe, seems to us not only just, but wise, in view of the modern critical attack on the Gospels. Equally timely and valuable is the appeal to Christ's example and authority in Mr. Alexander's admirable essay on "The Knowledge of God." He points out that Christ refused to argue with the Jews or give them intellectual proof of His mission:—

He appealed at once to that spiritual nature, that moral insight, which alone could rightly understand what He said and did. And here the argument concerns not merely the Christian who, for whatever cause, has faith in Christ, but every man who sees in Christ a teacher of real wisdom and goodness.

The argument takes the form of a question:—

Is it likely that a man so good and wise as Jesus Christ is everywhere confessed to be would be mistaken on this supreme question of God being known to man, and mistaken, therefore, on the one point on which the whole of His life and teaching depends?

It seems to us that the three addresses we have mentioned display a true sense of the limits within which the appeal to Christ's "authority" is likely to aid perplexed thought. In a sense the general argument of the book, at least from the apologetic point of view, culminates in this attempt to exhibit the significance of Christ for the modern world.

Several of the other essays, notably those of the Bishop of Rochester, Canon Newbolt, Mr. Chandler, and Mr. Welldon, are full of interest. Mr. Girdlestone's papers on Sin and the Atonement are written on a slightly different plan, but are likely to be most useful. Professor Bonney's paper on Miracles strikes us as slightly disappointing, though the closing paragraphs are excellent. Two remarks suggest themselves in conclusion. We are rather surprised to find no discussion of the more common difficulties felt by thoughtful people of the "middle class" in regard to the Bible and Inspiration. On the other hand, we can only cordially approve the cautious sense of intellectual limitation, the "Christian Agnosticism," which marks the book as a whole. This is especially conspicuous in Mr. Welldon's paper on Heaven. Theology, he truly observes, has sometimes been definite where inspiration has been vague. We believe that the best way to win people to faith is to observe in religious teaching the same sense of proportion which is so remarkable in Scripture itself, and to remember the saying of a famous seventeenth century preacher:—"Things that are necessary He hath made plain; things not plain, not necessary."

**Christian Aspects of Life.** By B. F. Westcott, D.D., D.C.L. 7½×5½in., ix.+428 pp. London and New York. 1897. Macmillan. 7/6

It has been a distinctive mark of Dr. Westcott's episcopate that he has applied the principles of the Incarnation to the civil problems of his time. In this work he started with a profound knowledge of the ontal documents in which that doctrine is enshrined, he lost no time in putting it to practical use, and has now acquired a second reputation as a student of social life. That, in brief, explains the contents of this collection of sermons, speeches, and addresses. In the past three years the Bishop has seen that we require

To modify very largely both our ideals and our practice, to study more carefully than we have hitherto done the characteristic endowments and history of our nation and of our Church in relation to other peoples and other faiths, to calculate the moral effects of the popular types and aims of education, to bring the differences of our work and circumstances under the ennobling influences of one supreme fellowship, to cultivate generally the capacity for delight in the common treasures of manhood and nature, to strive habitually to see God in His works and in His working.

These objects are set forth in various ways in the book before us—in visitation charges, in University and occasional sermons, in addresses to diocesan conferences, in speeches to general audiences, to school girls, to miners, to lay workers. The materials are somewhat loosely classified under descriptive heads, and among the topics are some conditions of personal and corporate religious life, the National Church in several of its most important aspects, foreign missions, education, and social service and relationships—the last chiefly dealing with subjects which are connected with the aims of the Christian Social Union. A sermon on the national day of rest, and some attractive personal reminiscences of school days under James Prince Lee are among the choicest parts of the volume, if we are to single out any portions from a work of dignified and valuable utterance.

**A History of Christianity in the Apostolic Age.** By Arthur C. McGiffert, Ph.D., D.D. Post 8vo., pp. xii.+680. Edinburgh, 1897. T. and T. Clark. 12/-

The difficulty of writing an impartial account of early Christianity is, no doubt, almost insuperable, and it is scarcely

a matter of surprise that Dr. McGiffert's book should be a painstaking attempt to present the Apostolic age in the light of a preconceived theory. We gather from the first two chapters that the author writes from the standpoint of Unitarianism, and to a believer in the divine claims of Christ his account of the Christian origins cannot fail to appear prejudiced and misleading. Sober critics will also take exception to Dr. McGiffert's use of the early documents. In his account of "the new beginning" and "the earliest evangelism," the writer treats the narratives both of the Synoptic Gospels and of the Acts with such manifest arbitrariness that it is impossible to accept his guidance as a trustworthy historian, though we may cordially recognize the undoubted learning and ability displayed throughout the book. On a single page we find two such controversial statements as the following:—"The idea that the Holy Spirit was conveyed to the new converts by the mediation of the Apostles betrays the thinking of a later age." And again, "It is widely said that the Bishops were the successors of the Apostles. It would perhaps be as near the truth to say that the Apostles were successors of the Bishops." It is sufficient to say that the book represents a phase of criticism which, whatever be its merits, is not likely to be permanent; and that in his estimate of Christ's person and work the writer practically agrees with Dr. Martineau, while in his study of the Apostolic writings and doctrines he generally follows Harnack, Woizsäcker, and Pileiderer, though there are points as to which he takes an independent view. The various critical problems that come under review in the course of the book seem to be discussed with fairness and thoroughness; but most readers will feel that Dr. McGiffert's laudable anxiety to be positive and constructive has led him to make somewhat over-confident and dogmatic statements on many points in regard to which the evidence is still conflicting or uncertain. Nevertheless, the book will be found suggestive and stimulating, in spite of a certain prolixity of style. On page 505 the statement that "the development of theology could not be other than complex and complicated" needs correction.

## CLASSICAL.

**Sophocles.** The Text of the Seven Plays. Edited, with an Introduction, by R. C. Jebb, Litt.D., Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Cambridge. 7½×5½in., xiv.+304 pp. 1897. Cambridge University Press. 5/-

**The Republic of Plato.** Edited, with Critical Notes and an Introduction, by James Adam, M.A. 7½×5½in., xxi.+320 pp. 1897. Cambridge University Press. 4/6

These two books are specimens of high-class critical scholarship, which show that the University Press at Cambridge is not wholly given over to the production of innumerable school-books, which, however useful as "pot boilers," add but little to its reputation. Professor Jebb here gives in a handy form the text of his larger edition of the plays of Sophocles, a monumental work which needs no commendation at our hands. It is at present, and will remain for some time, the final word of English scholarship upon the interpretation and textual criticism of the greatest of ancient dramatists. This edition of the text alone is convenient in size and beautifully printed; the critical footnotes are terse and to the point; and the introduction gives a short but very comprehensive sketch of the materials for and the history of Sophoclean textual criticism.

The task of an editor of Sophocles is so far simple that he depends mainly on one MS., Codex Laurentianus (L), of the eleventh century (sometimes also known as Codex Medicus, "M"), preserved in the Medicean or Laurentian Library at Florence. Of the 103 other extant MSS., most of them belonging to the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, only a small proportion, says Professor Jebb, is of any value for the criticism of the text. It was at one time held by scholars of repute—e.g., Cobet and Dindorf, that "L" is the common archetype from which all the others are derived. But Professor Jebb, by a train of reasoning highly technical, but apparently convincing, shows that it is more

probable that some unknown MS. of (say) 600-800 A.D. is the ultimate source of all known MSS. of Sophocles; and in so abstruse a matter we accept his authority. The date of the Laurentian MS. itself is inferred from the character of the writing, belonging to a definitely marked period of "minuscule" hand which begins about the middle of the tenth century. It was produced in a *scriptorium* at Byzantium, whence it was sent by a Sicilian collector and agent for the sale of MSS. to one Niccolo de' Niccoli, one of the literary group who surrounded Cosmo de' Medici. Of the printed text of Sophocles Professor Jebb distinguishes four phases—(1) the *editio princeps* of 1502 from the famous Aldine Press at Venice; (2) the edition of Turnebus at Paris in 1553; (3) that of Brunck at Strasburg in 1786, founded upon the Aldine text and a new collection of MSS.; (4) Elmsley's edition of the *Oedipus Coloneus* in 1823, the first to assign due importance to Codex "L." To these will hereafter be added a fifth, the edition now before us.

Mr. Adam, we trust, will not complain of a somewhat briefer notice in such good company. *Mutatis mutandis*, what has been said of the general character and execution of Professor Jebb's Edition of Sophocles may be fairly applied to Mr. Adam's text of the Republic. Here, too, dependence has to be placed upon one MS. of primary authority, the Codex Parisinus A, though one other ( $\pi$ ) has some claim to consideration as the representative of another family or group of MSS. Besides these, about sixteen other MSS. are, in Mr. Adam's opinion, worthy of notice as correcting the errors, or supplying the omissions, of A and  $\pi$ . He is also somewhat enamoured of that snare of critical editors, conjectural emendation; though we must allow that he exercises it sparingly. And for some of his emendations it is only fair to await the reasons that will be given in a larger edition which he has in preparation. The Republic has long been a *pièce de résistance* of Oxford study, but more on its philosophical than on its critical and linguistic side. There is plenty of room for a good scholarly edition; and for this an inquiry into the text, such as Mr. Adam has made, is an essential preliminary. His book is a good and scholarlike performance.

**The Philebus of Plato.** Edited, with Introduction, Notes, and Appendices, by R. G. Bury, M.A. 9x5 $\frac{1}{2}$ in., lxxxvii. +221 pp. 1897. Cambridge University Press. 12/6

If there is no dialogue of Plato from which the student of moral philosophy has more to learn than from the "Philebus," there is also none, with the possible exception of the "Parmenides," which presents greater difficulties of interpretation. All lovers of Plato must, therefore, feel deeply grateful to Mr. R. G. Bury for his able and thoughtful execution of a task which demands alike great classical scholarship and singular metaphysical acumen. Of Mr. Bury's treatment of Plato's text it will perhaps be sufficient to say that, while he is careful not to imitate the excessive rashness of conjectural emendation which disfigures the otherwise brilliant editions of his predecessor Dr. Badham, he has equally avoided the mistake of adhering too closely to manuscripts which happen, from some unexplained cause, to be less trustworthy in the "Philebus" than in some other dialogues. His text is, in consequence, something of a compromise, but a compromise which will alienate none but the extreme fanatics on either side. The main interest of the "Philebus," however, will always lie, for all but a very few readers, rather in its matter than in its literary form, and it is, therefore, fortunate that Mr. Bury's Introduction and Appendices prove him to be as excellent a philosopher as he is a classical scholar. It would scarcely be possible to expound Plato's double polemic against the mere Hedonist and the mere Intellectualist with more force, felicity, or learning than Mr. Bury shows both in the Introduction and in some of the appended notes, noticeably that on the art of measurement and that on "true and false" pleasures (Appendices E and F). The sections which deal with the more general metaphysical problems raised by the dialogue are perhaps slightly inferior, not in learning or eloquence, but in definiteness and clearness of view. It is gratifying to find that Mr. Bury gives only a qualified assent to the theory that Plato submitted

his philosophy to a process of reconstruction after the publication of the "Republic," and we are glad that he does not fall in with Dr. Jackson's view as to the position of the "Ideas" in the fourfold classification of things at the beginning of the "Philebus." Yet we hardly think that he has fully recognized all that there is to be said for the explanation of Zeller, which would place the "Ideas" as a body in the fourth and highest category, that of "Cause." The solution of the difficulty, if a solution there is, depends upon an examination of the relation of the "Ideas" to the great paramount "Idea of Good," and this is a problem which Mr. Bury seems hardly to have faced. Certain parts of the book suffer somewhat from the not unnatural tendency to read back into Plato the thoughts of more modern idealism. Thus, in the account of the relation of the Divine mind to the "Ideas" too much prominence seems to be given to consciousness rather than order and system as the characteristic feature of "mind," and it also seems unfortunate that the otherwise admirable appendix on true and false pleasures should be largely dominated by the distinctively modern antithesis of "subjective" and "objective." Perhaps the least happy part of the book is Appendix C, on the concept of infinity in early Greek thought. Mr. Bury's contention that the "boundless" of Anaximander and Anaximenes meant the qualitatively indefinite, and that the "One" of Melissus was not a body, would be hard to defend in the light of our present knowledge. He seems also to forget that Parmenides distinctly describes the physical theories set forth in the second part of his poem as a "deceitful" account. These are, however, but minor blemishes in a work which we can, on the whole, heartily recommend as a solid and valuable contribution to Platonic literature.

**The Works of Xenophon.** Translated by H. G. Dakyns, M.A. Vol. III. Parts I. and II. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x5 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. Part I., lxxvii. +415 pp.; Part II., lxx. +130 pp. London, 1897.

Macmillan. 10/6

The fame of Xenophon's minor works has been perhaps unduly eclipsed by the "Anabasis," "Cyropaedia," and "Hellenica"; and the position of Xenophon himself in the world of letters has, in England at any rate, suffered from his being the *vile corpus* upon which generation after generation of schoolboys make their first halting experiments in the Greek language, too often to fall back discouraged. How many have shared those time-honoured marches, parasang after parasang, with the soldiers of Xenophon, yet have never hailed with delight a glimpse of the distant sea! The plains and hills of Asia Minor are white with their bones; they have never reached Greece.

Yet few writers offer a better introduction to different fields of polite literature than Xenophon. His books reflect a varied life—a youth spent in the search after truth at the feet of Socrates; a manhood of military adventure and responsible command; and later years passed as a country gentleman of literary tastes, fond alike of field sports and of books. His "Anabasis" is one of the earliest narratives of a campaign by a military expert. The "Cyropaedia," an account of the boyhood of Cyrus the Elder, set in an imaginary framework, is a very early specimen of historical romance: the "Hellenica" is, after Thucydides, a principal authority for Greek history; the "Memorabilia" and "Apology" give a life-like picture of the mind and methods of a famous teacher. The "Oeconomicus" (Economist) is the earliest work on household management, and the relative positions of mistress, servant, &c.; the "Hipparchus" has still an interest for the student of cavalry tactics; the treatise on horsemanship contains hints on grooming and stable management which are not yet out of date; while a modern sportsman might find much worse reading for his evenings than "a day with Xenophon's harriers," and the praise of field-sports generally, as set forth in the "Cyngeticus." Most interesting use was, in fact, made of this treatise by Mr. Justice Madden in his "Diary of Master William Silence." Mr. Dakyns makes all these accessible to the English reader in a translation which, if it cannot reproduce the peculiar easy charm of Xenophon's style, is good readable English without a trail of the "crib" upon it; and his notes contain much that will interest scholars. Independently of their subject-matter, Xenophon's writings are an interesting reminiscence of a many-sided man, a scholar and a gentleman, a man of action and of letters, author, soldier, and sportsman. And, with regard to the last-named of his works, the "Cyngeticus," we may agree that "it is a sufficient apology for hunting that its virtues found their first exponent in the pupil of Socrates, the leader of the Ten Thousand, the author of the "Memorabilia," the "Cyropaedia," and the "Anabasis."

## HAVEN-MOTHER.

By ways I know not of they come, wind-swept along the miles,  
From the palm-encircled beaches of the jewelled southern isles,  
Through stress of gales that shred their sails and split their  
    straining spars.

Through nights of calm unbroken and the wonder of the stars:  
And, sliding to their moorings where the harbour beacons shine,  
They drop their sullen anchors for a moment and are mine.  
Of their questing grown a-weary, for a moment they abide,  
Standing mutely and majestic, where the ripple of the tide  
With its lazy lips is lapping in the shadows at their side.

Of the wind and waves beleaguered, and assailed of berg and floe,  
To the ends of sea undaunted, these, my errant children, go:  
Seeking out the northern waters, it is theirs a way to win  
Through the grinding of the ice-pack, threading slowly out  
    and in,

Where the castles of the Frost King in their pride and pallor  
    rise,

Thrusting tower and buttress upward to the steely Arctic skies,  
And a deep auroral glory from the white horizon grows,  
Mounting swift towards the zenith and reflected on the snows,  
Till each pinnacled escarpment turns to amethyst and rose.

Or, by southward pathways faring, where the stately islands are,  
They, by beach and breaker gliding, run to safety by the bar,  
And, their sails serenely furling where the motionless lagoon  
In its lap as in a cradle holds the duplicated moon,  
Hear the sound of sailors singing and the plash of rhythmic oars  
Run to meet the midnight murmurs that are born along the  
    shores.

But I fear not these enchantments. Where the trumpet-  
    creepers twine,

Though the air be filled with music, though the air be sweet as  
    wine,

These, my children, stay not—may not. I am theirs, and they  
    are mine.

Let them go their ways unquestioned, let them come,  
    unquestioned still,

I shall wait them, I shall welcome, come they when or whence  
    they will;

Am I not the Haven-Mother? 'Tis a mother's part to bide,  
To be ready, to be tender, when the turning of the tide  
Brings the rovers homeward, weary of their strivings with the  
    sea,

To the sweet surcease that waits them in the port where they  
    would be.

Let them roam to north or southward—wheresoe'er their ways  
    are east,

To my bosom backward turning when their journeying is past,  
They shall gleam within the offing, and be mine again at last.

GUY WETMORE CARRYL.

## Among my Books.

### AMERICAN HISTORIES.

Sir Henry Maine somewhere speaks of the nauseous grandiloquence of the American panegyric historians. It was true, no doubt, when he wrote that in American histories rhetoric was apt to prevail over research, and that there was a lack of the judicial quality, especially in dealing with questions between the United States and Great Britain. But Sir Henry Maine wrote some time ago, and American historiography has since then greatly

advanced alike in research, in impartiality, and in purity of style.

Nobody will complain of want of research in the works of Mr. Henry Lea, Mr. Justin Winsor, Mr. John Fiske, Mr. Henry Adams, Mr. McMaster, Mr. Schouler, or Professor Moses Coit Tylor, to mention only those whose works meet the writer's eye on his shelves. In truth there has now set in almost a mania for research, partly caught in Europe, which, one can hardly help thinking, leads in some cases to a waste of labour; as, when an elaborate essay is written about municipal institutions now extinct, which were unimportant when they existed, and about the actual working of which we can know little, since they may after all have been mere constitutional masks for some one-man power. There is even a growing disposition, clearly imported from Europe, to make history what is called "scientific," that is to discard its moral and personal element and to reduce it to a dry statement of phenomena and their connexion, analogous to the method of physical science, and in accordance with the hypothesis of evolution. It may be that if we could penetrate to the origin of all things, this treatment might turn out to be correct. We might find that the whole human drama, with all that appears to us to be personal, had been predetermined in the atoms of the nebula; for to that or to something still more remote the strictly evolutionary theory of history must go back. But as history presents itself to us or comes within reach of our intelligence, personality surely is ultimate, though it is of course moulded by antecedent and environment. Had a bullet entered the brain of Cromwell or of William III. in his first battle, or had Gustavus not fallen at Lützen, the course of history apparently would have been changed. The course even of science would have been changed if there had not been a Newton or a Darwin. The personality of Napoleon was a tremendous factor, and indeed is so still, since all this militarism is to a great extent his work; and who could have predicted its introduction through the annexation of Corsica by France? Let history be as philosophic as you will, the attempt to exclude from it personality would surely be to falsify it by the suppression of a great factor, as well as to deprive it of life.

At the time at which Maine wrote, grandiloquence, nauseous or not, certainly prevailed, even in so highly respectable a writer as Baneroft. But this, not only in regard to literature, but in regard to oratory, is now very much a thing of the past. Some traces may occasionally be found. One history, essentially very valuable, lies before us curiously dotted with strained metaphors, through which the reader longs to strike his pen. But it is to be hoped that, while spread-eagle rhetoric is discarded, spirit is not to be banished from the narrative or literary grace from the style. Most readers, after all, require a history which they can read with pleasure, and which easily impresses itself on their minds. Hume and Robertson have long been consigned to disgrace for their want of accurate erudition, especially in relation to the Middle Ages, which to them and their contemporaries

were merely the Dark Ages, while to the medievalist of our day they appear to be the special ages of light. But we must not be altogether ungrateful for the literary skill which, by giving us a lively, luminous, and interesting narrative, not only affords us pleasure but fixes the leading facts of history in our minds. It would not be difficult to name works, admirable in point of erudition, and regarded by all scholars with profound gratitude, which no ordinary mortal could read, or, if he did read, could possibly remember. If history is to be read, common people must have something less dry.

The impartiality of an American historian is, of course, specially tried in dealing with the American Revolution, and all the subsequent disputes between the United States and Great Britain. Having occasion the other day to inspect the American school histories, about the partial character of which, and their evil influence in keeping up Anglophobia, a good deal has been said, I found nothing so bad as I had been led to expect. It seemed to me that whatever there was of acrimony in the tone had been sensibly diminishing of late years. England, unhappily, is the only foreign nation with which the United States ever waged serious war, and the military records, which in theirs as in other histories fill a disproportionate space, are all records of battles by land and sea with us. Nor was it to be expected that American writers would take a less American view of these questions than that which was taken by English Whigs, such as Chatham, Fox, and Burke, at the time of the Revolutionary war. But in the recent American historians, at least those of high reputation, a sincere desire to be impartial or even to be kind to Great Britain will generally be found. Here and there you come upon what, to an Englishman at least, appears to be Anglophobic injustice. In the interesting series of "Lives of American Statesmen," a few such passages will be found; but the best of them, such as Mr. Carl Schurz's "Life of Henry Clay," are free from anything of the kind. Some of the American historians or biographers, Professor Hosmer for example, write on international questions just as a candid Englishman would write.

A trial now awaits the American historian in his judicial character which it will not be very easy for a native writer to meet. The South is demanding a version of the history of the Civil War rectified in its interest, and fitted to be taught in its schools. As might have been expected, that which was a memory of sorrow to the vanquished is becoming a memory, perhaps a legend, of heroic achievement to their sons. A Northerner must find it difficult to place himself at that which is the Southern, and, perhaps, in a certain sense the right, point of view. To Northerners secession seemed rebellion; and if you asked them for what they were fighting, the general answer would be that they were fighting to make the South submit to the law. Reconstruction proceeded on the same theory, with the untoward result of putting the South under "carpet-bagging" government, instead of turning it over, as soon as it had fairly submitted, to the guidance of its natural chiefs. Legally this view might

be right. The Union, if not national at first, had become national in course of time, so that formally secession would be rebellion, and the war to which it led would be a civil war. But in reality the war was international, and was in fact so treated from the outset by the North, which never hanged a Southerner for rebellion, or withheld from the Southern soldiery the full measure of belligerent right. Nature, more powerful and authoritative than any constitutional compact, had forced apart, after long, uneasy, and at length insufferable wedlock, two communities radically antagonistic to each other in social structure, and therefore incapable of political union. If one of the two nations formed by the rupture was warranted in attacking and conquering the other, the justification was to be found, not so much in a legal claim to allegiance as in the character of slavery, the danger of its propagation, and the duty owed to the negro. The trophies and statues raised by the North are clearly memorials of international war; civil war has no triumphs. It will be curious to see a Southern history, especially a school history, of the War of Secession.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

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### FICTION.

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**Daniel: A Romance of Surrey.** By R. D. Blackmore. With Drawings by Chris. Hammond. 8×5½ in., viii. + 505 pp. Edinburgh and London, 1897. Blackwood. 6/-

Cowper complained that in his day writers of fiction never had anything new to offer, and for this he blamed the eagerness of readers to have their fancy tickled.

The loud demand, from year to year the same,  
Beggara invention, and makes fancy lame;

And novels (witness every month's review)  
Belie their name, and offer nothing new.

One is inclined to doubt whether Cowper had really hit upon an efficient cause for the phenomenon of which he complained. The cause that he assigned is incomparably more active to-day, but it seems to bring about quite a different result. Our modern novelists are skilled in the presentment of novelties, and labour conscientiously to serve them up "fresh and fresh." This culinary metaphor comes naturally to one's pen after one has read Mr. Blackmore's new story, in which the pleasant terminology of the dairy, the garden, and the farm kitchen finds as much place as is usual with this author. The hero—a modern and more polished, though not so muscular, John Ridd—tells us that his sister "let me know her sympathies by a silent lift of cover, as a large and capable ham-boiler does, when a tin saucepan would have blown its top off." A turn of speech that might easily become grotesque is always agreeable under Mr. Blackmore's skilful management. Daniel herself is one of those charming heroines whom he loves to paint with the brush of a Romney. Her voice is the first thing that makes her known to George Cranleigh, who thus describes it:—

Dew of the morn'g in a moss-rose bud, crystal drops bending a  
frond of fern, lustre of a tountain in full moonlight—none of these seems  
to me fit to compare with the limpid beauty of that voice. And more  
than the sweetest sounds can do, that indite of things beyond us, and fall  
from a sphere where no man dwells, this voice came home to my heart,  
and filled it with a vivid sorrow and a vague delight.

So far the reader may not recognize any particular novelty, except that Mr. Blackmore has almost rid himself of that trick of blank verse which has spoilt so many of his finest bits of prose. But novelty there is, and of the best. Daniel is no English maiden, neither Devon nor Somerset. Her father was a Prince of the most ancient race of the Caucasus, and had been the right hand of Schamyl in that hero's hopeless warfare

against the incoming tide of Russian encroachment; her mother, of an even more distinguished house, "to which the race of Kurik is a mushroom," wore on her left shoulder the pink eagle which denoted the heirship to the ancient Georgian throne, and this Dariel inherited. Sûr Imar, Dariel's father, had been exiled when Setamyl surrendered, but the dream of his life was to return and civilize the Caucasus. Unfortunately, he had slain his brother-in-law in the following circumstances:—

I threw off my furs, and so did he; and we stood against one another.

"Hold! Is this what you call fair duel? His sword is three inches longer than mine," Rakhan shouted, and I saw that it was just, although I had not dreamed of it. I threw away my blade and took Stepan's—a common, short weapon, stout and broad.

"One thing before I slay thee, Imar," said Rakhan, with his bright Genoese on guard; and I saw that my sword was as nothing to his. "Young man, it was I who slew thy father; and now, by the same hand thou shalt die."

Before the words were finished he advanced upon me, taking the coward's advantage, as he hoped, of striking me when stricken with that shock. But I just drew back for a moment; and then, when he made sure that he had me, and the point of his weapon flashed into my breast, up flew his steel, like the sparks of a flint, and my short, strong blade rushed through his heart. He gave me one glare, and he lay between my feet, with a gurgle of blood spouting out upon the snow.

"Go home to the Devil that made thee," I said, "and commit adultery, if thou canst, in hell!"

This involved Sûr Imar in a blood-feud with his twin-sister, a lady of singular unscrupulousness. Thus Mr. Blackmore is enabled to get his chief characters out to that "mountainous country," the Caucasus, where he unfolds a plot of appalling but interesting villainy. The tale trips within a measurable distance of unreality, but the spirit with which it is told keeps it on the hither side of that verge. "Dariel" will scarcely rank with Mr. Blackmore's best romances, we think, but it is certainly a capital and entertaining story.

**Unkist, Unkind!** By Violet Hunt. Cr. Svo., iv. + 360 pp. London, 1897. Chapman and Hall. 6/-

Miss Violet Hunt has made quite a new departure in her latest novel. In place of the lightly-touched episodes of life in a very artificial society, whose witty handling had led some of us to look hopefully for the development of an English Gyp, Miss Hunt gives us a very tragic romance indeed. One of the characters—the victim, in fact—is one of those women who mask an utterly hard and shallow nature under a soft, babyish exterior of folly. Lady Darcie certainly adds a notable figure to the gallery of singularly unpleasant women which Miss Hunt is gradually filling with such patient care. Most readers will probably think that this silly and bad-hearted little flirt "deserved all she got," to use a significant popular phrase. Sibella Drake, the "stridden-eyed woman" of the crystal ball, is drawn with equal ability, and presents a remarkably clever study in morbid psychology. The strange seclusion of the antiquary's household, in the old Northumbrian pole-tower, is well described, so that an atmosphere of appropriate weirdness always hangs about the tale. Miss Hunt has evidently studied her archaeological properties with care, and almost the only slip one can find in her work from this point of view is that an early copy of the *De Inifatione* would not be a large volume. Sir Anthony Ercildon himself is not convincing, and faintly reminds one of the superhuman men of Ouida. But Sir Philip is very lifelike. Altogether Miss Hunt's novel is highly thrilling and readable. But, on the whole, one fancies that her true success will rather be found in the lines of her earlier and lighter work, where success is a much rarer thing than in this violent style.

### BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

It is 60 years since the world of readers was delighted with the mirthful confessions of Harry Lorrequer. Then it was that Lever vied with Dickens in a popularity for which we can find no comparison in the present. The strange outcome of it all is that

Dickens is still read by thousands, while Lever is almost neglected. Unfortunately for the continuance of Lever's popularity, a tide in the affairs of Ireland has turned us away from anything Irish, and Lever, although an Irishman by the mere accident of birth, has paid the price for the love he had for the men and women of the "sister isle." Now that Mr. Kipling has given us the ever-admirable Mulvaney, it may be that we may find we have lost much by our neglect; and of a surety this is brought home to us when we turn to these delightful series of LEVER'S NOVELS now being published, and are caught in the charm of a humour and a wit as delight-giving as they are naive and spontaneous. Confining himself, as he largely does, to the delineation of Irish life and Irish character, Lever is yet more than an Irishman for Irishmen. For even Irishmen are human; and the genius of Lever has been able to realize for our delight and our tears those subtle realities which are behind all men and women, of whatever nationality, and which confirm us in the kinship and unity of mankind. Therefore, we acknowledge ourselves indebted to Messrs. Downey, who have evidently appraised the man at a right valuation. It has seemed to them that among the great writers in our language who are being robbed in "the pomp and circumstance" of *éditions de luxe* Charles Lever is one to whom such respect is due, and they have paid theirs right nobly. Of the 37 volumes to be published, so far 11 are already issued (10s. 6d. net each), and the most ardent admirer of Lever, as well as the most fastidious of book-buyers, may find satisfaction in every one of them. The paper is good, the printing most excellent—by Messrs. Constable, of Edinburgh, from a new type—and the binding in good taste. All the plates by "Phiz" and Cruikshank have been reproduced, and of the volumes which were issued originally without illustrations a new series will now be given them from the pencil of Mr. Gordon Browne, the son of the famous "Hablot K." Lever was not gifted, in any large measure, with the faculty for taking pains; he wrote his tales just as they came into his mind to tell them, and he took no further trouble with them after he had once committed them to paper. This accounts for the many minor flaws which disfigure much of his writing. In the present edition, however, his daughter has carefully prepared the texts, and the crooked made straight; so that, for the first time, we have Lever as he ought to be, and not as his worries from debts and illness caused him to be. Of this edition there have been but 1,000 copies printed, and we may congratulate the rich book-lover who is fortunate enough to have the good taste and the good sense to acquire it.

The scene of Mr. Bloundelle-Burton's new novel, *THE CLASH OF ARMS* (Metlmen, 6s.), is laid in the French Campaign against the States in 1672, aided by Charles II. The author has not, however, attempted to give us an historical romance. It is true we get among a few old friends in Lorraine, and are treated to a passing glimpse of John Churehill in command of the English Regiment furnished by Charles; but Mr. Bloundelle-Burton hurries us away with his hero in pursuit of adventures, as if afraid of allowing his pen to linger in such dangerous company. It is a good thing to possess this gift of self-control; and many an author has been drawn into the historical vortex by venturing too near the pit's mouth. The title is no misnomer. It prepares us to encounter perils; and the promise of cold steel is amply redeemed.

The story is one of revenge. Andrew Vaise, returning to England after an absence of some years spent in war and adventure on the Continent, finds his elder brother Philip lying on his death-bed. To this strait he has been brought by the treachery of a woman to whom he was to have been married. But she proved false, and disappeared with a Frenchman before the wedding. Andrew learns the betrayer's name, and, having buried his brother, starts off for Lorraine to avenge Philip. The wicked Vicomte is soon discovered, but the desired retribution is not accomplished as quickly as Andrew would wish. Mr. Bloundelle-Burton keeps his hero and the reader on the tenter-hooks as long as possible. He allows the former to wound the villain in a duel, but takes care that no vital spot is reached. The Vicomte must, at all hazards, be preserved for a much finer earthly exit. It was part of Andrew's scheme to punish the lady, but he discovers incidentally that she is wholly innocent, having been kidnapped against her will, and his plans are changed accordingly. The retired spot where the heroine is kept close prisoner is found out by the indefatigable Englishman, who is a kind of Athos, Porthos, and d'Artagnan rolled into one. In spite of bloodhounds, moats, oubliettes, and other discouraging obstacles with which our forefathers had to con-



tend, he manages to gain access to the Vicomte's establishment. The adventures that follow are too numerous to recapitulate. But the most exacting schoolboy could hardly murmur at the fare. The dénouement must be left for the reader to discover, and he may be sure that Mr. Blountelle-Burton's rich imagination has made it as sensational as possible.

There is nothing enervating about this year's "books for boys," which deal with fights and fighters, old and new, by sea and by land, at home and in dark corners of the earth. Mr. Albert Lee tells a story of the Conquest of Granada, mysteriously named *THE BLACK DISC* (Digby, Long, 6s.) and full of thrilling adventures and hairbreadth escapes. The hero, Don Salazar de Balta, Seigneur of Carnero, is a noble of Spain, young, brave, and proud, who contends with the cruel and treacherous Moor, and wins for his bride the beautiful lady of the "Black Disc." The warfare is long and fierce, the historian is full of the spirit of the age, and the reader is not only enthralled, but enlightened. The frontispiece, by Mr. Harington Bird, is a little quaint; it represents the Lady Valadada towering above her valiant lover as he slays Boabdil, the monstrous lion, in the garden of the Moors.

*FRANK AND SAXON*, by Mr. G. Manville Fenn (S. P. C. K., 5s.), is "a tale of the days of good Queen Bess," and acquaints us with the feats of two jolly boys, Jacques Levand and Chris Dale, who are sworn friends, though one is "Frank" and the other "Saxon." The English lad's father is a silk merchant of London, stately and prosperous; the father of Jacques is a great weaver, whose looms are in Paris; and the fathers, like the sons, are fast friends. M. Levand is a Huguenot, and his enemies are many and bigoted, and the lads, when they are in France, have to contend in many a fierce struggle; but they are born to good fortune, and even the terrible sword of St. Bartholomew does not prevail against them. On this side of the Channel they fight only with robbers who come after the rich bales of silk; but the robbers are armed and are bold, and give the boys plenty to do. We hear a good deal of fencing, as well as of sword-play in deadly earnest; and the continual jokes and pranks of the boys help them pleasantly through the perils and dangers which beset their path. "Frank and Saxon" is one of the most exciting of Mr. Manville Fenn's many thrilling tales.

It is not an easy thing to write an historical romance, and the confused horrors of the Indian Mutiny seem to present peculiar difficulties to the ambitious writer whose aim is to give a clear account of that terrible year and at the same time to do justice to the claims of a company of imaginary people. Miss Lucy Taylor, in *SAHIB AND SEPOY* (John F. Shaw, 5s.), makes a praiseworthy attempt to grapple with the task, but we cannot pretend to think that she has been very successful. The book opens with anecdotes of Sir Henry Havelock's school days, but by the end of the second chapter the gallant General has reached the age of 62, the fictitious folk make their appearance, and the story of the great Mutiny begins. "Sahib and Sepoy" is a stout volume, and contains a good deal of history and a good deal of fiction.

*THE GOLD SHIP, A NINETEENTH CENTURY YARN OF THE SEA*, by Mr. F. M. Holmes (Sampson Low, Marston, 5s.), is a fine, rattling tale, brimful of interest and excitement, and told with so much spirit and skill that the reader must hurry on, breathless, at full speed till the gold thieves are caught and caged, and the "Anne Boleyn" delivered once for all from their tyranny. The hero is one Joe Carvor, born to be a sailor and a fighting man. His adventures are many and marvellous, and as we follow them we find out much of the ways of the sea, for Joe is determined to know everything, and we learn with him. "The Gold Ship" is a book to be read by "all honest lads that sail the sea," and also by the folk who sit at home.

*THE DAYS OF JEANNE D'ARC* (The Century Company, \$1.50) is a book which takes itself very seriously indeed. The author, Miss Mary Hartwell Catherwood, confesses to us that "it is the result of a Divine hint." The writer who believes herself to be inspired is a person apart, and must not be judged by ordinary standards; but we may at least question whether such a one is the best exponent of the character and work of the extraordinary personage who is known to history as the Maid of Orleans. Miss Catherwood is avowedly a worshipper of her subject, of whom she declares that "she is almost the only human being who grows more admirable and wonderful the nearer you come to the truth about her," and she has taken immense pains to be accurate in matters of historical detail, so that those curious on the subject—that is, according to Miss Catherwood, "the majority of the world"—will welcome with enthusiasm this American version of "La Pucelle."

*MASTER SKYLARK: A STORY OF SHAKSPERE'S TIME*, by John Bennett (Macmillan, 6s.), is a study of life among

the "players" in the age of Elizabeth. The scene opens in Stratford-on-Avon, and discovers the town "buzzing like a swarm." For "at early dawn the Oxford carrier had brought the news that the players of the Lord High Admiral were coming up to Stratford out of London from the South, to play on May-day there." Little Nick Attwood, the tanner's son, plays truant in order to see the fun, and he sees more than he bargained for. For the master-player, Gaston Carew, chances to hear the boy singing, and, being amazed at the beauty of his voice, dubs him "Master Skylark," and bears him away captive to London. The prisoned lad sings in old St. Paul's and before the Queen, but no triumph is sweet to him. He is "mother glum," and day by day he begs his master to "leave him go." But Carew is hard of heart, and the child would have died of fretting had not his great townsman, "Master Will Shakspeare," stepped in and freed him. The story of the captive child is touching, and told in a charming fashion, but the real merit of "Master Skylark" lies in the picture of the players. There were three great companies in England, the Admiral's men, the Earl of Pembroke's men, and the High Chamberlain's men. It was to the Chamberlain's men that Skylark fled for help; there he found great Shakspeare and his friends and fellow-players. "There was Kemp, the stout tragedian; gray John Lowin, the walking man; Diccon Burbage, and Cuthbert, his brother, master-players and managers; Robert Armin, the humorous jester; droll Dick Tarlton, the king of fools. There was Blount and Pope, and Hemyng and Thomas Greene, and Joey Tayler, the acting boy . . . who one day was to play Hamlet, as no man ever has played it since. And there were others whose names and doings have vanished with them; and beside these "a big man, loud and jolly, and loved of all—"rare Ben Jonson." "Master Skylark" is copiously illustrated by Reginald B. Birch, whose pictures add to the charm of Mr. Bennett's very attractive book.

*SISTER* (T. Nelson, 5s.) is certainly not one of Miss Everett-Green's most attractive works; it is a family chronicle written by a daughter of the house, one Cissy Royal, a naïve young lady who is not remarkable for wisdom. The heroine is, of course, "Sister," a beautiful and mysterious being who, before she comes into the story, has been a hospital nurse, and is in consequence very useful in case of accidents. Cissy's brother first shoots himself in the foot and afterwards nearly drowns himself and Cissy's fiancé. He is quite well-meaning, and only does these things by accident, but both heroes might have died had it not been for "Sister's" great professional skill. Love affairs abound in this work, and there is a villain—quite a proper villain—who repents and reforms in the end under "Sister's" influence. There is no harm in the book, but Miss Everett-Green can do a great deal better.

*MISS BELLADONNA*, by Caroline Ticknor (Little and Brown, \$1.50), and her family are extraordinarily naughty and not a little unmannerly. The English child will revel in the superlative mischief of the American cousins, though after following their career with breathless excitement they will (happily for parents in general) take leave of them with an exhausted sense of the impossibility of beating them on their own ground. They find the world of their elders a great nuisance. "There are two kinds of people in the world," reflects Miss Belladonna, "the people who are nice to you when you deserve it, and the people who are nice to you when you don't; and the first are not 'in it' with the second." Her own parents seem to have done all they meant to do for her in giving her a part in a "homœopathic joke" to make "Uncle Jim mad" when they named her Belladonna and gave her Chamomilla, Ipecacuanha, and Mercurius as companions. As may be imagined, they all distinctly object to study. "Mercurius and I," says Belladonna, "are not very fond of history, and we prefer the characters like Homer and Shakspeare that very little is known about: it is so much easier to get a clear idea of them in your mind"—though she adds, "if any one is as famous as George Washington, who must have been a pretty smart man in spite of never telling any lies, it is a great help to the people who are writing history to have him keep a diary." The "candy-pull" party, when Aunt Delia is away at a "convention to decide which of the heathens ought to be converted first," is excellent fun and contains valuable receipts for candy making. The fancy-dress ball is impossibly riotous, and Mercurius' base ingratitude to Cousin Marie on her wedding day is promptly punished by the masterful Miss Belladonna. There is nothing flabby or sentimental in the whole story, and there is a good deal of fun.

For five and six year old children Mrs. Aspinwall's *SHORT STORIES FOR SHORT PEOPLE* (Shaw, 5s.) are delightful. The children can read them all for themselves, for the type is large

and clear and the chapters short. The little stories are full of imagination and pretty romancing, and the illustrations are numerous and unusually good.

There is little to be gained by the introspective system recommended by Mr. Havelis in his IDEALS FOR GIRLS (Bowden, 2s. 6d.). Healthy-minded girls will reject it with energy and morbid girls will only be rendered more morbid. Girls who are continually striving to become what they are not and require continuous flattery to induce them to perform the simplest duties of their lives are likely to become the very reverse of ideal.

If we notice under holiday books Mr. Fisher Unwin's CHILDREN'S STUDY it is only because the volumes are so handy and attractive that they may well inveigle young people unconsciously into the toils of historical study even before their holidays are over. England, Ireland, Scotland, Germany, France, and Rome (2s. 6d. each) are now complete and occupy a case to themselves. The authors are with one exception ladies, and include Mrs. Olyphant, who deals with Scotland.

### ARTISTIC GIFT BOOKS.

THE ART OF PAINTING IN THE QUEEN'S REIGN, by A. G. Temple, F.S.A., the director of the Guildhall Art Gallery (Chapman and Hall, £3 3s. n.), is a large and handsome quarto, containing no less than seventy-seven full-page collotypes of picked specimens of English painting, illustrating the history of Victorian art. How vast the area is which has to be surveyed may be sufficiently indicated by a few dates to be collected from the earlier chapters. When her Majesty mounted the Throne Constable was just dead; his last picture was in fact exhibited in the Academy of that year. Turner was sixty-two; David Cox was a couple of years older, and his art was just entering on its Indian summer. Calcott and Cotman, Ety and Collins, though younger men than these, were in their decline, but Mulready and Stanfeld were painting with unabated vigour, and David Roberts and John Linnell, Müller, Mason, the elder Leslie, and Landseer were in the prime of their powers. The pre-Raphaelite movement was not thought of, nor Fred Walker, nor Millais, who was barely in jackets. But perhaps nothing brings home to one so vividly how great is the interval between the art of to-day and the art of 1837 as the mere statement that six years had to elapse after the Queen's accession before Ruskin and his "Modern Painters" burst on an astonished and incredulous world.

The process used for illustration, like all processes of a similar nature, suits the painters unequally. At its best it leaves little to be desired, as in the "Brides of Venice," by Herbert, or the "Rose Standish" of Boughton, while it does scant justice to Pettie, Alma Tadema, and Orchardson, and, of course, no form of reproduction on a small scale can suggest the essential qualities of Whistler, or the extraordinary flexibility and brilliance of Sargent's touch. Leighton's "Summer Moon," painted in 1872, one, fortunately, of his most satisfying compositions, comes admirably in the phototype, and one regrets that his "Helios and the Nymph Rhodos," of which Mr. Temple speaks with justifiable enthusiasm, has not also been reproduced. He justly says that there is a passion in it rare in Leighton's work, and, we may add, that, in the figure of Apollo holding the nymph in his arms, there is a true Giorgione sumptuousness of colour never quite attained in his later and more popular creations. The picture is by an unfortunate misprint here dubbed "Helios and Rhodes." It was correctly catalogued in the Academy Catalogue of 1869, and is founded on the well-known amourette referred to in Ovid and Pindar. The legend is that, when the Gods drew lots for the choice of countries, Apollo was absent, and so lost his share. Rhodos was a sea nymph, dwelling on a subterranean island, and as the Sun-god stooped over her, the doting maiden was lifted on the wings of passion into her lover's arms, bringing the island as her dowry. Though the author specially warns us not to take his list of artists as exhaustive, it is really remarkable how few artists of distinction are altogether omitted. A few notable landscapists of the younger school, a few painters of special effects of lamplight, and so forth, are not mentioned; but there are only two names—those of Lorimer and Alexander Harrison—that one confidently expects, but fails, to find.

Mr. Little has had a pleasant task in writing THE LIFE AND WORK OF WILLIAM Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A. (the Christmas Number of the Art Journal, Virtue, 2s. 6d.), and allows this fact to remain pleasantly in evidence. He tells us little of the artist's method, of the influences which made for his development, of the peculiarities of his brush work, or his predilections in colour. *En resanche* he discourses on the

difference in the conditions of mediæval and modern art, and develops at length the theory, neatly embodied in the doctrine, that "art is nature seen through a temperament." And, at any rate, he is enthusiastic, as a monographer should be, declaring that Mr. Orchardson's pictures have the "peculiarly appellent and convincing quality of inevitableness, a quality resulting from the unity and balance of his designs," while, "as decorations, as alluring patterns—and, of course, in this regard, Mr. Orchardson's art is primarily to be considered—his success is unquestionable." Like our great portrait painters of the last century, Mr. Orchardson has intuitively a feeling for decoration and insight into character, but it is when working in contemporary genre that he best exhibits his unique gift of suggestion. The felicity with which he hits the moment of pause in his "episodes" is matched by an equally felicitous reserve in statement, and, probably, he is the only painter of genre who, dealing with intrinsically commonplace themes, is never commonplace in treatment. Mr. Little has described most of these, and a large number, besides historical and portrait pieces and sketches, are reproduced among the illustrations. One regrets the absence of "The Young Duke," which, both as decoration and as a study in human insincerity, is a veritable masterpiece. Special interest attaches to the reproduction of the unexhibited picture "Trouble," another of those town idylls, of which "The First Cloud" is the type. It shows a husband, his face buried in his arms, and a young wife in ball-dress gazing—pausing as she turns to leave him. The stiff, unyielding woman in "The First Cloud" who will not turn her head is here replaced by a more sympathetic figure, in line one of the most graceful, and in feeling one of the subtlest, of the painter's creations.

Mr. Joseph Pennell, who possesses a large collection of Charles Keene's etchings, has crowned the recent recognition of the merits of that artist marked in America by the exhibition at the Keppel Gallery New York, in THE WORK OF CHARLES KEENE (Fisher Unwin, £3 13s. 6d.). It is, as he points out, useless to disguise the fact that Keene was neglected even by the artistic world during his lifetime, and it is only since his death, since we have begun to compare with his work that of his contemporaries and his survivors, that there is any general recognition of his merits. This work with its numerous examples of Keene's skill in many methods, its introduction and notes by Mr. Pennell, and its list of books illustrated by Keene, compiled by Mr. W. H. Chesson, who also gives a catalogue of his etchings, will be a revelation even to those who are beginning to estimate this consummate artist at his true merit. Mr. Pennell is sometimes a little fond of paradoxical exaggeration; but in calling C. K. "the greatest artist since Hogarth," we presume he means the greatest artist in black and white. Keene was a good water-colourist, though his work in that medium was never known, and not more than two or three paintings by him in oil seem to exist. But few people have realized the variety of his power in black and white, and his work both serious and comic—the latter as serious artistically as the former, for every line was thoughtful and conscientious—his equal facility with the wood block, in etching or wash-drawing, with the charcoal or with the pen. We are glad to have Mr. Pennell's admirable estimate of Keene's merits—his entire freedom from riskiness or suggestiveness; the absence of any shadow of the vulgarity of Rowlandson or Gillray; the beauty of his expression whether in

The sweep of the wide moorland or the repeated house-fronts shutting in a London street; the greasy creases in Robert's coat or the rage hanging about the little guttersnipe. . . . And that he could even produce the typical beautiful woman if he wanted, this book proves for ever.

Mr. Pennell will have none of Du Maurier's beautiful women. "Keene drew, painted, or etched the women about him whether they were beautiful or not."

That he did not become a tiresome-mannered conventionalist like Du Maurier is fortunately true—something to be thankful for. If the last insipid prettiness of Du Maurier is prized above the masterly realism of Keene, or more blindly above Du Maurier's own early drawings, what else is to be looked for from a world that prefers the Kailyard to Literature?

A less "superior" estimate of Du Maurier is given by a greater delineator of society manners even than the creator of Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns—Charles Dana Gibson. He says:—

The beautiful was safe in that gentle hand. Although the heart that guided it no longer beats, the human interest and kindly feeling that it awakened will live for ever.

Mr. Du Maurier's A LEGEND OF CAMELOT (Bradbury, Agnew, 12s. 6d.) is really a new book, although the greater part of its contents are not for the first time published. When "Trilby" took two worlds by storm it was the fashion to moralize on the strangeness of a man far gone in middle life, known only as an artist in black and white, being yet able to take up his pen


quickly and write a story. All kinds of reasons were promptly invented to explain this marvellous occurrence, this freak of wit, this sudden gift of tongues; but to those who knew George du Maurier no explanation was necessary. He had not only a quick wit and a trained hand, but a mind well equipped and a memory well stored. He always had it in him had he chosen to write in the style which suddenly he made the fashion. The reader of this delightful selection from Du Maurier's contributions in prose and verse to *Punch* will recognize in them the qualities of humour, of character-drawing, and of style now firmly associated with his name. As for the drawings, the illustrations of "The Legend of Camelot" have a place in the history of art, and are indeed masterly productions which it is always a delight to study in their every detail.

All who are enjoying Mr. Gibson's masterly drawings in LONDON AS SEEN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON (John Lane, 20s.) should by no means neglect the letter-press of the work—consisting of short notes, relieving the page but not overloading the drawings in which the accomplished artist comments on the scenes portrayed. They are full of shrewd observation and humorous description; and what is more, they are full of that kindly sympathy with English ways always felt and expressed by the best kind of American visitor, and (as we have shown) of that generous recognition of rivals in a particular field of art always felt and expressed by the best kind of artist. Mr. Gibson thinks that since John Leech's day English women have grown tall, "perhaps to more closely resemble Du Maurier's Goddesses."

There was something very sweet and lovable about that plump little woman of Mr. Leech's. I only met her in reality after she had grown into a sweet old lady. I should have regretted not having seen her before had I not seen her tall granddaughters.

As an artist, wandering with a sketch-book and a good-humoured smile among those tall granddaughters, he is certainly far ahead of Du Maurier. Occasionally one meets in his drawings with an American type, and perhaps the explanation is to be found in the last sentence of this paragraph:—

No one ever knows London, and before you have been there long you are showing Londoners about their own city with the pride of a part-owner in its history; for to an American the old part of the city is his—as much so as the portraits of his ancestors. The pictures may not be on his walls, but he stands as good a chance of being like their originals as the man who owns the house in which they hang.

Mr. Gibson, like one or two of its predecessors, has done for pen and ink illustration what few graphic arts nowadays admit of—he has introduced a new grammar of effect. Besides his skill in draughtsmanship, the truth and humour of his observation—witness his "Park Orator,"—and his knowledge of the capabilities of line in giving tone and texture, air and light, summed up, we think, in his "Sunday Morning near Stanhope-gate," his characteristic notes are his strength and breadth of effect, and his marvellous treatment of the face, in which he is unrivalled among draughtsmen in pen and ink. It is the latter characteristic that gives the chief interest to the same artist's PEOPLE OF DICKENS, also published by Mr. John Lane (20s.). Like Fred Barnard he does not go far away from Phiz's types, but what was grotesque in Phiz becomes human in Mr. Gibson. The large scale of the drawings enables him, for instance, to give us a Micawber whose countenance tells us as much of the character of the man as half-a-dozen chapters of "David Copperfield." 

In America the "People of Dickens" is published by Mr. R. H. Russell, of 33, Rose-street, New York, who promises for the autumn of 1898 a third series of Mr. Gibson's "Pictures of People." Mr. Russell's list contains the work of the best American draughtsmen. Mr. Frederic Remington, whose work as an illustrator is well known, has gathered into one volume (London, Lawrence and Bullen, 85) the best of his sketches illustrating the wild picturesque life of the West. Mr. Wenzell besides "Vanity Fair" has four pastel drawings published as the WENZELL CALENDAR (\$2.50)—a plan by the way also adopted by the artist just mentioned in THE REMINGTON CALENDAR (\$1, \$2.50). Mr. William Nicholson, an artist of singular originality who is beginning to be well known by the English public as he has been well known and appreciated by English artists, has an ALMANAC OF TWELVE SPORTS FOR 1898 (\$1.25, \$3.50; Edition de Luxe, \$25 net), and AN ALPHABET with a coloured plate for each letter (\$1.50, \$3.75). Of this, too, an Edition de Luxe is published, printed from the original wood blocks, hand coloured and signed by the artist, at \$45 net. His portraits are also collected, containing his admirable study of the Queen. Mr. Kemble, of the inimitable "Coons," is also represented by THE BLACKBERRIES (\$1.50), showing the pickaninnies in society, and illustrating their experiences when engaged in the popular pastimes of the day, and by the COON CALENDAR (\$1.25). These calendars, by the way,

compare very favourably in their conception with those which undertake to extract a pregnant sentence for every day of the year from the writings of popular authors who pathetically fail to stand the test. "The Blackberries" is published in London by Kegan Paul (6s.), and though it will not appeal to the elders so much as "The Coons" did, it is certainly one of the most humorous of Christmas books.

Spenser's SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR, as published by Messrs. Harper (10s. 6d.), is a volume which is sure to interest all lovers of "the poet's poet." Its size—a small quarto—is convenient, and though few people can really find the close black print frequently used in these "decorated" classics easy and comfortable to read, its deficiencies are atoned for by Mr. Walter Crane's pastoral designs, and the pleasing borders with which he embellishes the pages. Not the least elegant of these is the front page with its delightful title "The Shepherd's Calendar, twelve aeglogues proportionable to the twelve monethes, entitled to the noble and vertuous gentleman most worthy of all titles both of learning and chivalry, Maister Philip Sidney."

THE CLASSICAL SCULPTURE GALLERY (Grevell, 21s.) embraces, besides what is generally known as classical sculpture, many photographs of Renaissance work, besides three examples of the 17th century, and one, Pajou's bust of Buffon, of the 18th century. There is no letterpress, and Professor F. von Reber and Dr. A. Bayersdorfer, of the Munich Pinakothek, who have edited this selection "from the originals in the galleries and private collections of Europe" have not included in their list most of the familiar examples of ancient sculpture such as the Faun and the Laocoon. The collection, therefore, can hardly be said to supplement for the student the numerous handbooks to ancient sculpture. But it contains a large number of very interesting examples of medieval sculpture, and the photographs are excellent.

A welcome relief from the photograph is afforded by Mr. Fulleylove's PICTURES OF CLASSIC GREEK LANDSCAPE AND ARCHITECTURE (Dent, 31s. 6d.), with explanatory text by Mr. H. W. Nevinson, who, with a touch of the romance of journalism, dates his preface from "The Insurgents' Headquarters, Halikiannu, Crete." Mr. Fulleylove, as is well-known, has carefully studied Greek landscape on the spot. His drawings reveal something of that emotion—the passion of a lover for his mistress—which Pericles wished the Athenians to feel towards their city. Apart from their artistic excellence they breathe a spirit of reverence and profound appreciation both of the beauty and the pathos of modern Greece. The book is one in which no lover of Greek life and art could fail to be interested.

The annual volume of the ART JOURNAL (Virtue) has as a frontispiece an etching by Mr. A. J. Turrell, jun., of a picture, not very well known, by Millais, called "In Perfect Bliss," and comprises, as usual, a good conspectus of contemporary art. Those of our readers who are specially interested in modern Art, home and foreign, need hardly be reminded how well the same purpose is served by the annual volume of the STUDIO, but attention may be called to the increasing excellence of its coloured plates. From the office of the "Studio," in London, and of the "International Studio," in New York, comes THE ART OF 1897 (6s.), a convenient volume comprising reproductions of pictures in the Royal Academy, the New Gallery, the New English Art Club, the Salon des Champs Elysées, and the Salon Du Champ de Mars.

Lastly we may note the "VANITY FAIR" ALBUM of 1897, which, besides its well-known caricatures, and the ingenious letterpress of Jehu, junior, has an especial interest in that it contains one of the best and most original pictures of her Majesty that we have seen, by the clever French artist who signs himself "Guth."

### THE ASHBURNHAM SALE.

It was hardly to be expected that the second portion of the Ashburnham Library would realize the very large sum total obtained for the first, which, it will be remembered, amounted to £30,151; for the most valuable books in the collection have already been disposed of. These consisted of a fine copy of the Mazarin Bible on vellum, Fust and Schoiffer's Bible of 1462, also on vellum, the first printed Latin Bible with a date, and a Block Book, being the second edition of the "Biblia Pauperum" printed about the year 1450. These three books alone produced £6,550, or more than a fifth of the total amount realized, a quite exceptional proportion and one that will certainly not be recorded again so far as the Ashburnham Library is concerned.

The second portion of the library, extending from Gadbury to Petrarca, was on sale during the whole of last week, and some very high prices were obtained. Glanville's "Bartholo-

mens de Proprietatibus Rerum," translated into English by John de Trevisa, and printed by Wynkyn de Worde, without date, brought £195. This book was perfect with the exception of a blank leaf, and is intrinsically important by reason of the fact that a later edition—that of 1582—was, according to Douce, much used by Shakespeare. Gower's "Confessio Amantis," 1483, sold for £188, and would have realized much more had it been perfect. Thirty-one leaves were missing and several others mended. This work was printed by Caxton, and, like all others from that press, is highly esteemed in whatever condition it may be met with. An extremely fine copy of Pierre Gringoire's "Les Folles Entreprises," printed at Paris on the 23rd of December, 1506, sold for £106. Every leaf in this copy was as fresh and clean as when first printed, nearly four centuries ago, and the impressions of the woodcuts were unusually brilliant.

It is but seldom that a really good and perfect copy of Hakluyt's Famous Voyages, 1598-1600, is met with. Most examples want the account of the voyage to Cadiz and the very rare map. The Ashburnham copy was quite complete in these and other respects and produced the large sum of £275, while Higden's "Polychronicon," translated by John de Trevisa and printed by Caxton, without date (but about 1482), brought £201. This copy wanted 46 leaves and had numerous contemporary MS. notes in the margins in red and black inks which, being by an unknown hand, could hardly improve its position.

Among other Caxtons sold at this remarkable sale was Raoul Le Ferre's "Boke of the Hoole Lyl of Jason," printed without date (but 1477), which realized £2,100. This particular copy, which was quite perfect, is one of seven known and the finest of them all. It is specifically referred to by Blades in his "Life of Caxton," and formerly belonged to Richard Heber. In 1817 it was sold by auction for £162 15s., which illustrates the difference between the pecuniary value of books of this kind 80 years ago and now. Mr. Heber himself gave £95 11s. for it, though at his sale it was purchased for £87 by Payne, the bookseller, who in his turn sold it to the Earl of Ashburnham. Such is the latter pedigree of this extremely rare and valuable book. Another of Le Ferre's books, "The Recueil of the Histories of Troye" (no place, date, or name of printer, but printed by Caxton in 1472), sold for £950, notwithstanding the fact that 49 leaves were missing and several had been repaired. Of this book, the first printed in English, only 16 copies are known, and of these only one—that belonging to the Earl of Jersey—is perfect. This book is very interesting, as we learn from the prologue that Caxton learned the "New Art of Printing" during its progress through the press. Another edition of the same work, printed abroad by Caxton in 1476, realized £600. This was the Roxburghe copy, and wanted 33 leaves. Of this book only two perfect copies are known.

Among the "Hour Books" was one printed by Simon du Bois at Paris for Geoffrey Tory, on October 22, 1527—£141. This volume was probably bound for Henri II. when Dauphin, as it had the characteristic gilt fleurs-de-lys at each corner and the dolphins in the centre. A finer copy than this it would perhaps be impossible to find. Another "Book of Hours," dated February 13, 1489, sold for £179. It was French printed in Gothic letter within ornamental and historiated woodcut borders and had numerous woodcuts of a very remarkable character and capitals painted in red and green. This is quite a small book, but, as the price paid for this copy discloses, excessively rare. A very fine copy printed upon vellum of the "Heures a la louange de la Vierge Marie Selon l'usage de Rome," Paris, January 16, 1525, sold for the remarkable sum of £860. The woodcut arabesque borders and 13 large woodcuts in simple outline were painted and heightened in gold in the most delicate and tasteful manner, the general effect being extremely fine. A large sum—£530—was also realized for the Hour Book "ad usum Romanum," printed at Paris upon vellum in 1541. This was an immaculate copy in red and black with small woodcuts, every page surrounded by a border of fruit, flowers, animals, and cupids, with the arms of France and Brittany.

"Le Premier (et le Second) Volume de Merlin," 3 vols., Paris, 1498, is a most rare and valuable work seldom found in good condition. The Ashburnham set, which produced £760, was quite perfect and magnificently bound by Le Monnier, in morocco, tooled to a mosaic pattern. Mention must also be made of Pierre Michault's "La Danse des Aveugles," Paris, n.d., quite perfect and in that respect probably unique, £126; the "Missale Sacerrimi Ordinis Beati Benedicti," printed on vellum at Bamberg, in 1481, £130 (one leaf missing) and the "Missale Romanum," also on vellum, printed at Saragossa in 1526, a volume of singular beauty and rarity, £141. The total sum realized during the six days amounted to £18,649 9s.,

showing an average of almost £15 9s. per lot. As the matter has been publicly referred to several times recently, it may be stated that the highest average recorded at all recently in this country in a sale of books must be sought for in that of Mr. William Stuart, whose library was disposed of on March 6th, 1895. On that occasion 215 lots produced £4,296 19s.

## American Letter.

The rumour that the American Bible Society is in financial straits originated in the report that the Bible-house, its building at Fourth-avenue and Ninth-street, in New York, would be sold if a good offer was made for it. The report is true, but the rumour has happily only this much foundation, that the income of the society, which used to be about \$500,000, has fallen off about \$75,000 a year, and unless it waxes again the work of the society will have to be diminished to fit it. The society's income has fallen off partly because of smaller rents from its building, but not a little because of lessened contributions from its supporters. For the last two years it has been less blessed by legacies than formerly, and has received less money from the religious denominations which support it, and which have been exceptionally hard pressed to meet the demands of their missionary societies. If this only means that the times have been bad in this country, the case will doubtless mend itself presently and should be improving already; but it seems reasonable to wonder whether, in the enormous diffusion of printed matter of every kind, it has not ceased to be generally credible that any English-reading person who wants a Bible should fail to have one. The difference in the distribution of literature now and a lifetime ago, when the American Bible Society was founded, is prodigious. Then a book was a book, and it was not every one who had even the one most indispensable, but now a book is only a speck in an enormous stream of printed matter that surges out over the country in such volume that cautious people meditate building dikes against it.

The Bible, by the way, is just now the subject of a law suit. The University of Oxford has brought an action to restrain a New York publishing house from using the word "Oxford" as part of the descriptive title of an edition of the Bible which they reprint. The American house, it would seem, reprints the Oxford Bible and sells it as "the Oxford Bible," thereby, in the opinion of the University and its advisers, rendering the reprint fraudulent and calculated to deceive. It will be some time yet before this interesting case comes to trial. The bringing of the suit is a reminder that the distribution of the Bible in the United States is by no means the work of the American Bible Society alone.

It would save a good deal of trouble and some expense if every poet who attains the distinction of being "collected" and having his honoured works printed in uniform sets should feel constrained to set aside a certain percentage of the profits of this operation to be held in trust for the eventual purchase of his birthplace and some of his residences for the delectation of an admiring posterity. A fund is being raised just now to buy a bit of land that forms part of Mr. J. R. Lowell's "Elmwood" in Cambridge and make a park of it. The project will succeed, for it is worthy and is being pushed with energy. Contributions are also modestly asked just now for a fund to preserve the birthplace of Whittier, and occasionally there is a call for the rescue of Poe's house at Fordham, just north of New York. Dr. Holmes's houses belong to his children; so does Emerson's house at Concord, and Longfellow's in Cambridge; and so, indeed, does Lowell's. In Mr. Aldrich's case there is no provision needed, for "Pontapog," where he lives and in which he has a life estate, is finally to belong to the city of Boston and become a public park. Mr. Riley, however, owes it to the State of Indiana to obtain the homestead after which the new "Homestead edition" of his writings is named, and to bequeath it to his fellow Hoosiers. He might do this with confidence that his legacy would be appreciated, for they honour poets in the West. The late Eugene Field, who, though decidedly tuneful, was not quite so good a poet as Mr. Riley, has been honoured in Missouri, the State of his birth, by the observance in the public schools of the anniversary of his death as "Eugene Field Day." On that day his verses are recited in the schools and pennies are collected for a public memorial in his honour.

There is every promise that New York will soon have the great public library building of which it has been so long in need. The site in Fifth-avenue at 42nd Street is accessible from all parts of the town, is worthy of the best building that can be put upon it, and could not be bettered. The plans for the

new building by Messrs. Carrere and Hastings were selected after a competition in which 91 architects took part, and seem to satisfy every one qualified to form an opinion. The building is to be constructed of white marble or Indiana limestone. Its cost is estimated at \$2,500,000, and the work preliminary to its erection is likely soon to be started. The recent experience of American architects in building great libraries in Boston, Washington, and Chicago will doubtless help to give New York a building not only admirable in design and adornment, but exceptionally well suited to its uses.

To have a money-getting vocation and a literary avocation is not a rare thing, though usually in the end either the vocation or the avocation wins the whole man. Dr. Holmes was one of the men who rode his two horses very continuously and with notable success. There are two rather striking instances of the same accomplishment among contemporary American writers. One is Dr. Weir Mitchell, one of the busiest and most successful of American physicians. The other case, not so well known, is that of Mr. James Breck Perkins, the author of "France Under Louis XV." (Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.), a work lately commended in *Literature*, and much praised of reviewers everywhere. Mr. Perkins has been for 25 years or more a practising lawyer in Rochester, New York, and is eminent and successful in his profession. He chose for his avocation the study and writing of French history; twice within ten years he has laid his professional work aside and lived and studied in Paris (the last time remaining there for several years), but has returned presently to his law office and, surprising to say, to clients. He is still a practising lawyer in Rochester, but is now also the author of five volumes of the History of France, beginning with a review of the times of Louis XIV. Considering how engrossing a pursuit the active practice of law is and how serious a matter it is to meddle with historical research, Mr. Perkins's success in sharing his mind between two such jealous labours seems an exploit worth noting.

Professor Henry Drisler, who died in New York on November 30, was connected for more than 50 years with Columbia College, where he was Professor of Latin and later of Greek. He twice served as acting President of the college. He edited many text-books, most of them in collaboration with the late Dr. Anthon, whose labours he shared also in re-editing Liddell and Scott's Greek Lexicon, Riddle and Arnold's Latin Dictionary, and Smith's Classical Dictionary. Besides being one of the great classical scholars of his country and a beloved and representative teacher, he was a devoted officer and upholder of the Episcopal Church, and served the public faithfully in the discharge of important duties connected with the administration of charities and various public institutions. Scarcely any of the great teachers of his generation now survive.

It is reported that "Trilby," after succeeding as a book and as a play, is to have a further chance to delight mankind as an opera. A German professor (of music) is understood to have undertaken to adapt it to this new use.

## Foreign Letters.

### FRANCE.

M. André Theuriet, who was received into the Academy on December 9, is not well known in England. He is a shy and well-bred gentleman. He is also a poet, and a poet, not of the town, but of the woods. He has done nothing eccentric, nothing distinguished, but much that is extremely charming and genial. He loves nature, with a love like that of Rousseau; he is capable of describing it at first hand, and he never talks about it as a man of letters. This perhaps, after all, has given him a distinction, but it does not explain why he is of the Academy. Not that he did not as much deserve to be one of the "Forty" as most of those who sit under the famous dome; but it is not easy to conceive M. André Theuriet deciding to quit his woods, to quit the scenes of *Boisfleuri*, and undertaking the round of visits to solicit the coveted honour of an election to the Academy. It is difficult to find for this initiative, which nothing in the predominating affections of M. Theuriet accounts for, an explanation wholly satisfactory. Yet let us hazard this remark as an explanation—namely, that M. André Theuriet is a singularly complete type, temperamentally, of the un-Parisian French *bourgeoisie*, of the normal, hard-headed, French middle-class, with a little touch of idealism which has kept him from the safe Philistinism of his fellows. He has, in a satisfactory degree, the measure and the tact and the good sense of his race—qualities, all of them, which in literature combine to form taste. And let it not be forgotten that it is for the preservation

of just these qualities that the Academy was established; that the cultivation of them has been its mission. So that if M. André Theuriet is not a Balzac nor a Gerard de Nerval nor a Gautier nor a Baudelaire nor a Flaubert nor a Zola—none of whom were "of the Academy"—it is all the more reason why he should have been chosen to a seat in that company. It is not merely the foreigner who betrays his ignorance of the ends and objects of the Academy; you find the misconception common among Frenchmen. But if any one really cares to know why such a charming and unimportant writer as M. André Theuriet is a member of the French Academy he need only spend a morning in the perusal of Pellisson's "Histoire de l'Académie Française"—it will be a morning which will rest in his memory, for this book is one of the most agreeable written before the Revolution—and the answer, which will be clear, will be a development of what I have just been saying.

An interesting incident of the reception of M. Theuriet at the French Academy was the allusion made by M. Paul Bourget in his speech to M. Maurice Barrès. The significance of the passage has not been noted.

"You believe," said M. Bourget, addressing M. Theuriet, "you believe that the human plant has its sole value from the strength of the soil, from its attachment to old and simple ways, from its return to nature. You consider that the fascinating attraction of Paris, that moral consequence of excessive centralization, is one of the worst causes of the impoverishing of our national life. You love and celebrate beings of custom and tradition, all those who have sought the secret of strength of body and mind in the souvenirs of their race and familiarity with their maternal soil. On the contrary, you hate all those whom one of the boldest psychologists of our generation has described by an expressive word, *déracinés*. . . . One can divine that you dream for your country a return to the local variety which imagines independent centres of energy, a diminution of that State despotism which wipes out the landmarks of our ancient provinces, by diminishing the initiative of individuals. Thus you bring us to the same conclusions as the severest masters of social science, such as Le Play or Taine. But, faithful to the programme of your first book, you lead us to it by the road of school-boys, the "Chemin des Bois."

The passage is curious and characteristic. It is most unusual for an Academician to choose such an occasion for compliment to an outsider. But the writer referred to by M. Bourget, M. Maurice Barrès, was present with his wife in the stuffy little hall and received, without flinching, the focussed glances of the astonished company. M. Barrès has always been faithful to M. Bourget. For years he has reviewed his books more intelligently than any other man in Paris; and finally when M. Barrès became as well known—no doubt one day he will be as celebrated—as his friend, like him a disciple of Taine, M. Bourget, returned the favour for the sake presumably of their common master. M. Barrès counts on M. Bourget to support his candidature to the Academy; and before long he will certainly be a member of that body. *Il s'est rangé*, he is married and rich, and he is really a remarkable writer. Nothing, not even M. Zola, can prevent his election.

### GERMANY.

If English literature is widely read in Germany, the Germans repay the obligation by the care and attention which they devote to it. Professor Alois Brandl, for instance, has returned the debt with interest. His English *Seminar* at Berlin University is a model of thoroughness and efficiency. His own acquaintance with our literature is well-nigh encyclopædic, and he has fitted up a library round the walls of his class-room for his students' use which is completely representative of his subject from the Anglo-Saxon chronicles to the ballads of the barrack-room. But Alois Brandl, whose breezy Tyrolean presence rebukes our preconceived notion of a German professor, does not exhaust his energies in training up a generation of English scholars. His edition of Coleridge is well known, and he is now finding leisure to re-edit Schlegel and Tieck's *Shakespeare* for the Bibliographical Institute in Leipzig. The issue will be completed in ten volumes, of which three, comprising the historical plays, have already been published. The first volume is enriched by Shakespeare's portrait and autograph and a facsimile of the conclusion of his testament from the MS. in the British Museum. The editor contributes an admirable introduction in 76 pages, of which the most valuable portions are a chapter on Shakespeare's stage (with a plan of the Swan Theatre in London) and a summary of his after-life and fame. Each play is further illustrated by brief foot-notes and textual comments at the end.

Another recent contribution to Shakespearean literature is Professor Dr. A. Döring's special study of Hamlet. The author,

who was formerly headmaster of a gymnasium and is now Privat-docent at Berlin University, entitles his book "A new essay towards the æsthetic explanation of the tragedy." (Berlin, 1898. Gaertner.) The novelty is contained in chapter 3, where Professor Döring, writing on *Das Urbild Hamlets*, urges very strongly his belief that the Prince of Denmark and W. H. of the sonnets were both drawn from a single model—William Herbert, Lord Pembroke's son. A singularly lucid account is built up of the relations between Shakespeare, Herbert, and Mary Fitton during the years which saw the two quartos of *Hamlet* and the two series of sonnets composed. The point of Professor Döring's argument is to explain the discrepancies in the second quarto by the psychological changes which took place in the friendship between Shakespeare and William Herbert. The dark lady, whom both lovers loved, had meanwhile intervened, and the poet exerted himself to detract a little from the original charm of his portrait of his friend:—

If we are to employ this series of dates as evidence that Pembroke is Hamlet's model, we must first most emphatically remark that we are not dealing with Pembroke in all the phases of his relation to the poet—not with the Pembroke who was the poet's rival with his mistress, nor with the arrogant Pembroke of 1600, nor with the fallen Pembroke of 1601. The time to be taken into consideration is about the year 1599, when the relation had reached the zenith of intimacy and passion, and no cloud of disturbance had thrown its dark shadow across it. Here the three characteristic features fit in—his age of 19 years, his extraordinary beauty with its accompanying virtues, and his lively interest for the theatre which led to an exceptionally sympathetic and respectful treatment of the actors, and to a friendly relation on Hamlet's part towards the leader of the troupe. At this last point the comparison tallies even to subordinate details.

In the foregoing passage is the gist of Professor Döring's conviction that the Hamlet of the first quarto and W. H. of the sonnets are one and the same person. In this aspect the writer is incontrovertibly convinced that Hamlet is only 19 years old, and in an earlier chapter he supports his conclusion by a fascinating series of deductions from the lines of the text and from readings between the lines. In 1604, however, a change had passed over the scene. The earlier view of William Herbert's perfection was abandoned, and Shakespeare consciously adopted and accentuated the theory of a thirty-year-old Prince. "After his enthusiasm for his youthful friend had given place to a certain disappointment and disillusionment, his own feelings obliged him to cut the bond between Pembroke and his Hamlet. . . . The separation of Hamlet from Pembroke is the clue to the riddle."

Professor Döring's book is divided into two parts, a general and a special. The second division, which comprises five-sixths of the volume, is devoted to a line-by-line examination of the play, much of which is of no great value. The analysis, however, is conscientiously done, and should be of assistance to students. It is curious to note the shift to which, in order to explain Hamlet's words, "For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a god kissing carrion," the Professor is reduced by the fact that the German sun is feminine. "Die Sonne," he begins " (im Englischen männlichen Geschlechts)." . . . The apotheosis in Shakespeare's text would of course be meaningless unless the sun were male. Professor Döring adds two excellent appendices. The first gives a few suggestions on the acting qualities of the play, with a view to avoiding a too frequent change of scene. The second appendix, which concludes the volume, is a summary of "A Century of *Hamlet* Criticism in Germany."

## Correspondence.

### "QUÆSTIO DE AQUA ET TERRA."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I am obliged to Mr. Paget Toynbee by the kind way in which he has thought it fit to criticize my translation of this work, and I can assure him that in the next edition "priors" shall duly appear as "priora," that Aristotle's "Cælum et Mundus" shall be properly spelt, and that the "um" in *Cælum* shall not inadvertently be carried on to the other word, also that the obnoxious "c" which has got into the "Categoris" at page 32, though it is rightly printed at page 19, shall be eliminated.

I am almost ashamed to trouble you with such peddling points, but I must inform Mr. Toynbee that "Alagherius" will remain because it is so spelt in Fraticelli's text. "Dante" and "Cane" also, as they are proper names, I prefer to retain

and not to Latinize them. So too with "Nichomachus." I spell it so because my author does, a fact which accounts for the unnecessary "h" in the "Nicomachean Ethics," which is usually, though wrongly, so spelt; it ought to be "Nikomachean." As to the faults in the other quotations, "Greek, Latin, Italian, French, and English," which he vaguely alludes to, I cannot say anything, because he does not point them out. I have noticed some errors, and they shall not appear again. Every one who has had to correct the printing of foreign languages knows how difficult it is to get them accurately printed.

The unfortunate "undoubtedly" in the introduction which has been objected to by others who have noticed my work shall be modified. What I meant by it was, not that nobody doubted its authorship, as I show by the note, but that I as an individual had no doubt of it—an opinion which after more than 30 years' diligent study of Dante I thought myself justified in forming.

Here my concessions must end. "Terra" I shall translate "land," not "earth." To suggest that it should be translated "earth" shows a want of understanding the whole of the author's argument. What the author meant by "Terra" was not the earth, but that, to him, small portion of it which, between the equator and the north pole, juts out of the immense body of water which covered, in his conception, nearly the whole superficies of the earth. Of course, at sec. xii., where he speaks of "globo terræ" he means a piece or clod of earth, and so I translate it. I notice on reading my book since Mr. Toynbee's attack that I have, at page 33, by a slip done that which he says I ought to do, where I have it "all this might be done by the gibbonness only of the earth"; it should be "land," the reverse of that which Mr. Toynbee imagines to be right.

So at the same page "dilabatur" must remain "will flow down," because that is what it means there.

In sec. vii. I think "orbis lunæ" means the moon itself and not its path or orbit, just as "orbis terræ" means the earth itself. So in sec. xxiii. when the author says "aqua est corpus imitabile orbis lunæ," he means the moon, not its orbit. This is a point, however, upon which people may well differ. But about the meaning of "orbis" in sec. xxi. there can be no doubt. At the end of sec. xx. the author argues it is not the influence of the moon which causes the elevation he is seeking to account for, and he proceeds in sec. xxi., "Hæc eadem ratio removet omnes orbis planetarum"—i.e., all the orbs of the planets; he is not referring to their path any more than he had just before been referring to the path of the moon, but to the planets themselves. And yet Mr. Toynbee recklessly asserts that "orbis" is wrongly translated *passim*, as though there was no doubt about it. Again, though "operit" means originally, as every one knows, "covers" and not "operates upon," the meaning of the phrase at page 53 is that "the virtual agent in that region of the heavens" which overhangs the land acts upon it by drawing it up as by a magnet. This meaning of the phrase is obvious to any one reading the context.

On more important points I can show, I think in every case, that this self-constituted critic is wrong where I am right. My explanation of "potentia" he objects to, but on what grounds he does not state. *Potentia* is the Latin equivalent of *dynamis*, and I do not see how it could be more shortly, or, I think I may say, more accurately, explained than I have done in the note on page 41. The passage "Virtutum est cælum ad agendum et terra potentia ad patiendum" Mr. Toynbee would translate "the heavens were endowed with capacity to act, and the earth with capacity to be acted upon," and he finds fault with my translation, "the heavens were endowed with virtue to do (leaving out the archaic *for*) and the land with power to be patient." I submit the two renderings to the judgment of any impartial person to say which is the better. I need not point out that the expression "virtue to do" is equivalent to "capacity to act," and "power to be patient" means "capacity to be acted upon." But the important point is again the distinction between *earth* and *land*. Mr. Toynbee is criticizing the translation of a passage which he shows he does not understand. The whole of sec. xxi., at the end of which this passage occurs, is an argument to show why and how the land, "this uncovered land" portion of the earth, not the earth, was raised up above the water portion. Dante, or whoever wrote it, quotes immediately before this passage the text from Genesis, "Let the waters be gathered together in one place and let the dry land appear." To translate "terra" here and elsewhere the *earth* rather than the *land* shows a misunderstanding of the author and an inability to comprehend his meaning. I hope I am not too severe when I say that the true meaning must be obvious to every person of intelligence who reads the work.

But the worst part of this critic's attempt to injure my work is to come. He says, "At pages 36, 38, and 40 Latin phrases

which have baffled Mr. Bromby are left untranslated." He is referring at page 36 to the words "equaliter," "subatans," and "potissime," which are words of art, and could not well be literally translated in the text, but their meaning is given in a note. Is it fair to attempt thus to lead the readers of his letter to suppose that these Latin words have so baffled me that they are left unexplained and untranslated? The baffling word at page 38 is again the word "subatans," which I had already explained, and which is better left in the original language in the text than paraphrased. So at page 40, though I leave the logical phrases "secundum quid" and "simpliciter propter quod" in the text because they are technical terms and untranslatable, I explain as fully as could be done in a short note what they mean. To go at length into all the ways in which they are used by the schoolmen would require several pages. And now I ask, Is it fair criticism or even honourable conduct to attempt to lead your readers to suppose that these words are untranslated because I did not understand their meaning? He charges me with "rushing in where more cautious folk have been chary of venturing themselves." I can only say if any one more competent had done the work I should have been glad to have been spared the labour which it cost me. I apologized in the introduction for attempting it on the ground that no one else had done it. I did not expect any reward for my work, but I had a right to expect just and fair criticism.

Courtesy is one of the great lessons we learn from a study of Dante. I hope in time, and when he has studied the master as long as I have, my criticizer will learn this lesson. There are many passages of great difficulty in the "Questio" and about which I felt very diffident when translating them. Not one of these has he alluded to—I presume, in his favour, because he has not appreciated their difficulty. If he does and agrees with me in my rendering of them it would have been only fairly generous to have mentioned these, as well as those trivial misprints upon which he has laid stress.

I am, Sir, yours very truly,

CHARLES HAMILTON BROMBY.

The Temple, Dec. 8.

### PERISHABLE BOOKS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—The proposal that all books should be printed on paper warranted to perish within a century was, of course, only Mr. Leslie Stephen's fun; but it is a pity that so humorous a proposal should not have been worked out more fully. To apply it to manuscripts would, perhaps, be unfair, but a few samples of its application to 17th century literature may not be unenterprising. Herrick, for instance, will hardly be recognized as forming part of "the rubbish heaps of the small Elizabethan literature" which exist for the glorification "of dry-as-dusts who won't recognize the inevitable law of death." Few poets are now more read, yet from 1648, when his first edition appeared, Herrick was never reprinted in his entirety till 1823; and if Mr. Stephen had had his will, Dr. Nott, who printed a selection from him in 1810, would have been 62 years too late to save even these fragments from extinction. The works of Campion and of half the Elizabethan song-writers would have perished even more hopelessly, for Oliphant only printed snatches from them in 1837, and we owe their complete recovery to Mr. Bullen in our own generation. Most of the dramatists would have shared the same fate; Webster, for instance, was first published in his entirety by Dyce in 1830. Even prose-writers of note would not have escaped. The eighth edition of the "Anatomy of Melancholy" was printed in 1676, the ninth not till 1800, just 24 years too late on Mr. Stephen's theory. Sidney's "Arcadia" made a gallant struggle for existence, as it was republished at short intervals down to 1710, but never again in its entirety till 1890. The book continued to be read by the lovers of old-world literature, but one of the folio editions could always be picked up for fourteen or fifteen shillings, and those sufficed. I should be sorry next time I took mine down to find it turned into pulp.

If Mr. Stephen (despite his remark on Elizabethan "rubbish heaps") only desires to legislate for the future, is he so sure that we are wiser and more discerning than our great-grandfathers? The 18th century did not care to reprint the works of the 17th; with the assistance of the remainder-man to help off editions which have not sold, we have been more tolerant to the 18th, but our children may discover that we have neglected more than we think. In any case, what does Mr. Stephen propose to gain? A million books can be easily housed in a building that covers less than an acre, and their existence harms no one. As a journeyman of letters I think it hard that I should be grudging a couple of feet of shelf-room in the only library

that is bound to take my books. The knights and captains of literature are sure of their record; why should not we poor squires and yeomen please ourselves with the thought that a century hence some one of our kin may have the curiosity to look up our forgotten works and gather from them some idea of what sort of a man this ancestor of his was, and wherein lay his interests? The librarian of the past looked on his library only as a storehouse; the librarian of to-day regards it much more as a workshop, but it is to his credit if he refuses to forget that it is a storehouse as well.

To argue thus against a paradox perhaps shows a lack of humour, but it will be a misfortune if Mr. Stephen's paradox is accepted as a sufficient answer to the cry for better paper. For more than a third of a century much of the best English art has taken the form of book-illustration, but the recent introduction of "half-tone" blocks for illustrating books has necessarily brought with it the use of "loaded" papers of absolutely smooth surface, heavy in the hand, certain to decay. Inferior printers find such papers easier to print on, even with type, than the lighter and more lasting qualities. If those interested in books would take an interest also in having them well printed on honest paper the books would be much pleasanter to handle, and the dying art of wood-engraving might yet revive. Even if a cemetery for dead books in connexion with the British Museum should have to be built on Salisbury Plain, I think the price would not be too heavy to pay.

A LIBRARIAN.

### THE STUART PORTRAITS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—The review of Mr. Hay Fleming's "Mary, Queen of Scots" in *Literature* contains these words:—

The swarthyness of later Stuarts, Charles II. and the Chevalier de St. George, has been absurdly attributed to descent from Riccio. The portrait of James III. in Holyrood indicates an "Italianate" air in the Stuart line with no suspicion of such a cause.

May I point out that both these later Stuarts had nearer and less problematical Italian relationships? The maternal grandmother of Charles II was an Italian, Mary de Medici; and the Chevalier, besides partaking in the Italian strain thus introduced, had an Italian mother, Mary Beatrice d'Este.

The curious in Stuart resemblances may find it interesting to compare the portraits of Henry, Prince of Wales (one in the National Portrait Gallery and one at Dulwich), with that of Margaret Douglas, Countess of Lennox (in the National Portrait Gallery). The likeness between the eldest son of James I. and the hard-featured lady who was Darnley's mother speaks for itself.

Yours obediently,

Croydon, Dec. 1.

C. BLACK.

### Notes.

In the next number of *Literature* "Among My Books" will be written by Mr. William Watson.

The report of the Society of Authors in favour of freedom of trade in bookselling and declining to approve the proposed restriction of discount on books to 2d. in the 1s. has been considered by the council of the Publishers' Association. The council has passed the resolution embodied in the following letters, which the secretary of the association was instructed to send to Mr. Rider Haggard, the President of the Society of Authors, and Mr. T. Burleigh, the hon. sec. of the Associated Booksellers.

II. Rider Haggard, Esq., Society of Authors, 9th December, 1897.

My dear Haggard,—I laid the report of your society on the discount question before our council to-day, and the following resolution was passed:—"That in view of the report of the Society of Authors, the council feel that it is not possible for them to proceed with the proposed scheme in its present form, but they are not without hope that some other means of meeting the difficulty may be suggested." I was requested to forward a copy of this resolution to you, and also to the Associated Booksellers.—I am, yours faithfully (Signed) CHARLES JAMES LONGMAN, President.

T. Burleigh, Esq., Hon. Sec. Associated Booksellers, 370, Oxford-street, W., 9th December, 1897.

Dear Mr. Burleigh,—You have no doubt seen the report of the Society of Authors on the discount question. It was considered by the council of the Publishers' Association to-day, and I need hardly inform you that they greatly regret the authors' decision, for though the council were conscious of many difficulties in the way of carrying out the scheme, they were prepared to give it a fair and loyal trial if the co-operation of the Authors' Society had been secured. Although the present effort must be considered to have failed, the council hope that all who are interested in the circulation of books will continue to give

the matter full and careful consideration in the endeavour to discover some practicable scheme. The following resolution was carried unanimously at to-day's meeting:—"That in view of the report of the Society of Authors, the council feel that it is not possible for them to proceed with the proposed scheme in its present form, but they are not without hope that some other means of meeting the difficulty may be suggested."—I am, yours faithfully, WM. POULTON, Secretary.

Mr. Oscar Browning, who has just completed a "Life of Peter the Great," which will be published a little later by Messrs. Hutchinson, now intends to write a life of Charles XII. of Sweden for Messrs. Hurst and Blackett. Both these works are episodes in the period of the war of the Spanish succession and of the northern war, to which Mr. Browning has devoted particular attention and to which the "Diary of Sir George Rooke," which he edited for the Navy Records Society, also refers.

During the last three years Mr. William Black has been engaged upon a novel which is now near completion. We understand that the title will be "Wild Eelin: otherwise called Eelin of the Eyes like the Sea-Wave: Her Escapades, Adventures, and Bitter Sorrows." The serial publication of this work is to begin in January of next year.

The scene of the new novel which Mr. H. Rider Haggard has recently begun to write will be laid in Holland in the days of William of Orange, and will therefore be, like so many popular books of the day, an historical romance. During the latter part of next year Mr. Haggard will have a story appearing serially in the *Graphic*. We understand that it is to be called "Swallow" and is to deal with Boer history at the time of their great trek in 1836. At the request of the committee of the Victoria Hospital for Children at Chelsea, Mr. Haggard has lately written an appeal on behalf of that institution, which is greatly in need of funds; the appeal is entitled "A Visit to the Victoria Hospital."

Mr. Stephen Phillips's new volume of verse will contain a poem, "Marpessa," somewhat on the lines of "Christ in Hades"; also "The Woman with the Dead Soul," which appeared in the *Spectator*, and another poem on a story of modern life. "Christ in Hades" will be incorporated in the new volume.

The ninth and concluding volume of Mr. Wheatley's edition of "The Diary of Samuel Pepys" may be expected some time next year. It is to contain an exhaustive index, and a series of studies on Pepys and his time, as well as a collection of what may be called Pepysiana. It will also include facsimiles of the original shorthand Pepys used in the writing of his famous jottings. The large paper issue of Mr. Wheatley's edition is still "going up" in price, so that a purchaser may consider himself lucky if he get a copy for a sum equivalent to an advance of 25 per cent. on the original published price.

We understand that the proprietorship of the *Echo* has just been changed. It will be remembered that this was the first of the halfpenny papers started in London about thirty years ago. Mr. John Cassell, the founder of the great publishing house, was also the founder of the *Echo*. The paper has had a somewhat interesting history; passing into the hands of Baron Grant, it was issued by him for a short time as a halfpenny morning paper. He sold it, and some will remember a rhyme of that period:—

The *Echo* is sold to an Editor bold,  
Who bought it from Albert Grant, Sir;  
That Editor bold would not like to be told—  
It's an *Echo* that doesn't answer.

But if it had not so far been a great success, on coming into the possession of Mr. Passmore Edwards it soon became a valuable property. Ten or eleven years ago the *Echo* formed one of a score of papers owned by a small syndicate, including Mr. Edwards, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, Sir H. Gilzean-Reid, and others. Mr. Edwards bought back the paper from this syndicate for £90,000, and now retains a large interest in the new company, which includes Mr. Thomas Lough, M.P., Sir W. H. Wills, Bart., M.P., Sir H. Gilzean-Reid, and Mr. John Barker. During the past four or five years Mr. Passmore Edwards has given away, for the erection of hospitals, free libraries, &c., in Cornwall, his native county, and in London, over a quarter of a million. This is believed to be the "accumulated profits of the paper," which, according to his own statement, he "held only as a steward."

The Government of the Cape Colony resolved some little time ago to have its archives collected, arranged, and put in order, as a large proportion of the records of the Settlement before the year 1826 had been lost. With the view of supplying the place of that which had disappeared, copies of most of the missing papers between 1652 and 1795 were obtained from the Archive Department at the Hague, where thousands of volumes of reports, letters, journals, &c., of the Dutch East India Company are to be found in perfect preservation. Nearly all that is missing from 1795 to 1826 can be recovered at the Public Record Office in London, and these documents are being copied, printed, and bound in neat octavo volumes, which the colony supplies to our principal libraries of reference. The opening up of Rhodesia has made an enlargement of this work desirable. It has been ascertained that a great quantity of Portuguese manuscript relating to the native tribes of that country during the 16th and 17th centuries is in existence, from which can be obtained information of great interest and specially valuable to a Government that is endeavouring to lead kindred tribes towards a higher degree of civilization. A great many of these documents are in the collection of foreign papers in the manuscript department of the British Museum, and are now being copied, translated into English, and printed. Owing to the coming and going of missionaries, many papers will probably be found at Rome and also at Lisbon, Mozambique, and Goa. These will, in course of time, be collected in order to make the series as complete as possible. In respect to work of this kind the Cape Government is acting in a highly creditable manner. Dr. G. M. Theal, who holds the office of Colonial Historiographer, has been intrusted with the carrying out of this monumental task, and has already been several months at work upon it.

The issue of the new volume, "Con Cregan," of the *edition de luxe* of Lever's Works, has been postponed, owing to the strike among the Edinburgh printers. Now that the strike is ended, the work may be expected by subscribers in a week or two. In addition to all the original full-page plates, this edition will contain reproductions of the woodcuts in the text, with which the original edition was illustrated.

Many books that would have been published this month are being delayed on account of the strike of the Edinburgh printers, and among those that were looked for, but have not yet arrived, is a small illustrated volume on the natural history of the British Islands, written for Messrs. Blackwood by Mr. F. G. Aflalo, whose work in that direction and in regard to sea-angling—on what has been called "strictly sporting lines"—is already well known. Mr. Aflalo's foremost literary hero and scientific guide has always been the veteran naturalist and traveller, Mr. A. R. Wallace. It is, perhaps, owing to this influence that many sporting men are unwittingly indebted to Mr. Aflalo for having done something towards the introduction of the subtle quality of style into a form of "literature" which is too often confined within the narrow sporting slang. We look to see some good result from this, for it is rumoured that he is engaged on work dealing with the sporting world for Mr. Hess's forthcoming "Critic." Mr. Aflalo is now preparing material for a natural history book somewhat more ambitious than those he has already written, but it will not be ready for at least another year; in the meantime he continues the joint editorship, with the Earl of Suffolk, of the "Encyclopaedia of Sport," which, it will be remembered, he inaugurated, and he also edits, with Sir Herbert Maxwell, the "Anglers' Library," to which series he has just contributed the volume on "Sea Fish."

Another volume delayed by the strike is Mr. E. Livingstone Prescott's new book, which, however, will, it is hoped, appear in January from Messrs. Warne's house. It will be called "Red-coat Romances," and consists of military stories, chiefly studies from life of soldiers. Another work which Mr. Prescott has in hand, not of a military character, is entitled "Dearer than Honour." This should prove somewhat more romantic than other works of Mr. Prescott's. Although a few chapters deal with the life of a gentleman convict, it has not been "written with a purpose" and is devoid of the horrors unavoidably introduced into an earlier story. "Scarlet and Steel" was avowedly a "novel with a purpose." Though its author doubtless realized that this might mean loss of literary prestige, he was certainly rewarded by the mass of sympathetic correspondence it elicited. One letter which Mr. Prescott received from a prison official in a good position contained the following remark:—"It is strange what an alteration the publication of your book has already made in the treatment of military offenders committed to military prisons."



Mr. E. F. Benson is at present finishing his story called "The Vintage," which has been appearing in the *Graphic*; it deals with the opening year of the Greek War of Independence of 1820, and gives the point of view of the peasants who took so large a part in it. This novel will be published in January by Messrs. Methuen and by Messrs. Harper. It will probably be followed by another story giving an account of the war by sea. Mr. Benson is also engaged upon Arrowsmith's Annual for 1898. This is to be called "The Princess of Rhodope," and will be found to be the history of a lady touched by the madness of the gaming tables.

Miss Adeline Sergeant's next book will probably be one called "The Lady Charlotte." It has not appeared serially, as have most of Miss Sergeant's novels; and it will be published by Messrs. Hutchinson early next year.

Those who chance to care for the happy marriage of an excellent artist's work with an admirable author's conception will regret to hear that Messrs. Harper Brothers have abandoned the idea with which the illustration of Shakespeare's comedies was undertaken by Mr. Edwin A. Abbey, A.R.A.—namely, that the whole series of plays should be illustrated. But that which lovers of "black-and-white" will lose, those who care for larger pictures will gain; for Mr. Abbey is elaborating some of his designs upon canvas, and already has a picture from *Lear*—the scene where Cordelia commends the King to the care of her sisters—upon his easel. Some years ago Mr. Abbey began a series of illustrations for the "Deserted Village," as an artist should work, for his own enjoyment; these drawings, intended for reproduction on plates rather larger than those hitherto made from this artist's work, now number about twenty-five, and will be added to from time to time until the whole poem is illustrated. Apart from these pictures Mr. Abbey is now doing very little book illustration, although he has recently made five black-and-white drawings for the illustrated Bible which is being prepared in Amsterdam by a society of amateurs; the subjects being "Deborah the Prophetess," "Jael and Sisera," "The Angel appearing to Gideon," "The Sword of the Lord and of Gideon," and "The Lepers."

The South Kensington Department of Science and Art having held, in 1896, a Retrospective Exhibition of the work of the students in its schools during the twelve years ending in 1896, the department are issuing a memorial and record of this event. It has been compiled and edited by Mr. John Fisher, and contains 256 representations of prize designs. It is intended to form an illustrated record of the work done, and its promoters claim "that it is the most important that has ever been offered in this country in connexion with our public schools of art." The agents for the department are Messrs. Chapman and Hall.

The Early English Text Society, founded by Dr. Furnivall in 1864, makes an urgent appeal for more subscribers. The society has done a great deal of good work and has produced nearly 200 texts, while it has a goodly list of further publications in preparation, which will be issued if funds are forthcoming. The prospectus states that "the society's experience has shown the very small number of those inheritors of the speech of Chaucer, and Shakspeare who care two guineas a year for the records of that speech. . . . It is nothing less than a scandal that the Hellenic Society should have nearly 1,000 members, while the Early English Text Society has only about 300." The Hon. Sec. is Mr. W. A. Dalziel, 67, Victoria-road, Finsbury-park, N.

We learn from the *Antiquary* that the Parish Register Society has privately printed a *verbatim* copy of "Baptisms at Stratford-on-Avon from March, 1558, to March, 1653," containing the register of Shakespeare's baptism and a good many other entries relating to his family. The transcript has been made by Mr. Richard Savage, the librarian of Shakespeare's Birthplace and Trust.

In January next Messrs. Innes will publish in the *Monthly Packet* a new novel by Mr. Arthur Paterson, entitled "A Gospel Writ in Steel." It will prove to be yet another historical romance, dealing, in this instance, with the American Civil War from the fall of Fort Sumter to Sherman's march through Georgia. Mr. Paterson is a promising writer of fiction, who pins his faith on two excellent maxims—first, that concentration or conciseness should be a story-teller's first consideration, and second, that if a master of fiction can, or thinks he

can, do without style in its true sense, those below the first rank certainly cannot. In the storm and stress of the struggle between the North and South and in such characters as Abraham Lincoln and General Sherman he has found subjects well suited to his powers.

Mr. W. Pett Ridge, whose successful dialogues and stories have appeared in many journals, will have a long novel published by Messrs. Pearson in the spring of next year, which is to be called, we believe, "Three Women and Mr. Frank Cardwell." A second novel by Mr. Ridge, to be entitled, phonetically, "Mordemly," will commence in *To-Day* as a serial early in January. It will contain quite a new departure—viz., a cheerful study of an East-end, or rather Walworth, girl. It will be refreshing to find that the modern maiden of the proletariat is not quite so depressing a person as some writers would make us believe.

We hear that Mr. E. L. Voynich, whose recent novel, "The Gadfly," has had considerable success, intends to visit Austria early next year with the view of collecting material for a new book dealing with contemporary life in that country. It is not likely that this book will be ready for the press for more than a year, as Mr. Voynich will spend much time in studying his *entourage* before he puts pen to paper.

One of the latest modes of illustrating novels is by the simple process of photography. This can hardly be agreeable to the "black-and-white men," and is not likely to further the cause of art; but it is welcomed by authors who have suffered at the hands of faulty illustrators—more common ten years ago than they are to-day. As a social satirist said of a fashionable class of song, "It's very inartistic, but the public like it best," and we shall probably see more of it in the future.

"Irish Idylls," by Miss Jane Barlow, has recently been submitted to this process of decoration. Mr. Clifton Johnson, armed with a camera, visited Connemara last year and "took" the scenes which form the setting of the "Idylls," just as he had previously made photographs for works by Mr. Barrie and "Ian Maclaren." These books with photographic pictures are published by Messrs. Dodd and Mead, of New York, and we understand that Miss Barlow considers that the pictures are among the best she has seen of West Irish landscape, and that they really do illustrate the text of her work. So that if both the author and the public are happy perhaps the critic is *de trop*.

We hear that Frau v. Helderich, widow of the late Professor of Dresden University, and niece of Leopold von Ranke, is at present translating the "Irish Idylls" into German. This lady has already successfully translated several other well-known English books, and her Irish connexions—it will be remembered that the historian married Miss Graves, sister of the Protestant Bishop of Limerick—will probably give her special facilities for dealing with the Irish dialect.

"Jaek o'Lantern" will be the name of the new novel on which Mr. Eden Phillpotts has been at work during the last eighteen months. As is usual with this author's serious work, the scene is laid in the West Country, East Dartmoor being the particular locality chosen. It has been recently stated that Mr. Phillpotts is a grandson of the famous Bishop of Exeter. This was not the case; his father, Captain Phillpotts, was a nephew of the Bishop, and thus the novelist is his grand-nephew.

A new and enlarged edition has been issued of "Housing the People—an Experiment in Co-operation" (Gardner, Paisley and London), by Sir H. Gilzean-Reid, LL.D. The little book gives a detailed account of the movement originated by the author and others in Edinburgh, in 1862, which, it is claimed, has produced well-appointed workmen's houses to the value of nearly half-a-million and which have become the property of the occupiers "by a simple and easily adapted system involving little more than the ordinary annual expenditure in rent."

Mrs. de Courcy Laffan, the wife of the Principal of Cheltenham College, finds time to continue the literary work which made her well known as "Mrs. Leith Adams." She contributes a story to the Christmas Number of *Household Words* and also a tale to another issue of the same journal. She has recently begun to work upon a novel, the title of which will be "The Prince's Feathers—a story of Leafy Warwickshire in

the Olden Time." Mr. Laffan, before he went to Cheltenham, was Head Master of the old Grammar School at Stratford-on-Avon, which dates from the time of Shakespeare. An inmate of the old Almshouses in that town, an ancient dame of a hundred years of age, related to Mrs. Laffan the leading incidents—which had taken place during her girlhood in the town of Leamington—of what would appear to be a most pathetic tale, the scene being a then flourishing hostelry known as the "Three Feathers." Mrs. Laffan has also on hand a story of public school life, entitled "The Gift of God." She has recently devoted much attention to public lectures, and has already given one on "Fictional Literature as a Profession for Women," and another on "The Freedom of the Mind." Probably these, with a projected paper on "Carlyle," will be delivered in London at a later date.

A new publication in its first number says, "It does not seem to be generally known that the letters from Ruasia which appear in *Literature* . . . are from the pen of Mr. George Dobson." The ignorance of the general public is the less surprising seeing that it is shared by ourselves. We have published two letters from Russia, they are by different authors, and Mr. George Dobson is not the author of either.

The Public Free Libraries Committee of Manchester state, in their annual report (1896-1897) that the number of readers and borrowers in their free libraries has been more than 6,200,000, a number greater than in the preceding year, with the exception of 1895-6, and an advance of more than 2,000,000 over the figures of ten years ago. The volumes issued to borrowers for home reading were 963,127. Politics and commerce accounted for 3,647 out of this number; fiction for 789,045.

With reference to the remarks in *Literature* of December 4 on the Scottish History Society, Mr. Adam Smail, of 13, Corn-wall-street, Edinburgh, writes, Dec. 4:—

The public libraries subscribing numbered 34 at the commencement, and there are now 56 on the roll, but many more ought to be added. It is to such institutions that students and non-members must resort when they wish to consult the publications of the society. This is the only direction in which it is safe to extend the membership, because the works purchased cannot come into the market. The Scottish History Society's membership of 400 compares favourably with similar publishing societies. For instance, the older societies restricted themselves thus:—Roxburghe Club, 31, afterwards 40; Philobiblion Society, 35, afterwards 40; Abbotsford Club, 50; Maitland Club, 50, afterwards 100; Bannatyne Club, 100; Hunterian Club, 200; Chetham Society, 350; Surtees Society, 350; Percy Society, 500; New Spalding Club, 500. The original Spalding Club was unlimited, and many of its publications can now be had at extremely moderate prices. The same remark applies to the Grampian Club. The Camden, Parker, Calvin, and Wodrow Societies were practically unlimited, and their works can in many cases be had cheap, as also those of the Spottiswoode Society. The membership of the latter was 1,000. It is, therefore, no narrow-minded policy of exclusion that has caused the strict limitation of the membership of the Scottish History Society to 400, but a due regard for the interests of the subscribers. A set of the publications for the first ten years (25 vols.) was sold in Edinburgh this week for £29. This shows an increase of £18 10s. on the original cost to the subscriber and gives a fair idea of the estimation in which the works are held.

The literary element is not perhaps a primary one among members of the City companies of London, although here and there a distinguished name will be found. The new Master of one—the "Curriers"—is not only a successful man of business but a distinguished bibliophile and a careful bibliographer. Mr. H. S. Ashbee's greatest claim to literary distinction is probably his "Iconography of Don Quixote, 1605-1895," issued under the auspices of the Bibliographical Society two and a-half years ago,—is admittedly the best book of the kind in any language. The "Master's" "Bibliography of Tunis," from the earliest times to the end of 1888, is also an admirable and useful piece of work. Mr. Ashbee has travelled in most parts of the civilized world, and he is conversant with most European languages. His very large library contains very many excessively rare books; he is a member of various learned societies, French and English. Mr. Ashbee ought to write a history of the company of which he will doubtless prove an excellent Master.

*A propos* of Mr. Mark Twain's attack upon the German language, recently delivered in that tongue before a distinguished audience in Vienna, "It may be interesting," writes a correspondent, "to remind readers that the 'Prize German

Sentence' occurs in Ch. XII. of Lessing's 'Laokoon.' The main part of it runs as follows:—

"Wenn er (der Graf Caylus) in den Gemälden der vermischten Handlungen, an welchen sichtbare und unsichtbare Wesen Theil nehmen, nicht angiebt und vielleicht nicht angeben kann, wie die letztern, welche nur wir, die wir das Gemälde betrachten, darin entdecken sollten, so anzubringen sind, dass die Personen des Gemäldes sie nicht sehen, wenigstens sie nicht nothwendig sehen zu müssen scheinen können, &c."

"This is not nearly all, but, if the editor likes, the 'apodosis' of the sentence might appear in his next number. Also a conditional clause at the beginning has been omitted. What I particularly admire is the nice plenitude of commas, which give a sort of 'ridge and furrow' effect to a sentence in other respects suggestive to the pedestrian reader of a bottomless morass."

The Nansen boom, which was at its height in Berlin last April, when the Palace Hotel flew the Swedish flag and crowds of enthusiastic Berliners used to cheer the explorer as he went out and came in, would seem to be pretty well exploded now in Germany. At any rate, more than one bookseller in the city is offering new and uncut copies of "In Nacht und Eis" at three-quarters of its nett published price. Even with this reduction little hope is entertained of getting rid of the stock at this season. The title is not attractive to the purchasers of Christmas presents.

It is not generally known that Nansen, who, by the way, has had a tremendous reception in the United States, was asked some 15 years ago to join Professor Marsh in his exploration in the Rocky Mountains. It appears that the American professor was in need of competent assistants to aid him in his researches and especially to take charge of his various parties engaged in field work. Some English friends travelling in Norway called his attention to a young naturalist who had shown great daring and ability in collecting the skeletons of whales along the Norway coast and had brought them together in the museum of Bergen where he was assistant. The suggestion was made that Nansen, the young assistant, should join Professor Marsh, and at first he eagerly accepted the offer, but before definite arrangements could be made he had received such promotion and recognition in his own country that he resolved to remain in Norway, with the result now so well known.

The Publishers' Association has a special sub-committee considering the subject of title-pages. Failing the compulsory registration of books at an established bureau, we would suggest the recording of dates of publication of all books by printing such dates on the *verso* of the title-page. If it be impossible to fix the exact day, the month, at any rate, might be given. We notice that a few publishers give the dates of the new editions. This for bibliographical and other purposes is very useful; it would add to the value if, in the case of a reprint and not a revised edition, it were so stated, as Messrs. Macmillan and Co. do with their books.

One does not usually find very early printed books in the catalogues of provincial booksellers, yet a choice specimen occurs in the interesting list of Messrs. Henry Young and Sons, of Liverpool. It is a copy of the "Epistles" of St. Jerome (*Sancti Hieronymi Epistolæ*), printed by Peter Schoeffer, at "Mainz" in 1470, on thick, pure vellum, and with 15 of the principal capital letters magnificently illuminated with thick plates of burnished gold. Like most of the earliest productions of the early press, this volume is a triumph of the typographical art. This copy is additionally interesting from the fact that it contains the large and interesting woodcut dated bookplate of one of its early possessors, Christopher Baron von Wolkenstein and Rodnegg, 1695; the price asked for it (£120) seems exceedingly moderate, considering its excessive rarity, and the fact that the Thorold copy (not nearly so fine) brought £140. This catalogue also contains books from the libraries of Cardinal Richelieu, Jean Baptiste Colbert, De Thou, P. D. Huet, Bishop of Avranches, Count Hoyrn, and other eminent book collectors.

Curious things may still be found by the fortunate. At the sale of Mr. Stillie, an old Edinburgh bookseller who remembered Scott, Mr. D. Stewart bought, for a few shillings, a collection of loose papers. These, or many of these, came from Mr. Mackie, a professor in Edinburgh University, about 1740-1760. From Mr. Mackie they had passed to Principal M'Cormick, of St. Andrews, and to Dr. Hill, while George Chalmers, the antiquary,

had read and remarked on them. Mr. Stewart disengaged from the heap a complete diary, by Mr. Mackie, of the Rising of 1745. Mr. Mackie had official relations, for instance, with the Justice-General for Scotland, and had carefully collected evidence from all sources. The result is a kind of Whig "Lyon in Mourning," and the statements are copious and impartial. Mr. Stewart, who is author of probably the best work on the Clan Tartans, intends to publish his MS., with a few letters from an undergraduate of Queen's College, Oxford, who fought at Falkirk as a volunteer on the Whig side. Still more recently a MS. volume of poems by one of the Scottish lady song-writers of the last century has been discovered among the papers of her family. One of this lady's songs is known to have been a favourite of Burns.

The Henry Bradshaw Society for Editing Rare Liturgical Texts has issued the third part of the "Missale ad usum Ecclesiae Westmonasteriensis," edited, like the first two parts (published in 1891 and 1893), by Dr. J. Wickham Legg. The present volume contains an appendix, giving certain offices from Westminster MSS. in the Bodleian Library and the British Museum, together with full indices, notes, and a liturgical introduction. The next volume will be the "Irish Liber Hymnorum," edited from MSS. in the Libraries of Trinity College and the Franciscan Convent at Dublin. The Society has also many interesting works in preparation, which it hopes to publish in future years. Among these is the "Coronation Book of Charles V. of France."

In illustration of our remark last week about the meaning of market prices of rare books, the Ashburnham Library, of which the second portion has just been sold off, furnishes two further instances. The first is a fine copy of George Gascoigne's "Whole Works" (1587). At the sale of Sir Cecil Denville's books last May, a copy, the title of which had been washed and backed, fetched £15. In July, only two months later, a similar copy, in quite as good condition, brought no more than £8. In America, at the sale of the library of Mr. Henry F. Sewall, quite a fine copy (except that the title had been extended to match the other leaves) was sold for £2. Last week the Ashburnham copy realized £40. The other instance is that of John Heywood's "The Spider and the Flie" (1556). In 1893 a copy sold at auction for £20; but in February, 1895, Messrs. Puttick and Simpson "knocked down" a very fair copy for £5 10s. (The margins of a few of the leaves had been repaired.) For the Ashburnham copy Mr. Quaritch paid £36 10s.

These examples are by no means uncommon; every important book-sale furnishes many of them; and the lesson taught by them is sufficiently appreciated by bookmen who, whenever they have occasion to dispose of their collections, try to include them with a more important library. A collector may find it enhance the money value of his books to lend his volumes, judiciously, among his more intimate friends, providing, of course, the volumes are returned. Such lending forms one of the methods of "the gentle art of advertising"—and even book-collectors are not above yielding to the temptations of this art. Moreover, it has this distinct advantage, that it assists editors and writers, in ways which even the British Museum and the Bodleian Libraries cannot open out. To take an instance, in neither of these libraries are there to be found the original editions of Swift's "Sentiments of a Church of England Man" (1708), his "A Letter from a Member of the House of Commons in Ireland to a Member of the House of Commons in England Concerning the Test" (1708), or his "Argument Against Abolishing Christianity" (1708). There is not much doubt about these pamphlets lying snugly stowed away on the shelves of some private library, where they are of little or no practical value to their owner. They are rare, but their rarity has not made them sought for, and therefore they are not valuable, from a money point of view. But if some possessor would send a copy of each to the British Museum as a gift, he would be conferring a boon on many a reader and editor, his own library would receive immediate advantage from the advertisement which such a gift would bring it; and the collector could congratulate himself on having collected to some purpose.

In the course of his address at the service held on Sunday last in Robert Ewning-hall to commemorate the eighth anniversary of the poet's death, Mr. Augustine Birrell said that

Literature had a larger place in life than actual life itself. To-night they were thankfully grateful and avowedly reverent for one who had entered into the lives of all who read him. Two things only commanded their reverence—first, a succession of great writers; and second, the recollection of great, generous, and noble deeds. The obscure poet of the

obscure "Sordello" had an influence on literature which was indescribably majestic. Like Carlyle and Tennyson, he never bowed the knee to Baal. Poverty they knew, and depression of spirit, but no one of them abated a jot or tittle of his pretensions, or ever asked the people what they wanted; and so the people ceased to sneer and scoff, and the crowd—which is, after all, a docile crowd—became eager enough to pay its debt to them with compound interest. Browning's religious belief was not attained through the dark and mystical passage of the Sacraments, but rather was the result of a firm belief in a personal God, and his strong faith in the soul of man.

In our last week's book list "Stories from the Faerie Queene . . . with illustrations by John W. Hales," should have read "with Introduction by Professor Hales, and illustrations by A. G. Walker."

*A propos* of the remark in *Literature* of December 4 that "no Italian scholar, so far as we know, has proposed to introduce 'Vergilio' to the text of Dante," a correspondent points out that the form "Vergilio" occurs at least five times (Inf. xix., 61; Purg. x., 53; xxi., 14, 125; xxx., 46) in the Jesi edition (one of the three earliest, dated 1472) of the "Divina Commedia," and three times in the *editio princeps* (Florence, 1576) of the "Vita Nuova," once (the only time it occurs) in the text, viz., in chapter 25, and twice in the marginal notes to the same chapter.

It is curious, and gratifying to the cynic, to notice what a Nemesis often waits upon the footsteps of those who accuse others of misquotation. Thus, to take a case in point, an excellent American treatise on literary curiosities begins an article on current misquotations by saying that "Pope has a fling at the gentlemen 'with just enough or learning to misquote';" but of course the line is Byron's. A correspondent of a famous Scottish newspaper has just furnished another instance by inveighing against three common errors, and going wrong in two of them himself. He informs us that the proper quotation from Lee's "Alexander the Great" is—

"When Greek met Greek, then was the tug of war."

Of course it should be "When Greek joined Greek," as the point is that Leo meant that the allied Greeks were a terrible foe, which was truer in Alexander's day than it is now. And he is very severe on people who say "thick as leaves in Valombrosa," and not "thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks in Valombrosa." No doubt it is a detail, but if we are to stickle for minute accuracy and banish mere allusion, Milton wrote of leaves that "strew the brooks in Vallombrosa." Accuracy in quotation is a delightful thing, but its champion ought not to be wrong twice out of three times.

The Rev. E. J. Hardy, the author of "The Love Affairs of Famous Men," has just been appointed Donnellan Lecturer for '98-'99 in Trinity College, Dublin.

The "American Philosophical Society held at Philadelphia for Promoting Useful Knowledge" announces that an award of the Henry M. Phillips Prize will be made during the year 1899. The subject is, "The Development of the Law, as Illustrated by the Decisions Relating to the Police Power of the State," and the essay is to contain not more than 100,000 words, excluding notes—the notes, if any, to be kept separate as an appendix. The prize is \$2,000.

The Henry M. Phillips Prize Essay Fund was founded by Miss Emily Phillips, of Philadelphia, a sister of the late Hon. Henry M. Phillips, who presented to the society the sum of \$5,000 for the endowment of a prize fund, in memory of her brother, who was an honoured member of the society. One regulation is that essays may be written in English, French, German, Dutch, Italian, Spanish, or Latin; but, if any language except English is used, they must be accompanied by an English translation. The literary property of such essays remains in their authors. The address of the society is 104, South Fifth-street, Philadelphia.

The announcement that the Open Court Publishing Co., of Chicago, have in preparation a new book by Dr. Paul Carus, which is to be entitled "Nirvana," draws attention to "Karma," a former work of the same author. "Karma" was produced in a most extraordinary manner. The book, which is described as a story of early Buddhism, was illustrated in colours by Japanese artists and actually printed in Japan on Japanese paper. The pictures are full of a somewhat grotesque power, and the book is an artistic curiosity and has had a very large sale.

"Karma" was translated into Russian by Count Tolstoi, who strongly recommended it to his countrymen.

French publishers are beginning to discover that there is a large public even for authors whose works apparently appeal only to the cultivated few—provided always that the price is low. The issue, in penny numbers, of the works of Alphonse Daudet, has had a great success. Now the experiment is to be made of issuing the works of Balzac in similar format. This bold experiment is being made by the Maison Rouff, and its result will be watched with considerable interest.

The following is a copy of the letter of congratulation written by Professor Mayor at the request of scholars resident in Cambridge, and presented to Professor Mommsen at Berlin on the completion of his eightieth year on November 30:—

GERMANIAE · SYAE · NOVO · VARRONI  
ACADEMIAE · BEROLINENSIS · NESTORI  
THEODORO · MOMMSEN  
NATALICIA · OCTOGESIMA  
GRATVLANTVR  
DISCIPVLJ · CANTBRIGIENSES

qui ad universam antiquitatem illustrandam natus, Scaligeri Bentleiique ab iacunte aetate vestigia secutus, senex adhuc vegetus indefessus iunioribus faciem doctrinae praefert. Nihil enim humani a se alienum ratus, ex digestorum castris iuriconsultus in largissimum campum excucurrit, hospes, non transfuga, ubique bene exceptus. Rem publicam Romanam imperiumque bello et legibus stabilitam nostrae aetati ante oculos revocat, veteris Italiae linguas moresque ex detritis lapidum nummorumque monumentis sagaci cura restituit, fastorum ordinem renovat, fontes rerum Germanicarum aperit, ecclesiae Christianae origines identidem repetit, dumque se maximis pacem inceptis praestat, ne mimimis quidem officiis gravator servire amicis, velut Keilio suo rogante Onomasticon Plinianum, quod alius alumnis munus reliquisset, ipse libens suscepit, codicumque notis erudendis Ciceroni non suo tantum attulit medicinae, quantum vix unus et alter Ciceronianorum. Denique quam alii singulis singuli studiis operam navant, eam ille solus universis; nec tamen ita civis mundi audire vult, ut patriae obliviscatur; victam umbratiline, si quis alius eruditorum, cum publica vita coniungere decrevit. Jure igitur quotquot ubique Musarum amore inalescimus patrono tali se magistro laudes gratesque quantas possumus maximas agimus habemusque.

The Berlin Akademie der Wissenschaften has undertaken the production of an Egyptian Dictionary. The work, which has been intrusted to Professor Dr. Adolf Erman, director of the Egyptian Department of the Royal Museums, is likely to take ten or eleven years to complete. The German Emperor is understood to have made a contribution towards the cost of the enterprise.

Two interesting German translations from the American are promised shortly. Admiral Batsch, à la suite of the Officers' Corps of the Imperial Navy, is responsible for the German rendering of Mahan's "Influence of Sea Power upon the French Revolution and Empire," which has been prepared at the instigation of the Imperial Naval Council, and will be published in 12 numbers by Mittler in Berlin. The Stuttgart *Verlags-Anstalt* announce a translation of Edward Bellamy's "Equality" by Dr. M. Jacobi.

The efforts which this country has made to promote the settlement of international differences by arbitration are watched with sympathy in countries where the burden of the military system presses heavily upon all classes of society. Signor Cattellani has written a treatise on "La Propaganda della pace o la conferenza interparlamentare" (Venice: Ferrari), in which he describes in a rigorously scientific and accurate manner the different manifestations of the desire for peace in modern history. He notes the frequent introduction of clauses relating to compromise in treaties between the Powers, and regards the day as not far distant when a general clause of compromise will become a rule of international law. In the meantime he places great faith in inter-parliamentary conferences. Another Italian writer on the same subject is Signor Riccardo d'Azzeo, the author of "L'Etnarchia o Corte Arbitrale Internazionale." (Rome: Salesiana, printer.) This writer is less practical, inasmuch as he dreams of universal peace and the establishment of an international Court of Arbitration of which the president is to be the Pope.

*Die Zukunft* for December 11th contained an appreciative account of Mrs. Sydney Webb's personality and work, and a translation of some pages of her factory-girl's diary. The editor

of the *Zukunft*, Herr Maximilian Harden, is one of the cleverest of German journalists, and this weekly paper, now in its sixth year of issue, enjoys a steadily-increasing sale. A characteristic feature, apart from Herr Harden's staunch Bismarckian politics, is the system of *Selbstanzeigen* which it fosters. Under this candid heading of self-advertisement, authors are invited to give brief accounts of their own new books.

The Russian Imperial Academy of Sciences, which will next year celebrate the centenary of its foundation, has, it is said, the intention of commemorating the event by publishing a short history of the Academy in 73 languages and dialects. The work of printing will be executed by the printing-office of the Academy, which possesses a collection of type unique in Russia.

Mr. Richard Mansfield, the actor, has written a book which he calls "Blown Away: a Nonsense Narrative." It is on the lines of "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," and contains, so we are told, some clever parodies. Mr. Mansfield living in America will have his book published there.

Messrs. F. V. White and Co. will publish next month a new novel by Mrs. Lovett Cameron; its title is to be "Devil's Apples." We also hear of a new child's story which "John Strange Winter" has written, but we are not aware who are to be the publishers. The story, we understand, is to be called "Princess Sarah."

Mr. Frank R. Stockton, whose novel, "The Great Stone of Sardinia," has just been published, is engaged on a series of tales dealing with the pirates and buccaners of the Atlantic Coast. The stories, prior to their publication in book form, will run serially in *St. Nicholas*. Mr. Stockton is also issuing in the coming volume of the *Century Magazine* a romantic story of New Orleans life.

Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons have concluded an arrangement with Professor Werner Sombart, of the University of Breslau, to publish a translation of his recently issued work entitled "Socialismus." The translation has been undertaken by Dr. Atterbury.

Emerson and Sterling never met. Both were greatly interested in Carlyle, and through him they were brought into communication with each other. Sterling first wrote to Emerson, September 30, 1839; and his last letter was dated August 1, 1844, about two months before his death. The twenty letters which passed between are now to be published—edited, with a sketch of Sterling's life, by Edward Waldo Emerson, under the title, "A Correspondence between John Sterling and Ralph Waldo Emerson." Messrs. Gay and Bird are the English publishers.

The "Story of Wales" will appear next year in Mr. Fisher Unwin's series of "Stories of the Nations." No trustworthy history of the Principality has yet appeared, and Mr. Unwin is to be congratulated on having intrusted the work to the capable hands of Mr. Owen M. Edwards, Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford.

The names of Professor Rhys and Mr. Brynmor Jones will appear jointly on the title-page of a book on "The Welsh People" which will shortly be published by Mr. Fisher Unwin. The book will consist of a series of essays on the history, antiquities, ancient laws and customs, and the social characteristics of Wales. Some portions of it have already appeared in the report of the Welsh Land Commission, but Professor Rhys and Mr. Jones have written several supplemental chapters.

Specimens of "Letts's Diaries" for 1898 have been sent us for notice, and we are glad to bear testimony to the continued improvement shown by these well-known publications, and particularly to the firmness of their bindings. They are published solely by Messrs. Cassell's.

M. Stephanos T. Xenos, the Greek writer, has recently published a remarkable work entitled "Andronike, the Heroine of the Greek Revolution of 1821." It has now been translated by Professor Edwin A. Grosvenor, Author of "Constantinople," and will shortly be published by Messrs. Sampson Low.

Early in the New Year Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson will begin a new series of novels at half-a-crown each, with a Seventeenth Century romance entitled "Miss Betty," by Mr. Bram Stoker. Succeeding volumes, to be issued at monthly intervals, will include stories by Messrs. Joseph Hutton, W. L. Alden, Clive Holland, George Griffith, Fred Wishaw, Douglas Sladen, and others.

"Roden's Corner" is the title of Mr. Henry Seton Merriman's new novel. It will run through *Harper's Magazine* beginning with January, 1898.

"Scenes from the Suburbs," by Mr. R. Andom, which will be published by Messrs. Jarrold in the spring, is being illustrated by Mr. A. Carruthers Gould.

## BIBLIOGRAPHY.

## THE PRESENT AUSTRIAN CRISIS.

This bibliography does not refer to the vast question of the *Ausgleich* with Hungary, that question requiring a bibliography of its own. It is a list of books bearing on the political crisis in Austria proper.

## HISTORIC INTRODUCTION.

For a short, yet full and accurate, historic introduction to the antecedents of the present crisis in Austria see (1) SERRANONOS (Ch.) *Histoire politique de l'Europe contemporaine* (Paris, 1897), pp. 493-526, covering period 1860-1896; (2) an able article in *Revue encyclopédique*, by Larousse, for October 23, 1897, covering period 1896-97.

## (a) LAW:— CONSTITUTIONAL LAWS

of (1) Austria proper; (2) of its component parts; (3) of Hungary; (4) of the relation of Austria proper to Hungary, (5) and to Bosnia and Herzegovina.

All the laws relating to the above subjects, together with the decisions (precedents) of the Imperial interstate Court of Law (*Reichsgericht*) will be found in the nineteenth volume, entitled *Die Staatsgrundgesetze* (743 pp., with "Supplement," 145 pp.) of the *Taschenausgabe der oesterr. Gesetze*, published by Manz in Vienna (I., Kohlmarkt, 20).

## CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHT OF LANGUAGE

(being the right of the various nations in Austria to the use of their respective languages in schools, courts of law, etc.).

FISCHER (ADOLF), *Die Sprachenrechte in den Staaten gemischter Nationalität* (Vienna, 1885).

HUGELMANN (KARL), *Das Recht der Nationalitäten in Oesterreich* (Graz, 1880).

PACÁK, *Skizzen zur Regelung der Sprachenfrage im Kgr. Böhmen* (Vienna, Manz, 1896).

TREATISES ON AUSTRIAN CONSTITUTIONAL LAW GENERALLY.

GUMFLOWITZ (LUDWIG), *Das oesterreichische Staatsrecht* (Vienna, 1891, 655 pp.).

MISCHLER and ULBRICH, *Oesterreichisches Staatswoerterbuch*, a most elaborate "dictionary" of the subject (Vienna, 1895-1897) written by all the leading publicists of Austria.

## BOHEMIAN CONSTITUTIONAL LAW.

PERNICE (H. V. A.), *Die Verfassungsrechte der im Reichstage vertretenen Koenigreiche, &c., Vol. I.* (no more published) on Bohemia. Historical and impartial.

MENGER (M.), *Der böhmische Ausgleich* (298 pp.; Stuttgart, '91).

KRAMÁK (KARL), *Das böhmische Staatsrecht* (72 pp.; Vienna, '96).

## GERMANS IN BOHEMIA.

PRADE, *Die Behandlung der nationalen Minderheiten und die Lage des Deutschthums in Böhmen* (Munich, 1896—important speech delivered in Austrian House of Commons).

Publications of the *Gesellschaft zur Foerderung Deutscher Wissenschaft, Kunst und Literatur in Boehmen* (Prague, annually).

LANGUAGE-ORDINANCES OF THE LATE MINISTER BADENI.

Text in "Die oesterreichischen Gesetze und Verordnungen" (Vienna, Hof u. Staatsdruckerei, 1897).

"EIN ALT-OESTERRICHER" (*nom de plume*), *Die böhmisch-mährischen Sprachenverordnungen* (47 pp.; solid; from German standpoint, Leipsic, 1897).

EBENHOCH (ALFRED), *Die Wahrheit über die Sprachenverordnungen des Grafen Badeni* (Linz, 1897; from "Catholic" standpoint).

## (b) POLITICAL FACTS:—

Up to beginning of 1897, the fullest information will be found in HEINRICH SCHULTHESS' *Europäischer Geschichts Kalender*, published annually. It is very hostile to Slavs and Magyars.

In A. L. HICKMANN'S pocket-atlas for Austria-Hungary (Vienna, G. Freytag and Berndt) there are graphic representations of all the important political features (races, languages, urban and country population, Parliament, &c.) of Austria-Hungary, accurate, and very handy.

HAINISCH (M.), *Die Zukunft der Deutsch-Oesterreicher* (162 pp.; Vienna, 1892).

SKENE (A. V.), *Entstehen der slavisch-nationalen Bewegung in Böhmen und Mähren im XIX. Jahrhundert* (155 pp.; Vienna, 1893).

Of Austrian journalistic literature it is impossible and, considering its fierce contentions and partisanship, superfluous to give a complete list. The best English correspondences on the Austrian crisis will be found in *The Times* and in the *Standard*.

The above list does not include pamphlets, &c., written in Slav languages.

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

## ART.

**Pictures of Classic Greek Landscape and Architecture.** By J. Fulleylove, R.I. With a Text in explanation by Henry W. Nevinson. 11x12 in., xvi.+78 pp. London, 1897. Dent, 31s. 6.

**Greek Art on Greek Soil.** By James M. Hoppin. 8 1/2x5 1/2 in., viii.+251. London, 1897. Bliss, Sands, 7s. 6d.

**The Central Italian Painters of Renaissance.** By Bernard Berenson. 7 1/2x6 1/2 in., 235 pp. London and New York, 1897. Putnam, 4s. 6d.

**Artists and Engravers of British and American Book Plates.** A Book of Reference for Book Plate and Print Collection. By Henry W. Fincham. 11x9 1/2 in., xvi.+135 pp. London, 1897. Kegan Paul.

**A Series of Seventy Original Illustrations to Captain Sir R. F. Burton's "Arabian Nights" and a Portrait of Sir R. F. Burton.** Reproduced from the Original Pictures in Oils Specially Painted by Albert Lechford. 10 1/2x6 1/2 in. London and Paris. Nichols, 23 3s.

## BIOGRAPHY.

**Life and Writings of James Clarence Mangan.** By D. J. O'Donoghue. Illustrated. 9x6 in., xxiv.+250 pp. Edinburgh and Dublin, 1897. Geddes.

**The Autobiography of a Highland Minister.** Edited by A. Taylor James, Advocate. With a Letter of Appreciation by Alexander Whyte, D.D. 7 1/2x5 1/2 in., vii.+170 pp. London, 1897. Hodder & Stoughton, 3s. 6d.

**Charles the Great.** By Thomas Hodgkin, D.C.L. 7 1/2x5 1/2 in., 251 pp. London and New York, 1897. Macmillan, 2s. 6d.

**Early Promoted.** A Memoir of the Rev. William S. Cox, M.A., of Queen's College and Wycliffe Hall, Oxford. Compiled by His Father. With a Note by Eugene Stock. Illustrated. 7 1/2x5 1/2 in., viii.+118 pp. London, 1897. Sampson Low, 2s. 6d.

**Emin Pascha.** Eine Darstellung seines Lebens und Wirkens mit Benutzung seines Tagebuecher, Briefe und wissenschaftlicher Aufzeichnungen. By Georg Schaefer. 10 1/2x7 1/2 in., xiv.+808 pp. With a Map, 8 portraits, and various facsimiles. Berlin, 1898. Walthers, 12 Marks.

**William Taylor of California, Bishop of Africa.** An Autobiography. Revised, with a Preface, by Rev. C. G. Moore. 7 1/2x5 1/2 in., xii.+411 pp. London, 1897. Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.

## BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

**Dorothy Darling.** By Minnie E. Paull. Illustrated. 8 1/2x7 in., viii.+183 pp. London, 1897. Hodder and Stoughton, 3s. 6d.

**A Run Round the Empire.** Being the Log of Two Young People who Circumnavigated the Globe. Written out by their Father, Alex Hill, M.A., M.D. With 42 Illustrations. 7 1/2x5 1/2 in., viii.+285 pp. London, 1897. Sonnenschein, 3s. 6d.

**A Child's History of Ireland.** By P. H. Joyce, LL.D. 7x4 1/2 in., xvi.+507 pp. London, New York, and Bombay. Longmans, 3s. 6d.

**Those Dreadful Twins, Eosen and Middy, Their Adventures.** By Themselves. Illustrated. 2nd Ed. 8x5 1/2 in., 234 pp. London, 1897. Unwin, 3s. 6d.

**All the Way to Fairyland.** Fairy Stories by Keelin Sharpy. With 8 Coloured Illustrations and a Cover by Mrs. Percy Dearmer. 8x6 1/2 in., 190 pp. London and New York, 1898. Lane, 6s.

**Elsie's Adventures in Fairyland.** By Bedford Pollard. 7 1/2x5 1/2 in., x.+188 pp. London, 1897. Stock, 6s.

**King Longbeard; or, Annals of the Golden Dreamland.** A Book of Fairy Tales by Harrington Macgregor. Illustrated by Charles Robinson. 8x6 1/2 in., 252 pp. London and New York, 1896. Lane, 6s.

## CLASSICAL.

**The Wasps of Aristophanes.** With Introduction, Metrical Analysis, Critical Notes, and Commentary. By W. J. M. Starkie, M.A. 6 1/2x4 1/2 in., xiv.+452 pp. London and New York, 1897. Macmillan, 6s.

## DECEMBER MAGAZINES.

**The Publishers' Circular and Booksellers' Guide.** Christmas Number, 1897. 11x8 1/2 in., 233 pp. London, 1897. Sampson, Low, 2s. 6d. **Architecture.** (No. 23, 13) 9 1/2 in. London, 1897. 1s.

## EDUCATIONAL.

**A Higher Latin Reader.** Edited by H. J. Maidment, M.A. Lond. and Oxon. and T. R. Mills, M.A. (The University Tutorial Series.) Cr. 8vo., viii.+232 pp. London, 1897. Clive, 3s. 6d.

## FICTION.

**The Hand of His Brother.** or, Gahand's Sin. By Edith C. Kenyon. 7 1/2x5 1/2 in., 326 pp. London, 1898. Gay and Bird, 6s.

**My Sister Barbara.** Passages from the Diary of Dinna Russell. By Lady Poore. 7x4 1/2 in., 163 pp. London, 1897. Downey, 1s.

**Cui Bono?** (Ethics of the Surface Series No. 3.) By Gordon Seymour. 5 1/2x4 1/2 in., 107 pp. London, 1897. Grant Richards, 2s.

**Strong Men and True.** By Morley Roberts. 8x5 1/2 in., vii.+228 pp. London, 1897. Downey, 3s. 6d.

**Portuguese Rita.** By M. P. Guimaraens. 7 1/2x5 1/2 in., 90 pp. London, 1897. Digby, Long, 1s.

**Nurse Adelaide.** A Novel. By Belton Otterburn. 8x5 1/2 in., 350 pp. London, 1897. Digby, Long, 6s.

**What Shall It Profit a Man?** By Violet Tweedle. 7 1/2x5 1/2 in., 344 pp. London, 1897. Digby, Long, 6s.

**Fantasias.** By George Egerton. 8x5 1/2 in., 156 pp. London and New York, 1898. Lane, 3s. 6d.

**A Smile within a Tear,** and other Fairy Stories. By Lady Owendolen Ramsden. 8x5 1/2 in., 251 pp. London, 1897. Hutchinson, 3s. 6d.

**Pratt Portraits.** Sketches in a New England Suburb. By Anna Fuller. Illustrations by George Stoupe. 8 1/2x5 1/2 in., 325 pp. London and New York, 1897. Putnam, 9s.

**By Far Euphrates.** A Tale. By D. Alcock. 7 1/2x5 1/2 in., 376 pp. London, 1897. Hodder & Stoughton, 5s.

**The Lost Gold of the Montezumas.** A Story of the Alamo. By William O. Stoddard. 8x5 1/2 in., 300 pp. London, 1897. Hodder and Stoughton, 5s.

**The Devil in a Domino.** A Realistic Study. By Charles L'Epine. 7 1/2x4 1/2 in., 128 pp. London, 1897. Greening, 1s.

**The Adventures of a Siberian Cub.** (The Ruined Home.) Translated from the Russian by *Leon Wolchmann*. Illustrated by *Winifred Austen*. 7½ x 5 in., 194 pp. London, 1898. Jarrold, 3s. 6d.

**The King of the Broncos**, and other Stories of Mexico. By *Charles F. Lummis*. 7½ x 5 in., ix. + 245 pp. London, 1897. Newnes, 5s.

**The Great Stone of Sardinia.** A Novel. By *Frank R. Stockton*. Illustrated by *Peter Newell*. 7½ x 5 in., xl. + 341 pp. London and New York, 1888. Harper, 6s.

**Lin McLean.** By *Owen Winter*. Illustrated. 8 x 5 in., 278 pp. London and New York, 1898. Harper, 6s.

**The Kentuckians.** A Novel. By *John Fox, Jr.* Illustrated by *W. T. Smedley*. 7½ x 5 in., 228 pp. London and New York, 1888. Harper, 5s.

**Tiefe Wasser.** Five Stories. Containing: *Waldgesicht, Die Alten und die Jungen, Der Liebestrank, Die Waldfrau, Das Orakel.* By *Ernst von Wildenbruch*. 7½ x 5 in., 324 pp. Berlin, 1898. Carl Freund, 4 Marks.

**Tony.** A Sketch. By *Florence Montgomery*. 5½ x 3 in., 165 pp. London, 1888. Bentley.

#### GEOGRAPHY.

**The Faroe Islands.** By *J. Russell Jeaffreson*, F.R.G.S. With Map and Illustrations. 7½ x 5 in., xiii. + 272 pp. London, 1898. Sampson Low, 7s. 6d.

#### HISTORY.

**Border Raids and Relvets.** By *Robert Barland*. 8 x 5 in., xvi. + 310 pp. Dalbeattie, 1898. Fraser, 3s. n.

**The Literary History of the American Revolution, 1763-1783.** By *Moses Coit Tyler*, (Vol. II.) 1776-1783. 9½ x 6 in., xix. + 527 pp. London and New York, 1897. Putnam, 12s. 6d.

**Old Virginia and Her Neighbours.** By *John Herke*. (2 vols.) 8 x 5 in., xxi. + 218 + xvi. + 421 pp. London, 1897. Macmillan, 16s.

**Indian Frontier Policy.** An Historical Sketch. By *General Sir John A. G. C. B. R. A.* With a Map. 9 x 5 in., 61 pp. London, 1897. Smith, Elder, 3s. 6d.

#### LAW.

**Intermediate Laws, Jurisprudence, and Roman Law Papers.** Being Examination Paper set at London and Victoria Universities; with Additional Questions. (The University Tutorial Series.) Cr. 8vo., viii. + 34 + 60 pp. London, 1897. Clive, 2s. 6d.

**The Trial of Lord Cochrane before Lord Ellenborough.** By *J. B. Alley*, M.A. With a Preface by *Edward Downes* Law, and a Portrait. 9 x 6 in., xli. + 529 pp. London, 1897. Smith, Elder, 18s.

**Browne and Powles' Law and Practice in Divorce and Matrimonial Causes.** L. D. *Powles*, 6th Ed. 8½ x 5 in., xxv. + 740 pp. London, 1897. Sweet and Maxwell, 25s.

#### LITERARY.

**The Excellent Narration of the Marriage of Cupide and Psyche.** By *Lucius Apuleius*. Translated out of Latine into English by *William Adlington*. 9½ x 5 in., 55 pp. (20 copies.) London, 1867. Hacon and Hickets, 2s. n.

**Reviews and Essays in English Literature.** By *Rev. Duncan C. Toog*, M.A. 8½ x 5 in., 107 pp. London, 1897. George Bell, 3s. n.

**Stories from the Faerie Queene.** By *Mary MacLeod*. With Introduction by *Professor Hales*, and Illustrations by *A. G. Walker*. 8½ x 6 in., xxvii. + 240 pp. London and New York, 1897. Gardner and Darton, 6s.

**A Handbook of English Literature.** Originally Compiled by *Austin Dobson*. New Edition. Revised, with New Chapters, and Extended to the Present Time by *W. Hall Griffin*, B.A. 7½ x 5 in., xv. + 384 pp. London, 1897. Crosby Lockwood.

**The Books of William Morris.** Described, with some account of his doings in Literature and in the Allied Crafts. By *H. Hurton Furness*, C.B. 9½ x 6 in., xv. + 223 pp. London, 1897. Hollings, 10s. 6d. n.

#### MEDICAL.

**(Masters of Medicine.)** Sir James Young Simpson and Chloroform. (1811-1870.) By *H. Laing Gordon*. 8 x 5 in., xii. + 233 pp. London, 1897. Unwin, 3s. 6d.

#### MILITARY.

**The Campaign of Sedan.** The Downfall of the Second Empire, August-September, 1870. By *George Hooper*, Author of "Waterloo," &c. (Bohn's Libraries.) 7½ x 4 in., xii. + 381 pp. London, 1897. George Bell, 3s. 6d.

**Cretan Sketches.** By *R. A. H. Hickfort-Smith*, M.A., F.S.A. Illustrated by *Milton Prior*. 270 pp. London, 1898. Bentley.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

**The Vanity Fair Album.** Vol. XXIX. 15½ x 10 in., London, 1897. Vanity Fair.

**The Art of Elocution and Public Speaking.** By *Ross Ferguson*, Teacher of Elocution. Introduction by *George Alexander*. 7½ x 5 in., 60 pp. London, 1897. Greening, 1s.

**The Baptist Almanac and Directory for 1898.** 7½ x 4 in., 66 pp. London, 1897. Banks, 2d.

**The Anglo-Israel Almanac and Diary for 1898.** 7½ x 4 in., 78 pp. London, 1897. Banks, 3d.

**Hindu Manners, Customs, and Ceremonies.** By *Abbé J. A. Dubois*. Translated from the Author's Later French MS., and Edited, with Prefatory Note, by *the Right Hon. F. Max Müller*. 2 vols. 9 x 5 in., xxxvi. + 730 pp. Oxford, 1897. Clarendon Press, 21s. n.

**Gambling in Various Aspects.** Substance of a Speech delivered in Exeter Hall on Nov. 29th, 1897. By *Joseph Parker*, D.D. 7 x 3 in., 35 pp. London, 1897. Bowden, 3d.

**What is Fire Protection? A Study by *Edwin O. Sachs*, Architect.** (Publications of the British Fire Prevention Committee, No. 1.) 8½ x 5 in., 36 pp. London, 1897. The British Fire Prevention Committee, 1s.

**A Standard Dictionary of the English Language.** Student Edition. Abridged from the Funk and Wagnall's Standard Dictionary of the English Language by *J. C. Fernald* and others. Illustrated. 9½ x 7 in., 915 pp. London and New York, 1897. Funk & Wagnalls, 10s.

**Die Gbire und das Duell.** By *Lieutenant-General A. von Bogulawski*. 2nd Edition, brought up to date in accordance with the latest Cabinet Order. 8½ x 5 in., iv. + 112 pp. Berlin, N.D., 1897. Schall und Grund, 2 Marks.

**Scottish Bankings during the Period of Published Accounts, 1865-1896.** By *Andrew H. Kerr*, F.S.A. (Scot.) 8½ x 5 in., ix. + 172 pp. London, 1898. Edinburgam Wilson.

**Bad Lady Betty.** A Drama in Three Acts. By *H. D. Scull*. 7½ x 5 in., 108 pp. London, 1897. Elkin Mathews, 1s. n.

**The Evolution of Fnehon.** By *Florence M. Gardner*. 10 x 7 in., 91 pp. London, 1897. Cotton Press, 10s. 6d.

**The Evergreen Almanac.** 10½ x 7 in., Edinburgh, 1897. Goddess.

**Onomasticon Anglo-Saxonum.** A List of Anglo-Saxon Proper Names, from the time of Beba to that of King John. By *William G. Searle*, M.A. 9½ x 6 in., lvii. + 601 pp. Cambridge, 1897. University Press, 2s. n.

**Friendship.** By *Hugh Hock*, M.A. 7½ x 4 in., viii. + 209 pp. London, 1897. Hodder and Stoughton, 2s. 6d.

**The Lawyer's Companion and Diary**, and London and Provincial Law Directory for 1898. Edited by *E. Layman*, B.A. 8½ x 5 in., London, 1898. Stevens and Sons, Ltd., 5s.

**Sweet and Maxwell's Diary for Lawyers for 1898.** Edited by *F. A. Steinger*. 8½ x 5 in., London, 1898. Sweet and Maxwell, 3s. 6d. n.

**Whitaker's Almanack for 1898.** 7½ x 5 in., 775 pp. London, 1888. Whitaker.

**The Art of Cookery, Past and Present.** A Treatise on Ancient Cookery. With Anecdotes of noted Cooks and Gourmets. Ancient Foods, Menus, etc. By *Mrs. de Solis*. 8 x 5 in., 192 pp. London, 1898. Hutchinson, 2s.

**The Sheffield Scientific School of Yale University.** A Semi-Centennial Historical Discourse. Oct. 28th, 1897. By *Daniel C. Gilman*. 9½ x 6 in., 30 pp. New Haven, 1897. Sheffield Scientific School.

#### NAVAL.

**The Interest of America in Sea Power, Present and Future.** By *Captain A. T. Mahan*, D.C.L., LL.D., United States Navy. 8 x 5 in., vi. + 314 pp. London, 1897. Sampson Low, 10s. 6d.

#### PHILOSOPHY.

**Die Lebendigen und die Toten in Volksglauben, Religion, und Sage.** By *Rudolf Kleinpaul*. 9 x 5 in., vi. + 293 pp. Leipzig, 1898. Goschen, 6 Marks.

**Human Nature.** Its Principles and the Principles of Physiognomy. By *Physiologist*, Part I. 6½ x 5 in., 128 pp. London, 1897. Churchill, 2s.

#### POETRY.

**The Hope of the World,** and other Poems. By *William Watson*. 7½ x 4 in., ix. + 83 pp. London and New York, 1898. Lanc. 3s. 6d. n.

**The Wooling of Malkatoon.** *Commodus.* By *Low Wallace*. Illustrated by *Du Mund* and *Weguellin*. 9 x 6 in., 168 pp. London and New York, 1898. Harper, 10s. 6d.

**Songs of Exile.** By *C. E. Freeman*. B.A. 6½ x 4 in., 121 pp. Calcutta, 1897. Thacker.

**Hivemosa,** and other Poems. By *Edmond Lee*. 7 x 4 in., ix. + 125 pp. London, 1897. James Clarke, 3s. 6d.

**The Odes of Keats.** With Notes and Analyses and a Memoir by *Arthur C. Douner*, M.A. Illustrated. 7 x 5 in., vi. + 103 pp. Oxford, 1897. Clarendon Press, 3s. 6d. n.

**Poems of a Country Gentleman.** By *Sir George Douglas*, Bart. 7½ x 5 in., viii. + 75 pp. London, New York, and Bombay, 1897. Longmans, 3s. 6d.

**Sent Back from the Angles.** Ballads of Home and Homely Life. By *Federick Langbridge*, 4th Ed. Enlarged. 7½ x 5 in., 206 pp. London, Paris, and Melbourne, 1898. Cassell, 3s. 6d. n.

**The Mystery of Evil.** By *George Washington Moon*. Hon. F.R.S.L. 8 pp. London, 1897.

**The Houses of Sin.** By *Vincent O'Sullivan*. (100 copies.) 9 x 5 in., 65 pp. London, 1897. Leonard Smithers.

**Pan.** A Collection of Lyrical Poems. By *Rose Husy Thomas*. 8 x 5 in., viii. + 91 pp. London, 1897. Bliss, Sands, 6s.

**The Poetical Works of Thomas More.** 8½ x 6 in., xxiv. + 511 pp. London, 1897. Bliss, Sands, Morning Songs for a Happy New Year. Selected by *Rev. C. Hullock*, B.D. 6½ x 4 in., 29 pp. London, 1897. "Home Words," 4d.

#### POLITICAL.

**Lectures on the Principles of Local Government.** Delivered at the London School of Economics, Lent Term, 1897. By *George Laurence Gomme*, F.S.A. 9½ x 5 in., xv. + 297 pp. London, 1897. Constable, 12s.

#### SCIENCE.

**The Sun's Place in Nature.** By *Sir Norman Lockyer*, K.C.B., F.R.S. 9½ x 6 in., xvi. + 390 pp. London and New York, 1897. Macmillan, 12s.

#### SOCIOLOGY.

**Researches into the Mathematical Principles of the Theory of Wealth.** By *Augustine Cournot*, 1838. Translated by *Nathaniel T. Bacon*. With a Bibliography of Mathematical Economics by *Irvine Fisher*. 7½ x 4 in., viii. + 213 pp. London and New York, 1897. Macmillan, 3s. n.

**Der Socialismus in England** gezeichnet von englischen Socialisten. Herausgegeben von *Sidney Webb*. Deutsche Originalausgabe besorgt von *Dr. Hans Kurella*. 8vo., xiv. + 326 pp. Göttingen, 1898. Vandenhoeck und Ruprecht, 5 M., geb. 5 Mk. 60 Pf.

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**A Bibliography of Lawn Tennis, 1874-1897.** By *Fred W. Foster*. 7½ x 5 in., 32 pp. Richmond, 1897. Hiscote.

#### THEOLOGY.

**Archbishop Cranmer.** A Lecture Delivered in St. Margaret's, Westminster, on May 15th, 1895, by *Rev. Canon McCormick*, D.D. (Published by Request.) 7½ x 5 in., 24 pp. London, 1897. "Home Words," 2d.

**Seven Puzzling Bible Books.** A Supplement to "Who wrote the Bible." By *Washington Gladden*. 7½ x 5 in., 267 pp. London, 1897. James Clarke, 5s.

**The Authentic Portrait of S. Francis of Assisi.** By *N. H. J. Westlake*, F.S.A. 11½ x 9 in., 31 pp. London and Oxford, 1897. Parker, 7s. 6d.

**Are the Writings of Dionysius the Areopagite Genuine?** (49th Centenary, A.D. 55-1897). By *Rev. J. Parker*, M.A. 8½ x 5 in., 20 pp. London and Oxford, 1897. Parker, 1s.

**Select Masterpieces of Biblical Literature.** (The Modern Reader's Bible.) Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by *Richard G. Moulton*, M.A. (Camb.) 5½ x 4 in., xx. + 278 pp. London and New York, 1897. Macmillan, 2s. 6d.

**Einführung in das Griechische Neue Testament.** Von *Eberhard Nestle*. Mit 8 Handschriften-Tafeln. Large 8vo., 129 pp. Göttingen, 1897. Vandenhoeck und Ruprecht, 2 M. 80 Pf., geb. 3 M. 40 Pf.

**Die Syntheologie des Apostels Paulus.** Von *Lie. Dr. Theodor Simon*, Schlosspfarrer in Cottbus. Large 8vo., 118 pp. Göttingen, 1897. Vandenhoeck und Ruprecht, 2 M. 80 Pf.

#### TOPOGRAPHY.

**The Founding of St. Mary's Abbey and St. Leonard's Hospital, York.** By *Canon Raine*, M.A., B.C.L. 7½ x 5 in., 78 pp. York, 1898. Sampson, 1s. 6d. n.

**Handbook to Christian and Ecclesiastical Rome.** By *H. M. and M. A. R. T.* (Part II.) Liturgy in Home.) 7½ x 5 in., viii. + 355 pp. London, 1897. A. & C. Black, 5s.

# Literature

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## CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

If the prosperity of a trade is to be measured, as some economists insist, by its activity in the production of articles of pure luxury, the publishing business should certainly be regarded as in a flourishing condition. With the approach of each successive Christmas we receive new and stronger proofs of it in the increased output and the ever more and more elaborately sumptuous outfit of volumes dedicated to the assumed requirements of that festive season. "Gift-books," numerous and handsome enough to satisfy the liberality of the most generous of donors and the desires of the most ambitious of expectants, pour from the press. *Editions de luxe* of the English classics, artistic repro-

ductions of the works of the most famous English painters, dead and living, load our shelves; while of books for children, including even those of a larger growth, of nursery rhymes and nonsense verses with a charm of literary humour for the adult underlying the frank extravagance that alone appeals to childhood, of stories of adventure for boys, of fairy tales, old and new, told in their primitive simplicity or learnedly annotated by the folk-lorist, there seems to be no end. And while the publishers thus compete with each other in catering for the apparently universal taste, a still sharper competition rages among the lighter organs of the weekly press—a competition so sharp indeed as to threaten results analogous to those which have within the last two decades revolutionized another class of journal. The struggle for priority in the supply of racing intelligence has led to the manufacture of the evening newspaper while the milkman is going his morning rounds, and to its issue while the potboy is delivering the noon-day beer; and on the same principle it is probably only a question of time before some enterprising illustrated weekly comes out with its "Christmas Number" on Michaelmas Day.

The change from early Victorian manners with which we are here confronted is very striking. The invention of the "Christmas Story" may be fairly attributed to Charles Dickens; but its success in his hands was much more due to the charm of some of his productions of this kind and to his own immense popularity with the public than to any general craving for what is now universally regarded as "seasonable" literature for this period of the year. By Dickens himself, however, the Christmas book was no doubt valued principally as a vehicle for the exposition of his characteristic "philosophy of life"—if such a phrase can be regarded as applicable to that piquant compound of hearty animal spirits, usually spontaneous but sometimes slightly forced, with a sentimental benevolence which though always sincere was also in many instances a little cheap. Hence, when the decline in the vogue of this philosophy, as soon as there were no more "Chimes" and "Carols" to be written, or Trotty Vecks to be created, produced a distinct if temporary reaction from the somewhat too deliberate and calculated geniality of our Christmas mood under Dickens's inspiration, it is quite possible that the general development of Christmas literature may for a time have been arrested in consequence. But as the English mind gradually worked its way to its present eminently rational mode of treating the season—namely, as one in which the adult world may be surest of procuring unforced and unaffected gaiety for themselves by encouraging it in those youthful hearts to which gaiety is natural—the Christmas book, the Christmas "number," and, in fact, the whole body of light and lively literature appealing principally to the tastes of the young has steadily grown. The yearly task of sup-

plying it may almost be said to have called a new industry into being. Besides the men of real literary mark who have engaged in it—and we have to remember that one of the classics of modern fiction was originally published as a book for boys—it gives employment to a whole host of minor writers; while in another department of artistic production its effect is even more remarkable. A generation ago there was scarcely a single artist of note who condescended, or perhaps who could be given any adequate inducement, to exercise his talents on the illustration of children's books. Nowadays, in the list of their illustrators we often find the names of some of the most distinguished black-and-white artists of the day.

But the literary entertainment of children has, during the present generation, made in one direction an advance of surpassing interest and importance. It amounts, indeed, to the discovery and cultivation of a new variety, a new *genre* in literature. We glanced at it in the opening paragraph of this article in referring to a class of books in which humour and even satire adapted to the taste of the mature intelligence is cunningly combined with those elements of the romantic and marvellous which form the delight of childhood. The humorist and scholar who has won a lasting reputation under the pseudonym of "Lewis Carroll" was undoubtedly the inventor, as he has been the most successful producer, of this species of literature; and the author of "Alice in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking-glass" has done more than produce that host of more or less successful imitators by whom all inventors are followed. He has, no doubt, done much during his well-nigh thirty years of popularity to create and develop that taste among his youthful public which has ever since found so many to cater for it. It has, at any rate, been mainly his work to revolutionize the "wonder-story" for children who have outgrown actual infancy; and to have set the fashion, now so firmly established that the more intelligent of young readers would almost resent any departure from it, of providing them with literature which they observe, no doubt with pride, to be as popular with "grown-ups" as with themselves. This discovery of a fresh field of common interest, and a new bond of comradeship between the child and the adult, is on the whole, of course, to be welcomed. It has certainly tended to promote the early growth of intelligence on the part of the former, and to stimulate the latter to that humorous and sympathetic study of the thoughts, the dreams, the reasonings of childhood which Mr. Kenneth Grahame, for instance, to cite the most accomplished of many such students, pursues with so quaintly acute an insight and with so diverting, occasionally with so touching, a result. Such an improvement of the mutual understanding between the two generations cannot but be of value to both in the important business of up-bringing. Given the existence of even a modicum of humour possessed in common by child and parent, the melancholy figure of the *enfant incompris* should in future become rare indeed.

There is, of course, another side to the matter, and a side which inevitably tends to increased prominence in an

age which appears to cherish as the most confident and deeply-rooted of its convictions the belief that it is impossible to have "too much of a good thing." The art of "drawing out" the intelligent child is an art of no little delicacy, and one not to be safely essayed without the exercise of much good sense and discretion on the part of the artist. Unwisely practised, it has a fatal tendency to destroy the very material upon which it subsists. The workings of the childish mind depend for their charm, whether of humour or of pathos, on perfect simplicity; and, as everybody knows who has even a slight experience of quick-witted children, the step from simplicity to self-consciousness is singularly short. Judicious parents are usually quite sensible of this, and on that account frequently deny themselves the full indulgence of their amused interest in a child's "criticisms of life." But this kind of self-restraint is only a virtue of individuals—it is not collectively practised; and, with a whole world conspiring to direct the attention of children to themselves and to the too effusive admiration entertained for their cleverness by their elders, one rather fears sometimes for the ultimate result. It is largely by an upbringing of this kind that America has produced the "American child"; and, though, of course, we are not going to frame an indictment against a whole nation of nurseries, it will surely be admitted by all who have met with this particular product of Transatlantic training in its purest and most truly typical form that the American child is what would be called in this country an "awful warning," as, indeed, it is sometimes described by the briefer synonym of a "caution" in the language of its native land.

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## Reviews.

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**New Letters of Napoleon I.** Omitted from the Edition published under the auspices of Napoleon III. Translated by Lady Mary Loyd. 9×5½in., xviii. +380 pp. London, 1897. Heinemann. 15/- n.

It is a natural but, of course, not a necessary conclusion that whatever has been carefully concealed from the world must be something which the world would be interested to learn. If the withheld information concerns one of the world's greatest men, and has been withheld by his descendants or representatives, one is apt to assume that they have so acted in the interests of his fame and in order that he may not be made to appear less heroic in the eyes of history than he did in contemporary repute. That, however, is not the only reason why the living are sometimes interested in suppressing the documents of the dead. These are sometimes compromising not only to their author but to their inheritors, or, at any rate, to those for whose reputation the custodians of such papers may be as much concerned as for their own. And it is pretty evident that this last explanation is largely applicable to the case of those letters of Napoleon I. which were omitted from the edition published many years ago by the late Emperor of the French, and which have now appeared in a well-wrought and, where the matter calls for it, a spirited and vigorous translation from the pen of Lady Mary Loyd.



The appointment of Prince Napoleon to preside over the Commission charged with the duty of selecting and editing these letters insured the suppression not only of evidence that might reflect unpleasantly on Napoleon's personal character, but of anything that might dim the lustre of the Napoleon epic as a whole "by detracting from the dignity of his nearest relatives and most trusted agents." Those who are fairly well acquainted with Napoleonic literature will no doubt incline to our opinion that the last of the three motives above enumerated weighed most with the President of the Commission. Whatever other effect the new letters may have on the mind of the reader, they may well have struck Prince Napoleon as very seriously "detracting from the 'dignity' of one of his 'nearest relatives.'" As for instance:—

I have seen an Order of the Day of yours which makes you the laughing-stock of Germany, Austria, and France. Have you not a single friend about you to tell you a few truths? You are a King and brother to an Emperor—absurd qualifications in war-time. You should be a soldier, and once more a soldier, and then again a soldier. You should have neither Minister, nor diplomatic body, nor display. You should bivouac with your advance guard, be on horseback day and night, march with your advance guard, so as to secure information, otherwise you had better stop at home in your seraglio. You make war like a satrap. Did you learn that from me? Good God! from me, who, with my army of 200,000 men, lead my own skirmishers, without allowing even Champagny to follow me.

Or as thus, again:—

You have a great deal of pretension, a certain amount of wit, a few good qualities—all ruined by your conceit. You are extremely presumptuous and you have no knowledge whatever. . . . Cease making yourself ridiculous. Send the diplomatic body back to Cassel. Have no baggage and no retinue. Keep one table only—your own. Make war like a young soldier who longs for fame and glory, and try to be worthy of the rank you have gained and of the esteem of France and Europe, whose eyes are upon you. And have sense enough, by God, to write and speak after a proper fashion.

This perhaps is about as striking a specimen of the "rough side of the tongue" as is to be found in the whole body of the Napoleonic letters, and indeed it is impossible not to admire in it a certain rude eloquence which is as conspicuous as its mere violence. Every sentence of reproof is a hammer-stroke, and every phrase of angry exhortation rings as sharply and stirringly as a word of command. Still, there are circumstances which render it almost impossible even for the greatest admirer of an epistolary style to treat it wholly on its literary merits; and when we consider that these mild admonitions were addressed to the King of Westphalia, the father of the President of the Commission, we must admit that the most sternly conscientious editor of State papers might be pardoned for having excluded these letters from the official volume.

But, in truth, it is not only the nearest of the Prince's relations, but all his relations of the older generation—the whole body of his uncles and some of his aunts—who come in for the same treatment. Nothing, indeed, is more singular than the sight of the Cæsar, seated now at St. Cloud, now at Schönbrunn, and savagely "wiggling" his kingly brothers all round Europe. First one fraternal puppet receives a rap on the knuckles and then another. "Lucien," he writes to Joseph, then King of Naples,

Is misconducting himself at Rome, even going so far as to insult the Roman officers who take my side, and is more Roman than the Pope himself. I desire you will write to him to leave

Rome, and retire to Florence or Pisa. I do not choose him to remain at Rome, and if he refuses to take this course I only await your answer to have him removed by force. His conduct is scandalous; he is my open enemy and that of France. If he persists in these opinions America will be the only refuge for him.

A couple of years' more bullying converted Lucien to that opinion, and he would have betaken himself to the "refuge" recommended to him, only unfortunately he was captured by an English frigate while *en route* for America and carried to Malta, whence he was conducted to England, there to reside on parole till the end of the war. "I thought," continues his candid brother, "that he had some sense, but I see he is only a fool."

How could he remain in Rome after the arrival of the French troops? Was it not his duty to retire into the country? And not only this, but he sets himself up in opposition to me. There is no name for his conduct. I will not permit a Frenchman and one of my own brothers to be the first to conspire and act against me with a rabble of priests.

It was of Lucien, however, that Napoleon remarked, as quoted by Bourrienne, "Of all my brothers he is the one that has most talent," though he apparently did not agree with him in thinking that it lay in the literary direction, observing coldly of his poem of "Charlemagne" that he doubted his brother's understanding "enough of the *finesses* of the French language to make an epic poet."

Joseph Bonaparte, perhaps, as the most docile of the family, fares best in these letters, though he comes in for an occasional rub. The rupture with Louis is well known, and the letter of the 23rd May, 1810, though it may have been kept out of the official collection, probably in deference to the susceptibilities of Napoleon III., had already been long before the world. Lady Mary Loyd, however, has given a somewhat more vigorous rendering of it than the original translator.

At the very moment when you are making me the very fairest protestations I learn that my Ambassador's people have been ill-treated. . . . In consequence of this I will have no Dutch Ambassador here. Admiral Verhueil has orders to be gone in twenty-four hours. I will have no more talking and writing. It is high time for me to know whether you intend to bring Holland to misery and cause the ruin of your country by your follies. . . . Write me no more of your customary twaddle; three years now it has been going on, and every instant proves its falsehood. [Autograph postscript.]—This is the last letter I shall ever write you in my life.

Of Louis he wrote in the Memorial de Saint Helène:—

He is not devoid of intelligence and he has a good heart, but even with these qualifications a man may commit many errors and do a great deal of mischief. Louis is naturally inclined to be capricious and fantastical, and the works of Jean Jacques Rousseau have contributed to increase this disposition. Seeking to obtain a reputation for sensibility and beneficence, incapable by himself of enlarged views, and at most competent to local details, Louis was a prefect rather than a king.

Louis, in fact, made the same mistake in Holland that Murat made at Naples—the mistake of attempting to ingratiate himself with his subjects. Napoleon, who really wanted a prefect, and an absolutely subservient one, much rather than a king, had to get rid of Louis, and but for Murat's timely defection to Austria would undoubtedly have served him in the same way. The Emperor, as this volume shows, was in the habit of rating his brother-in-law as roundly as he did his brothers, and the wrathfully insolent letter in which Murat finally broke with him in 1814 shows plainly enough how these rebukes had rankled in his breast.

Full, however, as this volume is of matter which the

surviving members of the Bonaparte family might reasonably desire to withhold for their own sake, it cannot be said to contain much that is calculated to lower the current estimate of Napoleon himself. Indeed, it has by this time become rather difficult to imagine anything that would. That almost too familiar quotation, "Whatever record leaps to light, he never can be shamed," applies with an ironical significance to the founder of the French Empire. No documentary revelations can possibly tarnish that shield which has become so dismally lustreless already. As the conception of Napoleon's transcendent personal gifts,—the realization of the amazing force of his will, and the marvellously penetrative power of his genius has grown steadily since his death, so the indulgent if not positively favourable theory of his moral character, which had been bequeathed to us by his earlier French biographers and his Whig-Radical admirers in this country, has *pari passu* been destroyed. The selfishness and meanness, the violence and brutality, the cynical perfidy and tawdry vulgarity of the man's nature have been illustrated and emphasized in a thousand ways; and the result has been to set him before us as the one hero—and that, perhaps, the greatest—in all history, in whom the odious and contemptible traits of humanity were exhibited in an excess so overwhelming that we can hear the slang but irreplaceable word "cad" applied to him, not only without a sense of shock, but with the unqualified, if reluctant, acknowledgment that it is the only epithet which will serve. All that any records "leaping to light" can now do is not to "straighten out" the character of Napoleon, but to supply fresh illustrations of his obliquities. In this respect, however, the *New Letters* are not very fruitful. For the months, and even for the years, marked by the darker passages of his career—the military murder of the Duc d'Enghien, the mysterious sequel to the Pichegru Conspiracy—the tale of letters is scanty; and almost the only pages of interest in this regard are those relating to the curious Ouvrard intrigue, which led to Fouché's fall. Here we see Napoleon's unrivalled capacity for what the Americans call "flat-footed lying" exhibited in most striking fashion. Of course, this exhibition is not a new one, but it is a more impressive example of its kind than any that we can at the moment recall.

**Voyageuses.** [By Paul Bourget. 7x4in., 35 pp. Paris, 1897. Alphonse Lemerre. 3f. 50c]

M. Bourget is one of the few members of the French Academy whose title-pages fail to record the fact of his membership. The observation may seem trivial. Yet the habit thus noted is probably characteristic. Few masters of expression in French are less narrowly and exquisitely French in their expression. M. Bourget thinks in too many other modern languages, associates habitually with too many English and Americans and Italians, to write his mother-tongue with that incomparable charm which marks, for instance, the work of M. Anatole France as distinguished from M. Bourget, and the work of Renan as distinguished from Taine. Probably no one knows better than he that in aiming at a cosmopolitanism so aggressive and—for a Frenchman of our time—so unusual he was bound to lose certain privileges of that specially felicitous expression which makes the less important work of some of his compatriots so precious to a foreigner. These results he has not seemed to regret in his enthusiasm to satisfy that insatiable curiosity of which he tells us so often, and which undoubtedly he considers one of his most admirable traits. Yet it must be admitted that he justifies this

curiosity in language which, if not sufficiently direct and simple to satisfy French purists, has all the fulness and richness of allusion of that of the best modern European writers. In that one of these six little psychological dramas played in his presence which he has artistically reported in this book, the one called *Neptunevale*, where he has been singularly happy in the use of a poetically ideal background, reminiscent of such a 15th century Italian painting as he knows how to describe so well (cf. page 280 of the present volume), he says:—

I have, like all the wanderers whom a deep incurable unrest transports from one lodging of an hour to another lodging of an hour, gazed upon more than one spot in this vast world with a homesick, and, at times, a poignant, regret not to be able there to fix my destiny.

This utterance, so evidently sincere, reflects a state of mind which is not completely intelligible in France, among a people which comforts itself with the belief that if Englishmen are admirable colonists and travellers, and if Frenchmen are not, it is because the former live in an *Ultima Thule* shrouded in fog, and because the latter inhabit a *doux pays*, a bright land flowing with milk, honey, and wine, where every one, even the poorest of the poor, has his *vin ordinaire*, his *petite tasse*, and his *petit verre*. M. Bourget seems to feel that for his love of travel, his vagabond tastes, his startling detachment from things French, in a word his general cosmopolitanism, he owes a sort of apology to his readers, and even to the 15 or 20 and sometimes 30 thousand book buyers of culture who have formed for the last ten years his *clientèle*. So French still is this "remnant"! Thus it is with infinite pains, and with a rare seduction, that he explains himself over and over again. Take at random such a passage as this, the opening pages of what is perhaps the most delicately finished of the studies in the book, this prologue of *La Pia*:—

Who can have travelled in Italy and not known one of those days of perfect beauty, when it seems that all the circumstances unite to carry the soul to its highest point of happy emotion—the weather, the time of the year, the light of the sky, the colouring of the landscape, the discovery of a masterpiece, the picturesque grace of the people? Elsewhere, in Egypt, in Algiers, in Andalusia, you will find as tepid, as transparent an air, as luminous afternoons; in Syria, in Morocco, more spacious horizons; in Spain, in Greece, pictures, sculpture, architecture of an equal splendour; in Provence, in Ireland, men of the people as humorously familiar. In Italy alone you will taste the complete harmony of the impressions, and this gives to certain hours in this land an unforgettable, an incomparable enchantment. Of how many such hours have I caught the flavour during my score of sojourns beyond the Alps, far, far indeed from Paris and its intellectual wretchednesses, far from the world of letters and its gratuitous cruelties, far, far indeed from all and close to the Ideal, close to the dead who have bequeathed us in their art the best of themselves, close to the soul of our race, since it is here that is the source of the Latin spirit, of the common genius which we repudiate in vain in fratricidal rivalries. In Tuscany, around Florence, Pisa, or Sienna there are corners the mere name of which, engraved on a map, makes my heart beat. About Sienna especially. Boyle directed that this word should be put upon his tomb: *Milanese*. I am at times tempted to ask that upon that where I am to repose shall be written: *Siennese*. . . . And it would not be to betray my real country. So much French history, and that of the most heroic sort, remains mingled with the stones of this town, where Montluc was in command, and which alone remained faithful to us during the terrible sixteenth century, so indulgent for treasons. "Stranger," says the inscription over one of its doors, "Sienna opens to thee its heart. . . ." I have never read this inscription without being deeply touched.

Here we have undoubtedly the real Bourget, yet a Bourget who cannot afford to neglect some of the prejudices of those of his countrymen who make him the butt of their inept and silly *blague* and accuse him of having his washing done in London. At other moments M. Bourget apologizes to these Parisians, whom he had much better leave disdainfully to themselves, as follows:—

Every one knows what an incoherent amalgam is the *table d'hôte* of a cosmopolitan caravanserai such as that which stamped the profile of its monumental façade, pierced with innumerable windows, against the wild neck of the Maloja. I had even at this epoch, and I have kept, a passionate liking for these cosmopolitan crowds—an object of indignation for certain snobs à rebours, a little sillier than the others, inasmuch as they are more pedantic, more ordinary in their ways, and more aggressively middle-class. These vast modern hotels are for the traveller preoccupied with the theory of races an invaluable field of study. In the Alps especially and since the doctors have been sending up to 1,700 metres all persons worn out by life, a dinner at the Maloja or at Saint Moritz is as good as a whole course of lectures in comparative ethnology.

Here we have the Bourget who brought into the French novel the method of Taine, and who still declares that he was right. And now he tells his countrymen that he travels, not merely because he likes it, not merely because of that vagabond spirit of unrest, but because consistency to one's scientific method is a virtue, and because travel offers him "invaluable fields of study." It should be said that his example is contagious. M. Anatole France has begun to travel, and M. Marcel Prevost and M. Brunetière and M. Barrès. Only such as M. Jules Lemaitre and M. Sarcy remain rooted to the soil. And this displacement, if often repeated, is bound to work havoc in their style, to make them, like M. Bourget, more European than French. Moreover, it would seem likely that a writer of so ironic, so artistic a nature as M. Anatole France does not require the education of travel to attain to that vision which travel alone has procured for M. Bourget, whose mind is more serious and less flexible, and who even to-day is, as we have seen—in spite of the delightful page on Sienna—more preoccupied with comparative ethnology than with the comic aspect of things which most appeal to the lovers of Molière and Anatole France. As proof of this we have only to observe the categorical way in which a philosopher like this disparages things French. He speaks quite fearlessly of "the national infirmity of the everlasting *à peu près*"; he thus describes two such Parisians of Paris as he has had the best opportunities of knowing:—

They were *légers* and superficial; their slightest phrases revealed an existence absurdly dispersed in the most commonplace pleasures of a society where the amusement of ladies is that of *écottes*, and the amusement of men that of grooms.

And there are long, savage pages castigating the frivolity of Paris club men and a certain class of *femme du monde*, pages that smack of the prophetic ire, and betray M. Bourget as, after all, a moralist, but not of the French sort, a moralist rather of Auvergne, where grows the bitter *vin de paille*, a moralist a little heavy-in-hand. Yet such considerations as these must not lead us to forget the great merits of this book, the real and subtle beauty of these six so varied "little psychological dramas," where the action is entirely confined to psychological crises, very human, never morbid, crises which every one recognizes as typical, and very largely so, yet which are all of them of an order which impress at first only refined and delicate natures. How admirable the evocation of the strangely-contrasted *milieux*, in which these little psychological dramas are

played! It is not so much by a device of art as by a logical necessity of his method as a disciple of Taine that just the right proportion of "atmosphere"—whether of Corfu, Newport, Galway, Port Cros, St. Moritz, Italy—is distilled out of the air of these places which he has seen and loved. No one else in France produces just such fine things as these.

**Letters and Other Unpublished Writings of Walter Savage Landor.** Edited by Stephen Wheeler. With Portraits. 6x4in., 283 pp. London, 1897. Bentley.

We scarcely need the apology offered by its editor in his modest preface for the publication of this little volume. The hitherto unpublished Dialogues of Landor which it contains would alone suffice to justify its appearance. "Savonarola and the Prior of San Marco" is not, it is true, entitled to rank among the best of the "Imaginary Conversations." It is too short and slight for that, even if there were no other reason. Landor emphatically required space to turn in, and he was not, perhaps, at his best in dealing briefly even with a strong dramatic situation. Nevertheless, the colloquy reveals plenty of the stately Landorian eloquence, with here and there a touch of the Landorian prejudices also. It is amusingly characteristic to find, for instance, that the Prior, profoundly moved as he is by this last interview with the Florentine martyr on the eve of his execution, must yet be made the mouthpiece for one of the author's habitual flings at his pet aversion among Greek philosophers. "The Dialogues of Plato," says the venerable but irrelevant ecclesiastic—

Are mostly of no utility for religion, morality, the sciences, or the arts. They resemble the *pallone* with which our youthful citizens divert themselves, empty, turgid, round, weightless, thrown up into the air by one player to be caught by another as it falls to the ground, and beaten back, bouncing and covered with dust. In all his Dialogues there is not a single one which impresses on the heart a virtuous or a tender sentiment, none of charity, none of philanthropy, none of patriotism.

Savonarola.

Oh, the littleness of such a philosophy! We Christians know the true; we know where to find it. We know where sits the teacher. It is better to be guided through thorns than to sit idly with chatters.

This is not quite as pungent as the sneer in the "Chatham and Chesterfield" at the "old gentleman" (meaning the immortal author of the "Gorgias") going about "sticking pins in every chair in which a sophist is likely to sit down"; but it is interesting as showing that Landor's extravagant prejudice against Plato was as strong as ever at the age of eighty-five.

The vigour, alike of intellect and style, which the veteran writer displays in this, probably his last piece, or among his last pieces of finished prose is indeed remarkable; and to compare it with the unpublished verse which follows it in later chapters of the volume is to realize more fully than ever where Landor's real strength lay. He knew it himself, as Mr. Wheeler notes in the quotation, "Poetry was ever my amusement; prose my study and business"; yet "Gebir" was certainly rated by his contemporaries far more highly than it is ever likely to be again. That Southey should have found in it "some of the most exquisite poetry in the English language" does not count for much, perhaps. Landor himself found much the same thing in the "Curse of Kehama"; and two such generous errors may fairly be set off against each other. It is a much more notable thing that it should have captivated Shelley, who, years after its publication was

"never tired," as Mr. Wheeler records, "of reciting it to whoever would listen." The *Quarterly* reviewer who pronounced it "a thing distressing to read and of an unconquerable obscurity" may have gone a little too far in the other direction, but posterity has certainly agreed to go a good part of the way with him. It is doubtful whether, with the exception of the two famous quatrains to the memory of Rose Aylmer—about whom Mr. Wheeler gives many interesting particulars—the stanzas to Mary Lamb on her brother's death, and perhaps the lines addressed to Southey in 1833, the world might not with equanimity part with the whole mass of Landor's poetry,—sea-shell "applied" to your "attentive ear" and all.

The letters included in this volume are delightful reading, as discursive, as dogmatic, and as suddenly rising into eloquence or flashing into epigram as the famous "Conversations" themselves. There are passages of criticism in them, indeed, so finished and polished that they might have been transferred to one of the critical Dialogues without the change of a word. His scattered appreciations of his contemporaries form, too, an extremely interesting chapter. Some of them, such as the admirable saying that Scott "seems like the brother-in-arms of Froissart," are taken from the "Conversations"; but, on the whole, his colloquial and epistolary judgments are saner, less perverse, and, above all, less frequently marred by excesses of praise and blame than those which we meet with in his published writings. He was sound on his Keats and his Shelley, and an enthusiastic admirer of Charles Lamb. To the now too neglected merits of Scott's poetry he does ample, perhaps more than ample, justice. He was an early witness to the power of Tennyson, and was quick to recognize the Homeric spirit of the "Morte d'Arthur." Byron seems to be almost the only one of his great contemporaries whom he systematically disparaged, but even in Byron's case he nobly qualified blame with praise, in saying of him that "an indomitable fire of poetry, the more vivid for the gloom about it, bursts through crusts and crevices of an unsound and hollow mind." Mr. Wheeler's little volume abounds in striking revelations and self-revelations of the great writer to whom it is devoted, and, short as it is, it forms a valuable contribution to the literature of the subject.

**The Autobiography of Madame Guyon.** Translated by Thomas Taylor Allen. 2 vols., 9x6in., 338+336 pp. London, 1897. Kegan Paul, 21/-

This is a strange spiritual document; it has not the rhetorical genius of St. Augustine's "Confessions" nor the literary grace of Newman's "Apologia"; it is not so elevated as the former, nor so sane as the latter, but it opens a curious door into a dark and mysterious region of human nature; it is a revelation of the mystical temperament, which is probably commoner than we think, and without some admixture of which practical sanctity of life and thought is unattainable.

We can speak in terms of chastened respect for the translator, Mr. T. T. Allen, though he makes undue claims. He says of his translation, "I know I render her meaning. I hope I have been able to preserve her spirit." In the face of this assumption of eulogy, we are able to say that Mr. Allen seems a competent translator, though a concise narrative of events, illustrated by excerpts of the autobiography, would give a better idea of Madame Guyon to readers than this somewhat formless book.

Madame Guyon was born in 1648 and married at the age of fifteen to a man twenty-two years her senior. She had a very unhappy married life owing to the severity of her husband, who loved her in a selfish fashion, and the cruelty of her husband's mother, a penurious and evil-minded woman; from her

childhood she had been the victim of incessant illnesses and all the misery of over-sensitive nerves. As quite a little girl she had practised austerities at the convent where she was at school, such as the attaching a paper bearing the name of Jesus to her breast by means of a needle and thread, which remained there for a considerable period. Even after her marriage she continued to afflict herself; she dropped sealing-wax on her hands, held candles till they burnt her, and practised strange little tortures all unknown to others.

Her conversion was effected by a Franciscan whom she consulted about her difficulties in prayer. He said to her, "It is, Madame, because you seek outside what you have within. Accustom yourself to seek God in your heart, and you will find Him there." The secret of Quietism flashed upon her; these painful and laborious exercises, these elaborate stratagems to mortify and to purify were all futile; ritual acts of worship, the study of evidences, "works" of all kinds which she had conceived of as steps in a painful progress to holiness were useless. She had begun at the wrong end. What was to be aimed at was the annihilation of the will, the perfect union of the creature and the Creator. She illustrates this by a curious metaphor from the properties of water—an image which she made the basis of her first mystical work, "Torrents."

When a sheet of water (she says) is on a different level from another which discharges into it, this takes place with a rapid movement and a perceptible noise; but when the two waters are on a level the inclination is no longer perceived. . . . the impetuosity of the inclination (for God), far from being a perfect thing, as un-ouglitened persons think it, is a defect and marks the distance between God and the soul.

She gave up all her mechanical contrivances for holiness, but found much enlightenment in the patient, or rather enthusiastic endurance of her troubles, which were many and severe. She had a severe attack of smallpox, lost her good looks, was bereaved of her husband. Her exalted condition of mind did not last for long; a severe reaction took place, and she passed several years in extreme despondency, but on St. Mary Magdalen's Day, 1680, she entered into her full inheritance of peace, by finding in a moment the perfect surrender of self, the utter and entire possession of herself by God.

Into her troubled life we have not the space to enter in detail; she endured persecution, she was driven out by malicious reports and episcopal ordinances from Gex, Turin, Grenoble. In 1683 she returned to Paris, where she formed the centre of a brilliant circle who found in her conversation some of the peace the world could not give them; but complaints poured in upon Harlay, Archbishop of Paris; she found a dangerous foe in Père la Mothe, her half-brother, and she was imprisoned in a convent; she was released by the good offices of Madame de Maintenon, and gave devotional teaching in the College of St. Cyr, which the latter had lately established. Even Bossuet told the Duc de Chevreuse that he had found in her writings a light and unction he had never seen before, and that for three days after reading one of her treatises he realized the Divine Presence in a manner that was new to him. But Orthodoxy took fright; complaints were made of the effect of Madame Guyon's teaching, the "sweet poison" on which the novices of St. Cyr desired to feed. Madame de Maintenon requested her to cease her visits, and intimated to Fénelon, who was one of the directors of St. Cyr, that he must abjure Madame Guyon or forfeit the Royal favour. Commissioners were appointed, on Madame Guyon's petition, to try her orthodoxy; the results of the deliberation were embodied in the Articles of Issy. Madame Guyon was condemned and incarcerated. Fénelon, who had eventually signed the Articles, published the "Maxims of the Saints" to vindicate his position, and fashionable Paris was plunged in religious controversy. Madame Guyon was released in 1703 from the Bastille, and lived the fifteen years that remained to her, patient under grievous infirmity, the advisor of troubled spirits, full of charity, peace, and spiritual joy.

One is inclined at first to place Madame Guyon's attitude

of mind in the same class of religious experiences as the Buddhist Nirvana. But it must be borne in mind that she was a practical, resolute woman. Her life was full of active labours; she disentangled the complications of her husband's estate after his death with astonishing prudence; she visited and nursed the sick, she organized hospitals, she directed charities, she heard confessions and gave advice—she was no hysterical eremite. Of course, her knowledge was incomplete; she believed in devils—she saw the devil himself several times—and in demoniacal possession, but, after all, so did the Apostles; she believed in faith-healing; much of her life was evidently spent under the pressure of nervous excitability—her relations to her spiritual advisers, notably Father La Combe, are unmistakably hysterical. But what of that? The fact remains that Madame Guyon's secret, or some similar method, is the only principle which can transmute, not only the sorrows, but the sordid pains and vile humiliations of the world into patient joy. It was in this spirit that confessors lived and martyrs died; and though we cannot, perhaps, give an entire intellectual assent to the details of her system, we are forced to confess that Madame Guyon succeeded where the strongest and wisest often fail. She played a brave part, she was courageous and active, resolute and daring; she had bread to eat that others know not of; and if in a critical spirit we can ridicule the details of such a life, we have no excuse for overlooking the fact that it is a more successful attempt than many can boast of to turn the miseries of the world into a deliberate happiness and a divine contempt.

**A History of the County of Inverness.** (Mainland.) By J. Cameron Lees. 8½x6in., xviii.+376 pp. Edinburgh and London, 1897. Blackwood. 7/6 n.

A County History used to be a serious thing, in folio or quarto, rich in original documents, and very expensive. A modern County History, like Dr. Cameron Lees's work on Inverness-shire, is a cheap chatty record of what the Americans call "happenings" in the county, and of social conditions, old and new. Original information, either from MSS. or tradition, is very scanty. A History of Scotland like Tytler's or Burton's, with a few printed books of the various periods, appear to be Dr. Cameron Lees's chief sources. He tells very little that even a casual amateur in Highland history does not know already, and we shall give cases in which, to us, he does not seem to tell that little right.

Nobody can escape the Picts. Dr. Cameron Lees says "their language was that now known as Gaelic." Probably it was, but the contrary opinion of Professor Rhys, and of many other modern scholars, might, at least, have been indicated. The potentate whom Mr. Skene calls a Mormaer, Dr. Cameron Lees calls a Maormor. One would gladly know which is right, but in disputed questions (where there are scores) our author does not vex his public by discriminating between Mr. Skene and Mr. E. W. Robertson. If one Pretender is more puzzling than another, it is Malcolm MacEth; we prefer Mr. Robertson's theory, but we do not know what Dr. Cameron Lees thinks about this ancient Tichborne case. Coming to talk of the Camerons, he regards them as "apparently originally a Lowland family," their name being perhaps derived from Cameron in Fife. "The tradition of most of the clans speaks of their founders as foreigners, and the tradition is probably correct." This, we venture to say, is demonstrably wrong. The foreign tradition dates from about 1587-1594. The true ancestor of the Camerons under Alexander II. is Gillroid, son of Gillamartan, probably Fordun's Gillroth, who was "out" for a MacWilliam Pretender in 1222 (Skene's "Celtic Scotland," III., 351). The spurious late tradition, concocted for a purpose, derives the Camerons from Cambro, a Dane, who married a Macmartin heiress. Dr. Cameron Lees may not agree with Mr. Skene, but that authority cannot be dismissed in silence. It is true that "the names which the Lowland scribes give to the Septs" (in the Clan Battle on the Inch of Perth, 1396) "correspond to no name known now"; but, though the clan names have been lost,

we know of one clan out of the two. Scha Farquharson or Scheabeg, is named as the chief, clearly a Shaw, of that great Sept in the Clan Chattan confederacy. Dr. Cameron Lees justly says that Clan Chattan and Clan Cameron were probably engaged, and the name of Shaw proves that Clan Chattan, at least, was in the feud. Coming to the famous Black Tailor of the Axe, Dr. Cameron Lees has heard only of one incident in the legend of that hero, or, if he has heard the others (as we have done) he omits the very cream of the story. At what date, we vainly ask, did English soldiers imprison a priest till he perished "in the dungeon of Glengarry Castle"? And what date does the Doctor assign to that edifice? It is well known. Dr. Cameron Lees appears to think that the castle was "a rude retreat." It was probably civilized enough. The date when old Clauranald "kept all in great order" with his gun, "the Cuckoo," and drowned a woman on a charge of stealing money, ought to be given; it was not a recent act of authority. "Eviction" for non-payment of rent was *not* "unknown," as Dr. Cameron Lees avers. He must have heard of Glenbucket's affair, and we can supply other examples, followed by "agrarian outrages," between 1700 and 1745. Fairies and second sight cannot be properly spoken of in the past tense. Perhaps Dr. Cameron Lees does not mean that they are extinct. "The Macdonnells of Glengarry" who helped to take Captain Scott in 1745 were in fact Kennedys, subjects of Glengarry, so Lochgarry wrote to young Glengarry. Cromarty's "men had not yet joined" at Culloden, because the Mackays had captured Cromarty, at Dunrobin, and routed his forces. The story of the Macdonalds refusing to charge at Culloden is probably much exaggerated, and we know no contemporary evidence for the tale. As for what occurred at Ruthven, it is necessary to consult Mr. Blaikie's "Itinerary of Prince Charles"; the Chevalier Johnstone is apt to exaggerate. "Among the whole of the Highlanders, Barisdale stands alone as a traitor." Does he! We could give a list of others. The real crime of Archy Cameron is perfectly well known, but not apparently to Dr. Cameron Lees. Glengarry was *not* "committed to the Tower," that was Alastair Ruadh; Old Glengarry was confined in Edinburgh Castle.

These are examples, we fear, of lack of thoroughness in this County History. A book may be brief and popular, yet may also be accurate. The strange sufferings and sins of the Camerons, in 1749-1755, are left out of the record. For the rest, the book is readable, may, interesting, but it is by no means a monument of research. However, allowing for such "cadnacs and casualties" as we point out, it gives a fair general view of the county in the past, and, we doubt not, in the present. There is a map from Blaeu (1654), and that of the Ordnance Survey.

**The Works of George Berkeley.** Edited by George Sampson. With Biographical Introduction by the Rev. Hon. A. J. Balfour. Vol. I. 7¼x5in., lxi.+397 pp. London, 1897. Bell. 5/-

In producing the cheap and convenient reprint of Berkeley's collected works, of which the first volume lies before us, Messrs. Bell and Sons are doing a very real service to English literature as well as to English philosophy. Our greatest English metaphysician only needs to be more widely known in order to take his rightful place in the esteem of all lovers of pure and graceful English by the side of his more famous friends Swift and Addison. That Berkeley's extraordinary gifts of style have hitherto met with but inadequate recognition is due, no doubt, in part, to the popular impression about the aridity and obscurity of his subjects; but it is also probable that the want of an edition like the present one, both pleasing in form and cheap in price, has had something to do with the general neglect. For the metaphysical specialist, indeed, Professor Fraser's magnificent edition will always be the Berkeley, but for the average student of literature or of philosophy, who finds himself rather encumbered than helped by a profusion of comment and annotation, Messrs. Bell's reprint may fairly be said to be the ideal. As the editor has adopted a strictly chronological

order of arrangement the part of Berkeley's writings contained in the present volume will appeal primarily to the philosophical student rather than to the lover of letters. For the latter there is nothing in Berkeley's earliest publications which can compare with the descriptive grace and ironical urbanity of the "Minute Philosopher," but, from the philosophical point of view, the three works which make up the bulk of the present volume, the "New Theory of Vision," the "Principles of Human Knowledge," and the "Three Dialogues between Hylas and Philonous," together constitute Berkeley's solid and valuable contribution to metaphysical thought. We trust that their appearance in their present attractive form may bring about a wider knowledge of the Berkeleyan philosophy and help to remove some of the persistent misunderstandings to which it has been exposed. It is, indeed, a curious fact that Berkeley, who is of all English philosophers the most unaffected and untechnical, not to say the most popular, in his style, should have been, perhaps, the least understood. In his own days his great "idea" was regarded as an ingenious paradox to be refuted by kicking a stone or slamming a door, and even in ours he is most commonly represented, and sometimes by those who ought to know better, as the founder of a sort of "subjective idealism" which resolves everything into "states of consciousness." In fact, the current notions of Berkeley's doctrines are largely founded not on Berkeley himself, nor even on Hume, so much as on the representations of Hume's antagonists and critics. These misrepresentations, however, are best controverted not by polemic, but by allowing Berkeley to speak for himself; if you will only come to the study of him without prepossessions there is no author whose meaning is more directly and simply expressed. The editor has very properly shown his appreciation of this fact by supplying no notes beyond those which are necessary to explain the relations of the various editions of each work to one another, and to record the leading variations in the text. Wherever we have tested the volume by comparison with Fraser, both the printing of the text and the noting of variants appear to have been carried out with the most scrupulous accuracy. The introductory essay by Mr. Balfour is not new, but it is needless to add that it is interestingly and gracefully written. The paper, type, and general get-up of this latest addition to "Bohn's Libraries" are alike excellent. It is, indeed, hard to believe that this dainty book can really belong to the same series as the hideous green-bound volumes of earlier days.

**The Fairy Changeling and other Poems.** By Dora Sigerson (Mrs. Clement Shorter). 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  × 4 $\frac{1}{2}$  in., vii. + 100 pp. London, 1897. Lane. 3s.

There is a good deal of poetical matter in this book, most of which is spoiled by defects of form.

Now you will come, my dear,  
To take the chair by mine—  
Until the cock would crow—  
O, if it be you came  
And could not let me know.

We are not referring, it will be seen, to the luxuries of the art. The grammar, erratic of itself, is further misled by rhyme and metre. A vacant half-foot is more than once stopped by a meaningless relative pronoun:—

Or was it a woman's cry that, shrieking into the gloom,  
Like a hand that closed on yours clutching it from its doom?

When no feet are to spare, transitive verbs may go without objects:—

You, love, who haunted thus  
Without my will,

which means, "who haunted me against my will"; or a verb may be omitted—"unless you rue" be put for "unless you wish to rue"; or an inversion of this kind used:—

Who stands, that he dare not enter,  
The door of my chamber, between?

Rhyme, metre, and rhythm are on much the same level. In a hundred pages of verse, none of it blank, there could hardly be fewer rhymes. We get as many as fifty syllables in a stanza with only two of them rhyming. And these few are of a cheapish sort, a large majority of them the more obvious words of one syllable—do— you, sea—be, son—done. Once captured, they must serve over

and over again. This couplet may suggest the difficulty of the hunt:—

But he had chosen, they tell me, a dusk so fair  
One almost thought there were not such another—there;

where the emphatic "there," with a dash before it, has no significance. To relieve the poverty, we have impurities like these:—complaining—maining, perfume—tune, happiness—guest, earth—assert.

Any delicate handling of rhythm will now hardly be expected. There are several interesting ballads in the book; to this kind much looseness is conventionally forgiven; they may be passed over. Elsewhere, a light measure has such a lump of lead as "strong hands' hold" to end a line, which, indeed, it does very conclusively. And there is too much verse of this sort:—

Why hath pain wove her net for your brain's anguish  
If for you Death will gain no life's creating?

We will not linger over some curious metaphors. Remarking that the book swarms with mispunctuations, and has several bad misprints, we have finished our criticisms, and may turn to regretting that a writer who can make so charming a verse as this:—

Why love! I find you so weak and small,  
A human child, not a god at all;  
Two angry, sleepy eyes that cry,  
Two little hands so soft and shy,  
I'll hush you with a lullaby.  
Come, love!

or a song like "An Irish Blackbird," should give us so much work of quite another quality; the more, since she is always refined and sympathetic in feeling, which is the heart, though not alas! the art, of poetry, and displays on occasion a good power of imaginative thought—for instance, in "The Blow Returned" and in "A Suicide's Grave." If she could make her form more equal to her matter, she might reasonably expect to succeed in poetry.

**Nights with an Old Gunner, and Other Studies of Wild Life.** By C. J. Cornish. 8 × 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  in., x. + 397 pp. London, 1897.

Seeley. 6s.

The "Old Gunner" has only about one-fourth of the contents of this volume allotted to him, nor will it be to the majority of readers the most interesting part of it. It consists chiefly, though not entirely, of a description of shooting with which only a comparatively small percentage of sportsmen are familiar; for it can only be practised in special localities; it yields very small results; it involves frequent exposure to the severest weather both at dusk and dawn, and can hardly be likely to attract many votaries, except such as either make a trade of it, or are animated by a degree of sporting enthusiasm amounting almost to monomania. It is called "slight shooting," and means lying in wait for wild fowl as they cross backwards and forwards between their feeding grounds and their sleeping grounds. Wherever there are tracks of marshland lying between the sea and the cultivated country, or in the neighbourhood of large inland lakes, this sport may be pursued without let or hindrance by any one who has patience to lie up for several hours in a hole dug in the sand on the chance of a few shots at duck, teal, or widgeon, and be content to go out many times without getting a single bird, or even the chance of one.

Still, it must be readily allowed that this is real sport, and we must respect, if we do not care to imitate, the hardihood displayed in the pursuit of it. Mr. Cornish's narrative and anecdotes are the one graphic, the other quaint, and, of their kind, interesting. But he is at his best elsewhere, lobster-hunting off the Isle of Wight, or visiting those "Paradises" for wild creatures, the introduction of which is commonly ascribed to Waterton, though the reader will remember that Mr. Geddes, the Quaker in "Redgauntlet," had established some such retreat on his own domains, though on a much smaller scale, and tenanted only by the native fauna.

But it is in his description of Beaulieu, an estate lying between the New Forest and the Solent, that Mr. Cornish must have his claim, as far as this volume is concerned, to be admitted within the ranks of prose poets. As a favourable specimen of his powers we would recommend the whole of the chapter from page 127 to page 142, and are sorry we have not space for any extract of sufficient length to do justice to it. Shooting on the Whitehorse Downs and shooting on the Carrs are two capital descriptions of partridge shooting; Carrs being the name given to one of the Yorkshire fens lying just above Doncaster. The article on owl-trees is an interesting piece of

natural history; while the London sparrow affords Mr. Cornish room for the play of his natural humour, which has a pleasant flavour. He is thoroughly "progressive," democratic, and egotistic. One example of the first-mentioned quality is his delight in corrugated iron roofing, such as we see on Board schools. Seclusion, repose, privacy—all these are odious to the London sparrow. He resents any departure from his own standard. He cares nothing about elegance, but he gets on somehow when other birds do not, and achieves success, though of a "coarse material kind, which a naturalist finds it difficult to admire." Here is a mirror in which many other progressives besides sparrows may see themselves.

The three paradises which Mr. Cornish mentions more particularly are Lord Powescourt's in the Wicklow Mountains, Sir Edmund Loder's at Leonardalea, near Horsham, and Mr. Christopher Leyland's at Haggerston Castle, in Northumberland. Mr. Cornish discusses with knowledge the best way of constructing a paradise so that its inmates shall give no annoyance to the neighbours; and then he takes us through the one at Leonardalea, which is contained within about seven hundred acres of rough, woody ground. Here are to be found running wild kangaroos, Japanese deer, Indian antelopes, American wild turkeys, the wild sheep of Corsica and Sardinia, emus, and prairie dogs. This paradise, however, partakes more of the nature of a menagerie than Waterton's did, and one consisting of such British birds and beasts as require protection of this kind to save them from extinction would, perhaps, be more interesting. The wild cat, the marten cat, the polecat, the badger, the kite, the raven, and the bittern may be mentioned among others whom it would be very interesting to resuscitate; and this might be done in such a place as the New Forest, which Mr. Cornish evidently has in his eye. He thinks advantage should be taken of the next demise of the Crown to secure the New Forest for this purpose; and it could not be turned to better account. We have forgotten one of the most remarkable features at the Leonardalea paradise—a beaver lake, of which a minute and highly interesting account is given by Mr. Cornish. Observations of the beaver's work in Sussex so far confirm the accounts given of these curious and ingenious edifices by the early settlers and trappers. To throw ridicule on these accounts, some later naturalists have maintained that the beaver only burrows in the bank, like a water rat, and makes a chamber at the end. The Leonardalea beavers, however, are clearly bent on doing a great deal more than that. Their industry is most conspicuous. They must always be doing something. The young ones are not allowed to be idle, and at a very early age are "set to work at light jobs."

**Marriage Customs in Many Lands.** By the Rev. H. N. Hutchinson, B.A., F.G.S. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$  × 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  in., xii. + 318 pp. Index and 26 full-page illustrations. Seeley. 10/6

Mr. Hutchinson has made an industrious compilation of the quaint wedding ceremonies among savage and civilized peoples. He has arranged them geographically, beginning with Asia and finishing up with Europe and the British Isles, the Gipsies, and the Mormons. This arrangement is by itself sufficient proof that he has not had in view any purpose of science or instruction in compiling his book. Indeed, he is careful to explain in his preface that he had no such object. His book with its excellent illustrations, some of them from photographs and therefore of anthropological value, affords interesting and often amusing reading, and, as such, may be recommended to readers who care for miscellaneous items of information unconnected by any general line of reasoning. Since McLennan's classic researches on the original function of that simpering nonentity "the best man," much has been done to elucidate the meaning of wedding ceremonies and symbolism. The traces of marriage by capture or by purchase, of the sacrifice at the threshold and at the hearth of the new home, and of the new relations between connexions by marriage have been brought into some kind of order, and have helped to throw light on the evolution of the family and of society in general. It would have been easy, one would have thought, to have connected Mr. Hutchinson's materials with some of these social generalizations. Thus the happy state of affairs in which the bridegroom is tabooed from speaking to his mother-in-law is possibly a survival of the time when he was obliged to be of a different race from his wife. Mr. Hutchinson has, however, chosen the easier task of describing the ceremonies without any attempt at explaining them, and it must be confessed that his farrago is amusing enough in its way. He is mistaken, however, in thinking that the work of Mr. E. J. Wood, to which he refers in his preface, is the only other English work of the kind in existence. Mr. Togg also produced a similar compilation under some such title as "The Tie Knotted."

**Magic. Stage Illusions and Scientific Diversions.** By Albert A. Hopkins. With Introduction by Henry R. Evans. 400 Illustrations. 10 × 6 $\frac{1}{2}$  in., xii. + 556 pp. London, 1897. Sampson Low. 12/6

All who have been mystified at one time or another by clever illusions or tricks, and have a hankering to get behind the scenes and see "how it is done," will be able to gratify their curiosity by reading the fascinating volume on magic which Mr. Hopkins has compiled. The claim which he makes, that the present work occupies a unique place in the literature of magic, is a just one, for the book is by no means confined to what is generally understood by the term "white Magic." Four chapters, for instance, are devoted to the means by which such stage illusions as are based upon optics, mechanics, sound, or electricity are produced. In this section the complicated stage effects which are part of the scheme of the opera *Siegfried* are explained in detail, and the ingenious mechanism by which a horse race is represented on the stage is described. Such subjects as ventriloquism, shadowgraphy, mental magic, and the photographing of moving objects of all kinds, which since the cinematograph obtained its vogue has developed into a considerable industry, are also adequately dealt with. Reflections from mirrors or plate-glass have been for a long time valuable adjuncts to the art of the prestidigitateur, and among the illusions of this character which are elucidated are the gruesome phantasma of the Cabaret du Néant, which may still be seen in Paris, and the seeming incineration of "She," the clever effect which was introduced by Powell at the Eden Musée in 1891. The various cabinet and basket tricks are thoroughly explained, including the "vanishing lady" trick of M. de Koltz. One inaccuracy may, perhaps, be noted. In the section which deals with automata Mr. Hopkins speaks of the famous Turkish chess-player constructed in 1769 by Baron Kempelen as having been exhibited afterwards by a man named Melzer, and adds that it was not until some years ago that the trick was unveiled in an anonymous book. The trick was fully and accurately exposed by Edgar Allan Poe in an essay published in 1835, at which time Maelzel (not Melzer) was exhibiting the alleged automaton in America. The illustrations which are given on nearly every page of the volume make the explanations readily understood, and for students of the art there is a useful bibliography.

## BIOGRAPHY.

**The Life and Times of Cardinal Wiseman.** By Wilfrid Ward. 2 Vols. With Portraits. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  × 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  in., xii. + 579 + 656 pp. London, 1897. Longmans. 24/-

Mr. Wilfrid Ward's name is a sufficient guarantee for the literary merits of these volumes. He has long been known as an elegant essay writer, and the life of his father has shown that he could be a more than capable biographer. Unfortunately, in the present case he has had many drawbacks to contend against, sufficient evidence of which appears in the pages of these two somewhat bulky volumes. To begin with, although in no sense his fault, it has been certainly his misfortune to have to write the life of one who has been dead for two-and-thirty years; for although the practice of giving biographies of great men to the world almost before they are cold in the grave is from every point of view to be deprecated, still to delay the work of recording the actions and policy of any one whose life is worth writing at all till the generation who knew him have all but passed away is hazardous. Not only do people generally take much less interest in one who is to most of them a mere name, but one of the most instructive and interesting parts of a biography is generally to be found in the recollections and appreciations of contemporaries, and this practically is rendered impossible when the delay, as in this case, has been abnormal. The result naturally is that the author is thrown back for his material upon whatever public sources of information exist, and his book becomes rather a history of the time in which the subject of his biography lived than a Life properly so called. This is exactly what seems to have been the case with the "Life and Times of Cardinal Wiseman." There is too much of the "times" and too little of the "life." What Mr. Ward has to tell us about the history of those days is interesting enough; but the picture of the Cardinal himself would have been better and more lifelike had there been less of the surrounding colouring, and if the

personality of the central figure had been allowed to stand out without the distracting and often bewildering effect of such a vivid and ever-changing background. In a word, although fully admitting the great merits of Mr. Ward's book, we think it is unfortunate that it is both too "late" and too "long"; or, rather, that it is too long probably just because it is too late.

Having said this much by way of criticism, we will briefly record the impression made upon us by the story of Cardinal Wiseman's career, as we find it set down in these two volumes. Nicholas Wiseman was born of Irish parents settled at Seville, in Spain, in 1802. He was educated chiefly in Rome, and in very early years gave himself to Oriental studies, which enabled him when only 25 to produce a collection of dissertations under the title of "*Horæ Syriacæ*." It is hardly too much to say that this work at once gave him a European reputation and brought him into close and friendly relations with some of the first scholars of the day. He passed from the position of student to that of Vice-Rector of the English College, and at the early age of 26 was appointed Rector, a position which he held for 12 years. Besides his antiquarian knowledge and his acquaintance with Oriental literature and manuscripts, he had almost Mezzofanti's faculty of acquiring languages, and spoke and wrote fluently many tongues, ancient and modern. Of Wiseman in Rome at this time, Mr. Ward writes:—

His reading had given him a real acquaintance with the literatures of France, Germany, and Italy. He was, as we have seen, a musical critic as well as an art critic and a practical musician into the bargain. He possessed minute knowledge on points of ceremonial and liturgy; he was a collector of old china and knew something of the history of stained glass.

Looking back after this lapse of time one is forced to regret that Wiseman was ever taken from the position he held in Rome, and brought over to England to spend the remainder of his life in the work of episcopal administration. Had he remained at his studies in Rome there is every reason to believe that he would have become one of the most learned men of his time, whereas under the stress of constant worry and work which were incidental to the position of a Bishop, and subsequently of an Archbishop, in England they were necessarily laid aside, and for the rest of his life he was compelled intellectually to live upon the capital stored up during his stay in Rome. Moreover, there is abundant evidence to show that the mere details of a great administration were uncongenial and irksome to him and that he was by nature unfitted to deal with them. Many of the difficulties and troubles in which he became involved during the five-and-twenty years of his episcopate in England, the account of which forms a distressingly large part of Mr. Ward's volumes, must be attributed to the mistake of those who took a man destined by nature and inclination for a student's life and set him to direct the Roman Catholic communion in England in very difficult times. It comes, of course, within the scope of Mr. Ward's work to tell once more the story of the Oxford movement and of the influence exerted by Wiseman over the distinguished men who, shaking off the ties which bound them to the Established Church, sought peace in submission to the claims of Rome. Here Mr. Ward tells the history of these times from another point of view—that is, looking at the movement from Wiseman's standpoint, and it thus forms a fitting sequel to the story as told in the life of his father. Of course we have a good deal about that strange period of mistakes, misunderstandings, and madness known as the "Papal aggression." Things have changed much since then, and we can afford to read about the "Durham letter," about popular manifestations of "No Popery" feeling, about the alarms and fears, and the rest, with calmness, if not indifference. A considerable part of Volume II. is devoted to what is termed "estrangements," and tells the troubles which the Cardinal had with his chapter and his coadjutor, Dr. Errington. It is a sad story, and we could well have done without it, except for the fact that it completely clears Cardinal Manning's memory from the charges against him in this matter made by his biographer, Mr. Purcell. A perusal of these volumes has left us with a most pleasing picture of Cardinal Wiseman in

our minds. He was honest as the day; pious, well read, studious; a ready and impressive speaker, yet withal shy, timid, and retiring; a genial and firm friend, yet sensitive to a fault; fond of the company and conversation of the most learned men of the day, yet equally at home with children, who were no less at home with him.

**The Life of Ernest Renan.** By Madame James Darmesteter (A. Mary F. Robinson). 8x5½ in., viii.+282 pp. London, 1897. Methuen. 6/-

To no more competent source could we look for a lifelike biography of Ernest Renan. Madame Darmesteter knew him intimately in his later years, and became, after her marriage with the eminent scholar James Darmesteter, almost a member of Renan's family circle. She tells when and where she first met the subject of her biography. It was while travelling in Italy with her parents, in 1880 that Signor Castellani, the famous archæologist, fell in with the party at Venice, and invited them to spend a day at Torcello with the Renans and Sir Henry and Lady Layard. Miss Robinson had previously heard Renan deliver a lecture on Marcus Aurelius, and knew him only by repute as a heretic and a philologist.

But after the first half-hour in his company I saw that here, here was the Man of Genius! I thought him like the enchanter Merlin—not Burne-Jones's graceful wizard, but some rough-hewn, gnome-like Saint-Magician of Armor. What a leonine head, with its silvery mane of soft, gray hair, surmounted that massive girth! What an elfin, delicate light shone in the clear eyes, and lurked in the sinuous lines of the smile! How lucid, how natural, how benign the intelligence which mildly radiated from him! . . . At first I had thought him ugly, I confess. But, as he spoke, he grew almost handsome. The great head, held on one side, half in criticism, half in propitiation, was so puissant in its mass; the blue eyes beamed with wit and playful kindness. . . Seven years later I went to see the Renans at the College of France, and thenceforth they both are blended with the happy memories of my married life. Madame Renan bestowed her kind protecting friendship on the foreign bride. Her husband, as Head of the College, as President of the Asiatic Society, where M. Darmesteter was Secretary, was my husband's "chief," and in more ways than these, for was he not first among the students of old faiths, and the leader of Oriental philologists in France? Though much firmness and an unalterable decision were masked by that benignant affability of his, he was the most genial of chiefs. I remember one afternoon, when we were in mourning and my husband ill, how he walked quickly into our little salon, embraced James on either cheek, tapped him on the shoulder, and pinned the Cross of the Legion of Honour in his coat.

Madame Darmesteter begins as Renan would have had her do—with a charming and sympathetic picture of his childhood at Tréguier, the small gray city, crowned by a Gothic cathedral, which even now remains unspoilt and exquisitely typical of the strength, sobriety, and earnestness of the Breton character. There Ernest Renan was born of a dreamy fisher father and a clever, vivacious Gascon mother, to whom the philosopher certainly owed more than he would have cared to acknowledge, for he had an almost exaggerated cult for the Celt, and remained, through every stage of transition, a loyal and convinced son of Brittany.

The influence exercised on Renan by his sister, his sojourn at the Seminary—every episode of his long, storm-tossed life is of course dealt with, but the very real charm of this small volume of less than 300 pages lies in the writer's insight into Renan's character and personality in his old age, expressed in admirable language, and in her analysis of his various books and his opinions. Madame Darmesteter apparently shares those opinions, but she holds the balance with a steady hand, and no page is more striking than that in which she speaks of the "*Vie de Jésus*," written in the moonlight on the mud floor of a Syrian cottage just before the death of his beloved sister Henriette. She describes him as a worshipper still prostrate before the dead body of his god, but convinced there will be no resurrection. The superiority of the "*Vie de Jésus*" lies, to her mind, in its profound religious sentiment, its living, vibrating atmosphere of the East, its sense of the human personality, the *life* of Jesus. Madame Darmesteter sees that his Christ is more than the founder of a great religion, and is something quite apart from, quite above and beyond, such



human sons of God as Moses, Mahomet, and Buddha. Renan was sincere, and in the things of the heart there is no magic like sincerity. So heartfelt, so hopeless, his pious unbelief took the world by storm—

For the world is full of men and women who once believed, and who keep green and strown with flowers the tomb of a dead ideal. Here was a man who could speak the dumb word in their hearts; a man whose lips the Eternal had touched with his fiery coal; a man who cried no more, as we all cry, *d à domine, nescio loqui!* Genius was in the book, and sincerity, and a very tender reverence. As the Empress said to Madame Cornu, in great surprise, when at last she had read the maligned volume—"It can do no harm to believers; to unbelievers it can only do good."

There is much learning in this little book, much poetic feeling and expression, and bright bits of characterization. Madame Darmesteter compares for a moment Renan with Mark Pattison:—

Pattison observed that the idea of Deity has now been defecated to a pure transparency, and Renan might have used the phrase; yet each was haunted by a more personal religious ideal, while for ever baffled by philosophical perplexities. Only in this baffling Renan took on the whole a certain pleasure, such as robust constitutions find in walking against a wind, while Pattison's slighter nature shivered and dwindled in the blast.

Of Renan's last days a touching picture is given. He is buried at Mont-martre, with his wife's family. "But where he should have lain, where he would have wished to lie, is in the small green space which the cloister of Tréguier encloses." To the last he was profoundly attached to the Brittany whence he came. Something of the mystical Merlin of that mystical land remained with him to the last, and almost his last written words were expressive of his yearning for the "Hidden God."

Two translations from Renan have appeared within the last few weeks. One is the 103rd volume of the "Scott Library" (Walter Scott)—a translation of the "Vie de Jésus," by Mr. W. G. Hutchison, who is already well known as a translator of Renan's "Poetry of the Celtic Races."

The other comes from Boston, and is a translation by Mr. J. H. Allen, late lecturer on Ecclesiastical History at Harvard, of the "Antichrist." In the present volume he has acted on the suggestion of Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff, a personal friend of Renan's:—

If any one who did not wish to read through the seven volumes of the "Origines," but only desired to form an opinion of Renan as an historian, were to ask me what part of them he should read, I should certainly reply, "The fourth volume; that to which the author gave the name of 'L'Antéchrist.'"

Mr. Allen, a year ago, translated the "Vie de Jésus" for the American public.

**A Memoir of William Pengelly, of Torquay, F.R.S.** Edited by his Daughter, **Hester Pengelly**, with a summary of his scientific work by the Rev. Professor Bonney, Hon. Canon of Manchester. 0x6in., x.+311 pp. London, 1897.

Murray. 18s.

The subject of this Memoir was one of a slowly diminishing band of men whose early years were passed out of the sphere of educational influences such as we understand them, and who, by sheer force of character and indomitable courage, rose to positions of honour and authority in the scientific world. Many will, as heretofore, rise from poverty to affluence, from obscurity to fame, but circumstances such as the following are happily growing more scarce:—

At a late, lonely, and humble supper, the little table at which I wrought theoretical and practical mathematics, the very small pile of books (but oh, how valued! and then how really valuable!), the wretched light, the fireless grate, the damp, cold stone floor, the aching head, the swollen feet, the shivering frame, and that which enabled me to bear the whole—the determination to know something of the beautiful and astonishing universe.

Of such stuff is greatness made.

William Pengelly was born at Looe, in Cornwall, in 1812, and, after a rudimentary course of school teaching, accompanied his father to sea. In his sixteenth year he forsook the sea and shortly afterwards settled in Torquay, where he opened a day school. This vocation, combined with private teaching, was practically his sole source of income till a late period.

About 1848 we find Pengelly at his life's work. He began to give public lectures and to contribute original

papers to the Cornwall Geological Society, the British Association meetings, the Philosophical Transactions, and elsewhere, and his fame as a cave-hunter became worldwide. Not that it was acquired without much toil and self-sacrifice. He spent on the average some five hours a day for sixteen years in exploring Kent's cavern, not, of course, single-handed or without funds, but unpursuing, examining, detailing everything. He also organized the Torquay Mechanics' Institute, founded the Natural History Society of the same town, and was intimately connected with the Devonshire Association from its establishment in 1862. Much of the volume is taken up by his correspondence, perhaps more than would have been sanctioned by an external hand, but not more than can be readily forgiven to one so nearly related to him as the author. Here we are carried back to the atmosphere breathed by Buckland, Murchison, Phillips, Prestwich, Lyell, Huxley, and others who fought for the infant science against the then powerful antagonism of orthodoxy, bigotry, and intolerance. The name of Miss Angela Coutts (now the Baroness Burdett-Coutts), ever a generous friend and patron of geology, appears frequently in these pages, and the University of Oxford is grateful to her for founding a valuable geological scholarship, and for the presentation of the Pengelly collection of fossils. Pengelly died on March 16, 1894, and was buried at St. Mary Magdalene's, Upton, in the presence of a large and sympathetic group of mourners. His scientific work is ably and critically reviewed in the final chapter, written by the Rev. Professor Bonney. The extreme care and attention to details for which Pengelly was so justly noted render all his facts incontrovertible, though future research may modify some of his conclusions.

The book is illustrated by a capital portrait and nine full-page process pictures. One of these, a tooth of *Machairodus latidens*, Anglicized as "the sabre-toothed tiger," is shown. No less than seven specimens were discovered (in Kent's cavern) by the Rev. J. MacEnery, in the fifties, but the next was not unearthed till 1872, after a careful, systematic, and daily search of seven years and four months, during which time doubts had not failed to arise as to the credibility, not to say the veracity, of the reverend gentleman aforesaid. The discovery was of great interest, as extending the range of the *genus* from the Pleiocene to the Pleistocene period, and also on other grounds. Many similar anecdotes, and not a few humorous ones, are scattered through the volume, and its perusal will repay the student of geology, and lend a charm to much that would otherwise appear a dry accumulation of facts and theories.

**B. I. Barnato: A Memoir.** By **Harry Raymond**. With Portraits and Illustrations. 8x6in., 297 pp. London, 1897. Isbister. 6s.

It can hardly be said that the present time is opportune for the publication of a life of Mr. Barnett Barnato. His death happened too recently to allow his biographer to present all sides of his subject's character with the fulness and impartiality that is required in any memoir that aspires to rise above the level of mere eulogy. Mr. Barnato was a successful money-maker. As such he bulked large in the public eye for a day, but it can hardly be urged that he succeeded in winning for himself a niche in history. His biographer dispels a romance which contributed greatly to the dramatic interest of his career. He did not, it seems, go out to South Africa in the character of a public entertainer. It was his elder brother, Henry, who did so, and Barnett Barnato only followed when his brother was already established as a diamond dealer. He was, however, a skilful amateur actor, and was always ready to amuse the public—*e.g.*, by "chasing the ball for about a dozen yards on his hands and knees" when playing cricket. He made his fortune by arguing that the Kimberley diamond field must necessarily grow richer in depth and backing his argument by buying up claims from their owners, who believed that they were exhausted. Scientifically and logically his argument was fallacious, but actually the conclusions he drew were confirmed by fact, and so he blundered, by false reasoning, upon millions. After that, "his marvellous business instinct and capacity for figures" and his "genius for Stock Exchange manipulations, which made him the most important operator in Kafir," carried him through a career of meteoric money-making success, until the time of the Barnato Bank *failure*, of which his biographer, we may observe, says little or nothing. As a financier, in the broad sense of the word, his calibre may be gauged by his saying, "The two most brilliant financial suggestions I can call to mind in the whole of Government finance, either British or foreign, are the match-tax of Robert Lowe and the wheel-tax of Goschen." The memoir, however, is brightly written and will interest those whom the subject attracts.

## TRAVEL.

**Picturesque Burma. Past and Present.** By Mrs. Ernest Hart. With a Map of Burma and Four Historical Maps, and over 100 Illustrations. 9x7in., 400 pp. London, 1897. Dent. 21/- n.

Happy the writer, fortunate the critic, of a book on Burma. There are some subjects which can never be quite dull or commonplace, and Burma is one of them. Its peculiar attractiveness goes a long way to unite writer and reader in a kind of sympathy which renders misunderstandings unlikely. The charming get-up and the admirable illustration of Mrs. Hart's book conduce to very favourable first impressions. At first sight the work appears to be somewhat exhaustive. It is divided into five books, dealing successively with the country, the people, the religion, the history, and the resources and future of Burma. On a closer perusal, however, it proves to be merely a short and pleasantly-written outline of the various subjects coming under those headings, compiled largely from the writings of the best authorities on Burma. Some of Shway Yoo's happiest passages are given at length, and the authoress has, with a candour and good sense which are not too common in books of this sort, drawn largely on Yule, Phayre, Fyche, and Symes, as well as the older writers. While the book cannot be said to contain anything that is very original or that is new to the student of Burma, to the many who hardly know anything of them it may well form a pleasant introduction to the "Irish of the East." We welcome the absence of exaggeration and the simplicity with which Mrs. Hart has told her tale, and her evident appreciation of the peculiar spirit of the country has enabled her to tell it with sympathy and good taste. It is a pity that authors generally are so careless on the question of the spelling of native names, which, with the rules in practice among geographers, should present no difficulties to the educated person. Even in Mrs. Hart's book we find two systems of spelling, that of the maps being more correct than that of the text.

Rangun, the Irawadi, Mandalay, and the other old cities of Burma are graphically described. The life of the people in their homes and in the monasteries, and the chief characteristics of the hill tribes surrounding the valley of the Irawadi, are lightly touched upon. The historical chapters bring out strongly the extraordinary contradictions of the Burmese character, by which the most amiable and peace-loving creatures in the world become on occasion the most blood-thirsty of savages, and the gentle Buddhists, unwilling in general to slay an ant, have been responsible for the most heartless massacres in Eastern history. The chapter on education towards the end of the book will show the reader that the purely literary education which has already given rise to such serious questions in India is fraught with future difficulties for Burma. The incongruity between the aggressiveness of the Western influences now at work in the country and the unambitious old-world life of the Burman is well brought out. The treatment of the question as to how these are to be reconciled in the future is rather inadequate; in this, as in her account of the natural history of the country, the authoress is not seen at her best. The general misconception as to the part played by female elephants in the capture of wild males is reproduced, although good authorities have already shown that the "feminine wiles" attributed to them exist but in the imaginations of the older writers. With the exception of a few points of this sort, the information is trustworthy, and contains far fewer inaccuracies than generally characterize the observation of a comparative stranger on an Eastern country.

The feature of the book is undoubtedly its illustrations. Over a hundred admirable reproductions of photographs and drawings help the reader and lighten the text. There are ten photogravures, which are some of them triumphs in their way, and give a better idea of realities in Burma than anything we have seen. The authoress is responsible for one or two pretty little drawings. On the whole, the book is rather for the drawing room than for the library.

## NAVAL.

**The Interest of America in Sea-Power.** By Captain A. T. Mahan, U.S.N. 8x5 $\frac{1}{2}$ in., 314 pp. London, Sampson Low. 10/6

Captain Mahan has earned the lasting gratitude of the British Empire. The "Influence of Sea-Power on History" and its successor have not only exercised a powerful influence over our way of regarding Imperial questions, but have played an important part in the re-assertion of an ancient policy half-forgotten. We have come to regard the philosophic historian, who has traced the relations between maritime potency and the careers of nations, as in a special sense the interpreter of the causes of the successes and the failures of Great Britain. It is, therefore, the more interesting to read these collected essays, in which Captain Mahan, addressing himself directly to the people of the United States, seeks to impress his well-known principles upon the policy of his fellow-countrymen. Through all alike runs the dominant idea of "sea-power"—the word of Thucydides—but now, as was not the case before, the author attacks the problems of the present day and leads us into the wide field of political speculation. It is not always easy to follow him, and the difficulty is somewhat enhanced, as he anticipates, by "seeming contradictions" inseparable from a series of papers written at considerable intervals of time. The main thesis is, however, clear. The United States must increasingly tend to look "outwards," to abandon the traditional policy of isolation, and, willingly or unwillingly, to play a greater part in the affairs of the world. For this purpose a great navy is essential, together with numerous fortified ports to serve as shelters and bases of supply and of repairs. Thus far understanding and acquiescence are easy; but we are frequently baffled as to Captain Mahan's meaning, and he does not appear to lay down anything of the nature of a national policy. "It should be an inviolable resolution," he writes, "that no foreign State should henceforth acquire a coaling position within three thousand"—elsewhere two thousand five hundred—"miles of San Francisco." This is just one of those abstract doctrines with which the United States occasionally puzzle and irritate other Powers. If it is decided to annex or to proclaim a protectorate over all territory within this comprehensive radius, the "inviolable resolution," if unpalatable in some quarters, would at least be intelligible and in accordance with Old-World procedure. A doctrine of this nature, however, which seeks to secure advantages without any frank acceptance of the corresponding responsibilities, is not well calculated to promote sentiments of good will towards the United States. Nor does it strike the non-American mind as a manly policy worthy of a great nation. The security of a State should surely rest upon some more substantial basis than the exclusion of a possibly hostile element from an arbitrarily selected area. If Captain Mahan can succeed in obtaining the powerful navy for which he pleads with force and with reason, the existence of a foreign port within 3,000 miles of San Francisco scarcely seems a sufficient cause of alarm. The States of the Old World have learned to be accustomed to the proximity of their neighbours, and to face with equanimity any risks that may thereby be involved. In a later essay, however, Captain Mahan points out that,

As subsidiary to such control [of the sea], it is imperative to take possession, where it can be done righteously, of such maritime positions as contribute to secure command.

This is intelligible; but in the case in question—that of Hawaii—he forgets that for many years Great Britain

has regarded this outpost in the Pacific as under the unavowed protectorate of the United States, and that we shall not in the slightest degree resent its annexation. Only consideration for the feelings of the United States prevented our taking this island long ago, and though it is quite conceivable that our friends across the Atlantic would have regarded such an act as a legitimate *casus belli*, they would have had no more right to take this view than we should have had to treat the French occupation of Madagascar as a declaration of war. It is generally understood among European Powers that territory over which no State has assumed any rights is open to the enterprise of others, and the apparent desire of the United States to obtain the advantages of outlying possessions without accepting responsibilities is not greatly appreciated. The policy of keeping "others out while refusing ourselves to go in" is, as Captain Mahan intimates, unworthy of a great country.

In "The Isthmus and Sea-Powers" the great commercial and military importance to the United States of a Panama or Nicaragua Canal is justly emphasized; but it is impossible to say what precise policy is recommended in the event of the completion of an interoceanic route. Nothing would better suit the real interests of the world than that the United States should make and assume full control over this water-way. Nothing would be more unfortunate or more likely to promote conflicts than that such a canal should remain in the hands of a Central American State, vaguely shielded by some interpretation of Monroe doctrine framed on the spur of the moment. It is impossible to agree with the author's view that naval force alone will suffice to secure the uninterrupted navigation of a ship canal. Any Power in military occupation of Egypt could block the Suez Canal in face of a superior naval force, until itself ejected by military means; and if communication between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans is to be assured in war, trustworthy troops must be employed to police the route. Will the United States undertake this duty? That is the practical question.

The two essays, on "Anglo-American Reunion" and "The Future in Relation to American Naval Power," are interesting and suggestive. Formal union between the Anglo-Saxon races is at present impossible for want of mutual understanding. The people of this country often find it difficult to comprehend the aims of the United States; the mass of the American people are, unhappily, in complete ignorance of the place of Great Britain among the nations, or of those great services to the cause of freedom to which Captain Mahan has borne generous testimony. To the two kindred peoples, if they "rightly estimate the part they may play in the great drama of human progress, is intrusted a maritime interest, in the broadest sense of the word, which demands, as one of the conditions of its exercise and its safety, the organized force adequate to control the general course of events at sea; to maintain, if necessity arise, not arbitrarily, but as those in whom interest and power alike justify the claim to do so, the laws that shall regulate maritime warfare." This is wise teaching, and when it shall have been assimilated the Anglo-Saxon races will be found acting together, and "sea power" will assume a beneficent aspect.

In "A Twentieth Century Outlook" the author seems to follow the German Emperor in anticipating that civilization has still to encounter the "yellow peril," and that the West may yet be submerged by Asiatic hordes, whose vast "numbers, however incoherent now in mass . . . have in no small degree the great elements of strength

whereby man prevails over man and the fittest survives.' Nothing appears less probable, unless the Western nations previously destroy each other, since all the conditions of warfare have changed since the days of Tamerlane, and the Chinaman possesses none of the qualities which are now essential to successful war on a vast scale. While these thoughtful essays cannot command the general acquiescence accorded to Captain Mahan's brilliant historical studies, they are none the less interesting and important. For us, especially, it is necessary to follow the school of opinion in the United States which the author represents, and to seek to understand aspirations, natural and inevitable, which must in the future play a great part in determining the destiny of nations.

**Royal Navy List.** By Lieut.-Col. F. Lean. 9½×6in., 472 pp. London, 1897. **Witherby. 7/6**

Lean's "Royal Navy List" fully maintains its reputation as a valuable compendium of all that relates to the *personnel* of the service. The plan of giving the actions in which her Majesty's ships have been engaged is excellent; but it serves to call attention to the large number of historic names which have been allowed to drop out of the Navy. The list of officers of the Royal Naval Reserve, with distinguishing figures showing the training they have received, is a useful feature. Of the 349 lieutenants, 152 sub-lieutenants, and 510 midshipmen here enumerated, the number who have received such training appears strikingly inadequate. There are, however, 298 engineers whose services on board her Majesty's ships could be immediately turned to account in the unlikely event of their being spared from the mercantile marine. The whole question of naval reserves still awaits a satisfactory solution.

Some few additions seem to be required in a work which claims to be, not only a Navy List, but "a complete encyclopædia of our First Line of Defence." The numbers of guns and the complement of men might be given in the case of each ship. An abstract table showing ships in commission on each naval station would be valuable. Destroyers and torpedo craft might well be included. Summaries of the number of officers and men employed afloat and on shore would be useful, and a statement of colonial naval forces might well be given. The table headed "Indian and Colonial Ships of War" on page 241 is not complete, and does not include any vessels belonging to the Indian Government. These matters are of more importance to the reader who desires information as to our naval strength than the list of the defunct Naval Artillery Volunteers, which is chiefly remarkable for its abnormal proportion of chaplains and surgeons. The philosophy of advertisement is occult; but it is impossible not to resent the intrusion of a page, setting forth the healing qualities of a patent medicine, between the lieutenants and second lieutenants of the Royal Marines.

## MILITARY.

**With the Royal Headquarters in 1870.** By General von Verdy du Vernois. The Wolsley Series. 9½×6in., 283 pp. London, 1897. **Kegan Paul. 10/6**

It would have been difficult to select a better opening volume for the Wolsley Series than the translation of General von Verdy's reminiscences which Captain W. H. James has edited. The campaign of 1870-71 has been dissected by critics of all calibres: but, except the occasional glimpses revealed by the diary of the Crown Prince and by Von Moltke's *précis*, there has been little or no information from the inside. General von Verdy tells no secrets, and refrains from clearing up one or two points on which fuller knowledge would be welcome. His book is, however, uniformly interesting in the light it throws upon the management of war on a vast scale and upon the views of the situation which from time to time presented themselves to the Headquarters Staff. We thus obtain a real insight into the working of the German system in the field, and the picture differs absolutely from that which popular imagination has painted. The mobilized portion of the Great General Staff quitted Berlin for the frontier as an organized body, accustomed to work together, intimately knowing and known by its illustrious chief. Its duties were already defined, and each member knew exactly what was expected of him. Nothing was neglected, and a specially-qualified officer was detailed to manage the feed-

ing arrangements, to which due importance was attached. Thus the conditions did not greatly differ from those of peace.

The work of staff officers at any supreme headquarters confines them for the most part to their office. . . . Owing to the extension of the telegraph system, the officers engaged in this work do not get to rest till late at night, after all the reports from distant corps and different detachments come in. In addition to this, there are the necessary consultations about the situation of the moment, the issuing of orders and the interchange of opinions with regard to possible future events.

In place of the heaven-born general extended upon the floor like Napoleon, poring over his map and rising to issue magic orders by which a battle or a campaign is won, there was a large and highly-trained body of officers by whom all intelligence was carefully sifted for their chief, all orders drafted, and every phase of the situation discussed at length. Again, in spite of telegraphs, the available information at headquarters was frequently vague or non-existent. Three great battles—Spicheren, Worth, and Colombey—which had immense effect on the course of the war, were fought "against the will of the commander-in-chief." The opening moves of this great war game may, in fact, be said to have been wholly undesigned. The scheme of mobilization was complete. The Great General Staff was able at the outset "to say with the fullest conviction, 'Everything is ready. Go on!'" The points of concentration were indicated; but the quick massing of French troops, formidable in numbers though ill-equipped and unprepared, caused a change at the last moment, and the frontier battles were brought on by the action of the German advance guards, reinforced by troops who marched to the sound of the guns without any accurate knowledge of what was before them. Spicheren at least ought to have been lost if the whole of the enemy's forces in the neighbourhood had been brought into action. There were indeed misgivings—not shared by the staff—at the outbreak of the war, and a French invasion was not universally regarded as impossible.

The King happened to speak of the uneasy feeling among the people. When I ventured to express an opinion to the effect that the French would probably not cross the frontier at all, or if they did so, would not get far, his Majesty tapped me on the shoulder and said, with a smile, "Ah! you young people always see things *couleur de rose!*"

The glimpses of the great battles round Metz and the movement to Sedan are peculiarly interesting. Mars la Tour and Gravelotte were fought solely by the army commanders without any inspiration from headquarters, which, indeed, derived a false impression of the proceedings. General von Verdy most significantly states:—

Now it is not advisable for the supreme commanders to approach too near to the fighting, as then minor incidents of the combat in the immediate vicinity force themselves upon their attention and occupy it to such an extent that the supervision of the whole becomes impaired.

To the school in this country which advocates night operations, the author's wise and practical views are to be strongly commended:—

It is quite incomprehensible to me how any one can expect good results from a systematic resort to this expedient. Any one who has found himself once in his life in a night engagement, or even in the dusk, fighting as we were during the later hours of Gravelotte, will hardly be an enthusiastic advocate of such tactics.

The following is a vivid incident which occurred on the evening of Gravelotte:—

Just then I heard a superior officer saying to the King in a very impressive way, "Now it is my humble opinion, Sire, that we, considering our heavy losses to-day, should not continue the attack to-morrow, but await the attack of the French." This idea appeared to me so monstrous that I could not help blurted out, "Then I don't know why we attacked at all to-day!" Of course, I got my answer, which was not exactly spoken in a very gracious tone: "What do you want here, Lieutenant-Colonel?" But at this moment Moltke, who had heard what was said, stepped forward between us two towards the King and said in his quiet and decided manner, "Your Majesty has only to give the order for the continuance of the attack in case the French should make a further stand outside of Metz to-morrow."

The portion of these reminiscences dealing with the blockade of Paris gives an admirable picture of the life and labours of the staff at Versailles, their small diversions, and their occasional anxieties. Here is an incidental note which our numerous writers of text-books would do well to remember. Of the Army of the Loire under the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, von Verdy writes:—

The cavalry were unable to penetrate behind the screen formed by the advanced detachments of the enemy and numerous bodies of *Franc-tireurs*, and were consequently unable to furnish proper intelligence. This led to various marches and counter-marches of the corps, and to other difficulties. There were no less than three cavalry divisions with the Army of the Loire; but, in an enclosed country faced by an enemy armed with modern rifles, cavalry is quite unable to perform the functions allotted to it. No one can study this excellent book without deriving the impression

that the conduct of a great war differs entirely from accepted theories, that a Commander-in-chief does not and cannot perform the duties popularly assigned to him, and that when once hostilities commence grave responsibilities necessarily fall upon subordinates often of comparatively junior rank. The reader will further be tempted to believe that France was, in effect, conquered by the peaceful labours of the General Staff in Berlin, and he may perhaps wonder whether the British Army could have reached its present condition if, in place of assimilating German customs which do not suit our needs, we had created such a General Staff.

With the Conquering Turk. By G. W. Steevens. 8½x5½in., 315 pp. London, 1897. Blackwood. 7/6

Mr. Steevens wields a facile pen, which he has employed in recording with a profusion of detail his first experiences as a war correspondent. Descriptive power and a sense of humour are at his disposal; an all-pervading cheerfulness characterizes his pages. No incident is too small to be utilized, and the glamour of a certain literary dexterity is thrown over the whole, so that one is constrained to admire the ease with which slender materials are made to serve the purposes of copy. Here, for example, is the story of the cashing of a cheque at Elasona:—

Charlie and I take a walk through the market place—the size of a good-sized London back garden. Dirty pedlars implore us to try musty corn, but we pass on over a dunghill to the unpainted wooden bank. An empty packing-case decorates the threshold, whereto you climb up a wooden ladder. The banker's clerk—he is really a sub-agent of the tobacco monopoly—wears a rusty overcoat and a partly-buttoned pair of trousers, a pink shirt and a fez, a pair of spectacles, and a week's beard. He regards me with suspicion, and my cheque with positive aversion. But presently he makes some spidery marks on my letter of credit, counts out twenty dirty Turkish pounds, wipes his pen on his finger, wipes his finger on his seat, licks the paper, and makes the imprint. Great is the credit system.

This is a fair specimen of Mr. Steevens's method, and it evidently opens out indefinite possibilities. Meals thus treated may be made to absorb much space, and they are naturally of frequent occurrence. The drawbacks are that we meander along hoping for actualities which rarely present themselves, and that when the author permits himself to be serious for a moment we are half inclined to doubt his *bona fides*. If it is the business of a war correspondent to throw light upon military operations, Mr. Steevens's success can only be described as moderate. "Pop, popple, boom, little black dots, and little black streaks; that was all." This description of an engagement in the Meluna Pass might serve not inaptly as an allegorical summary of the book as a whole. When the author strays into military reflections the result is not altogether satisfactory. Thus on one page the ill-conceived Turkish attack on Velestino is condoned because this place

was the most vital strategic point at that time in Greek hands. . . . If Velestino were taken the Greek line would be cut in half; Smoleuski then must either retire to Volo into a corner or fall back southward to Halmyro, leaving Volo isolated and the Crown Prince at Pharsala with his right flank uncovered.

But a little later, after Pharsala had fallen, we are told that

The Greeks could not hold Velestino, outflanked on their left, and Velestino lost meant Volo lost,

as the event quickly showed. Similarly, hopeless as the Greek proceedings were, it is quite too much to say that

Once at war, nations of spirit believe it their duty to fight—to fight at strategical advantage if possible—but always to fight.

This statement is contrary to the teaching and the practice of all great generals.

Mr. Steevens has conceived a great admiration of the Turkish soldier, whom, however, no instructed person in this country regards as an "incapable savage." On the other hand, his opinion of the Turkish officers and their generalship is even lower than that of other writers:—

If the Turkish soldier is the raw material of the finest fighting (*sic*) in the world, his officer is the finished product of one of the worst Governments in the world.

According to the author, the war was in fact a huge practical joke—"a page out of 'Tartarin de Tarascou.'" He has, however, discovered that "the strange thing about war is that it is so wonderfully like peace"—to a correspondent who seems to have enjoyed a prolonged picnic. Nothing disturbed Mr. Steevens's cheerfulness:—

The horrors of war, of which you expected so much, leave you quite unmoved—just because you did expect so much. You wondered whether you would be sick when you came across the dead, and you were not even sorry. . . . When a shell had ripped all the features off a face it was not pleasant to look at; but there was nothing human left about it to stir compassion. . . . The poor crumpled fez that used to get so carefully blocked and ironed every morning in Elasona—it was so much more pathetic than the body. Somebody will cry for the body, but not us (*sic*).

This, doubtless, is the true philosophy; but, considerations of humanity apart, it seems possible to exaggerate the comic element in a campaign which has already produced results of great importance, and the full effects of which we cannot yet foresee.

### LEGAL.

**The Annual Practice, 1898.** By Thomas Snow, Barrister-at-Law; Charles Burney, a Master of the Supreme Court; and Francis A. Stringer, of the Central Office, Royal Courts of Justice. 2 Vols. 8 $\frac{3}{4}$  × 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  in., x. + 1,400 pp., cxlviii. + 516 pp. London, 1897.

Sweet and Maxwell, and Stevens and Sons, Ld. 25/- n.

The new ANNUAL PRACTICE contains all the important additions to and alterations in the law of procedure that the activity of the Legislature and of the Courts has produced since the publication of its predecessor. The chief new features in Vol. I are the Vexatious Actions Act, 1896; the amendment of Order XVI., r. 1 (p. 339; not p. 389, as stated in the preface), giving effect to the principle suggested by Lord Esher in "Saurthwaite v. Hannay," and by Lord Russell, L.C.J., in "Carter v. Rigby," as to the joinder of parties having severally claims to relief arising out of the same transaction; the Order embodying the Life Assurance (Payment into Court) Act, 1896; and the recent Orders allowing pleadings to be delivered in certain cases in the Long Vacation, and establishing the new procedure for the compulsory Summons for Directions. In Vol. II., again, we have, among other fresh matter, the Rules under the Judicial Trustees Act, 1896, and a recent resolution of the General Council of the Bar as to the Retainers of Counsel.

It is superfluous to enlarge at this time of day on the merits of the "Annual Practice." No lawyer's library is complete without it. It has become as indispensable to the practitioner as his daily newspaper to the politician and his Common Prayer-book to the clergyman. Yet, paradoxical as the statement may seem, we are not aware of any legal work of the same pretensions and of the same permanent value that stands in such need of resolute, and even ruthless, revision. This criticism could be justified by at least a score of instances; but we will content ourselves with a few. In order to lessen the size of Vol. I., what were formerly the "Miscellaneous Notes on Procedure and Practice," and such portions of the notes on Infants, Married Women, and Lunatics as do not relate directly to the practice under the Rules of Court, together with the cases relating to solicitors, now appear under the heading "Additional Notes" in Vol. II. A very careful analysis of these notes has satisfied us that they consist partly of points arising under, or, at least, distinctly relevant to, the Rules of Court, partly of matters which fall beyond the scope of the "Annual Practice" altogether. The former class ought to have been dealt with under the appropriate Rules and incorporated in the body of the work. The latter ought to have been entirely excluded. In any event there can be no justification for the separation of this material from its context, actual or remote, as the case may be. A minor delinquency of the same character is the transfer of the Table of Cases from Vol. I. to Vol. II. The inconvenience which this change causes to the practitioner is obvious. He cannot argue a point in Chambers without taking with him both volumes of the "Annual Practice" instead of one. If the complete Table of Cases cannot be printed at the beginning of each volume, the cases cited in each volume ought to be tabulated separately. If fresh space is, as one can readily see that it may be, required in order to effect these improvements, there is no difficulty in pointing out where it may be obtained. Hundreds of the cases culled from the notes in the weekly legal journals could be sacrificed without the slightest injury to the work. The notes to the various Orders could at many points be systematized and curtailed. Contrast, for instance, the logical arrangement of the notes to Order XLVIII. A, or Order LVIII., or Order LXV. with the haphazard and, therefore, diffused style in which the notes to Order XVI. or Order XIX. are thrown together. Again, what possible excuse can there be for the space devoted in Vol. II. (p. 349) to an enumeration of cases in which solicitors have been struck off the rolls for various forms of misconduct? No attempt is made to deduce any legal principles from this enumeration, with its comic resemblance to the "black list" of a militant trade union. It is a pure and simple waste of space. We hope that these criticisms on the "Annual Practice," which we have felt it a duty to offer, will be deemed worthy of careful consideration before the next issue of this invaluable standard work appears.

**White and Tudor's Leading Cases in Equity.** Seventh Edition. By Thomas Snow, assisted by W. F. Phillpotts, C. R. Sillen, and R. B. Phillpotts, Barristers-at-Law. 2 Vols. 10 × 6 $\frac{1}{2}$  in. London 1897. Sweet and Maxwell. 75/-

"White and Tudor's Leading Cases" holds so high, and, within its own province, so unchallenged a position in the estimation of the legal profession, and the ground that it covers has been altered to such an extent both by statute and by case-law since the last edition appeared, that a new edition, in which the whole work was brought up to date, could not fail to have great value. Mr. Snow and his coadjutors have satisfied this condition. The practitioner who adds the new "White and Tudor" to his library will find all the latest enactments and authorities duly noted and dealt with under the proper headings. He will also find much original critical work of a high order of merit. As instances of this we may refer to the notes to "Burrows v. Lock," which has been wisely substituted for "Savage v. Foster," in the *locus classicus* for the doctrine of Estoppel by representation, and in particular to Mr. W. F. Phillpotts's masterly article on Mortgage. The adverse comments which we have to offer on the new "White and Tudor" are of a comparatively trifling character. There is at some points a tendency on the part of the editors to abandon the method of exposition appropriate to the annotation of leading cases for the style of an ordinary legal treatise. This tendency ought to be guarded against in subsequent editions. If it became much more pronounced it would alter, substantially, and for the worse, the character of the work. Again, the two principal faults in the old "White and Tudor" were the absence of marginal notes and the poverty of the index. In the present edition an attempt has been made to remove both blemishes. The notes to the cases have been divided into parts, a reference to which is given at the commencement of each set of notes, and the index has been greatly enlarged. These changes are improvements so far as they go. But marginal notes are greatly needed, and the index would bear still further enlargement.

**A Selection of Leading Cases in the Criminal Law** (Founded on Shirley's Leading Cases). By Henry Warburton, Barrister-at-Law. 2nd Edition. 8 $\frac{3}{4}$  × 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  in., xxiv. + 232 pp. London, 1897. Stevens and Sons, Ld. 10/6

The plan and arrangement of this book are worthy of all praise, and we commend it cordially to students. Mr. Warburton deals first with "General Principles of the Criminal Law," such as intention, and the distinctions between principals and agents, accessories before and accessories after the fact, then successively with offenders against the State, against the person, and against property, and lastly, with criminal procedure. A case illustrative of each subdivision of these heads of law is selected, set out with all the necessary detail, and annotated, after the familiar "leading case" method. In the main the cases are well chosen and carefully expounded; and the misplaced facetiousness which was a prominent characteristic of Mr. Shirley's otherwise excellent work has been eliminated. There are, however, some blemishes, chiefly in matters of detail, to which the author's attention should be directed. "Reg. v. Macnaughten," and not "Reg. v. Oxford," is the proper *locus classicus* for the law as to insanity as an excuse for crime, and the whole section on this subject has been written without the slightest appreciation of historical perspective. The notes on bigamy are thin. Reference ought to have been made to such cases as "In re Bethell" ([1888] 38 Ch. D., 220) and "Hyde v. Hyde" ([1866] L.R., 1 P. and D., 130) in relation to the question of vital importance in proving a case of bigamy. What "marriage" is and a Catholic view of the requirements of the modern student would have induced Mr. Warburton at least to cite the case of "Macleod v. the Attorney-General of New South Wales" ([1891] App. Cas., 451). Again, in the section on "Uttering Counterfeit Coin," "Dickins v. Gill" ([1896] 2 Q.B., 310) might with advantage have been noticed. We have observed several other omissions of a similar kind.

The fact that a third edition of NOTES ON PERUSING TITLES, by Lewis E. Emmet (Jordan, 8s. 6d. n.), was called for within a few months after the publication of the second bears strong testimony to the favour with which lawyers regard it. And their good opinion is well deserved. The notes are concise, to the point, practical, and accurate. This edition is not a mere reprint of its predecessor. The text has been thoroughly revised, and all relevant cases down to the end of August last have been added.

## THESEUS AND MINOS.

(FROM THE NEWLY-DISCOVERED P.EAN OF  
BACCHYLIDES.)

## I.

With sable prone the vessel fleet  
The glittering seas that girdle Crete  
Clove, on dread errand bound ;  
And fresh the breath of Boreas brake,  
Impelling for Athens's sake  
The urging waves around.  
Seven youths, seven maids to death consigned  
Sped by the might of main and wind,  
Among them first and best  
Theseus the Prince, and Creta's King  
Sat by the victims, nourishing  
Love's torment in his breast.  
For she whose all-subduing flame  
Nor lords of earth nor heaven disclaim,  
By spell of captive maid  
Enthralled ; he, impotent of soul,  
Arose, to Eribea stole,  
And hand upon her laid.  
" Theseus ! " her voice rang forth, and bright  
As stormy flash that rives the night,  
Fire rolled beneath his brow :  
And anguish fierce his bosom rent ;  
The while he cried, " O Jove's descent,  
How weak a thing art thou !  
In whirling gusts of passion tost,  
The rudder of thy soul is lost :  
Yet curb tyrannic will.  
Dark dooms of Deities prevail,  
And deep descends the burdened scale  
O'erweighted with our ill ;  
Yet stroke of unclued Fate  
These hearts can suffer and await ;  
Thou, base desire expel.  
Wert thou in sooth the Thunderer's boy,  
Sprung from Phœnissa's amorous joy  
'Neath Ida's pinnacle ?  
Then learn, no meaner line I trace,  
Me to Poseidon's strong embrace  
The yielding Æthra gave,  
And azure locks of Nereid  
Veiled the sweet shame, and safely hid,  
Screened in her golden cave.  
Then, Gnoasian lord, put far away  
Licentious wrong—for light of day  
No'er could these eyes sustain  
If e'er I suffered thee to wreak  
Thy ruffian will, or mar one cheek  
Of all this virgin train—  
—Else prove my sword, and if for thee  
Or mine the need of victory,  
Let righteous Heaven ordain."

## II.

Thus spake the youth, and on his tongue  
The listening crew divided hung.  
Amaze and pity so  
The bosom shared. Fierce wrath inflamed  
Minos, yet craftily he tamed  
His passion, as he guileful framed  
A pitfall for his foe.  
" Great Jove," he cried, " thy suppliant hear  
If by thy deed, as men aver,  
Phœnissa gave me birth,  
Then o'er yon calm unallied sky  
Let thy fire-plumed levin fly,  
Launched from thy heavenly hall on high,  
A token to the earth.

Then, Attic Prince, if truly thee  
To the earthshaking Deity  
Troæzian Æthra bare,  
This jewel from my finger cast  
Down to the deep's abyssal vast  
Pursue, and claim it there.  
Go, gird thee to the venture dire,  
Taught by my sign that heavenly sire  
Heeds mortal children's prayer."

## III.

Rash, Minos, was thy suit, but he,  
The Mighty, heard, and did decree.  
His offspring to exalt  
In mortal sight conspicuous raised.  
Forth flew the lightning-bolt, and blazed  
Across the uncloded vault.  
Minos, the heavenly portent scanned,  
To Jove upraised adoring hand,  
And thus the youth bespake :  
" Theseus, the Gods have spoken, me  
The skies befriended ; seek thou the sea,  
And sure thy sire will make  
Thee glorious 'mid the groves of earth."  
Well Theseus heard, nor might his worth  
From the high deed refrain.  
A moment on the deck he stood,  
Then, leaping, clove the yielding flood  
That yawned and closed again.  
Exulting Minos from the mast  
Gives all his canvas to the blast,  
And plies the sweeping oar.  
Swift speeds the ship by Boreas chased,  
But Fate, not he, her track hath traced,  
And drives her to the shore.  
What pang, what misery invades,  
Athens, thy captive youths and maids,  
Lorn of their friend and chief !  
Tears rain from virgins' tender eyes,  
And breasts heroic agonise,  
Impassionate in grief.  
O happy, had they known the truth !  
Not unaccompanied the youth  
Does to the deep descend.  
From realms obscure of sand and slime  
The buoyant legions mari ime  
Of frolic dolphins wend.  
And swift the finny escort guides  
Where glows immersed beneath the tides  
Poseidon's palace-dome—  
High God whose trident called to birth  
The steeds that scour the ways of earth,  
And coursers of the foam.  
Entering the stately courts, with awe  
The famed Nereides he saw,  
For splendour all around  
Shone from their limbs, and every head  
With fiery bands was filleted,  
In golden beauty bound.  
In mazy dance they moved elate,  
Joying with footstep delicate  
To tread the gleaming ground.

## IV.

There he beheld the aspect grave  
Of her who rules the rambling wave,  
Poseidon's cherished queen.  
With purple robe she garmented  
His body, and onwreathed his head  
With rose unrisled of its red,  
Unwithered of its green.  
This on her nuptial morn, when she  
First swayed the sceptre of the sea

Arch Aphrodite brought.  
 What boon exceeds the power divine?  
 Dry from the bosom of the brine  
 The youth ascends, a glorious sign  
 With happy boding fraught.  
 The immortal gifts his frame adorned;  
 Down sank, discomfited and scorned,  
 The Cretan's haughty pride;  
 Far the recaptured gladness went  
 Of youths' and maidens' voices, blent  
 With music of the tide.  
 Phœbus, approve our Cean lay,  
 And recompense with deathless bay,  
 And prosperous lot beside.

R. GARNETT.

## Among my Books.

### POETS' JUDGMENTS UPON POETS.

Mr. Aubrey de Vere's charming story of the curiously diverse criticisms upon Burns which he elicited from Wordsworth and Tennyson has amused us all, and most of us have concluded that where two doctors disagreed so totally only one of them can have been right. For my own part, I think Tennyson was right, and Wordsworth not altogether wrong; but before rising to explain, I feel moved to say that the biography of the late Laureate contains one critical utterance of Tennyson's which, to my mind, is nothing short of amazing.

Keats's blank verse, said the Laureate, "was poor"; and Keats's blank verse means "Hyperion." "His 'Hyperion,'" wrote Byron, "is as sublime as Aeschylus, and is a fitting monument." Perhaps the qualities of "Hyperion" were not especially Aeschylean; and of those qualities it may be that the sum and final effect was rather magnificence than sublimity, for sublimity has in it something more of austere and naked than is to be found in the glowing splendours of Keats's poem; but apart from mere niceties of discrimination, Byron's verdict was surely the true one, and, indeed, there was a singular felicity in that phrase "a fitting monument," for "Hyperion" was a broken column, like its sculptor's own life. One would like to know what Tennyson—whose general appreciation of Keats, as we are all aware, was sufficiently ungrudging—could have meant by this particular disparagement. Did he mean that the blank verse, *as verse*, was poor? It is usually thought to have been built, and with no unworkmanlike hands, on the model of Milton's. Its opening passage, down to—

the naiad 'mid her reeds  
 Held her cold fingers closer to her lips—

and some other passages even more beautiful, have, indeed, a metrical movement that is all their own, but on the whole the verse of "Hyperion" is Miltonic. Was this in Tennyson's eyes a disfigurement? He has told us in his celebrated *Alcaics* that it was the graces rather than the grandeurs of "Paradise Lost" that allured him: the "bowery loneliness," "the brooks of Eden mazily murmuring," were dearer to him than the more august and terrible parts of that epic; which would seem to argue some imperfect sympathy with our greatest master of poetic style, and to throw an incidental light on Tennyson's

failure to estimate so noble a thing as "Hyperion" at its proper worth.

Keats, himself, was not less liable to critical fallibility. "Load every rift of your subject with ore," he writes, in a curiously patronizing letter to Shelley. Apart from the questionable soundness of such advice, to whomsoever administered—for in Keats's mouth it meant apparently "Lose no occasion of ornamenting every detail of your work"—it showed a singular inability to understand wherein lay Shelley's peculiar greatness. Of all our poets Shelley was the most entirely the bard, as distinguished from the man of letters. A critic whom it is now the lamentable fashion to despise—Lord Macaulay—said so with admirable lucidity and point, at a time when the fact had hardly as yet become notorious. Shelley was not so much a lyrist as a lyre, on which the winds of the world played incalculably; and Keats's counsel to him was, in effect, "Cease to be everything that you are, everything that makes you so miraculous, and become as I, the always conscious artist, who look upon fine phrases as a lover, and whose faith it is that we need no knowledge except that beauty is truth, truth beauty."

If from these poets we turn to one of the greatest of their critical contemporaries, we find Charles Lamb delivering an equally capricious judgment upon both of them. The pious little mind of Bernard Barton had been revolted by Shelley's supposed irreligion. To the pious little mind this had even obscured Shelley's merits as a poet, and Lamb therefore points them out to his amiable young friend. What poem is it of Shelley's that he commends to the good Mr. Barton's notice as signally memorable? Why, forsooth, an insignificant little piece called "Lines to a Reviewer." The piece was pretty enough, and it chanced to have certain qualities—amongst them a quaint and playful ingenuity—which Lamb was in the habit of lying in wait for, and to which he attached a slightly excessive value; but, as conveying an idea of our great tempestuous Shelley, how absurdly inadequate a specimen! And he "samples" Keats with equal waywardness. He has read the marvellous volume containing "Lamia," "Isabella," "The Eve of St. Agnes," "Hyperion," and the five great "Odes." What does he single out for special admiration? A line and a-half in "Isabella":—

So the two brothers with their murdered man  
 Rode toward Florence.

Lorenzo, of course, was not murdered as yet, and in this anticipatory touch of doom Lamb discovers a fine imaginative horror. He was probably right in praising this stroke of somewhat fantastic art, but what is there in it that is specially of the essence of Keats? Little or nothing, so far as I can perceive. And it is derivative rather than original. Its precedent is Shakespeare's phrase, "Tarquin's ravishing stride."

I return to my starting-point. Tennyson, as every reader of Mr. Aubrey de Vere's delightful anecdote will remember, expressed the highest admiration of Burns's poetry—that is to say, his songs; the "serious" pieces were "tiresome affairs." Wordsworth expressed an equally

high admiration—that is to say, for Burns's "serious" poems; "those foolish little amatory songs" were things one must try to forget. Well, Tennyson's was doubtless the better criticism, but is there not something to be said on the other side? In the first place, to my thinking, Burns's masterpiece belongs neither to the "amatory" nor the "serious" category, being none other than that glorious thing, "The Jolly Beggars," a production scarcely less than Shakespearian in its abundance, its exuberance, its dramatic range, and elemental in its orgiastic abandonment. But perhaps this is my heresy, and I will not press it. What I do wish to say is this, that while it was easy enough for Tennyson to see, as we can all see, that Burns's passionate love-lyrics were truer poetry than a work such as "The Cottar's Saturday Night," Wordsworth, on the other hand, had stood in a special and peculiar relationship to Burns which entitled him to measure that poet's work, and to interpret its significance, by a standard less literary than personal, and interesting in direct proportion as it was personal and not literary. To cite once again his often-quoted words:—

I mourned with thousands, but as one  
More deeply grieved; for he was gone  
Whose light I hailed when first it shone  
And showed my youth  
How Verse may build a princely throne  
On humble truth.

Is it conceivable that he could have felt like that towards Burns if the latter had produced nothing but a parcel of rhymes about the lasses? The Cumbrian seer in his days of revolutionary enthusiasm had welcomed the Ayrshire singer as an inspired prophet of democracy; and it is arguable that to be an inspired prophet of democracy is greater than to be a warbler of love-ditties. We know what were Wordsworth's own aims as a poet. He has given us the loftiest definition of poetry on record, a definition which is itself half a prophecy: "Poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge; the impassioned expression on the countenance of Science." We know that he held it his office to—

rouse the sensual and the vain  
To noble raptures.

It says much for his large and liberal temper that he could admire so heartily a poet in whom there was a good deal of the sensual and the vain, but in whom there were also the noble raptures, the generous impulses, the ardour for human weal, which Wordsworth rated higher than a babbling amorosity.

WILLIAM WATSON.

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**ALPHONSE DAUDET**  
BY HENRY JAMES.

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In Alphonse Daudet passed away nine days ago the last eminent member but one of the French literary group that—with great differences of date indeed—had arrived at manhood and entered into activity under the second Empire. He was much the junior of Taine, of Renan, of Flaubert and Leconte de Lisle; but he had found them all on the stage, and they had given him, as it were, a hand. Emile Zola is still present as a younger representa-

tive of that strong company, and his robust literary talent is still, happily, a promise of duration; but, for the rest, so far as "the last new French book" continues to have a message for our curiosity, it is a fruit of trees that have come to bearing in the current spacious times. Distinguished as are two or three of the talents of the new generation—generations in truth are rapid in France and sometimes cease to be new before they have ceased to be young—it sufficiently comes home to us that the muster of high accomplishment is now comparatively thin. Alphonse Daudet was not fifty-eight, though the limit of his full production happened, through the grave failure of his health, to have been for some years reached; and yet his extinction represents not only the removal of an admirable talent, but almost, already, the close of a tradition, the seal of something that may very well soon begin to pass for positive classicism. There was a time when, with his wonderful hand, his bolder foreshortenings, his sharper penetrations and more promiscuous vocabulary, he struck us all as intensely modern; but in the light of Anatole France and Maurice Barrès—to mention only two of the lately-risen stars—he has grown virtually antique, indirectly ancestral.

The effect was achieved in the short compass of some fifteen years of exquisite activity, during which, with sharp stroke upon stroke, every stroke immensely counting and none falling wide, he added brilliant book to book. These things gave him, at the end, a place ineffaceably his own, an artistic identity of the sharpest. He was really more personal, more individual and more inimitable than any one. None of the various descendants of Balzac who were to find in any degree the fortune that, under Balzac's great impulse, they often went so far to seek has even perhaps equally arrived at that special success which consists in having drawn from one's talent, from one's whole organization and every attendant circumstance, every drop they were capable of giving. To have followed Daudet closely is to have been lost in admiration of the way he worked his heritage and his experience. Not a grain of the gold was lost for art or for effect; every grain was saved and polished and beaten out. He produces the impression of having planted his garden up to the last inch of its soil. There was nothing of his outfit, of his accidents or his possibilities, that was not professionally convertible and converted. It may be said even in the face of his final long subjection to suffering that it would have been difficult to meet a completer or a more charming case of success. His race, his origin, his nerves, all his sensibilities and idiosyncrasies, the southern sun in his blood and the southern sound in his ears, were always frankly and bravely his material, or at any rate, at the least, his form. His sense of everything that his southern air produced, whether in the shape of delightful nonsense or of perversities more dangerous, was inexhaustible, and he was especially wonderful as to the constant double use he contrived to make of it. It was at once, with him, the thing to be shown and the way to show it, the picture and the point of view. The first of these elements was not really more *méridional* than the second, and yet it was at the expense of the first that the second could so admirably perform and flourish. We should perhaps have had something of the sort in our literature if we had ever had an Irish painter of Irish manners endowed with an irony and an art as fine as that of the author of "Numa Roumestan." But for irony, in that direction, we happen mostly to have had, from Thackeray down, English irony, and in the way of sentiment we have had, whether English or Irish, mainly the cheap. We feel



of Daudet and his Provence that, for literary purposes, he was almost an inventor. He emptied Keats's "beaker," at all events, drained it dry, and closed the chapter. There will be little envy of those who touch the "Midi" after him.

This was a part of that effect of being consummately *done* that infallibly attached to anything he attempted; and the effect came doubtless, in its measure, from his having so completely accepted and adopted the particular fact of his spontaneity and sensibility. He let himself vibrate as he would, and as he had at the same time a literary instinct of the rarest and acutest, as the artist in him was exquisitely alive and vigilant, this supreme "doing" inevitably attended his work; as to which we calculate, moreover, that he is one of those who will not have been cheated of their reward. There is not an inch of waste—everything tells and "comes off." Certain things are wanting to his view, many sides of the play of character, of the life of the will, the idea, the private soul; but what is there is extraordinarily vivid and warm, extraordinarily observed and peculiarly touching. He had the great democratic fancy. No genius with so much of the inevitable chill of a special manner remains so on the level with his reader, becomes so personal and intimate, takes him so into his confidence. He is at the opposite pole, in this respect, from Flaubert, with whom a kind of grand, measured distance from his canvas—paced as if for a duel—was an ideal, and who seemed to attack his subject with a brush twenty feet long. Daudet's charm is precisely in his agitation and his nerves—that is in a set of nerves that could make so for creation. His style is a matter of talking, gesticulating, imitating—of impressionism carried to the last point; but his surrender to all this cultivated familiarity never leaves us in a moment's doubt of his being, all the more, a master. What could be at once more personal, more whimsically and consentingly human, and yet more historical and responsible, so to express it, than such things as "L'Immortel" and "Les Rois en Exil"? We have had other cases, cases enough, of treatment by talk, but only to see the subject, as a result of it, stray further and further and lose itself. Daudet catches it in the finest net of talk, and this fine net is his marvellous style. It plays into the happy undiscernible instinct which is his triumphant substitute for composition, the instinct which saves him from the penalty of his want of connexion and continuity, his love of jumps and gaps, of the glimpse and the episode. He positively gains indeed by this last tendency; it makes him the novelist with the greatest number of wonderful "bits" to show, of beautiful sharp vignettes, of pages complete in themselves. To think of one of his books is to see a little gilded gallery with red sofas and small modern masterpieces.

He gives us thus, essentially, the concrete and the palpable, sensations and contacts, images, appearances, touches for the eye and ear, evocations of detail of which his unsurpassable article on the death of Edmond de Goncourt is perhaps the most brilliant specimen. But while we are under the charm we feel him to be one of the first of all observers of the things humanly nearest to us, nearest, above all, to our most amused or our most tender tolerance. He fairly makes us sensitive, and I like him, for myself, best of all the novelists who have not the greater imagination, the imagination of the moralist. He has even this faculty perhaps in flashes—there is something of it, for instance, in the sustained artistic flight of "Sapho," which makes us live the thing and think it, descend, ourselves, into the intimacy and the abyss; but,

for the most part, his vision is of the brighter and weaker things, weaker natures, about us, the people, the passions, the complications that we either commiserate or laugh at, and as to which it is too pompous, and, indeed cruel and in bad taste, to sit up over the lesson. The lesson, for Daudet, was taught by laughter and by tears, of neither of which was he ever in the smallest degree ashamed. The former, perhaps, failed him perceptibly as he went on, but he took more complete refuge in pity, in melancholy that was not quite pensive, in pessimism that was not quite bitter. It would be difficult enough to fix the proportions in which his sense of drollery and his sense of evil united to form a friendly poetry; and this mystery, no doubt, even if there were none other, would be just one of the reasons of his distinction. The mixture, the poetry, and in the man himself an irresistible charm, for in the long years of illness in which his life closed he had become as acquainted with pain as he had remained faithful to fancy. The sun in his blood had never burnt out, and if it were necessary to characterize in a single word the quality that, either as artist or as man, he most distilled, one would speak unhesitatingly of his warmth. He was as warm as the south wall of a garden or as the flushed fruit that grows there. Of all consummate artists he was the most natural. Every impression he gave out passed through the imagination, but only to take from it more of common truth.

#### DAUDET "CHEZ LUI."

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT.)

There was one side of Alphonse Daudet's character which was extremely little known to any but his more intimate French friends. Like most Southerners, when face to face with one of the many strangers who sought him out, and to whom he always showed the greatest courtesy, he unconsciously created a false impression of his nature and disposition. The real man only came out in the family circle at Champrosay, widened, as is always the case in France, by a small group of old friends, to whom either the pretty country house on the edge of the Forêt de Sénart or the *appartement* in the Rue de Bellechasse proved every Thursday in the year a veritable *maison du bon Dieu*. Unlike most Parisians, Alphonse Daudet chose his country home on a little-known side of the environments of Paris, far away from the belt of country round St. Germain, where Dumas, Augier, Gounod, and Sardou lived. At Champrosay Daudet was quite out of the literary world of Paris. When he first went there he and Madame Daudet took a house which had belonged to Delacroix, but many years ago they moved to the half-villa, half-château where Edmond de Goncourt died, and where much of Daudet's literary work was done. The associations of the neighbourhood were very real to him. His favourite walk was through the park of the château d'Étiolles, where Madame de Pompadour entertained Voltaire.

In his family circle Daudet was utterly free from affectation of any kind. He was the courteous, considerate host, the brilliant yet not monopolizing talker, and it would have been quite possible for a visitor to have spent a week in his society without actually realizing that he had published a line. He was, nevertheless, keenly sensitive to hostile criticism, especially of a personal kind. Nothing angered him more than the insinuation that he had been guilty of indelicacy in portraying in his books real people whom he had known. Daudet had all a Frenchman's admiration for his wife and children, and it might have been inferred from his conversation alone that Mme. Daudet and their son Léon summed up the literary glories of the family. Though Mme. Daudet is herself, in the opinion of competent critics, a delicate and original writer, yet she always declares that her work has been an after-thought, an accident. It has been asserted that she took an active part in helping her husband with his stories, but I vividly remember Daudet's telling me that neither of them ever altered a line in the other's manuscript. When, some years ago, Alphonse Daudet dedicated to his wife the "Nabab"—"To my beloved Julia Daudet I offer with the greatest tenderness and profound thanks this book which owes to her so much"—he undoubtedly referred to her unflinching and life-long devotion, and not to any collaboration. But even so Mme. Daudet would have none of it; the dedication was

removed from the editions of the book that were issued to the public, and is only to be seen in the first few copies which were presented to intimate friends.

Daudet was always keenly interested in scientific inventions, especially in those which seemed likely to lighten his literary labours. Thus he had at one time the idea of dictating all his work into a phonograph, but it came to nothing, and his faithful Alsatian secretary, M. Ebner, was displaced by no mechanical device. Daudet composed quickly, and, though not nearly so much the slave of note-books as Zola, he nevertheless attached the greatest importance to accuracy of detail. In writing his stories he derived much assistance from the elaborate diaries which he had kept as a young man. This is especially true of the "Nabab," and of "Les Rois en Exil." As is so often the case with rapid writers, he untiringly corrected and recorrected his work, which remained peculiarly his own, for he consulted no one about it. He never posed as a "stylist," and yet his one anxiety was not what he should say—about that there was no hesitation—but how he could say it most effectively. There is no doubt that his early and not generally-known friendship with Flaubert profoundly influenced his methods of work. As a young man he undoubtedly injured his health by working at night, and of late years he found it impossible to write, or rather dictate, except in the morning. He was not interested in politics, or at any rate he always refused to discuss them; but curiously enough actual legislation, as well as all social questions, had a great attraction for him. Nothing aroused him so much as a discussion on such a subject as divorce, against which, indeed, he wrote "Rose et Ninette," his one "book with a purpose."

Perhaps the time has now come when allusion may be made to the relations between Alphonse Daudet and Edmond de Goncourt. Monsieur and Madame Daudet found the survivor of the two famous brothers a lonely old man with no home ties, and for years they treated him with unswerving and more than filial devotion, giving him the "interior," the warmth of cheerful companionship, and the flattering little attentions for which his whole soul craved. The absolute disinterestedness of this devotion was clearly shown by the stubborn refusal of Daudet to allow his little girl, Edmée, to accept the legacy which her godfather, Edmond de Goncourt, was anxious to bestow upon her. It is perhaps better known that, but for his parents' firm opposition, Léon Daudet would have been the first member of the Académie de Goncourt. The fact that he accepted the peculiarly delicate position of executor, both in literary and other matters, brought Alphonse Daudet a storm of misrepresentation, which he keenly felt. He told me only the last time I saw him that he had received a quantity of the most abominable anonymous letters, evidently from persons who were disappointed to learn how great a discretion was left to him in regard to the ultimate composition of the Académie de Goncourt.

Daudet's lovable nature endeared him to a large circle of friends, and his complete lack of literary jealousy made it easy for him to be on the happiest of terms with members of the most widely different literary coteries. Of the work of young and comparatively unknown men he was keenly appreciative, and he was one of those who steadfastly supported Monsieur Antoine and the Théâtre Libre. Although he knew no language but his own, he managed to keep abreast of the literary movements of other countries. He particularly admired the work of George Meredith, which a friend was wont to translate aloud to him, and in common with Tolstoi he was among the first to recognize the masterly qualities of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

I must add, in conclusion, that his pet ambition, which cannot be said to have been ever completely realized, was to attain popularity as a dramatist. Several of his books were actually first sketched out as plays.

### FICTION.

**Byeways.** By Robert Hichens. 7½x5in., 319 pp. London, 1896. Methuen. 6/-

The last two stories in this collection read rather like a parody upon the seven remaining ones. These seven are very much what we have learnt to expect from Mr. Hichens. They are full of imagination, carefully unhealthy, a little unpleasant, and tinctured with a delicate morbidity all their own. One finds them endurable for the underlying humour that suggests a picture of their author penning his most lurid tragedies with a *faux sourire*, and not seldom admirable for the living beauty of some happy phrase or vivid description.

The first tale in the book is a typical one. Claire Renfrew is an emaciated, white-faced woman with a serpentine body that enables her to "sit in a curve." The "average sensual man" would probably be willing to pay generously for her instant removal. Mr. Hichens's hero unhesitatingly makes her his wife. She is understood to be the greatest actress of the day, but weary of her perpetual successes and pining for the wild breath of the desert after the atmosphere of the footlights. They accordingly choose Morocco for their honeymoon resort. Then follows a marvellous description of Tetuan, the Moorish city, and the pretty episode of the baby leather-workers with their sprays of orange-flower. These few pages enlist our patience for all that comes after; we learn resignedly that Claire was eventually changed into a large white snake, and are not even surprised. It is an unusual consummation for the female tourist, but Mr. Hichens presumably had not the British matron in his mind when he set forth to sketch his "thin, pale wonder of night and fame."

The second story, in which Lord Frederic Hamilton collaborates, is a new variation of a somewhat stale idea cleverly worked out. The last two tales in the book, as we have said, strike quite a different note, for in them the caricaturist of "The Green Carnation" makes an unexpected réapparance. "The Boudoir Boy" is an amusing account of the conversion to sanity of a would-be young "decadent." An elderly woman with a sense of humour and a house in the country succeeds in cheating him into a healthy appetite and a taste for poultry by an ingenious method. The last story of all is frank, unblushing farce, excellent of its kind. If Mr. Hichens has wished to show that he is master of two styles he has done so here, and both are so good in their way that one is loth to ask him to forsake either for the other. After all, it is something to be able to take up a book that satisfies alike the sipper of absinthe and the admirer of oatmeal porridge. We make but one request; it is that the poor adjective "sinister" be given a holiday. Mr. Hichens has worked it until it has worn as thin as one of his own heroines.

**El Carmen.** By George Crampton. 8x5½in., 280 pp. London, 1897. Digby Long. 6/-

Mr. George Crampton's "Romance of the River Plate" is a clever but rather brutal story of life in the Argentine Republic a dozen years ago. The writer evidently knows the country and the people of Argentina well, and he makes extensive use of that knowledge to furnish a background for his romance. Some years ago Mr. "Rolf Boldrewood" achieved a considerable success in "Robbery Under Arms" by presenting a detailed and faithful picture of up-country life in Australia a generation ago. Mr. Crampton, though his picture is less elaborate in its detail, does more or less the same thing with South America. He describes with considerable fulness the life of an estancia or cattle farm, and the careless, unthrifty folk who dwell on it, smoking perpetual cigarettes and occasionally drinking too much of strong waters. The inhabitants of Argentina are a curious medley of races, indolent, dignified Spaniards, hungry Italians, energetic and not very scrupulous Englishmen. These and a dozen other types are faithfully depicted in "El Carmen," and this part of the work is very well done. The plot of the story, though no doubt true enough to life in those half-civilized States at that time, is not so good. It lacks variety of incident, and the construction is not faultless. Briefly, the book tells the story of two cousins, half English, half Spanish by descent, who are living on an estancia not far from the rising town of Belleville. One of them, Jack, is a hard-headed man of business, the other, George, a good-natured, devil-me-care fellow, whose tastes lie in other directions. An Italian immigrant family are settled on the borders of their lands, and both the cousins fall in love with the pretty daughter. The two men are neither of them men of high character, and, indeed, have much of the shiftiness and ferocity of the half-breed. Each of them pays his court to the girl behind the other's back, and finally they come to open feud. More than this it would not be fair to tell, but it may be added that the end of the story, if somewhat cynical, is artistically satisfying and suits what we have called the general "brutality" of the story. The book is above the average of books of its class, and it stands the great test of this class of fiction—one would not willingly put it down half read.

## BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

One of the most fascinating animal stories of the season is *THE ADVENTURES OF A SIBERIAN CUB*, translated from the Russian by Léon Golschmann, Officer of the Paris Academy (Jarrold, 3s. 6d.). Mishook was a little dark-brown bear, clumsy, grotesque, faithful, and loving; his life was full of vicissitudes, and by the world of men he was sometimes misunderstood, but he had some friends who were worthy of him, and not many who are privileged to read the chronicle of his adventures will be able to withstand his charm. Miss Winifred Austen's pictures of the sturdy little rogue are very attractive.

*THE GENTLEMANLY GIANT*, by Beata Francis (Hodder and Stoughton, 3s. 6d.), is one of the most charming children's books of the year. The stories are full of fun, and show no little imagination, the Pink Cat especially deserving to rank with Puss-in-Boots as a Fairyland celebrity. The illustrations, by Mr. Geoffrey Strahan, are excellent, the cover of the book is tasteful, the paper and print both of the best. It is pleasant to be able to praise so unreservedly.

*ALL THE WAY TO FAIRYLAND*, by Evelyn Sharp (John Lane, 6s.), has all the charm of its predecessor "Wymps," and that is saying much for it. The stories, and the extremely clever illustrations fitted to them by Mrs. Percy Dearmer, have some quality which is unique, but hard to describe. The delicate blue and green dragon, bleeding to death in a field of wonderful, unbroken yellow, suggests decadence and a theatrical poster when we describe him; but when we see him he suggests fairyland itself. Of the tales, we found the first the least fascinating, in spite of its pretty central idea.

Miss Agnes Gibberne's story of *A MODERN PUCK* (Jarrold, 5s.) is a fantastic and graceful fairy-tale which will give pleasure to many little people. The hero is a fascinating sprite, and we cannot but grieve when his exile is over and he is recalled to fairyland.

*PRINCE UNO: UNCLE FRANK'S VISIT TO FAIRYLAND* (M'Clure, \$1 25) and *TEN LITTLE COMEDIES*, by Gertrude Smith (Little and Brown, \$1.25), are both American, and "Prince Uno," at any rate, will find admiring readers on both sides of the sea. The writer of the fairy chronicle, who does not disclose his name, takes us into his confidence and tells us that the story came to him when he was at his wits' end to divert a beloved little nephew on his sick bed. "Prince Uno" was a good fairy indeed to the little invalid, and we shall be much surprised if he does not charm all the children who make his acquaintance, even if they are in rude health. Uncle Frank is a capital story-teller, and we should like to hear more of his adventures, in fairyland or in any other land. Miss Gertrude Smith in "Ten Little Comedies" deals with "the troubles of ten little girls whose tears were turned into smiles." The ten little girls were rather nice little creatures, but some of them were oppressed by cold and cruel mothers and all had to contend with strange difficulties. It is satisfactory to know beforehand that we are to expect a happy ending to the children's many woes, for the cover of the book displays to our affrighted gaze ten little golden heads, evidently removed from their bodies and impaled on ten thorny branches.

Modern fairy tales do not of course compare with our old favourites, but Miss Netta Syrett's volume entitled *THE GARDEN OF DELIGHT* (Hurst and Blackett, 5s.) is not to be despised: some of the tales are touching, some are funny, and all are pleasantly told. The pictures are quaint.

Miss Helen Atteridge's *BUTTERFLY BALLADS* (Milne, 3s. 6d.) is a collection of verses and stories which may amuse nursery children. The illustrations, by Gordon Browne and other artists, are quaint and rather attractive.

*SOME FLOWERS FROM "A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES,"* by Robert Louis Stevenson, with music by Katharine M. Ramsay (Gardner, Darton, 7s. 6d.), is an experiment that will be critically approached by lovers of Stevenson's sweet "garden." However, there is not much to fear, and

"Sacilege!" need not be cried. The music is not up to the level of the words; neither have Mr. Gordon Browne's charming illustrations altogether caught their wistful beauty. But "Where go the Boats?" is not wedded to a commonplace jingle, and "Windy Nights" is not robbed of its eeriness. There is a preface which tells us a little about Stevenson and quite a good deal about Mr. Crockett, who happens to be the writer of it. It is very nice and poetical till we come to the "angelic ear-trumpet" with which Mr. Crockett playfully endows his lost friend in Paradise. It is difficult to read over the little songs and feel any pretty, tearful facetiousness over the fact that Stevenson is dead. A futile savagery of regret is all that is left to us, whose imagination is hardly so strong as Mr. Crockett's.

The babes of this generation are certainly lucky, for they possess quite the best book of nursery rhymes which has ever been published. *THE NURSERY RHYME BOOK*, edited by Andrew Lang and illustrated by L. Leslie Brooke (Warne, 6s.), is a complete collection of the old nursery rhymes which have delighted so many generations, adorned with attractive pictures and accompanied by a preface written in one of Mr. Lang's most engaging moods. The preface, of course, is not for the little ones, but for the mothers, whose duty it is to read the rhymes and show the pictures.

We do not know [says Mr. Lang] what poets wrote the old nursery rhymes, but certainly some of them were written down, or even printed, three hundred years ago. Grandmothers have sung them to their grandchildren, and they again to theirs, for many centuries.

We did not know till we studied Mr. Lang's table of contents that nursery rhymes may be divided into fourteen different kinds; but they may, and Mr. Lang gives them all and discourses sweetly on many of them. No nursery which respects itself should be without this fascinating book.

*LULLABY-LAND, Songs of Childhood*, by Eugene Field, selected by Kenneth Grahame and illustrated by Charles Robinson (Lane, 6s.), is also a book for the nursery, but it is modern and hails from America. The verses, which are well known to Mr. Field's many admirers, are graceful enough: some of them are amusing, some are sad, and some are more likely to attract grown-up folk than children, but that is the modern way. The pictures are quaint and pleasing.

Four fanciful children's books of no great merit are *THE ECHO-MAID AND OTHER STORIES*, by Alicia Aspinwall (Dutton, \$1.50); *THE SLAMBANGAREE AND OTHER STORIES*, by R. K. Munkittrick (Russell, \$1); *TOM, UNLIMITED*, by Martin Leach Warborough (Grant Richards, 5s.); and *GLADYS IN GRAMMARLAND*, by Audrey Mayhew Allen (the Roxburgh Press, 3s. 6d.). Miss Aspinwall's stories deal with the adventures of mortal children who step out of their every-day life into wonderland. "The Slambangaree" is the demon of nightmare, who not only oppresses his unhappy victim, but preaches to him at inordinate length. Now it is bad enough to suffer from nightmare, and we do not at all want to read about that terror of our childhood. There are several other stories bound up with "The Slambangaree." "Willie Hay and the Calf," which deals with metempsychosis, is, perhaps, the most amusing, but that is not saying much. "Tom, Unlimited" is a wild romance of four children who wander outside the world and are lost and much bewildered. One of them, who appears to have no name but the Greedy Boy, undertakes to explain things to the others. "Here," he says, "we have got to where space is free and time unlimited. As Charlie remarks, We are obviously out of bounds. We have climbed behind the wall that confines the universe, and are at present in vacancy." Many adventures come to the adventurous four, who are extremely talkative, but we are not much attracted to the history of the doings and sayings of "Tom, Unlimited." "Gladys in Grammarland" is comparatively simple. The heroine, perplexed and wearied by the difficulties of English grammar, falls asleep and has a vision of the parts of speech, who trip up to her in a friendly manner and explain themselves. After a time she wakes and finds that she is much refreshed and knows

her lesson perfectly—a very satisfactory ending to a somewhat trivial chronicle.

Even Mrs. Molesworth cannot entice us to take so much interest in a story with a purpose as in tales whose only aim is to please. Her *STORIES FOR CHILDREN IN ILLUSTRATION OF THE LORD'S PRAYER* (Gardner, Darton, 3s. 6d.) are, of course, good and full of profitable reading; but they are too evidently built up around the texts which head the chapters and are scarcely as attractive as the tales with which Mrs. Molesworth is accustomed to delight us.

*PARTNERS*, by H. F. Gethen (Nelson, 2s. 6d.), is a tale of two schoolboys and their friendship, which is interrupted by a misunderstanding. The usual school "scrape," in which suspicion falls upon the innocent instead of on the inevitable big bully, is somewhat lamely presented. The picture of the two maiden aunts, moreover, is a feeble caricature. The book, notwithstanding these drawbacks, is pleasant and readable.

*THE MAKING OF MATTHIAS*, by J. S. Fletcher, illustrated by Lucy Kemp-Welch (Lane, 5s.), is a charming little book, though we doubt whether it will appeal to many children. It is the story of a lad who, because he had no other children to play with or to talk to, "made himself the king of all the birds and beasts and insects that lived in the fields and woods, and at ten years old knew more of woodcraft and of the mighty mother's secrets than other lads know of tops and marbles." Mr. Fletcher knows about the country and country life, he understands the workings of the child mind, and he writes so that we like to go on reading. There is no doubt that "The Making of Matthias" will have many friends and admirers, but we think that they will be of mature years. Miss Kemp-Welch's drawings are, as usual, admirable.

Miss Beatrice Harraden, who has already won her laurels in other fields, is to be congratulated on her *UNTOLD TALES OF THE PAST* (Blackwood, 6s.), which will give pleasure to many youthful readers. Some of the tales are classical, some deal with old England. There is a Viking story, and there is a dream of Joan of Arc. Whatever her theme, Miss Harraden's style is admirably direct and simple, the child is not puzzled, but interested, and led on to admire and even to understand something of the great men of old and their great deeds. Mr. H. R. Millar's drawings are attractive.

There is much that is attractive about *SMA' FOLK AND BAINN DAYS, SKETCHES OF CHILD LIFE*, by Ingeborg von der Lippo Konow, translated from the Norse by John Beveridge, M.A., B.D. (Gardner, 4s. 6d.). The writer, who is very popular in Scandinavia and in Germany, understands and loves boys and girls and all animals, and she draws charming and life-like pictures of the ways of young things, but the melancholy of the North is over all; we are fascinated and even enthralled as we read, but we are not often happy. The story of "The Forgotten Satchel" is almost too sad to be put into the hands of a child.

*EXILED FROM SCHOOL*, by Andrew Home (Black, 6s.), is a delightfully improbable tale of mystification, full of the humours and wild pranks of a pack of boys, and told in a spirited and amusing manner. The reader cannot help exclaiming and expostulating as one mad jape succeeds another, but he does not cease to read; it is impossible to lay down the book till "the boys who changed places" meet again and are happily and steadily settled at Sandport Grammar School.

There is not very much to be said for *HALF A DOZEN BOYS* and *HALF A DOZEN GIRLS*, both written by Miss Anna Chapin Ray (Shaw, 3s. 6d. each). They are studies in child life from the strictly American point of view. There are American tales which appeal to the English mind and which would be true and striking in any language, but "Half a Dozen Boys" and "Half a Dozen Girls" do not appear to us to rise to that height. It is, of course, possible that Miss Ray's works are not likely to be very popular in her own country, but of that we know nothing; that is a matter for the Transatlantic reviewer.

*FROM THE PORTERS*, by H. Louisa Bedford (Skeffington, 3s. 6d.), is a very charming little person with some lovable

faults and a turn for verse-writing. Her tragic end seems to us a blot upon the book, and serves no purpose but to harrow sensitive child-readers and disgust sturly ones. A martyr's crown fits the very human little girl as badly as the frontispiece portrays her. The author takes care to describe her as a snub-nosed little creature with cropped, dark hair; whereupon the artist gives us a lovely vision of classic features and long fair locks. The discrepancy is perhaps unimportant, but a child will not be ten minutes before discovering it.

*THE WALLYPUG IN LONDON*, by G. E. Farrow (Methuen, 3s. 6d.), is even more delightful in London than he was in his own kingdom of Why. The difficulties he and his escort get into, the astonishing avarice of the Doctor-in-Law, and the effusions of the Rhymester would amuse any human child who could be amused at all. One misses Mr. Harry Furniss's illustrations, although Mr. Alan Wright has kept their general character faithfully, and his own work is remarkably clever.

*PARSON PRINCE*, by Florence Moore (Bemrose, 2s. 6d.), tells how a young clergyman won the hearts of his parishioners by steady work amongst them and very great patience. It is a pleasant, unpretentious little book, with some interesting minor characters.

*TWO OLD LADIES, TWO FOOLISH FAIRIES, AND A TOM CAT*, by Maggie Browne (Cassell, 3s. 6d.), relates what happened to Puss-in-Boots after his master the Marquis had married and Puss had begun his luxurious Court life. Mr. Arthur Rackham contributes some very fascinating illustrations.

## At the Bookstall.

Early in the coming year the Kelmscott Press, like the Aldine, Elzevir, and Plantin Presses, will have become a thing of the past. To the bibliophile the Kelmscott books have always been objects of admiration, and few collectors, whatever their special subjects may be, are without one or two of these fine volumes. It is too early yet to assess the value of some of them as literature, but their interest to the book-lover, and it is perennial, lies mainly in their typographical splendour.

There is much to interest collectors in Mr. Buxton Forman's volume, just issued, on "The Books of William Morris" (F. Hollings, 10s. 6d.). This work, which is well and fully illustrated, gives in detail, more or less full, an account of everything of importance that Mr. Morris wrote, and, dealing solely with the literary aspect of the poet's many forms of activity, it is the best book that has yet been produced. It is a book written by an enthusiast upon the work of a man who always called forth a kindred spirit in his followers, but it is to be regretted that Mr. Buxton Forman has not carried right through the high ideal of accomplishment with which he evidently started. As an example of well-directed industry and careful collation, nothing could better Mr. Buxton Forman's analysis of the various editions of "The Defence of Guenevere and other Poems." Such work as this is invaluable to the collector, and, had the same standard been maintained throughout, the book would have taken a very high rank.

In his preface the author says that, with a view to imparting "exact bibliographical knowledge" his aim has been to give "a true portraiture of each book," but this he often fails to do. For instance, in the chapter headed "The Kelmscott Press" we find the strangest anomalies. Much of the work here is well done, but, on the other hand, many points of considerable interest from a bibliographical point of view are slurred over, while others equally valuable are omitted altogether. The number of volumes comprised in the first edition of "The Story of the Glittering Plain" is stated, while in the case of "The Tale of King Florus and the Fair Jehane" and some others it is not. Information useful to collectors upon such matters as pagination, &c., is given in reference to "The Nature of Gothic," but none at all in reference to that much more important volume "The Golden Legend." And, further, a full and detailed account in given of so inconsiderable a book as "The Order of Chivalry," while the "Chaucer" is dismissed in four lines. Having regard to the position held by Mr. Buxton Forman as a conscientious bibliophile, we can only explain the omissions and confusion observable in many parts of his work on the ground of undue haste, but even that excuse is not sufficient to exonerate an author who issues a volume of such importance as this without an index.

At the time of his greatest activity Aldus Manutius was issuing every month from his press at Venice a thousand and more volumes of some good author. The press at Hammersmith never rose to anything like so high a level, but, considering its limited means, the results have been remarkable. The average output has exceeded 2,000 books every year, the total up to the death of its originator being nearly 14,000 books, or sets of books, with a few copies of various issues on vellum. As a commercial speculation, too, the press has been a success, for out of the 42 works issued under the personal direction of Mr. Morris only one or two hung fire, and they were not by any means the most important.

The Kelmscotts offer a fine field to the collector of to-day. They will not pass into the "scarce" category for generations yet, and, with one or two exceptions, it is doubtful whether they will ever become rarities in the book world. Most of them are reprints of works otherwise accessible, and such reprints seldom rise to the dignity of the "much sought for." Probably Mr. Morris would have done better had he first issued copies of all his own works. A complete set of his books in Kelmscott guise, supervised and issued under his own hand, would have been a thing of beauty and one much to be desired.

The "Chaucer," issued in May, 1896, was regarded by Mr. Morris as his finest work. Upon the design for the title-page alone he spent a fortnight, and everything connected with the book was done on the same elaborate and careful plan. The "Chaucer" was greeted with a chorus of praise, one writer describing it as "the noblest book ever printed." It is in many ways a fine work, but it does not merit such an encomium as that. The title-page and floriated borders evidence the masterly skill of their designer in such matters, but the body of the book is printed in ponderous Gothic letters, and to say, from an artistic point of view, that its type is too thick and too heavy is not heresy but truth. The letters are too squat for the massiveness of their lines, and the diagonal serifs give them a tip-tilted appearance besides depriving them of the breadth of base so requisite in heavy designs. Had this book been printed in the Kelmscott Roman type, a really excellent form, it would have far exceeded its present intrinsic value. Its excessive price puts the "Chaucer" beyond the reach of the ordinary book-buyer, while to the antiquary and to the student alike it is useless.

It was the purchase in 1890 of a copy of the "Golden Legend," printed by Wynkyn de Worde, that finally decided Mr. Morris to follow the older printers and to have a press of his own, and the form of type used by De Worde and his contemporaries evidently influenced their disciple in his preference for the Gothic character. Few men have pleaded more eloquently and effectively than William Morris for the addition to our material surroundings of those refinements that make life bright and wholesome, and in such books as the Kelmscott "Keats" he has adorned many a library with real gems. But where his larger books err so greatly is in their over-elaboration. Printed books ceased to be mere imitations of manuscripts as early as the first half of the 16th century, and, with the exception of some French printers, decorated borders as objects in themselves have long been abandoned. In many of the Kelmscott books there is an attempt to illuminate the text by means of rich, but often inappropriate, settings which do not, be it said, help the text in the least. A comparison between the "Chaucer" and, say, the Baskerville "Virgil" of 1757 shows the injudiciousness of overloading the page of a masterpiece of printing. Here is a contrast between clearness and richness, between simplicity of effect and elaboration of design, and treating the books merely as books the old Birmingham printer excels his later rival.

A frequent complaint with Mr. Morris was that the great art traditions of the past had too long been departed from for the worse, but in regard to printing this is not so. With the "Italian War Against the Goths," of Aretino, printed in 1471, Jenson brought typography to perfection. His form of Roman type came upon the world as a revelation, and, with practically no variation, that type has ever since held its pride of place in the estimation of printers and readers alike. Mr. Morris, in searching for an ideal type, went back a little too far. He was seemingly oblivious of the fact that the German heavy forms have never had any considerable vogue except during the very infancy of printing. The Germans used printing merely as an invention, but the Italians made it an art, and their forms have never been surpassed. Many of the theories put forward by Mr. Morris were direct challenges to the older printers. He had little respect for the work of some of them, the Bodoni types, for example, always exciting his ridicule. Yet Bodoni was a good craftsman, as much of his work goes to show. On the preparation of his "Homer" of

1811 Bodoni spent no less than six years, and the printing occupied another 18 months. Even the Kelmscott Press has nothing to show to equal this, and it is needless to add that Bodoni's fine work is extremely rare.

A quite pathetic interest attaches [to the little room at Hammersmith, where two hand presses are at work gathering up the ravelled edges of a scheme that was to regenerate the world of art, so far as the making of a book is concerned. That the influence of the Kelmscott Press has been great is patent to every one, but it has fallen far short of what its author intended to accomplish. Its faults, if they can be called such, lay with Mr. Morris himself, and did not in any way depend upon capricious demands on the part of the public. Indeed, it is doubtful whether any innovator was ever so generously received, or his theories accepted with such general good will, as were those of the originator of the Kelmscott Press. The enthusiastic, almost juvenile attitude of the artist seldom failed to please, even if it did not satisfy. In his own generation Mr. Morris did some epoch-making work, but the most important was his endeavour to bestow upon printing the dignity of a fine art, and of his untiring energy as artist and craftsman undoubtedly the best and most permanent monument exists in the work of the Kelmscott Press.

## American Letter.

Discussion of the expediency of literary academies or institutes seems to have perennial attractions for men of letters outside of France. "The Need of a Literary Institute" was the chief topic considered at the semi-annual meeting of the Comparative Literature Society on November 20th in New York. The address on that subject by Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, Advisory Councillor of the Society, has been reported, and gives an idea of the uses of a literary institute which is somewhat novel. Mr. Warner does not think it possible to create in this country a body of men whose dictum will be accepted as final in all matters pertaining to literature, but he does find it desirable "to bring together in literary centres the best literary minds and have a sort of exchange." The literary minds thus assembled would have two special duties—to determine upon the worthiness of manuscripts, and to study comparative literature as it should be studied. Every other occupation except literature, says Mr. Warner, has a fixed standard, according to which the material value of its results may be determined, but there is no present way of finding out what a poem is worth as literature except to send it to an editor. He thinks a way should be provided.

No doubt literary institutes could be devised which would be competent to give aspiring writers sound opinions as to their work; no doubt, too, they would be useful. But it would seem as if only altruists of exalted unselfishness and much more than the usual amount of leisure would be willing to be members of such institutes. The man of letters whom we know is a good deal like the traditional honest farmer in being possessed by a fervent hope that sometime he will get something for nothing. Offer him a seat in an academy rich in dignity and endowments, with distinction and even pensions in its gift, and if he derides you, at least he will do it gently and with smiles, but offer him a chance to pass judgment gratuitously on the verses of the unskilful and to study comparative literature as it should be studied, and the chances are that he will tell you somewhat sadly that his wife has a discriminating taste in bonnets and that his children are very hard on shoes—that he is a busy man. Mr. Warner himself has so much public spirit, and gives of himself so freely in public labour, that, doubtless, he forgets how sordid—necessarily sordid—the motives are by which most of the labours of his literary brethren are inspired.

Mr. Warner's likeness, by the way, has been so industriously spread abroad by the publishers of the literary encyclopedia which he has been editing as to revive in some quarters discussion of the prevalent method of using author's portraits in advertising books and magazine articles. While the persons most scandalized by this practice seem usually to be authors whose portraits for some reason are unfamiliar, the thing has in some cases been carried to rather an absurd excess. The natural remedy for it would seem to be for any author who finds his portrait becoming ridiculous to remonstrate with his publishers, and so, no doubt, the cure will come.

A new book that inspires curiosity, friendly interest, and other emotions in a good many minds is the story "Gloria Victis" (Scribners), by Mr. John Ames Mitchell. Mr. Mitchell is the creator, editor, and chief owner of *Life*. By education he is an architect, by practice and preference, as well as training, an

artist. When *Life* was started nearly fifteen years ago he drew many of the pictures for it, but gradually ceased to contribute drawings himself, and found full occupation in editing his paper, especially in the matter of jokes and drawings. But about five years ago Mr. Mitchell began to disclose the effects of exposure in a semi-literary atmosphere by publishing short stories, some of which appeared in *Life* and others in the magazines, and two years ago he published a longer tale called "Amos Judd." This book has proved acceptable to the public to the extent of about 14,000 copies, and is still being bought. The short stories, gathered in various volumes, have also succeeded, though in a less degree. What the new book will do remains to be seen. It is audacious, somewhat irresponsible, very agreeably written, and enlivened by a cheerful humour. Persons who like to trace literary analogies may find points of resemblance between the circumstances of Mr. Mitchell's literary outbreak and that of Mr. Du Maurier. Mr. Mitchell apparently got his literary training as Du Maurier did, in drawing pictures and writing or editing text to go with them. He learned to spell, doubtless, in youth, but his first story was the product of a matured observation, since he must have been as old as 45 when he began to furnish "copy" to the printers.

It is slightly displeasing to a Yankee scribe to observe that the new books which seem for the moment to recommend themselves the most to Americans with strong literary tastes are British. Every one who loves poetry wants to possess and read the "Life of Tennyson," and, though the high price of that work keeps it out of many hands that itch for it, it will doubtless come to them in time. The Browning Letters also are very attractive to American readers. There are no new books of American literary biography out at the time of writing which quite hold their own with these. We have had "Lowell's Letters"; perhaps some day we shall have a budget of good reading about Dr. Holmes.

Meanwhile a very valuable and welcome addition to American biography is "Audubon and His Journals," by his granddaughter, Maria R. Audubon (Scribners). It is a work in two large octavo volumes, containing a biography, the European journals (1826-7), the Labrador journal (1833), the Missouri journal (1843), and the Episodes. Miss Audubon has been at work on it for 12 years, and has made a most thorough, painstaking, and successful search for material. No life of Audubon that was adequate or satisfactory has been published before. Now are given for the first time the Journals and Episodes complete, and nearly all of the book is virtually new. Part of the manuscript of the Missouri River journal, for which two generations have searched, turned up accidentally last summer beneath a drawer of the old desk at which Audubon used to write. In this Missouri River journal there are some fine, fresh pictures of the American Wild West—the West of Indians, trappers, and buffalo, all now pretty much crowded out by railroads, farmers, cities, and civilization.

Another very interesting resurrection of a later period of this same past is Colonel Henry Inman's "The Old Santa Fé Trail" (Macmillan), which is a frank and lively recital of old-time military experiences in the Indian country between the Missouri River and the capital of New Mexico.

Not closely allied to these books, but still bordering, geographically at least, upon their territory, is a work of some importance to be published in about a month, "The Awakening of a Nation; Mexico of To-day," by Charles F. Summers (Harpers). Mr. Summers is an observer, archaeologist, and writer who has lived for a good many years at Los Angeles, California, and has studied very patiently and thoroughly the people who live along the Mexican border. He knows their history, their antiquities, their languages, and themselves as very few men now living know them. Wherever the Spanish-American is found he is likely to continue. He neither moves away nor fades out. The Iberian strain which is in him is one of the most persistent that Europe developed. He is worth studying anywhere, and perhaps better worth studying and knowing in Mexico than anywhere else, since there he finds one of his greatest opportunities.

Mr. Henry George's posthumous work, "The Science of Political Economy," about to be issued in New York (Doubleday McClure and Co.), is dedicated "to August Lewis, of New York, and Tom L. Johnson, of Cleveland, Ohio, who, of their own motion, and without suggestion or thought of mine, have helped me to the leisure needed to write it." Mr. Lewis is an old friend of Mr. George; Mr. Johnson was his chief supporter in his recent campaign for the mayoralty in New York. In the Preface Mr. George says:—

On the night when I finished the final chapter of "Progress and Poverty," I felt that the talent intrusted to me had been accounted for,

felt more fully satisfied, more deeply grateful, than if all the kingdoms of the earth had been laid at my feet. But this reconstruction of political economy has not been done. So I have thought it the most useful thing I could do to drop as far as I could the work of propaganda, and the practical carrying forward of the movement, to do this.

In his "Reason for this Work," alluding to the lack of agreement as to most of the matters whereof political economy treats, he says:—

So far, indeed, are first principles from being agreed upon that it is still a matter of hot dispute whether Protection or Free Trade is most conducive to prosperity—a question that ought to be capable of as certain an answer as whether a ship ought to be broader than she is long or longer than she is broad.

Of course, the answer in the new book will be that nations need Free Trade.

A limited edition of one thousand sets of Mr. George's complete works, in ten royal octavo volumes, are to be published as a sort of memorial of their author, the bulk of the profits to be paid over to his wife. These sets will include the life of Mr. George, by his son.

## Foreign Letters.

### FRANCE.

Let us at once admit it; Alphonse Daudet had no high imagination, and he had not a great number of ideas. Let us admit with the critic of "Partial Portraits" that there are things which Daudet did not conceive, and that, while the best imaginative writers always give us an impression that they have a kind of philosophy, we should be embarrassed if we were asked what was Daudet's philosophy. Yet, the death of Alphonse Daudet is a great loss, not only to French literature, but to the literature of the world. France needed him until he came to show that she, too, could produce a Dickens. And the world, especially the English-speaking world, needed him to learn that the springs of pathos flow not only from British soil, but are like the multiple sources of the fabulous rivers of Hellas, which, fed from subterranean currents, rise to the surface at various points, but always as it were miraculously. But if the "Dickens side" of Daudet was necessarily the most conspicuous, if, in the company of French writers it sufficed, until Loti took up his pen, to give Daudet a position apart, as the possessor of a rare spontaneous gift of evoking real tears, it was certainly not the side of his talent which gave him the place he has long held in the literature of France, and made the news of his death a shock so widely and painfully felt both here and abroad.

How painfully the shock was felt, it was touching and characteristic to note. I know of no other French writer whose departure, however dramatically sudden, could have made any such poignant and universal impression. The news got abroad in the Paris theatres and *cafés* just before midnight, and literally seemed to travel and trouble the nerves like the Mistral of his own Provence. It was received everywhere with consternation. M. Zola and M. Coppée have already told us how they were awakened from their first sleep by the "terrible news." "I write these lines in haste, my eyes blurred with tears, without hope of properly expressing my grief," began the latter in the few words of adieu addressed to the great writer who had been his friend. And M. Zola exclaimed:—"Ah, what a blow dealt to the very heart, what a frightful shock in a so long and fraternal friendship, in more than 30 years of common literary life." On the morrow half a dozen journals appeared with the memorial articles framed in the thick mourning bars. So general, so public a display of emotion in quarters so disinterested would not, one can safely say, have attended the departure of any other writer even in France. M. Zola has extraordinary force, and he is, as M. Marcel Prevost said to me recently, after all, a master—*le maître de nous tous*; M. Coppée's popularity is co-extensive with that of the *Petit Journal*, and he is an Academician as well; M. Anatole France has the distinction of impeccable style, an indefinable elegance which make him one of the most notable writers in France; M. Bourget—but it would be easy to go through the little list of the men left to us, now that Renan and Taine and Leconte de Lisle and Paul Verlaine and Dumas and Goncourt are dead, and yet, after allowing each of them qualities in which they may surpass the dead Daudet, we shall note, nevertheless, perhaps with a certain surprise, that he, whom new writers had for the moment made us seem to forget, was larger, more genial, more significant than any of them.

But now that he is dead this is the feeling of all France, and not least of the writers, his friends, and his rivals. Daudet's work is seen all at once to be the typical literary

product, not some ingenious or merely noteworthy manifestation of some special faculty of personal expression. It is seen to be so human, so generally intelligible, although so vivid and French, as to be a common ground for the meeting place of rival schools. In interpretation of this widespread revelation M. Maurice Barrès has said of Daudet: "Il faisait autour de lui la trêve de Dieu." And this was an impression and an influence that went abroad from Daudet the man. For the last ten years, a sufferer rather than a mere invalid, he had been almost a prisoner at his fireside. He went into the world but rarely. From time to time he visited his old friend Goncourt, but the effort was physically an extremely exhausting one. All the more eagerly, however, for he was a passionate lover of men, of life, and incorrigibly social, did he gather his friends about him at his home. And all sorts and conditions of people went thither, not merely the men of letters and the artists, but politicians like Clémenceau—Clémenceau before he showed himself a writer—and men like Stanley, who had been face to face with such tangible dangers meet for "copy," as fascinated Daudet's indefatigable curiosity.

Yet if Daudet had in later years the personal influence of those who, as the saying is, "are greater than their books," the original attraction emanated from his published work. Everything that he produced was the result of the play of a singularly responsive artistic temperament to which expression was as the breath of life, the mere spontaneous output of the normal existence of that morbidly sensitive soul. In a word this incomparably natural gift was the same gift that made, for instance, a Balzac a great writer. Daudet's pages never smelt of the lamp, they recalled it less than certain of Balzac's pages. He was delightfully free, and freedom of this sort means more than literary talent, it means special literary endowment. This freedom the younger generations of writers in France, to which M. Bourget and M. Barrès belong—in short, the descendants of Taine—envied, but, "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," despaired of emulating him. They see resignedly that for the production of novels, that is, for the reflection of life, a temperament such as Daudet's is not merely desirable but indispensable. Many of them substitute for direct perceptions other more artificial instruments. But the public is no more deceived than they are themselves.

The curious thing is that, despite what may be called this classical quality, he had not a classical style, and was not what we call a classical author. Maupassant was more classical and certainly a more conscientious artist. Yet one hardly hesitates as to which of the two was the greater writer. Daudet had read prodigiously books of a certain sort, and of late years he read constantly, mainly at night when the household was asleep and he was in bed in pain. But he seemed to read solely for the words, not for the ideas, storing up each word as a sign without reference to the common idiom. The kaleidoscopic spectacle of things thus observed is bound to be reproduced by processes resembling those of the impressionist painter. And this, indeed, is what Daudet was, an impressionist in literature, the creator of the style and the method, even more so than his friend Goncourt, of whom, however, he piously fancied himself the disciple. The vividness of his impressions coupled with the richness of his experience, an experience which made him the most poetic and tender of the "realists"—this, I fancy, is what M. Claretie meant when he called him *un réaliste aile*—was what constituted his originality. The Goncourts and M. Zola "worked things up." They documented themselves laboriously. Their literary task was conceived as a sort of sublime exercise in reporting. Daudet's interest in life and knowledge of it were certainly more complete and intimate. And this gave him a certain right to talk about it at his ease in his own way. The style of Daudet was remarkable—just as the style of a Dutch realist painter is remarkable—but its finest qualities were just those for the cultivation of which Richelieu's Academy was not founded. The famous novel in which M. Daudet ridiculed the Academy—"L'Immortel"—was, no doubt, a blunder. Yet men of the stamp of Daudet should not be expected to have patience with conservative institutions maintained for the defence of the merely correct in taste. Purity of language is a conventional thing determinable by authority, with which writers of genius have no concern. Open the book just mentioned anywhere. Take such a passage as this description of the interior of a "smart" hydropathic establishment where are dispensed the secrets of *hygiène chic* :—

Des cercles, des salons, de la Chambre, de la Bourse on du Palais, les nouvelles de la journée s'annonçaient à librement, à voix haute, dans le froissement des épées et des cannes, les appels au garçon, les grandes claques en battoir de mains sur la chair nue, le éliquetis des fauteuils à roulettes pour rhumatisants, les lourds plongeurs qui s'ébrouaient dans

la piscine aux voutes sonores, et dominant tous les bruits d'eau brisée, jaillie, la voix du bon docteur Keyser debout sur sa tribune et ce mot revenant toujours comme un refrain: "Tournez-vous."

It is evident enough that this is what an artist like Grandville or Forain would recognize as notes taken on the spot. It is a sketch from life and an extremely vivid if rather a rough one. Here we have the whole Daudet, his method, his way of working from notes. But it is clear that an impressionable being capable of rendering so vividly such sounds as this, "les grandes claques en battoir de mains sur la chair nue," is not made for the Academy. Such a nature is likely to be wanting in as many academic qualifications as is Mr. Kipling. Still this is no reason why it should spend itself in irony, in castigation of the men who, if not men of genius, still write French, an achievement not so easy for such great French writers as was Alphonse Daudet.

Daudet's knowledge of life, as I said, gave him a certain right to talk about it, at his ease, in his own way. But this opens up the one pressing problem confronting a writer whose one principle is to deal directly with life:—How much of life is legitimate "copy," and how much is not? Daudet settled the question in the spirit of his own irrepressible talent for expression. He claimed the right to take notes of everything and to use them all. The inconveniences of the system he saw when Goncourt's note-books were published with sketches almost as vivid as his own of the Daudet interior—a result not wanting in humour. But the situation to which it came as a brief ironic climax—later on the two men made up their quarrel and Goncourt died at Champrosay in Daudet's arms—is not humorous, but constitutes a very practical and difficult problem.

At all events, it is clear that the note-taking system is naturally adopted only by writers of that remarkable sensitiveness to the aspect of things which characterized Daudet. Only when a thing leaves a deep impression is there an impulse to record it, imitate it, reproduce it, or talk about it. The difference between Daudet and many other writers is that there were for him innumerable more such things than there are for them. He was continuously tempted, therefore, in a way that they usually are not. All life was his province, and some who fancied they possessed a mortgage on this or that corner of life thought he was trespassing, especially when they found he had put them, too, into a book. This is one of the risks such an artist runs, but he runs another inherent to the same quality of vivid perception. He is tempted to caricature. He finds himself unwittingly exaggerating the salient note. The result is only happy if, infusing into the figure the genial life of all others that resemble it, he at last creates instead of copies, and offers us a type. Madame Vanquer in "Père Goriot" is not such a type, but Père Goriot is, and so is Tartarin, although Jack to my mind is not; he is too painfully, too terribly Jack. For an artist like Daudet to emancipate himself from the wicked and facile joys of the production of the book *à clef*, and to create a type like that of Tartarin, is a sign of character. Moreover, it is to cross for once the threshold of the *parillon* of Molière, and to converse with him there unabashed on the verisimilitude of Tartuffe.

Daudet, the inveterate realist, had not that happiness often. But he owed it to his infirmity of short-sighted vision to see even the ugly things of life in a sort of useful artistic haze, which tempered their crudities and bathed them in a luminous atmosphere. This atmosphere it was which gave his work so exquisite a grace and charm. Without it, though we should not forget that it was, perhaps, the result of a pathologic accident, his descriptions and his notes would have been too vivid to please. As it is, no one in our time, perhaps, has pleased so much, or pleased so many.

Writing in these columns on the 27th November I said with reference to the opening of the tomb of Rousseau at Ermenonville by Prince Radziwill:—

The story that during the Restoration, when once again the priests came into power, the ashes of Voltaire and Rousseau were removed from the Panthéon by night, placed in a sack, and dumped into a ditch in the country near Paris, has never been proven true, although it has never been proven false.

This statement happily is no longer accurate. On Saturday, December 18, a special commission, appointed by M. Rambaud, Minister of Education, and composed of Senator Hamel, the biographer of Robespierre; M. Berger, Deputy; M. Pascal, General Inspector of Fine Arts; M. Deschault, the architect of the Panthéon, and M. John Grand-Carteret, opened the tombs of Voltaire and Rousseau, and in both found the unmistakable remains of these two precursors of the Revolution. The priests of the Restoration, castigated by Victor Hugo in *Les Misérables*, have been rehabilitated. And this is, perhaps, for Frenchmen the really important result.

The tomb of Voltaire was the first opened. The skull was found, as was to be expected, "cut in two," the saw of the surgeon who officiated at the autopsy having separated it into two portions by cutting horizontally above the eyes. In the presence of the committee one of the doctors present put together the two portions of the brain, and having attached also the bones of the lower jaw, which had fallen away, held the whole up to the inspection of the company. "It is absolutely the Voltaire of Pigalle at the Institute," said M. Jules Claretie, who was one of the favoured few permitted to figure in this historic inquiry. The skeleton of Rousseau was found in a better state of preservation than that of Voltaire. The bones of the arm are still crossed on the breast, and those of the legs are in the position in which they were originally placed, whereas it seems certain that the coffin of Voltaire has been at some time or other overturned. Among the legends as to Rousseau's death is the statement, made with all sorts of cumulative details by Corancez, that Rousseau committed suicide. I possess by the way a copy of his little pamphlet which is so exceedingly rare that Musset-Gathay reprints almost the whole of it. My copy, moreover, contains curious notes by Bersot, in one of which he says, "Je ne doute pas un instant qu'il ne se soit suicidé." It has been hastily concluded, even by Senator Hamel, that the fact that there is no sign on Rousseau's skull of the passage of a pistol ball proves the falsity of this legend. But there are other ways of committing suicide, and other vulnerable points besides the head. Scientific proof, therefore, for the destruction of this legend is wanting. Moreover, it should not be forgotten that Mme. de Staël relates thus the last day of Rousseau at Ermenonville:—

Le jour où Rousseau mourut, il se leva en parfaite santé, mais dit cependant qu'il allait voir le soleil pour la dernière fois, et prit avant de sortir du café qu'il avait fait lui-même. Il reentra quelques heures après, et commençant alors à souffrir horriblement, il défendit constamment qu'on appelât du secours et qu'on avertit personne.

Peu de jours avant ce triste jour, il s'était aperçu des viles inclinations de sa femme pour un homme de l'état le plus bas; il parut accablé de cette découverte et resta huit heures do suite sur le bord de l'eau dans une méditation profonde. Il me semble que si l'on réunit ces détails à sa tristesse habituelle, à l'accroissement extraordinaire de ses terreurs et de ses défiances, il n'est plus permis de douter que ce malheureux homme n'ait terminé volontairement sa vie.

We are ignorant as to Mme. de Staël's authorities. It is impossible, therefore, to say with her "it is no longer permissible to doubt" that Rousseau committed suicide. All that we can do, having taken her testimony for what it is worth, is to compare with it that of Corancez and to admit that, since the historic inquiry of Saturday, the 18th December, 1897, the belief in his suicide has been necessarily somewhat weakened.

## Correspondence.

### A PSYCHOLOGICAL CHESTNUT.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—If ever a reviewer deserved the blessings of the wise and learned, it is the gentleman who, in your ingenious journal, explodes once more the venerable myth about the German slavey who talked Greek, Latin, and Hebrew. Your reviewer finds her in a new body: I have "tracked her little footsteps" from Coleridge to Sir William Hamilton, and from Sir William Hamilton to Mr. Zangwill. Every author on psychology brings her gravely forward—the useful slavey, that old favourite of the public. Yet Coleridge had no sooner started her on her beneficent career than a critic in *Blackwood's Magazine* arose and demonstrated that she was as mythical as Mrs. Harris, or rather as Jack the Giant Killer. Now what especially annoys me is this. Last week I was (if I may quote a once famous author) "disputating pretty slick" with a professor. I told him the newest dream story out, first-hand evidence, corroborative evidence, documentary evidence, all very recent. He explained to me that the dream was a revival of a subconscious memory of the dreamer's (which, by the way was impossible), and, to enable me to understand his drift, he quoted that relentless and inveterate Teutonic slavey. I asked, "What is the evidence for that yarn?" He said it was in Sir William Hamilton, and added that it was the business of philosophy to explain facts, not to investigate evidence. I replied by saying that I did not see the use of explaining facts which were fables; and he returned by the links, I by the sands. Now what I complain of is, that no amount of living witnesses will prove an anecdote of my favourite sort; whereas, for precisely 80 years, professors have been allowed to prove their theories by a vague anecdote of the

imaginative Coleridge's. Doubtless it was "only Coleridge's fun," but it is used in a manner neither sportsmanlike nor scientific.

Faithfully yours,

St. Andrews, Dec. 11.

ANDREW LANG.

### THE NEW TAMMANY.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—The writer who in the fifth number of *Literature* reviewed Mr. Clinton's "Celebrated Trials" (Harpers), after rehearsing some of the enormities of ring rule in New York in Tweed's time, exclaims:—

If these things be done in a green tree, what shall be done in a dry? If such incidents as Mr. Clinton here calmly and impartially narrates most undoubtedly occurred under the rule of Tammany to the smaller New York of only a few years ago, what will be the result of Tammany's victory in a greater New York to-day? After the convict came the professional gambler. After "Honest John Kelly" has come Richard Croker, who now has the patronage of offices representing city revenue to an extent equaling the entire revenue of the United States before the Civil War. What will he do with it? The voters who gave it him cannot answer that question. They had evidently never read Mr. Clinton's book. It is a terrible warning against the uneducated voter.

In New York the Tammany victory is felt to be not so much a warning against the uneducated voter as against the spoils system in politics. It is not thought that any considerable number of votes were cast for Tammany in ignorance of what Tammany was, and wanted, and would do. The voters who chose Tammany knew Tammany and preferred it. They wanted jobs, offices, Sunday beer, franchises, contracts, and divers things that Tammany will be able to dispense. Moreover, gross misgovernment by Tammany, outrageous thievery as in Tweed's time, is not generally looked for under the returning Tammany rule in New York. Tolerably efficient government is expected, and a reduction rather than an increase of taxation. Corruption is looked for, and the levying of tribute from saloon-keepers, prostitutes, and very rich and respectable corporations, but bold defiance of public opinion and neglect of public comfort are not anticipated. A good many reformers fear that Tammany will govern New York too well, and be so much the harder to dislodge. Scannel, who killed a man, and whom the *Evening Post* invariably speaks of as "Scannel the murderer," will probably be a fire commissioner, as he has been before, but Scannel undoubtedly believes the Fire Department of New York to be more efficient than that of London, and intends to keep it so. Croker may be a brigand, but if so he pursues his business with intelligence—with far more intelligence than Tweed—and, so far as public knowledge goes, he is as much of a gambler as Lord Rosebery, and no more.

Tammany-ball is pretty bad, but the love of loot is not quite all there is to it, nor is New York so wholly devoted to sack and pillage as might appear.

New York, Dec. 9.

E. S. MARTIN.

### BIOGRAPHY.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—It is greatly to be hoped that your valuable observations last week on "Biographies and Their Writers" will be well laid to heart by the biographers of the future.

If a relative should be the biographer, he should, I think, be a nephew. At any rate, two of the best biographies of recent times—the well-known one of Macaulay by Sir G. Trevelyan, and the exquisite little one of Miss Austen by Mr. Austen Leigh—were both by nephews. But the best biographer is a sympathetic and critical friend who happens to possess that gift of biographical writing which is so curiously rare.

The desire not to be the subject of a biography must, of course, be respected by relatives, but may well be disregarded by others on public grounds. A really good biography is one of the best things in literature, and to miss it for the sentimental reason that the subject wished when alive that he might not have it when he should be dead is absurd.

I would further respectfully suggest that, as a rule:—

1. One volume is enough.
2. Letters should be rarely printed, except in an appendix. The common vice of printing in a way pell-mell (from which even Boswell is not free) is most annoying to the reader, as breaking in upon what ought to be an orderly connected narrative.
3. The whole character, bad as well as good, should be portrayed.
4. Where the sensibilities of contemporaries would necessitate incompleteness if publication should be immediate, delay is preferable to incompleteness.
5. There should be a good index, and dates should appear at the top of each page.



6. The pages should be machine-cut, as those of *Literature* are. I am, Sir, yours obediently,

December 12.

J. M. LELY.

### A BOOKSELLERS' GRIEVANCE. TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Referring to the paragraph in "Notes" as to the unprofitable sale of such books as Lord Roberts's "Forty-one Years in India," permit me to say that we have already made the strongest representation to the Publishers' Association upon this point. Indeed, the suggestion that we made in the first instance had reference only to books published at 7s. 6d. and upwards.

Truly, Sir, the present position is absurd, and a very much stronger term might be applied to it.

Yours faithfully,

THOMAS HURLEIGH, Hon. Secretary Associated Booksellers,  
370, Oxford-street, London, W., Dec. 13.

## Notes.

In next week's *Literature* "Among my Books" will be written by the Earl of Crews.

The next issue of *Literature* will complete the first volume, with a classified index of contents of the eleven numbers. The second volume will begin with the issue of 8th January, 1898.

Alphonse Daudet died in Paris on December 16 while seated at the dinner table with his family. Of his character and literary work we speak fully in other columns. He was but 57 when he died, his last ten years having been spent in the endurance of increasing ill-health and suffering. He was born at Nîmes and educated at Lyons, the son of a thrifless father, but of a mother romantic and devoted to reading, from whom both Alphonse and Ernest Daudet derived something of their literary faculty. Alphonse was for a time a schoolmaster at Alais, came to Paris in 1857 to seek his fortune at the age of 17, a wild and impulsive youth. He made his mark in the world of journalism, and by the favour of the Empress Eugénie he obtained an appointment which gave him leisure to pursue his literary work, which soon brought him fame and subsequently fortune. His early struggles are described in "Trente Ans de Paris." From 1861-65 he acted as private secretary to the Duc de Morny, President of the Corps Législatif. Besides his writings for the stage he is best known by "Le Petit Chose," "Jack," "Le Nabab," "Les Rois en Exil," "Robert Helmont," "Lettres de Mon Moulin," "Lettres à un Absent," "Contes du Lundi," "Les Femmes d'Artistes," "Numa Roumestan," "Sapho," "Tartarin de Tarascon," "Tartarin sur les Alpes," "L'Immortel" (a satire on the Academy), "L'Évangéliste," "Souvenirs d'Homme de Lettres," "La Belle Nivernaise," and, above all, "Fromont Jeune et Risler Aîné."

The death of Alphonse Daudet will be a loss even to those readers who only know him in English. The late Mr. Vizetelly published successful translations of "Sapho" and "Fromont Jeune et Risler Aîné," and, among the slighter works, "Rose et Ninette" and "La Belle Nivernaise" were published in English by Mr. Fisher Unwin—the latter some years ago in his "Children's Library," with Montegut's illustrations. Under the titles of "The Pope's Mule" and "The Fig and the Idler," admirers of Daudet will recognize other favourite works.

Two days before his death Alphonse Daudet and M. Léon Hennique finished the play for the Gymnase Theatre entitled *La Petite Paroisse*, the plot of which is taken from one of Daudet's latest novels.

The most interesting part of Mr. Balfour's speech on Monday at the annual dinner of the Edinburgh Sir Walter Scott Club was his statement of the need for a new departure on the part of novelists:—

Where, gentlemen, is the modern novelist to find a new vein? Every country has been ransacked to obtain theatres on which their imaginary characters are to show themselves off; every period has been ransacked to supply historical characters or imaginary characters belonging to particular ages, who are to provide the *dramatis personæ* of these imaginary plays. We have stories of civilized life, semi-civilized life, of barbarous life. There is hardly an island in the Pacific Ocean, there is not a part

of America, of Asia, or of Africa, in which the novelist has not sought for, and often found with great success, fresh material on which to exercise himself. We have novels of the natural and of the supernatural, we have thumaturgic novels, we have novels dealing not only with what is beautiful but with what is ugly, not only with what is interesting but with what is uninteresting. (Laughter.) We have novels in which everything that could happen to anybody happens to the hero in the course of the three volumes, we have novels in which the peculiarity seems to be that nothing happens to anybody from the beginning to the end (loud laughter), and, finally, so hardly set are we for subjects that even the quintessence of dulness is extracted from the dullest lives of the dullest localities and turned into a subject of artistic treatment. . . . There is yet one, strange as it may seem, there really is one aspect of human nature, and, perhaps, the most interesting of all, which for obvious reasons has been very sparingly treated by the novelists—I mean the development of character extending through the life of the individual. The development of character arising out of stress of some particular constellation of circumstances has, of course, from time immemorial been the great theme of dramatic authors and of authors of fiction, but the aspect of human nature which is dealt with by biography has from the very nature of the case not lent itself readily to artistic treatment in the form of fiction. . . . The very pleasure we get from a good biography, the tracing of a man's life from childhood to youth, from youth to maturity, from maturity to age, is practically excluded from the sphere of the novelist, and it is curious that that should be so at a time when the historical aspect of things, when the life history of individuals, of institutions, of nations, of species, of the very globe itself form so large a portion of the subject-matter of science that gives so great an interest to all historical studies.

With reference to some criticisms we have received on the practice adopted in *Literature* of giving the size of books in inches, we may state that the librarian of the Cambridge University Library, Mr. Francis Jenkinson, writes to congratulate us "on reintroducing a sensible notation for the sizes of books." He had for some time intended to make the change in the University Library, and will now introduce it at the beginning of the new year. He says:—

After January 1, 1898, the sizes of books will be no longer indicated in this library by the terms 8vo., 4to., &c., but by the measurements in centimètres. The syndicate have settled on centimètres rather than inches, (1) as giving a closer approximation without fractions; (2) as likely to come in some day and the fewer changes the better. My present intention is, where the book is of a normal shape—i.e., roughly, width  $\frac{3}{4}$  of height—not to specify width; but whenever the shape is abnormal, whether narrow, square, or oblong, to add the width—25×30cm. In the case of old books, we shall continue to add F°, 4°, 8°, 12°, 16°, &c., besides the mark of size.

Mr. Jenkinson mentions that the system has for some time been in use in the library of Trinity College, and quotes the authority of the late Mr. Henry Bradshaw, who, in his "Collected Papers," says, in reference to the size notation of books:—

One thing is patent and acknowledged—that all are anxious to represent a fact. Two other points, however, appear to me not to be so clearly or universally apprehended—(1) that the terms folio, quarto, octavo, &c., represent strictly not size notation but form notation; (2) that the modern methods of making paper and printing books render any accurate application of form notation to such books not so much difficult as impossible.

From this he concludes that the form notation by itself, such as F°, Q°, 8°, should be given up in case of modern books, to which it is wholly inapplicable, and continues:—

No amount of external authority will compel, or even enable, an ordinary person to keep in his head the number of inches or fractions of an inch, which distinguish, for instance, the terms sm. 8vo. and la. 8vo. If these expressions are proposed with the sole object of their serving as equivalents for certain definite measurements by inches or millimètres, let us rather, in the name of common sense, resort to the inches or millimètres themselves, which are facts of everyday life, such as can be understood by the most ordinary reader.

Further, Mr. Bradshaw points out, that if detail is wanted it is easy to add a fraction, while the breadth may be expressed in the usual way, thus  $8\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$  inches.

In the December number of the *Deutsche Rundschau* Professor Hüffer examines the vexed question of the date of Heine's birth, so much obscured by the loss of the original documents, and probably by deliberate mystification. He decides in favour of Dec. 13, 1797; and this is the date generally accepted. A formidable difficulty, however, is not dealt with by Professor Hüffer, the statement of three members of the Heine family—the Princess Rocca Embden in her "Ricordi," of her son Baron von Embden in "The Family Life of Heinrich Heine," and of Maximilian Heine *apud* Prools—that the marriage of Heine's

parents took place in 1798. Before these statements were published, Strodthmann had argued that the marriage must have taken place early in 1797 because the legal difficulties in its way had been removed at the end of 1796, but this conjecture, however plausible, cannot weigh against direct testimony. A mistake of a year in the family archives or recollections is, however, possible enough; and if this can be proved the evidence for 1797 against 1799 would seem to preponderate. If, indeed, Heine's sister Charlotte was born, as stated, on October 18, 1800, the date of December, 1799, is very improbable.

In some lectures delivered at South Kensington in June, 1896, and published in the *Contemporary Review*, there occurred a sentence which indicated a new turn in Vernon Lee's studies of art:—

It most become evident that the methods of modern psychology, of the great new science of body and soul, are beginning to explain that the power of Beauty, the essential power, therefore, of Art, is due to the relations of certain visible and audible forms with the chief nervous and vital functions of all sensitive creatures—relations established throughout the whole process of human and, perhaps, even of animal evolution, relations seated in the depths of our activities.

The articles, entitled "Beauty and Ugliness," which Vernon Lee and C. Anstruther Thomson have published in the October and November numbers of the *Contemporary*, contain the systematic development of this thesis. The object of this paper (the title of which, we hear, was originally "A Study of the Motor Element in the Perception of Form") is to establish that the pleasure and displeasure attached to the perception of what we call respectively beautiful and ugly objects is due to the fact that the perception of dimensions and proportions, of all in vision that is not given by the mere eye, is produced, or at least accompanied, by alterations in the respiratory and balancing apparatus, which alterations can be beneficial or prejudicial to the general vitality. This theory would unite aesthetics to the other mental and emotional phenomena in which, as M. Ribot has contended (and Professors W. James, Lange, Sergi, and others have striven to prove), modern psychology tends more and more to find a motor element.

We are given to understand that the joint writers of "Beauty and Ugliness" are particularly anxious that the numerous experiments on which it is founded should be repeated, corrected, and added to by all persons able to undertake them; moreover, that the theories contained in this essay should bring to the surface any cognate or opposed theories already existing in the mind of other students, many of whom, there seems reason to believe, as has certainly been the case with Mr. B. Berenson in his "Florentine Painters," must have arrived independently at similar facts and hypotheses. It is probable that much of Vernon Lee's time and attention will be devoted, in future, to the scientific study of aesthetics. A long notice of "Beauty and Ugliness," and one likely to be of service to Vernon Lee's experiments, has just appeared in the *Revue Philosophique* from the pen of M. Lucien Arréat.

A new novel by "Benjamin Swift" has been advertised, under the title of "The Destroyer," as likely to be ready for publication early in the spring. The main idea of this book, the name of which may very possibly be altered later, is based on the Wagnerian conception of love as a great perturbing force, causing all sorts of upheavals and totterings—a view which has underlain the other work of this writer. The hero of the new book is introduced in the Monastery of Monte Oliveto, near Siena, where the writer, whose real name is W. R. Paterson, stayed for some time two years ago. It may be remembered that the author of "Nancy Noon" and "The Tormentor" had a successful career at Glasgow University, and in 1893 won the Lord Rector's prize—Mr. Balfour being one of the adjudicators—for an essay on "Progress." In the current number of *Cosmopolis* there is an article by "Benjamin Swift" on the Function of Art, which it is proposed shall form the basis of a series of essays on that subject intended for publication in the autumn of next year.

In one of Rossetti's letters to Allingham, Mr. Birkbeck Hill's edition of which we reviewed last week, Rossetti remarks "my sonnets are not generally finished till I see them again after forgetting them." A very interesting example of this method is given in the various manuscripts, which show how Rossetti built up the introductory sonnet to the sequence entitled "The House of Life." The first draft of the opening

lines of this sonnet is found embedded in the middle of a collection of notes of odds and ends, and it runs thus:—

A sonnet is a moment's monument,  
A medal struck to all eternity  
For one dead deathless hour.

The poet then appears to have left the sonnet for some time, and the next reference to it occurs in a similar collection of miscellanea, where the introduction stands in this extended form:—

A sonnet is a moment's monument  
Memorial from the soul's eternity,  
To one dead deathless hour.

Like a coin (face and obverse) memories connected with coin, &c.  
A still later and complete manuscript shows the sonnet in the form in which it was sent to the printer, where the thoughts suggested by a coin are fully worked out:—

A sonnet is a moment's monument—  
Memorial from the Soul's eternity  
To one dead deathless hour. Look that it be,  
Whether for lustral rite or dire portent,  
Of its own arduous fulness reverent;  
Carve it in ivory or ebony,  
As day or night may rule; and let Time see  
Its flowering crest imperaled and orient.

A sonnet is a coin; its face reveals  
The soul—it converse to what Power 'tis due—  
Whether for tribute to the august appeals  
Of life, or dower in Love's high retinue,  
It serve; or 'mid the dark wharf's cavernous breath,  
In Charon's palm it pays the toll to death.

Dr. Gordon Stables's new novel, "Annie o' the Banks o' Dee," has been purchased by the National Press Agency and will shortly be published. Dr. Stables has also recently begun a story for Messrs. Nisbet to be called "Off to Klondyke," which will be ready some time next year. Dr. Gordon Stables's love of romance is not confined to his books. All through the summer he may be found travelling the country from Berkshire to Inverness in his caravan named "The Land Yacht Wanderer." He is known "on the road" as "the gentleman gipsy," and he believes that there is no life at once so happy and so free as that of the Romany Rye.

The Clarendon Press has in what is described as "active preparation" an historical edition of Cæsar's Gallic War, Books I-VII. This is due to a suggestion made by the present Registrar of the University, the Rev. T. H. Grose, that Cæsar should be used as an alternative to Herodotus, Livy, or Tacitus as an historical author for the Pass School of Literæ Humaniores. The work was intrusted to Mr. St. George Stock by the delegates, and has taken most of his leisure during the last four years. The "active preparation" has involved two visits to France, in one of which Mr. Stock followed in the track of Cæsar mounted on the very latest thing in bicycles. The work is to be in two volumes, the first containing the introduction, the second the text and notes.

A new edition of Mr. Egerton Castle's first work of fiction, "Consequences," will shortly be issued and added to "Bentley's Favourite Novels." Mr. Castle's "Le Roman du Prince Othon"—a rendering in French of Stevenson's "Prince Otto"—originally published in London by Mr. Lane, has appeared in Paris in a new edition from the Maison Didier and forms one of the series called the "Librairie Academique." This translation is now being dramatized by MM. Syveton et Moog for the French stage. Mr. Egerton Castle, whose serial novel "The Pride of Jennico" will shortly be published as a volume, is now, we understand, engaged upon a story of a totally different character, likely to bear the pleasing title of "Young April" and to be ready for publication, appropriately, early in the spring.

Mr. William Le Queux, whose permanent residence is at Loughborough, and who has just taken up his usual winter quarters in a flat on the Promenade des Anglais at Nice, is at work on a new novel, entitled "Scribes and Pharisees," a story of Literary London, which will be issued early in the spring, though a French version of it will appear in January as a feuilleton in several French newspapers in Paris, Nice, and Lyons. He is also writing a series of "Stories of Monte Carlo." His novel "If Sinners Entice Thee," now running serially in the *Golden Penny* and the *New York Truth*, also deals with life at Monte Carlo, and will be issued by Messrs. F. V. White and Co. in the new year. Another book of Mr. Le Queux's in the coming season will be "The Veiled Man," now appearing serially in the *Idler*.

A book of fairy tales and poems by Miss Nora Hopper will shortly be published by Mr. John Lane under the title of "The Girl who Danced her Feet off." The tales will be original rather than traditional, and possess less of that antique Celtic flavour with which she has familiarized her readers. Miss Hopper is at present engaged upon a serial story for *Atalanta*, and has also a new volume of poems in contemplation.

Mrs. Haweis, author of the "Art of Beauty" and "Chaucer for Children" and a novel, "Flame of Fire," recently published, proposes shortly, to produce a volume of lectures and addresses dealing chiefly with the interests of women and the beautification of the home.

It has been stated that Mrs. W. K. Clifford's one-act play *A Supreme Moment* was founded on M. Coppée's "Le Pater," but this is not the case. It is in reality a stage version of one of Mrs. Clifford's own stories which will be found in a volume entitled "The Last Touches." It is understood that *A Supreme Moment* is to be produced almost immediately at the Comedy Theatre with Mrs. Bernard Beere in the chief part.

The title of Mr. Fred Whishaw's new serial story, which will follow Mr. Stanley Weyman's "Shrewsbury" in *The Idler*, has not yet been chosen, but it will be a romance of the Court of Catharine the Great—certainly a period and a place in which romances flourished. Mr. Whishaw's popular novel, "A Russian Vagabond," has just finished its serial course in *To-Day* and will shortly be published by Messrs. Pearsons, and a new novel by the same author will begin its career in the January number of *Young England*.

We have received the following from the British Museum:—

The trustees of the British Museum have decided to discontinue the opening of the exhibition galleries on weekday evenings from 8 to 10 p.m. after the close of this year, and, instead, to keep them open until 6 p.m. all the year round. The evening opening commenced in February, 1890, on the installation of the electric light, the galleries, however, being opened only in sections, as the electric plant is not powerful enough to light up the whole building. At first the eastern and the western portions of the Museum were opened on alternate weekday evenings; but the number of visitors so rapidly declined that the galleries were afterwards further subdivided into three sections. The numbers, however, have still continued to decline. The experiment of evening opening having thus had a fair and patient trial will now be abandoned, and a lengthened exhibition by day will be substituted during the months when the Museum has hitherto been closed at 4 p.m. or 5 p.m., according to the season of the year. On and after Monday, the 3rd January next, the Exhibition Galleries will be kept open throughout the year from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m., with this reservation, however, that during the dark hours when the electric light has to be employed only half of the Museum (the eastern and the western galleries alternately) can be opened to the public. It is believed that the extension of time will be appreciated by visitors, particularly during the winter months, when hitherto the closing hour has been 4 p.m. The arrangements for opening on Sunday afternoons will not be altered, visitors being admitted at hours varying between 2 p.m. and 7 p.m., according to the season of the year.

Authors have often talked of turning publishers, and in one case the talk has resulted in the author setting up his own business establishment. Now, however, we learn that a publisher, Mr. Grant Richards, is about to turn author. He is collaborating with the well-known journalist Mr. G. W. Steevens in a romance dealing with the adventures of an Englishman who has transmigrated backwards into the days of the Roman Empire. Mr. Grant Richards will publish the volume next year.

Mr. John Hollingshead was pleasantly reminiscent last week at the Urban Club, a small but genial coterie of literary and dramatic people. He said that whenever his old friend and master, Charles Dickens, wanted an article on any difficult or abstruse subject written, he invariably assigned it to John Hollingshead, "as he was quite the most ignorant man on the staff." Mr. Hollingshead produced very readable articles, though his readers were perhaps as wise after they had read them as before. Sir James Crichton Browne, during the same evening, also told a story somewhat at his own expense. He once undertook to deliver a lecture in a provincial town on "Brain Rust," and the local paper, in announcing this fact, and attempting to pay the distinguished medico a compliment, used words to this effect:—"The Lectures include one on

'Brain Rust,' by Sir James Crichton Browne, who has made the subject peculiarly his own."

The Bibliographical Society held its fifth annual meeting on Monday last, and thanks largely to the energetic secretary, Mr. A. W. Pollard, is in a flourishing condition. It continues to do work that is much appreciated, so far as it goes, but much more of a less special character would we think greatly enhance the Society's usefulness. The new president is the Earl of Crawford, whose fitness for the post scarcely admits of question. The Earl sold his first magnificent library a few years ago, but is understood to be forming another which contains a very large number of rare and interesting works. Mr. A. H. Huth, who becomes a vice-president, is the owner of one of the choicest and largest private libraries in the world; it was formed by his late father, Henry Huth, whose purchases through one bookseller alone—Joseph Lilly, amounted to upwards of £40,000, and whose entire purchases are said to have been about £120,000. The library would now probably realize twice that if sold under the hammer. The new treasurer is Mr. R. E. Graves, of the British Museum, whose wide book knowledge is always at the service of students. So long as the Bibliographical Society has officials of the foregoing stamp so long will it flourish and prosper.

At a dinner held in the Kaiserhof in Berlin last week, in honour of the 70th birthday of Karl Frenzel, a well-known literary critic and journalist, Dr. Bolse, the Prussian Minister of Education, was present and made a speech. The Minister referred at some length to the independence of letters from politics, and professed himself on the side of freedom. His remarks have been received with some scepticism in Berlin, where the representatives of literature complain that the State draws the curb very tight. One point, however, on which Dr. Bolse has been attacked needs a slight correction. On the morrow of this speech, the Radical Press declared that the Minister of Education had lost a valuable library to the State by his unwillingness to pay about £15 to secure it. The reference was to the legacy of the late Professor Jürgen Meyer, who bequeathed a very interesting collection of pedagogical literature to the Prussian State, on condition, however, that the Government should establish a Chair of Pedagogics in the University of Bonn. Dr. Bolse found himself unable to comply with this condition, and the library was sold by public auction. The incident is, no doubt, regrettable, but an outlay of more than £15 was involved by the terms of the testator's will.

On the eve of the total solar eclipse of January 21, 1898, comes an account of the Novaya-Zemlya observations at the eclipse of 1806. This is from the pen of Sir George Baden-Powell, and has just been published by the Royal Society. As the observations of the total eclipse of the sun in 1806, made in Novaya-Zemlya by the party which Sir George most generously took out as his guests in his yacht *Otaria*, were the only British observations of that eclipse which secured successful results, it will be seen that the present monograph possesses a special value.

We refer elsewhere to the Kelmscott Press and to Mr. Buxton Forman's book on Morris's publications. Mr. U. Napier-Clavering writes from 116, Edmund-street, Birmingham, 20th December, 1897:—

My attention has been called to the following entry in Mr. Buxton Forman's "Bibliography of William Morris":—

"The *Quest*.—Six numbers were published, and to the fourth, November, 1895, Morris contributed an account of Kelmscott Manor. Some separate copies of this were done, with the following title, 'Gossip about an Old House on the Upper Thames, written by William Morris.' This choice little book, of the same topography as the magazine, consists of half-title, title, verso woodcut, as in 'News from Nowhere,' and two more woodcuts by New, and colophon: Printed at the Press of the Birmingham Guild of Handicraft, Limited. Published in the *Quest* for November, 1895, and 50 separate copies done in this form."

I beg you will allow me to state in your columns that no such separate copies were printed at the Guild Press, of which I am the manager, and that I have authorized no reprint of the article, so that any such reprint must be an infringement of the copyright, which is my property. I shall be grateful to any of your readers who can supply particulars of this interesting issue of which I have now heard for the first time.

We mentioned last week the popular edition of Balzac being published in Paris by Jules Rouff et Cie. It is in the form of bi-weekly instalments of 24 pages each, sold at the price of 10 centimes the number. The publishers have begun with "Le

*Père Goriot*," which will be completed in 13 numbers. The next novel to appear will be "*Eugénie Grandet*," which will comprise nine numbers. The type used is large and clear, and the page is well leaded, so that its general aspect with the broad margins is sufficiently attractive.

A very different Balzac, a sumptuous edition of a new translation of "*La Comédie Humaine*," will be presented to the English public early in February next. It is to consist of forty royal octavo volumes, and will be illustrated by two hundred and eighty original Goupil-gravures designed by many of the leading French artists, and printed on Ruisdael hand-made paper. The edition will be strictly limited to fifty copies, and subscribers can only obtain them by purchasing the whole forty volumes. The translation has been made by Miss Katharine Prescott Wormeley, who has given fifteen years' study to the work. There are very few instances of Bowdlerizing, the chief relating to the rendering of "*Splendour and Misery of Courtesans*," which in this edition will bear the title "*Lucien de Rubempré*." The "memoir" volume will contain Miss Wormeley's careful study of Balzac, his life and work; and include the narrative of Balzac's sister Laure, Mme. Surville. Estimates of Balzac's character and genius, from the writings of Gautier, Sainte-Beuve, George Sand, Taine, and others, will form the critical portion of this volume, which will also embody carefully-arranged lists of the great Frenchman's writings with their dates of publication. Two hundred copies were printed for America, where the edition was originally projected; these, however, have all been sold. The price there was £40 per set; but subscribers to these fifty will probably be able to buy a set for £25 or £30. Messrs. Downey and Co. are to be the publishers.

Dr. Justin Winsor, the eminent American librarian and historian, whose death we lately recorded, had left in the hands of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, and Co. the corrected sheets of an important contribution to his series of volumes on American History in its geographical relations. The work, which bears the title, "*The Westward Movement: the Struggle for the Trans-Alleghany Region, 1763-1797*," carries on the story begun by the author's "*Cartier to Frontenac*" and continued in "*The Mississippi Basin*." It traces the struggle for independence made by the Western pioneers beyond the Alleghanies, which ended in their wresting from England and Spain the right to control the full limit of American territory along the lakes and by the Mississippi. Practically, the narrative covers the period of the beginning, progress, and successful issue of the American Revolution. The work will be issued in England on January 3, from the house of Messrs. Gay and Bird.

The report of the Society of Authors, to which so much reference has lately been made, has called forth the following letter from one of its more influential members. Dr. Cunningham, in sending his letter to the society, also sent a copy of it to the Publishers' Association:—

Trinity College, Cambridge, Dec. 5, 1897.

Dear Sir,—I have belonged to the Society of Authors for some years, and I am much indebted to it for valuable advice given me on one occasion when I was in a position of great difficulty. But I so entirely disagree with the report of the sub-committee on the discount question, and am so anxious to disassociate myself from it, that I am forced to resign my membership of the society, as I now do. There is hardly any kind of business in which the evils of reckless competition have not been felt during the last half-century; and remedies of various kinds have been sought after and adopted with success in many trades. To take their stand, as the committee do, on the formula which were current in 1852, about the "freedom which ought to prevail in commercial transactions," seems to me an absurd anachronism. Had it been clear that the committee had accepted Mr. Longman's offer, and had met with the publishers' sub-committee in conference on the subject, I should attach more importance to their contention that the proposed organization could not be carried out.

I am sending a copy of this letter to the president of the Publishers' Association, and remain,  
Yours sincerely,  
The Secretary, Society of Authors. WM. CUNNINGHAM.

The fifth volume of Mrs. Hamilton's translation of Gregorovius's "*History of the City of Rome*" may be definitely expected during the first week in January. It is to be published in two parts, as was the fourth volume. Part I. includes "*Book ix.*" of the whole work, and relates the history of the City in the 13th century, from the reign of Innocent III. until 1260. Part II. consists of "*Book x.*," and continues the history

down to the year 1305. The complete translation will be finished in three further volumes; but these, probably, will take two more years in preparation.

The projected life of "*H.R.H. the Prince of Wales*," which has been considerably delayed by the Edinburgh printing strike, will be published by Mr. Grant Richards early in the new year. Some amusingly confident assertions as to the authorship of the book which have been made in various quarters must be our excuse for referring once more to the subject. It may as well be stated that "the writer, well known in the world of letters," who was originally mentioned as its author is not, and has never been, employed on the staff of *The Times*.

A trade journal says:—"The *Klondyke Morning Times* is, we should say, the dearest paper in the world. The price per copy is £1 10s. Here are a few selections from its advertisements:—'*California ham at Soapine Sam's, only 10d. an ounce*'; '*Cariboo steak with onions at the Greyhound Restaurant, 12s.*'; '*shave, 6s., close shave, 7s. 6d., hair cut, 13s., hair cut, London style, 16s.*'; '*four men wanted at La Due's saw-mills. Nothing to do but work. Pay £3 a day and three drinks*'; '*mule cutlet, 4s. 2d.*'; '*dog, tender loin, 10s. 3d.*' The *Times* has a poetical department, humorous illustrations, and a thrilling account of an assassination in a saloon over cheating at cards."

The Scottish Text Society, over whose 14th annual meeting the Marquis of Lóthian lately presided in Edinburgh, appears to suffer from a complaint just contrary to that of its younger and more vigorous brother, the Scottish History Society. The former body laments that, although admission is unrestrained, it cannot get enough members to make its work flourish; less than 300 Scotsmen are interested in their native literature to the extent of an annual guinea. A cynic who was acquainted with the work of both societies might believe that the allurements of volumes handsomely printed in limited numbers at the foremost of Scottish presses, and reasonably certain to rise in value, has something to do with the preference which the canny Scot shows for Lord Rosebery's Society. The *Glasgow Herald*, however, points out a more plausible explanation by saying that "Scottish scholars will do a good deal to insure the adequate reprinting and illustration of the monuments of their country's ancient literature, but they cannot be expected to pay their guineas in order that reverend editors may pour out their not always impeccable erudition in two or three volumes of notes to some classic, the text of which, although antique, really stands in no need of such a voluminous flood of annotation." The Scottish Text Society's edition of "*Dunbar*" is perhaps the most familiar case in point. If the editors would cure themselves of that distressing literary disease of which Sir William Hamilton is said to have accused his professorial successor, the excellent work in which their society is engaged might expect more general recognition.

Certainly the enthusiasm which English readers have lately shown for works in the Scottish language ought to prepare a few of them at least for helping to trace that language back to its earlier stages. The "really good Scottish library" which the society aims at presenting to its members labours, as Lord Lóthian observed, under the disadvantage that it does not "rouse interest like a novel, or appeal to political or patriotic passion." Perhaps few readers will be convinced by the bold claim of Dr. Buchan—better known to meteorologists as "the Clerk of the Weather"—that "modern English is to a very great degree corrupted Scotch." There is a great deal of truth in that statement, no doubt, but somehow the way in which it is put makes it sound inexact. Was it not "*A. K. H. B.*" who confessed that the art of putting things was not a Scottish characteristic? The latest important announcement made by the council of the Scottish Text Society is a new edition of the "*Chronicles*" of Robert Lindsay of Pitcottie, whose "gossip history" was Sir Walter Scott's favourite authority, and supplied much of the framework of "*Marmion*." As hitherto known, Pitcottie's quaint and graphic history only extends down to the year 1565, although in his preface he says that he carried it to 1575. A manuscript has now been discovered containing the completion, and Dr. Aeneas Mackay is editing this for the Scottish Text Society. Clearly the best thing that the "*Peris at the Gate*" of the History Society can do is to amuse their leisure by subscribing for and reading old Pitcottie.

Dr. Georg Brandes's most important contribution to literary criticism is, undoubtedly, his study of Shakespeare. Mr. W.

Heinemann has long promised the English translation of this work, upon which Mr. William Archer and Miss Diana White have been engaged. It may, however, be expected early in the new year. Dr. Brandes's work is fashioned on quite original lines, and differs essentially both in treatment and form from such studies as those by Professor Dowden, Karl Elze, Gervinus, and the rest. The English edition will be in two octavo volumes.

It will be interesting news to many of our readers that an authoritative life of Guy de Maupassant is, at last, being written; and the curious thing is that the biography is to be the joint work of French and English collaborators. The French collaborator is M. Hugues Rebelle, who has acquired an enormous collection of de Maupassant's letters; the English collaborator is Mr. Robert Harborough Sherard, who knew de Maupassant intimately for many years. It is intended that the work shall be critical as well as biographical, and that French and English versions of it shall be published simultaneously.

The American *Bookman* contains the announcement that arrangements have been made to produce a dramatization of Ian Maclaren's stories "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," "The Days of Auld Lang Syne," and "Kate Carnegie." The play is entitled *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*, and is the work of Messrs. James M'Arthur and Tom Hall. When Dr. Watson was in America a year ago Mr. M'Arthur submitted a synopsis of the play to him and received his consent to make the dramatization. The play will be produced in New York in a few weeks' time. It may be mentioned that Mr. M'Arthur is the assistant editor of the American *Bookman*.

Sully Prudhomme, like Browning, will never be one of the world's popular poets, but to the "happy few" who can appreciate his exquisite gems of poetry no greater intellectual treat could be imagined than the *matinée* of December 16 given at the Bodinère, with Mlle. Bartet, of the Comédie Française, to recite the gifted Academician's verses.

An addition to the number of London publishers is to be made by Mr. J. B. P. Long, who, under the style of "John Long," will carry on business at 6, Chandos-street, Strand.

Sir Wyke Bayliss, P.R.B.A., has prepared for the January number of the *Magazine of Art* a long and important article on the Portraits of Christ, from the earliest representations to paintings by modern artists, which is very fully illustrated.

A French translation of Monsieur André le Bon's "Modern France," announced in our list of books on December 11, will be published next February.

Mr. G. B. Burgin has finished a novel entitled "FATHER Boniface's Pupil," which will be published in the spring by Mr. Grant Richards.

A new novel by Dr. Weir Mitchell, author of "Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker," is to run as a serial in the *Century* during the coming year. The title will be "The Adventures of François," a story of the French Revolution.

Mr. Thomas Nelson Page's first long novel, "Red Rock—a Chronicle of Reconstruction," will be the leading serial in *Scribner's Magazine* for 1898.

M. Legouvé is preparing still another work, which is to have for title "Mon Enseignement à Sèvres."

M. Hippolyte Parigot is preparing an important work on Alexandre Dumas père.

The first book of M. Barboy D'Aureilly to be translated into English will be published in America by Messrs. Copeland and Day. It is to be entitled "Of Dandyism and George Brummell."

S. Lapi of Castello announces the immediate publication of the following:—Ciro Annovi—"Per la storia di un'anima—Biografia di Giacomo Leopardi." Maria Alinda Brunamonti nata Bonacci—"Discorsi d'Arto."

The fifth edition of Mr. Henry Newbolt's "Admirals All" in Elkin Mathews's Shilling Garland series is in the press. It will contain two new ballads—viz., "The Gay Gordons" and "He Fell Among Thieves."

Sir Edwin Arnold, K.C.I.E., will contribute to the *Quirer* for January a poem entitled "A Child's Wisdom." In the same issue Dean Farrar, the Bishop of Exeter, the Earl of Meath, Dean Spence, Dr. Parker, Sir George Williams, and others, contribute New Year's Greetings.

The January number of *Cosmopolis*, which will inaugurate the third year of the review, will contain "John Delavoy," a complete story, by Mr. Henry James, and the symposium,

already promised, on "Society of the Future," Mr. Hyndman taking the English point of view.

Armand Colin et Cie. announce "Scènes et Episodes de l'Histoire d'Allemagne," by Professor Seignobos, a volume illustrated by MM. Rochegrosse and Al. Mucha, and sold at 30f., and a companion volume of "Scènes et Episodes de l'Histoire Nationale," by the same author, illustrated by 60 large unpublished compositions executed especially for this work by MM. Cornon, Detaille, J.-P. Laurens, Luc. Olivier, Moreau, Moreau, Rochegrosse, &c.

A periodical publication, to be called the "Hohenzollern Jahrbuch," is announced by Messrs. Diesoche and Devrient, of Leipzig. The editor is Dr. Paul Seidel, and the object of the new annual is to collect and classify all the floating information as to the history of the Hohenzollern family. The paper is to be profusely illustrated, and to be issued at the high price of 20 marks.

Mr. A. N. Palmer, one of the best known Welsh antiquarians, will make his first appeal to the public as a writer of fiction early in the coming year. A novel of his, entitled "Owen Tanat," which deals with contemporary Welsh life, is now passing through the press. The publishers are Messrs. Digby, Long.

Messrs. Estes and Lauriat, of Boston, Mass., have in preparation a volume of lyrics, entitled "On the Slopes of Helicon," and other poems, by Lloyd Miffin, the author of "The Gates of Song."

The Rev. Joseph Henry Stephenson, Rector of Lympham and Treasurer of Wells Cathedral, is preparing for publication by subscription a collection of verse under the title of "Songs of Somerset," comprising several of the local poems published in "Glimpses of the West" (which has long been out of print) and subsequent publications, together with some which have not previously appeared. Messrs. Barnicot and Pearce, of Taunton, are the publishers.

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

- ART.**
- Modern Painters.** Vol. V. Of Leaf Beauty, of Cloud Beauty, of Ideas of Relation. By John Ruskin, M.A., D.C.L. (New Edition in Small Form.) 71x51/2 in., xvi. + 392 pp. London, 1897. George Allen, 9s.
- The Glasgow School of Painting.** By David Martin. With an Introduction by Francis H. Newbery. 10 1/2 x 6 1/2 in., xxiii. + 73 pp. London, 1897. George Bell, 10s. 6d. n.
- English Portraits.** A Series of Lithographed Drawings. Part VIII. Containing Portraits of Prof. Charles Villiers Stanford and Mr. George Bernard Shaw. By Will Rothenstein. 15x10 1/2 in. London, 1897. Grant Richards, 2s. 6d. n.
- Ceramic.** Being Vol. 30 of *Kunstler-Photographien*, edited by H. Knackfuss. By Henry Thode. 10 1/2 x 7 1/2 in., 112 pp., 43 Illustrations. Bielefeld, 1898. Velhagen, 3 Marks.
- The Life of Our Lord Jesus Christ.** Compositions from the Four Gospels. With explanatory Drawings. By James Tissot. Notes Translated by Mrs. Arthur Bell. Vols. II. to VI. 15 1/2 x 12 1/2 in. London, 1897. Sampson Low, Paris, 1897. Leimerer, 21s. n. each.
- The Venetian Painters of the Renaissance.** With an Index to their Works. By Bernhard Berenson. With 21 Photogravure Illustrations. 10 1/2 x 7 1/2 in., xix. + 162 pp. New York and London, 1897. Putnam, 20s. n.
- Traité Usuel de Peinture à l'usage de tout le monde.** 20 Dessins et 12 planches en couleurs. By Camille Bellanger. 6 1/2 x 9 1/2 in., 420 pp. Paris, 1897. Garnier Frères, 4 francs.
- BIOGRAPHY.**
- Eyrtagen, sein Leben und Wirken.* (Eine Biographie des Fürsten unter den Preigern.) With a Preface by Dr. G. Kawerau, and 3 Addresses by C. H. Spurgeon. By R. Schindler. Translated by A. Steen. 8vo., v. + 176 pp. Hamburg, 1897. Oncken, 1 Mark.
- The Story of Marie Antoinette.** By Anna L. Bicknell. 9 1/2 x 6 1/2 in., xiv. + 334 pp. London, 1897. Unwin, 16s.
- Ambrose Paré and his Times.** 1510-1590. By Stephen Pagd, M.A. Illustrated. 8 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., xiv. + 309 pp. New York and London, 1897. Putnam, 10s. 6d.
- Life of Sir John Hawley Glover, R.N., G.C.M.G.** By Lady Glover. Edited by the Right Hon. Sir Richard Temple, Bt., G.C.S.I., etc. With Portraits and Maps. 9 x 5 1/2 in., xiii. + 329 pp. London, 1897. Smith Elder, 11s.
- Henry Whitehead.** (1825-1896.) A Memorial Sketch. By Rev. H. D. Rawnsley, Hon. Canon of Carlisle. 9 x 5 1/2 in., ix. + 250 pp. Glasgow, 1898. MacLehose.
- Sir Henry Wotton.** A Biographical Sketch. By Adolphus W. Ward, Litt.D. 7 1/2 x 4 1/2 in., 172 pp. London, 1897. Constable, 3s. 6d.
- Life and Letters of Harriet Beecher Stowe.** Edited by Annie Fields. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 406 pp. London, 1897. Sampson Low, 7s. 6d.
- BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.**
- The Cruikshank Fairy Book.** Four Famous Stories: Puss in Boots, Jack and the Beanstalk, Hop-o-my-Thumb, Cinderella. By G. Cruikshank. Illustrated. 8 1/2 x 6 in., viii. + 216 pp. New York and London, 1897. Putnam, 6s.
- Perdusau Jardin des Plantes.** By Arsène Alexandre. 32 pp. Paris, 1897. Société Française des Editions d'Art. 3fr. 50c.
- Norma.** A School Tale. By Emily M. Bryant. Illustrated. 8 x 5 1/2 in., 202 pp. London, 1897. Digby, Long, 3s. 6d.
- A Houseful of Rebels.** Being an Account of Three Naughty Girls, and Their Adventures in Fairyland. By Walter Rheades. Illustrated by Patten Wilson. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 231 pp. London, 1897. Constable, 4s. 6d.
- Geordie, The Black Prince.** A Story for Boys. By Rev. J. M. Russell. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 136 pp. London, 1898. Jarrold, 2s.
- CLASSICAL.**
- Die Arbeiten zu Thukydides seit 1880.** Eine kritische Uebersicht. By Edmund Lange. Being a part of "Philologia," pp. 638-713. Leipzig, 1897. Dieterich, L. 20 Marks.

DECEMBER MAGAZINES. The Phonological Journal. London and New York. Fowler, 6s. The Studio. London. The Studio. Paris. 15, Rue de l'Echaudé-Saint-Germain. 2 fr.

EDUCATIONAL.

A Key to Part II. of the Higher Latin Reader. (The University Tutorial Series.) Cr. 8vo., iv. + 85 pp. London, 1897. Clive. 2s. 6d. n. A Manual of Mental Science for Teachers and Students; or, Childhood: Its Character and Culture. By Jessie A. Fowler. Illustrated. 7 1/2 x 5 in., xii. + 235 pp. London and New York, 1897. Fowler. 4s.

FICTION.

Wayalde Courtships. By Iwanda Garland. 7 1/2 x 5 in., xv. + 320 pp. London, 1898. Neville Beeman. 6s. A Woman's Courier. A Tale from the Famous Forty Conspiracy of 1604 (The Bouverie Series.) By William J. Feenan. (2nd Ed.) 7 1/2 x 5 in., vii. + 343 pp. London, 1897. Neville Beeman. 6s. The Dean and his Daughter. (The Bouverie Series.) By F. C. Philips. (5th Ed.) 7 1/2 x 5 in., 300 pp. London, 1897. Neville Beeman. 2s. Marie of Lichtenstein. A Tale of Love and War. From the German of Wilhelm Hauff. Translated by R. J. Craig. M.A. 8 x 5 1/2 in., xiv. + 335 pp. London, 1897. Digby, Long. 6s. Revelation. A Romance by Eric Byndham. 8 x 5 in., xii. + 267 pp. London, 1897. Digby, Long. 6s. The Monkey that would not Kill. Stories by Henry Drummond. Illustrated by Louis Wain. 7 1/2 x 5 in., xvi. + 113 pp. London, 1898. Hodder and Stoughton. 2s. 6d. Other People's Lives. By Rosa Nouchette Carey. 7 1/2 x 5 in., vii. + 305 pp. London, 1897. Hodder and Stoughton. 6s. A Hero in Homespun. A Tale of the Loyal South. By William E. Horton. 8 x 5 1/2 in., xiii. + 323 pp. Boston, New York, and London, 1897. Lamson, Wolfe. \$1.50. A Son of the Old Dominion. By Mrs. Burton Harrison. 7 1/2 x 5 in., 335 pp. Boston, New York, and London, 1897. Lamson, Wolfe. \$1.50. The Story of Ab. A Tale of the Time of the Cave Men. By Stanley Waterloo. 7 1/2 x 5 in., 337 pp. Chicago, 1897. Way & Williams. \$1.50. Fame the Fiddler. A Story without a Plot. Being a Realistic Account of some Strange Things that happen. By S. J. Adair Fitzgerald. 8 x 5 1/2 in., 272 pp. London, 1898. Laurence Greening. 6s. The White Cat. A Tale of the Chiltern Hills. By Henry Francis. 7 1/2 x 5 in., xi. + 290 pp. London, 1898. Reeves. 4s. 6d. Rose. A Romance of 192. By Kay Jay. 7 1/2 x 5 in., 126 pp. Bristol, 1897. Arrowsmith. 2s. Norse Tales and Sketches. By Alex. L. Kistum. Translated by H. L. Cassie. 7 1/2 x 5 in., 151 pp. London, 1897. Stoeck. Lord Dullborough. A Sketch by The Hon. Stuart Erskine. 7 1/2 x 5 in., 221 pp. Bristol, 1897. Arrowsmith. 3s. 6d.

GEOGRAPHY.

Spain in the Nineteenth Century. By Elizabeth Wormley Latimer. 8 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 411 pp. Chicago, 1897. McClure. \$2.50. Java. The Garden of the East. By Eliza Hakamah Setimore. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., xiv. + 339 pp. New York, 1897. Century Co. \$1.50. From the Tropics to the North Sea. Including Sketches of Colonial Life. Etc. By Fanny J. Barkly. 8 x 5 1/2 in., 252 pp. London, 1897. Hoxburgh Press. 3s. 6d. Aetolia. Its Geography, Topography, and Antiquities. By William J. Woodhouse, M.A., F.R.G.S. With Maps and Illustrations. 10 1/2 x 6 1/2 in., xvi. + 297 pp. Oxford, 1897. Clarendon Press. 21s.

HISTORY.

The Anglican Revival. (Victorian Era Series.) By H. J. Owen. (11 D.) 7 1/2 x 5 in., 229 pp. London, Glasgow, and Dublin, 1897. Blackie. 2s. 6d. Clough's Reign of Anne. (1702-1714.) To which is appended a Sketch of the Literature of the Period. (The Royal Standard Series.) 7 1/2 x 5 in., 134 pp. London, 1897. Half. The Diplomatic History of America. 114 First Chapter, 1152-1493-1494. By Henry Harrisse. 8 x 5 1/2 in., viii. + 230 pp. London, 1897. B. F. Stevens. The Story of Canada. (The Story of the Empire Series.) By Howard A. Kennedy. 7 x 4 1/2 in., 175 pp. London, 1897. Horace Marshall. 1s. 6d. England and the Reformation. (A.D. 1485-1603.) By G. H. Power, M.A. (The Oxford Manuals of English History.) Edited by C. W. Oman, M.A., F.S.A. 6 1/2 x 4 1/2 in., 113 pp. London, Glasgow, and Dublin, 1897. Blackie. 1s. Fürst Bismarck und der Bundestag. Vol. 3. (1874-1878.) 10 x 6 1/2 in., x. + 180 pp. Stuttgart, 1898. Verlags-Anstalt. 8 Marks. L'Algérie. By Maurice Wahl. Work crowned by the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences. 9 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 440 pp. Paris, 1897. Félix Alean. 5 fr. Les Civilisations Tunisiennes: Musulmans, Israélites, Européens. Etude de Psychologie Sociale. By Paul Lapié. 7 1/2 x 4 1/2 in., 301 pp. Paris, 1898. Félix Alean. 3fr. 50c. LAW. The Law Relating to Unconscionable Bargains with Money Lenders. Including the History of Usury to the Repeal of the Usury Laws. With Appendices. By Hugh H. L. Bellot, M.A., B.C.L., and R. J. Willes. 8 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., xvii. + 131 pp. London, 1897. Stevens and Haynes. 7s. 6d. LITERARY. The Spectator. Vol. III. With Introduction and Notes. By George A. Aitken. With 8 Original Portraits and 8 Vignettes. 8 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., vi. + 350 pp. London, 1898. Nimmo. 7s. n. Molière. Vol. VI. L'Etourdi, Le Marliage Forcé, Le Médecin Malgré Lui, La Critique de l'Ecole des Femmes. Translated by Katherine Prescott Wormeley. 7 1/2 x 5 in., 357 pp. Boston, 1897. Roberts. \$1.50. Nineteenth Century Prose. (Literary Epoch Series.) By J. H. Fowler, M.A. 7 x 4 1/2 in., vi. + 126 pp. London, 1897. A. and C. Black. 1s. n. A Dictionary of English Authors. Biographical and Bibliographical. From the year 1100 to the Present Time. By H. Fargueson Sharp. 8 x 5 1/2 in., 310 pp. London, 1897. Redway. 7s. 6d. n. The Old-Campedor, and the Waning of the Crescent in the West. (Heroes of the Nations.) By H. Butler Clarke, M.A. Illustrated by Don Santiago Arcos. 7 1/2 x 5 in., xiv. + 382 pp. New York and London, 1897. Putnam. 6s. The Merchant of Venice. (The Warwick Shakespeare.) Edited by H. L. Withers. 6 1/2 x 4 1/2 in., xxxiv. + 142 pp. London, Glasgow, and Dublin, 1897. Blackie. 1s. 6d. Shakespere-Studien. I. Die Prosa in Shakespere's Dramen. By V. F. Jansson. 8vo., x. + 105 pp. Straßburg, 1898. Trübner. 2.50 Marks. Die Entwicklung der französischen Literatur seit 1830. Large 8vo., v. + 292 pp. By Erich Meyer. Gotha, 1897. Perthes. 5 Marks. Das deutsche Drama in den literarischen Bewegungen der Gegenwart. Lectures at Bonn. By Professor R. Lüdemann. 4th Ed. Post-8vo., xii. + 210 pp. Hamburg, 1898. Voss. 4 Marks. Dante. Sein Leben und sein Werk. Sein Verhältnis zur Kunst und zur Politik. By F. X. Kraus. Lex. 8vo., xii. + 792 pp. With 81 Illustrations. Berlin, 1898. Grote. 28 Marks.

MEDICINE.

The Span of Gestation and the Cause of Birth. A Study of the Critical Period and its Effects in Mammalia. By Lecturer Dr. John Beard. Large 8vo., xi. + 132 pp. Jena, 1898. Fischer. 3 Marks.

MILITARY.

Forty-six Years in the Army. By Lieutenant-General John M. Schepfield. 9 1/2 x 6 1/2 in., xvi. + 577 pp. New York, 1897. Century Co. \$3.00.

MISCELLANEOUS.

History of the Liverpool Privateers and Letters of Marque. With an Account of the Liverpool Slave Trade. By George Williams. Illustrated. 9 x 6 in., xv. + 718 pp. London, 1897. Heinemann. 12s. n. Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage, and Companionage for 1898. Royal Edition. 8 1/2 x 6 in. London, 1898. Dean. 31s. 6d. An English-Arabic Vocabulary of Modern and Colloquial Arabic of Egypt. Compiled by Socrates Spiro, of the Ministry of Finance. 8 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., xvi. + 532 pp. Cairo and London, 1897. Quaritch. Dancing a Pleasure. A book of Useful Information and Genuine Hints for Dancers and Learners. By Edwin Scott. 6 x 4 1/2 in., 151 pp. London, 1897. Drane. 2s. Costumi ed Usanze nelle Università Italiane. Par Ernesto Pascal, Prof. Ordinario nella r Università di Pavia. 9 x 4 1/2 in., 65 pp. Milano, 1897. Urico Hoepli. Lire 1.50. The Self-Made Man in American Life. By Grover Cleveland. Ex-President of the United States. 7 1/2 x 5 in., 32 pp. New York and Boston, 1897. Crowell. 35c. Dod's Peerage, Baronetage, and Knightage of Great Britain and Ireland, for 1898. 7 x 4 1/2 in., 1068 pp. London, 1898. Sampson Low. 10s. 6d. Vocabulaire Technique des Chemins de Fer. Railway Technical Vocabulary. (In French and English.) Lucien Serraillet. 7 1/2 x 5 in., xx. + 222 pp. London and New York, 1897. Whittaker, 7s. 6d. n. A History of the Blackburn Grammar School. Founded A.D. 1514. By John Carstony. With an Introduction. 9 x 5 1/2 in., xiv. + 203 pp. Blackburn, 1897. North-East Lancashire Press. Diport e Veglie. (Biblioteca Scientifica Letteraria.) By Tullio Massarant. 7 1/2 x 5 in., 587 pp. Milano, 1898. Urico Hoepli. Lire 5.50. The Journal of Education. A Monthly Record and Review. Jan. to Dec., 1897. Vol. XIX. New Series. 12 x 9 in., viii. + 750 pp. London, 1897. William Rice. Burke's Peerage, Baronetage, and Knightage for 1898. 60th Ed. 10 1/2 x 6 1/2 in., cxxxiii. + 1,839 pp. London, 1898. Harrison. 38s. Gesamte Schriften. I. Band. Studien und Meditationsen. Aus 35 Jahren. Large 8vo., v. + 463 pp. By Ludwig Bomberger. Berlin, 1897. Rosenbaum and Hart. 5 Marks. MUSIC. A Croatian Composer. Notes toward the Study of Joseph Haydn. By W. H. Hador, M.A. 7 1/2 x 5 in., 98 pp. London, 1897. Seeley. 2s. 6d. n. PHILOSOPHY. Social and Ethical Interpretations in Mental Developments. A Study in Social Psychology. By James Mark Baldwin. 8 1/2 x 5 in., xiv. + 574 pp. London and New York, 1897. Macmillan. 10s. n. POETRY. The Inner Light, and other Poems. By Ellen H. Ebb. 8 x 5 in., viii. + 43 pp. London, 1897. Digby, Long. 1s. 6d. n. Bright Thoughts. Text Book for Every Day of the Church's Year. Poetry by Louisa Brockman. Introduction by Rev. C. A. Kelghley, M.A. 7 1/2 x 5 in., xi. + 116 pp. London, 1897. Digby, Long. 2s. 6d.

Washington. A National Epic in Six Cantos. By Edward J. Hank. 7 1/2 x 5 in., xi. + 160 pp. New York and London, 1897. Putnam. 6s. The Raven. A Poem by Samuel Taylor Coleridge. With Illustrations by Elia Hallward. 13 1/2 x 10 in. London and Paris, 1898. Nichols. 5s. n. The Sacrament in Song. Being Extracts from English Poets on the Holy Communion. Arranged for the Sundays and Holy Days of the Christian Year. By E. A. D. 6 x 4 in., 108 pp. London and New York, 1897. Frowde. 2s. 6d.

POLITICAL.

Our Troubles in Poona and the Deccan. By Arthur Craiford, C.M.G. Illustrated by Horace van Ruitth. 9 x 6 in., xx. + 233 pp. London, 1897. Constable. 16s. Demokratie und Socialismus. By Julius Platter. 8vo., xiii. + 276 pp., and Englische Social-Reformer. Edited by Dr. M. Gruenwald from the "Fabian Essays." 8vo., v. + xiii. + 290 pp. Being Vols. 10 and 11 of the Bibliothek für Socialwissenschaft, edited by Dr. Hans Kurella. Leipzig, 1897. Wlgand. Vol. 10, 4.50 Marks. Vol. 11, 3 Marks.

SCIENCE.

The Alternating Current Circuit. An Introductory and Non-Mathematical Book for Engineers and Students. By W. P. Maycock, M.I.E.E. Illustrated. 7 x 5 in., viii. + 102 pp. London and New York, 1897. Whittaker. 2s. 6d. Organic Chemical Manipulation. By J. T. Heritt, M.A., D.Sc., Ph.D. 7 1/2 x 5 in., xi. + 260 pp. London, 1897. Whittaker. 7s. 6d. n. Whittaker's Mechanical Engineer's Pocket-Book. By Philip H. Rortling. 6 1/2 x 4 in., viii. + 377 pp. London and New York, 1898. Whittaker. 5s.

SPORT.

On the Outside Edge. Being Diversions in the History of Skating. By G. Herbert Fowler. 5 1/2 x 4 1/2 in., xi. + 72 pp. London, 1897. Horace Cox. 2s. 6d. n.

THEOLOGY.

Dominican Missions and Martyrs in Japan. By Father Bertrand A. Wilderforce. With a Preface by the late Cardinal Manning. New Edition. 7 1/2 x 4 1/2 in., x. + 186 pp. London, 1897. Art and Book Company. 1s. 6d. n. The Story of Jesus Christ. An Interpretation. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. 7 1/2 x 5 in., vii. + 314 pp. London. Sampson Low. 6s. Antichrist. Including the Period from the Arrival of Paul in Rome to the End of the Jewish Revolution. By Ernest Renan. Translated and Edited by Joseph Henry Allen. 8 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., vi. + 442 pp. Boston, 1897. Roberts. \$2.50. The Christ of Yesterday, Today, and Forever, and other Sermons. By Ezra Hay Hyington, D.D. 8 x 5 1/2 in., xv. + 322 pp. Boston, 1897. Roberts. \$1.50. Two Lectures on "The Sayings of Jesus." Recently Discovered at Oxyrhynchus. Delivered at Oxford, Oct. 23, 1897. By Rev. W. Lock, D.D., and Rev. H. Sanday, D.D., LL.D. 8 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 49 pp. Oxford, 1897. Clarendon Press. 1s. 6d. n. Abraham and his Age. (The Bible Student's Library. 6.) By Henry G. Tompkins. Late Vicar of Branscombe. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., xxxi. + 262 pp. London, 1897. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 6s. The Protestant Faith, or, Salvation by Belief. By Dwight H. Dymond. 3rd Ed., with an Introduction on The Limitations of Thought. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., v. + 70 pp. New York and London, 1897. Putnam. 3s. 6d. n. The Expositor. Vol. VI. Edited by the Rev. W. Robertson Nicoll, M.A., LL.D. (Fifth Series.) 8 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 476 pp. London, 1897. Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d. The Ideal Life, and other Unpublished Addresses. By Henry Drummond, F.R.S.E. With Memorial Sketches by W. H. Nicol and Ian Macrae. 8 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., x. + 315 pp. London, 1897. Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.

# Literature

Edited by H. D. Traill.

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## THE LITERARY YEAR.

The literature of the year which ended yesterday is briefly reviewed on another page. We say reviewed because, so far as our space permitted, we have endeavoured to combine a record of the books published of 1897 with a few words of retrospective criticism of their contents. But if our account has thus escaped the character of a mere catalogue, it is the utmost that in these days is to be hoped for. For although, as the inevitable result of the enormous annual production of books, the number of those not worth recording has, of course, enormously increased,

it must still be admitted that the noteworthy publications of each year add progressively to the labours of the yearly chronicler. It should, moreover, be matter of satisfaction to those who are not yet prepared to treat “literature” and “fiction” as convertible terms that the place of honour among the books of 1897 has not to be assigned as a matter of course to the work of the novelist. Biographies rank indisputably highest among the productions of the last twelve months, and the historical literature of the same period comes not far behind. Subject is of such vast importance to the biographer that his successes are of course not necessarily or always literary triumphs, as indeed the author of the most successful biography of the past year would be the last to insist. But there have been shorter and less widely read works than the “Life of Lord Tennyson,” which, as we note in the course of our survey, are of undoubted literary value, and in at least one case of high literary distinction.

In the department of history it might in a certain sense be said that subject counts for nothing and treatment for everything; but, unfortunately, this saying, which would be a guarantee for the literary quality of a successful work in any other department of authorship, does not have quite that significance in this connexion. For the only standard of treatment which a certain school of contemporary historians propose to themselves is one which well nigh excludes all the artistic and pleasure-giving elements of literature from their work. The results of the minutest research imparted to the reader with the severest austerity of style appears to constitute their ideal of history. No doubt, however, it is only a temporary phase of historiographic fashion. Indeed there is no reason why it should long survive the brilliantly inaccurate historian against whose example and influence it was a protest; and, after all, if Mr. Froude is dead so also is Mr. Freeman. “Most readers,” as Mr. Goldwin Smith so justly observed in the last number of the *Review*, “require a history which they can read with pleasure and which impresses itself on their minds.” It would not, as he says, be “difficult to name works admirable in point of erudition and regarded by all scholars with profound gratitude which no ordinary mortal could read, or, if he did read, could possibly remember.” But there are signs, we think, that it will soon become difficult to name quite so many historical works of this character; and that the historian of the future will perceive that it is possible to lend to his logical narrative something of the life and colour that it receives in the hands of the great historical romancers without allowing themselves the occasional liberties of Scott, or, still less, indulging in the audacious licence of Dumas. After all the most learned historian

of the day is an eminently readable writer, and we may be quite sure that when Mr. Gardiner reaches the year 1660 he will manage to make the story of the Restoration animated and interesting without ascribing that important event to the spirited action of D'Artagnan in carrying General Monk off to the Hague packed up in a deal box.

Neither in science nor in philosophy has the past year produced any memorable work, and though the Press has of late been unusually fertile in volumes of Biblical criticism and apologetic theology, it has been with respectable rather than remarkable results. In poetry there is not much that is new and, at the same time, of marked merit to record. One or two poets of established reputation have published collected editions of their works, enabling us thereby to refresh, and when necessary to revise, our previously-formed impressions of their poetic quality, but—with perhaps the single exception of the title-poem of Mr. Watson's last volume—contributing little or no new material to assist us in the process. The production of minor poetry, and of that still lower order of verse which Horace so vainly endeavoured to rule out, has been as active as ever. If we do not go so far as to say that it has positively increased, it is not that we have ascertained the contrary to be the fact, but merely that precise information on the subject is wanting, and that, regard being had to the shortness of human life and the number of other not less urgent demands on the time and industry of the statistician, it is hardly likely to be supplied. All that can be said is that these hardlets are still, as they have been for a good many years, sufficiently numerous and vocal to produce the impression on the bewildered hearer that the whole nation has become—as was said of a certain famous University—a “nest of singing birds.” A nest, however, from which the bird is free to rise and soar is hardly, perhaps, the correct word for the habitation of songsters whose flight is so limited and their note so incessant and monotonous that, as was predicted the other day by a humourist, who is himself a poet, there must sooner or later arise a general and exasperated cry of “Cover up their cages!” Meanwhile, however, they continue singing with a persistency which becomes almost pathetic when we consider how scant is the attention paid to them, and how rare the insertion of even the smallest lump of critical sugar between the bars.

In the department of fiction the year 1897 has witnessed the production of one work of enormous popularity, and a few others—three or four at the outside—of exceptional merit. To the rest—the undistinguished multitude, as large as ever last year, if not larger—it is certainly but just to allow that merit of variety with which Mr. Balfour credited them in his recent observations on the contemporary fiction. They have given us “novels of the natural and of the supernatural,” “thaumaturgic” novels, “novels dealing not only with what is beautiful, but with what is ugly; not only with what is interesting, but with what is uninteresting.” They have given us “novels in which everything that could happen to anybody happens to the hero in the

course of the story, and novels in which the peculiarity seems to be that nothing happens to anybody from the beginning to the end, and, finally, so hardly are we set for subject that even the quintessence of dullness is extracted from the dullest lives of the dullest localities and turned into a subject of artistic treatment.” The accuracy of the classification will be fully acknowledged by the long-suffering reviewer, but as to its completeness there may be a doubt. For we must confess to some astonishment at Mr. Balfour's further remark on the one subject which according to him the contemporary novelist has left untouched. He complains that a novel “seldom or never, not in one case in a hundred, not in one case in a thousand, attempts to take an individual and trace what in natural science would be called his life history. The very pleasure we get from a good biography—the tracing of a man's life from childhood to youth, from youth to maturity, from maturity to age—is practically excluded from the sphere of the novelist.” Surely this is a hard saying. In one of the most voluminous novels of the past year the “life history” of the heroine is traced not indeed to old age, but from childhood to youth and from youth to maturity with a remorseless particularity of detail; while perhaps the most powerful and striking of the year's novels is avowedly an unfinished life history of the hero, the completion of which is expressly reserved for a promised sequel. So common indeed have these biographies in fiction become that, when Mr. Balfour in effect asks us whether we have ever known the contemporary novelist treat his heroes and heroines in the spirit of the biographer we are reminded of Charles Lamb's reply to Coleridge in the matter of the “lay sermons” and feel almost inclined to answer that we have never known the contemporary novelist do anything else. We have nothing to say against this method of writing fiction. The “School for Saints” has shown its possibilities if “The Beth Book” has illustrated some of its drawbacks. But it is, at any rate, so well established already that Mr. Balfour in recommending it so earnestly to the novelist is really “forcing an open door.”

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## Reviews.

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**Emin Pascha.** Eine Darstellung seines Lebens und Wirkens mit Benutzung seiner Tagebücher, Briefe und Wissenschaftlichen Aufzeichnungen. By **Georg Schweitzer**. With a Map, eight Portraits, and various Facsimiles. 10½ × 7½ in., xiv. + 508 pp. Berlin, 1898. **Walther. 12 marks.**

This is a valuable and, in many respects, a very beautiful book. It is the first authentic account of the great *savant* and explorer since he was brutally murdered in 1892; and if Herr Schweitzer, Emin's own cousin and the guardian of Ferida, Emin's only child, has been tempted by the magnitude of his opportunity to produce too big a volume, his readers will find many extenuating circumstances. All the material is here from which a compact biography may one day be extracted. Letters, and conversations, and passages from Emin's Diaries are given here at full length, and the narrative is consecutively pursued from 1840 until 1892. An editorial committee,



had Herr Schweitzer associated himself with such a body, would doubtless have suggested a more eclectic method, for not even the present interest in African and Egyptian affairs, which the biographer pleads in his Preface, can carry the reader without demur through 800 octavo pages. But there is very much to be grateful for. An admirable map of East Africa and the Congo forms an Appendix to the volume. Messrs. Walther, of Berlin, have done their part very well; and though we have noticed too many misprints up and down the pages, yet the book is issued in clear type on good paper, and a word of praise should be reserved for the tasteful headings and tail-pieces designed by the well-known Oriental painter, Max Rabes.

Most of all we are grateful for the picture of Emin himself. Through all his adventures, and from the mass of documents in which his story is enveloped, the personality of Eduard Selmitzer shines forth as a brave and honest gentleman, a public servant of whom Germany may be justly proud, a half-blind scholar who yet knew the secret of governing men, a physician and a soldier, patient and conscientious almost to the verge of ineffectiveness on a continent where prompt decision is the first secret of success, and among contemporaries who more readily abandoned themselves to the demoralizing influence of solitary power. Alone almost of the pioneers of European domination in Africa, Emin Pasha preserved to the end the mild temper and simple uprightness which belonged to the Germans of the generation now passing away. He made no enemies—a quality which it is difficult to reconcile with worldly success—and his friends and acquaintances bear unanimous testimony to his disinterestedness, his lovable nature, his talent for taking pains, and his valuable services to the cause of science and exploration.

It is unfortunately impossible, within the limits of this review, to follow Emin's career from its opening to its close. Herr Schweitzer is a safe and pleasant guide, under whose conduct we accompany the young doctor through the University of Breslau and the hospitals of Berlin, and away for a term of bondage in Turkey. On this there ensued seven years in the Sudan (1875-82), in the course of which came the meeting with Gordon and Emin's governorship of the Equatorial Province. At the end of 1887, after the wars with the Mahdi, Emin struck off south past the Albert Nyanza, in the hope of finding Stanley. It is at this point, with the chapter headed "Stanley's Expedition," that Herr Schweitzer's volume touches English history and takes on an international interest. His previous chapters are biographical; he passes here to contentious narrative. The British Government and Mr. H. M. Stanley are alike represented in no very amiable light. At the very beginning we are told, "England has often enough tried to further her political ends under the mask of scientific undertakings, and this was to be the case again now." (p. 391.) It is hardly a point for *Literature* to discuss, certainly not by way of recrimination, but we seem to have heard in these latter days of a simple botanist in the Hinterland of Togo who has mixed up specimens of treaties and alliances with his other treasures for the museums of Germany. Herr Schweitzer quarrels, too, at the outset with the name and object of Mr. Stanley's expedition. "England," he writes, "was thoroughly convinced that Emin had to be 'relieved'; or rather, they wanted to relieve him in order themselves to claim the country which he had hitherto governed. The English and German views . . . differed essentially from one another. In England the talk was about re-

lieving Emin; in Germany it was only about assisting him." It may at least be added that whereas Mr. Jephson reached Emin on April 26, 1888, the German expedition, which started under Dr. Peters, learned nearly a year later that its work was already done. Emin's own view of his requirements is given in the course of two letters which may be briefly quoted. In April, 1887, he wrote:—

I shall on no account abandon my people. We have lived through evil and troublous days together, and I regard it as disgraceful to desert my post just now. . . . England shall set the situation in Uganda on a firm basis, shall make us a free and safe way to the coast—that is what we want. But give up our lands? Certainly not.

And a few months later, on September 3, we find him writing to Dr. Felkin, of Edinburgh:—

I want no people who only think of earning money, or who wish to make a tour in Africa, or who would write long accounts of our sufferings and privations, or who have the name of God perpetually on their lips, but are too lazy to earn their daily bread in the sweat of their brow. We can get enough and to spare of those kinds. I require people, not indeed without an ideal, who still do not forget the exigencies of daily life; people who will not shrink from manual work, for words alone will never teach our folk.

It will be obvious that, wherever the fault may have lain, Emin Pasha at one end and Mr. Stanley at the other were making towards one another at cross purposes, and all Emin's amiability hardly saved the situation when they met. The difficulties which the English party overcame during their brilliant march through the interior have long since been related by themselves. In the volume before us we are shown the frame of mind in which they were awaited at their "objective," and we fancy that an impartial observer would consider it a trifle unpractical and unreasoning. "Emin," writes his biographer on p. 401, "had hoped from the Expedition a reinforcement of his own unstable condition. It brought him precisely the contrary. A handful of starved-out, ragged, completely exhausted men brought him 34 cases of ammunition, two parcels of half-spoiled articles of clothing, and a letter from the Khedive." Emin was openly disappointed. He had long conversations with Mr. Stanley and Mr. Jephson without arriving at a decision. "The Victoria Nyanza project," he writes in his Diary after one of these talks, "is a mere scheme of English merchants and English politicians. . . . Jephson, too, kept on saying emphatically that it would be better for me to go to Egypt and London." On the following day (May 4th) the discussion was renewed with some warmth. Emin clearly stated to Mr. Stanley that he had no wish to return. He had expected to be supported, not to be relieved. On the other hand, he would consent to a proclamation being issued to his people, setting forth the wishes of the (Egyptian) Government, and he would abide by the will of the majority. Stanley agreed to this, and offered Emin in return the following alternative proposals should his people choose to remain where they were. His connexion with the Egyptian Government was to cease, but he should either govern the land with the rank of a general for the King of the Belgians, or assist to establish an English Trading Company on the north-east corner of Lake Victoria. "This," concludes Emin's entry, "is the most notable day of my life."

Herr Schweitzer devotes many pages to the history of the next few months preceding the march to the coast. These pages are coloured by prejudice or dislike of Mr. Stanley, into the details of which we need not enter. It is probably true to say that "he had absolutely no comprehension for such a character as Emin." We note

that Emin's own estimate of the English explorer was a generous one. He says in his diary, March 15, 1889, "I have learned to value Stanley in every respect." And we protest against Herr Schweitzer's conclusion of the whole matter, "Stanley's Expedition was for certain people nothing more than an ivory-hunt on a large scale."

The remaining half of this volume comprises the years 1890 and 1891—"Under the German Flag." This heading is a proud one, but the sense of security which the flag brought to its representative was singularly lacking. Emin wrote from Bukoba in December, 1891, "I find myself to-day still in the remarkable situation of leading a German Expedition without knowing whether I have been appointed, and whether I am drawing a salary. . . . This is a comic position, and my English friends would think me mad if they heard of it." (p. 601.) His English friends, as they follow the brave man's story to the end, see the tragedy, not the comedy, of the situation. The Pasha fell a victim to the vengeance of Arab slave-dealers on Sunday morning, October 23, 1892.

At a sign from Kinena Emin was lifted out of his chair and laid down flat on his back. Each arm and each leg was secured by one man. Ismaili held his head, while Mamba cut his throat. . . . Afterwards Mamba separated the head from the trunk, Kinena put it in a little box and sent it to Kibonge to show that his orders had been carried out.

The murder was avenged by Belgian soldiers. It remains for Germany to erect a monument to one of her most distinguished sons, who spent so much of his lifetime abroad, and owed so much to foreign hands, yet proved himself so thoroughly a German, in the best sense, throughout.

**Ballads of the Fleet, and Other Poems.** By **Rennell Rodd.** 7½×5½in., xiv. + 199 pp. London and New York, 1897. **Arnold.** 6/.

**Admirals All.** By **Henry Newbolt.** 7×4½in., 32 pp. London, 1897. **Elkin Mathews.** 1/- n.

It is really an encouraging augury for the future of the younger school of poetry that two books of verse of so stirring a quality as Mr. Newbolt's "Admirals All" and Mr. Rennell Rodd's "Ballads of the Fleet" should follow each other so closely. There seems, indeed, a tendency among contemporary verse-writers to return to martial and inspiring themes, and especially to the maritime glories of England; and it is pleasant to reflect that, were Mr. Henley to remodel his "Lyra Heroica," and bring it, after the fashion of the hour, "up to date," he would have occasion to include quite a respectable array of poems written and published during the last six years. This is certainly as it should be. The English character has always made for action; much of the most representative national poetry has been composed in celebration of national achievements; and, moreover, there have been tendencies in recent minor verse, to which it is unnecessary to allude more particularly, that seemed to invite a brisk and virile reaction, if English poetry was to remain, even in its humbler grades, in any sense worthy of its traditions. For all these reasons we welcome heartily two volumes so spirited and, in an artistic sense, so wholehearted as these collections of sea-songs by two of our younger poets.

Of the two poets, Mr. Rodd set out upon the more notable task, but, unfortunately, the effort has not been sustained to the full; circumstances have thwarted it. The poet tells us in his preface that it was originally his intention to produce a series of ballads dealing with the great Elizabethan mariners with so much fulness as to present a sort of connected narrative of achievement, but that his active

occupations have prevented him from completing his scheme. This is to be regretted, for Mr. Rodd is admirably equipped for the task, and further his equipment stops short, it would seem, upon the other side of such an undertaking. He is always at his best when writing of the sea, but the "Other Verses," which fill out his slender volume, are decidedly inferior in quality to his ballads, and give the reader at the finish a somewhat disconcerting sense of their author's limitations. The memorial poem to Tennyson is a good deal below the level of the rest of the book.

As a singer of the sea, however, Mr. Rodd is an inspiring companion, and he would be a churlish critic who could not find much to commend in the five poems upon the Elizabethans which open the volume, and in the excellent "Ballad of Richard Peake," which follows. Mr. Rodd knows the sea in all its moods and aspects, and he has a quick sympathy with the spirit and rough philosophy of the seagoing man.

And here of a Sunday morning, in sunshine, rain, or sleet,  
The rough sea-folk would gather to the chaplain of the Fleet.

For they that go abroad in ships are earnest men at prayer,  
And they prayed as they would in their own plain way, and as  
yet none vexed them there.

That is simply and clearly said, and it gives the religious intensity of the sailor in a nutshell. In purely descriptive passages, again, he is frequently very felicitous: Then a breeze came perfume-laden from the heart of the tropic zone,  
And crinkling waves tossed round them the drift of a shore unknown:

And the winged fish rose on the face of the deep to skim  
like a cloud of spray,  
From edge to edge of the curling blue and into the blue away.

But the sun still beckoned them westward till he sank in a blaze of fire  
On the fabled hills of a thousand dreams and the goal of a world's desire;

While the parting mists wreathed upwards in delicate rosy whirls,  
And there peered through the rift in the broken veil the peaks of the isle of pearls.

This is admirable for feeling and colour, and the movement of the anapaestic measure adds to the richness of the impression. Still, it is a metre, perhaps, better adapted to description than to the portrayal of swift, incisive action. The regularity of its fall is very exigent; and, though Mr. Rodd makes every effort at variety—landing himself sometimes in a lumbering line, such as  
Now once more here at this world's far end among the boulders gray;

and again in an occasional dissonant rhyme like "Panama" and "star"—it cannot be said that the metre serves him well when he comes to the grip of the situation. Tennyson appreciated the difficulty, and in "The Revenge" used a measure capable of infinite breakings-up and changes in key. The musical monotony of Mr. Rodd's lines is the only serious blemish upon his narrative; for, when fault-finding is done with, the book remains in the most commendable degree blithe, manly, and forcible, with the salt breath of the sea blowing across it, and the spirit of action animating every incident. Moreover, the figures of Drake and his companions, his friends and his foes, are drawn with bright, bold touches. They strike the eye and rivet the attention. Mr. Rodd has chosen a great theme, and one capable of infinite expansion. We hope he will be encouraged to complete the cycle of his stories.

Mr. Henry Newbolt's is a smaller aim, but he fulfils it

with even more conspicuous success. He essays the ballad simple and direct, and it is no little praise to him that in assuming topics and methods which have recently become identified so closely with Mr. Rudyard Kipling he nevertheless succeeds in striking an entirely original note. His little book contains only a dozen pieces all told, but half of them are, within their limits, almost as good as they could be, and only one is conspicuously inferior. The presence of that one poem, however, "The Dictionary of National Biography," proves, what we should not otherwise have guessed, that Mr. Newbolt has still a good deal to learn in the art of metrical fluency. Such lines as—

And those later who dared grapple their prey  
are unintelligibly crude and clumsy. But when he is well set in a swinging metre Mr. Newbolt's verve and virility are tremendous :—

Admirals all, they said their say  
(The echoes are ringing still).  
Admirals all, they went their way  
To the haven under the hill.  
But they left us a kingdom none can take—  
The realm of the circling sea—  
To be ruled by the rightful sons of Blake,  
And the Rodneys yet to be.

Or this of Drake, which seems to us one of the best things of its kind in modern verse :—

Drake, he's in his hammock till the great Armadas come  
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below ?),  
Slung atween the round shot, listenin' for the drum,  
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.  
Call him on the deep sea, call him up the Sound,  
Call him when ye sail to meet the foe ;  
Where the old trade's plyin' an' the old flag flyin',  
They shall find him ware 'n wakin', as they found him long ago !

Or, finally, this rattling chorus from the deck of the "Fighting Téméraire"—

Oh ! to see the linstock lighting,  
Téméraire ! Téméraire !  
Oh ! to hear the round shot biting,  
Téméraire ! Téméraire !  
Oh ! to see the linstock lighting,  
And to hear the round shot biting,  
For we're all in love with fighting  
On the Fighting Téméraire.

There are here all the qualities of ballad poetry, simplicity, directness, a vivid impression, and the quick sympathy which leaps from word to eye, and makes every reader yearn to be up and doing. Mr. Newbolt has great vigour, and large, untutored musical effects, and we hope that he, no less than Mr. Rodd, will give us more of his quality. And, indeed, it is consolatory to reflect that, while the sea lies round about England, her poets will never lack a theme alike national and inexhaustible.

**A Memoir of Anne Jemima Clough.** By her Niece,  
B. A. Clough. 8½×5¼in., viii. + 348 pp. London, 1897.  
Arnold. 12/6

In an age when publicity was not so eagerly demanded as it is in the present this volume would have been printed for private circulation among the members of Newnham College and their friends. The only objection which we have to bring against its appeal to a wider audience is the restriction of its aim. Let us at once explain what that aim, which is twofold, is—to recount the biography of a lady who was not a genius and who was yet a power, and to chronicle the early history of a struggling educational movement. If people are not interested in the question of women's education, they do not feel any curiosity about Newnham, and without Newnham Miss Clough would already be forgotten, save by a narrow circle of friends. The scope of

this work, therefore, is strictly limited, and it is not enlarged by any extraneous charm in the narrative, for Miss Athena Clough makes no pretence to style and is guilelessly naïve and bald in her narrative.

The idle and the unsympathetic reader being thus warned away from a book which offers him no sort of attraction, let us turn to the inner group of interested readers, those to whom, if we had our way, this biography should be privately dedicated, and let us tell them that in her real purpose Miss Athena Clough has admirably succeeded. The value of such a sketch lies in its verisimilitude, in its moral and phenomenal truth. We desire to hear this simple story told without rhetoric and without idealism. This Miss Athena Clough understands, and she has the courage, although a modern biographer, to give us what we want. She is so modest in her claim for her aunt, so ready to admit her shortcomings, so frank to concede objections, and so good-natured in accepting censure that she gains the complete confidence of the reader. When Miss Athena Clough tells us that such and such a thing was, we implicitly believe her. As the historian of the starting of Newnham College and of all the struggles for the higher feminine education which followed Mr. Henry Sidgwick's epoch-making proposition in 1869, she had need of a cool head and a clear eye in guiding us through the mazes of a thorny controversial subject. She has proved her possession of these qualities ; her narrative is plain, and even unexhilarating, but the future historian will have confidence in it as a completely honest document.

Anne Jemima Clough grew to be a familiar and a beloved figure in Cambridge. Little over 50 years of age when she arrived, she lived there for 20 years more, changing little in outward appearance, since her figure was bowed and her soft hair snow-white when she came. She filled a difficult position, for she represented an innovation which was extremely distasteful to many residents, and which not a few would have liked to see made impossible. A single act of indiscretion, even a mere hasty phrase, might at one time have put the match to the mine at Miss Clough's feet. She was not a learned woman, she did not possess a logical or very far-sighted mind, she was even clumsy in many of her personal ways. Yet her whole career at Cambridge was one of conspicuous success. The reason for this was undoubtedly the circumspect and tactful simplicity with which she behaved. She was full of sympathy with human things, an eager and indulgent spectator of life ; she affected to be nothing that she was not, and she was profoundly aware of her own and of others' limitations. She had an almost vehement continuity of purpose and a very loving heart ; she knew what she wanted, and she meant to get it, but at the expense of no annoyance or humiliation to others. And so it was that, at the noisy lodgings in Regent-street, depressed by indigent conditions at Merton-hall, crushed together like sardines in the double house in Bateman-street, timidly emerging at last in that first bud of Newnham from which so handsome a flower has expanded, the little community of girl-students was conducted surely and safely by Miss Clough through all the perils and adversities of the juvenile state. What some one has called "the obloquy of newness" hung heavily on them, but their smiling, quaint little pilot, with her snowy hair and her dove-gray dress, stood bravely at the helm and steered her *Mädchenschiff* through the reefs to clear water.

Of Miss Clough the reader of her niece's volume will gain a clear notion, which, however, must not be affected by the terribly grim and hard portrait which serves as frontispiece. This photograph, indeed, is ex-

cessively like the original, but only as she might have appeared if denuded of her smile and the soft atmosphere of her gentleness. We greatly prefer the painting by Mr. Shannon which faces p. 108, though even this is too sad. Our own recollection of Miss Clough is of one settling down to be amused, as a cat may round itself for stroking; among her troop of serious and sometimes, perhaps, even priggish maidens, the gaiety of the Principal was predominant. Full of cares and responsibilities, she possessed the charming faculty of seeming to have nothing to do, to have been waiting, in fact, for her visitor to come and entertain her. Her conversation, always curiously disjointed, with what some one in celebrating her called "her meditative, quaint replies, thrown out like arrows on the air," had an appearance of being merely desultory, and yet proved in the end to be connected, her thoughts returning to her, like boomerangs, after long excursions out of sight. When she discussed serious themes, from her fear of wounding or even seeming to offend, her opinion was often concealed, but would swim up to sight some minutes afterwards in some totally new conjunction. In spite of the cloistered maidenhood of her life's experience, Miss Clough was a woman of the world, in the best sense. She accepted a wider view of existence than was covered by school or college, and it was a favourite theme with her to discuss how, without a foolish frivolity, the charm of life could be cultivated among her Amazonian charges. In her biography of her aunt, we have observed that Miss Athena Clough has strictly confined herself to recording the impression which the Principal of Newnham made upon women. We have ventured, very succinctly, to suggest the way in which she struck her male contemporaries at Cambridge. Hers was an influence rather penetrating and persistent than obvious at the moment, and it was exercised wholly in a wholesome direction.

**Gedichte.** By **Johanna Ambrosius.** Selected by Professor **Karl Weiss-Schrattenthal.** Second Series. 71 & 3 in., vi. + 150 pp., with a facsimile. Königsberg, 1897. Beyer. 3 marks.

**Gedichte.** By **Johanna Ambrosius.** Edited by **Karl Schrattenthal.** 20th Edition. Königsberg, 1896. Beyer. 3 marks.

It will be evident from the title-pages, which are reproduced above, that Frau Johanna Ambrosius has, in colloquial parlance, been "discovered." Her first volume of poems, "edited" by Karl Schrattenthal, appeared in 1894, and in two years had run through 28 editions. Her second volume, "selected" by the same sponsor, with an academic prefix and a new surname superadded, has just been published, and with its appearance Frau Ambrosius may be said to make a definite claim to a place in German poetry.

If this is the case, and if the change from editorial to selective functions on Professor Weiss-Schrattenthal's part betoken the approach of the time when Frau Ambrosius is to stand alone, then we may take this second series of poems on their merits, and neglect in our remarks the peculiar circumstances which may have helped to sell the first volume. For Herr Schrattenthal, as we gather, has made somewhat of a practice of looking for the lights beneath the bushels. His "list of works devoted to the poetic activity of women" is rather a formidable adventure in gallantry; and in happening upon this "daughter of a poor labourer, who gave her hand in eternal bondage to a peasant," he wrote in the Preface to the 25th edition of the earlier series of "Poems," "I have the good fortune to introduce a woman to literature who, . . . despite the toilsome labours which house and field impose, ever finds a spare moment to receive the visit of the muse who has imprinted the kiss of consecration on her brow." Johanna Voigt (Ambrosius was her maiden name)

was a woman of about forty years old when Herr Schrattenthal lighted upon her. She was born in miserable circumstances in a little village in East Prussia. Her education ceased in her eleventh year. The presence of an older sister and an invalid mother in the cottage threw the burden of the household drudgery on Johanna's shoulders. From one hut she passed to another when, at 20 years old, she was married to Voigt, a field-labourer. After the arrival of two children, however, the parents' position was a trifle improved by the inheritance (about 1834) of a small sum of money with which they bought a freehold in a neighbouring village. From this time on, Frau Voigt, whose acquaintance with letters had been limited to the weekly *Gartenlaube*, began to compose short poems, the first of which was published in a local magazine. The manner of her discovery is not stated, but it is clear that Herr Schrattenthal's intervention had been the means of lightening her lot. The first selection of her verses achieved a great success. Many of the songs were set to music, and many more found an immediate popularity.

As has been said, in this second series Herr Schrattenthal abandons the rôle of editor. We meet Frau Ambrosius accordingly as an authoress on her own account, and as such we readily greet her as a true and simple poet. Her themes are the most obvious—man and woman, the changing seasons, the tides of life, peasants' joys, rain, sunshine, and, above all, rest. The worker's elysium is sleep, and poem after poem testifies to the fact that this middle-aged working-woman sees her Heaven in the darkness. "No sorrow stirs the sleeper's hard-won rest, and I should be happy were I sleeping as thou." "Through the live-long day, from early morning on, my joy is in the hour when I can go to sleep." "Hearken to nature's Amen. Deep in the bosom of hope, earth lies down to repose." "I went into the wood, and evening came. He dried the tears from my cheek; my heart leapt up to call his name, Peace-bringer, Rest." "When Death has given his kiss of redemption we come to fulness of joy." Next to the hope of peace comes faith in God. "Believe in pain and anguish, thy Father means it well." "Nay, though I suffer all my life long, my soul is not afraid, and I shall not murmur. Thy will be done! set me but free in eternity." "I have made atonement before my God." "Still, still, my heart. . . Lift thy eyes unto the height, where the clouds break. When God shall summon thee at the judging of the world, and thou findest none to plead for thee, thou thy sufferings shall plead." And third, perhaps, in the order of Johanna Ambrosius' emotions comes the theme of love. The poems "Lost," "My Love," and "Parting," the verses "Thou art mine," and the lyrics "What thou hast been to me" and "I have been beside thee," must be accounted among the most direct and touching compositions in a language which successive masters have proved to be so capable of music. Frau Ambrosius sings, too, of her love for her children, especially of that for her only daughter, in whose fair and sensitive youth the mother seems to find her chief source of consolation for her spiritual fasting. Lastly, to complete our survey of the writer's range of emotions, Frau Ambrosius sings of freedom. "Awake, . . . and turn thy hand to love of thy fellow-men. . . Go to the cottages where hunger dwells, where tears will bless thy footsteps. Go, give thy life to human service, and find thy happiness in making others happy." A similar conviction that freedom and happiness are convertible terms runs through many of these verses.

There is true gold in this volume, and we have ventured to dwell on the message which seems to lie nearest to Frau Ambrosius's heart, because we believe that it will prove her best recommendation to the hearts of her readers. As we turn the pages of the slim book of her poems we are convinced that her inspiration is genuine. Rest, faith, love, freedom make the peasant woman's song, and modern poetry cannot be too soon brought back to the primitive needs of emotional man. Had this order been reversed or confused, had the labourer's daughter and the ploughman's wife made more account of revolt than acquiescence; had she suffered the shadows of the world to dis-

turb her vision of human bliss; had she, in the fine old Biblical phrase, sold her birth-right for a mess of pottage, then her work might have received a wider popular welcome, but she would not have been a poet. We admit that we looked with anxiety for the signs of spoiling by success. We accepted the first volume with reserve, not knowing Herr Schrattenthal's share; but we take this second series on its merits, as the poetical expression of genuine human feeling. Wind and storm, seed-time and harvest, sunshine and rain, the village lights and the great world over the hills are stamped upon Frau Ambrosius's pages in natural and melodious words. Her work is true realism. She reflects her life as a whole, with its lights and shadows in due proportion, in happy ignorance of the so-called realistic habit of some modern writers, who would abstract the sunshine from the poor man's day.

In thanking Frau Ambrosius for her "Poems," we should be doing them an injustice if we pretended that they were rich in mere literary qualities. Their strength is on the emotional side, and—as often happens with children of the soil—the writer possesses no descriptive power for the affecting beauties of landscape. In the natural history of poetry, critics very justly point out that the "feeling for nature," as we understand it now, is of comparatively recent growth. It might, perhaps, be equally true to say that it is a trained and tutored sense, not necessarily artificial, but at least acquired. Roughly speaking, elemental poetry sees and feels; it does not interpret or suggest. So Johanna Ambrosius, in some verses to her daughter on her 18th birthday, writes, "Now I see the wonder which God hath wrought in thee in these short days; how leaf on leaf, lovely and pure, soft and fair as rosy silk, lieth unfolded before me. I softly stroke thy lovely hair, and gaze into thy clear eyes, O thou, mine only rose." The charm, of course, lies in the original melody and rhythm; but we have ventured to italicize the words which contain the poetic motive, because they illustrate so well the limitations of emotional verse. If we might parody the phrase which Bagehot applied to "Enoch Arden," we should say that so little has seldom been made of girlhood unfolding like a rose. But in the simplicity is the secret, and Frau Ambrosius herself is serenely conscious of the strength and truth which she derives from her limitations. In this context we would conclude our inadequate survey of her poems with a translation of the lines "From Switzerland." They are the best guarantee that we shall not be disappointed in the future:—

Let me be, let me be. You are right, it is beautiful here. Think not the worse of me. So much colour, and perfume, and light I cannot bear. Let me go home, to the sky with its clouds and rain, to the fields full of bread and blessing, where the children sport in the flowers, and the fresh winds blow from the lake. Oh, and the sun in his splendour, at the pure waking of the dawn. Open-eyed I gaze into his beaming face, and am not blinded. From the living green waves of swelling corn he rises; every window is brightened; the chorus of the birds grows louder. Splendid kine jostle to the pasture. Noble steeds with glistening coats, strong men and shouting boys draw the plough with sure hands. Modest maidens, fair women, peaceful poverty, industrious toil, golden corn-land, grassy meadows—this is the land of my home. The German flag, choicest of all, beacons over the prospect. Songs of home ring out in gladness; flowers of home bloom about the house; and our woods are wide and level, with soft ways full of flowers and moss. Here are peace divine, and blissful life, and one broad heaven over all. Let me be, let me be. I am born for the wide and level spaces. Here, where I tread, are hard, hard stones, and your prayers are not my prayers. The dead rock is no home for me.

Old Harrow Days. By J. G. Cotton Minchin. 7½×5in., 331 pp. London, 1897. Methuen 5s.

Sicut Columbae. Fifty Years of St. Peter's College, Radley. By Rev. T. D. Raikes, M.A., and other Old Radleians. 9½×7½in. xiii.+320 pp. Oxford and London, 1897. Parker. 10s.

Fewer books have been written about Harrow than about its great rival Eton, but Mr. Minchin's charming volume shows that it is not from want of material. Mr. Percy Thornton about

a dozen years ago published a good-sized book, "Harrow School and Its Surroundings," but its scope and purpose are widely different from those of Mr. Minchin. Mr. Thornton's is a more or less formal history of the School from its foundation, whereas the present little book, as its title imports, is primarily the recollections and impressions of an old boy, though it contains a great deal of information about the Harrow of the past and the fluctuations in its fortunes. Mr. Minchin writes easily and with the natural grace of one who does not aim at style. Old Harrovians may or may not agree with the judgments passed by the writer—many of them affecting persons still living; but when once they have taken up the book they will not fail to read it through; and those who were not so fortunate as to have been to School on the Hill will find much to instruct and amuse. It is a delicate matter to write as familiarly as Mr. Minchin writes of men who are still among us; but the writer never transgresses the bounds of good taste, and there is surely no harm in speaking of one's old teachers with enthusiasm and affection, even if they are alive to read what one has written. The rivalry of Eton and Harrow may reasonably be compared with that of Trinity, Cambridge, and Balliol, for in both cases the poorly-endowed foundation—and neither Harrow nor Balliol is rich—has held its own against a wealthy rival. The last three Prime Ministers—Lord Salisbury, Lord Rosebery, and Mr. Gladstone—were at Eton, but Mr. Minchin reminds us that Harrow can boast of five Premiers in the century—Spencer Perceval, Lord Goderich, Peel, Lord Aberdeen, and Lord Palmerston. Recent Harrow dinners have reminded us how largely the School has contributed to recent Cabinets—Sir George Trevelyan, the late Mr. Stanhope, Lord Knutsford, Lord George Hamilton, Mr. Chaplin, and Lord Tweedmouth. To the Judges now on the Bench, Sir F. Jeune and Mr. Justice Ridley, must be added Mr. Justice Channell, who was promoted whilst the book was passing through the press. Harrow's list of Judges is not so long as one might expect, but it includes Lord Chancellor Cottenham, Baron Platt, Sir John Richardson, and Sir George Holroyd. Of the latter Mr. Minchin tells a good story. Some one asked the future Judge what his politics were. "I have no politics," was the adroit reply. "I am a special pleader."

The real hero of the School, in Mr. Minchin's eyes, was Lord Byron, for whom his enthusiasm is boundless. A short appendix contains some interesting reminiscences of the late Mr. John Murray concerning Byron, Scott, and Tom Moore. The references to Sheridan, who was at the School under Dr. Sumner, Head Master from 1760 to 1771, are copious; and Dr. Parr, Johnson's personal friend and political opponent, has full justice done him. A chapter somewhat whimsically headed "Our School Cardinal" shows the work of old Harrovians in other fields than politics, law, or literature. There is, in truth, but little about Manning; but we are reminded that Isaac Williams, H. N. Oxenham, F. W. Faber, and Father Morris, the Jesuit historian, were all taught on the Hill. The writer makes a curious mistake, however, in the statement that Newman was educated at Birmingham School. It was from Dr. Nicholas's private school at Ealing that the future Cardinal entered Trinity. Mr. Minchin, however, is able to correct an error in Mr. Thornton's book, and points out that Harrow cannot claim Malthus, the author of the Essay on Population, as one of her sons.

The record of Harrow Head Masters begins with Dr. Thackeray, whom the present Master of Trinity termed "the second founder of the School." Thackeray reigned from 1746 to 1760, and a story is quoted of him which was told the author by Mrs. Thackeray Ritchie, a lineal descendant of the Head Master. He had been made an Archdeacon, and was dining once with the Prime Minister of the day, who intimated the King's intention to make him a Bishop. The good man went home and died of joy. "So you see," added Mrs. Thackeray Ritchie, "his death was not an unhappy one." Another chapter is devoted to Harrow under Dr. George Butler—father of the late Head Master—whose election was accompanied by dramatic incidents and was strongly opposed by Lord Byron, then in the

School. In connexion with a previous election Mr. Minchin amusingly narrates how narrowly the Duke of Wellington escaped being a Harrovian instead of an Etonian. If Dr. Thackeray was the second founder, Dr. Vaughan, it is justly observed, was its restorer. In this respect Mr. Thornton, who dates the "Harrow Renaissance" from 1859, when Dr. H. M. Butler was appointed, seems hardly to do justice to the late Dean of Llandaff. Mr. Minchin's own reminiscences of masters and boys, cricket matches, and other events of daily interest will be heartily appreciated by his contemporaries, and there are some touching pages of the achievements and deaths on the battlefield of old Harrow boys. The book is full of good stories, and Mr. Minchin has a very pretty gift of humour. Some capital "original sketches" by Miss F. Holms—a familiar Harrow name—add to the interest of the book.

In the second book mentioned above we have the chronicle of another school, smaller in size and of less venerable antiquity than Harrow, but not without its interest in educational history. It is not often that the literary aspirations of a "pious founder" are granted so full a measure of success as that which is recorded in this book of Radley's half-century of life. The "interesting experiment" which has now been justified began in 1847. It was an outcome of those times when the Oxford Movement was making itself felt in corporate feeling, ardent devotion, in Christian art, and taking a very noticeable effect upon the scholarly theories of many of the heads of the University. Of these men Mr. Sewell, of Exeter, was the most ready to be moved. Some years before his Amazonian already shown that practical effort towards education had been the outcome of his peculiar temperaments. It seems to have especially roused him was the current opinion that a schoolboy must needs go through a career of carelessness, irreverence, acquaintance with sin and defilement, in order to form a manly character. His chivalric and impulsive nature refused to accept even the possibility of such a state of things. He resolved himself to initiate a purer, higher, and better system than was common among Public Schools. He determined to put into practice the theories of Plato. In Radley Hall, a country seat close to the Thames and Bagley Wood, where there were seven acres of garden and 112 acres of park, he found the nucleus of an establishment which he at once proceeded to beautify according to his own ideas. He desired—to put it shortly—that his school should spring into existence 300 years old. From Carlton Palace he bought carved furniture, he ransacked the British Isles and Europe for walnut war robes, carved panels, chests, and slabs of alabaster. From the Queen of Portugal's private chapel at Belem he bought curtains of cloth of gold; from Cologne he bought stained glass and old oak stalls, from Amsterdam a 15th century reredos of Flemish carving; he strewed the floors with Persian and Tibetan rugs, he filled his cabinets with silver plate and grace cups, he lined his schoolroom with panels in linen-pattern carving from the old House of Lords. By surrounding his boys with the good influences of the highest art he strove to realize what the "Republic" had inspired:—

*ὡς ἄσπερ ἐν ἡγμῶνι τῶν οἰκίστην αἱ κεία ἀπὸ παντὸς ὀφειλῶνται ὅτι μὴν ἂν αἰτίαι ἀπὸ τῶν καλῶν ἔργων ἢ πρὸς ὅσον ἢ πρὸς ἕκαστον τι προσβάλλῃ, ὡσπερ αὐτὰ φέρουσα ἀπὸ χρηστῶν τόπων ἡγμῶν.*

Upon them from their first coming to his school should blow that breath of beauty which must turn their hearts to good, and give them that taste and high refinement which was a part of the surroundings of their daily life. Of this theory of education, music formed a large part; and to the first Precentor, Edwin George Monk (afterwards the famous composer and organist of York) was given one of the finest organs Telford of Dublin could supply. With one or two exceptions the instrument remains the best in England, and is in worthy hands. So the boys sang anthems and heard good music from the beginning, as Milton had advised, "recreating and composing their travelled spirits with solemn and divine harmonies, either whilst the skilful organist plied his grave and fancied descent in lofty fugues, or with artful and unimaginable touches adorned the

well-studied chords of some choice composer, waiting on elegant voices either with religious, martial, or civil ditties." Sewell's idea of size was much that of Milton, too; for the original statutes limited the boys to two hundred, and there is not room for quite that number in the present buildings. For the rest, the founder showed the originality of his thought in many other ways. He determined that wherever possible the rich should pay for the poor. Educated at the famous college whose motto is "Manners makyth man," he laid great stress upon the value of good breeding; yet the especial attention he would lavish on the well-born was from a genuine belief in the necessity of training them to live up to the traditions of their blood, the ancient wealth and ancient virtue of Aristotle. Though perhaps his strongest point, intellectually, was his Greek scholarship, his greatest reverence was undoubtedly given to the Prayer Book of the Church of England, and he was wont to thunder vehemently against an suspicion of "the Romish practices." Though Arnold of Rugby gathered round him a Sixth Form which was moulded by his own learning and his own personality to his own high ideals, Sewell by the perfection of his prefectorial system and the organization of his masters had a firmer grip upon the character and life of every individual pupil in his school. If his discipline was severe, his loving thoughtfulness for his boys was unwearied. The success of the institution which still follows out the ideals he first carried into practice has assured a high place to Radley's Founder among the great Head Masters of this century.

**Poems of the Love and Pride of England.** Edited by F. and M. Wedmore. 7½ x 5 in., xvi. + 290 pp. London, 1897. Ward, Lock, 5/-

This interesting book is a collection, rather than a selection, of patriotic verse. It is, in fact, more representative of the minor patriot poet than of the major. For this result no charge of neglect attaches to the editors, Mr. and Miss Wedmore, who would, doubtless, had they been permitted, have included some examples of the two poets who, since the death of Wordsworth, have made the most significant and important additions to English patriotic poetry. But what is not a fault in them is unquestionably a very grave defect in what purports to be an anthology of patriotic verse. If, however, there is nothing of Lord Tennyson, nothing of Mr. Kipling in this book of patriotic poetry, there is much that substantiates Mr. Wedmore's conclusion that the poetic expression of the sentiment of patriotism is comparatively of modern growth. Whether the stream has gained in clearness and purity as well as in force during this year of Jubilee is, perhaps, matter for debate. It is interesting to note that modern writers possess rather more than one-half of Mr. Wedmore's volume: one-third being allotted to writers yet living, while a considerable portion belongs to others, such as Mr. Browning, Sir F. H. Doyle, Mr. F. T. Palgrave, who have not long since departed from among us. Were we disposed to marvel at the abounding richness of recent patriotic verse, Mr. Wedmore supplies a ready explanation. He writes:—

To-day a voice of patriotism not to be mistaken—scarcely to be increased in volume, scarcely to be heightened in intensity—comes to us from every place, from men of every class, in England.

Naturally, the poets have their share in this expression of many-voiced patriotism. Patriotism is a sentiment of degrees, and especially is it so in the singing of it. As we progress from Drayton and Shakespeare, or from Milton and Wordsworth, to Mr. Gerald Massey's songs and ballads, and "A Song of Empire" by Sir Lewis Morris, we are deeply impressed by this truth. Mr. Wedmore is fully sensible of it. He had his doubts, he tells us, about Milton's magnificent sonnet to Cromwell, but fortunately he was able to "persuade" himself that Cromwell was truly a patriot and no partisan. It does not seem to have occurred to him that it might fairly be argued that Milton himself was a partisan. Mr. Wedmore's hesitation raises a nice point for casuists. The question to be considered is, we think, the quality of the patriotic poem, not the kind or degrees of Cromwell's or of Milton's patriotism. On the other hand, some of

the poets might suffer unmerited injury were we to determine the strength and sincerity of their patriotism by the qualities of their patriotic verse. No one, we believe, impugned the loyalty of Charles Lamb because of his defective ear.

Our older poets, those from Elizabethan times to the Augustan age, are drawn upon somewhat too sparingly, perhaps, though not a few readers of this collection will less regret the absence of several stock pieces for the sake of little-known or seldom reprinted examples. Some of these revivals, as we may call them, are especially welcome. Such, emphatically, is the noble sonnet of Sydney Dobell on John Bohun Martin, the captain of the London, which was contributed to the *Argosy* in 1866. Fitly chosen, too, are the other examples of the poet from "Balder." We are glad to note the fine stanzas, "England's Dead," by Mrs. Hemans, conjoined with the popular "Stately Homes of England." With Macaulay's "Armada" ballad we have "A Jacobite's Epitaph," which is oddly regarded as a "party" poem, and, like Milton's sonnet, of dubious claim to a place in the collection. Unless we are prepared to rule that patriotism is Hanoverian and a Jacobite could not love his country, these dignified and affecting verses, ascribed to a Jacobite by a Whig who has often been charged with partisanship, are properly admitted to this patriotic anthology. "The Bold Dragoon" by Sir Walter Scott and "The Private of the Buffs" of Sir Francis Doyle may justly be associated with "The Soldier" of W. Smyth, a poet who will be new to most readers. The lyrics of Campbell, the songs of Dibdin, and similar inevitable examples are precisely what all would expect to find in such a collection, and, being known of all, call for no remark. With Drayton's splendid stanzas on "Agincourt," however, we approach a very different kind of patriotic poem, which has produced a fruitful section of Mr. and Miss Wedmore's volume. Here are, for instance, Sir F. H. Doyle's "Balaclava," Mr. Palgrave's "Creedy" and "Trafalgar," Mr. Gerald Massey's "Inkerman," and Mr. Watts-Dunton's "Jubilee Greeting at Spithead." When we have noted with these Mr. Swinburne's musical and thrilling ode, "England," it will be seen that the editorial idea of patriotism, though fastidious, is by no means narrowed by a too rigid standard such as would exclude diversity.

**Studies in Psychical Research.** By Frank Podmore, M.A., Author of "Apparitions and Thought Transference." 9x5½ in., ix. + 458 pp. London, 1897. Kegan Paul. 5s.

"The very words 'psychical research' cause loathing in many honest scientific breasts," says Mr. William James, the Harvard Professor of Psychology. The odium may be mitigated in the case of Mr. Podmore; he has so much common sense, and is so easily pleased with "explanations." Mr. Podmore's sources are chiefly the collections of the Psychical Research Society. Of that very mixed body he represents the Right wing, the most conservative and sceptical element.

In his first chapter, "Spiritualism as a Popular Movement," Mr. Podmore gives amusing examples of the incredible credulity of spiritualists. So far he is at one with Mr. Myers, of the Left or most advanced party in the society, who has also written on the incurable credulity of the faithful. Mr. Podmore next adverts to the alleged "physical phenomena" of spiritualism, from table-turning to the miracles of D. D. Home and others. These *speciosa miracula*, such as floating in the air and handling fire without lesion of the skin (as attested in the cases of Neoplatonists, saints, savage conjurers, "mediums," Irvingites, and so forth), have a history as old as human records. But in the modern spiritualistic cases examined by Mr. Podmore not one medium can be found who has not been detected in fraud, except Home (no authentic detection of Home is known to us on good evidence) and the Rev. Mr. Stainton Moses, who only exhibited in a small circle of private friends. Home, therefore, remains the puzzle, as very many of his prodigies were wrought in full light and are attested by a cloud of witnesses, including Mr. Crookes and Lord Crawford, both of whom wear without abuse the grand old name of F.R.S. Lord Crawford on eight

occasions saw Home handle glowing coals unharmed, and, with other persons, Lord Crawford took the coals from his hands, enjoying equal impunity. Many living people attest the same facts, but one (known to us) still bears the mark of the blister which rewarded his faith or lack of faith. Mr. Podmore suggests the explanation that these witnesses "were to some extent hallucinated," and that Home possibly held live coals in his hand "protected by some non-conducting substance." But what known non-conducting substance is an adequate *cera causa*? None is familiar to physical science. Again, how was that non-conducting substance applied to the hands of Lord Crawford and the others, while Home neglected to use it in the case of our blistered friend? Once more, Lord Crawford, Captain Wynne, and Lord Adare all attested that they saw Home float into a room by the open window at a height of 70ft. from the ground, and then float out and in again. Mr. Podmore, relying on his theory that all three witnesses were hallucinated to the same extent and in the same way, suggests that Home "at least thrust his head and shoulders out of the window." This performance, in minds agitated by "strained expectation," in a subdued light, produced the belief that they saw Home float into one room and in and out of another. But, in fact, they could not receive the germ of the hallucination from seeing Home poke his head out of a window, because they could not see him do so at all without Sam Weller's double patent million magnifiers for eyes. They first saw Home, on this occasion, when he floated into their room. He had poked himself out of the window in the next room, where they could not see him (p. 53). Dr. Carpenter's criticism was that Lord Adare and Lord Crawford saw the feat, while Captain Wynne, who was present, did not; so the two lords were hallucinated. But Captain Wynne gave evidence that he *did* see it. Now, while ready to suppose that Home's performances were tricks, we find Mr. Podmore's explanation untenable. Common sense does not really urge us to suggest impossible or undemonstrable explanations, but to remain in an agnostic posture of the mind.

Real common sense, however, inspires Mr. Podmore's criticism of Mr. Stainton Moses's "spirit communications." Most of them might easily have been obtained through the *Daily Telegraph* or the *Annual Register*. Mr. Podmore can prove trickery in several recent cases of the "Poltergeist," and hence infers its agency where not proved. His first instance, however, is decidedly puzzling, as "the phenomena described are quite inexplicable by ordinary mechanical means," while the circumstances make it impossible to fix imposture on any individual. A doctor and a policeman were among the witnesses. Certain discrepancies of evidence were precisely such as occur in all human testimony to the most ordinary incidents in life. If hallucination is invoked, its identity among so many observers, not at a *séance* or in a bad light, becomes amazing. The policeman's evidence (and lantern) have an air of matter of fact about them. It is superfluous to discuss Madame Blavatsky and Eusapia Paladino, whom Dr. Hodgson, of the Society for Psychical Research, detected and exposed. Dr. Hodgson explained how Eusapia probably did the trick before he met her, and then demonstrated the accuracy of his theory in her practice. In France Professor Richet had also theoretically detected her method. Professor Oliver Lodge, however, and other observers had previously been baffled, and perhaps beguiled.

Mr. Podmore appears to believe in "telepathy," both as illustrated in experimental "thought transference," and spontaneously by way of "wraiths." He does not, however (as in Kant's suggestion), regard telepathy as "one of a group of transcendent faculties." Ether and the nervous system may be at the bottom of it, he thinks. Ghosts and haunted houses come off but poorly, as telepathy would account for some of the phenomena, and excitement, illusion, rats, and so forth for the rest. Premonitions and previsions are not more satisfactory to Mr. Podmore, and clairvoyance is reduced to that hard-worked agency telepathy. A sees events occurring far away at B because they are wired on

from the minds of C. D. and other people present at B. Oddly enough, the revelations of Mrs. Piper seem, more than anything else, to shake Mr. Podmore's desire to rest content with telepathy as the master-key of all such mysteries. After wading through a whole volume about Mrs. Piper, we are obliged to dislike her security, and, with all respect to telepathy, to consider her as a more or less ingenious guesser. It will be seen that psychological research, as represented by Mr. Podmore, is very like old-fashioned common sense; that it only enters haunted houses to lay the ghosts which it never sees; and that even its dear telepathy may confessedly be a mere affair of ether and nerves. If Mr. Podmore abandoned telepathy there would be little or no difference, in these matters, between him and the late Professor Clifford.

**More Tramps Abroad.** By Mark Twain. 7 $\frac{3}{4}$  x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  in., 483 pp. London, 1897. Chatto and Windus. 6/-

"More Tramps Abroad" is the itinerary of Mark Twain's lecturing tour of 1895-96. Accompanied by his wife and daughter, Mr. Clemens set out from Paris, and, calling at New York, picked up there his first platform manager. After crossing America, they sailed from Victoria to Honolulu and onwards to Sydney. Australasia thoroughly worked, they proceeded to India. Thence, via South Africa, where they made a ten-weeks' stay, they finally landed at Southampton, having girdled the earth in 13 months. Mark Twain was farcical, of course, from the start:—

Two members of my family elected to go with me, also a carbuncle. The dictionary says a carbuncle is a kind of jewel. Humour is out of place in a dictionary.

This has the indubitable ring of "Mark's way," and, throughout, the new book works the ancient joke-machine. "More Tramps Abroad" is stuffed with battered side-splitters, it exhibits abandoned book-making, but all of it has the readability inseparable from the work of an eminent old hand, and, as the curate said of his egg, parts of it are excellent. What is in any way crisp or fresh might, however, have been compressed into half the space. The book is greatly inferior to "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn." Those were creations, whereas the humour of Mark Twain abroad is not of the sort that wears well. At its best it was in poor taste and whipped out of but two ingredients, "coolness" and exaggeration. The serio interludes, though they never lacked strong common sense, were in manner slipshod, and in matter unimaginative and inadequate. As we turn the pages of "More Tramps Abroad" we sigh for an hour of Stevenson's journey across the plains or of his sojourn in the South Seas. Those glory-hung islands of Loti and Stevenson, can they be the same as these which Mark Twain eyes with no regard but that of *le moyen homme* and delineates with no instrument finer than Dickensy rhetoric?

"The English," remarks Mark Twain, "are mentioned in the Bible: 'Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth:'" and a good deal is said upon the subject of territorial annexation, which the American, in common with her other critics, considers the favourite sin of Great Britain. He arraigns the legalized system of recruiting Kanakas for the Queensland plantations, he draws unflattering pictures from the story of Australian colonization, and he makes tracks for Mr. Rhodes. The South African chapters are the liveliest, for Mark Twain was in Johannesburg shortly after the Jameson inroad and returned to England with a batch of newly-released Reformers. He sandwiches his views on Transvaal affairs between two delightful pieces of drollery, the first his jumbled initial notion of the political situation, the other a description of how he would have conducted the raid. He also tells a capital story concerning a Bishop and his beer host and hostess. Mark Twain has nothing but admiration for the equity and tact of British rule in India. He describes many Indian institutions well and the best passage of its kind that we remember in his works is evoked by the landscape of the plains.

## THEOLOGY.

Two Lectures on the "Sayings of Jesus," recently discovered at Oxyrhynchus, delivered at Oxford, on October 23, 1897, by the Rev. Walter Lock, D.D., Dean Ireland's Professor of the Exegesis of the Holy Scripture, and the Rev. William Sanday, D.D., LL.D., Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$  x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  in., 49 pp. Oxford, 1897.

Clarendon Press. 1/6

Egypt Exploration Fund: Archæological Report, 1896-1897, edited by F. Li. Griffith, M.A., with Maps. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$  x Sin., 70 pp. London, 1897. Egypt Exploration Fund, &c. 2/6

It was only last June that Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt published the "Sayings of Jesus," which they discovered in January at Behnesch, in Upper Egypt, but already there is a considerable literature accumulated on the subject. Questions of age and authenticity, conjectural readings, and interpretation have occupied the leading New Testament scholars of Europe and America. Harnack, Zahn, Clemen, Blass, and others abroad, and Swete, James, Redpath, Rendel Harris, and Cross at home, have almost exhausted the possibilities of emendation and illustration. The useful bibliography prefixed to the present brochure contains a list of nearly sixty publications, articles, reviews, or letters dealing directly with the "Logia." To these must now be added the two lectures delivered last term by the Oxford Professors of Exegesis and Divinity. They are particularly valuable, not only as presenting the views of two very able critics, but as summing up the results of the large mass of criticism and suggestion already published. An emended text, revised jointly by Dr. Lock and Dr. Sanday, with full critical apparatus, and illustrations from the canonical and uncanonical books, and Gnostic and other sources, places the present state of "Logia" investigations clearly before the student. The title indeed has been challenged before: it might equally well be "Logoi." Dr. Lock reminds us that, though "Logia" may be right, it has no authority; and, in any case, it means rather "Oracles" than merely "Sayings"; and Dr. Sanday, whilst accepting the title as appropriate in the sense of oracular or memorable sayings, warns us that in quoting "the Logia" we must not assume either that they formed the original collection of Sayings, or that they are identical with the other "Logia" known to have existed. The Lady Margaret Professor concurs with the original editors in rejecting the hypothesis of "any actual connexion either with the Hebrew Logia of St. Matthew or with the *λόγια κυριακή*" on which Papias commented.

Dr. Sanday does not think the Oxyrhynchus Logia belonged to those early materials which were actually worked up in the Gospels, such as the Matthean Logia.

I cannot think [he says] that any of the new matter represents, as it stands, a genuine saying of our Lord. . . . There seems to be a clear interval between these new Sayings and the certainly authentic utterances of our Lord. The Sayings have an individual stamp upon them which may well be called striking; but it is not His stamp. And it seems to me to belong to a later generation and to a more developed stage of reflection.

He finds the supposed connexion with the Therapeutæ, which has been suggested in the *Athenæum*, not very wide of the mark; and accepting the view that the Therapeutæ were not a Christian, but a Jewish sect, the discovery of these Logia, as he remarks, "would be a further reason for thinking that it was just in such circles as these that Egyptian Christianity first struck root." Whilst unable to decide whether the Sayings had their origin in Egypt or in Palestine, he inclines to Alexandria



as their birthplace, and in either case he holds that "the author is a Jew who has heartily embraced Christianity."

The Jewish cast about them—seen, for instance, in the Talmudic preface to each of the Logia, "Jesus said"—points, he thinks, to the Jewish quarter of Alexandria, or the neighbouring settlement of the Therapeutæ, by Lake Mareotis. Though not deliberately built up from the Gospels, they had their origin under conditions of thought which the unwritten Gospels had created, and Dr. Sanday would place their date at about 120 A.D., "not much earlier, to give time for the development of thought as we see it by comparison with the canonical Gospels; and not much later, because we seem to be still within the period of living and actively formative tradition."

Professor Lock takes a more favourable view of the possible genuineness of at least some of the new Sayings, and is not disinclined to the theory that they are part of some pre-canonical collection of Christ's discourses. "If this were so, they would not constitute that new Gospel which the *Spectator* dreads," they would simply be part of those documents on which the Gospels were based, as admitted in the preface to St. Luke, and "would have as much authority as the various Agrapha have already, as much, that is, as sayings which come to us anonymously, with no convincing proof of their authorship, and without the sanction which was implied in their being embodied in a canonical Gospel." The measured judgments of the two Oxford Professors, in spite of minor differences, will probably satisfy most students as to what can safely be believed with regard to the character and historical place of the now famous Sayings. If Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt can bring back some more leaves of the same type from the excavations they are now recommencing in Egypt, it may be possible to arrive at more definite conclusions.

The religious interest of the Logia has, of course, overshadowed in some degree the other discoveries made by Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt on the site of Oxyrhynchus. How important these were may be seen from Mr. Grenfell's general description of his "find," published in the Annual Archaeological Report of the Egypt Exploration Fund. Only about one-eighth part of this immense treasure of papyri has as yet even been unrolled, but already the discoverers are able to report that there are about 300 literary papyri in Greek, chiefly of the first three centuries A.D., half of which are probably Homeric.

The remainder covers almost the whole field of Greek literature, including fragments of epic, lyric, elegiac, tragic, and comic poets, orators, historians, writers of romances, philosophers, and parts of treatises on metre, geometry, medicine, grammar &c., together with fragments of early Christian writings of various kinds. The non-literary documents number about 2,000. They present an immense variety of contents. Proclamations, wills, leases, contracts, official and private correspondence, petitions, loans, public and private accounts, prayers, horoscopes, magical formulæ, receipts, orders for payment, taxing and census lists and returns, accounts of judicial proceedings—in short, specimens of almost everything that was committed to writing with regard to civil and military administration, trade, taxation, and private affairs, from an Imperial edict to the private memoranda of a *fellah*, are found in the collection.

The happy discoverers have already arranged to publish the more remarkable papyri, and hope to bring out a quarto volume with facsimiles every year, if funds permit. To give an idea of the extraordinary interest and variety of the papyri to be included in the first volume, we may mention that it will contain a third century fragment of St. Matthew's Gospel, part of a Sapphic poem, "probably by Sappho herself," fragments of Sophocles, Isocrates, Plato, Xenophon, and Demosthenes, a large portion of a chronological work, fifty lines of a lost

comedy, a proclamation of the time of Hadrian, and a report of an interview with Marcus Aurelius. An example of the critical value of these fragments is shown in the portion of the Fourth Book of Thucydides, which Mr. Hunt has edited in the same Archaeological Report. It confirms what an examination of other early papyri had already suggested—that our Greek texts have not suffered so much at the hands of copyists and interpolators as is generally supposed. This Thucydides fragment, which Mr. Hunt dates as early as the first century A.D., exhibits comparatively trifling variations from the ordinary text.

We must not take leave of the Report of the Egypt Exploration Fund without a word of gratitude to Mr. Griffith, whose wide and accurate survey of the progress of Egyptological studies during the year will be invaluable to students. On this occasion he has been well assisted in the Græco-Roman branch by Mr. Kenyon and in the Coptic by Mr. Crum. The Fund is sincerely to be congratulated upon the success of its labours—not only in its original line, as seen in Professor Petrie's excavation of 150 tombs of the Fifth Dynasty at Dëshâshêh, on which a separate memoir will be published, but especially in the phenomenal results of its Græco-Roman researches. The society deserves a much larger measure of public support than it has hitherto received.

**The Church in England.** By John Henry Overton, Rector of Epworth and Canon of Lincoln. In 2 vols. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  in., viii. + 484 + 458 pp. London, 1897. Gardner, Darton. 12/-

Dr. Overton has done in the past such good service to the intelligent study of the history of the Church of England that any new volume from his pen is sure of a welcome. We have learnt to look, in his works, for a sane and temperate treatment of difficult questions, and for the evidences of what the bidding prayer of his University sums up as "true religion and sound learning." He is one of the ablest, as he is not the least prolific, of those who in the last 40 years have stimulated a keen interest in our ecclesiastical history and biography. Hitherto he has chiefly confined himself to the 17th and 18th centuries, so that the publication of a complete history of the English Church brings him upon ground which he has not previously occupied.

As might have been expected, his treatment of the 18th century in the book before us is of especial merit. Often as he has written on the subject, he can still contrive not to repeat himself and to write with a new interest from a fresh point of view. As was seen in his book on the Church from 1660 to 1760, he excels in happy portraiture. We have rarely read anything better of the kind than the pages in which he now hits off the characteristics of the chief divines of the last century, Methodists, Evangelicals, and those whom an American authority the other day called "stiff Churchmen." The 50 pages in which Dr. Overton tells the story of the Church during the reign of George III. are, in fact, as good as they could be. The moral of the chapter—though it is one which its author does not himself draw—is the inadequacy of a steady level of intellectual and moral attainment for a great or permanent religious work. A later chapter shows how a great movement, as well as great men, is a necessity for the full assertion of activity in an ancient institution. In the 17th century Dr. Overton does not tell us much that is new. For the earlier years he is content to reproduce the substance of two articles which he contributed to the *Church Quarterly Review*, with some important additions; and after the Restoration there is not much that is new for him to tell. But his account of the century is marked by a close knowledge of the original authorities and a reasoned exposition of reasonable opinion. The same clarity and moderation mark his account of the Reformation.

The earlier chapters of the book are not so satisfactory; or, rather, we have read them, it may be, with too high an expectation. It is plain that here Dr. Overton has intentionally written

almost always from secondary sources. He knows his Boile, no doubt (though even here he has not apparently consulted the classical edition of Mr. Plummer), and here and there there are signs that he has studied the chroniclers for himself. But, generally, he has been content with forming his opinions on those of modern writers, with an inevitable loss of freshness and force. This is especially the case since the writers he has used are by no means always the most recent or the best informed. And, side by side with this, we observe clear indications that the book was finished at least three years ago—and two or three years count for a great deal when historical investigation is so busily pursued as it is nowadays. We no longer quote Dr. Lingard with confidence, at any rate on the early English period. Still less do we rely upon Ingulf's "full account of the destruction of Crowland Abbey." We have learnt more than Dr. Overton seems to have done from Dr. Stubbs's masterly preface to the "Lives of Dunstan." We have learnt from Mr. Freeman to doubt the stories against King Eadgar. We have gone, under Professor Maitland's guidance, considerably beyond Dean Milman's view of the question at issue between Henry II. and Becket; yet we are not prepared to say that "it is true that the 16 Constitutions [of Clarendon] merely stereotyped the principles laid down by William the Conqueror, and accepted by Lanfranc." Bishop Stubbs has summarized more clearly for us than other writers the main lines of Edward I.'s Church policy in his preface to the Rolls Series edition of the chronicles of Edward I. and Edward II. Mr. Rashdall has shown us by his own important work the imperfection of Huber's history of the English Universities. In these and similar cases it seems to us that Dr. Overton's work has lost by being neither written from original authorities throughout—as, indeed, a book on so large a subject could hardly be—nor based upon the best and most complete modern investigation.

With the account of modern Church controversies it is perhaps impossible to be wholly satisfied, but here the fault lies rather with the necessity for compression than with any inadequate knowledge. Dr. Overton is always judicial and moderate, and he says very much that is gently to the point. One short passage we will take leave to quote as showing how well he can enter into an opinion with which, perhaps, he does not fully sympathize. Of the Purchas judgment he says:—

It emphatically condemned everything that had been contended for, and restricted the liberty of the Church of England to the narrowest limits. The interpretation of the Ornaments Rubric especially amazed people, for it distinctly implied that when the Rubric said that certain ornaments were to be in use it really meant that they were *not* to be in use. They could not understand how a perfectly plain Rubric, inserted in 1662, could possibly be affected by any order which was dated either one hundred or fifty years earlier.

We welcome the admirable eulogy of Frederic Denison Maurice which fills a large space in the last chapter; it admits the "nebulousness," but does justice to the theology of that saintly and remarkable man. Had Dr. Overton been able to study the whole of Dr. Pusey's life we cannot but feel that he would have given a similar prominence to the influence of *ô myas*.

In addition to points like these we may note that here and there some further revision of proofs was necessary—*e.g.*, for Huth we should read Hutton (Vol. I., p. 367); for Warton (Vol. II., p. 100), Wharton; for Great Haughton (Vol. II., p. 364), Great Staughton.

We have spoken freely of points in which Dr. Overton's book seems deficient. We rise from its perusal, nevertheless, with a renewed sense of the truth of Lord Beaconsfield's saying, "There are not many grand things left in England, but the national Church is one of them."

**John Donne.** (*Leaders of Religion Series.*) By Augustus Jessopp. 7½ x 5in., 29 pp. London, 1897.

Methuen. 3/6

It is a little surprising to find Dr. John Donne included in this series, with Augustine, Luther, Calvin, Knox, Butler, Wesley, and Newman, to say nothing of minor theological

lights, as one of the "leaders of religion." No doubt he was a prominent Churchman of his time, but it would be too much to say that he permanently influenced the Church. None of his theological works have lived. He wrote, besides sermons and indifferent poetry, the "Pseudo-Martyr," a defence, by command of King James I., of the oath of allegiance, showing that those who refused the oath, like his ancestor Sir Thomas More and some others of his own family, were only pseudo-martyrs. He was an eloquent and an accomplished preacher. He was, undoubtedly, a religious man. But more than this cannot very well be said of him, and, in our opinion, Dr. Jessopp, perhaps following Walton, overrates his importance.

One hardly knows where to find anything at all parallel to Donne's career, at any rate in the history of the English Church. It is simply amazing that the son of Roman Catholic parents, after many vicissitudes as a layman, should take Anglican orders in his 42nd year and become Dean of St. Paul's at the age of 48; but this, as far as a single sentence can tell it, was the life of Dr. Donne. He was a born courtier, but was by no means a mere courtier, for he had plenty of intellectual power, and it is in this sense that we must construe the word "wit" in Dryden's dictum that "he was the greatest wit, though not the greatest poet, of our nation." Dr. Jessopp, with all his admiration for Donne, says little of his poetry, but writes at length of his work as a divine. We need not describe in detail Donne's earlier life. As a young man he was not poor; he had about £3,000; and, though his clandestine marriage impoverished him and cost him his place as secretary to Lord Keeper Egerton, he had other powerful friends, and had no difficulty in writing himself into notice. In an informal way, he became a sort of recognized Court poet. Our British Solomon, who was fond of theology and made it fashionable, admired Donne's controversial ability, and was constantly urging him to take orders. Donne was not altogether indisposed to do so, but for some time hesitated. At length he yielded to the advice of his friends, and was ordained in January, 1615.

His sincerity and honesty are wholly beyond dispute, and we may well believe, with Dr. Jessopp, that he had an irresistible charm of manner and great learning. He was in all respects fit for the clerical office. At the same time, there is no denying that he was rewarded by an immediate and ample supply of loaves and fishes. A graduate of Oxford, he was ordained in January, 1615; in March the University of Cambridge made him a Doctor of Divinity, at the King's request. In 1616 he became one of the Royal chaplains, and received, in that same year, the Preachership of Lincoln's Inn, the rectory of Keyston, Hunts, which he held for six years, and the rectory of Sevenoaks in Kent, which he held for the remainder of his life. In 1621 he became Dean of St. Paul's. In 1622 he received the rectory of Blunham, in Bedfordshire, and in 1624 the vicarage of St. Dunstan's in the West, both which benefices he held, with Sevenoaks and the Deanery, to the day of his death. It is not a pleasant picture of the Church in the 17th century. Dr. Jessopp seems to be aware that some explanation is needed of Donne's ready acceptance of so much preferment. As to the Deanery, he says that it "had come only after years of waiting" for Royal favours. Donne had actually been only six years in orders! As to the livings, he suggests that Donne had been led into unavoidable expenses by his intimate relations with the nobility and the Court. An excuse of that kind, if valid at all, would be quite as valid now as it ever was in Donne's time. But the truth is that no tolerable defence has ever been advanced for these abuses. All that can be said is that in this respect Donne was no better and no worse than other incumbents of his own and the 18th century.

Personally, in spite of his connexion with James I. and his evil Court, Donne was an honest and an eminently likeable man, who was not spoilt by his rapid advancement. Isaac Walton knew him and loved him during the last five or six years of his life, a fact that speaks volumes for his private worth. He served the Church well, at a critical time, as a champion of

moderation, and stood midway between the extremes of Abbot and Laud. He defended the Anglican position when there was no superabundance of skilled defenders. It was not his fault that Laud led the Church into extremes, or that the Puritans soon afterwards silenced it altogether. His sermons, whether to the populace at Paul's Cross, or to more critical audiences at Lincoln's Inn and St. Dunstan's—then a fashionable church—were really eloquent and learned. Passages of great beauty might be quoted from them. He had the distinction of preaching the first missionary sermon ever delivered, a discourse, on lines that have since been familiar enough, in aid of the Virginia Company. Of his work, which was wholly that of a London preacher, Dr. Jessopp gives a full and interesting account, and sums it up thus :—

On the burning questions of the ceremonies and the sacraments he was emphatically a High Churchman, outspoken, uncompromising, definite, though gentle, sympathetic, and animated by a large-hearted tolerance. But in his treatment of Holy Scriptures no Puritan of them all insisted more frequently on the inspiration of every syllable in the Old Testament and the New. With far less of that trifling with his hearers, which is too frequently the blemish in Bishop Andrewes's sermons, Donne's interpretations occasionally startle us by their grotesqueness; they are the outcome of his almost superstitious *bibliolatry*, if this modern phrase may be allowed. It was this, however, which gained for him the ear of the trading classes, and the confidence and popularity which never left him. Both parties in the Church claimed him as their own. Abbot, the Puritan Primate, trusted and admired him; Andrewes loved him as a friend; Laud would have recognized him, with some reservations, as one of his most orthodox supporters.

## ART.

**The Glasgow School of Painting.** By David Martin. With an Introduction by Francis H. Newbery. 10½ x 6½ in., xxlii. + 73 pp. London, 1897. Bell, 10/6 n.

Now that the Glasgow artists have been officially recognized as a separate school—they were given a gallery all to themselves at Venice—it is natural that they should desire to "exalt their office" in their own country and in their own house. Indeed, it is as well, remembering the fate of the brave who lived before Agamemnon, that a *vales sacer*, in fact, two such, has arisen from their ranks. One of these, Mr. Martin, has written the descriptive and biographical sketches of Glasgow artists; the other, Mr. Newbery, is responsible for the introductory dissertation on Glasgow art. This introduction is written too much in "King Cambyses" vein. "Art," says Mr. Newbery—

is a sojourner who in turn has dwelt with barbarism, with paganism, with Christianity, and with literature, and in these later days she has perforce to accept the companionship and eat of the bread with commercialism.

The least objectionable bedfellow seems to be commercialism, for we learn that art flourishes "under eccentric conditions that arise out of this companionship." If by commercialism commerce is meant, as it seems to be, this is no new thing, and if it obtains in Glasgow of to-day, it did the same in Bruges under its Burgundian Princes, and in Venice in the Cinquecento. But Mr. Newbery goes much further, and thinks that "but for the spirit of restless activity, the need for strong burly lives, engendered by habits of business," Titian and Tintoret and Paolo "Cagliari" would have been "as the recluses of the little hill towns in which the tradition of Venetian art was first born." This is odd, as the successive founders of this tradition, the Muranesi, the Bellini, and George of Castelfranco, neither came from nor practised in hill towns, big or little. Of course, the patronage of wealth and intelligence is necessary to enable art to live and thrive, but whether the patrons' wealth come by trade or inheritance, whether it be lay or religious, corporate or individual, makes singularly little difference. Slavery, in

the long run, is fatal to all mental activity, but the work produced in Florence under the ignoble servitude of Cosimo and his grandson is not inferior to that produced when liberty and commerce went hand in hand. Mr. Newbery looks forward to the time when Glasgow on the Clyde may take its stand "along with Bruges, Venice, and Amsterdam in the book of life of the world." Well, the thought is stimulating.

Certainly the Glasgow school was very fortunate in this, that it had neither Academism to fight against nor an opposition, fitly so called, to overcome. The field was clear, patronage was at hand, and, above all, the men were ready—men like Mr. Guthrie, Mr. Lavery, Mr. Christie, and a few others, whose gifts would have made them famous under any conditions. "National temperament," as Mr. Newbery truly says, decided the form of their art, and local influences moulded its outcome. But few will agree with him when he insists that—

Beyond any possible fructifying it might have had, by the study of work other than its own, the Glasgow men owe nothing to Continental teaching or to foreign influence.

We are confirmed in our unbelief by the critical sketches of Mr. Martin, and also by the illustrations. Mr. Christie, for instance, though his leaning to allegory was doubtless congenital, "changed his mode of painting" after study in a Parisian studio, while his realistic crowd in "Fortune's Wheel," lately seen in London, is unmistakable in its affinities. Take again Mr. Guthrie, one of the most virile portrait painters in Great Britain. He, too, studied in Paris, though it may be that "more good came to him from working in the open from nature," for this is true of these men as it was true of Constable and of the masters of Barbizon. Still, we doubt whether the painter of "Schoolmates" and of "Miss Hamilton" would say that he owes no debt to Bastien-Lepage. Such debts, in truth, imply no base appropriation, else the old masters must have been the basest of mankind. Mr. Lavery, too, was a pupil of Bouguereau and Fleury, and worked at Julen's, and surely we might guess it from his "Ariadne," while the "Femme en noir" is redolent of Whistler. Altogether the artists mentioned here are twenty-five in number, and the appreciations of their work are written with spirit, though the writer is a little too fond of describing line and colour in terms of the emotions. He would do well to take to heart Flaubert's paradox, that the adjective is the natural enemy of the noun.

**J. F. Millet and Rustic Art.** By Henry Naegely (Henry Gaelyn). 9½ x 6½ in., 179 pp. London, 1898.

Elliot Stock. 6/

We are still waiting (perhaps shall always have to wait) for a biography of the most famous of the Barbizon masters that shall be final and a classic. At present, Mrs. Ady's charming book, "Millet, his Life and Letters," holds the field, but it was necessarily founded in great part on Sensier, the man who helped the painter a little and made much out of him, and who, naturally, was not quite as frank as Mr. Pepys in telling his story. The present monograph is in the nature of a supplement, and valuable as being from the pen of a writer whose equipment for his task is singularly complete. His position is sufficiently explained by the following lines from the preface :—

Mrs. Ady well remarked that "the smallest details which throw light on the character and genius of such a man (as Millet) are precious, and every incident of his life deserves to be remembered." I hope that many such gleanings may be found in the following pages, for they are the outcome of personal recollections of a long friendship with the great painter's eldest son, of an acquaintance with other members of his family, and with some of his friends and contemporaries; of an intimate knowledge of the land of his birth, of his adopted country, and of that part of Auvergne which furnished him with some of his latest and greatest inspirations; and finally of a careful study of almost all his works.

To these qualifications we may add unbounded enthusiasm for Millet the man as well as for Millet the artist, and a literary style which, if a little tropical and wanting in restraint, is never lacking in clearness and vivacity.

Millet, who may be said to have invented "the peasant in art," was himself that peasant. For the first 18 or 19 years of his life he worked in the fields of Gruchy, a little Norman village in La Manche, a few miles from Cherbourg. Then followed a short period of instruction in the neighbouring town, then a dozen struggling years in Paris, while the rest of his life (some 26 years) was spent in Barbizon, the now famous forest village near Fontainebleau. It is on the history of the first of these periods that Mr. Gaelyn throws most new light. He draws quite a brilliant picture of the country of the painter's youth, where the ruined castles bear famous Norman titles like Percy and Guiscard and Montgomery, where the brooks still go by the Scandinavian name of *bee*, and where day labourers rejoicing in the surname of Plantagenet are haled for turbulence before the correctional tribunals. Here, too, legends linger of witchcraft and enchantments, and tales of transmigrations of men into beasts, and here the peasants are (or were) intensely and genuinely religious, and not less genuinely superstitious. Some 15 new letters from members of the family are now printed, from Millet's mother and from Louise Jumelin, his grandmother, whose influence abode with him to his last day. Pathetic letters they are, full of longing for the sight of the beloved son, who wrote so rarely and visited them not at all. And they are valuable as revealing with singular clearness of outline the inner life of the humble home at Gruchy. They tell us of the sailor son hurried away to his ship, of the carpenter son drawing a bad number for the conscription, of another son lying ill in distant Rouen, and all the little griefs and hardships of the farmer of that ungrateful soil, bad tenants and bad weather and bad harvests. This forms the most valuable portion of the book, for it throws light on the singular character of the man, his religious attitude to his art, his profound seriousness, all the qualities that distinguish his work from that of all other landscape painters.

In the clever, though not quite convincing, study on "Rustic Art" (by which we understand the art that interprets for us the country life, and of which the peasant is the eponymous hero) Millet is, of course, the standard by which all things are judged, and his practice and opinions are at once rule and example. Here we find many most interesting touches of his hand, culled from memoranda of his thoughts and feelings. Many of these are veritable *ita prepolita*, such as his saying that his skill was but the humble handmaid of his thought, or his definition of beauty, "le beau est ce qui convient." Not unaturally Mr. Gaelyn will hardly allow that his hero has a defect: but, of course, a talent so imperious as Millet's necessarily had the defects of its qualities. Everything that the peasant did, even the necessary brutalities of the farmyard, such as dragging a boar by the nose, was to Millet worth painting; and, great painter as he was, he had not the consummate decorative gift that alone makes us tolerate such themes. His maxim, "le beau est ce qui convient," is, after all, only a half-truth, and so is that other saying of his, "the artist is to be judged, not by his work, but by his aim." But he has had his desire. In dealing with the critics and contemporaries of Millet, Mr. Gaelyn himself offers much stimulating, and even provoking, criticism. For instance, he tells the story how Millet, ever eager to salute talent, even in fields to which he was a stranger, was really distressed when he failed to induce the Salon jury to admit that early picture of Claude Monet, now in the little side room at the Luxembourg. The jury were quite wrong, no doubt, and Millet was right, for, vulgar as the setting is, faulty as the execution is, the sunlight is perfectly felt and wonderfully painted. But the intolerant jury would have none of it. Since then things have changed, says M. Jules Breton; it is not at the Institut where the intolerant are found. But they have petitioned against the retention of this picture at the Luxembourg. "Not intolerant," says Mr. Gaelyn scornfully; but surely this is hardly fair. Though Millet was right in 1870, the Institut may be right now. This thing of doubtful taste, the work of a man not master of his means, yet withal full of sympathy and promise, was surely entitled to enter the Salon. It may well be out of place in the Luxembourg.

**Vasari's Lives of the Painters.** Selected and Edited by E. H. and E. W. Blashfield and A. A. Hopkins. 4 Vols. Illustrated. 8½ x 5½ in., lxxv. + 1,002 pp. London, 1897, Bell; New York, 1897, Scribner. 36/- n.

Probably there is no literary work of the cinquecento better known or better abused than that written by Giorgio Vasari entitled "Delle Vite de' piu eccellenti Pittori, Scultori ed Architettori." Vasari treats, if the additional or omnibus chapters are counted in, of three hundred or more artists. Out of these numerous essays in biography the present editors, who date from New York, have selected 70. They have reprinted them from the five-volume Bohn translation by Mrs. Foster published in 1850. The text has been amended since her time by Signor Milanesi and others, and the translation has, where needed, been set right. But the great feature of the present work is the addition of copious, one might even say exhaustive, notes. In these the guiding idea of the editors seems to have been that nothing that could possibly throw light on their subject should under any circumstances be omitted. Probably this has adversely affected the critical appreciation of the editors as to the precise value of various authorities. Taine's delightful "Voyage en Italie" may have "become the property of all art students"; but though it is a charming book, the art criticism, which describes the false Leonardo "La Monaca" as "the twin sister of 'La Gioconda,'" is obviously more picturesque than sound. Again, Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle's "Life of Raphael" may be, in some respects, "an admirable book." Still, there is the fact that nearly half of it is founded on the exploded legend of the Venetian sketch-book. The enthusiasm shown for "the pungent and forceful essays of Vernon Lee," described as "steeped in the very spirit of the Renaissance," is in curious contrast with the jejune reference to that admirable critic, Mr. Bernard Berenson, and the declaration that Morelli "is not very readable though well worth reading." We must confess that, in our view, a little too much weight is given to French opinion, too little to that of Frizzoni and Morelli, the chief of the "detective school" of criticism. But the view that Morelli was only the "Monsieur Lecocq" of art mysteries remains quite unintelligible to his friends, although, partly, no doubt, owing to his truculent methods of exposition, it obtains widely. A special bibliography is prefixed to each of the Vite, while at the close of each there is a sketch of the artist's position, summary, of course, but always judicial in tone, and not infrequently judicious. At the end of all is a vast general bibliography, elaborately subdivided, so that "early sources," "historical, archeological, and literary," and Renaissance "architecture," "sculpture," "painting," "drawing and engraving," "costume and furniture" have each a separate category, while "Regional Art" is again subdivided under the different localities. This greatly errs by redundancy, and, though the error is on the right side, one feels that a more discriminating selection would have been more helpful. One positively stares to find the finely suggestive "Considerations" of Professor La Farge (in which the illustrations are chiefly taken from French art of the present century) included among the authorities on the painting of the Renaissance.

Let us say, in concluding this too brief note, that so much of Vasari as is contained in these volumes has never before been presented to the English reader in so satisfactory a form. Nor can any reasonable person doubt that, if a selection had to be made, it has been wisely made here. Taking painters alone, we have, among the chosen, 70 Cimabue, Giotto, Masolino, and Masaccio. These are in the first volume, in company with Brunelleschi and Donatello. Elsewhere we find Fra Angelico, the Bellini, Lippo Lippi, Domenico Ghirlandajo, Botticelli, Mantegna, Perugino and his partner, Raphael, Francia, Signorelli and Leonardo, Giorgione, Correggio and Fra Bartolommeo, Palma and Lotto, Caliari and Tintoret, Titian and Michael Angelo. These volumes, as we have explained, deal only with bright particular stars among "the shining multitudes" in Vasari's firmament, but the work is executed with such loving and laborious care as to make us regret—and, indeed, that is our chief quarrel with the editors—that they have not included the *minora sidera*.

## SPORT.

**The Queen's Hounds and Stag Hunting Recollections.** By Lord Ribblesdale. 9½ x 6 in., xvi. + 315 pp. London, New York, and Bombay. 1897. Longmans. 25/-

Lord Ribblesdale has written an exceedingly readable book, and given us, at the same time, a permanent record of the Royal pack from its earliest days down to the present time. Of course, his book does not pretend to challenge Mr. Hore's painstaking work, the "History of the Royal Buckhounds," but the average reader will be quite content with the allowance of ancient to that of modern history contained in it, without wishing to wade through a "valley of dry bones and the dust of ages" in search of records which Mr. Hore himself had to accept with a certain amount of misgiving. Early in Lord Ribblesdale's pages we find a chapter devoted to Charles Davis—that best of all staghound huntsmen—and a more worthy and interesting study for lovers of horse or hound it would be hard to discover. Davis was a really remarkable man. Born in 1788, he entered the Royal stables at the age of twelve, and had but just resigned the office of huntsman to the Queen's pack when he died at the age of seventy-nine. His manners were always grave and courteous, and, though of "low degree" by birth, his *grand seigneur* air marked him to the last. He stood over six feet in height, was very spare, seldom sealing more than a pound or two over nine stone, and he retained his youthful figure until his death.

He was a good-looking man, with a large, handsome nose and good dark eyes and eyebrows. . . . Davis's striking control of his pack was due . . . to the love which casts out fear, and begets perfect understanding. All agreed that whatever Charles Davis did on a horse was right. . . . Excepting Hermit, Davis rode all his horses in a single-rein snaffle.

Young huntsmen can hardly fail to derive benefit from the perusal of these excellent pages. The author passes on to consider, in a chapter headed "Debatable Land," the much-vexed question as to the existence of the Royal Hunt. He deals frankly with the matter in all its bearings, and, whilst admitting that the chase of the carted deer cannot "take rank with fox-hunting," he stoutly maintains that those who oppose the hunt by means of perennial petitions, on the ground of cruelty, are very much out in their reckoning. The author discusses the alternative plans which have been advanced from time to time—such as turning the hunt into a national drag hunt (which would probably, also, involve the appointment of a "national" coroner, permanently attached to it), or the making of the fox their quarry instead of deer—and winds up by protesting against the practice in recent years of making the Buckhounds "the villains of politics." To our mind, the suggestion made as far back as 1854 by Mr. Grantly Berkeley in his "Reminiscences of a Huntsman"—*i.e.*, that the venue should be changed from Ascot to the New Forest—is the only one which seems to offer a reasonable solution of all the difficulties of the case.

When Lord Cork became Master (for the first time) in 1866 "the Harrow country was a sort of Eastern Question . . . his [Lord's Cork's] predecessors had been discouraged, if not actually prevented, from taking the hounds into the best part of it." The value of land and the enormous increase of building and market gardening had made the presence of a large hunting field unwelcome. It is—or rather, was—a charming piece of pasture land to ride over, with excellent fencing, and small wonder, therefore, that it was not resigned without

a struggle by those who nominally hunted it. But the argument of bricks and mortar is inexorable, and hunting must give way before it. In "The Forest" and "Banks and Ditches," Lord Ribblesdale tells, in merry style, hunting reminiscences of such celebrities as Charles Kingsley (in the days when "Westward Ho!" was still unwritten); of Mr. Garth in his scarlet and Mr. Cordery in his green coat; of Jem Mason, Lord Lonsdale, Mr. Druce, the hard riding Rector of Amersham, and of Mr. Edmund Tattersall; and later on, we find some interesting details of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales's riding across country. The author quotes a letter from Sir Nigel Kingscote, in which occur these words: "I well remember the Prince riding Paddy over a style first, that with horses having come so far and so fast very few indeed would have looked at." This, however, occurred not with the Queen's pack, but in the Duke of Beaufort's country. In the chapter devoted to "Deer" we learn that one animal called "The Miller" "ran for 11 seasons and made them stop out so often that Davis used to put an extra guinea in his pocket whenever he was hunted."

These highly entertaining stag-hunting recollections are brought to a conclusion by a couple of chapters devoted respectively to French horsemanship and French horses, in the former of which the author alludes, in amusing fashion, to the trans-Channel lack of interest in our great national sport. "The French never had—it is equivalent to saying that they have never wanted—a Whyte-Melville or a Surtees . . . Mr. Spong would never have set out on his tour, Mr. Jorrocks never have left Great Coram Street." Messrs. G. D. Giles and Jalland are responsible for most of the modern illustrations, and have done their part of the work well, whilst the reproductions from old pictures are full of interest.

RACING AND CHASING, by Alfred E. T. Watson (Longmans, 7s. 6d.), is a collection of 18 short stories dealing chiefly with the race-course, but incidentally also with the hunting-field. Many of these sketches have already appeared in print in the columns of the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, and they all treat of subjects more or less familiar to the reader of sporting literature. "A Good Day" tells how, by an extraordinary concatenation of circumstances, a man wholly ignorant of turf affairs succeeds in winning the sum of £3,000 on his one day's racing at Sandown Park. "The Great Downshire Handicap" is the story of an unsuccessful attempt to "noble" a racehorse in the fine old-fashioned style of the notorious Dan Dawson by means of a poisoned "drink," an attempt which is happily frustrated by the watchfulness and address of an honest stable lad. "A Short Head" again represents villainy defeated and virtue triumphant; whilst in "A Run" we are taken through a good gallop with hounds over a cramped country. Under the title of "The Wrong Man" the author deals with social matters and makes an amusing story out of the snobbishness and blunders of an ultra vulgar parvenu. "Fox Hunting" is a sketch for boys, which will doubtless be read by youngsters emancipated from the thralldom of school for the Christmas holidays with keenest pleasure, whilst "A Good Thing" is exemplified by the successful "pulling" of a horse in a steeplechase match. Far more space in the volume is devoted to flat-racing affairs than to steeplechasing, but in treating of the last-named sport the author hits the right nail on the head when he gives it as his opinion that cross-country contests have suffered a temporary decadence on account of the patronage accorded to hurdle racing, and we venture to think that this state of affairs will not be remedied until the National Hunt Committee abolish that senseless death-trap, the guard-railed ditch. The book is essentially one to be picked up at odd moments; the whole of the stories are extremely slight, but will serve well to beguile the tedium of a railway journey. The illustrations of Messrs. Charles and H. M. Brock, Giles, Jalland, and Harrington Bird are extremely good.

## Among my Books.

### A LEAF FROM AN INN ALBUM.

Among "books which are no books"—though he mentioned such various harvest of the human mind as Court Calendars, Draught Boards bound and lettered at the back, Statutes at large, the works of Hume and Gibbon, and "block-headed Encyclopædias" generally—(Charles Lamb did not happen to include Inn Albums and Visitors' Books. It is possible that the kindly critic may have judged with tolerance the efforts of mild sentiment and milder humour which crowd their pages, and that he therefore purposely left them out of his list: be this as it may, to the ordinary observer their chief interest lies in the singular revelation they present of a dreadful fact not commonly recognized. They make it evident that about one person in five believes that he or she is capable of some form of literary composition worthy of being set down and preserved. Allowing for a little modesty in the remaining four, one is tempted to wonder if there is any man or woman alive who is not an author in secret, and to thank Heaven that in literature free coinage is unknown, and that only these humble mints, the Visitors' Books, remain always open. And though the better educated of these *commis-voyageurs* Troubadours would not admit it, they are but the genteeler cousins-german of those other travellers who carve their names on the temple of Luxor, or treat Vatican statues in a manner which argues a contempt for graven images worthy of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego.

A leaf, then, from an Inn Album—

page on page of gratitude  
for breakfast, dinner, supper and the view,

is not a promising subject; but the particular leaf in question has a certain interest of its own. In a copy of Shelley's "Revolt of Islam," (London, 1818)—once the property of that industrious collector, the Rev. John Mitford, and annotated in his delicate handwriting—is inserted what he describes as "A page from the Journal Book of Chamouni in Switzerland," containing a somewhat notorious entry.

During the summer of 1816, Shelley, with Mary Godwin and her half-sister Jane or Claire Clairmont, left his Windsor retreat for Switzerland. It was in a large measure Jane Clairmont's expedition, for Byron was at Geneva; and though her fellow-travellers suspected nothing, she had already introduced herself to Byron, under pretence of seeking a Drury Lane engagement, and had flung herself into his not unwilling arms.

The intercourse between Byron and Shelley at Diodati and on Lake Lemano affords one of the most interesting passages in the lives of English men of letters; Byron, however, was not of the party which started for Chamouni towards the end of July. According to Professor Dowden's account (Life of Shelley, Vol. II., p. 29), the travellers, after an ineffectual attempt to view the Mer de Glace, on July the 24th, succeeded in reaching Montanvert on the following day, and "before they left Montanvert

the travellers' Album had received in unusual form, but one not to be mistaken, the sign-manual of P. B. Shelley." The entry, however, bears the date July the 23rd, and therefore Mitford may have been right in supposing it to have been made at Chamouni, though the writer in the *Quarterly Review*, to be quoted presently, seems to have been of Professor Dowden's opinion.

The leaf in question is of rough blue-gray paper, foolscap size, and shows evidence of having been cut from a book, as a word or two is missing from each line on the inner margin. It is ruled by hand into vertical divisions headed respectively "jours, mois, noms des voyageurs, lieu de naissance et profession, d'ous ils viennent, ou ils sont dirigé, observations." Both sides of the paper are full of names, and many of the travellers have contributed in various languages to the column of observations. There is nothing very striking in the list; the Shelley names are immediately followed by those of The Mackintosh and his wife, and one wonders what the Highland magnates thought of the poet and his companions. Then follows Lord Darlington, with some members of his family, and "Newby Lowson, Esq."—a Wagg or Wenham perhaps—against whose name somebody has pencilled, "A Curious fellow this." Lord Darlington, afterwards 1st Duke of Cleveland, famous in the hunting and racing world of his time—

Darlington's peer

With his chin sticking out and his cap on one ear—

was also a curious fellow in his way, and if he objected to the Shelley *ménage* it could not have been upon moral grounds. Later comes a vast family of Hales, against whom the inevitable buffoon has written "All Hale!! vide Mackbeth," and then a gentleman, unknown to fame, but who sounds like a specimen of those who in their way, too, have helped to make England great, "John Pycroft—English—Lausanne to Geneva—and no poet."

At the top of Shelley's page is the latter part of what was evidently a long, fervid, and ill-expressed outpouring of religious thankfulness inspired by the grandeur of the surroundings. The writer's name does not appear. Professor Dowden is surely right in his surmise that it was this well-intended but tasteless exhibition of conventional piety which excited Shelley to his expression of revolt; but it may be added that he was by no means the only protester, and certainly not the rudest. One commentator has scrawled, "Methodist—what nonsense," in the margin, and another inquires, "Why are people anxious to make themselves ridiculous in the eyes of everybody?" While a third has written on a mutilated part of the sheet, but seems to declare that "any one listening to this nonsense must be a complete *judgion!*"

The Shelley entry runs thus:—

Percy B. Shelley—(lieu de naissance) Sussex—(ou ils sont dirigé) L'enfer—(observations) τιμι φιλανθρωπος, δημοκρατικοι τ' αθιαι τε.

Next comes M. W. G. (Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin), born in London, coming from England, and bound for the same unpleasant destination as Shelley.

The third entry, Madlle. C. C. (Claire Clairmont)—(lieu de naissance) Clifton.

In his notice of the incident, Professor Dowden (Vol. II., p. 30) states:—

A third comer, it is said, added the word *μωρός*, and Byron, on visiting Montanvert, defaced Shelley's *atheist* and his successor's *fool*.

This account, founded, as the writer tells us, on Mr. Swinburne's recollection of the original document, is not quite accurate. Under Shelley's declaration a later traveller has written, from Psalm liii., v. 1:—

ὁ ἄρπυριεὶς ἐπέτω ἐν τῇ καρδίᾳ αὐτοῦ, οὐκ ἴσται θεοῦ.

Unlike Shelley, he has carefully added his accents, and, to point his moral, has heavily underlined the Greek word rendered in our version *fool*, and the name *Percy B. Shelley*—who said in his heart there is no God. Professor Dowden continues (p. 30, note):—

We hear nothing of the *μωρός* from Lord Broughton, who was present on the occasion of Byron's discovering Shelley's entry in the visitors' book. "At an inn on the road," he writes, "the travellers' book was put before us, and Lord Byron, having written his name, pointed out to me the name of Mr. Shelley, with the words *atheist* and *philanthropist* written in Greek opposite to it, and, observing 'Do you not think I shall do Shelley a service by scratching this out?' he defaced the words with great care." ("Italy, Remarks made in Several Visits, etc.," vol. I., pp. 1-2.)

Either Lord Broughton's memory failed on the precise detail of what happened, or Byron purposely misled him, for no attempt has been made to deface either Shelley's writing or his eritic's. But a tolerably successful effort has been made to efface the entry of Claire Clairmont's initials, and to a less extent the word Clifton, so that it is only just possible to make out the "Madlle. C. C." In this light it is not difficult to amend Lord Broughton's story. Byron would scarcely trouble himself greatly over Shelley's extravagance, but at this time he had long been estranged from Claire, and was just the man to erase anything that reminded him of a disagreeable and discreditable episode, in which he had played, not merely a loose, but a heartless part.

That Allegra's mother should have been described as "Madlle." a few months before her child was born may or may not have contributed to the deletion. It does not seem to be clear, from any information to be obtained elsewhere, why Clifton should have been written opposite Claire Clairmont's name.

Such was Shelley's foolish, bitter jest—bad Greek, and bad taste. It might well have passed unnoticed by the world, but an article in the *Quarterly Review* (No. xxxvi., Jan. 1818, "Foliage," by Leigh Hunt) seems to show that a comment upon it was expected to be intelligible to ordinary readers. After allusion to the audacities of Laon and Cythna, to Shelley's expulsion from Oxford, and to his domestic troubles, the Reviewer proceeds:—

If we were told of a man, who, placed on a wild rock among the clouds, yet even in that height surrounded by a loftier amphitheatre of spire-like mountains hanging over a valley of eternal ice and snow, where the roar of mighty waterfalls was at times unheeded from the hollow and more appalling thunder of the unseen avalanche—if we were told of a man who then witnessing the sublimest assemblage of natural objects, should retire to the cabin near and write *ἀθεος* after his name in the album, we hope our own feeling would be pity rather than disgust; but we should think it imbecility to court that man's friendship, or to

celebrate his intellect or his heart as the wisest or warmest of the age.

Shelley's fame has long outlived any possibility of abatement owing to the most high-flown or most excusable reproofs from Quarterly Reviewers and their kind; and perhaps the wisest course is to read "Mont Blanc," and to forget all about the *Im Album*. Which seems to show that this paper had better not have been written.

CREWE.

## BOOKS OF 1897.

### (I.) BIOGRAPHY.

The present age is certainly not subject to the censure of Tacitus, as being an *incuriosa morum ætas*. Bacon would not nowadays "find it strange that these times have so little esteemed the virtues of the times, as that the writing of lives should be no more frequent." The complaint is rather that we are apt to devote too much time and space to the biography of our contemporaries. The *lives Boswelliana* now takes the form of devoting two volumes to the story of a life where one would suffice. The lives of "Benjamin Jowett," by Messrs. Abbott and Campbell, and of "Cardinal Wiseman," by Mr. Wilfrid Ward, have illustrated this in the past year, no less than the appearance of yet a fourth volume of Liddon's "Pusey." At the same time, Miss Darinesteter has shown in her admirable "Reveries" how clearly and fully a great life can be narrated in a small volume by an accomplished artist. There have been several biographies published this year, however, with whose length none can quarrel. Most important of all is the "Life of Tennyson," in which Lord Tennyson has erected not so much a pyramid as a storehouse of testimonies to the greatness of his illustrious father, and which, while not, perhaps, the last word to be said on the subject, is certainly the most notable book of the year from a literary point of view. Mrs. Oliphant's conscientious account of "William Blackwood and his Sons" is another collection of great interest to the student of this century's literature. The "Johnsonian Miscellanies," with which its careful editor, Dr. Birkbeck Hill, has carried his great work into ten volumes, and the "Autobiographies and Letters" of Gibbon, edited by Mr. John Murray and Mr. R. E. Prothero, are invaluable, though they do incline us to think more highly than ever of Boswell and Lord Sheffield. Dr. Garnett's "Blake" and Dr. Ward's "Wotton" are admirable specimens of biography on a small scale. Turning from literature to action we must give the first place to Mr. Holmes's "Queen Victoria" and the now completed "Life of Napoleon," by Professor Sloane, both remarkable mainly for wealth of illustration and laborious consultation of authorities. Still higher praise is due to Captain Mahan's "Life of Nelson," which is already classic, and Lord Roberts's "Forty-One Years in India," which is worthy to rank with the memoirs of Napoleon's generals. "The Romance of Isabel Lady Burton," by herself and Mr. W. H. Wilkins, records the career of a most fascinating woman, and the life of "Gabrielle von Bülow" shows that an Ambassadress does not always lie on a bed of roses. The "Recollections" of Mr. Aubrey de Vere and Sir Mountstuart Duff are interesting, but overloaded with trivialities. "Lord Cromer" and "Cecil Rhodes" show that, though it is always hard to write the life of a living man, there are both a good and a bad way of undertaking it. Mr. Sprigge's "Thomas Wakley," Mr. Paget's "Ambroise Paré," and a series called "Masters of Medicine" help to illustrate the history of medicine. Lastly, one may mention as useful books, well executed, Sir W. W. Hunter's "The Thackerays in India," Dr. White's "R. G. Lee," Mr. Nisbet Bain's "Pupils of Peter the Great," and a "Life of John Nicholson." Biography has probably given us more enduring books this year than any other department of literature.

### (II.) HISTORY.

The living masters in history have been fairly busy. Mr. S. R. Gardiner has given us a new volume of his monumental work on the 17th century, besides a weighty discourse on "Cromwell's Place in History" and a contribution to the discussion "What Gunpowder Plot Was." The Bishop of London has published "The Story of Some English Shires" and begun a cheap edition of his *magnum opus*. Mr. Bryce has written the best extant account of South Africa, and modestly called it "Impressions." From the Bishop of Oxford we have a new edition of his earliest work. But perhaps the most notable historical events of the year have been the appearance of the first

volume of a composite "History of the Royal Navy," which promises to be adequate to its high argument, and the beginning of a series of literary histories, in which Professor Murray has dealt with Ancient Greece, Professor Dowden with France, and Mr. Gosse (the editor of the series) with Modern England. The execution, so far, has been as good as the scale and the popular aim allow. Mr. Lang has skillfully unravelled a curious chapter of Jacobite history in "Pickle the Spy." Mr. R. Blomfield has treated in a broad and scholarly fashion "The History of Renaissance Architecture in England," and Mr. J. Wells has written an admirable little book on "Oxford and its Colleges," with which one may place Mr. J. D. Atkinson's larger work on "Cambridge." The concluding volume of "Social England," a fifth volume of Mr. Justin McCarthy's "History of Our Own Times," and Mr. T. H. S. Escott's "Social Transformations of the Victorian Era" enable one to dispense with any of the host of books called forth by the Diamond Jubilee. Mr. Egerton's scholarly "History of English Colonial Policy" is curiously illustrated by Mr. Lord's interesting "Lost Empires of the Modern World." Mr. Perkins has brought his entertaining account of France down to the death of "Louis XV.," and Sir C. Gough's name gives weight to his and Mr. Innes's account of "The Sikhs and the Sikh Wars."

The year has been fruitful in *mémoires pour servir à l'histoire*. Many men have written on events that they have seen or shared. Colonel Baden-Powell and Lieutenant-Colonel Plumer have both described their share in the last Matabele campaign. That vigorous writer, Mr. E. F. Knight, has given us the best of many sets of "Letters from the Sudan." Mr. Hinde, in describing "The Fall of the Congo Arabs," has let some light into the amazing methods of the Congo Stato. Sir J. H. Briggs did as much for our "Naval Administrations" in a most amusing book, whose motto might have been Oxenstiern's *quantuli sapientiâ*. Messrs. W. K. Rose and G. W. Stevens gave the best account of the war in the East from the Greek and Turkish sides respectively: Captain Boisragon modestly told a thrilling narrative of his escape from "The Benin Massacre"; Mr. R. H. Davis unveiled the worst atrocities of "Cuba in Wartime," and Mrs. Hammond gave freshness even to the hackneyed story of the Jameson raid in "A Woman's Part in a Revolution." Dr. C. P. Ryan, in "Under the Red Crescent," gave an account of the horrors of war as striking as M. Zola's own.

Some of the best books of the year have been collections of letters. Easily first among these come the "Letters of Mrs. Browning," full of womanly charm and literary interest. The "Letters of D. G. Rossetti to William Allingham" are the best of Rossetti's that have yet been published, which is, unfortunately, not saying much. Stevenson's "Letters from Samoa" made a small but fascinating collection. A translation of the "New Letters of Napoleon I." adds to the English reader's knowledge of the Emperor's seamy side. "Some Private Papers of William Wilberforce" throw additional light on his close friendship with Pitt. William White's "Inner Life of the House of Commons" contains many curious Parliamentary anecdotes and sketches of the sixties. Some new "Letters" of Landor and Hawthorne's "First Diary" were agreeable finds. Mr. Harrison's pamphlet on "The Constitution and Administration of the United States" has an official interest, and Dr. C. W. Eliot's volume of weighty essays on "American Contributions to Civilization" and kindred subjects is one of the best books of its kind that has crossed the Atlantic to us.

Some of what Bacon called the "appendages to history" may be briefly mentioned. The new "Historical Atlas" continues on its high level as (we need hardly say) does the "Dictionary of National Biography," which has reached Vol. 53. Mr. Sidney Lee's article on "Shakespeare" is especially noteworthy. The third volume of the "New English Dictionary" has appeared, and the letter "F" is almost complete in parts. The "Dialect Dictionary" is "going strong," but promises to be larger than was expected. Mr. E. McClure has produced an "Historical Church Atlas" of some merit, and Mr. Wheatley has given us a monograph on "Historical Portraits" marked by his usual thoroughness. Among official publications we can only note new volumes of the "Calendar of State Papers," "Acts of the Privy Council," and "Reports of the Historical MSS. Commission." Mr. C. P. Lucas has dealt efficiently with South and East Africa in Vol. 4 of his trustworthy "Historical Geography of the British Colonies," and Messrs. Beazley and Tozer have respectively produced useful books on "The Dawn of Modern Geography" and "The History of Ancient Geography."

Amongst archaeological works Mr. Borlase's voluminous description of "The Dolmens of Ireland" and Mr. J. P. Peters's account of the American explorations in the valley of the Euphrates, and the excavations at "Nippur" are perhaps the

chief of the year. Mr. Orlish's "Shakespeare's London" is an admirable little book.

### (III.) TRAVELS.

The book of travels which has had most popularity, if not most literary merit, is indubitably Dr. Nansen's "Farthest North." It told the story of a gallant undertaking ably carried out, and was written with a good deal of charm, although it had the common fault of being too long. Much of the Norwegian explorer's Ibsenian reflections could not but strike an English reader as padding; one wanted at times to urge him to "cut the cable and come to the 'osses." Another Arctic book of great interest is Sir Martin Conway's account of "The First Crossing of Spitsbergen," a manly story of hardships endured with cheerfulness. Four books of importance have been added to the library of African travel. Miss Kingsley's "Travels in West Africa" is certainly the most amusing and most literary of the four, and her book's success was well deserved. Sir H. H. Johnston's "British Central Africa" is more in the nature of a history, and it carries the weight of the name of an experienced administrator. Major Macdonald's "Soldiering and Surveying" is a well-written and useful addition to our knowledge of Uganda, and Mr. Donaldson Smith's "Through Unknown African Countries" has cleared up some geographical problems. Mountaineers know Signor Sinigaglia's beautifully illustrated "Dolomites" and Mr. Harper's somewhat polemical "Alps of New Zealand." On a separate shelf we find Freeman's "Sketches of Travel in Normandy and Maine," full of pregnant comments, and the perennially amusing Mark Twain's "More Tramps Abroad," noticed in another column, in which (according to that artist's later manner) the humour is less abundant than the picturesque writing.

### (IV.) DRAMA.

The literary drama in this year has been almost like the snakes in Iceland. Mr. Jones's "Case of Rebellious Susan" and Mr. Gilbert's "Comic Operas" (Vol. 2) are all we can recall. *Non ragionam di lor*, but turn to translations of M. Maeterlinck's exquisite piece of mysticism, "Aglavaino and Selysette," or to Dr. Ibsen's grim tragedy of old age, "John Gabriel Borkman." A cheap edition of Mr. Furness's "Variorum Shakespeare" is most welcome of all.

### (V.) POETRY.

In poetry also 1897 has been poor. No book of the first rank has been produced, and only two or three of the second. Mr. Watson's "Hope of the World," though almost the last, is the best thing of the year; a book of profound poetic significance, which encourages us to forget its author's descent into the partizanship of "The Year of Shame." Mr. F. Thompson's "New Poems" show the same crudity, the same mystical elevation, and the same occasional bursts of true poetry as his earlier volumes. But they mark time instead of advancing. Mr. Watts-Dunton's long-expected volume contains much fine work, but nothing quite so good as was hoped. A spark from the muse's altar is to be found in the delicate "Lyrics," chiefly devotional in tone, of Father Tabb, the very Pagan "Amoris Victima" of Mr. Arthur Symonds, and Mr. Lionel Johnson's "Ireland, &c." But the spark has nowhere kindled into flame; and in the Poet Laureate's "Conversion of Winckelmann" some wind has quite blown it out. The year has been saved from barrenness, however, by the appearance of the newly-discovered poems of Bæcehylides, excellently edited by Mr. F. G. Kenyon. There has also been a considerable crop of anthologies, amongst which the late Mr. Palgrave's second "Golden Treasury," Mr. Henley's "English Lyrics," Mr. Lang's "Nursery Rhyme-Book," and Mr. E. V. Lucas's "Book of Verses for Children" deserve admission into the best furnished of libraries. The "Selections" from Mr. Meredith and the collected "Poems" of Mr. Austin Dobson contain between them more poetry than all the original books of the year.

### (VI.) PROSE FICTION.

What is nowadays appropriately called "the output" of prose fiction has been as usual something tremendous. Without having examined the statistics, we do not know whether the number of novels, romances, and short stories published this year is greater or less than the average; but we are quite sure that it is much more than any single critic can have read. Amongst the novelists, however, there is no fear of going far wrong in giving the first places of the year to Robert Louis Stevenson, whose "St. Ives" salutes us with a gay and gallant voice from the dead; Mr. Kipling, whose "Captains Courageous" makes a reader feel "the brine salt on his lips and the large air again"; Mr. Hardy, whose "Well-Beloved" is a fine example of his later manner; and Mr. Henry James, who approves himself a master at once of comedy in "The Spoils of Poynton," and of tragedy in "What Maisie Knew." The older novelists



are to the front; Mr. Norris has given us two excellent stories of society, "Clarissa Furiosa" and "Marietta's Marriage." Mr. Marion Crawford takes us to Sicily in "Corleone"; Miss Broughton ("Dear Fanstina") and Ouida ("The Massareenes") are at their best; Mr. Blackmore ("Darial"), Mr. Jamaica Payn ("Another's Burden"), and Sir Walter Besant are always very readable. Of the younger generation, one has to thank Mr. Anthony Hope ("Phroso"), Mr. Benson ("The Babe, B.A."), Mr. Conan Doyle ("Uncle Bernao"), Mr. A. E. W. Mason ("The Philanderers," "Lawrence Clavering"), and Miss Violet Hunt ("Unkist, Unkind") for several hours' entertainment. "John Oliver Hobbes" has made a quite new departure in "The School for Saints," a brilliant study but a badly built story. Mr. H. G. Wells has produced a remarkable fantastic farce, "The Invisible Man," as well as two volumes of stories and sketches, of which "The Plattner Story" contains some of this brilliant writer's best work. Mr. Samuel Gordon has made his bow with a volume of short stories ("A Handful of Exotics") and a novel ("In Years of Transition"), which show quite remarkable promise, and are very well written. Miss Olive Schreiner has written rather a pamphlet than a novel in "Trooper Peter Halket," powerful, but dubious in taste and judgment. Miss M. E. Coleridge has produced one of the cleverest historical novels of late years in "The King with Two Faces." William Morris's "Water of the Wondrous Isles," Mr. Yeats' "Secret Rose," and Mr. Housman's "Gods and their Makers" are all, in different ways, highly poetical. The following books, which have been very popular, must also be named:—Mr. Hall Caine's "Christian," Mrs. Grand's "The Beth Book," Mr. Crockett's "Lad's Love" and "Lochinvar," Mr. Maugham's "Liza of Lambeth," George Egerton's "Symphonies" and "Fantasias."

Besides the volumes of short stories already mentioned, remarkably good collections have been given us by Mrs. Steel ("In the Permanent Way"), Mr. Gissing ("Human Odds and Ends"), Mr. L. Becke ("Pacific Tales" and "Wild Life"). A melancholy interest attaches to Mr. Hubert Crackanthorpe's "Last Studies," and to the very charming "Memories and Fancies" of the late Lady Camilla Gordon. Mr. H. Clifford has produced a delightful volume of Burmese stories and sketches, "In Court and Kampong." Mr. Lang's "Pink Fairy Book" and "Book of Dreams and Ghosts" have given delight to old and young.

#### (VII.) THEOLOGY.

In theology the book of the year must be considered the *Αόγια Ίησαΐ*, the discovery of which by Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt is one of the most striking, if not the most important, made in recent years. After that, and after the late Archbishop of Canterbury's scholarly study of Cyprian, one would be inclined to place the Bishop of Durham's eloquent and weighty discourses on "Christian Aspects of Life." Sermons by Liddon and Church are always welcome. Dr. Abbott's "Spirit of the Waters" is a profound study of the evolution of religious truth. The Rev. R. F. Horton's "Oliver Cromwell" is an interesting "study of personal religion" from an independent point of view. Dom Gasquet's essays on "The Old English Bible" and other subjects carry much authority. Dean Farrar writes in his usual popular manner on "The Bible, its Meaning and Supremacy." Mr. Baring-Gould has edited a new edition of "Lives of the Saints," containing, as Froude is reported to have said, "all, and more than all" that is known to man of their acts. Dean Spence has begun a popular history of "The Church of England," and Dr. J. H. Overton has published a learned volume on "The Church in England." Dr. Mason's anniversary volume on "The Mission of St. Augustine" contains some important papers on the circumstances of that event.

#### (VIII.) PHILOSOPHY.

The two volumes of the late R. L. Nettleship's "Lectures and Remains," which have been published with a most excellent biographical sketch by Professor Bradley, enshrine the memory of one who was perhaps the most suggestive of Oxford philosophers since Green. Dr. A. Seth's little book on "Man's Place in the Cosmos" is a thoughtful exposition of the younger Scottish school of metaphysics. Professor James's "The Will to Believe" represents the attitude of the new experimental psychologists. Mr. Karl Pearson has given us a brilliant collection of essays on the lines of the mathematical psychologist in "The Chances of Death." Professor Max Müller has again emerged from his peaceful study with "Contributions to the Science of Mythology," which Mr. Lang has touched with a needle in "Modern Mythology."

#### (IX.) SCIENCE.

It would be obviously improper to occupy these pages with

any attempt to classify the numerous technical treatises that the past year has seen produced. One may simply name a few of the scientific works which appeal to a larger audience than the students of each special branch of science. Mr. Clodd's "Pioneers of Evolution" is an excellent little book, which expounds Darwin's saying that he was the thirty-seventh in the series of evolutionists. A new volume—the third—of Romanes' "Darwin and After Darwin" carries on that story, and his "Essays" have been edited by Professor Lloyd Morgan. Sir Archibald Geikie has published an important treatise on "The Ancient Volcanoes of Great Britain" and a little book on "The Founders of Geology." Mr. Hull has brought his account of "Our Coal Resources" up to date in a handier form. Sir Norman Lockyer has written on "Eclipses" and on "The Sun's Place in Nature." A number of books deal with the natural history of these islands, such as Seebohm's "Eggs of British Birds," Messrs. M'Intosh and Masterton's "British Marine Food Fishes," and Sir J. G. Millar's "British Deer and their Horns." Mr. W. S. Kent's finely illustrated "Naturalist in Australia" and Mr. H. W. Seager's "Natural History in Shakespeare's Time" are both interesting in their way.

Mr. W. D. Morrison's "Juvenile Offenders" and the Duke of Bedford's story of "A Great Agricultural Estate" are useful to the social student. Mr. Charles Booth's final volume of "The Life and Labour of the People in London" completes a most important statistical work, and contains his own valuable conclusions from his inquiries. Mr. Odgers' "Law of Libel" and Mr. Birrell's "Employers' Liability" should interest the layman, whilst the new "Encyclopedia of the Laws of England" promises to be a valuable work of reference.

#### (X.) POLITICS.

Not many political writings claim notice. First, without doubt, are Captain Mahan's broad-minded and suggestive papers on "The Interest of the United States in Sea-Power," which are practically the cream of his historical researches. "The Navy and the Nation," by Sir G. S. Clarke and Mr. Thursfield, General Maurice's "National Defences," and Sir G. S. Clarke's "Imperial Defence" essay to do for this country what Captain Mahan has done for his own in arousing and educating the public mind.

#### (XI.) SPORT.

Every one is interested in some form of sport nowadays. The book market reflects this fact. Prince Ranjitsinhji's delightful "Book of Cricket" and Mr. Lehmann's "Rowing" should appeal to the widest audience, though "Thormaby's" "Kings of the Turf," a wonderfully well-written collection of biographical anecdotes, may run them hard. For the golfer there are Mr. Everard's urbane "Golf," Mr. Hutchinson's widely-learned "British Golf Links" and the "Chronicles of Blackheath Golfers." Mr. Lillie's "Croquet" and Mr. Dale's "Polo" are authoritative, and the Rev. H. A. Macpherson's "History of Fowling" is likely to say the last word on that subject. The first volume of the "Encyclopædia of Sport" is a library in itself.

#### (XII.) PICTURE-BOOKS.

In picture-books the year has been rich, but they need little criticism. Mr. C. D. Gibson's "London" and "People of Dickens," Du Maurier's "English Society," the "Work of Charles Keene," Phil May's "A B C" are secure of pleasing. Messrs. Gibb and Holmes's "Naval and Military Trophies," Mr. Nelson's "Army of the United States," and Mr. Mayo's "Medals and Decorations of the British Army and Navy" are sure of a public which "doats upon the military." Mr. Gleeson White's account of "English Illustration in the Sixties," is a useful book. Tissot's "Life of Jesus Christ" and Mrs. Cartwright's "Christ and His Mother in Italian Art" are noble gift-books. In pure art Mr. Walter Crane's "Shepherd's Calendar" and completed "Faery Queen" come first, whilst Mr. Rothenstein's "English Portraits" and Mr. Nicholson's "Alphabet" and "Almanac" (with verses by Mr. Kipling) are very clever. Lives of "Cosway" and "Gainsborough" serve as the peg for many reproductions of their work. Mr. Jackson's "Church of St. Mary the Virgin, Oxford," and Vol. 3 of Messrs. M'Gibbon and Ross's "Ecclesiastical Architecture of Scotland" are models of treatises on descriptive architecture.

#### (XIII.) CRITICISM.

After a somewhat lengthy excursion in other fields, one returns gladly to the domain of literature. In criticism perhaps we find the strongest evidence of our literary activity in 1897. Many famous names are on the list, headed by that of Mr. Meredith, whose "Essay on Comedy" has at last been given to an appreciative world. There is no greater living master of comedy than Mr. Meredith, and his essay on it is brilliant and

subtle, if not explanatory. Beside his book one places Professor Raleigh's admirably-written little book on "Style," which itself shows his right to speak on such a subject, and F. T. Palgrave's illuminative lectures on "Landscape in Poetry." Professor Dowden's learned survey of the relations of "The French Revolution and English Literature" could hardly have been better done, and Professor Courthope's "History of English Poetry" (Vol. 2) is sound if somewhat ponderous. In the year's production of books on books and their writers, one notes Mr. Gosse's "Seventeenth Century Studies," Mr. Traill's "The New Fiction," and Mr. Burroughs's "Whitman." Mr. W. P. Ker's learned "Epic and Romance" and Mr. Saintsbury's "Romance and Allegory" supplement and correct one another. Great names shine from the backs of Mr. Gladstone's "Later Gleanings," Mr. Spencer's "Various Fragments," and the late Dean Church's "Occasional Papers." Mr. Morley's "Machiavelli" worthily keeps up the credit of the Romanes Lectures.

The amateur bibliographer will find help in Mr. Temple Scott's "Book Sales of 1896," Mr. Fortescue's "Subject Index, 1891-1895," Dr. Copinger's elaborate work on "The Bible and its Transmission," the third volume of "Bibliographica," and three bibliographies of William Morris—by Mr. Temple Scott, Mr. Buxton Forman, and a very ornate "Record" by Mr. A. Vallance. "Sale Prices of 1896" and Mr. Roberts's "Memorials of Christie's" may be named among books that appeal to the collector.

#### (XIV.) NEW EDITIONS.

In conclusion, we may note that the number and increasing excellence of new editions of English classics testifies to a healthy condition of the public taste. The completion of Messrs. Henley and Henderson's ideal "Burns" and of Professor Skeat's splendid Chaucer with a volume of "Chaucerian and other Pieces" is grateful to the book-lover. Mr. Lang's "Dickens" and Mr. Traill's "Carlyle" go steadily on, though such a revival as that of Carlyle's "Montaigne, &c.," by Mr. Crockett (of all people) is to be deprecated. Urquhart's "Rabelais," Mill's "Early Essays," several editions of the *Spectator*, Florio's "Montaigne," Burnet's "History of His Own Times," a new and worthy "Swift," a new "Hawthorne," may be mentioned. Such excellent schemes, too, as the "Pamphlet Library," "Eighteenth Century Letters," "The Temple Classics," help to keep the general reader in a tonic atmosphere. Altogether, one may feel that the presses of 1897 have groaned to good purpose.

#### FICTION.

**The Sinner.** By Rita. 8½×5½in., 302 pp. London, 1897. Hutchinson. 6-

This novel cannot be regarded as a successful example of the abilities of Rita, who has shown in many of her earlier novels a skilful sleight of craftsmanship, a lightness of hand, a fluency and liveliness of narration and dialogue that have rendered them sufficiently attractive and entertaining. These salient and redeeming characteristics are wholly absent from "The Sinner," a melodramatic production in which the old familiar stage properties are moved about with a clumsiness and heaviness that one does not look for at the hands of so experienced a literary showman. The villain of the piece is Dr. Langrishe, who achieves the poisoning of his wife in the customary stupid and senseless way of stage rascals, and intelligently furthers the plot by having memoirs of famous poisoners upon his bookshelves and interleaving them with damning prescriptions in his own handwriting. Then there is the inconvenient and angelic wife, and the lovely creature with "ruddy gold-red hair" for whose sake she is to be got off the stage by the wicked doctor. The *dramatis personæ* is completed by two hospital nurses—who are becoming rather wearisome lay figures in modern fiction—and a perfectly unobjectionable young man, who sustains a mild passion throughout the book for one of these young ladies. Out of even more well-worn material than this Wilkie Collins and other masters of the craft of sensational story-telling have woven stirring and striking novels; but their triumphant results have been achieved by masterly construction and sustained intensity of interest and vivid play of dramatic incident, without which romance of this order must inevitably fail. The best passages in this novel are those in which little scenes and

sketches of Irish character and life are given with spontaneity and simplicity, but they are not sufficiently original or rich or strong to modify or materially alter the impression of the novel as a whole.

**The Barn Stormers.** By Mrs. C. N. Williamson. 8×5½in., 351 pp. London, 1897. Hutchinson. 6-

If this novel be Mrs. Williamson's first essay in fiction, there is much promise in her work. The plot shows much freshness and originality; and some of the characters—notably the American millionaire and the English heroine—are delineated with considerable skill. We cannot help suspecting, however, that Mrs. Williamson may have already tried her literary powers across the Atlantic. She betrays a close intimacy with the States, socially and topographically; while Yankeeisms pour with suspicious eloquence from her pen. There is, at the same time, a cosmopolitan ring about much that she has to say, which leaves the nationality of the writer a somewhat doubtful question. In any case, whatever her previous career may have been, Mrs. Williamson has given us a very interesting sketch of life in a theatrical company in the United States. By making an English girl her heroine, and narrating her odd experiences in an American touring company, the author will have doubly enlisted the sympathies of her readers. The conduct of Monica, under the most trying and unconventional circumstances, is so tactfully regulated that the most fastidious worshipper of etiquette could scarcely find fault with her in a single instance. There is no doubt that Mrs. Williamson is thoroughly acquainted with her subject. She seems to have made the ins and outs of stage life her special study. Some of the episodes that mark the disagreeable side of the profession are related with much vigour. It may have, possibly, the happy effect of making some of our stagestruck girls pause in horror before they finally commit themselves to the same hazard. In the personality of the American millionaire we have a genuine portrait of what a gentleman should be; and some of the minor characters, although less pleasant as individuals, are equally well drawn. "The Barn Stormers" contains more incident and better characterization than the general run of novels.

**A Tsar's Gratitude.** By Fred Whishaw. 7½×5½in., 320 pp. London, 1897. Longmans. 6/-

The Tsar takes a long time to make up his mind to be grateful, and when he does the story is over, so that, although the hero, to whom the Imperial gratitude is due, naturally wishes the time of waiting abbreviated, the reader, if he has any appetite for adventures, will not. The story begins with the battle of Inkerman, and ends with a Nihilist plot, and the hero, Sacha Philipof, after meeting with consistent bad luck through the volume, saving the Tsar's life and being put in prison for it, cheated out of his wife, and cut by all his friends, drops into the middle of a gang of Nihilists, and thence, by a natural transition, wins a charming wife and Court favour. All these incidents are well managed and well told, in a cheerful, easy style, that puts the reader into a good humour with himself and with the writer. It is true this easiness sometimes degenerates into slippancy; for example, it is bad taste in Mr. Whishaw, when he has thrown his heroine into a brain-fever by a vision in a church, to refer to it as "the psychical phenomenon which had led to this upheaval of her cerebral economies." But such lapses are rare.

Mr. Whishaw seems to be familiar with Russia, and it is probably impossible for any one who knows that country well to refrain from taking sides when he writes of it. There is no doubt, when Mr. Whishaw writes of Nihilists, which is his side. His Nihilists are cold-blooded villains who condemn the weaker members of their society to the dangerous tanks, and place armed spies beside them to stab them in case of failure; and when the chief is arrested he denounces his associates because he does not wish to die alone. We doubt whether either of these incidents can be paralleled in what little is known of actual Nihilists. But these are historic

considerations; artistically, the Nihilists whom Philipof meets are just the right sort of people for his triumph over them to be thoroughly satisfactory.

Miss Westover, the author of *BUSBY* (Chapman and Hall, 6s.), assures us that *Bushy* is real, and we are bound to believe her. *Bushy* is a frolicsome and fascinating child who, at the tender age of four, starts on a geological expedition to the Rocky Mountains. Her mother is dead, her father, who is the leader of the expedition, is altogether devoted to his tiny daughter, and so are the miners, among whom their lot is cast, and no wonder, for the child is a born Queen of Hearts. Her adventures are many and marvellous, and only to read of them leaves one breathless and aghast. Wild boasts, wild Red Indians, wild white ruffians all threaten and assail, but the intrepid child, who is perfectly fearless, a dead shot, wins through all and loses none of her charm. The story of her "strange life in the Rockies" will delight many children and is well worth reading.

Jon HILDRED (Arnold, 3s. 6d.), by Ellen F. Pinsent, takes us into Lincolnshire. Mrs. Pinsent has a sure touch for rustic portraiture, and writes evenly and in sound English. Add to this that she has an interesting story to tell and you have in her book material for several hours of pleasant reading. Job is a carpenter who is encouraged by the great lady of his neighbourhood to "commence painter." We are inclined to fancy that his story has some foundation in the world of fact, and that the real Lady Elizabeth may perhaps recognize her own picture. However this may be, Mrs. Pinsent makes the record of his fortunes seem real enough, and Sally, Job's earliest love, to whom in the end he goes back, quite wins our heart.

Mr. Claud Nicholson, author of *THE JOY OF MY YOUTH* (Elkin Mathews, 3s. 6d.), has talent for creating an "atmosphere," but very little for telling a story. He is able to suggest with real skill the life of a little French town in its many aspects; in fact, the book reads like a clever translation from the French. But he has no constructive gift, and there is not sufficient charm in his style to make up for a formless, wandering manner of presenting ideas. Apparently he aspires to follow in the steps of modern French writers, but he should study the best among them, and he will find beneath apparent ease and unconcern of narration "a hidden ground," not perhaps "of thought and of austerity," but of careful composition and studied arrangement of effect.

A curious book is *THE CHRONICLES OF CHRISTOPHER BATES* (Roxburgh Press, 3s. 6d.). The author, Mr. Ebenezer Rees, has unfortunately so undeveloped a sense of humour that he is constantly trying to be funny. Such attempts, made without intermission for the greater part of 250 pages, are fatiguing to the reader, but, nevertheless, Mr. Rees may some day write a book that will be very much better than this. His style seems to have been formed more than half-consciously upon the worst instead of the best models. Yet every now and then he astonishes us by speaking in his own voice and impressing us with the belief that he has something worth hearing to say. The "Chronicles" cannot conscientiously be recommended to the ordinary novel-reader, but those who have patience to suffer defects in the search for virtues will find signs that Mr. Rees has in him, if he will only let it come forth naturally, not a little of the root of the matter.

*ACE O' HEARTS*, by Mrs. Murray Hickson (Hurst and Blackett, 6s.), is a good average love-story, something after the models of Mrs. Hungerford and Rhoda Broughton. There is a good deal of the present tense, and the maiden heroines are dainty creatures with piquant profiles and clouds of hair. The candidly vain Janet is perhaps the most attractive of them all, though she is exasperatingly feeble in the way she allows herself to be talked out of her lover and into marriage with somebody else. The lover shoots himself, and the husband ends by winning her heart, which is more than she deserves. The moral that pervades the book would appear to be the not unfamiliar one, "'Tis ill to give the hand where the heart can never be." No less than three awful warnings against mercenary matrimony are set forth, although the case against the heroine breaks down through the necessity for a happy ending. It is an inoffensive and readable, if not strikingly literary, production.

"When all can read and books are plentiful lectures are unnecessary," said Dr. Johnson, and, substituting books of extracts, anthologies, and the like for lectures, we are disposed, in considering "THE KING'S STORY BOOK," edited by Mr. G. Laurence Gomme (Constable, 6s.), to agree with the great scholar. If, however, it is true that the young people of this generation are too busy or too lazy or too impatient to find out for themselves the splendid treasures of Sir Walter Scott, then good

service is rendered by such a volume as "The King's Story Book" in bringing his sweets to their jaded palates in small quantities. Historical scenes from Shakespeare, Scott, Dickens, and others are given, each illustrative of the reign in which they are laid. The selection, on the whole, is fairly judicious, but a grave error of judgment is made in the inclusion of chapters from "Vanity Fair" and "Shirley." They are in no proper sense of the term historical scenes, and they cannot be torn away from the web of the masterpieces to which they belong without a violation of artistic and literary propriety. One of the extracts given, that of the parting between George and Amelia, painted with Thackeray's most reverential touch, has in addition too deep and solemn and poignant a note to be appropriate for a holiday book of this kind for young folk.

In the well-known black covers with gilt lettering—a form suited in every way to the book-shelf that is kept for use and not vain show—Messrs. Cassell issue an illustrated edition of Mr. Barrie's *SENTIMENTAL TOMMY* (6s.), already in its 43rd thousand. Pictures to a story are not every one's taste, but those who welcome them will be grateful to Mr. Hatherell, R.L., for cleverly catching the intention of the author, and interpreting it with skill. In the same format appear (6s. each) *TREASURE ISLAND* (75th thousand), *THE BLACK ARROW* (31st thousand), and *THE MASTER OF BALLANTHAIE* (30th thousand). These and many more of Stevenson's works are still issued by Messrs. Cassell at a price more accordant with short purses than that of the beautiful Edinburgh edition which most Stevensonians can but envy from afar. It is comforting, with the enormous issues of many pretentious efforts of little merit kept so persistently before our eyes, to find that artistic work can also gain a large reward, and that the "brilliant and romantic grace" of which Mr. Henley's sonnet speaks, the

Spirit intense and rare with trace on trace

Of passion and impudence and energy,

still appeals at any rate in its lighter endeavours to so wide an audience.

We must confess that we fail to find much virtue in *THE ERIE BOOK*, edited by Margaret Armour, and illustrated by W. B. Macdougall (Shiells, 6s.). It is a collection of weird and well-known tales taken from the works of Edgar Allan Poe, Hans Christian Andersen, De Quincey, Mrs. Catherine Crowe, and other writers, some famous, some little known. The tales are certainly, as Catherine Morland would have said, "uncommonly dreadful," and we have often shuddered to our hearts' content over "The Cask of Amontillado" and the rest of the gruesome company, but we cannot but feel that Mr. Macdougall's appalling "full-page illustrations"—whatever may be their artistic merit—vulgarize and belittle the tales, so that they fall from their rightful place of ghostly state and figure as grotesques.

## BOOKS OF REFERENCE.

The editors of peerages and such works have had a more difficult task than usual this year, inasmuch as the long list of Jubilee honours has to be added to the usual New Year and Birthday lists. This has not discouraged the editor of *DEBRET'S PEERAGE, BARONETAGE, AND KNIGHTAGE* (Dean, 31s. 6d.), who brings us up to the end of November. From December 6, 1896, to December 5, 1897, 61 peers have been created, one baron has been raised to an earldom and one to a viscount, two peers of Ireland have received baronies of the United Kingdom, and two baronies have become extinct. The rights and privileges of the order of baronets have received 21 new defenders, while four baronetcies have become extinct. There are 23 new Privy Councillors and 219 new knights. The number of new honours, in fact, exceeds the long list of 1887 by more than 100. That Debrett is well up to date is shown by the fact that the death (November 30) of Lord Dorchester is found in the obituary, and the consequent extinction of the barony is announced. Among all the peerages published at the end of the year Debrett is sure to be a favourite, and deservedly so. The skill and care with which he ferrets out every one connected with a peerage or a baronetcy are really astonishing. Not even the remarriage of the widow of the younger son of a baronet escapes him. The important change in precedence by which the children of legal life lords assume the title of honourable is, of course, explained, and the feelings of the baronets on the subject are indicated with all the respect due to that order felt by the compiler of a peerage. A new feature at the end of the volume is a list of the names and addresses of firms holding Royal warrants of appointments to the Queen and the Prince of Wales.

A few words are due to the STUDENTS' EDITION OF A STANDARD DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE, price 10s., which has reached us from Funk and Wagnall's Company, New York and London. The original Standard Dictionary contains 300,000 words; this abridgment is content with 60,000. The book, which contains nearly 1,000 pages, with 1,225 illustrations, is edited by Mr. J. C. Fernald, Mr. F. A. March, LL.D., and others. There are nine pages of disputed pronunciations, forming the most interesting reading in the whole book. The advisory committee which dealt with these knotty questions contains such names as Professors Lewis Campbell, Goldwin Smith, Dowden, Earle, Hales, Jebb, and Lankester, Dr. Evans, Sir Joshua Fitch, Dr. Sandys, Professor Sayce, and Mr. Smalley.

For hasty reference there is no peerage more serviceable than DON'S PEEPAGE, BARONETAGE, KNIGHTAGE, &c., which is now published for the 58th year by Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston. (10s. 6d.). This peerage is as usual, well up to date; all the appointments of November 30, and, indeed, up to December 8, are duly recorded.

THE BIOGRAPHICAL YEAR-BOOK AND GERMAN NECROLOGY ("Biographischer Jahrbuch und Deutscher Nekrolog"), the first volume of which has just reached us, promises to be a hardy annual. It contains vii. + 77\* + 463 pages, and is issued with a tasteful cover by Georg Reimer of Berlin. The permanent staff includes such well-known contributors as Professors Brandl and Erich Schmidt, the latter of whom is perhaps the best authority on current tendencies of German thought, Ludwig Goiger, Friedrich Ratzel, Paul Schlenker, and others. The general editor is Anton Bettelheim. It is designed to appear every autumn, and its present shape of a yearly volume has grown out of first a quarterly and then a two-monthly magazine. It should be peculiarly welcome in Germany, where publications of the "Who's Who?" and "Men of our Time" description are conspicuously lacking. The instalment before us is dated 1897, and deals with the previous year. The asterisked pages comprise some special articles, including an account of Michael Bernays, one of the founders of the undertaking, and a valuable bibliography of biographical literature for the year. The bulk of the book is made up of the necrologies of distinguished Germans in all departments of life who died between January 1 and December 31, 1896. An index to this division concludes the volume. Some of these biographies are particularly worth reading, as death was busy in the Fatherland that year. Among his victims were Du Bois-Reymond and Treitschke, whose heliograph likenesses are here reproduced; Constantine, Prince zu Hohenlohe-Schillingfürst, a brother of the German Imperial Chancellor, and Chief Master of the Ceremonies at the Court of Francis Joseph I.; Baron Faber, of pencil fame, one of the earliest "prime causes" of the "made in Germany" device; Ernst Curtius; Georg von Bunsen; Frommel, the Court chaplain; Staackmann, the Leipzig publisher; and many others, the present well-written accounts of whose lives should be of interest outside of Germany.

The first portion of BURDETT'S OFFICIAL NURSING DIRECTORY, 1898, by Sir Henry Burdett, K.C.B. (Scientific Press, 5s.), contains a list, which seems to be quite complete, of hospitals, infirmaries, nursing institutions, and agencies. Particulars, more or less full, are given, and this body of collected information will no doubt be found useful by persons of many different classes. The final portion, however, appears to us, in its present state, of very doubtful utility. It consists of a directory of trained nurses, the address and qualifications of each nurse included being given. Now, such a directory to be really valuable needs to be at least approximately complete. But this list is so far from being complete that of the first nine names sought in it—four of these belonging to ladies very well known indeed—only two were discovered. Many (we should probably be within the mark in saying most) of the matrons of London hospitals are not included. The fact is that it is not possible to form a useful directory of any profession merely, or even mainly, from information voluntarily furnished. When nurses, like doctors, are registered, it will be possible to print a nursing register. In the meantime, any partial directory partakes inevitably of the nature of personal advertisement.

WHITAKER'S ALMANACK (2s. 6d.), now in its 30th annual issue, has grown in size and popularity from the first. No work is more constantly or more confidently consulted. It has grown since last year by 16 pages. Additional space is given to sport, and a table of our fighting ships has been inserted, besides a full-page map of India and several smaller maps, a new table of the postal work of the world, and a complete list of the recipients of the Volunteer Officers' Decoration since its institution in 1892.

HAZELL'S ANNUAL (3s. 6d.) for 1898, a cyclopædic record of men and topics of the day, has for 13 years proved a valuable book of reference. Its alphabetical arrangement, besides being

convenient, is frequently amusing, as when we find Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria next to Female Suffrage. The *Literature of the Year*, if a little premature, is carefully done. The preface is dated November 22. We find in it the appointment of the Bishop of Stepney, and under "Occurrences during Printing" the death of Baron Pollock and a complete list of the new School Board.

CHAMBERS'S BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY (10s. 6d.) contains the names of some 10,000 of the great of all times and nations. The dictionary is based upon articles in "Chambers's Encyclopædia," though it makes many additions to these. The volume is edited by Mr. David Patrick, LL.D., the editor, and Mr. F. H. Groom, assistant editor of "Chambers's Encyclopædia." The list of 10,000 contains the names of live persons as well as dead. Many may differ as to the relative length of the articles, but the editors are not guilty of the fault of inserting the lives of mere nobodies. It is undoubtedly a useful handbook, but it is a pity that its claim to be such should be discounted by frequent reference to larger works. The following passage from the preface is in questionable taste:—"We include assassins like Abd-ul-Hamid and Ravachol." Why the editors should attempt to teach us how to pronounce foreign names it is difficult to understand. People who consult this book will not want to be told that the famous actress's name is to be pronounced "Le-koov-rehr."

The famous work GENEALOGICAL AND HERALDIC DICTIONARY OF THE PEEPAGE AND BARONETAGE, known more briefly as "Burke's Peerage" (Harrison, 38s.), and now edited by Mr. H. F. Burke, Somerset Herald, appears now for the sixtieth year in succession.

## COUNTRY CLASSICS.

At this foggy and insufficiently-aired season of the year those who love country life are mainly reduced to the literary extract of it which a few amiable writers have stored in one's library. When one is pent up in town and almost tired to death of air charged with soot and a sun that is permanently in dim eclipse, one turns joyfully, whilst curtains exclude the outer world, to the books that revive in memory the flowers and fresh greenery of May. The shelf is often visited that holds the books of Richard Jefferies and Thoreau, Miss Mitford's delicious chronicles of the village that was once hers but is now the whole world's, and the dozen other volumes instinct with the rustle of leaves, the chirp of nesting birds, and the prattle of country maids. Every one knows the two books, the supreme classics of the country, that stand at the head of the shelf—the books of Gilbert White and Izaak Walton. It would be no easy task to hold the balance between "The Compleat Angler" and "The Natural History of Selborne" in regard to the tastes of the country-lover. Each author, like Matthew Arnold, was in his cradle "breathed on by the rural Pan." Even "the world's coarse thumb and finger" have been quite unable to rub the bloom off the delicate fruit which White and Walton gathered for town-bred generations. Yet this mundane handling has been freely exercised, and the popularity which is accounted for righteousness in auction-rooms and book-shops has stamped both writers for its own. Walton ranks not far after Shakespeare in the price list of first editions. Two years ago the manuscript of "The Natural History of Selborne" fetched nearly £300. White's original letters to Thomas Pennant were sold the other day by Messrs. Sotheby for £134.

A philosopher might find some agreeable prospects in this pecuniary appreciation of the memory of Gilbert White. The great fault of our age, the moralists strenuously tell us and the indolent sadly feel, is its perpetual strain and fidget, the zeal with which it busies itself about the unessential and the eagerness with which it makes haste to do nothing in particular. Certainly it needs a strong will and the steady contemplation of other ideals to avoid being caught up and whirled to tatters among some of the multitudinous cog-wheels of the great engine which we rather madly call the civilization of the Nineteenth Century. And a most wholesome ideal of the kind thus demanded is to be found among "Selbornian scenes." To be profitably idle is so rare a talent nowadays (as Stevenson used wittily to complain) that Gilbert White is a real benefactor to such as can absorb the spirit of his undogmatic teaching. His book, as Lowell pointed out, has "the delightfulness of absolute leisure. Mr. White seems never to have had any harder work to do than to study the habits of his feathered fellow-creatures and watch his peaches ripening; his volumes are a journal of Adam in Paradise. It is positive rest only to look at that garden. There are moods in which this kind of history is infinitely refreshing."

As the days go on and the complex web of telegraph wires grows thicker, one becomes more and more grateful for any refuge from the political outeries of this inconsiderable planet. When one is tired of hearing everybody arguing

How the colliesthangie works  
Atween the Russians and the Turks,

such a chronicle as White gives of the doings of the swallows and cuckoos and the famous tortoise becomes extremely agreeable and soothing to the mind. Then we feel with Lowell that it is good "to converse with a world . . . where man is the least important of animals." White, it is true, played his due part in human affairs, though it is safe to guess that copses, ponds, and meadows were to him the most interesting portion of his parish. He composed highly edifying sermons, which are alive to this day to testify to the fact, though it is hard to conceive of him with another audience than tiny harvest mice and trooping birds. It is to his credit that he refused to accept the fattest of college livings, and only took a benefice which was a sinecure, "the duties" (those sermons always excepted) "being performed by others." His life was devoted to "literary occupations, and especially the study of nature;" and the prayer of Mr. Lang's charming ballad for "a house full of books and a garden of flowers" would have met with his complete approval. White's biography contains no incident comparable in importance to the issue of the quarto volume which summed up his work and aims so charmingly. There are human weaknesses, indeed, in even the most perfect character: one notes that Gilbert White was as anxious as Mrs. Browning or Rossetti to secure a favourable review, which his brother accordingly wrote for him in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. It is less to his discredit that he constantly oscillated between Selborne and Oxford, which was much more of a Sleepy Hollow in his day than it is at present. As his Selborne epitaph observes, White was "fifty years Fellow of Oriol College and historian of this his native parish." With a touch of that nature which makes us all so unable to compare the absolute worth of things, he was as eager, one may suppose, to be present at the chief events of the University year as to note the periodical return of the swallows and the burgeoning of the honeysuckle. He even became Proctor; but there are spots on the sun.

It is the Selborne part of White's career, however, which has led posterity to take an enduring interest in him. Other dous have been as amiable, as entertaining, and more learned; but "into the night go one and all." No one else had set the example of so loving, so painstaking, so artistic (*tranchons le mot*) a transcript of rural nature as White gave in his immortal book. Even his Oxford contemporaries came to perceive this with more promptitude than their own lines of study and habits of thought might have led one to expect. "Your uncle," said the Warden of Merton to White's nephew, "has sent into the world a publication with nothing to call attention to it but an advertisement or two in the newspapers; but depend upon it, the time will come when very few who buy books will be without it." We know how that prediction has been fulfilled. As has been said, "The Compleat Angler" and White's "Selborne" are the two English books that most of all breathe the true spirit of the country. Like in this, the two books are of diverse character in regard to their points of view. The one expresses the delight with which the townsman born and bred regards the pleasant rivers and meadows and flowers and fountains: the other chronicles the "acts and facts" of the countryside with a closeness and enthusiasm that are only the endowment of the essential villager. For Izaak Walton the fields and woods were "too pleasant to be looked on, but only on holidays." Gilbert White took his daily round among the woods and hedgerows, and watched the opening of the flowers, the advent and departure of the birds, with the regularity and pious interest with which it is to be hoped that his substitute read prayers at Morton Pinkney. Walton has given exquisite and immortal expression to the sense of Keats's fine sonnet:—

To one who has been long in city pent,  
'Tis very sweet to look into the fair  
And open face of heaven.

But for Gilbert White one instinctively turns to the equally noble lines of Mr. Meredith:—

With love exceeding a simple love of the things  
That glide in grasses and rubble of woody wreck;  
Or change their perch on a beat of quivering wings  
From branch to branch, only restful to pipe and peck;  
Or, bristled, eurl at a touch their snouts in a ball;  
Or cast their web between bramble and thorny hook;  
The good physician Melampus, loving them all,  
Among them walked, as a scholar who reads a book.

Perhaps nothing is to be gained by carrying the distinction further. Walton and White are both classics, and remain in positions of high collateral glory. Most modern readers who are conscious of the weary weight of the unintelligible world of humanity will agree with Miss Mitford that few things are "so delightful as . . . to ramble with Mr. White over his own parish of Selborne, and form a friendship with the fields and coppices, as well as with the birds, mice, and squirrels who inhabit them." Miss Mitford's delicate literary taste is shown in her naming Gilbert White along with Jane Austen and Defoe. White, perhaps, had less of art than his companion realists. But few will deny that what the incomparable Jane Austen did for the Bennets and Elliots of this world, what Defoe did for the strange solitary life of Crusoe's island, was done by Gilbert White, with no less likelihood of immortality, for the birds and beasts that haunt the woods and meadows of pleasant Selborne.

## American Letter.

The greatest books are cheap, for they have survived copyright. The trashiest and most worthless books are also cheap, for if they were dear there would be no market for them. But the best of the new books are dear. The new biographies, memoirs, books of travel, histories, and the like which discriminating readers covet are only to be had at prices which are a trial to a good many Christmas buyers. Nansen's "Farthest North" costs \$10; Tennyson's Memoir, \$10; Mahan's "Life of Nelson," \$8; the Life and Journals of Audubon, \$7.50; Mrs. Browning's Letters cost \$4, which is better, and M'Carthy's "Gladstone," \$6. Here, no doubt, we see a result of international copyright, so we must not repine, but rather rejoice that the author is getting his due.

All readers, American readers certainly, are so used to the cheap literature fostered by years of piracy that to pay a fair price for a good book, well made, is a somewhat serious innovation and will result, no doubt, in promoting the practice of reading books that are borrowed or hired from libraries; yet that is something to which many American readers will be slow to reconcile themselves. The idea that the chief cost of reading is the expenditure of the necessary time is obstinately fixed in many minds, and will not readily be dislodged. And then, too, a book which one has read is for that reason a better book to keep, and more useful to refer to. One does not adopt an orphan for a day or a week and then take it back to the asylum, but once adopted the orphan is part of the family and stays in it. So with good books; it is revolting to give them up when once they have come into appreciative hands. We must learn to pay bigger prices for our literature and mend our disbursements in some other direction. With a great many people that is largely, after all, a matter of habit. Thousands of persons of rather moderate pecuniary resources regard the books they want as necessities of life and buy them without delay or compunction, whereas thousands of very much richer persons who spend money without consideration on theatre tickets or champagne think of the propensity for new books as a weakness to be kept under restraint, and at which thrift should draw a line.

Books, however, of some sort every one in this country seems bound to have. The thought of a family with nothing fit to read is nearly as revolting to the contemporary American lover of his fellow-man as the thought of a family destitute of raiment, bread, or pie. The last two decades have seen an immense multiplication of free libraries in the United States, some big and destined to be great, and a huge number of small ones destined to be not great but very useful. A pamphlet that has been issued by the Free Library Commission of Wisconsin tells of interesting experiments with free travelling libraries in that State. It was found in Wisconsin that, while public libraries in cities and large villages flourished, those in small villages and hamlets failed for lack of new books by which to hold their patrons. Dunn County, for example, has a free public library at the county seat, but the difficulty of getting and returning the books hindered the circulation of them among the country people. Mr. Stout, a trustee of this library, undertook to find a remedy. He bought 500 wholesome, popular books, divided them into 16 little libraries of about 30 volumes each, put each lot into a suitable case, and sent word to the farmers and dwellers in hamlets of the county that the libraries would be issued on demand to responsible persons who would take charge of them. The arrangement made was that one dollar should be paid for each library received, that the library should be kept in some place conveniently accessible, and that when the books had been duly read the library should be returned and replaced by another.

Mr. Stout's plan has worked well. At last accounts he had 34 libraries constantly in use in Dunn County and following one another about from place to place. Of the 34 stations where these libraries are kept 29 are in farmhouses, four in country stores, and one in a railway station. The annual circulation of books from these 34 libraries is about 10,000, and increases. Dunn County is big and sparsely settled with a population of about 16,000. Mr. Stout's literary exploit has attracted attention, and in various places his scheme has been successfully imitated.

The imperfect satisfaction which results from contemporary methods of distributing the available supply of annual funds appears in the discussions which have lately arisen as to the pay of the American college professors. *Scribner's Magazine* lately printed two articles on this subject, neither of which pictured the professor's calling as the path to affluence, or his lot as altogether enviable. They have been the text, or the excuse, for many newspaper articles, the gist of most of which is that the American professor, could spend with profit and satisfaction an annual stipend considerably greater than he now receives. It appears that professors in our colleges are usually paid from \$1,500 to \$4,000 a year. Very few receive more than \$1,000, but a great many, especially in the smaller colleges, receive less than \$1,500. It is pretty generally admitted that the dreams of avarice are not duly realized by even the bigger of these stipends, and that considering how much distinction professors are expected to possess, and the place in society that they should be expected to fill, it would be well if their pay could be raised. Indeed, the suggestion is frankly made that the purposes of American philanthropists, who have shown themselves so ready to devote great sums to educational uses, would be better fulfilled if a larger proportion of endowment funds was devoted to promoting the comfort of professors and somewhat less to the support and encouragement of students. Great inducements and opportunities are offered to American youth to learn. It may be true that the inducement for first-rate men to devote themselves to teaching is not proportionately strenuous. There is distinction to be won in the professor's calling, but of considerable pecuniary prizes it has none.

The conditions of life have changed so rapidly in some of the States and territories west of the Mississippi that in some cases to picture an order of things that has come into being, developed, and disappeared is a labour that seems better suited to the man with a cinematographic machine than to a writer. It is so much the better luck when one of these fleeting pictures had been caught and put into fit words. The cowboy of Wyoming, Colorado, and the adjacent territory began with the building of the Pacific Railway, flourished in the seventies, began to decline in the eighties, when wire fencing and land disputes became common, and is likely to be almost extinct when the century runs out. Happily, he was observed in his prime by at least one attentive eye, and the record of him has been made by a competent hand. Mr. Owen Wister's new story-book "*Lin McLean*" (*Harpers*) immortalizes one cowboy, and insures the species against oblivion. It is very amusing, very skilfully written, and may be trusted as a faithful study of a curious and edifying human creature. Mr. Wister is a Philadelphian who has had a tolerably complete experience of current civilization, being a graduate of Harvard, a person of many accomplishments, and familiarly conversant with most kinds of American society. Besides serving a long apprenticeship to letters and things polite, he has made many long visits to the cowboy country, so he really knows the real cowboy, and he knows how to write, and "*Lin McLean*" is one of the results.

The performance of Racine's *Athalie* on December 6, 8, and 10, at the Sanders Theatre at Harvard College, is an oldish story, but not yet quite out of mind. It was accomplished under the direction of the Department of French in the University, and most of the parts were taken by undergraduates. An innovation was the share taken in the performance by girl students from Radcliffe College, better identified, perhaps, as the "*Harvard Annex*." Heretofore in Harvard plays the female parts have been taken by young men. The performances, which were, of course, especially interesting to teachers and students of French, excited widespread attention and were very successfully given before large audiences.

Mr. Ainsworth R. Spofford, lately the librarian, and at present assistant librarian, of the Congressional Library, is not the first man to become so engrossed in books as to be oblivious to material concerns, but his case is so remarkable as to deserve notice. A part of Mr. Spofford's superabundant duties as librarian was to receive and account for fees received for copyrights. It was discovered a year or two ago that his

accounts were in disorder, and that some \$20,000 due from him to the Government was missing. Mr. Spofford could neither explain the deficit nor find the money. There was an investigation, and as the librarian was known to be incapable of dishonesty, it ended in his paying the deficit out of his own pocket, and continuing in office. Presently, however, a new librarian, Mr. Young, was appointed, and Mr. Spofford, at his own desire, became assistant librarian, thereby getting rid of all fiscal duties. But, amusing to tell, since the books of the Congressional Library have been moved to their new home and the old quarters ransacked, Mr. Spofford's missing funds have been turning up in odd drawers and unexpected places, most commonly in the form of bundles of postal orders and cheques, somewhat antiquated, but still good, which had been received, pushed aside, and forgotten. As these deposits of buried treasure have come to light they have been cashed and the money used to reimburse the venerable librarian for the mysterious "shortage" that he made good. Mr. Spofford, though obviously deficient in matters of ordinary business, is efficient and exceedingly erudite in concerns strictly proper to his profession. No one else knows, or is likely to know, nearly as much as he does about the books in the Congressional Library, and what they contain.

As has been mentioned in a former letter, there are new editions this year of the works of T. B. Aldrich and James Whitecomb Riley. The set of Mr. Aldrich's books (Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.) is out in eight volumes, of which two are poems. Mr. Aldrich's muse has long been used to proper raiment, and, while it is gratifying to see his lines handsomely set forth with due embellishment of print, paper, and binding, there is happily no novelty about it. But with Mr. Riley it is different. He has clung resolutely to his own copyrights, and most of his books have been made in Indianapolis by the printing company which issued the newspaper the *Indianapolis News*, with which he used to be connected. They are decent, legible books, but they are not pretty. Only one volume of Mr. Riley's is remembered as externally beautiful. That was "*Old Fashioned Roses*," which was put together away from home. Now the whole set is to be issued by the Scribners in the same pleasing form that they have given to Stevenson, Kipling, Barrie, and Eugene Field. Another important new book of American poetry is Mr. E. C. Stedman's "*Poems Now First Collected*" (Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.). Mr. Stedman and Mr. Aldrich are the two most responsible poets we have left. By right of seniority, as well as merit and cultivation, they form a little group to which no one else quite belongs.

## Correspondence.

### THE ETHICS OF PUBLISHING.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Passing the shop of the Free Thought Publishing Company last week I saw, with the blindest amaze, a copy of a book in the window, bearing the impress, "Published by the Free Thought Publishing Company." It is not worth while to portray my feelings.

This book, "*The Savage Life*," was published by Chapman and Hall many years ago. Later I sold the copyright to Messrs. Chatto and Windus. It appeared to me that the copy in the window was one of Chapman's edition. Hurrying to catch a train, I did not make further inquiries on the spot, but wrote to Messrs. Chatto, who replied:—

111, St. Martin's-lane, W.C., Dec. 10.

My dear Boyle,—You are doubtless right in your surmise that the copy of "*Savage Life*" which you saw at the Free Thought Publishing Company's was one of those printed by Chapman and Hall. I find we bought, fifteen years ago, in 1882, of Mr. Barrett, a remainder of about 250 copies in sheets of Chapman's edition, and sold them off to Mr. Bradlaugh the same year. There could, of course, be no objection to his binding them as he pleased, with his own name or another on the cover. With kind regards, &c.,

ANDREW CHATTO.

I answered:—

My dear Chatto,—Since you see "no objection, of course," to the proceedings of the Free Thought Society, who have told a flat lie and ventured to assert that I have relations with them, I shall ask the opinion of *litterateurs* and the world in general upon this matter.

Again, it is surely needless to express my feelings—every reader will understand them if he knows what manner of works were published by the late Mr. Bradlaugh and his associates. There is a personal note, however. I am connected with a great institution which has its headquarters in the neighbourhood of

this shop. If my colleagues had chanced to observe the impudent falsehood announced there, in the first place, I trust, they would have disbelieved; in the second, I feel sure, they would have asked an explanation from me. But subordinates familiar with my name who look into the window have no reason to doubt. One cannot estimate the mischief which this imputation may have done me.

Why not appeal to the law? For many reasons—among others the fact that Mr. Chatto, who should be acquainted with the law, sees "no objection, of course." I prefer an appeal to the public.

Yours very sincerely,

FREDK. BOYLE.

North Lodge, Addiscombe, Dec. 14.

**BROMBY'S TRANSLATION OF THE  
"QUÆSTIO DE AQUA ET TERRA."**

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I cannot but think that Mr. Bromby would have been better advised if he had accepted in silence the well-merited strictures upon his book which appeared in *Literature* of December 4. He has, however, been rash enough to ask for more, and challenges me to point out the instances of his shortcomings in the matter of Greek, Latin, Italian, French, and English quotations, to which, he says, I only "vaguely alluded" in my previous letter. Here, accordingly, is a trial list of errors (I do not pretend that it is exhaustive):—Greek, pp. 16, 20 (two), 23 (three), 29 (two), 33 (seven), 34 (five), 50 (six), 51, 54, 55 (two); Latin, pp. 17, 46; Italian, pp. 11, 13 (two), 14 (a quotation from the "Convivio," which is absolutely unintelligible as it stands), 21, 42, 49, 55 (two), 59; French, p. 10 (two); English, p. 31 (a misquotation from Dr. Moore's "Studies in Dante," which is the more reprehensible that it fathers upon Dr. Moore a lapse in English grammar for which Mr. Bromby is himself responsible). This, as I think even Mr. Bromby will admit, is an uncommonly heavy list for a little book of less than 60 by no means closely-printed pages. I may, perhaps be allowed space for one or two of the choicest specimens. The following profess to be quotations from Aristotle:—P. 33: ἀρχὴν δὲ τούτων ἀναγκάσιον (sic) εἶναι (sic) μίαν ὅπου γὰρ ἐνδέχεται βέλτιον ἢ (sic) πολλὰς (sic); p. 55: ἴσθι (sic) ὅσον (sic) ἐνδέχεται ἀναβαρῆσαι (sic). In the former of these passages, besides the monstrosities in the way of accentuation (which I almost despair of your being able to reproduce) there are two stops and a word (μίαν before βέλτιον) omitted (see Dr. Moore, "Studies in Dante," p. 116). The second passage, besides similar monstrosities (which are common to nearly every Greek quotation in the book, accents and breathings being scattered haphazard in "pepper-pot" fashion), contains a word unknown to Liddell and Scott, and I presume, therefore, to classical Greek (unless, possibly, it occurs among the hundred new words registered in the recently-published fragments of Bacchylides). The following may serve respectively as samples of Latin and Italian:—P. 46: "Asia . . . habet in oceano Eoo ostia flumina (sic) Gangis;" p. 13: "lo luogo di (sic) somma Deita(sic)," and so on *ad libitum*. With Mr. Bromby's not very handsome attempt to shift the blame for these errors from himself on to his printer it is not for me to deal. His avowed intention of repeating in a new edition such grotesque blunders—"peddling points" Mr. Bromby prefers to call them—as "Dante Alagherius" and "Cane Grandi de Scala," to say nothing of "Nichomacus" and sundry mistranslations, will, doubtless, have a certain interest for his publisher.

Mr. Bromby complains of my having assumed that he was "baffled" by certain Latin phrases which he has left untranslated and inserted bodily in the English text. This assumption, a perfectly legitimate one, is now confirmed by Mr. Bromby himself, who admits in so many words that he was unable to translate the phrases in question, some as being "words of art not to be literally translated," others as being "technical terms and untranslatable" (by Mr. Bromby), though he claims to have given their meaning in his notes—a totally different matter.

To my statement with regard to the misrendering *passim* of *orbis* as "orb" and *terra* as "land," Mr. Bromby objects that these words in certain passages of the treatise do and must bear these meanings. Certainly they do and must. But that does not alter the fact that Mr. Bromby has rendered them wrongly *passim*.

I may take this opportunity of drawing attention to yet another of Mr. Bromby's shortcomings, which I refrained from mentioning in my former letter. In his preface he says he knows of no other Italian version of the "Quæstio" besides that of Longhena (printed in Fraticelli's edition and published originally by Torri in 1843). That Mr. Bromby should be unaware even of the existence of the "nuovo volgarizzamento" of Giuliani (published in 1882), who devotes more than 100 pages

to the treatise in the second volume of his well-known edition of the Latin works of Dante, is but one proof more of the "amazing ignorance" to which I referred on a previous occasion.

Mr. Bromby's charges against me, implied if not explicit, of "discourtesy," "unfair criticism," and "dishonourable conduct" (!) I am not concerned to notice. These and other points in his letter I may safely leave to the judgment of the "impartial person" and "person of intelligence" to whom he so confidently appeals. That person, I have little doubt, will be inclined to share my opinion that Mr. Bromby, having been supplied by you, Sir, with the necessary length of rope, has, if not neatly, at any rate very effectually, disposed of himself.

I would remind Mr. Bromby, in conclusion, in response to his apology for having undertaken the translation of the "Quæstio," that the enthusiast who ventures upon "things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme" should at least be properly equipped for his enterprise—"non è impresa da pigliare a gabbo." That Mr. Bromby's equipment, even "after more than 30 years' diligent study of Dante," is lamentably deficient is a fact which will be patent to every one who reads his letter or opens his book. He has, in fact, as I said before, "rushed in" headlong and has come badly to grief. Let us hope that another time, in similar circumstances, he will be more prudent, and will be persuaded to range himself, with the late Lord Beaconsfield, "on the side of the angels."

I am, Sir, yours faithfully.

PAGET TOYNBEE.

Dorney Wood, Burnham, Bucks, Dec. 18.

**"MOUNTAIN, STREAM, AND COVERT."**

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In his very kindly notice of my "Mountain, Stream, and Covert" the reviewer remarks that I have painted villages and squires, farmers and peasantry, in tones which make us wonder if all which we have read lately about the agricultural depression is not a bad dream. "In this modern Arcadia everybody is happy and contented. Every landlord is generous; every parson good; every farmer wears a cheerful smile upon his countenance; every labourer is loyal, and every cottage picturesque. The Radical serpent has not yet crept into the Eden, and we wonder whether Mr. Shand would be so obliging as to tell us where it is. He lets us know that it is situated somewhere in Kent."

The article was written more than 20 years ago, and though the rose-coloured tints may even then have been matter of opinion, the sunshine that inspired them has been fading and dying down. It points the sad changes brought about through agricultural depression. The scenery is still as fair, and the picturesque cottages are kept up in decent repair. The landlords would be generous if they could afford liberality, but fast-falling rents have embarrassed them; it is to be hoped that all the parsons are good, but when they depend on their "livings" they are hard-up to a man: the farmers who used to smile still grin and bear it, and perhaps are less to be pitied than impecunious proprietors, for they can pretty much dictate their own terms. But they have been turning good arable land into pasture, and have been grubbing the hop-gardens, which, thanks to foreign competition, are seldom profitable and sometimes ruinous. Consequently they have been lowering wages and turning away superfluous labourers, who have migrated to the over-crowded markets of the towns. Arcadia, such as it was, is no longer to be sought in Kent, though the Radical serpent is by no means rampant as yet, for the divisions are still staunch to Conservatism.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Oakdale, Edenbridge.

ALEX. INNES SHAND.

**BOOK SALE AVERAGES.**

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—The writer of your notice of the Ashburnham Library is mistaken in stating that the highest average at a book auction was obtained at the Stuart sale at Christie's in 1895. Of the total (£4,296) then realized for 215 lots, £1,721 has to be deducted for five manuscripts, which would at once reduce the apparently high average of about £20 to a very modest amount. It is misleading to average a book sale in which the most important articles are illuminated manuscripts. In 1873 the Perkins Library of only 865 lots brought the astounding total of close on £26,000, so that the average in that instance would be over £30 per lot. But that library, like Mr. Stuart's small collection, consisted largely of manuscripts, and consequently defies any species of average comparisons. Each illuminated

manuscript is unique, or nearly so, and the price paid for one cannot reasonably be compared to that paid for another. So far as that goes, the very highest average realized by a book or manuscript sale was obtained in 1889, when 91 lots of the Hamilton manuscripts brought over £15,000, or over £150 per lot. *The Times* of July 6 stated that the first part of the Ashburnham Library produced the highest average yet attained in this country—namely, about £18 per lot. The accuracy of this statement remains unaffected by the Stuart average, which moreover was the average of a sale, not of Mr. Stuart's entire library, but merely of a selected portion of it.

Yours truly, BIBLIOPHILES.

## Notes.

In next week's *Literature* "Among my Books" will be written by "John Oliver Hobbes."

Major Martin Hume, whose "Sir Walter Raleigh" is now being produced in a large second edition, has undertaken to continue for the Record Office the work of editing the Spanish State Papers relating to the reign of Henry VIII., which closely occupied the late Don Pascual de Gayangos for nearly 40 years. Major Hume's first attempt at literature, after some 15 years of politics, was a translation of the Spanish MS. "Chronicle of Henry VIII. of England," published by Messrs. Bell and Sons in 1889. This led to his editing the Spanish State Papers of Elizabeth for the Record Office, the fourth and last volume of this calendar being now in the press. Lately he has brought to completion the "History of Spain," from the union of the Crowns to the date of the French Revolution, for the Cambridge University Press. This work, to which Mr. Edward Armstrong, Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, contributes chapters relating to Charles V., is now in the press and will be published early in the new year. It will be the first attempt to provide English readers with an authoritative history of modern Spain embodying the results of recent research. Major Hume is now hard at work upon a new life of the great Lord Burghley, which will be published by Messrs. Nisbet. He has a large mass of unused material at his disposal, and will be able probably to elucidate still further the political events of the reign of Elizabeth. Other works are coming from this hardworking historian, who has undertaken to write volumes on the Tudor period and on Spanish history for Mr. Fisher Unwin, the Cambridge University Press, Messrs. Methuen, and an American publisher, besides a series of short articles for the *English Illustrated Magazine*.

Sir John Lubbock, whose books on natural history are always sure of a wide welcome, has been working for some years past at the subject of the stipules of plants, and this study has led him further to that of buds: the result of these labours will be found in a new book, to be entitled "Buds and Stipules," which Sir John is now preparing for the press. Even to the very "general reader" the outcome of these studies will offer points of considerable interest. For instance, the mode in which the buds of different plants are protected against the inclemency of winter is in itself a subject of wide and engrossing research, the results of which are of value to all who care to follow the mysterious workings of nature.

More than six months ago Mr. David Christie Murray went out into the desert places of North Wales to devote himself to a work of fiction, animated by a serious purpose, which has long lain at the back of his mind. This book is to be called "Despair's Last Journey," and will represent the writer's own view of the facts of life; it will probably be finished in time for publication in the spring. Mr. Murray has also recently seen through the press a volume of tales and poems shortly to be issued by Messrs. Chatto and Windus. This will be the first collection of Mr. Murray's verse which has appeared.

Perhaps it may be remembered that in Mr. Murray's book criticizing contemporary novelists there was an article on Robert Louis Stevenson to which some critics of the critic have taken exception; and it was hinted that since Mr. David Christie Murray has had the audacity to review Robert Louis Stevenson, it would be interesting, and probably amusing, if it were only possible for Robert Louis Stevenson to review him. It happens that some five years ago Mr. Murray received a letter from Stevenson which may supply this want, even if it does not wholly satisfy Mr. Murray's critics. The letter, which

we give in *extenso*, with the exception of one short passage of a private character, was undated, but was written, as we have said, about 1892:—

Honolulu.

Dear Mr. Christie Murray,—Here is a strange place for me to date a letter from, to a brother Briton, a brother artist, and (unless your three names belie you strangely) a brother Scot. But the truth is I am committed to the South Seas (where I find everything to interest me and more health than I am used to have) for some time; and I must do that by letter which I had rather do by word of mouth. "By the Gates of the Sea" was my first introduction to your work; since then I have had a great deal of pleasure from your pages, and this week I have been making up lee-way with "Aunt Rachel," "Hearts," "The Weaker Vessel," and "First Person Singular," which I lay down to write to you, and to congratulate you. Setting aside George Meredith, our elder and better, I have read none of my contemporaries with the same delight; and whatever you may think of my own productions, I think you will be like me in this, that you will set a value on the admiration of any fellow-craftsman. I should not say what I meant if I did not add my thanks for the tone of your writing; several times you have encouraged me, and several times rebuked.

Take this very stupid scrawl from a worked-out man who is reduced to the level of writing blank verse when he tries to write prose (do you know the stage?), and take it for a little more than it is worth; for had I been my own man, and could I express adequately what I feel at this moment, you should have had a charming letter.

Your truly obliged reader,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

For Heaven's sake don't answer this; I know what a business it is; only when you hear I am back, and have a chance, be as kind as your books and come to see me. R. L. S.

We referred, three weeks ago, to a sub-committee of the Publishers' Association, which had been appointed to consider the wording and arrangement of the bibliographical details given on the title pages of books. The committee have now issued their report which is to be moved for adoption at the annual general meeting of the association, to be held next March. The following is a copy of the report:—

### REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON TITLE PAGES.

The committee held meetings on Tuesday, October 26; Tuesday, November 2; and Thursday, November 18; and unanimously agreed on the following recommendations:—

#### (1) DATE.

(a) That the title page of every book should bear the date of the year of publication, *i.e.*, of the year in which the impression, or the reissue, of which it forms a part, was first put on the market.

(b) That when stock is reissued in a new form the title page should bear the date of the new issue, and each copy should be described as a "reissue," either on the title page or in a bibliographical note.

(c) That the date at which a book was last revised should be indicated either on the title page or in a bibliographical note.

#### (2) BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE.

That the Bibliographical note should, when possible, be printed on the back of the title page in order that it may not be separated therefrom in binding.

#### (3) IMPRESSION, EDITION, REISSUE.

That for bibliographical purposes definite meanings should be attached to these words when used on a title page, and the following are recommended.

*Impression*.—A number of copies printed at any one time. When a book is reprinted without change it should be called a new *impression*, to distinguish it from an *edition* as defined below.

*Edition*.—An impression in which the matter has undergone some change, or for which the type has been reset.

*Reissue*.—A republication at a different price, or in a different form, of part of an impression which has already been placed on the market.

#### (4) LOCALIZATION.

When the circulation of an impression of a book is limited by agreement to a particular area, that each copy of that impression should bear a conspicuous notice to that effect.

These recommendations are excellent in their way, but we are afraid the novel publisher will not easily give up the advertising advantage which he obtains by announcing his *impressions* as *editions*. The rule as regards date, which recommends the date to be the year in which the book was "first placed on the market," is one which should always be carried out. The habit which publishers have had for more than one hundred and ninety years of disregarding such a rule, and antedating many of their publications on the eve of a new year, has led the bibliographer astray more than once. A case in point is Swift's "Conduct of the Allies," first issued in December, 1711. On the title page of the first edition is the date 1712, while on those for the three following editions it is 1711; owing to the popularity the tract obtained several editions were issued before the end of the year in which it was published, and the publisher was compelled to go back on his word. But this is one out of



many instances. We regret that the report does not recommend entering at Stationers'-hall-court the date of the beginning of the copyright of each publication. No doubt the publisher does not care that such information should be made public, but such a registration of copyright particulars would do away with a great deal of misunderstanding and troublesome labour. It has happened more than once that a publisher has continued issuing a work in one form when he had no right to do so. This matter is one which the Society of Authors would do well to consider carefully. An author may have agreed with a publisher to have his novel published in three volumes, and in that form only; then the author dies. In all probability only a memorandum of this fact remains; but the publisher, finding that the novel would succeed in another form, issues it in one volume, regardless of the fact that he has no right to do so. Years elapse, and it occurs to another publisher to buy up the copyrights of this particular author in order that he may issue a collected edition—only then do revelations occur which are, to say the least of it, peculiar. We would certainly recommend the establishment of a Bureau for the registration of copyrights and copyright particulars.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling, it can hardly be doubted, is a student of the old English ballads, and when he gave a name to his last book he must have had running in his head the fine old story of "the brave bonny lass Mary Ambree," which begins

When captaines couragious, whom death cold not daunte,  
Did march to the siege of the city of Gaunt,  
They mustred their souldiers by two and by three,  
And the foremost in battle was Mary Ambree.

And when Mary mounts the castle walls to dare the captaines  
of the enemy she addresses them as

Ye captaines couragious, of valour so bold.

The delegates of the Clarendon Press have just issued a new edition of the Oxford Dante, which was first published three years ago under the editorship of Dr. Edward Moore. It is satisfactory to find that this most praiseworthy venture has met with the success it deserved, the book having had a steady sale not only in England but on the Continent and in America as well. The present edition is something more than a mere reprint of the former one, though there is no intimation to that effect on the title-page. Sundry alterations and corrections have been made in the text of the prose works, and a list of conjectural emendations has been prefixed to the *Quaestio de Aqua et Terra*. The index, for which Mr. Pagot Toynbee is responsible, and which is the first attempt of the kind, has been carefully revised. A good many mistakes and wrong references have been rectified, and a supplementary page of additions and corrections has been added. It is to be regretted that the editor did not avail himself of this opportunity to get rid of the titles *Convito* and *De Vulgari Eloquentia* in favour of the better forms *Convivio* and *De Vulgari Eloquentiâ*, which are now accepted as correct by the best authorities and almost universally adopted in Italy and elsewhere.

At the same time a beautiful work on "Dante, sein Leben und sein Werk, sein Verhältniss zur Kunst und zur Politik," by Franz Xaver Kraus, has just been published by Grotto in Berlin. Its contents and appearance well justify the 28 marks which it costs. The first part is biographical, and Kraus succeeds in giving in definite outlines the main features of the poet's life and love. Books 2 and 3 ("Shorter Writings" and the "Commedia") discuss the various literary and political problems connected with Dante's poems. In these chapters Kraus displays himself both as a trustworthy guide and as an original thinker of no mean merit. We understand that the present work, which is illustrated throughout, is not the final contribution which the author expects to make to the study of the Italian epic poet.

The success achieved by Mr. Coulson Kernahan's novel "Captain Shannon," which preceded Mr. Hall Caino's "Christian" in the *Windsor Magazine*, has inclined the author to write another series of connected stories for Messrs. Ward, Lock, upon the same lines, with the same character, Max Risslor, as hero, and the same scene, the neighbourhood of Southend, as background. Mr. Kernahan also intends adding a third work to the series which began with "God and the Ant." This will not deal with religious problems, but will be more in the style of the "Book of Strange Sins," and should be completed in time for publication next autumn, when Mr. Kernahan will probably also publish a volume of collected essays, reprinted from the *Nineteenth Century* and other periodicals, in-

cluding articles on the late Frederick Locker-Lampson, Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, and other literary men.

Mr. Edgar Fawcett, perhaps the most popular of New York novelists, is wintering in London, and contributing a series of criticisms of our literature and art to *Collier's Weekly*, an American illustrated journal. These letters are full of sympathy with things English and often show peculiar insight. It is wholesome to read candid opinions of ourselves written without fear or favour, if not always flattering to our national pride. Those who know Mr. Fawcett's early volumes of poetry, "Romance and Revory," "Song and Story," and his latest, "Songs of Doubt and Dreams," will be glad to hear that he is preparing a new volume collected from contemporary magazines and unpublished MSS.

Miss Anna L. Bicknell, an English lady who lived for nine years in the Tuileries as a governess in the household of Napoleon III., has written an article for the January *Century* on "French Wives and Mothers." The illustrations to the paper are drawn by the eminent French artist Boutet de Monvel. Another article is by Mr. Leonard Huxley, who is engaged upon a life of his father, the great biologist, and contributes to the *Century* a chapter of familiar reminiscences, "Scenes from Huxley's Home Life." Mr. Huxley is a master at Charterhouse, and married a sister of Mrs. Humphry Ward.

In connexion with the death of "the last of the Carlyles," Mrs. Janet Carlyle Hanning, at Toronto, at the age of 85, the other day, the following letter to the deceased lady from her famous brother is not without interest (a correspondent writes). It will be seen that it was addressed to "Jean" when she was about 30. The letter, which shows the sage in one of his most amiable lights, is written in a clear, firm hand on a folded single sheet of "copy" paper:—

Chelsea, Saturday, 10th Oct., 1840.

My dear Jean,—Perhaps the accompanying Note from Jack may be worth a penny to you; I send it off before going out to my walks and affairs. He has passed, as I apprehended, without being able to see you. Our Mother, I infer, knows of his movements, but you probably not. If you could send word to Mary, they would probably then all know. I hope Jack and I may meet now, sometime before long. He is truly "made into a wheel"; a mortal that knows rest nowhere. It is well that motion from old was an appetite of his.

We have brilliant October weather now; at least it must be such where there is no smoke to deform it:—excellent for harvest. We hope our Farm-people are getting on smartly, but, except hopes, no intimation reaches us.

Some rustic people called Stanleys in Cheshire invite me yesterday to go and rusticate with them; it would have brought me almost within sight of Liverpool; but, alas, I declined. Great masses of Books are getting gathered round me,—work for the winter. I must sit still here, and ply diligently. I hope to write another *Book* by and by!

Jane is well, better than I am these two days, a beggarly running at the nose afflicting me. It will be off soon for I am otherwise strong, and able for long walks in the loneliest lanes I can find hereabouts; some of them really lonely at present, and strewed with mournful autumn leaves. To-day I am for the City, a long way off, through din and reek, to buy certain bits of books. I am too long here already!

Adieu, dear Sister. Commend us to James, to both the Jameses.

Yours ever truly,

T. CARLYLE.

A novel now running in the *Daily Mail* is by Mrs. Williamson, the writer of "The Barn Stormers," which we review elsewhere, who is working at no less than three other serial stories as well as collecting data for a more or less realistic study to be called "The Newspaper Girl." This story is to be woven about actual incidents, mostly in a spirit of comedy, as was the case in "The Barn Stormers," in which some of the most unlikely circumstances were events that had actually taken place. Mrs. Williamson's sensational novel, "A Woman in Grey," is to be published by Messrs. Routledge early in the coming year. With this variety of work in hand, it is not surprising to learn that Mrs. Williamson is one of the fastest writers among successful novelists of the day, 30,000 words in a week being her "average," and 40,000 her "record."

Mr. Francis H. Hardy, the author of "The Mills of God," was born in Philadelphia, and had had many experiences and adventures in almost every part of the world before he settled in London some eight years ago. His later work is to be found in many magazines, and last year, to one volume of the *Fortnightly*

containing six numbers, he had the perhaps unique distinction of contributing four signed articles. He is now at work upon a long novel, the characters in which are American, though the scenes will be laid in London, Egypt, and Italy. This will probably not come before the public until the end of 1898.

Mr. E. H. Lacon Watson, whose *causerie* on new books in the *Monthly Packet* is always of interest, will probably publish in the spring another book of sketches on the same subject as "An Attic in Bohemia." As he has found himself able to reconstitute this country—long since supposed to have declined and fallen—it will be of interest to note its "customs, politics, and tongue."

Mrs. Richmond Lee, better known, perhaps, to the public as "Curtia Yorke," published no fewer than four novels during the last 12 or 14 months, and is now taking a holiday from work. In the spring she will spend some months in the north of Spain, a country which she knows well and in which she has laid the scenes of several short stories. Despite her holiday, Mrs. Lee is said to be developing the plan of more than one new book which we shall probably see before the coming year is finished.

To many readers Mr. John Bickerdyke must appear rather as a man who is three writers than one writer. Firstly, there is the Mr. Bickerdyke of the sporting reminiscences, such as "Wild Sports in Ireland" and "Days in Thule with Rod, Gun, and Camera"; secondly, there is the Mr. Bickerdyke of practical angling, whose "Sea Fishing" in the Badminton Library was highly spoken of; and, thirdly, there is Mr. Bickerdyke the novelist, whose "Daughters of Theopis" proved a considerable success when published early in the year. Mr. Bickerdyke has just finished two new books; one on sea fishing, which will probably be entitled "Letters to Young Sea Fishermen," and will contain the latest information on sea fishing—more particularly with rod and line. The second will be a story of life in the Thames Valley related in the person of a young farmer. It will give a careful description of life at the present day in an old-fashioned agricultural village. There will also be some theatrical interest in this story and a sketch of river house-boat life.

Miss M. Elliot Seawell, who has attained considerable reputation in America as a writer upon naval subjects, will have her new volume, entitled "Twelve Naval Captains," published early next year by Messrs. Kegan Paul and Co. This book will form a record of certain Americans who have won distinction in their navy; each article therein will be both biographical and critical, and each will be illustrated with a portrait.

Mr. Tom Gallon, whose successful novel "Tatterley" was followed this year by "A Prince of Mischance," is at present engaged upon a new book for Messrs. Hutchinson, to be published in the course of next year.

Mr. A. Bernard Miall, whose first volume of poems created some interest, is at present engaged on a new volume, chiefly lyrical and in part symbolical. He is also writing a play in five acts dealing with the life of modern society and, incidentally, with the Irish land troubles.

Mr. Edward M'Nulty proposes to follow his novel, "The Son of a Peasant," by one dealing mainly with the life of the Irish middle classes, who have not received any adequate treatment, at least from the hands of the newer writers, although the Irish *bourgeoisie* was not altogether neglected by Charles Lever.

Dr. Joseph Parker, in view of his pulpit jubilee, which occurs in June next, has arranged to issue six volumes entitled "Studies in Texts," and is hoping to be able to re-issue "Ecce Deus," "The Paraclete," "Every Morning," and other volumes now out of print. Dr. Parker has just completed a book entitled "Among the Christians," in which an enlightened pagan who comes to England for the purpose of studying the beliefs and customs of Christians, publishes her report (for the inquirer is a lady) of what she has seen and heard. It is expected that the book will be out not later than March.

Mr. J. J. Hissey has recently begun to work upon a new book of home travel, for which he will also make the illustrations. This book will deal chiefly with those parts of Lincolnshire which are out of the track of the tourist, and describe,

with both pen and pencil, the quaintness of some of its remote country towns and villages, its old halls, its moated manor-houses, the curious characteristics of the inhabitants, and their old folk-lore and wise sayings. It will also treat of the old roads from London to Lincolnshire, and the notable landmarks and traditions of the old coaching and posting days. Mr. Hissey's future work will include a book on the Old Coach Roads, which have a new interest now that the bicycle and motor-car can take the many where the four-in-hand could only convey the few.

The romantic story called "The Young Pretender," which Miss Nora Vynne is contributing to *Atalanta*, and which the coming year will see published as a volume, is, notwithstanding its title, a modern and not a Jacobite story. Meanwhile, Miss Vynne is at work on a long novel, as yet unnamed, of a more serious character than she has hitherto attempted, which will be published in the spring.

Mr. Frederick J. Crowest, the writer of the musical biographies in *Blackwood* and *Men of the Century*, is now engaged upon the second volume of "The Story of English Music." The new book will deal with the music of Tudor and Elizabethan times.

The writer of "Fame, the Fiddler," Mr. S. J. Adair Fitz-Gerald, will have a new book produced by Messrs. Greening in the spring to be called "Footlights and Fleet-street"—a collection of short stories, Bohemian in character and theatrical and literary in subject.

Mr. Joseph Conrad is writing the third of his Malay romances, which will be entitled "The Rescue." The action here will not take place on an inland river bank as in the others, but on the sea-coast, where civilization is brought into contact with barbarism. It will relate events which the author has known or heard of, and sketch portraits of remembered people. This book will not appear for some time, but Mr. Conrad has a volume now ready, which Messrs. Unwin will publish in the spring. The title of it is still doubtful, but the author inclines to "Tales of Unrest" as fairly descriptive of the affairs prevailing on our particular planet. In this book will be found five tales; two of the Malay Archipelago, one of Central Africa, one of Brittany, and one—a psychological treatment of a subject already handled by many writers—is located in London.

Mrs. Alec Tweedie recently gave a lecture at the Royal Victoria-hall on "Finland," the subject of her last book of travel, published by A. and C. Black in England and Macmillan in America. She showed how Finland had long slept as regards general progress, but in matters of education and the position of women that country was in many ways in advance of ourselves. Mrs. Tweedie spoke enthusiastically about the Kalevala—one of the greatest of epic poems, according to many authorities—and she recommended all lovers of poetry to read the English translation. The Kalevala appeared first in Finnish in 1835, edited by Elias Lönnroth, who spent the best years of his life collecting the old rhymes from the peasantry, by whom they had been handed down by word of mouth from those vague pre-Christian days when this epic first sprang into existence. Mr. Gladstone, in writing to Mrs. Tweedie about her volume, "Through Finland in Carts," said, "I consider Finland to be a singularly interesting country singularly little known, and I am reading your work in earnest and with great interest."

Mr. W. J. Dawson's "Through Lattice Windows" appears to have won a good deal of attention and approval in the American Press. The *San Francisco Chronicle* compares it with Mr. Barrie's "Window in Thrums." Mr. Dawson is already a somewhat voluminous author. One of his earlier books of criticism was "The Makers of Modern English," and he has written poems which "anthologists" have not ignored. It is only within the last three years, however, that he has entered the field of fiction with his "Land o' Idylls" and "The Story of Hannah." He is now completing a long novel, which deals with religious life in the Eastern Counties sixty years ago. It will probably be called "Judith Boldero: a Tragic Romance."

A facsimile, price 1s., published by Messrs. Cassell, of the original manuscript of Charles Dickens' "Christmas Carol" is doubly interesting at this moment, when the entertaining recitations of Sir Squire Bancroft have drawn so much attention

to the familiar story of Scrooge, the miser. The pages are full of alterations, but the author, perhaps foreseeing future curiosity, has in most cases completely obliterated the passages which he considered unsatisfactory. Their apparent want of importance in the few cases where it is possible to unravel the original show the great sensitiveness of the artist, though the additions sometimes illustrate his characteristic redundancy. Thus, in one passage, the night, originally "Foggier yet colder!" is altered to the night "Foggier yet colder! Piercing, searching, biting cold." The passages most free from corrections are in dialogue, whether because Dickens was most certain or least careful in this department of his craft we leave to his still numerous admirers to decide on perusing this interesting facsimile.

In our issue for November 6 we announced the immediate publication of a work by Mrs. W. Pitt Byrne, entitled "Social Hours with Celebrities." Messrs. Ward and Downey inform us that the two volumes will not be ready until the middle of January, owing to the strike of the Scotch printers.

Two new volumes of the Cambridge Natural History will very shortly be published by Macmillan. Volumes 2, 3, and 5 are already published, and the next are to be volumes 7 and 9. The latter is to be on "Birds," and will be from the pen of Mr. A. H. Evans. Volume 7 will deal with "Fishes," and will be written by Professor Bridge and others.

With reference to the "worst ghost story in the world" which we published the other day in these columns a correspondent writes to us as follows:—"The fly leaves of 'Glanvils book' seem to be favoured receptacles of ghostly experiences. After reading the note in *Literature* of December 4 I took down my copy of 'Saducismus Triumphatus' and found written therein the ghost story which I subjoin:—

The relation of an apparition yt appeared to Francis Arthur on Monday, ye 27 day of Feb., 1721, in ye ch. of Pawlet, near Bridgewater, Com. Somerset—viz., Francis Arthur says yt being in ye Vestry ye aforesaid day with his schollars between ye hours of nine and ten in ye morning, there was a noise made at ye vestry door, as if one did beat against it with his fist, & yt ye same was repeated several times, but louder and louder till at last it was very loud, so ye children began to fancy there was somebody in the church. At last Francis Arthur opened ye door & and went into ye Ch., and when he had gone as far as ye Minister's reading Pew he saw as it were people go out at ye great door of ye Ch., & by ye Russling noise they seemed to be pretty many; they seemed to be men and women, but he cannot say yt he knew any one of them. At ye time these were going out he saw just by him ye Ghost or spirit of a person whom he very well knew, wh. seeing him affraid spoke to him and desired him not to fear for he would do him no harm. The same spirit bade him have faith in God, and asked him whether he believed there would be a Resurrection, and said at ye same time yt there certainly would, and that they should one day meet, but how soon he could not tell. The Apparition desired ye said Francis Arthur not to discover who he was. The Apparition further exhorted the said Francis to lead a good life and follow ye doctrines and Instructions they had. The Apparition further wished that Francis had come into ye church sooner, for yt. he (ye Apparition) had been preaching ye Gospel to some of ye saints, and that his time was now expired and so he must be gone, and then vanished out of his sight.

This is a true relation of ye Apparition yt I saw in the Church of Pawlet on Monday, ye 27th of Feb. last, as witness my hand, and which I am ready to confirm by my oath.—FRANCIS ARTHUR.

(Original.)

This is a copy of ye relation taken from ye mouth of Francis Arthur by Mr. Werge, ye present vicar of Pawlet, and given to one James Tuthill.

Fr. Arthur has ye reputation of a quiet, honest, and religious man in ye parish.

James Tuthill's name is on the title page of the volume from which this extract is taken."

Messrs. Kegan Paul and Co. have projected the publication of an important bibliographical work. It is no less than "an Index to the early printed books in the British Museum." It is to be issued in sections, the first of which will appear in January, 1898; the complete work, however, will be ready in the autumn of next year, and will contain between eight and nine hundred pages. Mr. R. Proctor is the compiler. When finished the volume will form a list of the books printed in the 15th century which were in the library of the British Museum on the 1st of July, 1897, together with additions showing such books as are also or only in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. It includes an attempt

at a complete chronological list of the 15th century presses, and a table of types. The arrangement adopted is after the historical method, sanctioned by such eminent bibliographers as Mr. J. W. Holtrop and Mr. Henry Bradshaw, which aims at following, as closely as is possible consistently with clearness, the development of printing in the various countries and towns in which it was practised in the 15th century. First come the block-books, then the books printed from movable types arranged in chronological order under the printers' names; and then the printers arranged in order of towns, and the towns under the countries. At the head of each country is placed a chronological list of towns. The printing presses are dealt with in the same way. With regard to those books which have no printers' names, these will be assigned according to the types used, and specimens of such types will be given with the considerations for such assignments. Those books which cannot, at present, be placed to the credit of any printer are placed at the end of each town, or, if not assignable to any town, of each country; "but those which are dated, and present peculiarities so marked as to make it improbable that they are produced by any one of the known printers, are treated as separate presses, and take their place in the chronological order, under such headings as 'The R Printer,' 'The Printer of *Henricus Arimienensis*,' &c." Each book will have entries for (1) running number; (2) Brit. Museum or Bodleian marks; (3) date; (4) short title; (5) Brit. Museum catalogue headings; (6) publisher; (7) size; (8) references to Hain or Campbell; (9) type used; and (10) remarks, noting the number of copies in each library, and giving information as to condition, &c. The complete work will consist of four sections—(i.) books printed in Germany; (ii.) books printed in Italy; (iii.) books printed in France, the Netherlands, England, and Spain; and (iv.) the Tables.

There will be printed only 350 copies for sale, and the publishers and author "undertake that the book shall not be reprinted." The price is to be £3, that for the four sections, to subscribers, £2 10s.

The remarkable index to the famous Townsend Library of "National, State, and Individual Records," now the property of Columbia University, was completed a short time since. For nearly 40 years Thomas S. Townsend, the compiler of the index, has been steadily working at the enormous mass of material at his disposal, and it is now stated that the "most noted students of war history have been unable to find anything of importance in relation to the late war that has been overlooked." The idea of the Townsend Library was conceived six months before the beginning of the great struggle between North and South. The work is in three parts, the record, encyclopædia, and index. The record is in ninety volumes, and contains every item of information concerning the war and reconstruction periods, and all the individuals whose names have ever become public in connexion with them. The encyclopædia, which is an index of this record, contains 40,000 pages. The index contains the names of twenty thousand individuals who were in some way connected with the war.

A new illustrated edition of some of the best known of Mr. Nelson Page's delightful plantation stories has just been issued by Messrs. Scribners. Mr. Page's stories certainly deserve to be better known, and we should think such an edition would command a ready sale in this country.

With reference to Canon Knox Little's lectures on "St. Francis of Assisi," which were recently noticed in *Literature*, it may be useful for some readers to point out that by far the best account of St. Francis is to be found in the admirable article which Sir James Stephen contributed to the *Edinburgh Review* more than fifty years ago, and which is reprinted in his volume of "Essays on Ecclesiastical Biography." Sir James Stephen's article was ostensibly a notice of two French works, "L'Histoire de St. François d'Assise," par Emile Chavin de Malan and "St. François d'Assise," par E. J. Delécluse.

Mr. Arnold Haultain, of Toronto, Canada, makes the following sensible suggestion:—

In reference to your very true remark, in your issue of October the 30th, that "politicians—or, at any rate, their secretaries—and journalists frequently find it less easy than they could wish to obtain at a moment's notice information about the political history of recent years," may I suggest that if the *Annual Register* were really well indexed—say, once every ten years—this might supply that "something" which all will agree with you in thinking "is required, which no one at present has exactly supplied." The somewhat meagre index with which each separate volume is equipped is of little avail for this purpose, and

of any other sort of index the set before me, at all events, has had nothing since 1819.

We publish elsewhere an article on Gilbert White—the progenitor of the army of naturalists who write so delightfully for us at the present day about the life of the field and woodland. There seems to be no limit, and one need hardly wish there should be a limit, to popular and readable books on English birds such as Mr. Charles Dixon's "Our favourite Songbirds," published by Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen within the last few weeks. The only thing to regret is that the time and money spent on their production should not be concentrated on one or two books with better illustrations.

"Better illustrations!" it will be said. "It is just there that we excel; we have learnt at last, under the guidance of Mr. Thorburn and others, to combine accuracy and actuality with real artistic quality." We can only say that nothing yet published in England can approach the pictures in "Bird Neighbors," a book by Neltje Blanchan, which we have just received from the Doubleday and McClure Company of New York. We are far behind the Americans in this particular art. Compare the pictures by Mr. H. Stannard in Mr. Dixon's book with those in another American book issued a little while ago called "Citizen Bird." They were, we fancy, photographic, and so are the illustrations to "Bird Neighbors," but the manipulation of the photographs is so excellent they exceed not only in fidelity but in beauty anything England has yet produced. The large full-page pictures in the latter book are coloured, and we commend to the attention of artists with the brush and the camera these remarkable examples of what can be done by the coloured photograph in the life-like representation of birds in their habitats.

Oriental scholars will welcome the "Aramaic-Neo-Hebraic Dictionary to Targum, Talmud, and Midrash," which Dr. Gustav Dalman, Professor at Leipzig, has prefaced with the assistance of Professor Theodor Schärf. The first part of this Lexicon, which is designed to supply the want of a cheaper book of reference than is supplied by the existing dictionaries, will shortly be issued by Kauffmann of Frankfurt. Parts I. and II. complete will be sold at 12 marks.

The series of reminiscences which Dean Farrar has contributed to the *Temple Magazine* has just been issued in volume form by Messrs. Thomas Y. Crowell and Co., of Boston, under the title "Men I Have Known."

The final volume of Messrs. George Bell and Sons' "Ex-libris" series will deal with the important subject of German book-plates. As is well known, Germany can show, perhaps, the highest achievements in the heraldic department of this art. Indeed, an eminent authority on this matter, Mr. Egerton Castle, says that "the book-plate, as we understand it now, undoubtedly made its first appearance in Germany." The late Herr Warnecke discovered the oldest book-plate, known to be that of one Johannes Knabensperg; its date being approximately fixed at about 1450. Messrs. Bell's publication is to be the joint work of Dr. Heinrich Pallmann, Director of the Kupferstich-Kabinet in Munich, and Mr. George Ravenscroft Dennis, the well-known amateur in ex-libris.

The work has been a long time in preparation, but the subject is very extensive, and the reproductions of examples entail much attention. These are to be executed in the best style, both on copper and in colours, and will represent the chief work of Albert Dürer, Lucas Cranach, Hans Sebald Beham, Virgil Solis, Jost Amman, and many other "little masters." Of modern artists there will be examples from the work of Joseph Sattler, Hans Thoma, Max Klinger, Franz Stück, and others. Most of the illustrations are taken from examples in the famous collection of book-plates of Graf zu Leiningen-Westerburg. Mr. Dennis's collection of modern German book-plates is, perhaps, the finest in the kingdom.

The other day we pointed out that "a Nemesis often waits upon the footsteps of those who accuse others of misquotation." Evidently the remark was even truer than we thought. The note in question appears to have resembled Macaulay's ghastly priest, "who slew the slayer And shall himself be slain." Mr. Edward W. Jago, R.N., kindly writes to point out that, in endeavouring to put another rebuker of misquotations right, we also misquoted—which he is amiable enough to call "curious."

Nat Lee's often-quoted line should be, as Mr. Jago reminds us,

"When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war."

Really, when it takes three attempts to get a misquotation put right, those who do not quote ought to be very lenient to those who do. In justice to ourselves, however, we may remind Mr. Jago that we were concerned in correcting the word "met" which imports a wrong meaning into the line, and, in fact, entirely alters the point of it. The use of the singular or the plural—"Greek" or "Greeks"—makes no difference to the sense.

The practice of illustrating catalogues of second-hand book-sellers is largely on the increase, and it is one highly to be commended. Messrs. Pearson, of 5, Pall-mall-place, S.W., have adopted this with excellent results in their newest list, which is also one of their best. This fat little catalogue enumerates nearly 700 items, many of which are of the first order of rarity. The Americana is especially noteworthy as including a collection of 60 very rare pamphlets issued during the lifetime or immediately after the death of George Washington, the whole printed in different cities of the United States and uniformly bound. A fine copy of the *editio princeps* Apuleius, 1469; a unique copy of N. Breton's "A Solemn Passion of the Soules Love," 1662; a perfect example of "The Floure of the Commandments of God," from Wynkyn de Worde's press, 1521; a fine copy of the Landino Dante, 1497; one of two or three recorded examples of Dewes's "An Introductorie for to Learne to Rede," &c., printed by John Reynes, about 1530; and a very fine copy of the *editio princeps* Euripides, from the Aldine Press, 1603—these are only a few of the many "plums." There are also complete series of the first editions of Harrison Ainsworth, Carlyle, and George Eliot.

Far the most curious article in Mr. Henry Walker's catalogue (37, Briggate, Leeds) is a Hebrew scroll, containing the Book of the Law—Genesis, Exodus, and part of Leviticus—written by hand on parchment, 163 yards in length and 27in. in height, and mounted on rollers. This scroll was brought to England by a refugee on the expulsion of the Jews from Russia.

The late Thomas Westwood, of Brussels, was a well-known bibliophile, and a part of his choice collection now forms the backbone, so to speak, of a large and informing annotated catalogue just issued by Messrs. Sothoran and Co., of 37, Piccadilly, and 140, Strand. As might have been expected, the books on angling form an important feature, the most interesting item being the original manuscript of Mr. Westwood's "Chronicle of the Complete Angler of Izaak Walton and Charles Cotton, being a Bibliographical Record of its various Phases and Mutations." In addition to the published material the manuscript has an unpublished bibliographical appendix containing descriptions and collations of the various editions of Walton's "Angler" and auction prices. The catalogue has also a fine copy of the first edition of that storehouse of learning Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," 1621; a memento of one of the greatest literary hoaxes of the age, the De Fortras "Catalogue," in which a large number of entirely imaginary rarities are described with bibliographical minuteness; a faultless copy of the beautiful "Book of Hours" printed upon vellum by Hygman for Eustaache at Paris, about 1516; a choice copy of La Fontaine, the "Fermiers Généraux" edition, with the requisite plates "découvertes"; a Napoleon relic in the shape of a volume of three tracts, "Le Divorce Céleste," &c., 1644-75, with the Emperor Napoleon's arms on sides, and with a manuscript note stating that the volume was "taken this day" out of the Emperor's private apartment at St. Cloud, Tuesday, July 17, 1815; and Charles Lamb's copies of the "Memoirs and Anecdotes" of Philip Thicknesse, and of that writer's "A Year's Journey." Perhaps the chief general feature of the whole is that nearly every volume is noteworthy for its beautiful binding, morocco, calf, or extra cloth or buckram.

A very extensive catalogue—one of the largest we have ever seen in a single catalogue—of works by and relating to Byron forms the chief feature of the new list of works issued by Messrs. Meehan, of Gay-street, Bath. There are over 200 items, many of which are of the earliest issues. The very rarest of Byron's publications are not found here, but there is an uncommonly good nucleus for a really comprehensive Byron library. The first editions of this prolific poet have greatly increased in commercial value during the last few years. The very pleasantly varied catalogue of Mr. Alfred Cooper (68, Charing-cross-road, W.C.) also contains some Byroniana, notably "The Waltz, by Horace Hornem," the rarest Byron

of all; it is the scarce edition of 1821—a copy of the earlier issue sold not long ago for £86.

The *Bouquincurs* of Paris are to lose one of their happiest hunting grounds—the parapets of the Quai d'Orsay, rendered noteworthy in this respect in the book-hunting monographs of M. Octave Uzanne and other writers who tell of bargains made at street stalls and love to chronicle the doings of pickers-up of unconsidered trifles. The Orléans Railway Station in the Jardin des Plantes is to be removed to the Quai d'Orsay and planted down, so to speak, right in the very centre of that Bookman's Paradise. One by one, and on one pretext or another, the old bookstalls, not merely of Paris or London, but of every European capital, not excepting the venerable city of Leipsic, are made to "move on," but this is the first time, we believe, in history that a railway station has been transplanted with such disastrous results, perhaps the first time that a railway station has been transplanted at all. New stations we often hear of, but they rise as a rule, Phoenix-like, on the ashes of the old.

We are pleased to hear that "Pro Patria," that thrilling story of the Franco-German war, is about to be translated into French and appear serially in one of the leading Paris reviews. The author, Jean Delaire, is said also to have received an offer of translation into German; if so, it is doubtful whether Kaiser Wilhelm would ever allow this version of the book to enter the Fatherland.

The first month of the new year will count as its chief dramatic interest in Germany the publication and production of Sudermann's new piece *Johannes*. This Biblical drama is described by those who have so far been privileged to read the manuscript, from the German Emperor downwards, as one of the very few really great tragedies of the nineteenth century. In character-drawing and in incident it is said to maintain a high level of skill, and it is faithful to the best traditions of the stage. Jesus is not directly introduced, though the action centres about him, and the curtain falls upon the declaration of his Gospel. At the Deutsches Theatre, where the play will appear towards the end of January, the part of John has been assigned to Josef Kienz; but it is said that the services of a foreign actress will probably be invoked to play Sudermann's Herodias.

It was inevitable that an undertaking so bold and so successful as *Cosmopolis* should bring a host of followers into the field. The latest addition to their number is *Kosmodike*, the first issue of which is promised for January 1. *Kosmodike* is described in German, French, and English as a "Periodical for International Law Matters." It is edited by a Mannheim barrister, Dr. Alexander von Harder, and will command the services of lawyers in all countries. The publishers are Siemsen and Troschel, of Berlin, and the price will be three marks monthly.

No historian has exerted so great and so widespread an influence in Germany as Friedrich Christoph Schlosser, with his "Universal History of the German People," which appeared for the first time more than half a century ago. The vitality of this work is astonishing. The book has been republished time after time, and no less than 95,000 copies have been sold. The first popular edition of it was issued some five years ago and was soon exhausted. A second is now in process of publication (Berlin: Inh. Martin Höfer). It will consist of 19 volumes, the price of each volume being 2 marks.

The *Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt* in Stuttgart is publishing a so-called "Bismarck Portfolio," due to the indefatigable zeal of Herr von Poschinger in the old Chancellor's service, containing some hitherto unpublished letters and telegrams, an account of the inner politics of 1862 to 1878, some interesting remarks by Rudolf Lindau, and some more miscellaneous contributions. It is remarkable how even the most trivial items of Bismarckian literature find a ready market.

It is freely stated in Berlin that Professor Theodor Mommsen, the eminent historian of ancient Rome, who recently attained his 80th birthday, declined on that occasion the honourable prefix of Excellency, which was offered to him by the Emperor through the usual channels. Mommsen similarly refused some time since the title of "Geheimrath," on the modest plea that he preferred to be known as a simple German Professor.

Gabrielle d'Annunzio's political duties, informal as they are, seem to have interfered with the production of his long-promised drama in four acts, *La Ville Morte* (The Dead City), founded on the story of Dr. Schliemann's excavations at Troy. Some time ago d'Annunzio was said to be busily engaged in completing this work, which he was writing in Italian and French simultaneously, and it was to have been given for the first time at the Renaissance, under the management of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, in the autumn. But the autumn is now over, and nothing more has been heard of it.

The speech by which Gabrielle d'Annunzio obtained the suffrages of the Roman rustics contained not one single allusion to any of those vital questions which make up the essence of modern Italian politics. The fact that this novelty in electioneering oratory should have gained its end, and that the author of "The Triumph of Death" sits to-day in the Representative Chamber at Rome, has caused much chagrin to his enemies, who have seriously contemplated lodging a petition against d'Annunzio's return.

Herr Felix Weingartner, the great Berlin conductor, has published his lecture on "The Symphony Since Beethoven" in the *New Deutsche Rundschau*. His wide knowledge of art and his brilliant literary style raise Weingartner's essay to an important position in musical literature. After dealing with Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann, and Brahms (on the latter he says much that is fresh), he characterizes with admirable succinctness the whole modern school of symphony writers, such as Christian Sinding, Alexander Borodin, Goldmark, Tchaikowsky, Smetana, Straus, and Mahler, and, of course, Liszt and Berlioz.

A valuable addition to the biographical literature of Belgium has just made its appearance in the collection of biographical and bibliographical notices concerning the members, correspondents, and associates of the Royal Academy of Sciences, Letters, and Fine Arts of Belgium. This is the fourth edition of this most useful compilation. One of its most important features is a complete list of the publications of each author, whether in book form or as contributions to learned societies and journals.

With this, the last, number of the first volume of *Literature* we publish a complete index for the 11 numbers. The volume consists of 356 pages, exclusive of advertisements. Of these, four pages are devoted to the index and 20 pages to classified lists of over 1,500 books. Apart from the notes, which we have not attempted to index, over 450 books have been reviewed or otherwise noticed by more than 100 contributors.

"The Book of the Year 1897," a Chronicle of the Times and a Record of Events, compiled by Edmund Rontledge, will be published on or about the 5th of January. It professes to describe every important event that happened on every day of the year 1897, in every part of the globe, and is enriched by an exhaustive index of nearly 100 pages in double columns embodying more than 10,000 references.

Miss Gertrude Atherton who made such a success with her fine story, "Patience Sparhawk and Her Times," has just finished a novel which she calls "The Americans of Maudrell Abbey." It will be published in the spring by Messrs. Service and Paton.

Messrs. A. Pearson and Co. are passing through the press, for publication in the spring, Mr. Max Pemberton's "The Phantom Army," and Mr. George Griffiths's "Virgin of the Sun." They will also publish at the same time a novel by Mr. Grant Allen entitled "The Incidental Bishop."

In the number of *La Revue des Revues* issued on January 1 appear papers, hitherto unpublished, by Pope Leo XIII. under the title "Catechisme Social" (written when he was a Cardinal), by M. Pobiedonotzeff, Procureur of the Holy Russian Synod, on Society and Religion, and Memoirs of a Pupil of Jean Jacques Rousseau. A paper by George Brandes on the Work of Alphonse Daudet will appear in the *Revue des Revues* of January 15.

The "Story of the Empire" series, edited by Mr. Howard A. Kennedy, has now reached its fourth volume, "The Story of Canada," by the editor himself. This is to be followed at the end of January by Mr. Basil Worsfold's "Story of South Africa." The Hon. W. P. Reeves is also writing a volume in this series for publication in the end of March. His subject is the history of the colony which he represents in England—namely, New Zealand.

Rudyard Kipling contributes the second of his "Just-So Stories" to the January number of *St. Nicholas*. It tells "How the Camel Got his Hump." Oliver Herford has made a number of characteristic drawings for the story.

Mr. Raymond Radelyffe has written an account of his observations and travels in Western Australia, which Messrs. Downey are publishing under the title "Wealth and Wild Cats," with 50 reproductions from photographs taken on the spot.

The "Devonshire Association for the Advancement of Science, Literature, and Art" has issued the 29th volume of its Transactions. Here are to be found the reports of the various standing committees appointed by the Association to deal with "Devonshire Verbal Provincialisms," "Barrows in Devonshire," "Climate of Devon," "Devonshire Records," "Exploration of Dartmoor," "Photographic Survey of Devonshire," &c.

Mr. Richard Harding Davis, who had a roving commission from Messrs. Harper to report and record the various great events and ceremonies of the last two years, has gathered together his contributions to *Harper's Magazine*, in one volume, with forty full-page illustrations by Mr. R. Caton Woodville. Messrs. Harper are the publishers.

The excellent sea story which appears in the current "Christmas number" of the *World* is written by Lady Poore, the wife of the chief of the Mediterranean Squadron. She is a sister of Mr. A. P. Graves, and has just published through Messrs. Downey and Co. a clever story with the title "My Sister Barbara."

The MS. of a story in which frontier warfare is dealt with has been completed by Mr. Walter Wood for Messrs. Tillotson's syndicate. The publication of the story, which is to begin at an early date, will cover a period of about three months.

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

### ART.

**Pen Drawings and Pen Draughtsmen.** Their Work and Their Methods. A Study of the Art of To-day. With Technical Suggestions by *Joseph Pennell*. 12x9in., xxxvii.+470 pp. London and New York, 1897. Macmillan, 42s. n.

### BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

**Mrs. Turner's Cautionary Stories.** (The Dumpy Books for Children. No. 2.) Selected by *E. V. Lucas*. 5x3 1/2in. London, 1897. Grant Richards, 1s. 6d.

**Wonderland Wonders.** By *Rev. John Isabell, F.R.S.* With 65 Illustrations by *Cecil Aldin, Louis Wain*, and others. 10x6 1/2in., 118 pp. London, 1897. Home Words, 5s.

**English History for Children.** By *Mrs. Frederick Boas*. With 24 Full-page Illustrations. 7x4 1/2in., viii.+251 pp. London, 1897. Nisbet, 2s. 6d.

**The Story of Marlborough.** Told in 52 Pictures. By *Caran d'Ache*. With Descriptive Text by the *Hon. Francis Walsley*. 11x8 1/2in., 30 pp. London, 1897. Grevel, 10s. 6d.

**Phillips's Adventures in Upsidedown Land.** A Child's Story. By *Laura L. Finlay*. 7x5 1/2in., 122 pp. London, 1898. Digby, Long, 1s. 6d.

### CLASSICAL.

**Xenophon's Anabasis.** Book IV. Edited by *W. H. Hatgarne, M.A.* Lond. With Introduction, Text and Notes. (University Tutorial Series.) Cr. 8vo., 87 pp. London, 1897. Clive, 3s. 6d.

### FICTION.

**The Apples of Sin.** By *Coulson Kernahan*. 7x4 1/2in., 47 pp. London, New York, and Melbourne, 1897. Ward and Lock, 1s.

**L'Idolo.** Romanzo di *Gerolamo Rocetta*. 8vo., 120 pp. Milan, 1898. Gall, 4 lire.

**Gli Amori.** By *F. de Roberto*. 8vo., 279 pp. Milan, 1898. Gall, 3 lire.

**Le spose mistiche.** Novelle di *Isolanda*. 8vo., 212 pp. Rocca San Casciano 1898. Lincinio Cappelli, 2 lire.

**Il Braccialeto.** By *Luigi Capuana*. 8vo., 396 pp. Milan, 1897. Brigola, 2.50 lire.

**Manoupa.** By *Rose Solay*. 8x5in., viii.+331 pp. London, 1897. Digby, Long, 6s.

### GEOGRAPHY.

**The Christian Topography of Cosmas,** an Egyptian Monk. Translated from the Greek and Edited, with Notes and Intro-

duction, by *J. W. M. Crindle, M.A., M.R.A.S., F.R.G.S.* 9x5 1/2in., xxxix.+393 pp. London, 1897. Hakluyt Society.

### HISTORY.

**Letters and Papers relating to the War with France, 1512-1513.** By *Alfred Spott*, Ancien Elève de l'École des Chartes. (Publications of the Navy Records Society. Vol. X.) 9x6 1/2in., xivii.+219 pp. London, 1897. For Subscribers only. Printed for the Navy Record Society.

**Il Ministero in Spagna e il processo del cardinale Giulio Alberoni.** Studio storico documentato di *Alfonso Professione*. 8vo., 257 pp. Turin, 1897. Carlo Clausen, 1.50 lire.

**Gilobelischegiziani di Roma.** Illustrated. With translation of hieroglyphic texts by *Orazio Marucchi*, Director of the Vatican Egyptian Museum. New and enlarged edition, with four photographic plates, and an introductory letter by Prof. Schiaparelli, Director of the Turin Egyptian Museum. 4to., 156 pp. Rome, 1898. Erianno Loescher.

**Lettere di Storia e archeologia a Giovanni Gozzadini.** Pubblicate da *Nerio Mattezzi*. Con prefazione di G. Carucci. 8vo., 351 pp. Bologna, 1897. Nicola Zanichelli, 12 lire.

### JANUARY MAGAZINES.

**The Magazine of Art.** Cassell, 1s. 4d. **The Rosebud.** A Monthly Magazine for Children. James Clarke, 3d. **The Art Journal.** Virtue, 1s. 6d. **The Cornhill Magazine.** Smith, Elder, 1s. **The Sunday Magazine.** Publisher, 6d. **Good Words.** Isbister, 6d. **The Gentleman's Magazine.** Chatto, 1s. **The Railway Magazine.** 7s. Temple Chambers, 6d. **Cassell's Magazine.** Cassell, 6d. **Little Folks.** Cassell, 6d. **The University Magazine.** University Press, 1s. **Temple Bar.** Bentley, 1s. **Macmillan's Magazine.** Macmillan, 1s. **The Century Illustrated Magazine.** Macmillan, 1s. 4d. **St. Nicholas.** For Young Folks. Macmillan, 1s. **The Argosy.** Bentley, 1s.

### LAW.

**Diritto naturale e positivo.** Saggio storico dell'Avvocato *Antonio Ricatta*. 46 pp. Bologna, 1897. Zanichelli, 6 lire.

**Il Matrimonio degli ufficiali rispetto ai beni.** Manuale teorico-pratico. By *Avv. Giuseppe Tateggi*. 8vo., 80 pp. Rome, 1898. Voghera, 1.50 lire.

### LITERARY.

**The Law and Lawyers of Pickwick.** A Lecture by *Frank Lockwood, Q.C., M.P.* 2nd Ed. 6 1/2x4 1/2in., 108 pp. London, 1897. Roxburghe Press, 1s. 6d.

**A Christmas Carol.** A Facsimile of the Original Manuscript by *Charles Dickens*. 11x8 1/2in. London, Paris, and Melbourne, 1897. Cassell, 1s.

**Studies in Frankness.** By *Charles Whibley*. 7 1/2x5 1/2in., 232 pp. London, 1898. Helmenann, 7s. 6d.

**Diporti e veglie.** By *Tullo Massarani*. 8vo., 587 pp. Milan, 1898. Hoepli, 5.50 lire.

**Fascolo Manzoni, Leopardi.** Saggi di *Arturo Graf*: aggiuntovi *Preraphaeliti, Simbolisti ed Esteti e Letteratura dell'avvenire*. 8vo., 485 pp. Turin, 1898. Loescher, 8 lire.

**Mondo-Mondano.** By *Carlo Placel*. 8vo., 309 pp. Milan, 1897. Treves, 3.50 lire.

### MATHEMATICS.

**Elements of the Mathematical Theory of Electricity and Magnetism.** By *J. J. Thomson, M.A., F.R.S.*, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. 2nd Ed. 7 1/2x5 1/2in., viii.+508 pp. 1897. Cambridge University Press, 10s.

### MEDICAL.

**Aneurisms of the Aorta.** Being an Exercise for an Act for the Degree of M.D. in the University of Cambridge. By *Oswald A. Brown, M.A., M.D.*, of Trinity College. 11x8 1/2in., 38 pp. London, 1897. H. K. Lewis, 2s. 6d.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

**A Popular Handbook to the National Gallery.** Including, by Special Permission, Notes collected from the Works of Mr. Ruskin. Compiled by *Edward T. Cook*. With a Preface by John Ruskin, LL.D., D.C.L. 5th Ed. 7 1/2x5 1/2in., xxiii.+893 pp. London and New York, 1897. Macmillan, 11s.

**Guesses at Truth.** By *Tro Brothers*. (The Eversley Series.) 7x5in., iv.+576 pp. London and New York, 1897. Macmillan, 5s.

**Affirmations.** By *Havelock Ellis*. 2x5 1/2in., vii.+248 pp. London, 1898. Walter Scott, 6s.

### MUSIC.

**The Scottish Student's Song Book.** Edited by *Miller Patrick, M.A.*, and others. 10x7 1/2in., vi.+309 pp. London and Glasgow, 1897. Hayley and Ferguson, 3s. n.

### ORIENTAL.

**The Sacred Books of the East.** Translated by Various Oriental Scholars and Edited by *P. Muir Muller*. Vol. xiii. **The Satpatha-Brahmana.** According to the Text of the Madhyandina School. Translated by *Julius Eggeling*. Part IV. Books viii. ix., and x. 9x5 1/2in., xxvii.+410 pp. Oxford, 1897. Clarendon Press, 12s. 6d.

### POETRY.

**Vox Humana.** By *Esther Powell*. 7 1/2x5in., 52 pp. London, 1897. Jarrold, 2s.

**Hymns of Old England.** A Sacred Anthology. Compiled by *Chamneys Irvine*. 6x4 1/2in., xii.+512 pp. London, 1897. Simpkin Marshall, 2s. 6d.

**Poesie scelte.** Di *Antonio Fogazzaro*. 8vo., 213 pp. Milan, 1898. Baldini Castoldi and Co., 4 lire.

**La Giostra d'Amore e le Canzoni.** Poesie di *Francesco Pasquich*. 180 pp. Milan, 1897. Treves, 3 lire.

### POLITICAL.

**I nostri Errori: Tre dici Anni in Eritrea.** Note storiche e considerazioni (anonymus). 301 pp. Turin, 1897. Casanova, 4 lire.

**Teoria del Decreti-Leggi.** By *Giulio Fontanari*. 218 pp. Bologna, 1897. Zanichelli, 4 lire.

### SCIENCE.

**The Steam Engine and other Heat Engines.** By *J. A. Ewing, M.A., B.Sc., F.R.S.* 2nd Ed. 9x5 1/2in., xvi.+456 pp. Cambridge, 1897. University Press, 15s.

### THEOLOGY.

**A Pilgrim's Scrip.** Extracts for Daily Use from the Writings of The Rev. J. M. Neale. Selected by *The Sisters of St. Margaret's, East Grinstead*. 7x4 1/2in., 123 pp. London, 1888. Ellis and Keene, 2s. 6d.

**The Holy Bible.** Containing the Old and New Testaments, to which is prefixed an Introduction by *J. W. Mackail*. Vol. IV. Job to the Song of Solomon. 7x5 1/2in., 498 pp. London and New York, 1898. Macmillan, 5s.

**Texts and Studies.** Contributions to Biblical and Patristic Literature. Edited by *J. Armitage Robinson, D.D.* Vol. V. No. 2. Clement of Alexandria: Quis Dives Salvatur. 9x5 1/2in., xxx.+66 pp. 1897. Cambridge University Press, 3s. n.

**I nostri Protestanti prima e dopo la Riforma.** By *Emilio Comba*. Two volumes. 650 pp. Florence, 1897. 8 lire.



